The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXII LACHUTE, FRIDA DECEMBER 6 1907. NO 46

Special Clearing Sale !

During this month we are offering our entire stock of fancy goods, confectionery, tinware, enamelware and kitchen utensils at a special reduction of 20 p c., This gives you an opportunity of securing some real snaps. Come and see for yourself.

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.

We lead! Others follows!

Furnaces
Stove-pipes
Hot Air Drums

Now is the time to see about the necessary warmth in your homes. Come and look us up. We can fix you up alright and at reasonable charges too.

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

Wilson & Deacon.

Mr. Stewart Campbell returned home from the West last evening.

To know how to buy goods—the right kind—the right price,—this is half the battle in our business. Forty years experience must be some money to you. Try it in our Ladies' Jackets, & Mens' & Boys' clothing. W. BANFORD & SON

Send 10cts. silver for beautiful Souvenir Letter containing 8 views of this place, by mail. Address A. McALLISTER, Brownsburg, Que.

A Parlor Social will be held at the residence of Mrs. D. McGibbon under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Presbyterian Church in Brownsburg, on Wednesday, Dec. 18th, 1907. Admission 25 cents. Candies and Fancy Articles will be on sale.

FOR SALE,—Three Hog Pigs, 5 months old, large improved Yorkshire, Pedigree if required. GEORGE NICHOLLS, Cushing Que.

WANTED,—Helper for Cheese Factory for season of 1908. One with experience preferred. Apply to D. B. CRAIG, Lachute.

CRESWELL'S

Choice Winter Apples

High Class Chocolates.

GEO. H. CRESWELL

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Wilbur Fraser of Calumet, was in town on Sunday.

Mr. H. Kearns spent Sunday last with his family in Montreal.

Mr. Clarke of Almonte, is visiting his friends in town.

Mrs. H. A. Blair returned from Montreal on Saturday evening.

Mrs. J. R. McOuat is in Hawkesbury, visiting her daughter.

Miss Annie McArthur returned home from Montreal on Monday.

Mrs. C. W. Arthur of Belle Riviere, was in town on Monday last.

Mr. Robert Watson is spending a few days this week in Montreal.

Mrs. Jas. Fish spent the early part of the week with friends in Montreal.

Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Rutherford of Hawkesbury, spent Sunday last in town.

Mr. Gordon Marshall of Montreal, was in town the early part of the week.

LADIES JACKETS—We are still well assorted in blacks and colors. All the newest styles for young Ladies and old. But hurry up! W. BANFORD & SON.

Mr. Fred Woolhem of Montreal, was a guest of Mrs. John McGillveary over Sunday.

Miss Bertha Wanless left on Tuesday for Montreal, where she will spend the winter months.

Messrs. J. Gordon and R. Muir left last week on a visit to Mr. A. Nicol of Newark, New Jersey.

The Rev. and Mrs. E. Thomas spent Sunday in Kingston, and returned home on Tuesday morning.

Mrs. White of Grenville, spent the early part of the week in town, the guest of Mrs. Robert Creswell.

Mrs. J. W. Clarke of Smith Falls', Ont., (grand-daughter of the late Jno. Meikle,) is the guest of Mrs. Thos. Barron.

FURS:—We nearly forgot to say a word on furs. But the season is on. Ladies' Ruffs,—We have a large stock of them at varied prices,—some with collars too. All the latest things. W. BANFORD & SON.

Mr. J. D. Campbell has just completed a commodious store room and granary in rear of his Main St. property.

Mr. G. J. Walker returned on Monday from attending a meeting of the Protestant Board held in Quebec city.

Mr. Guy Tombs of Montreal, was in town on Tuesday, attending the funeral of his uncle, the late Wm. James.

You need an overcoat for yourself and your boy—about now,—don't you? Then don't put off. While our stock is large and fresh, look in and fit up.
W. BANFORD & SON.

Mr. Charles Ewan, who has spent the summer in town, left on Saturday for Montreal, prior to his departure for Scotland.

Dr. Plouffe of Ste. Rose, was in town on Thursday,

Mrs. David Christie of Centreville, is at present visiting her parents in Exeter, Ont.

Mr. E. Lefebvre, Agent for the Imperial Oil Co., has erected a fine new house on College St., which is now occupied by Mr. D. Richer.

The Baptist Church are announcing their Annual Christmas Tree for Friday, Dec. 20th. An excellent programme is being prepared.

LADIES' SPECIAL:—
Mrs. Hampton is announcing special discounts on all goods in stock for the balance of this month.

Mr. J. B. Belair has erected a fine large building on Foundry Street., where he intends handling hay, flour and feed of all kinds at right prices.

We don't blow. It's no good anyhow. We only remind you we have the stock; the prices—well, they are low enough, and we want your orders. We want them badly just now. W. BANFORD & SON

Miss May Hume gave a birthday party to a number of young friends on Saturday afternoon last. She received a number of very pretty and useful presents.

The Methodist Church at Brownsburg, will have its opening services on Sunday, Dec. 8th, to be followed by a Tea-meeting and a high-class programme on Monday, Dec. 9th.

The Ladies Guild of St. Simeon's Church purpose holding their Annual Sale of useful and fancy articles in the Victoria Hall on Thursday, December 12th, followed by a first class concert in the evening.

A Christmas Tree and Entertainment will be given in the Presbyterian Church, Upper Lachute, on Friday, Dec. 20th, at 8 p.m. Refreshments will also be served. Admission 25cts. Children 10cts.

The funeral of the late Mrs. J. Combie, whose death occurred on Wednesday, the 4th of Dec., will take place this afternoon (Friday,) at 2 p.m., from her late residence in the West End, to St. Simeon's Church and from thence to the Cemetery. The deceased lady was 55 years of age.

Then there are piles of Mens' Fur Coats, some cheap enough and some dear enough; but we think we never did better buying. Try one on. In such a winter, as we know, every grown man should have one. W. BANFORD & SON.

On Sunday, Dec. 8th, the new Methodist Church at Brownsburg, will hold its Opening Services conducted by Prof. Bland at 3 & 7.30 p.m. A Tea-meeting will be held on the Monday at which a capital programme will be presented.

A supper will be served at the residence of Mrs. J. A. MacGibbon, on Friday and Saturday, the 13th and 14th December, from 5 to 8 o'clock. in aid of the Baptist Church. Admission 25cts. All welcome.

For Ladies Fur Coats, we are known throughout the County—beyond it, as leading. Remember, we challenge the Catalogue Houses. If we can't do better for you than they, then pass us.
W. BANFORD & SON.

A meeting of the School Commissioners was held on Tuesday last. The Secretary reported a receipt of $35.00 from the McDonald College of St. Anne de Bellevue, as a bonus for the encouragement of nature study. A grant of $40.00 was also offered by the Department of Public Instruction for the advancement of education. The school will close on the 20th Dec., and open on Tuesday, Jan. 7th.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE WM. JAMES.

The death of Mr. Wm. James occurred on Sunday morning last at his home in Lachute Mills, after a somewhat lingering illness. For the past year, the deceased had been suffering from heart failure.

Mr. James was born at Rye, Sussex, Eng., June 17th, 1833, and came to Canada with his father, mother and four brothers in the year of 1843. He was married to Betsy Walker in 1857, and had he been spared until this Christmas, would have celebrated his golden wedding. A loving wife still survives him, together with four brothers—James C. James of this town, Christopher of New Ontario, Robert & John of Rapid River, Mich.; also two grand-children, Mrs. F. F. Cooke and Mr. C. F. James, children of their only daughter, Elizabeth, long since pre-deceased.

The large number of sympathizing friends which followed the remains to the Presbyterian Church on Tuesday, shewed the marked esteem in which the deceased gentleman was held. The service was conducted by the Rev. T. A. Mitchell.

THE LATE W. H. CHRISTIE.

After an illness lasting over three years Mr. Willie Christie, second son of Mr. David Christie of the Centre Ward, passed peacefully away on Tuesday last. Deceased was a young man of but 33 years, and was much respected by all who knew him. He had been a faithful employee of the Colin McArthur Co. of Montreal, for many years. Kind-hearted and courteous at all times, he has made many friends who will feel keenly his loss. The funeral took place on Thursday and was conducted in St. Simeon's Church by the Rev. H. Charters.

CHRISTMAS



It will be here before you realize it, so do your shopping now before the rush is on.

Our Stock is now complete in all lines. Fancy handkerchiefs for Men, Women & Children.

Skates and Skating Boots - - - Toys in great variety

Also a complete stock of furs. Look over our stock before purchasing

Carpenter Bros.

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."

For a Xmas Gift,—

Don't YOU want an Excellent Hair Brush or a handsome Hand-mirror?

☞ Just look at what BURWASH'S show!

Every Dainty Woman—

Wants a Bottle of Toilet Water, Perfume, Sachet Powder, and who can get along these days without Falcum Powder.

Pure Castile Soap and every other toilet soap from 5 cents to 35 cents.

☞ Just LOOK for YOURSELF at

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.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Premature burial is a subject that has no doubt aroused a vast deal of morbid interest. Every one knows persons who pass much of their lives in a state of continual horror lest they be buried alive and who suffer, indeed, vastly more in anticipation than they ever could in fact if their worst fears should be realized. Nevertheless, so many wellauthenticated cases of premature burial are on record and such slight precautions are sometimes taken to make sure that death really has occurred that the subject has a very real social importance.

One investigator of this subject, Dr. Franz Hartmann, collected particulars of 700 cases of this kind. Some years ago the Paris Figaro started a discussion of the subject and within fifteen days received over 400 letters from persons who had just escaped burial alive, or who knew of such cases. A writer in one of the current British periodicals adds many cases to the list and provides, indeed, a chamber of horrors for those inclined to read it. This writer's conclusion is that there is no true sign of death except the beginning of decomposition, and he cites instances to show how all the other signs usually relied on have occasionally failed, including rigor mortis and the "diaphanous" test. He also insists that fits of trance and catalepsy are much more frequent than is generally supposed.

In German and Austrian cities mortuaries are maintained in which the dead must remain for a certain length of time, and no body may be buried except after a certificate has been issued by an official inspector, who is required to pay several visits before acting. In these mortuaries there have been numerous cases of the resuscitation of persons supposedly dead. In England there is now under consideration legislation for more rigid inspection of the dead when certificates are granted, for the appointment of death verifiers to whom an appeal may be made in cases of doubt, and for the establishment where communities desire it of official mortuaries. For our own country the discussion of the subject should certainly influence all physicians to be exceedingly cautious about the granting of death certificates, and, above all, never to grant certificates without careful investigation in cases the history of which they do not personally know.

How much work can a lively breeze do? Although for any purpose requiring a more or less continuous supply of power the wind is wholly unsuitable energy, there nevertheless are many cases in which it may be utilized with advantage, even if it has to be supplemented by such a standby as an oil engine and worked in conjunction with a storage battery, which generally is an indispensable adjunct, wind power may prove a source of economy. The Danish government has experimented on the matter for a number of years, and reports that the velocities of the wind which are practicable lie between ten and fifty feet a second, and the motor must be so constructed as to adapt itself automatically to all conditions, including storms. It has been found that a motor with only four wings is the best, and that if the surface of the wings in square feet for a surface of 100 square feet, with velocities of ten, twenty, thirty, and forty feet a second, the power available is twenty-two hundredths, one and eight-tenths, six, and fourteen horse power. At one experimental station, with a petrol as standby and a storage battery, an installation of 450 incandescent lamps has been successfully run for two years at a fair profit, even after allowing for interest and sinking fund charges on a twenty-five year basis.

KILLED TWO DEER AT ONCE.

California Hunter Brought Down Two Fine Deer With One Bullet.

A record shot was made by Jay Bowers, of Santa Rosa, Cal., recently when two fine bucks were brought down by one bullet. One of the animals was a forked horn, and the other a three-pointer, and the former weighed one hundred and thirty-four pounds, dressed.

That two deer had been killed with one shot was not discovered until one of the animals was being dressed, when the bullet was discovered to have entered its right side, while Bowers asserted he had shot the animal on the left side. An investigation brought to light the second deer lying dead close to where the first had been found. Evidently they had been standing close together when Bowers shot.

Mistress (to servant who comes down very late in the morning): "Doesn't that alarm-clock I gave you wake you up in the mornings, Jane?" Jane: "Oh, no, mum, not now. [illegible] you; it worried me at first, mum, [illegible] not used to it."

Self-raising [illegible] a great boon to a man [illegible] is unable to raise a barrel of [illegible] himself.

JOHN BULL'S SIDE LINES

SOME CURIOSITIES OF BRITISH COMMERCE.

Makes Money for Many Nations—Bath Tubs for Bolivia—Umbrellas for India.

We, as a nation, are the greatest "money makers" in the world, for we make not only for ourselves, but for our Colonies, says Pearson's Weekly. True, Australia and India have their own mints, but, all the same, the Royal Mint on Tower Hill makes considerably over a million coins a week purely for Colonial use. They are packed in boxes and shipped to Gibraltar, Malta, the Cape, British Guiana, West Africa, and a hundred other places.

EARRINGS OF £5 PIECES.

One of the oldest of our exports in the way of coin is the "grains," or third farthings, which are used as small change in Malta and have been so used since 1827. Since that date the Royal Mint has sent out six and a half millions of these coins. It sounds a lot, but their total value is less than $11,500. At present the demand is 300,000 a year.

Speaking of coinage for export, the Mint still makes about 30,000 five pound pieces yearly; yet it is rare indeed that one of these is seen in England. Most of them apparently go to India, where they are made into jewellery for wealthy native ladies. A dusky belle of Jeypore was seen adorned with a belt composed of these costly coins and wearing two more as earrings.

Birmingham supplies the coinage for many semi-civilized countries. Curiously shaped coins of bronze and copper and silver are sent from Birmingham workshops to Ethiopia, to Assam, and even to China.

Several of the Central and South American republics get all their stamps from England. The engraving is done by private firms who furnish the stamps for next to nothing, on condition that as soon as the issue is "retired" they shall have the privilege of printing as many more stamps as they desire for sale to the dealers.

BATH-TUBS FOR BOLIVIA.

None of our competitors has yet surpassed us in volume of trade, and none approaches us in the variety of our exports, nor in the oddity of the demands with which our merchants and manufacturers have constantly to cope. Two firms are now very busy making portable india-rubber bath-tubs for sale to the natives of Bolivia. The upper classes of that little-known republic seem to have been seized with a sudden passion for cleanliness, and all their cry is for bath-tubs and glycerine soap.

The native of India, especially the Bengali babu who has learnt a little English and craves to be considered up-to-date, never stirs abroad without his umbrella. We are now sending to India about 2,700,000 umbrellas yearly, but as these are sold wholesale at about 33 cents apiece, it seems possible that they are more adapted for ornament than use.

The "Heathen Chinee" has developed of late years an amazing fondness for cigarettes and soda-water. We are now sending thousands of pounds' worth of cigarettes to China every year, but the American competition is severe. All cigarettes sent to China must be in packets, in which are inclosed bright-colored pictures, those of female beauty being preferred.

BRASS-BOUND BIBLES FOR BOERS.

To South Africa we export quantities of brass-bound family Bibles. Every Boer household must have one of these, and they are spread over the country by pedlars and book hawkers.

Biscuits form one of Britain's best lines. No other country can beat us at biscuit-making. Lately, a large trade in biscuits has sprung up with the natives of West Africa. The taste of the savages of the Gold Coast is peculiar. They insist upon a very small biscuit representing animals, letters, and figures. These are so small that it takes 1,200 to make a pound.

London supplies old clothes to half the world, particularly to the negro of the Southern States of America, and to the Chinese coolie. Another of London's specialties in men's garments is the "semi-ready" suit. These are turned out by the stack, lists are sent all over the world, and customers are able to select their garments by merely cabling two or three code numbers.

TARTANS FOR FRANCE.

Glasgow is at present very busy supplying France with Scotch tartans. This is one of the odd, but pleasant results of the entente. The demand is so great that the Scottish houses are hard put to it to cope with it.

We supply the whole world with bath brick, which can be made only at Bridgwater; we send thousands of tons of chalk to the States, and tens of thousands of flints ready cut to Africa, both for the fire lighting and for flint-lock muskets. We have almost a monopoly of cement, and no other country can touch us in the quality of our submarine cables. Almost all other nations come to us for cables and cable apparatus.

Even the Germans send over to us for microscopes. The highest grade produced anywhere in the world are made in London. The Americans make the biggest telescopes, but ours are the best.

We export cameras to every corner of the earth. They may not be so cheap as the foreign-made article, but they have the best lenses. No other workman can beat the British at grinding a lens.

The trade in British musical instruments is rapidly increasing. Especially as regards wind instruments, the British-made are easily the best. Some thousands of pounds' worth of brass instruments were last year sent to India, principally for native use.

THE TURKISH DELIGHT.

If it did not sound too much like blowing the national trumpet, one might dwell upon the fowling pieces made for the Emperor of Morocco and for wealthy Burmese natives, on the enormous export of fishing tackle, upon the china made by the Wedgwood Pottery Establishment for Mr. Roosevelt's table, and the tens of thousands of pounds' worth of sugar plums exported to Turkey, a country which has always been supposed to be the home of the sweetmeat.

But this article is meant to deal rather with the curious side of British trade, and may be concluded with a mention of one of the strangest of all recent exports. This is no less than the sending to the United States of an English garden. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, wife of the American Ambassador, is having an old-fashioned English garden laid out at her model farm at Ophir, New York. For this purpose every plant is to come from England.

English honeysuckle, English hawthorn, fuchsias, sweet William, and all kinds of old-fashioned English flowers have been gathered for export to Ophir. Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's hobby will probably cost her $50,000, and the result will be an exact replica of the late Queen Victoria's own particular flower garden at Windsor.

NUMEROUS SEA SERPENTS

APPEARED IN HUNDREDS IN SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

A Most Remarkable Sight — Snakes Only Four or Five Feet in Length.

Just beyond Pitt Passage in the South Sea Islands is a most remarkable group of islands, extending away score of miles in a long line. They are known as the Pisangs and Falsa Pisangs, and, though numbering probably thousands, I doubt much if one amongst them can be a mile in length, writes a correspondent. The majority are merely tall gaunt rocks with sharp, beetling points; a vast natural set of dragon's teeth they seemed, and they are avoided for superstitious reasons by all natives, as though inhabited by devils. Shortly after leaving these quaint plots behind, there occurred that which nearly deprived me of all my reputation for truthfulness and sobriety.

LIKE UMBRELLA STICK.

In a word—I saw a sea serpent! No—I did not see a sea serpent—I saw serpents, very much in the plural. It was or a lazy afternoon, hot and dull; alone of my companions I puffed a fragrant though dry, weed over the ship's side. Then, a little ahead, I espied a curious waving stick above the lake-like surface of the sea. It had an umbrella-handled top to it; I knew, however, it was not an umbrella, because this handle affair wagged backwards and forwards at me in a knowing way. As we got closer I distinguished a venomous, long head balanced on a thin, black and yellow body. My mind was made up. I had seen the sea serpent, and just as my imagination was successfully picturing a huge body 80 feet (or more!) in length, the beggar disappeared.

HUNDREDS OF SERPENTS.

I rushed for help, but they all laughed me to scorn and scouted my insistence that naught but lime juice had passed my lips; H—— inferred I had a private store somewhere, or had sneaked a bottle of saki from the Japanese engineer. Any way they were so roused that, seeing further sleep would be impossible, some of them deigned to come on deck. And there, in relatively the same position, apparently, was my serpent. As we watched, two more joined him; my honor at least was saved, for we all saw the same number.

Presently they popped up all over the sea, and the senior officer, coming to us, explained that they were a sea snake well known just around here, and greatly feared by every one, being exceptionally venomous. They do not exceed four or five feet in length (alas! for my imagination), and since we passed quite close to some we found that they differed not at all in outward appearance from land snakes of similar size. There were some hundreds of them—maybe thousands—and as the steamer drove through them, with one accord they upended and dived from sight, leaving a myriad tiny whirlpools around us.

"The smallest, cheeriest, and best-loved Bishop who ever toiled in foreign parts." Thus has the Right Rev. William Gaul, D.D., Bishop of Mashonaland, who has just resigned his See, been described. When the Bishop, who was known to his intimates—and they were many—as "Little Bill," was ordained Bishop of Mashonaland in 1895, he had a very tough job before him, as the country was little known at the time, and the accommodation and methods of transport were primitive in the extreme. It is told of him that coaching once in the Umtali district he ventured to remonstrate with the Cape-boy driver for ill-treating the mules. The boy thereupon said: "If you were not a Bishop I'd hammer you." His Lordship promptly took off his coat, and said: "Now I'm not a Bishop—just try." The result was the discomfiture of the driver. That is the kind of man Bishop Gaul is.

One of the most remarkable castles in Scotland—and there are many historic piles north of the Tweed—is Eglinton or Castle, Ayrshire, where the Earl and Countess of Eglinton have recently been entertaining a large house-party. It is not an ancient castle—having been built about a hundred years ago—but it contains much of interest. From the town of Irvine to the lodge gates is a mile, and then there is another mile to traverse before the castle itself is reached. All the principal rooms open out to a circular saloon with a cupola roof, which contains many mementoes of the famous tournament of 1839, organized by the present Lord Eglinton's father, who spent $200,000 in an attempt to reproduce the chivalrous forms and ceremonies of olden times. In the saloon, too, are kept, among other objects of interest, the gun with which a poacher slew the tenth Earl of Eglinton and the battle-axe used by the Percy who was killed by Montgomerie at Chevy Chase.

FROM RUSSIA TO SIBERIA

GREAT TREK IS NOW GOING ON TO THAT COUNTRY.

Minerals of All Kinds Are Found—Low Prices Paid for Russian Grain.

Details of a great trek from old Russia to the fertile steppes of Southern and Western Siberia were furnished The Province recently by Mr. C. J. Keigly, an Englishman, who, with his family and a Russian friend, Mr. K. Ouslanoff, are guests at the St. Francis Hotel, Vancouver, B.C. Mr. Keigly has resided in the Asiatic possessions of the Czar for nearly twelve years, and came here in order to place his children in school, as there are no facilities for educating them in his home among the steppes of Southern Siberia. He expects to return there at a later date.

"I have resided in many provinces of Siberia," he said. "In recent years I have been engaged in the export butter trade in the western region, at a point north of the Altai Mountains, and five hundred miles south of the railway, the butter being shipped to London. It reaches the railway by steamer down the Irish River in summer, and in winter is hauled to Omsk in sleds. The city where I dwelt is situated in the steppes or prairie district. Grain there sells at about half the prices realized by the Western Canadian farmer, but is destined to be a factor in the English markets as soon as improved transportation facilities are provided.

DON'T SETTLE ON FARMS.

"Settlers from old Russia are pouring into the fertile districts of Siberia at a phenomenal rate, the number easily reaching several hundred thousand annually. I think the movement of population in that direction is even greater than the influx to your own Northwest. This spring the facilities of the Siberian Railway were taxed to the utmost in handling the crowds of incoming settlers. Unfortunately the Russian Government does not aid or direct the work, and hence many peoples go to regions where conditions obtain the reverse of those in the homes they have left.

"Many districts in the southwestern and western districts are already settled. Fruit growing is a success, as irrigation methods are in vogue. The Russians make mistakes in colonizing. They live in village communities, and drive out every morning to their farms, camping if the stay is prolonged. But a holiday or a feast brings them back to the village. They have not adopted the Anglo-Saxon idea of settling and living in houses on their own farms. Many of the settlers in the southern regions are Germans, the descendants of the German mercenaries, who engaged in the service of the Empress, Catherine the Great, over 150 years ago.

MINERALS OF ALL KINDS.

"Siberia abounds in minerals of all kinds as well as coal, and offers more opportunities to-day to foreign capital than any other portion of the world. There are numerous new copper mines, some of which are controlled by English capital. In the central district 25 dredges are extracting a great deal of gold, and this is only one of many rich localities. The Russian mining laws in Siberia are liberal, and foreigners are allowed to take out licenses and operate or buy claims. This privilege applies all over Siberia, except in the regions adjacent to the Pacific Ocean. Siberia will be the scene of the next mining boom. The administration is very liberal and in marked contrast to conditions in old Russia. I would advise mining men to visit Siberia, if they desire to embrace golden opportunities."

ADVENTURES IN ARCTIC WILDS.

Explorer Tells Story of His Experiences in Northern Canada.

Mr. A. H. Harrison, an English explorer, who has just returned home after two and a half years' continuous work in the Arctic Ocean, north of the American Continent, gives some interesting details of a prolonged sojourn among Eskimos.

"At the end of July, 1905," said Mr Harrison, "I commenced my journey and proceeded down the Athabasca River, and crossed the lake of that name into the slave River and Great Slave Lake until, some three months later, I was frozen in.

"After an ineffectual attempt to reach Herschell Island, I decided to go up into the Richardson Range Mountains on the west side of the Mackenzie river, and for two months lived there alone with the natives. This was one of the coldest winters known in the Arctic, and on one occasion the thermometer registered 68½ below zero.

"At Herschell Island I had arranged for a year's supply to be delivered to me, but the supply boat never arrived. I decided, therefore, to spend the winter with the Eskimo. I engaged two Eskimo families to work and hunt, and generally to look after me during the winter, during which period I determined to travel wherever I could find game.

"I first went across to Fort Macpherson, where I got some ammunition and a few supplies, and then with three whale boats went down the east branch of the Mackenzie River. Some sixty miles from the coast I left my boats, and from that point took dogs, sleds ammunition and provisions, and travelled east until we came to the north end of Eskimo Lake. Here we found a great many fish, and decided to settle down for the winter.

"The Eskimo with whom I lived were known as the Nooma Tama, or Mountain Eskimo. I found them very much more civilized than the ordinary Eskimo. Unlike their brethren in other parts of the Arctic, they are very clean, and wash every morning. Each individual carries his own washing-bowl, and I even knew one man who personally bathed his children every week. They are employed largely by the whalers as huntsmen, and for steering purposes.

"They are very fine seamen. They are docile, they never quarrel or get excited, and are most humane people. I have never seen either an Eskimo man or woman raise hand or voice either to a dog, or to a child."

CATCH MASTERLY CROOKS

CLEVER WORK BY GERMAN AND FRENCH POLICE.

German Thief in Custody—French Prisoner Man of Fashion by Day, Thief by Night.

By a remarkable coincidence two master criminals who emulated the exploits of "Raffles"—Mr. Hornung's famous gentleman burglar of fiction—have been captured simultaneously, one by the German, the other by the French police.

The former have in custody at Hanover Franz Kirsch, the prince of German housebreakers, while the French prisoner is Georges Arbourd, who was a man of fashion by day and a dangerous thief by night.

Kirsch has had a hand in every big robbery in Germany for many years. When not engaged in burglaries he has played the wealthy gentleman so successfully that on the night after breaking open the strong room of a club he played baccarat with the members and won $1,750 at one sitting.

Quite recently the papers gave elaborate accounts of a great champagne banquet given by "a wealthy merchant" in a well-known restaurant. The wealthy merchant was Franz Kirsch.

ELEGANT MAN OF FASHION.

He appeared to the world as an elegant man of fashion, whose munificence made him idolized in the circles he frequented. His subordinates, who worshipped him, he had organized in corps in various parts of Germany.

He has several times been caught, but has always escaped owing to his marvellous impersonation of a lunatic, which has on each occasion effectively deceived the authorities and resulted in his incarceration in an asylum instead of a prison, and from which he has found ecape a simple matter.

It is supposed that he was responsible for the recent burglary at the State Treasury at Dessau, when only some accidental disturbance saved the whole current moneys of Dessau from his hands.

The circumstances which led to the capture of Arbourd were remarkable.

POLICE GOT ON SCENT.

A lady named Michollot was crossing the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne, Paris, when a man, dressed in the costume peculiar to the "Apaches"—a flat cap, no shirt collar, and white shoes with spring soles—made a dash at her, tore a little gold bag out of her hand, and bolted.

The bag contained a pawn ticket, besides a certain amount of money. Mme. Michollot knew the number of the ticket, lodged information with the police, and next day a gentleman was arrested when he presented the ticket to the pawnbroker and tried to redeem a bracelet and two rings.

This man proved that he had bought the pawnticket in the ordinary way of business from a motor-car firm, and the principal of this firm, when called on by the police, proved that Arbourd had given him the ticket in payment for a large bill for the hire of motor-cars.

Then the police got on the scent, and arrested Arbourd while he was driving in a handsome victoria drawn by two splendid greys.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Interesting Gossip About Some of the World's Prominent People.

Unlike most yacht owners, Lord Brassey has been faithful to one yacht; his famous old auxiliary yacht Sunbeam has been in his possession since she was built, upwards of thirty years ago. He has visited most parts of the globe in her, and she is perhaps the best-known yacht in the world. In comfort of accommodation she compares favorably with many far more modern, and there are still very few yachts of her own size to beat her at sailing. Lord Brassey holds a master's certificate, and is a leading authority on navigation. Lord Brassey's brother, Mr. Albert Brassey, is the owner of another very fine auxiliary yacht, somewhat similar in size and rig to the sunbeam, and known as Czarina. She, likewise, has been in his possession since the seventies, although, owing to Parliament and hunting duties, he has not been able to cruise to the same extent as his brother.

Mr. F. N. Charrington, the philanthropist, who sacrificed his interest in his father's brewery because he could not conscientiously associate himself with the drink traffic, has just started a home for dipsomaniacs on an entirely new plan. Mr. Charrington is the owner of Osea Island, in Blackwater Bay, on the coast of Essex, England, and has turned it into a retreat for inebriates. "As a rule," says Mr. Charrington, "a home devoted to the cure of drunkards is a sort of prison. But my scheme changes this. Gentlemen will have absolute liberty to roam where they wish and to do what they like—except drink alcohol. There will be practically no restraint, except that which is made by the fact that the mainland is a mile distant." Osea Island has a fine shingly beach; the boating is magnificent, so is the bathing. There are partridges galore, golf can be played on meadows mentioned in Domesday Book, and there are fish in abundance. So there can be no complaints on the score of lack of amusement.

The recent announcement that the Hon. Nan Herbert, a sister of Lord Lucas, and Mrs. Katherine Tingley, the American Theosophist, are about to found a school for the promulgation of their ideas in the centre of the New Forest calls attention to the number of society women who lead the simple life within the walls of a convent. The Ladies Minna and Etheldreda Howard, sisters of the Duke of Norfolk, are both nuns. The former belongs to the ancient Carmelite Order, whilst the latter is a very hard-working Sister of Charity. Lady Edith Felding, sister of Lord Denbigh, is also a Sister of Charity, and works in a Catholic medical mission in China. Four sisters of the present Lord Herries are nuns, whilst Lord Petre has three sisters who have also renounced the world. Lady Frances Bertie is in a convent at Harrow, and Lady Leopoldina Keppel, sister to Lord Albemarle, and the Misses Ellen and Maria Ffrench, sisters of Lord Ffrench, are amongst other society nuns.

GREAT MEN'S TRIBUTES

BEAUTIFUL EXPRESSIONS OF LOVE FOR THEIR WIVES.

Romantic Stories of Some Famous Men Told in Their Letters of Devotion.

There is something inexpressibly beautiful in a love which time has ripened into a fullness and tenderness such as Charles Kingsley exhibited to his wife after years of life together, when separated from the beloved sharer of his joys and sorrows was a bitterness scarcely to be borne.

Apart from her the most beautiful environments was but a wilderness. "This place is perfect," he once wrote to her from the seaside, where he had gone alone, to recruit his health after an illness; "but it seems a dream, and imperfect without you. I never before felt the loneliness of my living without the beloved being whose every look and word and motion are the keynotes of my life. People talk of love ending at the altar. Fools! I lay at the window all morning thinking of nothing but home; how I long for it!"

Equally touching was Daniel O'Connell's devotion to his wife, as expressed to her in letters so ardent and tender that to read them almost brings tears to the eyes. "Yes, sweetest Mary," he wrote in 1825, "I could have wished to see one line also in that handwriting which gives me recollections of the

HAPPIEST HOURS OF MY LIFE,

and still blesses one with inexpressible sweetness and comfort when we are parted, are separate. All the romance of my life envelops you, and I am as romantic in my love this day as I was twenty-three years ago, when you dropped your not unwilling hand into mine. Darling, will you smile at the love-letters of your old husband? Oh no, my Mary—my own Mary."

Even Bismarck, the man of iron and "despot of Europe," remained to the last day of life the romantic lover of his wife. "My Love," "My dear Heart," "My beloved Heart," "My Darling," such are the terms of endearment he lavished on her to the last. "There has been no change in us," he writes in 1862, "since our wedding-day, and I have never realized before that that was so long ago—five or six thousand happy days. May the Lord not consider how unworthy of them I am, and may He continue to pour out the fullness of His blessing upon us without regard to our deserts."

"Oh, Phœbe, I want thee much," wrote Nathaniel Hawthorne to his wife some years after their wedding-day. "Thou art the only person in the world that ever was necessary to me. I am only myself when thou art within my reach. Thou art an unspeakably beloved woman." And, when writing to her sister, he said

THIS BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE

to his beloved helpmate, "She is a power that was lent from Heaven to show the possibilities of the human soul."

The love-story of Robert Browning and his wife is one of the most beautiful in the history of human devotion. To say that he worshipped the very ground she trod on is no poetical exaggeration; for whenever he returned to London after an absence abroad he never failed to make a pilgrimage to the church in which they were made one, and, falling on his knees, to kiss the paving-stones in front of the door over which the feet of his bride had passed.

Very beautiful, too, was Tom Hood's love for the partner of his life, and the inspirer of that exquisite poem, "I love thee, I love thee, 'tis all that I can say." "Bless you," concludes one of his letters to her, "bless you again and again, my dear one, my only one, my one as good as a thousand to your old unitarian in love, T. H." "God bless you and give you strength to support this present misfortune," wrote C. J. Mathews to his wife from his cell in Lancaster Castle, where he was imprisoned for debt. "A thousand, thousand kisses, my own dearly beloved wife. I have your picture before my eyes all day. It has been a real comfort to me, and I speak to it and kiss it every night. Once more, God bless you."

"This day, my love," wrote Lord Collingwood to his wife in 1806, "is the anniversary of our marriage, and I wish for many returns of it. If ever we have peace, I hope to spend my latter days amid my family, which is the only sort of happiness I enjoy." The

GREAT DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

was even more ardent a lover as husband than in the days of his wooing. "I do love and adore you with all my heart and soul," runs one of many similar letters, "so much, that by all that is good, I do and will ever be better pleased with your happiness than my own; but oh, my heart, if we might be both happy, what inexpressible joy that would be! I think the happiness would be so great that it would make me immortal."

Few tributes of husbands have been more beautiful than Steele's dedication of one of his books: "How often has your tenderness removed pain from my aching head, how often anguish from my affected heart? If there are such things as guardian angels, they are thus employed. I cannot believe one of them to be more good in inclination, or more charming in form, than my wife." By its side, however, we may place Disraeli's dedication of "Sybil": "It would inscribe this work to one whose noble spirit and gentle nature ever prompt her to sympathize with the suffering; to one whose sweet voice has often encouraged, and whose taste and judgment have ever guided its pages—the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife."

Miss Vane—"I know he was talking to you about me. Now, what was it?" Miss Spelts—"Well, yes." Miss Vane—"I thought I heard him remark that I had a thick head of hair." Miss Spelts—"Partly correct. He didn't mention your hair, however."

"Waiter, do you mean to say this is the steak I ordered?" "Yes, sir." "It looks like the same steak the gentleman across the table refused to eat a few minutes ago." "Yes, sir; we always do it three times before we give it up."

SNAILS FOR HUMAN FOOD

FARMS IN FRANCE WHERE MILLIONS ARE PRODUCED.

Paris Alone Consumes an Enormous Quantity—Only Two Kinds Edible.

France is perhaps the premier snail-producing nation, although Austria, Bavaria, and Switzerland have thousands of snail farms, where the famous escargots are raised and fattened on vine leaves. The demand for snails in France is far too great for the supply to be left to chance, and thus it comes about that snail farming is an important industry. Paris alone consumes millions between September and May, when these little creatures are at their best, says the Washington Post.

Coming upon a French, Italian or German snail farm unexpectedly, one would not suspect its identity, for below the low wall or fence intended to keep the snails within bounds, little is visible save boxes and cabbages by the thousand. And in the daytime you might spend hours in walking around the farm and never see a single snail. In the cool of the evening you could not kick a cabbage without dislodging a score or more.

The boxes are six feet in length by three feet in width, and run in long rows a yard apart. Around each of these shelters, which are only a few inches high and have sloping roofs so that the rain may flow down into gutters at the lower ends, rows of big, leafy cabbages are planted. At Orgelch, in the Jura Mountains, is a farm containing 1,700 shelters, each containing a pretty lively family of two thousand snails. Here there were three and a half million snails altogether, and they have 68,000 cabbages to feed upon.

The interior of each box is lined with a bed of dry moss, and here the snails slumber in peace and safe from the sun, coming out at night to feed. During the four years it is necessary to keep them in order to fatten them up for market they eat many times their own weight in green stuff. Indeed, they are so voracious that in a single night in the wet season a hundred thousand of them will consume enough cabbages to fill up a market cart twice over. Before sunrise the farm is a busy sight, for scores of hands are out collecting the snails and putting them back in the boxes that they may be protected from the heat of the day.

Only two kinds of snails are eaten, the gros blanc, or snail of Burgundy, native to the vineyard districts, and the petit gris, which comes mainly from the Pas de Calais region. The former is much larger than the latter.

PRICES VARY.

Prices in the wholesale market vary very much, according to the season. Thus, between April and May, the gros blancs fetch from $1.75 to $2.25 a thousand, and the petit gris from 41 to 60 cents a thousand. But from September to the middle of October the big Burgundy snails fetch from $2.50 to $3.10 a thousand, and nearly $4 a thousand from October to April.

During the early weeks of October the snail farmer is sorting out his full grown stock, three or four years old, from the younger snails. Their age is readily indicated by the markings of their shell. They are then placed in some shady spot and left to dry, great care being taken to remove from the shell the layer of earth that covers it.

The snails are next placed on grills ourselves maintained at an even temperature of from 5 degrees to 6 degrees Centigrade, and so long as this is not exceeded they may be kept for a whole year. If, however, a few extra degrees of warmth deludes them into the belief that spring has returned and they emerge from their shells, the cold destroys them at once.

Snails are farmed in this way in order to insure a supply in the months when they are mostly in demand, and when it would be very difficult to find them if they were allowed to roam at their own sweet will. Since they are essentially a cold-weather dish, retail prices fluctuate with the thermometer.

In great cities of Europe you will come upon stores devoted entirely to this delicacy, and ornamented by an immense gilt snail over the door as a sign. Huge tubs of snails in the rough are displayed, and there are besides dishes of carefully prepared molluscs all ready for eating.

These have been first cooked, then extracted from their shells, and finely minced. The meat is then mixed with butter, chopped parsley and herbs, and finally, the shells, trimmed and made smart, are refilled with this prepared paste.

MOST POPULAR SNAILS.

The most popular snails to-day come from Dijon and Macon, in Burgundy, where they are fed on vine leaves, and the parks, as the local snail farms are called, open their gates in the month of August, when the little creatures bestir themselves actively.

Men search for them in moss, at the roots of trees and below old walls surrounding vineyards and woods. The snails caught are deposited in parks, which are merely grassy plots of land surrounded by walls to prevent the snails from escaping. And they are fed diligently from August to the end of October.

Growing amid the grass the prisoners find all kinds of luscious herbs, such as mint and marjoram, thyme and sage. Here for three months they feed to their hearts' content—stopping only when the weather begins to grow cold, when they prepare to take their winter rest—little dreaming that they will wake up to find themselves in Paris with a murderous cook bending over them. Then it is that handfuls of leaves and moss are thrown over the ground that the sleeping snails crawl under, having first closed up their shells entirely with a sort of calcareous substance.

Now is the time to pick them up in great baskets and bear them off to the cellars, where they are stored until required. After this the parks are closed until the following August, all the barriers taken down, and the farmer and his assistant get busy preparing the snails for immediate consumption.

In Switzerland snailleries are made by selecting a piece of damp, chalky land and inclosing it with smoothly-planed boards covered with tar. These are sunk into the ground eight inches, and on the inside, at a point where they emerge from the earth, there must be a shelter which will prevent the snail from burrowing under the inclosing palisades.

In the canyon of Lucerne a plot 200 yards square is sufficient for a colony of 1,000 snails. The land is ploughed, and during the rainy months of March and April the tenants are introduced and covered with a layer of moss and straw four inches thick. Under the influence of heat and moisture the escargot buries himself and remains thus in obscurity until the breeding season in the summer.

Food is introduced daily, and consists of lettuce, cabbage, vine leaves and grass. It will thus be seen that the snail is strictly vegetarian, and it will please non-meat eaters to learn that the wild snail becomes so strong on this diet that he can drag an object weighing seventy times as much as himself.

LONDON WATER.

Daily Consumption is Now Two Hundred and Eighteen Million Gallons.

Two large reservoirs have just been added to the London water-supply. One thinks little of such an announcement made in these days when abundant water service is counted not a luxury, but a necessity. If the Elizabethan citizen, however, should return to his native town, the lavish use of water would cause amazement to his mind, and, in all probability, a chill to his unlayed body.

The statement, made some years ago in the House of Commons, that for eight hundred years the English people did not wash themselves may not be quite accurate; nevertheless, it is true that the cost of London water for many generations rendered thorough bathing an impossibility to the poor, and an expensive and occasional luxury to the rich. Such an extravagance as cleansing the streets with water was thought not to be entertained. No wonder the plague found ready and waiting ground for speedy development!

Until the thirteenth century London depended on wells and brooks for its water-supply. Its means of conveyance were the pails and pitchers of the householder. In 1236 streams of water were brought by slender pipes to a cistern, known as the Great Conduit, in West Cheap. Here bucket-bearers gathered in crowds to await their turn. One of the regular duties of an apprentice was to fetch water. Carriers called "Cobbs" peddled water through the streets.

In 1852 "one Peter Moris" obtained permission from the corporation to pump water from the Thames into the city by means of water-wheels placed under the first arch of London Bridge and driven by the tide. "Before this time no such thing had ever been known in England." This system supplied water to the upper parts of the city, and was powerful enough to raise a jet of water over the steeple of St. Magnus Church, a sight which the Lord Mayor himself rode out in state to see.

This invention killed the Company of Water Bearers, and ran for a lease which extended down to modern times.

It was not until comparatively recent years that anything like an adequate supply of water was given to the city. Now eight companies hold grants. Ten years ago the area known as "Water London" covered six hundred and twenty miles, and the daily supply of water amounted to over two hundred and two million, one hundred and two thousand, five hundred and forty-three gallons. In 1905 the daily consumption had risen to two hundred and eighteen gallons.

ELEVENTH HOUR REFUSAL.

Engagement Broken After Wedding Carriages Ordered.

An almost Byronic incompatibility of temperament was the excuse offered at the London Sheriff's Court recently, by Mr. William Moore, a cartridge maker, for breaking off his engagement to Miss Gertrude Annie Ashton after the "banns" had been published and the wedding carriages ordered. He admitted the breach of promise, and his former fiancee was awarded £50 damages.

The engagement, which was contracted in June, 1905, was terminated nearly two years later. Mr. Moore urged that during their engagement there were stormy intervals, and he asked to be relieved of his promise of marriage. This request was not granted, Miss Ashton assuring him that "when we are married things will be much smoother." The ceremony had been fixed for May 18 last, but on the previous Friday defendant wrote saying he could not marry plaintiff. On the following Sunday he relented somewhat, expressing regret for his former decision, the reason for which he said he could not understand, and intimating that the marriage should take place. The next day, however, he definitely broke off the engagement, sending Miss Ashton the following letter:

"I regret I cannot marry you on Saturday. Please take this for final, as I feel certain I cannot be happy with you. Your non-appreciation of my greatest efforts, manifested as it was to the eleventh hour, has nearly turned me mad. I have not slept for six long weary nights, and things must change, or I shall become a physical wreck or lunatic. It is better for me to be unhappy for a time than for us to be yoked together in misery."

Plaintiff, who was a dressmaker in the service of a Jewish employer at Holland Park, said that she gave up her position in respect of which she received 30s. per week, in order to get married, and denied that there had been any quarrels. She observed a coolness in the attitude of the defendant, who, when she taxed him with it, said, "I cannot possibly marry you as I have changed my mind. I feel as if I am going mad, and I also feel very much about leaving my home and my people."

NOT INTENTIONAL.

"How did you come to fall into the water?" asked the rescuer, when the man he had saved from drowning was restored to a fairly comfortable condition.

"I did not come to fall into the water," replied the unfortunate one. "I came to fish."

STUCK FIRMLY TO TRUTH

BUT FOUND IT SO UNPLEASANT HE GAVE IT UP.

Made Friends Angry, Charged With Lunacy, Got Shaken, Then Swore Off.

A New York Man, after thinking over the fatuousness of white lies, put his purpose to stick to the undraped truth into operation one recent morning. As he passed out of his house on his way to work a man of his acquaintance in the neighboring building greeted him pleasantly.

"Sumptuous morning, eh?" said the neighbor cheerily.

"I do not consider it a sumptuous morning," replied the truth teller. "I consider it too hot."

The flat neighbor looked somewhat chagrined over this brusque reply, but he made a new start.

"Somehow or another I always feel better in hot weather than I do when it's chilly," he said. "I even take on weight during the dog days. I guess, anyhow, I'm feeling particularly well, because I'm convalescent from that bad dose of typhoid fever. Did you ever see a fellow come around more quickly, after getting on his feet from typhoid than I have?"

"Yes," promptly replied the man determined to tell the truth. "I do not think your recovery has been very rapid. I have seen typhoid patients pick up much more rapidly."

"Say, d'ye mean to say that I'm not looking bully for a fellow that's been through the siege I have?" enquired the flat neighbor, a trace of annoyance in his tone.

"In my opinion you look very poorly," replied the truth teller, with a stern determination not to be swerved.

"Huh! Got kind of a grouch on this morning, hey?" said the flat neighbor, as he passed on down the steps.

WOULDN'T HEAR "KID" STORY.

On the subway train the truthteller caught a seat alongside another man of his acquaintance.

"Say, old man," began this acquaintance, expansively, "did I tell you what that two-year-old kid o' mine said when I put on a pair of white duck trousers the other morning?"

"No, you did not," briefly replied the truth-teller, with the air of somebody profoundly bored.

"Well," said the acquaintance, "he said—ha! ha!—makes me laugh just to think of it! You've heard that young 'un of mine get off those funny things, haven't you? Just about the smartest chap for his years on earth, don't you think?"

"I do not think so," replied the truth-teller, out of hand. "I have heard many children of his age say the same sort of things, which his parents considered humorous, but in which I was never able to discern a particle of humor."

"Huh—what's that?" flared up the truth-teller's acquaintance. "Say, you got out of your bunk on the wrong side this morning," and the acquaintance sorely affronted, moved over to the opposite crosswise seat.

STUCK TO HIS GUNS.

"Hello there, old pal," breezily exclaimed one of the truth-teller's old-time business acquaintances, dropping in upon him at his office during the forenoon. "Say, I just put on this suit of clothes at my tailor's. All the candy, hey?"

"I don't like it," promptly replied the man with the new determination.

"How's that?" enquired the old friend, visibly chapfallen. "Well, that's sure brief and right to the point. Don't like it, hey?—just like that. Well, out with it then! What the dickens is the matter with the mess o' togs, according to your view?"

"I think the material of the suit is too loud and young for a man of your age," said the truth-teller, sticking to his guns.

"Well, dang my eyes!" broke out the old friend, his face crimsoning. "If that isn't a wallop! Say, d'ye mean to tell me that I'm going around trying to look young and gay-doggish and cutuppish, hey?"

"That," replied the truth-teller, "is the only impression one could derive from an examination of the suit of clothes you are wearing."

THOUGHT HE WAS DIPPY.

The old friend stared.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing, my friend," he said, frigidly, after a pause. "You need a rest and a change of some kind. There's something wrong with you, that's a cinch."

And thus about every fifteen minutes during the long day the truth-teller made some new enemy.

On his way home that evening the truth-teller had his pet corn accidentally stepped upon by a man hurrying to get a subway seat.

"You'll pardon me, I hope," said the man who inflicted the damage, turning about most politely.

"No, sir," firmly replied the truth-teller, "I shall not pardon you. I do not feel in the least inclined to pardon you. I resent your clumsiness—resent it keenly. I should be expressing an untruth if I told you that I pardoned you."

SHOOK NONSENSE OUT.

"Why, you infernal pulpnut of a dried up curmudgeon, you!" angrily said the man, grabbing the truth-teller by the coat lapel and shaking him as a terrier shakes a rat, till two of the coat buttons flew off. "What kind of a game of talk d'ye think that is to hand out to a man that's trying to be civil and to do the right thing, hey?" and he shook the truth-teller some more. "I've a great mind to take a swing at you, just for luck, and I would for less than two cents if you didn't look like some blasted shrivelled dyspeptic that didn't know any better—talking to a white man like that!"

The truth-teller left the subway at his station, shook himself disorderly, and the great white light beginning to shine upon and percolate through him, he made a new resolution.

"From now on," he mumbled to himself, "I'm going to outstrip them all in lying."

ELECTRIC GARDENING.

Device to Make Gardeners Independent of the Weather.

Home-grown grapes and strawberries at Christmas, fresh gathered peas and beans and lettuces in midwinter—these and other marvels may be hoped for if electric plant culture proves a success. Climate, so far as horticulture is concerned, will be abolished.

The other day, says The London Chronicle, an interesting experiment in electric plant culture was put into operation in one of the greenhouses at the Royal Botanic Gardens. The system installed is that designed by Mr. E. H. Thwaite, and is marked by many interesting features.

The idea of utilizing electricity in horticulture is, of course, by no means a new one. As early as 1861 experiments were made to measure the effect of arc lights in stimulating the development of plants. Notable experiments were made by Sir William Siemens, who was successful in producing both grapes and strawberries in winter by the help of a much simpler arrangement than that of Mr. Thwaite.

For it is part of Mr. Thwaite's scheme not only to use electricity as a supplement to the sun's rays and as a means of governing heat when that is required, but also to electrify the air of the glass-house and the roots of the plants themselves.

At present, however, only the arc light has been installed. The light is furnished with special reflector hood, by which the rays are concentrated, and these are further conducted through a screen composed of a very shallow glass trough full of water.

"By this method," said an official of the gardens to a Chronicle representative, "the rays are rendered more like the natural solar rays, and are also greatly improved in brilliancy."

Another ingenious device is the "traveller," by means of which the arc light is enabled almost imperceptibly to move along the whole length of the greenhouse and back again, so that its beams, like those of the sun, flit from plant to plant.

A goodly variety of flowers, fruit and vegetables have been gathered in the greenhouse to undergo the new treatment; and their progress will be watched with great interest.

At sunset the light is turned on for four hours, and as the days become shorter and darker the period will be lengthened up to fourteen or sixteen hours; and heat will also be supplied as soon as the weather renders it necessary.

GIRAFFE-BREEDING IN ENGLAND.

These Animals Are Extremely Timid and Also Very Stupid.

In view of the fuss made over the birth of a baby giraffe at the "Zoo," it sounds strange to say that that institution once furnished half Europe with British-bred specimens of the animal in question.

Yet such is the fact. The first giraffe ever seen in England was a present to George the Fourth, and died in the King's menagerie at Windsor. The sensation its advent caused roused the Zoological Society to action, and in 1836 they imported four "camelopards"—as they were then called—all at one time. Their capture involved a special expedition into the wilds of Kordofan.

The total cost worked out at $11,930.77, and loud were the outcries over the society's "reckless extravagance." But the bargain was not a bad one, after all. From those four giraffe's sprang in due course some forty others, the bulk then being sold at remunerative rates to foreign "Zoos."

Altogether more than $2,500,000 worth of baby giraffes were thus disposed of. But what promised to develop into a flourishing British industry in a small way was suddenly cut short after an extremely tragical fashion. On November 7th, 1866, the giraffe house in Regent's Park was burned down, the bulk of the giraffe's perishing in the conflagration.

This was the end, until the other day, of giraffe breeding in Britain, although, of course, stray specimens have been since imported, and shown to the public, both in the gardens and in private menageries.

The great difficulty in rearing these creatures, it may be added, lies in their extreme timidity. They are also very stupid, the net result being that if a young giraffe, unversed in the ways of menageries, can by any possibility discover a chance to injure itself, it takes immediate advantage of it.

MAKES THE DEAF HEAR.

Remarkable Demonstration By a Paris Physician.

A striking demonstration of what modern science can do was given last week at the Academy of Medicine, Paris, France, when, in the presence of a hundred physicans and surgeons, a girl of twenty, who two months ago was believed to be an incurable deaf mute, sang a solo, and later answered questions asked her by doctors in the audience.

She is one of four pupils of Dr. Marage, and exhibits in her accomplishments the good effects of his new system of training deaf mutes to hear and to speak.

He uses in his practice a so-called "vowel-syren," an instrument commonly used by Paris professors of acoustics to amplify the volume of the human voice.

According to Dr. Marage cases of absolute deafness are exceedingly rare. By use of the vowel-syren he says the rudimentary faculty of his patients is rapidly developed, and at the same time they learn to imitate sounds, and thus become able to speak.

"Whatever his degree of deafness," said Dr. Marage, "the deaf mute is susceptible of improvement if he can repeat what he hears. The young girl who sang and spoke has been under treatment only six weeks."

THE STAR VIPER HUNTER

EASY MONEY IN A SMALL WAY FOR AN EXPERT FRENCHMAN.

The Government Pays 7 Cents for Every Reptile Destroyed, Including the Unhatched.

Viper hunting is a profitable occupation in a small way in France. The Government pays 7 cents a head for the destruction of the reptiles, and in some parts of the country a skilled hunter with fair luck may make from $1.50 up to $3.50 or $4 in a day's work in August or September. Vipers are a pest in France. They are extremely poisonous and great numbers of them still exist in the wilder regions.

Edmond Pelletier is regarded as the star viper hunter of the country. He has a record of tens of thousands killed at 7 cents apiece. He has not found it a very dangerous pursuit, for he has not been bitten once. To a companion who went hunting with him in the forest of Busseau in the Vendean region in the western part of France he confided that he always carried a leek in his pocket.

"If I ever should get bitten," said he, "I'd snip it in two and clap the cut surface on the bite. My father and grandfather have always told me it was a sure antidote to the venom. No, they never tried it;

THEY WERE NEVER BITTEN;

but some one told them. I hear that the Pasteur Institute makes an anti-viper poison serum now. I guess you'd find it was nothing but the juice of leeks."

The companion of Pelletier had put on a stout pair of leather leggings by advice of the expert. To his surprise Pelletier himself simply put on a heavy pair of woollen socks over his boots.

"That's to deaden the sound of my footsteps," said he. "I don't need leggings. They don't bite me."

His whole hunting outfit consisted of a hazel switch, a jackknife and an old tin cracker box. The switch is the weapon of attack. The knife is to cut the heads off and the box to hold them; the bounty is paid on presentation of the heads at the nearest sub-prefecture.

Half stooping, with his eyes sweeping the ground before him, Pelletier advanced with velvet step over a wide expanse of rocks. He walks with his face to the sun, lest his shadow frighten the quarry. Presently he stoops and picks up on the end of his switch a filmy thing that gleams in the sunlight and flutters in the wind.

"Viper somewhere around! Been changing his skin!" he remarks laconically.

A few minutes more and there is a sharp whiz of the switch and a smart slap on the rock. A greenish gray thing that had lain coiled on the stone straightens out and writhes helplessly. The tap of the switch has broken the spinal column. Pelletier deliberately cuts off the head and tail and rips it open.

HE FINDS TEN EGGS,

and, as the bounty is paid equally for them as well as for full grown vipers, he carefully transfers them to his tin box.

As he does this the companion reaches out his hand to pick up the severed head. Pelletier grabs him by the sleeve. "Watch," says he, and he touches the pointed muzzle with the hazel rod. The head has life enough left to respond to the stimulus. The jaws open and snap on the rod and the fang exudes a few drops of its deadly poison. Then Pelletier picks the head up carefully and drops it into the box.

The next time the switch whizzes through the air it misses its aim, and the viper glides under a heap of stones. Pelletier dashes after it and begins pulling away the stones recklessly with his bare hands. The viper wriggles his way deeper and deeper into the heap as the hunter sends the stones flying right and left. At last, a few inches of the tail is visible for an instant; down comes the hunter's heel on it and all is over. It is a very large viper, more than thirty inches long. The body is greenish gray with a black band along the spinal column, the color lightening to a silver white under the belly. The sides are beautiful, marked with black streaks.

Something arouses the attention of the next viper that is encountered as it lies basking in the sun. It does not run, but rearing its head to a height of several inches above its coil it waves to and fro ready to strike, and hissing like a

TINY LEAK IN A STEAM PIPE.

"It's trying to fascinate me the way it does birds," says Pelletier, "but it's all the other way. So long as I look at it I hold it. If I turned my head it would vanish in a second."

The viper shoots out its pointed tongue viciously. It shows signs of weakening; the head sinks. Then the whiz of the switch and it is all over.

These three full-grown viper's make up the morning's sport. The afternoon is unfavorable for catching them unawares. But as two of the three are females and yield twenty-four eggs, the total profits of the occasion are $1.89, a very fair remuneration for a French countryman for his day's labor.

"The vipers can surely charm birds," said Pelletier on the way home. "I remember walking along a trench one day when a sparrow rose up from between my feet and flew into the breast of my coat. I was amazed, for sparrows are very shy in the country, until I saw a great red viper scurrying away. He had fascinated the bird and was closing in on it when I spoiled the game.

"Another day I was leaning against a tree thinking idly when I heard the shrieks of two little tomtits in evident distress. I went to investigate and found the little pair hovering about their nest, in which there were four newly-hatched fledglings, while a great viper was slowly squirming towards it. I killed the vermin, and I give you my word three two birds followed me to the edge of the wood singing joyously as if they were thanking me."

NEEDS EXPANSION.

"I hear that since he made a little success in business, Jigsby is all puffed up with conceit."

"Puffed up! Why, he's so much so that he had to move into a house with a swell front."

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

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

Railway companies will spend £200,000 for a new station at Dover, making it superior to any marine station in the world.

Musurus Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador in London, has met with an accident, in consequence of which he has had to undergo an operation for a broken knee-cap.

In London alone between two and three hundred milk-cans are lost or stolen every day, and other towns and cities suffer similarly.

The Darracq-Serpollet steam omnibus, a new type of motor, which runs almost entirely without noise, has just been placed on London streets.

Archibald Page, 20, charged at Leicester with the murder of Annie Elizabeth Haines, confessed that he strangled the girl as they sat by the roadside.

Sir George Bullough has just presented Accrington, Lancashire, with a miniature rifle range, which comprises the range buildings and complete equipment.

Milkmen's private detectives and the Can Protection Society in London have in four years recovered and restored 14,000 stolen cans to their rightful owners.

The negotiations for the purchase for the public of Tom Hood's house at Wanstead have failed, and building operations have begun on a portion of the ground.

At a recent London wedding an enterprising photographer stealthily climbed the pulpit stairs and snapped the happy pair just as the marriage vows were being taken.

"Total abstainers are in the minority in the country and must carry moderate drinkers with them," said Lloyd George in his speech at a temperance demonstration.

Several hundred poor children of St. Michael's church parish, London Fields, brought offerings of eggs for the North-eastern Hospital for Children, Hackney Road.

Fair-haired people are rapidly diminishing in number in this country. Out of 440 women counted in a London street, there were 227 dark to 213 fair or red-haired.

In 1906 number of police on active duty in London, exclusive of those specially employed, 502 inspectors, 2,085 sergeants and 13,217 constables. Pay for entire force £1,526,865.

Motor fire appliances, on account of their superior travelling powers and economy of upkeep, as compared with horsed engines, are rapidly gaining headway in England.

A lady's maid, when attacked at Sheringham by a man, managed to scratch her assailant's face. This led to his identity and a subsequent sentence of six months' imprisonment.

An inquest at Stepney brought to light the sad case of Jane Mall, a widow aged 82, who received 75 cents a week from the union, and had to make the rest of her living by needlework.

In one English burying ground sculptors attend on Sundays and tout for orders for tombstones when they see grief-stricken relatives. A good business is said to be done in this way.

Mr. Archibald Moffett, aged 72, of Gateshead-on-Tyne, has written the Lord's Prayer four times and his name once within the space covered by a threepenny piece. He has also written his name on one side of a grain of rice, and his address on the other.

A monument erected in Dovercourt churchyard, is in the form of a marble rock, anchor and reef, and commemorates the heroism of W. Moore, steward of the Berlin, who was found clasping in his arms the body of a young man entrusted to his care.

SOME FREAK SOCIETIES.

The Pointed Beards in Paris—To Defend Cause of Fat Men.

"Pointed beards only need apply."

This is the law of the latest Parisian society of freaks—th "Sphenopogones," as they call themselves.

Its members, who are compelled by the rules of the society to wear pointed beards and moustaches, have banded themselves together for the avowed purpose of promoting perennial joviality.

It is a secret society. Its deliberations are secret, its dinners are secret, its happy evenings are secret, and the names of its members can be seen only in the society's secret books.

The Sphenopogones comprise leading politicians, literary men and artists living in various parts of France. Each member must be elected unanimously and must, under pain of severe penalties, promise to wear a beard which tapers symmetrically to a point and a moustache also pointed at each end.

Once a month the members dine together. The date and place of meeting are arranged by the "gonfalier," as the treasurer is called, and the proceedings are kept strictly private, no one being admitted except duly enrolled members.

If any member has between one dinner and another distinguished himself by writing a successful play or a book, or by painting a picture of exceptional merit, or by doing anything to earn public praise, he is greeted with uproarious applause.

After dinner the possessors of the pointed beards give themselves up to conviviality in accordance with the terms of their secret charter.

England, too, can boast of her freak societies. There is, for instance, the Appendicitis Society, a fashionable and select circle, the members of which must give proof that they have undergone an operation for appendicitis.

The Society for Putting Woman in Her Proper Place was formed in London a few months ago with the object of combating the movement for woman's suffrage.

There is also a society of bald heads and two or three societies of bachelors and a few run in the interests of old maids.

In Germany not long ago was formed a Society for the Encouragement of Assassination. Tremendous organizations which strictly defended the cause of fat men.

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, DEC. 6, 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

COLCHESTER.

The result of the bye-election in Nova Scotia last week was a signal triumph for the Conservative party. The election was caused by the appointment of Mr. Lawrence, the Liberal Member for that County, to a judgeship, the promise of which, it was a matter of notoriety, he had carried in his pocket during the three sessions he had been sitting in the House of Commons and voting in support of the Government from which he has just received the honor of. Undaunted by the fact that a solid Liberal representation of eighteen members had been sitting in Parliament since the election of 1907, the Conservatives nominated Mr. Stanfield of Truro, as their standard bearer, in the confidence that if a free, unpurchased vote could be secured they would win the seat, and events have proved the soundness of that view. The strongest men in the Liberal party, including Finance Minister Fielding went to the help of Mr. Hill, the Liberal Candidate, while Messrs. Foster and Fowler stumped the riding in the Conservative interest. The electors heard and were convinced, and when the vote was counted, Mr. Stanfield had a majority of 198, whereas three years before the Liberals carried it by a majority of 191.

The news was received at the Capital, the same evening that Parliament opened and there was rejoicing amongst Mr. Borden and his friends, while the Government ranks were correspondingly depressed. The result is regarded as the turn in the tide and as a presage of the triumph of the Conservative party in the next general election. There is no doubt that the country is losing confidence in the party in power at Ottawa. Its failure to live up to its promises, the growth of corruption and the disclosures of wine, women and graft—these all unite to create the demand for a change.

GEORGIAN BAY CANAL.

The report of the Minister of Public Works while acknowledging the feasibility of a 20 foot Georgian Bay Canal, indicates that the policy of the Government in respect to its construction is to be one of delay. "The time," says the report, "does not appear to have come as yet, however, for the discussion as to whether the work in question should be carried on under the control of a commission or whether it should be directly executed by the department, as was the construction and extension of the several other Canadian canals. Whether this mode or another be selected for the supervision of construction, it may be stated that the service performed by the officers of the survey, for the past three years, has been most careful and accurate, and that whatever authority may be in charge of the work, will have in the engineer now at the head of the survey, and in those who have assisted him, as well as in their plans, notes, estimates, reports, etc, a sure guide in the planning and execution of the work."

Mr. A. St. Laurent, the engineer in charge of the survey, suggests in his report to the Minister, a number of economical questions which should be submitted to a mixed to a mixed commission of experienced engineers and business men and reported upon fully before the enterprise is undertaken These questions include the volume of traffic that may be expected, the effect upon interprovincial trade as well as the iron and pulp industry. The expenditure upon the survey during the fiscal year 1907 was $145,964.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

CIGARETS.

A deputation of W.C.T.U. workers waited on Sir Wilfrid Laurier on Tuesday last to urge that an Act be passed prohibiting the importation, manufacture and sale of cigarets in the Dominion; if this could not be done then that legislation on the lines of the Scott Act been passed to be brought into effect by proclamation when the people of a district shall have voted for it. The deputation pointed out that the consumption of cigarets in Canada had increased in ten years from 80,000,000 a year to 331,000,000.

Sir Wilfrid received the ladies' with his usual courtesy and replied that were he actuated by personal sentiments he would grant the request at once and go further—make it applicable to tobacco in any form. One thing he loathed to see was tobacco being used by immature youth. For the grown man it was all right, there being nothing immoral about it. He related an incident that happened in Quebec a few months ago when a group of boys gathered together and gave him a cheer. He went to one of them and removed from his mouth a cigaret telling him to abandon the ure of tobacco at least till he was six feet in stature. The legislation asked for was drastic and so far the government had not seen its way to introduce it. The suggestion, however, for an act, modelled after the Scott Act, was a new one and the mater would be given full consideration.

Lachute Academy

GRADE III ACADEMY.
SHAKESPEARE.

Class I,—Effie Cooke 75.

Class II,—Amy Hammond 70, C. Drennan 69, Evelyn Wales 68.

Class III,—Alice Arthur 54, May McGibbon 42.

GRADE II. ACADEMY.
LATIN.

HONORS,—Violet Joss 98.

Class I,—Margaret Hay 80, Willie Cameron 79.

Class II,—Lockhart Gall 69, Lillie Palliser 68, R. Ewan & B. Fraser 61.

Class III,—Mamie Cottingham 54, Daniel Bates and Myrtle Cameron 52, Randolph Strong 48, E. Bradford 45.

GRADE I. ACADEMY.
PHYSICS.

Class I,—Jessie McLean 85, Carrie Black, J. Calder & Harold McOuat 75.

Class II,—Lillias Brown and Alice McClure 74, Lowell Banford 73, Gertrude Rodgers 71, Lila Davis 67, Hartley Thomas 63, Erle Todd 60.

Class III,—Sadie Dawson 57, Robby Giles & Naomi Ivall 52, Willie Hamilton 46, Harlow Giles 43.

GRADE III. MODEL.
LITERATURE.

HONORS,—Irene Riddell 96, Ida Morrison 91.

Class I,—Violet Kennedy 83, Bessie Fraser and Elmer Giles 80, Emma Morell and Greta Christie 79, Winnie Kyle and Harris Dawson 76.

Class II,—Ed. Ivall 67, C. Palliser & Walker McArthur 65, Beulah Nichols 63, H. McIntyre 62, Annie Hume 61.

Class III,—Winnie Banford 55, N. McGregor and David Rodger 48, M. Slater 42, Janet McClure 40.

GRADE. II MODEL.
ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HONORS,—Cecil Bradford 92, Norah Christie 91, Harry Hammond 90.

Class I,—Jennie Forbes 86, May Cruise & Harry Joss 81, Lloyd Stevenson 80, Grace Bradford 79, R. Giles 75.

Class II,—Bessie Menzies 73, Bessie McGibbon 69, Douglas McGibbon 67, Aggie McGillveary and Guy Doig 66, Otto DeLisle 65, Arthur Drennan 63, Florence Dixon 61, Arthur Joss 60.

Class III.—Ida Latta 56, Lillie Kennedy 53, Jessie McArthur 51, Ruby Todd 49, Nettie Kettyle 47, Glen Hamilton 45, Gilbert Graham 41.

GRADE I. MODEL,
SPELLING & DICTATION.

HONORS,—Roy Kennedy 96, Frances Joss 92, Jessie Earle 90.

Class I,—Hattie McCoy 89, Annie McCoy, Willie Hay, Carman Bradford & Vern Riddell equal 82, Natalie Dixon 77, Jack Menzies 75.

Class II,—Jessie Cruise 73, David Campbell 70, Eva Patterson 66, Willie Calder 63, Reuben Chambers 60.

Class III,—Gladys Shaw 56, Martha Ganley 44.

GRADE IV. ELEM.
GRAMMAR.

Honors,—Cameron Hay, Catherine McGibbon and Gracie McOuat 100, Vernon Hammond 99, Russell Bennet 98, Thayer Carpenter 96, Aida Patterson 93.

Class I,—Stanley Paul 87, Rubert Robinson 84, Robert Beers 77.

Class II,—Maggie Walker 72, Oscar Lafond 62

Class III,—Sydney Lock 57, Susie Copeland 51, Eleanor Carpenter 49, Alma McNeil 45.

GRADE III ELEM.
GRAMMAR.

HONORS,—Gertrude Hammond 95, Gordon Fraser 92.

Class I,—Douglas Simon 85, May Ewing 83, Hazel McGibbon 82, Katie Bennett 76, Georgina Baldwin 75.

Class II,—Effie Neil 67, Mildred Carpenter 66, Ruby McOuat & Alison Cottingham 61.

Class III,—John Drennan 57, Lila Giles 56, Kyle Patterson 55, Ines Giles 53, Jean McGibbon 51, Agnes Hay 50, Ellice Palliser and Gilbert Woods 49, Roy McRae 48. Eddie Jones 46, Gordon Carpenter 44, Constance Banford Maggie McKimmie & D. Mitchell 40.

GRADE II. ELEM.
SCRIPTURE.

Class I,—George Calder and Irene Scott 89, Howard Kennedy 83, Isabel Thomas 82, Reginald Campbell 81, Maggie Shaw 80, Wilma Joss 78, A. Drennan 75, Leona Garretsee 71, John Hope and Angus Hay 70.

Class III,—Robert Cruise 69, Elsie Hay 66, Ernest Saunders 65, Johnnie McKimmie 62.

Class III,—Bella Wood 59, Ruby Shaw 56, Hazel McCoy 55, Howard Campbell 46, Peter Bennett 41.

CUSHING.

Mr. Henderson Weir left for Pt-au-Trembles on Tuesday.

Messrs. T. Weir & F. Watson were in Hawkesbury on Saturday.

Mr. D. McOuat of Brownsburg, was visiting friends here on Wednesday.

Mr. C. F. Kains was in Lachute on Thursday last, as were also Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Nicholls.

Mrs. Warwick has returned to Cushing, having spent the summer with her friends in Mt. Maple.

Mr. Roy Cooke accompanied by his brother, Mr L. C. Cooke, and Mr. F. Bryerton of Carillon, returned to St. Philippe de Nere on Monday.

The Misses Nicholls entertained quite a large party of their friends to a quilting bee, followed by a most enjoyable evening party on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Cooke have been absent in Lachute recently, owing to the illness and death which occurred on Sunday, of the latter's grandfather, Mr. Wm. James.

GRENVILLE.

We are glad to hear that Mrs. D. Williamson is improving.

Mr. B. & Mrs. Wilson with children are visiting at Mr. W. Bradshaw's.

Rev. Mr. Haden of Montreal, was the guest during the week end of Mr. and Mrs. J E. Arnold.

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church are giving an Oyster Supper and a Sale of work, on Dec. 20th in the Parsonage.

The Rev. C. T. Scott, B.A., of Montreal, is announced to preach at the Missionary Anniversary on Sunday evening next in the Methodist Church

"The lights are out and gone are all the guests" might be applied to Grenville Canal. Sunday, the canal was in darkness and not even a belated tug was seen or heard. It is fortunate that Nature controls the Government, at least, a part of the year, so that our hard-working lockmen may have their Sabbath rest. Unfortunately for their finances, they have to take their Sabbath rest all together and for an extended period.

FURS!
FURS!
FURS!

W. Banford & Son,

P.S.—FUR COATS.

Mr. P. A. Lafleur Banqueted.

Last evening the citizens of the town tendered a complimentary banquet to our fellow-townsman, Mr. P. A. Lafleur on the occasion of his departure from our midst. The banquet was given in the Town Hall and catered for in the usual dainty manner of Mr. Omer Paquette. Mr. G. F. Calder presided over a lengthy toast list. Coupled with the toast of "Our Guest," the chairman presented Mr. Lafleur with a handsome gold locket and the following address:—

TO P. A. LAFLEUR, ESQ.,
LACHUTE.

SIR:—On the evening of your departure from our town, after a life-long residence among us, we the undersigned fellow citizens and friends, desire to place on record our recognition of your many worthy qualities which have won our esteem and respect.

It has always been a satisfaction to observe your steady career in commercial life as exemplified by the marked progress and development of the manufacturing industry with which you have been so long connected and the success of which has been, to no small degree, due to your business ability and gentlemanly conduct towards and courteous treatment of all with whom you have come in contact.

In the too short time you took part in our municipal administration, we had ample evidence of the value of your services in that sphere.

But whilst we regret that circumstances have led you to sever your connection with the place, we hope the change will lead to your further advancement and prosperity.

Wishing you "au revoir" and "bonne chance" we have signed.



In replying, Mr. Lafleur said that he could not give expression to the feeling of joy that was his in being thus honored. In a short resume of his sojourn in Lachute, of over 30 years, he said that he had at all times tried to do his duty in a quiet, faithful manner, but failed to see that he had ever done anything to merit such an honor as the one now accorded him.

A number of very excellent speeches were given by the gentlemen present, all of whom testified in highest terms to the business ability and true worth of "Our Guest," and wished him every prosperity in his new sphere of labor.

Canada
Province of Quebec. } No. 322
District of Terrebonne.

An action in separation as to property has been taken the 5th of November, 1907, by Dame Marie Louise Forget, wife of Francis Xavier Poirier of the Township of Wolfe, District of Terrebonne, against her said husband under Number 322 of the records of the Superior Court of said district.

St. Scholastique, November 26, '07.
NANTEL & ROCHON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Seigniory of Argenteuil.

Notice is hereby given, that I will be at the Hotel, in the village of St. Andrews, from 9 to 12 a.m., and from 1 to 4 p.m., daily, from the 11th to the 13th of Dec., 1907 inclusive, to receive payments of amounts due above estate.

C. CALDER,
Local Agent for Trustees late Col. C. C. Johnson.
LACHUTE.

FISH! FISH! FISH!

We have on hand the finest fish obtainable. All fruits in Season.
Just ring up 'phone 59.
P. E. BONHOMME.

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 . . . . . 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.

FARM FOR SALE.

Comprising 175 acres in the Township of Chatham, being Lots 27 and 28 in the 7th Range, all well fenced and with good buildings, with Maple Sugar Bush of four or five hundred trees fit for tapping good well stoned up with pump in it close to house, good spring for cattle, not far from buildings, stone milk house. Also 125 acres in the Township of Grenville, being Lot No. 1 in the 6th Range, with good fences and log barn, young maple bush of about 200 trees fit for tapping. Spring creek runs through this farm, also several other springs, lots of cedar on farm for fencing, also plenty of firewood and building material. Both farms front on front road. About one mile from School, Cheese-factory, Post-Office & Store.

Anyone wishing to purchase this property should examine the same before snow-fall.

JOHN RANEY,
Proprietor, Chatham.

SPECIAL.

Mr. Alex. McAllister of Brownsburg, is going out of business and desires to have all persons indebted to him, settle their claims without further delay and save cost.

Central Carriage Works and Blacksmith Shop.



I beg leave to remind the public that I have purchased the carriage shop and business of Mr. Lavigne on Foundry Street, and I am now prepared to fill all orders entrusted to my care. Satisfaction guaranteed and work executed on shortest notice.

We do all kinds of repairs, none too large or too small, so give us a trial order and be satisfied,

H. St. JACQUES

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

Keep Warm and buy an Overcoat at DOIG'S.

Over **50** of them to be sold at big reductions, as they are the Winter Samples of the Lion Brand Clothing House.

Also a very Choice lot of LADIES SAMPLE COATS.

We have Coats to suit everyone. In Coon and Black Furs.

Don't miss the chance of a lifetime to get one of these garments. They must be sold and PRICE will do it.

In UNDERCLOTHING for Men, Women and Children, we can't be beat.

Our Stock of Boots and Shoes for everybody is very complete, and every lady and school girl wants to get a pair of our Berlin Boots as they are perfection for winter wear.

LADIES' JACKETS

Just a few left, though we had to send a repeat order to factory. Balance will be closed out at prices to please every purchaser.

DOIG'S Opposite the Post Office

TOWN COUNCIL.

The regular meeting of the above Council was held in the Town Hall on Wednesday evening, there being present Mayor G. Hay, and Councillors Paquette, McKimmie, Raymond, McFaul, Berry, McGibbon and Lister.

Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

Road and Finance Committee reports were read and amounts ordered to be paid.

A communication was received from the Secretary of the Provincial Board of Health, stating that the report of Inspector Dr. Bonnier would be in the hands of the Council in a few days with reference of permission to lay the sewerage pipes of Main & Foundry Street, to the North River below the C.P.R. Bridge.

Moved by Coun Berry, seconded by Coun. Raymond, that an engineer be procured as soon as possible to survey and plan probable cost of the construction of said sewers, provided the Board of Health's report be favorable.

A request for transfer of hotel license was received from J. B. Richer of the Windsor Hotel, to Zotique Rochon. The usual order of notice was then ordered to be published, and the question of transfer would be taken up on the 16th inst., at 8 p.m.

Couns. Lister, Berry and Paquette were appointed Board of Revisors to revise the list of municipal electors.

Coun. McGibbon gave notice of motion of the first reading of a by-law for the sub-division of centre ward to two polling divisions regarding the lists of parliamentary electors

The Finance Committee were instructed to collect all arrears of taxes at once.

Council then adjourned to the 16th.

GENOA.

The new church is now completed. Look out for a Tea-meeting in the near future.

Miss Maud Black left last week for Burlington, Vt.

The Misses Katie Boa, Eva Gordon and Jessie Todd visited Miss Bella Gordon of Vide Sac on Monday.

Mr. Gordon Wood has left for St. Anne de Bellevue, to take a course in the McDonald College. We wish him every success.

Mr. Albert Bigras has returned to Montreal to take up his position there.

The roads are in a bad condition, but they don't prevent 'Little Daw' & his driver from going North-ward.

LOUISA.

Mr. Geo. Neill spent Sunday at his home in Louisa.

Miss Maggie Robinson has returned to Ottawa after spending a few weeks visiting her mother.

Mrs. W. R. McFaul spent Saturday and Sunday in Lachute, the guest of Mr. A. McFaul.

Mr. John Evans was the welcome guest of Mr. George Seale on Sunday.

Messrs. G. Neill and P. Robinson attended the Orange Meeting in the Louisa Hall on Tuesday, Dec. 3rd.

Miss Mary. A. Chambers spent the week end the guest of Miss Maude E. Seale.

Miss Susie E. Boyd is spending a few days in Montreal.

Miss Lizzie Matthus was the guest of Miss M. E. Seale on Sunday.

Miss Eva Robinson has returned home from Montreal, to attend to her mother, who, we are pleased to say is recovering, under the skillful treatment of Dr. J. B. Menzies.

BEECH RIDGE.

The farmers are busy in the woods just now, preparing for cold weather.

We are sorry to say Mr. T. Cowan is still very ill.

Mr. Malcolm Smith spent a few days in Montreal recently.

Quite a number of the young people from here and surrounding places gathered at Mr. T. B. Morrison's on Friday evening where an enjoyable time was spent.

Double Harness
FOR SALE CHEAP.

The undersigned has a few setts of heavy harness, suitable for heavy drawing, all hand made and of good quality that he will sell at a reasonable price. Also light harness, cloth and leather collars, sweat pads, bridles, halters, double breetching, pole straps, martingales, lines straps and snaps. Farmers, I want all your harness repairing, and will do it cheaper and better than any other saddler in town.

WM. CRESWELL,
Clyde Street, Lachute.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Canada
Province of Quebec } No. 256
District of Terrebonne

FOR THE COUNTY OF TERREBONNE.

JOHN FLEET, carpenter, of the city and district of Montreal,
Plaintiff

vs.

ISRAEL WILLIAM LANER, of the city of Chicago, in the State of Illinois, one of the United States of America,
Defendant

Defendant is hereby ordered to appear within one month.

Saint Jerome, November 11th, '07.

J. A. THEBERGE,
Clerk of the Circuit Court in and for the County of Terrebonne.

PREVOST, RINFRET & MARCHAND,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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That's what we want you to do if you are passing our store. Stop and consider the great advantages gained in dealing with us. We carry a splendid assortment of everything you need for home and personal comforts, so that it is just a matter of saving money by dealing with us.

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Box 38,
LACHUTE,

THE SACRIFICE;

—OR—

FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was true Lora's condition had suddenly improved. Whether it was her great strength of will which had banished the fever, or whether the illness was only the consequence of her terrible excitement, however it may have been, she awoke, after a short sleep, to full consciousness, and then fell asleep again. Frau von Tollen was able to return home the next day without anxiety, and Lora sat in her boudoir and gazed at the fire.

She was, indeed, strangely pale and still; she made no answer to the sympathetic inquiries of the anxious mother-in-law, who appeared in her room in a rustling black silk, corded with jet, and with a lace barbe on her dyed brown hair, after her maid had inquired if the young Frau Becher would receive a visit from her "mamma."

A low "Yes" and "No" were all the answers that Lora made.

But her talkative mother-in-law scarcely noticed it. She spoke with emotion of the excellent qualities of her Adalbert, and of the estimation he enjoyed in the great world. In New York, almost all the fashionable world of Fifth Avenue had sighed for the honor of being taken into her family; but he was such a good son, he loved his mother so deeply! "It shall be a German!" he said, like his mother; and as all his mother's hopes were fixed on ending her life in Germany, he had come here with her. And now he has found his happiness here too. "Ah, Germany! One never knows what it is to have a country until one is in a foreign land. You may believe me, child, Adalbert never could have fallen in love with an American."

During this flood of words, Lora had taken a crochet-needle out of a little work-bag, and began to work.

"For Heaven's sake, you must not do that! It will make you so nervous!" screamed Frau Elfrieda, snatching the work from the hands of the astonished Lora. "What do you want to do it for? Let other people crochet; Adalbert would be furious if I should allow it!"

She laid the work on a little table, near a charming copy of the "Nile" of the Vatican, which stood on a pedestal covered with blue velvet.

"That Berlin decorator really had very queer ideas," she began again, in her shrill voice; "how could he put a group like than in a lady's boudoir? That is an ogre, isn't it, Lora? Those poor little babies that are scrambling over him so unsuspiciously—really it makes your heart beat—and the monster looks so harmless, too. Oh, oh! It is tasteless, my darling, to perpetuate such a thing in marble."

The young wife's eyes opened for a moment in amazement, and the corners of her mouth twitched a little; then she dropped her head. This was the woman with whom she was to spend her life!

"I think we had better dine together till Adalbert comes back, dear child," continued Frau Becher, looking through her lorgnette at an oil painting over the lounge. "You need not trouble yourself to keep a separate table; and Sundays your relations can dine with me—your mother and your aunt and the little one. They are not likely to have every day such——"

She cleared her throat and looked at Lora's old writing-table which was placed in the deep bay-window, and on which all the little ornaments were placed which she had brought with her from her little Mansard room.

"Dear me! how droll, how naive all these little things are!" she cried. "When I was first married I had plenty of such little souvenirs of my girlhood; but one so soon gets over sentiment of that kind in America. Really they are charming little knick-knacks; and what a funny little blotter! Didn't Adalbert give you one of Russia leather, darling? No? Then I will."

Lora sat perfectly still. She wished for nothing but quiet, but that she did not get for a long time. Aunt Melitta also appeared on the scene. And when Lora expressed a wish to breathe the fresh air, the carriage came round and Frau Becher sank down on the satin cushions beside her daughter-in-law, and spread the fur-lined robe over them both.

And Lora would so gladly have walked and walked through the loneliest ways in her old, coarse leather boots, that she knew were in the closet at home, only to tire herself out, to be alone—only once to meet him and to be able to entreat him not to despise her, but to have compassion on her as a victim!

This was the one thing the young wife now had to long for.

When she had wandered about her mother's garden in the snow, the weary, bruised spirit had found no relief save in the desperate resolve to die; and then she had thought she must first obtain his forgiveness. There was time enough; if she should die the day before her husband's return, that would be soon enough. First, she must speak to him; that gave her strength, made her observant, and steeled her energies.

She gradually became aware that she was watched, that every act of hers was closely observed.

It was very remarkable that she could not stir a step out of the house without her mother-in-law happening to be going the same way. The ubiquitous lady accompanied her when she went to see her mother; she even went to walk in the park, on clear winter days, when Lora declined driving, and puffed smilingly along, beside the slender black figure, with a locomotive-like majesty, in her costly fur trimmed cloak and her diamond ear-rings, which flashed in the sunlight.

At first, Lora had thought it mere chance, but at length her eyes were opened: her husband had charged his mother to watch her.

She made one or two attempts to leave the house quietly in the twilight—in vain. Once the maid met her on the stairs and raised a great outcry at madam's going out in the dark alone; the second time she found the park gate locked; and as she was going to call the gardener, whose house stood near the gate, Frau Elfrieda, having hastily thrown on her hood and fur cloak, came trundling along the garden-paths, greatly surprised to meet her darling here. She wanted to go to visit her mamma, no doubt; and Frau Becher had just had the same idea, and why didn't she tell her? there was the horse and carriage. "Ah, and the gate is locked? To be sure—oh, yes, my love—I gave orders for it, you know. It gets dark so early now, and with no man in the house—I am—so timid."

Lora turned without speaking, and walked back to the house.

"Won't you go with me, then?" screamed her mother-in-law after her.

"No," she replied coldly; "I wish to speak to mamma alone."

She did not hear that Frau Becher called after her. She sat upstairs in her little room, with clenched hands and angry tears in her eyes. She was literally a prisoner. A feeling of helpless rage overpowered her; she had never felt like that before, and she was frightened at herself. And then up came Frau Elfrieda, with her sugary smiles and her shrill voice.

"I have sent the carriage for your mother; my poor little mouse shall have her own way. It is quite natural that you should have a great deal to talk over with your mamma. Would you like to have your dinner up here alone? Heaven forbid that I should disturb you! You cannot think that of me. Make yourself perfectly comfortable. I am just finishing to-day with an interesting romance, do you know, where a count poisons his wife with poudre de riz. Just fancy, what an idea! To think that such things can happen! But my darling, I will say good-night! Auf wiederschen!"

And she kissed the young wife, without seeming to perceive that she hastily and rather rudely turned her face away, and left the room.

A quarter of an hour afterward Frau von Tollen arrived; she looked pale and agitated. When she saw Lora on the lounge, with flushed cheeks and burning eyes, she said, "Oh heavens! I thought so; you are ill, Lora."

"No, I am quite well, mamma."

"Indeed! Then you might have come to me, Lora. I have got a headache this evening, and I am sure it is no wonder."

Lora was silent and looked at her mother, who lay back languidly in her chair, with dark rings under her eyes, brought there by care and grief.

"I have been looking for a house the whole afternoon," continued Frau von Tollen, declining the bottle of eau de cologne which Lora silently offered, "and have found nothing. The cheap ones are too poor; we could not live in them; and the better apartments have risen in price so in consequence of a rumor that a regiment is to be quartered here, that I might as well stay where I am, if the landlord had not raised our rent, too. And I had just got home, had taken off my boots and sat down before the stove, and was thinking you would be sure to come to me, when the carriage drove up."

"Stay with me this evening, won't you, mamma?" said Lora.

"I cannot, Lora; Katie does not know where I am, and will find no tea when she comes back."

"I will send for her. Where is she?"

"Where she always is now, at Frau Schonberg's."

Lora, who had her hand on the bell, turned and looked at her mother. "At the Schonbergs?" came hesitatingly from her lips.

"Yes."

"And she goes there so often?"

She told the maid who entered to send a servant across the street, to ask Fraulein von Tollen to come to tea.

How did it happen that Katie went to the Schonbergs every day? Lora walked up and down the room, pondering over the answer to this question, while her mother's eyes wandered over the luxurious room. If Lora would only reconcile herself to her fate, she thought—but to be sure, those who had no trouble always borrowed it.

In a short time Katie came in; she had rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, but she seemed very ungracious. "What do you want?" she inquired. "Ah! I see, mamma is here."

"I want to ask you something, Katie;" said Lora; "come here a minute!"

And she took her sister into the next room, which was furnished with apricot plush. Only one burner of the chandelier was lighted, and the temperature was several degrees lower than in the boudoir; the young wife stood like a culprit before her sister.

"Do not misunderstand me, Katie; you must have seen him often; is he very angry with me? Is he very sad?"

The hand which she leaned on the piano trembled violently, and she kept her eyes down.

"Do not misunderstand me, Katie," she repeated; "you are my only confidante."

"I have never spoken to him about you," replied Katie loudly, opening the instrument, and striking a few chords.

"Do so then, Katie; ask him to forgive me. I want nothing in the wide world of him but that."

The girl's slender hand struck a false chord. "But Lora, that would be very strange, I——"

"It is not a sin, Katie, really it is not," implored Lora; "I am betraying no one by asking his forgiveness. You see, I cannot think of anything else, only of that, always, always of that; I shall be quite calm if I know that he does not think me wicked. Do have pity on me, Katie!"

And as her sister remained silent, with a look of thoughtfulness and surprise, Lora came a step nearer.

"You will do it, Katie; you will tell him how it all happened, won't you? I know it is no excuse for my breaking my faith, but I was so anxious and so bewildered, and poor papa and mamma—I don't know, myself, how it happened now—but do you tell him, and speak for me. Tell him I will never cross his path—only he must not think so badly of me."

Her soft, low voice broke into sobs at these last words.

"Will you, Katie? Will you? Ah, do say yes! You don't know how much I love—loved him," she said, through her tears.

"How extraordinary that you should only think of this now!" said Katie.

"He did not get my farewell letter. Instead of that—it must be quite incomprehensible to him that I——"

Katie folded her arms and looked past Lora. "If the subject ever come up, she said, "perhaps I can——"

"No; you must not wait for that," urged Lora.

"But I—I don't know whether it would be proper," cried Katie, perversely. "I will try it, but it will be very unpleasant."

Lora's beautiful head dropped. She said no more.

"Won't tea be ready soon, Lora?" asked her sister, after a pause. "I am frightfully hungry, and you have cheated me out of the potato puffs at the Schonbergs. The doctor and I helped the Frau Pastorin so nicely in the kitchen, peeling and grating the potatoes—that is, he didn't help, he only looked on."

Lora made no reply. She was looking straight before her. She could see the shining kitchen before her, and she knew well that brightly scoured footstool by the hearth. She had seen herself a thousand times, in her own mind, sitting there, preparing things for him.

"The tea is served, madam," announced the servant, opening the folding-doors of the comfortable dining-room, which was situated at the other end of the apartment.

She sat there, with her mother and sister, a stranger in her own house, and at her own table.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Have you told him, Katie?"

This was Lora's constant question when her sister came, and, as she never got an answer but "No; I had no opportunity," at last she only questioned with a reproachful look of her great eyes; her lips were silent.

Katie came less often, too, and, after Lora had refused a request of her brother's for more money, even her mother was a little angry with her.

"Mamma," said the young wife in despair, "don't you see that I cannot do it?"

"Yes, yes; and it is no matter," was the low answer.

And Lora had literally no money. All that she possessed was a small sum that she had received from a Berlin shop for a table-cover, her last work in her maiden days. The money had come the day before her marriage, and it lay in her writing-table, beside the crochet-needle with which she had earned it. A hundred times she had put her hand out to give it to her mother, and then she had drawn it back again; it gave her a feeling of security to feel that she had something of her own.

A week before Christmas she received her first letter from her husband. The servant brought it in on a silver salver, while the young wife was at breakfast, looking hard, as she gave it to her, at her mistress's startled face, as she took the letter with trembling fingers. When the curious servant-girl, who lingered about the room as long as possible, had gone out, Lora laid the letter down unopened befor her, and it lay there still, when Frau Elfrieda came rustling in to inquire what news her darling had from her husband. Then Lora took up the letter and opened it. It was not long, but it was so very loving that the color mounted to her cheeks.

"He had just arrived and is well, she said, folding up the sheet, in reply to her mother-in-law, who stood waiting in the window.

"Have you finished it already?"

"Yes; he sends his love to you."

She slowly tore the letter into little bits, and threw them into the fire.

"The dear boy! He must have written the moment he arrived in New York," said his mother, closing her fingers over her handkerchief in her anger. That was the way she treated his first letter!

Lora perceived this. "I never keep letters," she said in excuse.

"You will have to write to-day, if you want him to get the letter by New Year's Day," screamed Frau Becher from the salon, where she had gone to see where Lora had put the large photograph of her absent husband, which his mother had bestowed on her yesterday; she was displeased not to find it in Lora's sitting-room. She found the picture in the third room, the reception-room; there it stood forlorn in its broad, carved frame, which was surmounted by a coronet of five points, on its easel, and the big, round man's face seemed to the mother to be looking angrily at her out of the clear, insolent eyes.

(To be Continued.)

Men have reason to dread nimble-tongued women. A certain clever authoress was once asked by a writer of the opposite sex who is not remarkable for civility: "Wouldn't you like to be a man?" To this the lady readily replied: "Wouldn't you?"

The Farm

GROWING APPLES FROM SEED.

Most of the named varieties of apples grown in America to-day were originated as seedlings. The young trees raised from these grew up and bore fruit, and occasionally a variety of merit would thus be produced and then propagated. Later on, chance seedlings sprung up in fence corners and out of the way places, some of these also bore good fruit and were added to the list of useful varieties. In such ways as this the Northern Spy, McIntosh Red, Baldwin, and many others were produced.

Of late years some efforts have been made to originate new varieties from seed, but as yet these cannot be said to have been very successful, probably because the experiments have not been carried out scientifically, or upon a sufficiently large scale. In any case the proportion of good varieties obtained from seed is never likely to be very large, but some may be very valuable nevertheless; more especially if the grower should be successful in producing from his seedlings an apple of good quality which will be sufficiently hardy to endure the climatic conditions of Northern Ontario and the Northwest provinces.

The experience of men who have long been engaged in endeavoring to produce new varieties of fruits from seed shows that there are certain possibilities to be taken into consideration when selecting seed to sow; thus, if a good late keeping apple is desired, the chances of success in producing it would be very slight if the seeds of an early apple were sown. On the other hand, seeds from a late keeping variety will not necessarily produce late keeping fruit. Apples have been so intercrossed in nature for hundreds of years that the characteristic of many varieties are apparent in the seedlings of one. It is probable that there never has been a case where a seedling of a cultivated variety of apple was identical in every respect with its parent.

If it is desired then to originate a new variety, the following method may be adopted as being most likely to produce the variety with the characteristics sought for, although thousands of seedlings may have to be grown to attain this purpose.

1. To produce a hardy apple where no apples have yet been found hardy: Sow seeds of apples which have ripened in a climate as nearly similar as possible.

2. To produce a hardy, long keeping apple of good quality: Sow seeds of long keeping apples eof good quality which have ripened in a similar climate.

3. To produce an apple having certain characteristics, as regards hardiness, vigor and productiveness of tree, quality, size and appearance of fruit: Sow seeds of varieties having most of the characteristics desired.

4. If seedlings are to be grown on a large scale more varieties having the desired characteristics will probably be obtained if trees of several named sorts blossoming at the same time be planted in close proximity in the orchard and the seeds used from fruit borne on these trees. The trees thus planted should combine all the good points in the standard aimed at, for the variety to be originated.

Apple seeds germinate best when sown in the autumn. If, however, it is not convenient to sow them at that time, they may be mixed with sand, slightly moist but not wet, and kept in a cool, dry place until spring. Seeds should not be sown in the autumn in soil which heaves much; better hold them over and sow them as early in the spring as the soil can be worked. If apple seeds become very dry they may not always germinate satisfactorily, and this must be guarded against.

The seed should be sown thinly about two inches deep, in rows from two and a half to three feet apart. Or if the quantity is small beds may be prepared and the seed sown in rows about six inches apart. If sown in the autumn, most of them should germinate the following spring and make a growth of from one to two feet that season. They should be transplanted the following spring into rows from two and a half to three feet apart, placing them twelve inches apart in the rows. The next spring they should be in good condition for planting in the seedling orchard.

A NEW HEN ROOST.

An Iowa poultry raiser has conceived the idea of using a discarded wagon wheel for a hen roost in order to conserve space in the poultry house and warmth in the flock during cold weather. The discovery is a valuable one in this age of cold houses and liberal ventilation. The wheel, deprived of its tire, is set upon a post about thirty inches from the floor. The hub, the spokes and the rim are all used alike by the birds, which enables them to huddle sufficiently close together to keep each other warm. The best position for the wheel roost is in the corner of the pen. The two walls forming a right angle protect the birds from draught on those sides, and if a muslin or coarse burlap curtain is suspended in front, a very cosy bed room will be secured. The curtain may be hung by rings on a wire suspended across the corner. It may then be easily drawn out in the evening and pushed back in the morning whenever the severity of the weather demands it.

Apart from this the wheel roost is easily kept free from lice and mites. Once a month, or oftener, it may be taken outside and moistened with coal oil or it may be laid on a thin layer of straw, which should be fired. If treated by either of these methods loss and annoyance from vermin may be pretty thoroughly avoided.

The hind wheel of an ordinary farm waggon or democrat would accommodate from twenty-five to thirty hens, which is about as many as should be kept together.

TRADE UNION FOR WIVES.

A Suggestion to the Congress of Women Workers.

If woman workers take the advice tendered them by Miss Mary Higgs at the congress of the National Union of Women Workers at Manchester, England, a trade union for wives will become an accomplished fact.

Miss Mary Higgs prophesied a war of sex, and asked if man were to become "a parasite."

"All the married women in the world are wage earners," said Dr. Mary Murdoch in discussing "The Wage-earning of Married Women."

"If these women will not band themselves together to protect their interests, something must be done to make them work less, so that future generations may gain in physique and general health."

Dr. Murdoch cited several examples to show the strong independence of married women. One old woman, after sixty years of factory work, said, "A shilling you earn yourself is worth two given you by a man." Another worker, when told that the Government intended to stop the wage-earning of married women, replied, "Well, we wunnot wed."

ZADKIEL'S PREDICTIONS

STARS SAY THAT 1908 WILL BE ONE OF TROUBLE.

German Emperor Will Find it Difficult to Avoid Foreign and Colonial Warfare.

The year 1908 is to be one of trouble for most people, if Zadkiel, the astrologist, of London, has interpreted correctly the "voice of the stars."

President Roosevelt, for instance, will find it difficult to carry out further measures of reform owing to the fact, apparently, that he has born on October 27, 1858.

There is to be trouble in January in the colonies and in foreign politics, and a new sensation is to come before the Divorce Court. It is comforting to learn that ironmongers, engineers and medical men born on January 24 are to have a good year.

Zadkiel is nothing if not topical. Hence there are frequent references in the course of his new almanac to railway discontent and accidents, political excitement and the position of the Government, and trust wars.

The railway disasters and conflagrations to occur in the Eastern States of America during February "will be deplorable." There are love troubles in store for courting couples on February 10.

Here are some other events of the year:—

April.—Storms and misfortunes at sea, and political excitement, discord and turbulence. The position of the British Government neither happy nor secure. Fishermen, however, will catch a lot of fish.

May.—Disaster on railways in the north and west of England and the United States.

June.—British railways will suffer from depreciation of stocks, accidents and discontent of their employes. British Government in a quandary.

July.—Germany will hardly escape foreign and colonial warfare, and the Kaiser must avoid dangerous places.

August.—Trouble generally.

October.—Extension of the trade of Great Britain; some wonderful new inventions. Ironworkers and shipping people prosperous.

November.—Cases of cruelty to women before the magistrates. Poisoning cases in several counties. Unrest and plague in India. Trouble in Ireland, Morocco and Madrid.

ONE WAY TO WISDOM.

"I think," said the gay youth's father, "it's about time you stopped this foolishness and began to acquire a little wisdom."

"My scheme," replied the youth, "is to acquire wisdom by first determining how foolish I can be."

TOO PLAIN.

"You see," he explained, apologetically, "I don't know just what to do."

"But," protested his friend, accusingly, "surely you saw your plain duty in the matter."

"No doubt I did see it, and I guess because it was so very plain it didn't attract me."

THOUSANDS TRY THIS

HOME-MADE MIXTURE SAID TO BE CURING RHEUMATISM.

The Philadelphia and New York Newspapers Print Simple Prescription Which Cures Thousands.

Some remarkable stories are being told in the large Eastern dailies of this simple home-made mixture curing Rheumatism and Kidney trouble even after the noted health resorts failed. Here is the recipe and directions for taking. Mix by shaking well in a bottle one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Cargon, three ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Take as a dose one teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime.

No change need be made in your usual diet, but drink plenty of good water.

This mixture, writes one authority in a leading Philadelphia newspaper, has a peculiar tonic effect upon the kidneys; cleansing the clogged up pores of the eliminative tissues, forcing the kidneys to sift and strain from the blood the uric acid and other poisonous waste matter, overcoming Rheumatism, Bladder and Urinary troubles in a short while.

A Toronto druggist who has had hundreds of calls for these ingredients since the first announcement in the newspapers last October stated that the people who once try it, "swear by it," especially those who have Urinary and Kidney trouble and suffer with rheumatism.

Any druggist can supply the ingredients, which are easily mixed at home. There is said to be no better blood-cleansing agent or system tonic known, and certainly none more harmless or simple to use.

CAPE TROOPERS STOLE NATIVE.

Man Was Tied to a Wagon Wheel and Then Shot Down.

An amazing story of alleged man theft is told in the weekly edition of the Cape Times.

Two privates in the Cape Mounted Police have been retired at Cape Town on the charges of having stolen Jan Gertse, a Hottentot, and of having handed him over to the Germans, by whom he was shot.

The men charged are named Ulrici, a German by birth, but now a naturalized British subject, and Gronbeck, who was born at Cape Town, but of Danish descent.

Gertse it was stated, was in the German service, and had rebelled against following the German military operations, fleeing for safety over the border into British territory.

A dramatic story was told by a Hottentot trooper in the Cape Mounted Police, of how Gronbeck and Ulrici met Gertse in British territory. They demanded the Hottentot boy's pass.

Then they arrested Gertse and took him to Bleijespoort Police Station. He was not put into the cells, but placed in the kitchen for the night. In the morning, continued the witness, Gertse had disappeared. He and another Hottentot boy then set out, and by means of the trail of boot marks traced the accused and Gertse.

A Kaffir boy, who was in the service of the Germans at the time, gave evidence that Ulrici brought Gertse into the German camp on the evening of Sunday, April 20. He was bound and huddled up in a cart. Ulrici spoke to the sergeant in charge in German, and the prisoner was taken from the cart and tied to a wagon wheel. The next morning Sergeant Marchausen handed the witness a gun and told him to shoot the prisoner.

The Kaffir boy refused, and the sergeant called up two other boys. Gertse was made to walk between two horses and shortly afterward witness heard the sound of a shot. He ran up and found Gertse dead, with a bullet wound in his head.

Later he saw Ulrici come into the camp again, go into the sergeant's office, and return, counting money.

The defence claimed that the evidence was unfrue, and the jury disagreed for the second time.

A tramp called at the house of a gentleman and said:—"I've walked many miles to see you, sir, because people told me that you was very kind to poor chaps like me." "Oh, they said so, do they?" "Yes, sir; that's why I came." "And are you going back the same way?" "Yes, sir." "Then, in that case, will you be good enough to contradict this rumor?"

Rapid changes of temperature are hard on the toughest constitution.

The conductor passing from the heated inside of a trolley car to the icy temperature of the platform—the canvasser spending an hour or so in a heated building—and then walking against a biting wind—know the difficulty of avoiding cold.

Scott's Emulsion strengthens the body so that it can better withstand the danger of cold from changes of temperature.

It will help you to avoid taking cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00.

A FARMER'S TRIALS.

Weak and Worn Out Through Overwork and Long Hours.

The farmer's life is always a hard one, but if he is weak or suffering it is almost unbearable. The hours are long and the work so hard that none but the strongest can stand it. An illustration of the fact of hard work on the system is given by Mr. Geo. Huntsberg, a farmer of Spry, Ont. He says:—"I have lived nearly all my life in the Bruce peninsula. I am a farmer and have always had my share of hard work and like a good many other men I thought there was no wear-out to my system. In this I was mistaken, for about a year and a half ago I began to go gradually down hill. I would tire at the least exertion, my appetite failed me; I had a severe pain in my side and around my heart. The doctor told me I was suffering from pernicious anaemia; that I was almost bloodless. I doctored for six months, but instead of improving I grew so weak that I could hardly move without assistance. I lost flesh till I was almost a skeleton. A friend from Stokes Bay told me of the great benefit she had derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and advised me to try them. My sister-in-law had also received great benefit from their use, so I decided to give them a trial. After using the pills about a month I began to gain strength and from that on I improved rapidly. New blood seemed to course through my veins; my appetite improved, the pain left my side and heart and I gained in weight. After using about a dozen boxes of the pills I was again enjoying the best of health. I have nothing but praise for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as they cured me after medical treatment had failed — I really believe they saved my life."

Good blood is the secret of health. Keep the blood pure and such diseases as anaemia, rheumatism, sciatica, indigestion, heart palpitation, eczema and the secret ills of women will not exist. The most perfect blood tonic and nerve restorer in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

KING AND SCHOOLBOY.

Lad Who Wrote to His Majesty About Attendance Medal.

A touching little incident about a London schoolboy who wrote to the King regarding his school attendance medal was related at a recent meeting of the London County Council.

The Education Committee had proposed that the practice of awarding medals for regular and punctual attendance should be discontinued, but the Progressives were successful in moving that the proposal should be sent back, and further, that the committee should consider the possibility of extending the medal system.

During the debate it was pointed out that these medals are an exceedingly popular institution in London schools. Queen Victoria allowed her clergy to appear upon them, and quite recently King Edward gave a special sitting for a like purpose. Consequently the award of medals has the very highest approval.

The system was started in 1888, and in that year 4,000 medals were distributed. Last year no fewer than 57,442 scholars earned them. Therefore, the medal system must exercise a marked influence upon the attendance returns.

Mr. Hastings Jay mentioned a boy who was competing for his seventh medal, but lost it through falling in the playground and breaking his leg. The lad felt it so keenly that he actually wrote to the King that he had lost his medal. Mr. Jay, apprehensive lest other little boys might do the same thing, appealed to the Council to stop the system.

A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

There are unscrupulous dealers who for the sake of trifling gain are willing to sacrifice the health—perhaps the lives—of little ones. This is proved by the fact that there are a number of imitations of Baby's Own Tablets offered. The mother can protect her child by seeing that the full name Baby's Own Tablets and the four-leaf clover with child's head on each leaf, is found on the outside wrapper around every box. Do not take anything else, as you may endanger your child's life. If you cannot get the genuine Tablets from your dealer send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get a box by mail post paid.

AGGRAVATING MAN.

"I don't see how you can have any fault to find with him."

"Why not?"

"Because he appears to be a man who is absolutely without faults of any sort."

"That's just it. That's his worst fault."

HE WAS INTERESTED.

Landlady (reading): "I see that Skinner, the grocer, is advertising something new in coffee-pots."

Old Boarder: "What is it—good coffee?"

"A SPLENDID PRESCRIPTION.

An eminent physician informs us that he has used the following prescription in his practice for a number of years, and found it very successful in the treatment of Kidney, Liver, Bladder, and all Urinary affections. He claims that a very few doses will relieve the most severe pains in the back, arising from disordered kidneys and impure blood: One ounce of sweet spirits of nitre, one ounce of Vimosa compound, and four ounces of syrup of rhubarb. These ingredients can be obtained at any reliable drug store. It should be taken in dessertspoonful doses after meals and at bedtime in water. It is unsurpassed for the cure of rheumatism, driving the uric acid entirely from the system. The ingredients are safe and harmless and

LIKE BRITISH DREADNOUGHT.

Russian Admiralty Has Plans for Increase in Navy.

The announcement at St. Petersburg that the Russian Admiralty had ordered a battleship of 22,300 tons to be constructed at the Baltic iron works there, appears to be premature. Admiral Bostrem, the Assistant Minister of Marine, says that the order has not yet been placed, as the plans for the warship are not yet ready. The Admiralty, he added, was in no hurry, and would wait until the entire programme had been approved, and the plans of warships had been finished, even to the smallest detail.

The Admiralty, however, has decided to build homogeneous squadrons, consisting of four battleships, eight cruisers and the requisite number of torpedo boats and other craft. The plans for the first squadron are being prepared by the Admiralty. It is known that the British battleship Dreadnought has been established as a standard from which the Russian designers cannot deviate very much. The tonnage of the Russian Dreadnoughts will be somewhat less than 23,000. All orders for the work of reconstructing the Russian fleet will be executed in Russia, barring an occasional order, judiciously apportioned between the foreign builders in order to keep up connection with them.

The Admiralty is aware that the reconstruction of the fleet at home necessitates radical reforms in Russian shipbuilding, but all the rumors to the effect that the Government intends to sell its shipyards to foreigners are denied. On the other hand, it is stated on reliable authority that the new Admiralty shipyard and the immense Izhor steel armor works, which hitherto have been purely Governmental institutions, conducted on the bureaucratic principle, will from the beginning of October become chartered companies, to be run on a strictly commercial basis in regard to profits and losses. The Admiralty will own the stock of these companies, as it now owns the stock of the Baltic works and that of the Obuchovo gun foundry. Admiral Bostrem also said that the latest trial of the Rurik, the first-class armored cruiser of 15,000 tons, built in England for Russia, had been satisfactory, she having attained her contract speed of 21 knots per hour.

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

NO CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

"My good man," said the philosopher to the laborer who was mowing weeds on a vacant piece of real estate, "do you ever have occasion to complain of your lot?"

"Why, sir," answered the honest son of toil, "I don't own this lot."

NO SUBSTITUTE for "The D & L Menthol Plaster, although some unscrupulous dealers may say there is. Recommended by doctors, hospitals, clergy and everybody, for stiffness, pleurisy, etc.

HIS HIGHNESS THE BABY.

Heir to Spanish Throne will be Entertained in Kensington Palace.

Kensington Palace, the birthplace of Queen Victoria, has been chosen as the residence of the King and Queen of Spain and their son while in London, three rooms of the double suite being set apart for the baby. One of these is a day nursery, and to this every conceivable form of infantile amusement is being gradually imported.

"Teddy" bears, soft fleecy lambs, costly rattling articles, such as all infants love, rubber toys, thick crawling rugs of spotless white, the latest in cots and infantile chairs—all these occupy, so far, a confused but interesting heap to be by-and-by placed in order and attractive form in readiness for the distinguished small occupant.

Sanitation in fittings and decorations has been made a subject for much anxious care, and all has been done to ensure perfection. The enamel of the walls is of spotless white and soft green, harboring no suspicion of microbes while the hanging and rugs are absolutely new.

Special provision is also being made for baby's Spanish nurse—an important member of his small Highness' suite.

The children of the Prince and Princess of Wales are most interested in the visitor, and a grand rummaging of treasures for the baby to play with has been taking place.

Princess Mary, who has splendid little motherly ways with her baby brother, is wondering whether she will be allowed to nurse her new relative, and all the children want to come to London to see him.

THE CUSTOMER FLED.

A gentleman in a restaurant the other day thought he would have a joke with the waiter, and asked him if he had ever seen a sausage roll.

"Yes," replied the waiter. "I have not only seen a sausage roll, but I have seen a biscuit box, a table spoon, a bicycle pump, a penny stamp, a chimney sweep, a chain link, a nose gay, a camera slide, a garden fence, a sword fish, a spoke shave, a wall flower——"

But when he got to "a fire escape" the gentleman thought it was time he escaped, too.

As he was going the waiter went on with—"a tap turn, a cake walk, a mountain climb, a sky lark, a honey comb——"

But by this time the customer was hurrying down the street in a dazed condition.

JUDICIAL.

Towne: "You look rather weary, old man."

Browne: "Yes; I've had a trying time this past week."

Towne: "Ill?"

Browne: "No; on a jury."

Of course this world may be growing better, but a lot of new bills are created

BEER MAKES BLOOD

MALT has certain food-elements which the body can transform into healthy blood quickly and with the least digestive effort.

HOPS contain a medical principle which tones the nerves without reaction, and so supplies nervous energy and saves it as well.

BEER as brewed in Ontario is made from choicest Ontario barley malt, selected hops, and the purest of water, dealt with under conditions which insure purity and quality.

THE better the blood the sounder the health, and the surer the body to combat disease effectively. Beer, by some counted an intoxicant, is not so—it is a blood-maker with barely enough alcohol in it to help the stomach do its work far better.

Beer with meals is good for 997 people out of every thousand—and is specially good for women. Ask your own doctor about it—beer is probably good for you.

BEER is a term which covers lager, ales, porter, and stout, and in the practice of Ontario brewers, includes beverages made under healthy conditions from malt of the best in the world, malt, hops, and pure water.

TAUGHT HIM A LESSON.

A young chemist's assistant, who had heard the story of the negro who asked for flesh-colored court-plaster and was given black by the observant shopman, placed the incident away in his mental storehouse and decided to use it at the first opportunity.

After many months of waiting, his opportunity came when a young negress one day walked into the shop where he was employed.

"Ah wants some cou't-plastah," she said.

"What color?" inquired the youth.

"Flesh culah, sah."

He handed the woman a packet of black court-plaster.

She opened the packet with a deliberation that was ominous, but she was unruffled when she noted the color of the contents.

"Ah guess yo' mus' a misunderstood man drdah. Ah asked fo' flesh culah gi.' you've given me skin culah."

The young man is still a little dazed from the encounter, and he has firmly resolved to subject every joke to a rigid laboratory test hereafter before using.

They are Carefully Prepared Pills which disintegrate themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and moreover, some 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.

"What is the most aggravating thing in married life?" asked Dorothy. "Sometimes," said the bachelor friend, "the husband, and sometimes it's the wife."

A FIRE SPREADS in dry grass, so does an inflammation in the throat grow down into the lungs. Deal promptly with a cold as with a fire, and when you begin to cough use Allan's Lung Balsam.

"If I never see you again," a teacher said, with much earnestness, to a girl whose scholastic career had come to a close, "I hope that you will never forget to do your best wherever you may be, and that you will always be an honest, upright woman—truthful and brave." "Thank you," said the girl, "and I hope you'll be the same!"

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.

Hostess: "And I suppose you went up the Rhine?" Affected Youth (who has been bothering the company with his travelling experiences): "Oh, yes, and many other mountains."

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.

WISE.

"Stung!" exclaimed the stranger.

"Mosquito or mining stock?" queried the man who had experienced both.

Merchant: "Yes, we are in need of a porter. Where were you employed last?" Applicant: "In a bank, sir." Merchant: "Did you clean it out?" Applicant: "No, sir. The cashier did that."



THE TABLE OF ABUSE.

Matrimonial Troubles of Mrs. Florence Clements Carefully Scheduled.

The matrimonial troubles of Mrs. Florence Clements, who summoned her husband at Stratford Police Court, London, England, for persistent cruelty, may best be judged from the following time table of the said husband's doings on Sept. 24, as related by the wife:—

1.30 a.m.—Caught her by the neck and flung her to the floor.

10 a.m.—Thumped her on the head with his fists and threatened her with a saucepan.

11 a.m.—Scratched her and said, "Now I'll do you in."

11.10-11.50—Short interval for sleep.

12 noon—Threw her down again and again; threatened her with a knife and again said, "I'll do you in."

Previous to this the woman had had the following articles thrown at her:—

Pail of water. Chopper.
Jug ditto. Stones
Loaves of bread.

Continuing her story, Mrs. Clements said she had been assaulted fifty times in the last six months. She had gone away from her husband once, but he begged her to return. She did so, and within twenty-four hours he had felled her to the ground.

The husband then gave his version of the family disagreement. He said he and his wife got on very well until others came between them.

It was his wife's mother and a young woman who came there as a servant. There had been no cruelty whatever; it was all a pack of lies. He was quite willing to be bound over for her.

The bench adjourned the case for a week to hear other witnesses.

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES

Say that eight persons out of ten suffer at some time or other from piles. Whether the piles are bleeding or protruding, or itching or "blind," Zam-Buk gives immediate ease.

Mr. Neil Devon, Webwood, Ont., suffered with piles eight years. A few boxes of Zam-Buk cured him. He since says: "I have had no return of the trouble, so that I know I am permanently cured."

Zam-Buk cures Cuts, Chapped Hands, Ulcers, Burns, Sore Legs, Abscesses, Poisoned Wounds, Boils, Eczema and all skin troubles. Rubbed well in it is a splendid embrocation for Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Sciatica, etc. 50 cents a box of all druggists and stores or post-paid on receipt of price from the Zam-Buk Co., 3 boxes for $1.25.

Tom: "I don't see why you should feel insulted just because he said your eyes were like stars." Belle: "You don't? Why stars keep winking at you all the time."

If your children moan and are restless during sleep, coupled, when awake, with a loss of appetite, pale countenance, picking of the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator effectually removes these pests, at once relieving the little sufferers.

"I didn't know the Barkins kept a donkey. How long have they had one?" "Ever since I have been staying with them!"

A LITTLE QUIET is the best of all diets yet it will not make hens lay nor make but "Sorevine" will. Try it. All drug and general stores. 25 bottles.

"Mary!" yelled the poet, "why don't you keep that kid quiet? What's the matter with him, anyway?" "I'm sure I don't know," replied his patient wife; "I'm singing one of your lullabies to the little darling."

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is agreeable to the taste, and is a certain relief for irritation of the throat that causes hacking coughs. If used according to directions it will break the most persistent cold, and restore the air passages to their normal healthy condition. There is no need to recommend it to those familiar with it, but to those who seek a sure remedy and are in doubt what to use, the advice is—try Bickle's Syrup.

Would-be Tenant: "But there are holes in the roof!" Landlord: "Well, I can't help that. If you can't afford a few umbrellas, don't take the house."

CURE OF THE HEAD. 14 time remedies for all nasal catarrhs, headaches, colds, Ringworm, Scalp-head and other ailments is Weaver's Cerate. It is an ointment that has brought relief to thousands.

NEW WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Radical Changes Being Made in the Old Structure.

Visitors to London next year will find that a change has come over Westminster Abbey. It is now being restored, a process of which it stood in great need. London's smoke-laden atmosphere had played havoc with the stonework, which was scaling rapidly and falling away.

The restoration work has been going on for some time, but it only now is apparent what the real character of the work is. Instead of merely repairing the fine ornamental stone parapets which, although of comparatively recent date, had begun to assume the appearance of age, new parapets of the battlement type are being erected by the cathedral authorities.

A good deal of criticism is being hurled at the heads of those responsible for this change, though it is declared that in erecting the battlement style of parapets they are simply following the original design.

Proof of this is shown in an engraving dated 1720, which depicts the Abbey without its towers, but with battlement parapets. The Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings complains that when the restoration is complete people will say: "This is not Westminster Abbey, but a new building."

Hobbs: "Your brother is very aggressive. He threatens to kick me. What shall I do?" Jones: "Why don't you—you know what I mean—don't you?"

"BRICK'S TASTELESS"

REGISTERED

What it is — It is an extract of fresh cod livers, containing all the virtues of pure Cod Liver Oil without the nauseous grease, combined with Phosphorus in the form of the Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, nutritious Extract of Malt and the Fluid Extract of Wild Cherry Bark.

What it does — It will promptly relieve, and if its use is continued, permanently cure chronic bronchitis, all pulmonary affections, croup, hoarseness, nervous disorders due to an exhausted condition of the system, prostration following fevers, debility at change of life, or constitutional weakness at any age, and all blood disorders.

What we do — We positively guarantee "Brick's Tasteless" to do exactly what we claim it will do as printed on the label of the bottle, or any advertising matter, and every druggist who sells "Brick's Tasteless" is authorized to refund to his customer the full purchase price if the bottle does not show a decided improvement, which improvement will result in a complete cure if additional bottles are taken.

We therefore request you to try a bottle of "Brick's Tasteless" on our recommendation, and if no improvement is shown after taking it, return the empty bottle to the druggist from whom you purchased it and he will refund your money.

Can we be fairer?

Two Sizes—8 ounce bottle 50c; 20 ounce bottle $1.00

FACTORY

WITH

Power, Heat, Electric Light,

to Lease for a Term of Years

Central location. About ten thousand square feet in four floors and basement. Excellent shipping facilities. Standard Fire Sprinkler System. Low insurance rate.

MURRAY F. WILSON, 81 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

AGENTS WANTED.

MAKE MONEY. Boys and Girls, selling Ulto Press. Writes 1000 words without dipping in ink. Sample 10 cents (silver). Big profits. Valuable premiums free. DAMPSELL BROS., Auburn, N.Y.

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful

MARVEL Whirling Spray

The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses thoroughly. Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other kind but send stamp for illustrated booklet giving full particulars. It gives perfect satisfaction. Sold by druggists. WINDSOR MFG. CO., Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

CLEANING LADIES' WALSTING OR OUTING SUITS

Can be done perfectly by our French Process. Try it.

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.

MONTREAL, TORONTO, OTTAWA & QUEBEC

MACHINERY FOR SALE.

DYNAMO

800 lights, first-class order. Will be sold cheap and must be gotten out of the way owing to 800-light machine taking its place. S. Frank Wilson, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

FAN BLOWER

Buffalo make, number four, 9-inch vertical discharge, 24 inches high; perfect condition. Superintendent, Truth Building, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

FOR ANY STORE

The right metal ceiling leaves forever impurities any interior is cleanly and lasts almost forever. Such a ceiling is easily put up, and costs no more than the common kinds. Learn the facts about

PEDLAR STEEL CEILINGS

More than 2,000 designs, suitable for every use. Side-walls in equal variety to match. Let us send you a book that tells the whole story of the ceiling that shows no seams. Address— 211

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HOTEL NAVARRE

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300 FEET WEST OF BROADWAY.

Maximum of Luxury at Minimum Cost



Accessible, Quiet and Elegant. Within Five Minutes' Walk of Theatres, Shops and Clubs. New Dutch Grill Rooms Largest in City. Cable Cars Pass Hotel to all Railroads. European Plan, $1.50 per day without bath, $2.00 per day with bath. Suites $3.00 upwards. Send for Booklet.

"I was going to ask you for a new bonnet, dear," said the loving wife, "but I won't because I see you can't afford it." "How did you find out that, dear?" asked her husband. "Well," the lady replied, "I took a look into your chequebook this morning, and I saw you had only one cheque left."

A Time for Everything.—The time for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is when croupy symptoms appear in the children; when rheumatic pains beset the old; when lumbago, asthma, coughs, colds, catarrh or earache attack either young or old; when burns, scalds, abrasions, contusions or sprains come to any member of the family. In any of these ailments it will give relief and work a cure.

"Listen to this, Maria," said Mr. Stubb, as he unfolded his scientific paper. "This article states that in some old Roman prisons that have been unearthed they found the petrified remains of the prisoners." "Gracious, John," replied Mrs. Stubbs, with a smile, "I suppose you would call them hardened criminals."

"Tommy," said the young man to his prospective brother-in-law, aged five, "will you be sorry when I marry your sister?" "Yes," answered the little fellow—"I'll be sorry for you!"

We Guarantee

to cure your cough or cold

No "ifs" or "buts"—just a straight statement—Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough or cold and do it quicker than anything you ever tried, or your druggist will return the purchase price. Get a bottle to-day, and cure that cough or cold.

Shiloh's cures colds and coughs

Shiloh's Cure is a safe and sure cough and cold medicine for children. It has been effecting cures for 34 years. All druggists—25c., 50c., and $1.00.

HEADQUARTERS
All kinds of Fall Footwear.

Men's and Boys Pure Wool Unshrinkable, and Fleece lined Underwear.
Men's and Boys Heavy Clothing, Pea Jackets, Sheep-lined Coats, Sheep skin Vests, etc. Gloves & Mitts in large variety.
Come and see my goods, they will give you satisfaction.

WM. BERRY
Main St. - Lachute.

P.S.—Please remember that this is the only place in this town where you can buy the "Slater Shoes."

THE BANK OF OTTAWA.

CAPITAL (Paid up). - - $3,000,000.
REST AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS, - $3,236,512.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.
One Dollar and Upwards Received.

The same consideration and courtesy is shown to large and small depositors alike. No delay in withdrawing deposits.

Interest Added Four times a Year.

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.

HARDWARE!
All Kinds!

Builders! Nails, Felts, Locks, Hinges, Paints, White Lead, Varnishes, Oils, Brushes, Glass, Putty, E.c.

Carpenter's Tools! Planes, Saws, Braces, Augers, Bits, Squares, Rules, Levels, Chisels, Etc.

Farm Utensils! Axes, Cross cut saws, Crowbars, Post hole augers, shovels, spades, and field and garden fences, driveway and garden gates, barb and plain wire, etc. at

T. McOuat & Son.
Lachute Mills.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
MONTREAL—TORONTO
4 Express Trains each way daily.

Leave Montreal—*9 00 a.m., *9.45 a.m., *7.32 p.m., *10 30 p.m. Arrive Toronto—*4.30 p.m., *9 45 p.m., *6.15 a.m., *7 30 a.m. Elegant Cafe Parlor Car service on 9.00 a.m. train.

MONTREAL—OTTAWA
3 Trains week days 2 trains Sundays

Leave Montreal—*8.30 a.m., 3.40 p.m., 7.30 p.m. Arrive Ottawa—11.30 a.m., 6.40 p.m., 10 30 p.m. Elegant Buffet Parlor Cars on all trains.

MONTREAL—NEW YORK

Leave Montreal—8.45 a.m., 11 00 a.m., 7.40 p.m., Arrive New York—9.05 p.m., 10.08 p.m. 7.20 a.m.

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

Clearing Sale!

Special Discounts.

H. A. BLAIR.

FOR SALE.

For Sale,—Two cheese factories known as Calumet and Rivington both in good order nearly new and money makers. Also a very pleasant driving mare, guaranteed 9 years old all sound and right, will move in 2.30 if properly fitted up and tracked.
Apply to A. G. ROGERS, Lakefield, Que.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
Live Stock Exposition, Chicago, Ill.

Tickets on sale from all stations in Canada at lowest First-Class Fare and One-third.

From Lachute $24.

Good going Nov 28th to Dec. 3rd. Returning until Dec. 9th, '07.

W. J. TODD, Agent, 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, 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 repairs and deal kinds of sign painting. All work promptly executed.

A. C. Bradford
Opposite the Skating Rink.

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

AUCTION SALE.

I will sell by Public Auction at
JAMES MORRISON'S (The Glen,)
Wentworth, on Thursday, Dec. 12th, '07, at 10 O'clock sharp. The following effects:

Seven horses, seven big, young and sound work horses, (here are some good teams for heavy work, as they are all used to hard work; one nice black foal, 3 sette team harness, 3 Chatham waggons, 4 sette of shanty bob-sleighs, 4 pairs binding and wrapping chains, pr. skidding tongs, cant hooks, axes saws, neck-yokes, whiffletrees, eveners, 1 pitch, shovels, 1 crow-bar, hill chains, hand saws, hammers, set bits, 1 boring machine, (for framing,) set chisels, square, bit brace.

Household Furniture—Including kitchen range, table and dishes, double stove, tea set, cutlery, dining table, 18 chairs, 2 rockers, high chair, 2 wooden bedsteads, springs and mattresses, white enamel bedstead with spring and mattress, 1 bedroom set, several pairs good woolen blankets, bed covers and pillows, writing desk, 2 small tables, lamps, lanterns, pails, tubs, and other articles unmentioned. These articles are almost new, all having been purchased within 2 years, but must now be sold, as I have disposed of my house & bush lot and have no further use for the property, nor a place to store the same.

Sale to be conducted rain or shine.
CHARLES L. JONES, Prop.

TERMS—$10.00 and under cash, over that amount 12 months credit by furnishing approved joint notes.
M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of
JAMES BOYD, Daleville,
Friday, December 13th, 1907,

The following effects:—One mare in foal, 1 five year old mare, 1 colt rising 2 years, 1 colt rising 1 year, 3 milch cows, 1 double waggon, 1 pair cart wheels, 1 buggy, single express, 1 cutter, 1 McCormick mowing machine (new,) 1 horse rake, set spring tooth harrows, plow, cultivator, 1 set double and single harness, 2 factory cans, stove and pipes, a quantity of hay and many other articles unmentioned.

Also a double horse power threshing mill, circular and drag saw will be sold in payments to suit purchasers.

TERMS—$10.00 and under cash, over that amount, 10 months credit by furnishing approved joint notes.
M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer.

House for Sale or to Let.

House for Sale or to Let, situated on Princess Ave., opposite Paper-mill, brick house, stable & carriage house, good garden.
Apply to Miss J. BLACK, Staynerville, or P.O. Box 195, Lachute.

WANTED

WANTED,—A Farm within four miles of Lachute, about 100 acres, must be cheap, with a bush and good water on the place. State terms and lowest cash price.
MRS. THOMPSON,
209 Wellington St., Ottawa, Ont.

LOST.

LOST,—On Nov. 9th, about Banford's corner, Main Street, a Gold Brooch set with brilliants. Finder will be rewarded by leaving same at this Office.

NOTICE,

Having given up the farm, I offer at private sale at our residence, Centreville, the following effects—2 milch cows, 2 heifers 18 months old, 1 spring calf 8 months old, about 4 tons first-class timothy hay, quantity of oats, apply to
SARAH J. VEITCH, Centreville,

WANTED,—A General Servant, elderly woman preferred, one who is a good cook and fond of children. Good wages and a comfortable home to the right person. Address or apply in person to
MRS. A. WALFORD,
Pine Cottage, Cushing, Que.

FOR SALE,—One set of good, heavy shanty sleighs. Apply E. LEFEBVRE, Agent Imperial Oil Co., Lachute.

Professional & Commercial.

H. C. McCONNELL,
[D.D.S. & L.D.S.], DENTIST.
Absent on Tuesdays only.
Office opposite Christie's Drug Store, Main St.

"Lamothe & St. Jacques."
17 St. James, Montreal.
J. L. St. JACQUES, L.L.L.,
ADVOCATE,
Office over Banford's Store.
Will be in Lachute every Saturday.

JOSEPH PALLISER, B.C.L.
Advocate, Barrister, Solicitor, etc.
Commissioner for taking affidavits for use in Prov. Manitoba.
Office & Residence at Lachute Mills.

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.

G. P. McCLINTOCK,
Licensed Auctioneer.
St. Andrews, Que.
Sales conducted in French and English.

J. D. LEDUC, K. C.
ADVOCATE
STE. SCHOLASTIQUE, P.Q.

J. E. VALOIS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
LACHUTE, P.Q.
Money to loan on security.
Office . BRITANY STREET.

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.

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

G. J. WALKER,
INSURANCE & FINANCIAL AGENT
LACHUTE, P.Q.
Notes discounted and Loans made. Only First-Class Insurance Companies represented.

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXII | LACHUTE, FRIDAY DECEMBER 13, 1907. | NO 47

Special Clearing Sale!

During this month we are offering our entire stock of fancy goods, confectionery, tinware, enamelware and kitchen utensils at a special reduction of 20 p.c., This gives you an opportunity of securing some real snaps. Come and see for yourself.

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.

We lead! Others follows!

Furnaces
Stove-pipes
Hot Air Drums

Now is the time to see about the necessary warmth in your homes. Come and see us up. We can fix you up alright and at reasonable charges too.

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

Wilson & Deacon.

DEATH.

LISTER,—At her son's residence in Shrewsbury, on Monday, December 2nd, 1907, widow of the late Samuel Lister, aged 88 years, interred at Shrewsbury.

"Just one week has passed away—
We miss her still from day to day.
A patient mother, true and kind,
No friends on earth like her we find."

Xmas Presents
Skates & Hockey Sticks
Carvers & Cutlery
Aluminumware.

Don't throw away your money. Buy something useful for Christmas presents, we have hundreds to choose from.

T. McOUAT & SON.

WANTED.

WANTED,—Helper for Cheese Factory for season of 1908. One with experience preferred. Apply to D. B. CRAIG, Lachute.

CRESWELL'S

Choice Winter Apples

High Class Chocolates.

GEO. H. CRESWELL.

LOCAL NEWS

Take your supper to-night and to-morrow at Mrs. J. McGibbon's on Main St. Supper will be served from 5 to 8 o'clock and the admission 25cts. Proceeds are in aid of the Baptist Church. All are welcome.

Mrs. Smith, of Kingston, is the guest of Mrs. Given.

Mr. James Veitch returned home from the West last week.

Mrs. Arthur McOuat is visiting Mrs. Rutherford in Hawkesbury.

Mr. Richard Stephens, of Yorkton, Sask., is visiting friends in town.

Mr. Melvin Demerse, of Milestone, Ass., returned home on Thursday last.

Mr. J. E. W. Simpson returned home from the West on Tuesday evening last.

Mrs. Ward, of Montreal, was the guest of her parents the early part of this week.

Messrs. J. Moorehouse and G. Hampton spent Wednesday and Thursday of last week in Montreal.

LADIES' SPECIAL :—
Mrs. Hampton is announcing special discounts on all goods in stock for the balance of this month.

The Baptist Church are announcing their Annual Christmas Tree for Friday, Dec. 20th. An excellent programme is being prepared.

Mr. G. M. Walker returned home on Monday last from a weeks end visit to the city.

You need an overcoat for yourself and your boy—about now,—don't you? Then don't put off. While our stock is large and fresh, look in and fit up.
W. BANFORD & SON.

Mr. Hal. Banford spent Wednesday in Hawkesbury, attending a meeting of the L.O.H.A., called for the purpose of drawing up the schedule of league matches.

A Christmas Tree and Entertainment will be given in the Presbyterian Church, Upper Lachute, on Friday, Dec. 20th, at 8 p.m. Refreshments will also be served. Admission 25cts. Children 10cts.

We don't blow. It's no good anyhow. We only remind you we have the stock; the prices—well, they are low enough, and we want your orders. We want them badly just now. W. BANFORD & SON

A Tea-Meeting will be held in the East Settlement Church on Tuesday, Dec. 17th. Tea served from 6 to 8. Admission 35cts. Proceeds in aid of church fund.

The ordinance of baptism will be solemnized in the Lachute Baptist Church on Sunday morning next. Thirteen converts of the Torrie Revival Meetings recently held in Dalesville are to publicly confess their faith by immersion.

FURS:—We nearly forgot to say a word on furs. But the season is on. Ladies' Ruffs,—We have a large stock of them at varied prices,—some with collars too. All the latest things. W. BANFORD & SON.

The Ladies Aid of the Grenville Methodist Church are giving an Oyster Supper and a Sale of Work on Friday, December 20th, in the Parsonage.

Mr. T. J. Foster of Haileybury, Ont., spent a few days this week with friends in town, prior to his departure for Laconia, New Hampshire.

The Misses Jessie and Jean McConnell entertained at an Afternoon Tea on Wednesday last in honor of Mrs. G. S. McConnell of Vancouver, B.C.

Dr. Mitchell of Boston, and Mrs. Carter of Winnipeg, were guests of their mother on Tuesday last. Mrs. Carter is now visiting Dr. Mitchell and on her return will be a month in Lachute, and will take her mother Mrs. A. Mitchell to Winnipeg to make her home there.

LADIES JACKETS—We are still well assorted in blacks and colors. All the newest styles for young Ladies and old. But hurry up! W. BANFORD & SON.

A supper will be served at the residence of Mrs. J. A. MacGibbon, on Friday and Saturday, the 13th and 14th December, from 5 to 8 o'clock. in aid of the Baptist Church. Admission 25cts. All welcome.

For Ladies Fur Coats, we are known throughout the County—beyond it, as leading. Remember, we challenge the Catalogue Houses. If we can't do better for you than they, then pass us.
W. BANFORD & SON.

Then there are piles of Mens' Fur Coats, some cheap enough and some dear enough; but we think we never did better buying. Try one on. In such a winter, as we know, every grown man should have one. W. BANFORD & SON.

LACHUTE BOARD OF TRADE.

A meeting of the above board was held in the hall over Creswell's Store last evening. Mr. J. R. McOuat presided.

Mr. J. D. Campbell was appointed secretary in succession to Mr. Lafleur.

The Secretary was instructed to correspond with the Railway Commission regarding the excessive charges of the Dominion Express Company.

CHIEF CARPENTER ON CORPS OF GUIDES.

Mr. S. H. Carpenter, chief of the Montreal detective department has received from His Majesty King Edward VII., his commission as a special officer in the intelligence department on the staff of the corps of guides of the Canadian Militia. He was gazetted last Saturday.

LACHUTE SHUTTLE CO. FIRE.

The large storehouse belonging to the Lachute Shuttle Company was totally destroyed by fire last evening. The store was over 100 ft. from the other buildings of the company and the cause of the fire is looked upon with grave suspicion. The fire was first seen about five o'clock last evening and was, after an hours hard fight, put completely out. However, the watchman, who had examined the premises at 2 and 3 o'clock, again saw the building on fire and gave the alarm, but although prompt and willing assistance was at once rendered, the fire was beyond control and the buildings, with its entire contents, were soon consumed.

The late Mrs. T. McGregor.

The death of Mrs. Thomas McGregor, of Upper Lachute, occurred quite suddenly on Tuesday evening last. It appears that she had retired about the usual hour and had been sleeping but a short time when she was roused with a choking spell and died a few minutes after. Deceased was a lady much respected and loved by all who knew her and her death will be keenly felt. A loving husband and family of four children are left to mourn her loss. The funeral takes place this afternoon.

BROWNSBURG.

—:o:—

The new Methodist Church at Brownsburg has just held its opening festival. The building is quite commodious and capable of seating about 300 people, with a convenient hall in the basement for social purposes. For the present, chairs are found to be most convenient for the auditorium, but the platform is well equipped all in oak.

On Sunday afternoon and evening, services were conducted by the Rev. Professor Bland, of Montreal, who preached to a large audience two powerful and impressive sermons.

On Monday night, despite the constant rain and muddy roads the place was very full. A bountiful supper was served both daintily and expeditiously by the Ladies' Aid. An excellent programme was then furnished in which Miss Nellie Taylor and popular brother rendered valuable assistance. Mrs. E. Thomas and Mr. James Blanchard contributed readings. The chief novelty, however, was found in the fine songs rendered by Miss Lilian Clarke, of Montreal. This lady has a contralto voice of quite unusual compass and her selections were much admired. On Tuesday a supplemental evening was happily spent. The receipts of the opening were about two hundred dollars and the event [illegible] success. Only the very inclement weather averted a crush which would have [illegible] for all.

CHRISTMAS

It will be here before you realize it, so do your shopping now before the rush is on.

Our Stock is now complete in all lines. Fancy handkerchiefs for Men, Women & Children.



Skates and Skating Boots . . . Toys in great variety

Also a complete stock of furs. Look over our stock before purchasing

Carpenter Bros.

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

Headquarters for Santa Claus.

Xmas Gifts for Everybody.

Fancy Goods
Books
Toys
Dolls.

COME EARLY AND BE WELL SERVED.

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.**

Christmas Gifts.

In Fancy Perfume Boxes nothing can be equalled in town, both in price and quality.

My stock of Bulk Perfumes are of the choicest, also sachet and toilet powders, face lotions, fancy soaps, hair tonics, tooth preparations and brushes, etc., etc.

Greetings for gentlemen such as smokers sets, Meerschaum Gold and Silver Mounted Pipes, Cigars and Cigarettes, Cases and Holders, Seasons Greetings, Cigar Boxes in quantity of 10, 25 and 50c, etc.

All this at

OMER PAQUETTE, Barber and Tobacconist, Lachute.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Great as is the progress being made in the warfare against liquor in this country there are other countries that are almost equally active. For example, there is Finland, which only a few days ago passed a law by unanimous vote of the diet forbidding the manufacture of alcoholic liquors in the duchy or their importation from abroad. In Belgium and in many of the Swiss cantons the manufacture and sale of absinthe have been forbidden, and a movement to the same end is very active in France. Moreover, the French Government and especially the city government of Paris, has been very active in educational measures to convince people of the evils arising from the stronger liqueurs and in other measures to hamper the sale of these liqueurs. One of their weapons is official encouragement to the sale of cheap light wines, which are regarded as an antidote to the more injurious drinks.

In Berlin the Bergman Electrical Works some time ago forbade its employes drinking beer during working hours. The employes rebelled, but were overcome, and they are now glad of it. What is more, the socialist party in Germany at its recent national congress at Essen placed itself on record, with only one negative vote, against the use of alcohol in any form during working hours. The leaders of the party believe that with improvement of the condition of the working classes the consumption of alcohol will diminish, and they regard that goal as most eagerly to be desired.

Apart from such acts as these by government or by individuals, the temperance propaganda is everywhere more vigorous than it ever was before. Archbishop Ireland said some time ago after a trip through Europe: "I have discovered that the warfare against alcohol is spreading over every country on that continent. There is not a single country in Europe to-day that does not have its annual conference of anti-alcoholic workers, and this conference is made up of the best and leading thinkers of every country."

The world's postage stamp measures 4x3 inches and is headed, "Coupon—Response International." The stamp really is a coupon postal order to the bearer, to be exchanged for stamps, so that any one writing, say from Europe to America, and wishing to send a stamp for reply, can take this advantage of it. Four million stamps have been made in Switzerland. The countries which have entered into the arrangement include Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, United States, Spain, British colonies, Egypt, Mexico, Bosnia-Herzogovina, Sweden, Switzerland, Roumania, Japan, Siam, Corea, Greece, Italy, Chili, Costa Rica, Crete, Denmark, Luxemburg, and Norway. Each of these countries will order several hundred thousand stamps. The vignette on the stamp represents the figure of a goddess as a messenger of peace from one hemisphere to the other. In the background are olive branches. The colors form a soft harmonious blend of yellow-green and blue-gray.

The sudden drop of temperature accompanying a downrush of cool air is something that clearly differentiates American from European weather, and may account for certain temperamental differences in the inhabitants of the two continents. No other land is said to have cold waves like ours, which are credited with the responsibility for our keen, alert mind and incessant, unremitting energy. The cold wave stirs up the sluggish immigrant and sends him up to the top of the ladder. In earlier days it fed and fanned the spirit that fired our fathers to cross the Atlantic. The cold wave originates miles above our heads—usually on the Rocky Mountain plateau, whence a mass of bitterly cold air rushes down as through a great funnel. New waves of this kind follow each other regularly, like the breakers on a seashore.

COST OF CHINESE EXCLUSION.

Crops Rotting on the Ground For Lack of Labor.

Joaquin Miller discusses, in the North American Review, what he regards as "The Ruinous Cost of Chinese Exclusion." He tells how, for lack of labor, crops of various kinds are allowed to lie rotting on the ground in several far Western States he recently visited. He addressed the union laborers of San Francisco.

"And now let me ask you of the San Francisco union laborers, who insist on the exclusion of Chinese labor, How do you compare, either in number or in strength, with the vast army of laborers in the interior who have neither time nor money to attach themselves to any sort of union? In the language of the Bible, you are, both in numbers and in strength, 'as grasshoppers in their sight.' Bear in mind that you and all your unions put together are only a very small part of San Francisco. Remember that all San Francisco put together is only a very small part of California, and that all California is only a small portion of the United States. And yet you, a small, contentious portion and faction of a single city, assume to say that California and all this vast interior of new homes shall let their crops rot to humor your blindness, which has already doubled, trebled, the price of your own bread?"

ESCAPED FROM SIBERIA

RUSSIAN POLITICAL CRIMINAL'S RETURN FROM EXILE.

Suffering on Convict Trains — Transferring From One Village to Another.

I do not know who he is, and it would be indiscreet to say where I met him, but it was about a week ago, writes a Moscow correspondent of the London Evening Standard. By this time he must be safe over the frontier—in Germany, in Switzerland or possibly in London, which is rather in favor of late with those who are not in good odor with the Russian gendarmes. In short, he was a badly wanted "political criminal." He had just returned, without cognizance of the authorities, from an involuntary sojourn in farther Siberia.

In manner he was a gentleman and a man of education and culture. He was possibly a land owner, for his knowledge of country life and agricultural methods was considerable; possibly a university professor, for he spoke with that authority and with that rapid easy flow of polished verbiage generally confined in Russia to the more worthy of the university graduates. Of course, he was introduced to me by name, but the name properly belonged to a gentleman at Tomsk or Irkutsk, who had lent his passport for the return journey. He made no secret of that, and little need, for the system is by now thoroughly well established, perfectly well known to the police, and only succeeds so generally because of the enormous numbers of "Siberian returns," and possibly a little secret sympathy on the part of the minor official who deals with passports.

AT THE POLICE STATIONS.

The following is as much of his history as he thought fit to tell and I find advisable to publish:

"I was arrested in January, 1906, on a charge of complicity in the Moscow rising of the previous December, but there was absolutely no evidence against me, so they did not bother about a trial. You remember the trial of the 'rebels' here? A hundred boys and a few old men, mostly acquitted, none sentenced to death, and very few sentenced to long terms of exile and convict labor. And you remember the evidence—all hearsay and flimsy concoctions by officials, without a shred of independent corroboration. Well, they had not even that much with me, and with more than a thousand others whom they seized 'by administrative order' when the whole affair was over, and the real actors in the 'rising' were dispersed all over Russia.

"The gendarmes set about proving their utility by arresting every man they could find who was on their lists, and I went with the rest. We were six months in the Butirki convict jail, and I was chosen starosta of the crowd in our cell. [The starosta is the elder—of a church, of a village, of an 'artel' of a convict gang. Prison life, even with real convicts, murderers, parricides, burglars, etc., is in Russia very much of a compromise between the demands of the regulations for prisons and the actual facts of life. The starosta is the representative of the prisoners in all deals with the prison authorities.]

"The chief of the prison soon took a bad hatred to me. I was suffering then from disease, and with that and the confinement, the wretched food and all that, I nearly went mad. I had put in through the proper channels a perfectly legal demand to be exiled to a spot within reach of medical aid, which most of the places selected for political exiles are not. The chief of prisons knew this and had his revenge on me by sending me off to Siberia before it was possible for my petition to reach St. Pelersburg. I was awakened

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT,

dragged from my bed protesting and thrust out of the cell into the corridor as I was.

"The other 'politicals' in the cell protested also, but myself I lost all control and simply raved like a madman at the injustice of the thing. Besides, I was ill and in pain, to say nothing of the state of one's nerves. Outside the cell door were half a dozen soldiers fully armed, with an officer. The officer, fortunately, was an old club acquaintance of mine, and that saved my life. The soldiers began their usual methods of 'taming' a refractory prisoner, but he stopped them. I demanded to see the doctor, but it was all no use. I went off that night in the train for Siberia.

"Have you ever seen the inside of those convict trains? Not with the men in it, at any rate. It was a scorching July and neither doors nor windows were opened once all the way. The carriage I was in was full, and you know the authorities have a refinement of cruelty now-a-days in putting us 'politicals' into the same carriages with the scum of the earth. The filth, the air, the vermin! They are all three inconceivable and indescribable; you must go through it before you can imagine anything like it. There is never a trainload of 'politicals' leaves Moscow without half a dozen men or women in it among the 'criminal convicts,' suffering from disease; and with these, too, you have to live for weeks in close and unavoidable contact.

"How did I escape? Oh, that is only a matter of a little money for incidental expenses. Friends one has everywhere now-a-days. All through Siberia the very peasants would do everything they could to show their sympathy with us politicals. The times are changed from those days when your convoy had only to drop a hint that his prisoner was suffering for having attempted the life of the Czar to alienate him from the common feeling of humanity. That horse won't trot any more in Russia;

THE PEOPLE KNOW TOO MUCH.

"The modus operandi of escaping from exile is simple and only requires a little nerve at possibly critical moments. All politicals for exile are sent to little villages of the aborigines—about the lowest savages on earth—in Siberia, in small parties of three or four. The only thing that keeps them there is the distance from home and the impossibility of traversing it without considerable expenditure. So long as you are in the train or passing through towns you are always well guarded by soldiers of the Convoy Commands or any other that may be at the disposal of the local authorities. They receive their prisoners with a sort of invoice, and must deliver them to the police officer of the succeeding district strictly according to the invoice. But at last you arrive at those waste parts of the earth where it is plain allegivilization and authority cease.

"The last representative of authority one sees is the ispravnik (rural policemaster) of some townlet on the verge of this waste. In my own case this officer spoke to us plainly, made a bargain with us, and we duly kept it. 'Look here, my friends,' said he, 'there are about two hundred of you for various villages along the road yonder. Now, from here you'll go on with my police—I haven't more than five men available now—as far as X—— which is the limit of my district. After that you will have only village "elders" or their assistants with you to guide each party of you to the village you are destined for. Now, I have treated you pretty decently, and I am sure you have no wish to make trouble for me. If any of you escape between here and X—— I shall get dismissed. I'm a married man with a family, and you know what that means in our service. Therefore, if any of you intend to return to Russia, I have only to beg you to put it off until you get out of my district.'

"It seems to be the regular understanding there, as long as you do not make trouble for the authorities they will look the other way on your return.

IF YOU RETURN BY THE SAME WAY.

Very often there is only one road, and you must return by it, and if there were not some sort of understanding like this with the police it would be impossible to get back unrecognized. You see, neither the treatment these police officers get from their superiors, from the local governors right away to the St. Petersburg Government, nor the pay on which they have to live, induces them to do more than their bare duty.

"Now, when a man escapes from the waste places of the earth he carries the first news of it himself. It is not until he is safe away that the friendly police receive from headquarters behind them orders to find So-and-So, and then, of course, they set about finding him. But why should they put themselves out of the way to recognize a man without special orders? The next party of politicals that came along would soon make him regret any playing unfairly in this game. It is life and death to us, and only a matter of a little extra chancellery correspondence to him, so it works quite smoothly.

"We all kept fairly to the bargain until we reached X——. From there we tramped on and on, losing here and there a party of five or ten, who branched off into the wilds for their several villages. We talked all the time with our guides, the village elders, who are supposed to be responsible for us, and learned all we could about the local conditions of life. About a hundred miles beyond X—— the 'escapes' began. By this time there were only thirty or forty men left of the 200 who had started from the last centre of civilization together.

"For myself, I simply got up in the night with another comrade, and went out into the village—we always spent the night at a village, quartered in twos and threes on the inhabitants. The guide could not be in two places at once, and if he is too zealous we can always give him plenty to drink. No one refuses drink out there under any circumstances. There is no benevolent Government drink monopoly to supply all you want, and a good glass of vodka is rather prized.

"Well, to cut a long story short, we just hired horses from a villager. I played the role of

A TIMBER MERCHANT,

and my friend was my steward. I was supposed to have been out into the wilds to inspect a section of forest that I proposed to buy and cut down. This proved a good role in several ways, as the cutting of the timber promised work to the villagers, and they were quite interested in this. It was the right time of year for inspecting timber, and I paid well on my way. We met a police official only once before reaching the railway, and as I was at the very moment engaged in hiring men in a village to go to my supposed timber forest next month, he did not pay much attention to me.

"I gave the men hand money and promised to send my clerk to arrange further details when it was time to set out. The mujik mostly sympathizes with you in any case, and if he does not believe all you say and sees more than you want him to sometimes, at any rate he is either too stupid to give you away in time or he finds it pays better to keep quiet. I believe most of them make a second profit out of the police, the gendarmes who are sent to search for escaped politicals, but this is too late to do any harm. So we got safe to the railway, and reaching Omsk (or was it Irkutsk?) I was provided with a clean passport by our organization, and here I am.

"Next week I shall be over the frontier, and heaven knows how I shall make a living abroad; but life and liberty come first, don't they? No, I am not in too great a hurry here. Moscow seems safe enough for us; my passport has been written in at the police station. I am living quietly but openly at a hotel. Oh, no, there are far too many of us Siberian returns for the best memory to keep level with. Besides, they are always dismissing police and engaging newcomers. Some of them are friends of ours, too. Yes, they say quite a thousand of the Siberian returns are in Moscow at the present moment; but it is getting rather hot again with this wave of reaction; and the sooner they move on a bit the better. I am off next week, so this will be good-bye!"

LANGUAGE OF THE DEAF

IT IS NOT THE FINGER TALK BUT GRAPHIC SYMBOLS.

A Language of Symbolic Gestures—Meetings Conducted by Means of It.

Suppose that you were suddenly to become deaf and that a man in trying to tell you a story should snap his fingers and pat his knee as if he were calling something. Couldn't you tell without half trying that the story was about a dog? Why, even your wife could guess that.

Or suppose that your wife, who is far from deaf even if you suspiciously are not, should hear you kick over the footstool and should hurry in, lay her finger on her lips, cradle her arms in front of her, the left elbow out from the body, and finally close her eyes and lay her head sideways on the palm of her hand—well, even you could guess that she meant:

Hush! The baby's asleep."

All of which goes to show that the tongue isn't the only thing to talk with and that a man can grasp an idea even if his ears are mere ornamental details. Upon this fact the deaf and dumb have built up an entire language and a most interesting study this sign language is.

In the first place, it is not in the least like the familiar spelling with the fingers or manual language, which consists merely in spelling words by means of arbitrary finger signs for letters. The real sign language is a collection of symbolic gestures, what might be called associative signs.

Many of them are as plain as that of snapping the fingers for a dog, cradling the arms for a baby or closing the eyes and reclining the head to indicate sleep. But others are not so unmistakable to the uninitiated, though when once explained they are not only clear, but often really beautiful in their significance.

THE SIGN OF CHRIST.

For instance, the sign for Christ is the thrusting of the forefinger of one hand against the palm of the other hand, to indicate the nails with which He was crucified. The sign for heaven is the very general one of pointing upward.

That for God is a wide, arching sweep of the hands, from above downward. It conveys with unmistakable clearness the qualities of supreme power, of watching over all, of comprehending all.

If a mute wanted to say "World without end," he would do it in three motions. The closed fist is the sign for the earth, the globe. Close the left hand in that way and pass the open right hand around it and the sign becomes the one for world.

Bend the fingers and bring the two hands together and that indicates with. Reverse the motion and you have without. Put the two forefingers together, forming a point or apex, and you have the sign for end.

The three signs for "world without end" are made almost as quickly as the words can be pronounced.

The signs for man and woman are interesting, especially the latter, which is a curious survival. It originated when all women wore bonnets tied under the chin. The sign was a motion representing the drawing of the strings together. It is now simplified to a slight downward motion of the hand from the ear to the chin. Bonnets and strings are gone, but the sign remains.

The sign for man is placing the open hand against the forehead to indicate the brim of a cap on a hat. To indicate a boy, the sign for man is given, then the height is shown just as anybody would do when saying "about so tall." The same method is used to show

HOW YOUNG OR HOW OLD A GIRL IS.

The sign for good is made with the open hand, bringing it from arm's length as if to draw something toward one. The sign for evil, is that of pushing away.

The sign for life is to brush the hand upward along the body to indicate the circulation of the blood. That for death is a curious downward movement not easily described, but having an unmistakable feeling of finality, of meaning the end of everything. Eternity is represented by making circles with the extended forefinger, the connection being the palpable one between the two things which have neither beginning nor end.

Walking is indicated by making the hands go as the feet do, first one and then the other. A man riding horseback is shown by placing the first and the second finger of the right hand astride of the first finger of the left hand.

A woman riding is indicated by placing the two fingers of the right hand one one side of the left forefinger, to represent the side saddle. But if a woman should be riding astride it would take two signs, that for woman followed by the sign usually referring to a man on horseback.

Reading is indicated by seeming to trace the lines with the forefinger, as children often do, except that it is done very rapidly. The sign for a newspaper is made by a number of regular pattings on the left hand with the right to indicate the motion of the press in printing.

To illustrate the formation of sentences take the question: "Have you seen this morning's paper?" The inquiry, "Have you?" is made by giving the forefinger a little twist, ending in a pointing at the person addressed.

Seeing is indicated by holding up the first two fingers, slightly separated, and with them showing, as it were, the sight travelling outward from the eyes

IN TWO STRAIGHT LINES.

When seeing is meant the inside of the hand is toward the face. But when looking is meant the palm of the hand is turned down and the fingers seem to pierce the air.

This gives us "Have you seen?" The next sign is the one for morning. It is made by placing one hand on the other arm between the wrist and the elbow. Afternoon would be shown by placing the hand between elbow and shoulder.

Follow the sign for morning with that for newspaper and you have the entire question. A person of experience in the sign language will make these four with incredible swiftness, blending them so dexterously that to the uninitiated they appear almost as one gesture.

The sign for cat is sometimes stroking the arm; but generally it is made with the thumb and forefinger as if drawing them along whiskers at the side of the mouth. To brush lightly the tip of the nose with the forefinger means a mouse; with two fingers, a rat. The association is not quite plain unless it refers to smelling a rat or to the rat's own sense of smell.

Placing two fingers erect at the side of the forehead means a horse. To indicate a donkey merely shove the fingers a little higher. They represent the ears, and a matter of two inches distinguishes horse from donkey.

Crooking the forefingers slightly and letting them project from appropriate spots on the forehead, after the manner of horns.

CLEARLY MEANS A COW.

Closing the hand except for the first two fingers, which are wiggled as if they were two long ears, means a rabbit.

House is indicated by putting the tips of the fingers together to form the sides of a roof. Make this sign for house and follow it with that for horse and you have stable.

Tree is indicated by putting the elbow of one arm on the palm of the other hand. This brings the forearm upright like the trunk of a tree; the open fingers representing the leaves and branches are vibrated to carry out the simile.

One could go on indefinitely. For instance, cold is shown by shivering, warm by breathing on the hand, and hot by wiping the forehead with the hand.

It is apparently very simple, yet much of the language is the result of slow growth. It is not really taught in the schools for deaf mutes, yet it is their own choice communicating with one another.

They learn it by association, and if allowed to do as they please will almost invariably choose to drop into signs. It is declared that no matter what method is taught in the schoolroom there are not more than two institutions for the deaf in this country where the pupils do not use the sign language on the playground.

Entire meetings are conducted in the sign language. The address is in signs, the mutes "sign," not sing, their hymns.

When an expert speaks in this language it is very beautiful. The deftness and grace and swiftness with which the motions are made are wonderful, while the spectacle of an entire audience "singing" such a hymn as "Nearer, My God, to Thee" is a thing never to be forgotten.

AUTOGRAPHS OF BIG MEN

THACKERAY, DICKENS, DISRAELI AND LANDOR.

A Great Medley of Anecdotes, With Some Confessions and Criticisms Thrown In.

There is probably no more interesting autograph collection in England than that which contains the letters written by Thackeray, Dickens, Disraeli and other celebrities to the famous Countess of Blessington, who died more than half a century ago, and whose correspondence is to be sold shortly at Sotheby's auction rooms, London. In her time this brilliant woman was the centre of literary London, a kind of English Madame de Stael, at whose salon artists and poets and novelists met and criticised themselves and each other and the rest of the universe. From 1822 until 1849 she was the arbitress of the artistic destinies, although her private life was neither all that it should have been nor free from very ordinary perplexities. She ran through her enormous income and the $10,000 or so a year which she made out of her own trashy novels, and in 1842 she had to quit Gore House, her London mansion, and flee with her lover, Count d'Orsay, to Paris to escape her creditors. There she died of apoplexy before the year was out.

But among these letters Thackeray and Dickens pay court to her wonderful social gifts. As usual Thackeray is delightful, for he was a prince among letter writers. From a letter which is without date, but which must have been written just before Vanity Fair had achieved a great success, we find him trying to obtain an appointment in the postoffice as

ASSISTANT SECRETARY.

"What a place for a man of letters!" he writes. "I think if Lord Clanricade would give it to me I would satisfy my employers and that my profession would be pleased by hearing of the appointment of one of us. I wonder, might I write to him, or is there any kind of person who would advocate my cause?"

A few days afterward, apparently, he returns to the subject and, writing of his prospects as a literary man, he says: "I have got the bat well in hand, and, please God, have strength for a good long innings. Time and work will, however, bowl out the best player, and it is then that a refuge will be welcome and a comfortable shelter and refreshment under the tent—under the marquee I was going to say upon my word and honor, but I remembered it was a pun."

But it was not to be, and Thackeray writes thus of his disappointment: "Fate has decided against us, and we are not to have the pie. Another man has got it, and deserves it, too. But what matter? Can't I make a pie of my own? Let me begin Pendennis this instant, and cram it with beef, pigeons, hard-boiled eggs and the most delicious peppered spice—we will make it very good."

"Why haven't I been to Gore House?" he writes in another letter. "Because I have been to Brighton for the sea air and because when in London there has been

A SICK FRIEND OF MINE

(and I don't mind owning that she is the most etc., etc., etc.) who has taken some of my evenings, and my daughters and Pendennis some others."

And the best of all, he writes about Dickens (and other things): "I suppose we have all got our own bitter griefs: I have, for my part, and have been for the last month the glummest and most melancholy author who ever cracked a joke with a sad heart. My work shows my dullness, I think—but on the other hand there is a fellow by the name of Dickens who is bringing out a rival publication and who has written beautifully. Bravo Dickens! Davy Copperfield has beautiful things in it—those sweet little inimitable bits which make me so fond of him. And let me tell your ladyship that I think he has been reading a certain yellow-covered book (Vanity Fair) and with advantage, too, for he has simplified his style, kept out of the fine words and, in fact, in doing his best. I am glad of it. I hope it will put somebody on his mettle—somebody who has been careless of everything of late, but I won't go into the doleful. Ah, my lady, who hasn't his share?"

Dickens figures as largely as Thackeray in this correspondence, but his letters are not so interesting in general. In one he says, "I have made up my mind to see the world and mean to decamp, bag and baggage, next summer, for a twelvemonth. My intention is to establishing my family in some convenient place, from whence I can make personal ravages on the neighboring country—and somehow or other have got it into my heart that Nice would be a favorable spot for headquarters."

Disraeli, writing in 1837, speaks of literature as "a vile trade, but what better? Not politics. I look forward to the coming campaign with

UNMITIGATED DISGUST

and should certainly sell out, only one's enemies would say one had failed, to say no thing of one's friends."

And Walter Savage Landor, in a letter full of gossip and anecdote, says that "Mr. Brown accompanied poor Keats on a visit to Wordsworth. Keats read to him a part of his Endymion, in which I think he told me there is a Hymn to Pan. Wordsworth looked red, then grave, and said at last, 'a pretty piece of Paganism.'"

It will be a shock to artists to learn that even Greek art was imperfect. The following criticism—which is authoritative—is by E. Swaysland, principal of the Northampton Technical Shoe School, and the editor of the British Shoemaker:

"A walk through the British Museum and a close examination of the pedal extremities of ancient art there shows that they are all bad about the feet. The Disc Thrower, a celebrated specimen, has particularly bad examples of incipient bunion joints. If the foot of the Farnese Apollo, used as a model in most art schools, represents the foot of the average Greek, corns and bunions must have been common in that classical country."

After this it would not be surprising to learn, on the authority of an expert glove cutter, that the Venus de Milo used to bite her finger nails.

WEDDED 100 YEARS AGO.

Hungary Is Proud of Having Established World's Record.

There has just been celebrated in the little village of Isonbolg, Hungary, the anniversary of a wedding which occurred just 100 years ago. All Hungary is interested and the emperor has asked the authorities to forward to him official particulars so he can personally congratulate the couple.

The long wedded couple are named Szathmari. The husband is 120 years old and wife 116. They have hundreds of descendants in and around the village.

A score of years ago there was a celebration in honor of the man's 100th birthday, and application was made to the Hungarian government for a pension. It was granted after the records of the village had been examined and the man's age verified. Four years later the woman also was granted a pension.

The old people live in a modest cottage and are well looked after by relatives. They are nearly blind and deaf, and sleep nearly all the time. The man however, still enjoys his pipe and glass of wine, and neither is bedridden.

It is a strange fact that in all their years they have never left the village and know nothing of the great world outside of Isonbolgi. They were both born there and have lived continuously a quiet and peaceful life.

The celebration of their hundredth wedding day was participated in by the entire village, which is proud of having established, without any doubt, a world's record.

Adversity is the egg, the world is the incubator and experience the thing that's hatched out.

"And now, sir," said the fortune-teller, "you must beware of a tall, fair-haired lady, with blue eyes——" "And a blue dress and white hat," continued her victim. "Yes, yes, I know; she's my wife."

Anxious Mother—"A[illegible] morning, darling?" Small Invalid—"I don't know." Is there any more jelly?" Anxious Mother—"No, dear; you ate the last of it yesterday." Small Invalid—"Then I guess I'm well enough to get up."

Hair Tonic.—Take a tablespoonful of tincture of quinine, one drachm of bicarbonate of ammonia and seven ounces of rosewater. First dissolve the ammonia in water, then add the tincture, and, lastly, the rosewater. This should be well rubbed into the roots of the hair two or three times a week.

To Black Brown Shoes.—Dissolve a lump of common washing soda the size of a walnut in a cup of water. Remove the dirt, and then rub the leather all over with paraffin oil, apply the soda-water (lukewarm) with a piece of flannel, and some black ink. When nearly dry, rub all over with a little neat's foot or olive oil. The result will be excellent, and the process is quite harmless to the leather of boots, bags, etc.

THE BARBER'S UNION

Of Montreal, Canada.



MR. EDWARD BOUSQUET.

PE-RU-NA SCORES

Another Triumph in Canada

President Edward Bousquet Lauds in Glowing Words.

Mr. Edward Bousquet, 248 a Panet street, Montreal, Can., president of Barbers International Union, Local 455, writes:

"For several years I have suffered from catarrh. I tried many remedies with little or no results.

"I was advised by a friend to try Peruna, and after using a few bottles, I am much relieved.

"I believe Peruna to be the greatest known catarrh remedy of the age. I cheerfully recommend Peruna for catarrh.'

The truthfulness of Mr. Bousquet's statements cannot be questioned. He has given a clear and frank recital of his experience with chronic catarrh, and how Peruna helped him when all other remedies failed.

RATTLER CRAWLED OVER BODY.

Pennsylvania Mother's Wit Saved Little One From Death.

At Weatherly, near Hazleton, Pa., Mrs. Henry Chamberlain heard her two-year-old baby cry out in fear. She had left the child asleep in the bedroom on the second floor.

The mother sped up the stairs. She flung open the door, to see a rattlesnake already drawing its loathsome form across the body of her child. She stopped only to catch up a stick of wood which, she recalled, had been left in the room.

As she advanced toward the reptile, she bethought herself that an attempt to kill it then, might startle it into striking the nearest living creature—her baby. Every bit of mother love and mother wit came, instinctively to her aid. Approaching within a couple of feet, she pointed the stick at the snake's dully gleaming head.

The rattles clicked slightly as the snake veered toward its foe and her extended weapon. She drew back. The snake writhed forward. Again she retreated; again the snake pursued. Further and further back the mother stepped, until the rattlesnake had dropped to the floor and lay coiled, ready to launch upon her with its venomous fangs.

She made one quick leap towards it, and she struck just once at the upraised neck. The wood struck upon the stiffened backbone and snapped it like a twig. The dangerous snake lay dead before her. Then Mrs. Chamberlain caught up her baby in her arms, and kissed it harder than any baby in Weatherly has been kissed for the last ten years.

Use the safe, pleasant and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

A PROSPEROUS COLONY.

In the State of Victoria, Australia, the railway revenue for 1907 fiscal year was $20,050,000, the highest on record, while the working expenses were less than 52 per cent. of the revenue, the lowest for twenty-eight years. The number of savings bank depositors increased by 25,000. Forty per cent. of the entire population has deposits. The amount at their credit on June 30 last was $64,000,000, an increase for the year of $5,140,000. Overseas exports inclusive of gold, amounted to $62,[illegible]000, an increase of 250 per cent. [illegible] 1903. The colony's overseas im[illegible] to $75,000,000. The [illegible] States were nearly $25,000,000. The Government revenue for the year was $41,585,000, and the expenditure only $37,505,000, creating a surplus of $4,060,000.

HELP YOUR BABY.

No mother can expect her little ones to escape all the minor ailments of childhood, but she can be reasonably sure that her child will be healthy if she gives it an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. And she can feel absolutely safe in giving this medicine, as she has the guarantee of a government analyst that it contains no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Mrs. Ida Gressman, New Hamburg, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach troubles and constipation with the greatest success. I always feel safe when I have a box of Tablets in the house." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GERMANY NOW REPENTS

HER OPINIONS ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR REVISED.

Remarkable Eulogy of the British Soldier in the German Official Military Organ.

A remarkable eulogy of Great Britain during the Boer war is published in the German official military organ, The Militaer Wochenblatt.

Unqualified admission is made that the British Government was misjudged, and unstinted praise of the British soldiers is freely recorded. The article emanates from the German General Staff and is therefore official.

In the light of the denunciation hitherto invariably showered on Great Britain it is an astonishing production.

It consists of a review of the British official history of the war compiled by General Sir Frederick Maurice, and coming, as it does on the eve of the Kaiser's visit to England has

A SPECIAL SIGNIFICANCE.

After reviewing the difficulties which the British authorities had to contend with on the outbreak of hostilities, The Wochenblatt continues:—"If the British soldier in the early engagements did not show himself at the height of his fighting capacity when such catastrophes as Nicholson's Nek and Stormberg could occur, we, who now have our own experience of colonial warfare behind us, judge this phenomenon, which at the time evoked such unfriendly comment, all the more mildly, as to-day we ourselves know what acclimatization means in such colonial enterprises.

"Sir Frederick Maurice's masterly description of the fighting during the operations for the relief of Ladysmith, and during the advance on Bloemfontein, shows what devotion the British soldier is capable of, and what high fighting qualities he possesses—qualities which were recently again manifested in a brilliant fashion during the

RELENTLESS PURSUIT OF MORENGA.

"The dash and perseverance of General French's cavalry division during the pursuit of General Cronje, the gallant behavior of the Highland Brigade, the heroic attack of the Mounted Infantry under Colonel Hanna at Paardeberg, the tough fight of the Sixth Division at Driefontein, and the splendid stand made by O Battery at Sanna's Post, are eloquent testimony to the leadership, pluck and willing devotion of the troops."

BADLY RUN DOWN.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to the Rescue After Doctors' Treatment Failed.

The life of any constant traveller is always a hard one, but those whose work compel them to take long fire-some drives over rough roads, exposed to all conditions of weather, are in constant danger of losing their health. The extreme heat of summer or the piercing winds of winter sap their strength, the kidneys become diseased or rheumatism sets in. What is needed to withstand this hardship is rich, red blood—the pure blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills alone can make. These pills are the travellers never-failing friend. Concerning them Mr. George Dalpe, of St. Eloi, Que., says:—"I am a grain dealer and am obliged to make frequent trips, sometimes very tiring. I returned home from one of these trips last summer very much fatigued, I was overheated and tried to cool and rest myself by lounging on the verandah till late at night. I caught cold, and the next day I did not feel at all well. I had a headache, pains in my stomach and was very weak. I went to see a doctor, but he said I would be alright in a day or so, so I started on another trip. I had not gone far before I felt very ill and had to return home and go to bed. I had chills, headache, pains in my stomach and kidneys. The doctor came to see me and he said I was overworked. He treated me for several months, but instead of improving I continually grew worse. I wasted away almost to a skeleton and really thought I was going to die. One day my wife returned from the village with a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She urged me to take them, as she said they had been very highly recommended to her. I did so, and by the time I had taken four boxes I felt enough benefit to decide me to continue them and I took about a dozen boxes. They fully cured me and to-day I am able to go about my work without feeling fatigued."

Fatigue, on the least exertion is a sign that the blood is poor. Replace the bad blood with good blood and labor will be a pleasure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make pure, red blood. That is why they cure anæmia, rheumatism, kidney trouble, indigestion, heart palpitation and the nerve-racking ills of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOW THE YOUNG IDEA SHOOTS.

Many children are so crammed with everything that they really know nothing.

In proof of this, read these verifiablye specimens of definitions, written by public-school children:

"Stability is taking care of a stable."

"A mosquito is the child of black and white parents."

"Monastery is the place for monsters."

Tocsin is something to do with getting drunk."

"Espostulation is to have the smallpox."

"Cannibal is two brothers who killed each other in the Bible."

"Anatomy is the human body, which consists of three parts, the head, the chist, and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and brains, if any. The chist contains the lungs and a piece of the liver. The stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes W and y."

A friend in need is a surprise indeed.

AN EASY VICTIM TO CONSUMPTION

The run down system is an inviting field for the germ of Tuberculosis. You cannot avoid breathing in the germs—they are everywhere—but a robust system is immune from their attacks. To rebuild a weakened system there is nothing that contains so much virtue as COD LIVER OIL, but the virtue is not in the grease. In fact the grease retards the beneficial action of the really valuable principles of the OIL by deranging the digestion.

In "BRICK'S TASTELESS" the grease is eliminated. It presents the valuable principles of COD LIVER OIL in a palatable form, combined with phosphorous in the form of the Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, the nutritious Liquid Extract of Malt and the Bronchial Tonic and Sedative Fluid Extract of Wild Cherry Bark.

ARM YOURSELF AGAINST CONTAGION.

"BRICK'S TASTELESS" will build up the overtaxed system and will cure Bronchitis, Pulmonary Affections, and the deranged or disordered nervous system. Make your body healthy and you need have no fear of germs or diseases.

Read Brick's guarantee with each bottle.

"BRICK'S TASTELESS" is put up in eight (8) ounce bottles, retail price fifty (50) cents, and in twenty (20) ounce bottles, retail price one (1) dollar.

Magistrate—"What is your occupation?" Prisoner—"I am an employer of labor, your honor.' Magistrate—"Well, what do you do?" Prisoner—"I find employment for such gentlemen as yourself and prison officials.' Sentence—Six months' hard.

Husband (to wife)—"Do you believe in the theory that the greatness of a father often proves a stumbling-block to the advancement of his son in life?" Wife—"I certainly do. I am thankful, John, our boy will never be handicapped in that way.' Husband—"Oh!"

"I haven't got any case," said the client, "I have money." "How much?" asked the lawyer. "Ten thousand dollars," was the reply. "Phew! You have the best case I ever heard of. I'll see that you never go to prison with that sum," said the lawyer, cheerfully. And he didn't—he went there "broke."

A cough is often the forerunner of serious pulmonary afflictions, yet there is a simple cure within the reach of all in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, an old-time and widely recognized remedy, which if resorted to at the inception of a cold, will invariably give relief, and by overcoming the trouble, guard the system from any serious consequences. Price 25 cents, at all dealers.

The Servant—"Professor, there's a thief in the dining-room!" The Astronomer (deep in a calculation)—"Tell him I'm too busy to see him!"

BY BRINGING THE NERVES with opium you may stop a cough but the inflammation goes from bad to worse. Allen's Lung Balsam, containing no opium, goes to the root of the trouble and cures deep-seated affections of throat and lungs.

Magistrate—"I hope I shall not see you here again." Old Offender—"Not see me here again! Why you ain't going to resign your office, are you?"

Not a Nauseating Pill.—The excipient of a pill is the substance which enfolds the ingredients and makes up the pill mass. That of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is so compounded as to preserve their moisture, and they can be carried into any latitude without impairing their strength. Many pills, in order to keep them from adhering, are rolled in powders, which prove nauseating to the taste. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared that they are agreeable to the most delicate.

There's more money to be made by humoring people than by instructing them, but money isn't everything.

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.

Laughter may be beautiful, but it must be a serious matter to be tickled to death.

It Keeps the Muscles Pliant.—Men given to muscular sports and exercises and those who suffer muscular pains from bicycle riding will find Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil something worth trying. As a lubricant it will keep the muscles pliable and free from pains which often follow constant use of them, without softening or impairing their strength. For bruises, sprains and contusions it is without a peer.

It is almost as easy to lie as it is to lose money.

WE CLAIM that "The D & L" Menthol Plaster will cure Lumbago, Backache, Sciatica or Neuralgia Pains quicker than any other plaster. Recommended by everybody.

EVIDENCE ENOUGH.

"Tell me, brother, is it possible to let Robert know that I am an heiress?"

"Has he proposed to you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you may be sure he knows it already."



ISSUE NO. 47—07.

MURDERED FOR A FORTUNE.

Russian Woman Confesses That She Killed Her Sister-in-Law.

Mme. Rastzreloff, the widow of a professor at the university of Moscow, was recently found murdered a short distance from her country residence, a few miles out of Moscow.

Mme. Terpinsky, a sister-in-law, lay in a fainting condition under some bushes not far away. When she had sufficiently recovered she stated that she and Mme. Rastzreloff had been attacked by robbers.

Mme. Rastzreloff, who was enormously wealthy, had died intestate, and as Mme. Terpinsky was her nearest relative suspicions were aroused that she had invented the story of the murderous attack.

Mme. Terpinsky has now confessed that she committed the crime, and is in prison awaiting trial.

FEELING WORDS.

"You can never tell," observed Uncle Allen Sparks, "what lasting results may be accomplished by an earnest word spoken at the right time. Many a man has had the shape of his nose changed for life by calling another man a liar."

MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

Every mother knows how fretful the little ones are when they develop Mumps, and the many nights rest she is called upon to sacrifice.

Mrs. S. A. Hammond, of Mimico, says: "My three children have had the mumps, and I used Zam-Buk for all of them with excellent results. Zam-Buk did my children a world of good, and will always keep it handy as a household remedy. I would recommend it to all mothers, and think that no home should be without it."

Zam-Buk cures Cuts, Burns, Chapped Hands, Ringworm, Sprains, Bad Legs, Boils, Ulcers, Running Sores, Scalp Irritation, Poisoned Wounds, Piles (blind and bleeding), Abscesses, Eczema, etc. Of all stores and druggists 50 cents a box, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, on receipt of price. 3 boxes for $1.25.

A small boy went to a drug store and asked for five cents' worth of salts. While the man was weighing it he said: "Say, boss, don't give full weight. It's me that has to take it."

How to Cleanse the System.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the liver and the kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take, and their action is mild and beneficial.

Gunner—"A wireless piano is the latest." Guyer—"H'm! When they invent a soundless one life will be worth living!"

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.

COULDN'T GET AT IT.

An Irishman who had just united with the Catholic church in a small town was careless enough to let the priest catch him coming out of a saloon with a jug under his arm. The priest waited for him to come by and said:

"Pat, what is it you have in that jug?"

"Whiskey, sor," answered Pat.

"Whom does it belong to?" asked the good man.

"To me and me brudder Moike, sor."

"Well, say, Pat, pour yours out, and be a good man."

"I can't, sor; mine's on the bottom," answered Pat.

BEER* IS GOOD FOR MOST FOLKS

(HARDLY ANOTHER BEVERAGE FEEDS SO WELL)

BEER really excels milk as a food-drink for most grown people. And many, many people cannot digest milk easily, because it is so lacking in solid food-contents. Moreover, milk is so liable to contagion that it is seldom pure when we get it in the cities. But Ontario-brewed beer is really pure,—brewed in cleanliness, of sound materials, in a sanitary way, and brought to the user in the same fit-to-drink state.

Beer Is No Stimulant

Drink beer with meals and at bedtime, as an item of diet that will help the stomach do its work better, and will feed the body, besides. Don't choose beer as a stimulant, though,—it does not contain enough alcohol for that. Use it as a food-drink that induces lazy stomachs to do their work well, and so helps them get more good out of all food.

Beer Makes Better Nerves

Ontario beer is not only deliciously appetising and refreshing, because brewed of pure malt and hops only; but, besides, all the power that hops possess to repair nerve wastes is kept in these brews. That is what makes beer so particularly good for women to drink regularly. Ask your own doctor what he thinks of beer for your household.

* BEER is a term which covers lager, ale, porter and stout; and, in the practice of Ontario brewers, implies beverages made under most hygienic conditions from Ontario barley (the best in the world) malt, hops and pure water.

The restaurant-keeper hung out the following sign: "Coffee such as mother used to make." A customer, pointing to the sign, asked: "Is your coffee really such as mother used to make?" "It is," replied the proprietor. "Then," said said the customer, with a reminiscent look, "I'll take a cup of tea."

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excresences as many have testified who have tried it.

Customer—"I want a piece of meat without fat, bone or gristle." Butcher (after having carefully examined his stock)—"You'd better have an egg, ma'am!"

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.

Managing Director—"Well, and what are your qualifications for the post of night watchman?" Applicant—"Well, sir, for one thing, the least noise wakes me up."

It's not the accident of birth but the accident of energy and persistence that makes men rich.

AGENTS WANTED.

MAKE MONEY, Boys and Girls, selling Ullr Pens, write 1000 words without dipping in ink. Samples 10 cents (silver). No gentle. Valuable premiums free. CAMPBELL BROS., Auburn, N.Y.

FEATHER DYEING

Cleaning and Curling and Kid Gloves cleaned. These can be sent by post, to you on. The best place in

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.

MONTREAL.

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful

MARVEL Whirling Spray

The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient—Most satisfactory. It cleanses thoroughly.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sent free. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

MISTAKES THIS TIME.

Doctor—"I diagnose all sicknesses from the patient's eyes. Now, your right eye tells me that your kidneys are affected."

Patient—"Excuse me, doctor, but my right is a glass eye."

SHILOH'S the quickest cough & cold CURE

Get a bottle to-day from your druggist. If it doesn't cure you QUICKER than anything you ever tried he'll give you your money back

Shiloh's is the best, safest, surest and quickest medicine for your children's coughs and colds. It has been curing coughs and colds for 34 years. All druggists—25c., 50c., and $1.00 a bottle.

Get Your Roofs Shingled Right

It's Less Money in the Long Run

Tools A-Plenty

You can put on a roof that will last a hundred years and be the right kind of a roof every minute. Or you can put on a ten-year roof that will probably leak after the first rain hits it, and keep leaking till it is rotted away.

Either roof will cost you about the same in money at the start.

But the "Oshawa"-shingled roof will be FIRE-PROOF—literally; and wind-proof—actually; and lightning-proof—positively. That's the hundred-year roof!

And that "Oshawa"-shingled roof will be weather-proof for a century. We'll GUARANTEE in every way for a quarter-century—from now till Nineteen-Thirty-Two.

Guaranteed in writing for 25 years—and you needn't ever paint it, even! That's saying something, isn't it?

What would your mill-man say if you asked him to guarantee cedar shingles for even ten years? He certainly would make remarks!

And even the best cedar-shingled roof will be leaking badly inside of ten years. Seven out of ten of them leak the first time it rains. No wood-shingled roof is fire-proof for a minute, and the first high wind that catches a loose shingle—whoosh! goes half your shingled roof over into the next township.

Yet cedar shingles cost you just about the price of these guaranteed "Oshawa" Shingles—28-guage toughened steel, double galvanized—good for a century, guaranteed in writing till 1932,—fire-and-wind-and-weather-proof and lightning-proof.

Four-dollars-and-a-half a square buys "Oshawa" Galvanized Steel Shingles—ten feet by ten feet. Compare that with the present price of cedar shingles—how does it strike you?

And you can put on these "Oshawa" Galvanized Steel Shingles yourself, easily,—with no tools but a claw-hammer and snips. Simplest thing you know—can't get 'em on wrong.

"Oshawa" Shingles lock on all four sides—whole roof is practically one sheet of double-galvanized steel, that never needs painting.

"Oshawa" Galvanized Steel Shingles are GUARANTEED in every way for Twenty-Five Years Ought to Last a Century

And GUARANTEED—don't overlook that. Guaranteed in writing, over the seal of a company with a quarter-million capital,—guaranteed in plain English, without any ifs or buts, for 25 long years.

That's the argument in a nutshell—cost the same as wood-shingles; fire-proof, water-proof, rust-proof, lightning-proof; easier to put on; and GUARANTEED. That's the "Oshawa" proposition! Tell us the measurement of any roof, and we'll tell you exactly what it will cost to roof it with less work and for less money.

Plenty of facts that concern your pocket-book come to you as soon as you ask for our free book, "Roofing Right." A post card will do to ask on.

Why don't you ask now?

The Pedlar People Of Oshawa

MONTREAL 221-3 Craig St. W. | TORONTO 11 Colborne St. | OTTAWA 423 Sussex St. | LONDON 60 Dundas St. | WINNIPEG 76 Lombard St.

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, DEC. 13, 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

A BAD RECORD.

A very animated discussion took place in the House of Commons on Tuesday last, on an amendment, moved by Mr. Armstrong, to the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. A very vigorous speech was made by Mr. A. E. Kemp, (East Toronto) in which he challenged the Hon. Mr. Pugsley to make good the charges which he had been insinuating around the country of improper expenditures by the Conservatives in the General Elections of 1904, but the Minister failed to make answer.

Mr. Perley, M.P. for Argenteuil, also delivered a trenchant speech in which he criticised the government on several subjects, particularly on its financial record, of which he said:

Now, I would like to say a few words with regard to the question of surpluses which has been mentioned during this debate. In the first place, I would say that I am much better able to agree with Mr. Fielding when he was editor of the Halifax 'Chronicle' than I am to agree with the Hon. Mr. Fielding, Minister of Finance, with regard to this matter. This surplus, so-called, was not brought about by the magic wand of the government. In the first instance we have to inquire how much money we take in taxes. It may be said Sir, that the people of Canada have two pockets, they have their own private pocket, and they have the pocket of the government which is surely the pocket of the people or ought to be.

Now, this government has increased the taxes from $5.66 per head in 1896 to over $10 per head now. It is, of course, good to make both ends meet in a government such as ours as far as receipts and expenditures are concerned, but if this government collected less taxes and borrowed more money there would be no surplus. At the same time I submit that the country would not be necessarilp worse off if the people paid $10,000,000 a year less taxes and the government had to go and borrow $10,000,000 in the English market. The people would have that $10,000,000 left in their own pockets and would therefore, in a way, be as well off as if the government had taken the taxes from them as it is doing now. The hon. Minister of Finance, on the 3rd of this month, made quite an argument in regard to the surpluses of this government as compared with those of the Conservative government. He stated that he found that the Conservatives, in the last eleven years had had an average deficit of $249,000 whereas this government had had a net surplus in the corresponding eleven years of $93,626,000. The Minister of Finance congratulated himself on this fine showing. He also congratulated himself on the fact that this government had made $127,000,000 of the capital expenditure, while it had only added $11 000,000 to the debt. I claim that neither of these facts is an argument in favor of the wisdom of this government or a proof of wise and economical administration. I claim that the question of the surplus is purely a question of taking money from one pocket of the people and putting it into the other pocket. I find that many of the electors of this country think, if they get some money from the government for their own use, or to be spent around them, that it really does not cost them anything, that it comes from some outside source, some great benignant source that does them no harm. I think it is a pity that the Minister of Finance should try to encourage this idea. You would think that this surplus was coming down like manna from heaven and that it cost nobody anything, whereas, it represents so much money taken out of the pockets of the people. Surely if this government had taken $93, 626,000, less from the people in taxes during the last eleven years there would have been no surplus. That is true. It must have been necessary for this Government to have borrowed money, but our people would have had in their pockets $93,626,000 more money than they have now.

I think Sir, that a government can make wise or unwise laws, can spend our money wisely and economically, or can spend our money on graft and rake-off. In other words it seems to me that the government is able to make good times better, bad times worse, or to temper the trouble of the people, but that it is able to make a surplus out of nothing I very much doubt. It seems to me that the main question is whether the money it takes from the people is well expended on remunerative public objects and for public purposes. It seems to me that this vast expenditure has been frittered awpy sn small things. The money has been spent for useless public works. I did not propose to-day to go into such matters—they have been referred to in this house many times—such as the building of wharfs where they are not wanted, dredging done for twice what it ought to cost, deals like the Moncton land deal, bridges built for municipalities, like that at Disraeli, and in order that I may not be accused of referring only to things away from my own county, a wharf at Greece's Point in the county of Argenteuil was built by this government which is of no use to anybody whatever. The hon. Minister of Finance, at page 108 of 'Hansard,' says that this government has had in their eleven years larger charges for capital account than the Conservatives had in the previous eleven years. Larger? Yes, larger in total but not larger in so far a the usefulness of the works upon which this money was spent is concerned. I claim that the Conservatives, although they had so much less to spend, although they took from the people of the country so much less in taxes, accomplished far more with a smaller amonnt of money than the Liberals have in the past eleven years with their vast expenditures. I believe that the people of Canada are at last awakened to the fact and that they will remember it when they cast their votes at the next general election.

SENATE REFORM.

It was a plank in the Liberal platform upon which when in Opposition they appealed to the country for support that they would reform the Senate. How far they have done this would appear in Sir Wilfrid's latest appointments to that body. Dan Derbyshire and Archie Campbell are the latest appointees and how far they indicate a purpose to reform the Senate instead using it as a reward for party services their history will demonstrate.

Mr. Derbyshire was M.P. for Brockville and Mr. Campbell for Centre York. The latter was a candidate for a Cabinet position and assiduously pressed his claims for office when Hon. Mr. Hyman's resignation as Minister of Public Works was in prospect. Sir Wilfrid couldn't see it that way; nor could he find a man within the ranks of his followers in Parliament and that he would call to the Cabinet. Accordingly he went outside to find a man for Hyman's position, as he did also in the other vacancy in the Ministry caused by Hon. Mr. Emmerson's resignation. Choice was made of Hon. G. P. Graham, leader of the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature, and to secure a seat for him in Parliament negotiations were had with Mr. Derbyshire and that gentleman resigned his seat for Brockville and Mr. Graham entered the Commons through that hole. The man who resigned his seat for Mr. Graham has just been put into the Senate by Sir Wilfrid and he will receive for the rest of his natural life $2,500 a year.

But there was Archie Campbell to appease. He had wanted the honor that came to Graham and not getting it was in the dumps. Now he is in the Senate with $2,500 a year for life and is happy.

Thus do the Liberals redeem their promises and reform the Senate.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

FURS!
FURS!
FURS!

W. Banford & Son,

P.S.—FUR COATS.

Lachute Academy

GRADE III ACADEMY.
PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

Class II,—Alice Arthur and Effie Cooke equal 68, Amy Hammond 66, Kenneth Smith 64.

Class III,—Lawrence Smith 57, E. Wales 55, Christina Drennan 49, Robt. Kennedy 47.

GRADE II. ACADEMY.
GEOMETRY.

HONORS:—Willie Cameron 93.

Class I,—Daniel Bates 79, Violet Joss 77, Ben. Fraser 76.

Class II,—Lockhart Gall 72, Margaret Hay 68, Eva Bradford 65, Arthur McIntock 64, Leonard McOuat and Randolph Strong equal 61.

Class III,—Lily Palliser 55, Myrtle Cameron, Robina Ewan and Mildred Thompson equal 40.

GRADE I. ACADEMY.
ARITHMETIC.

Class I,—Carrie Black 80.

Class II,—Hartley Thomas 73, John Calder 70, Lowell Banford 68, Naomi Ivall 60.

Class III,—Jessie McLean and Erle Todd equal 50, Lillias Brown 49, Edith Fraser 46.

GRADE III. MODEL.
ALGEBRA.

HONORS:—Winifred Kyle 95, Violet Kennedy 94, Greta Christie 93.

Class I,—Elmer Giles 86, Ida Morrison and Bessie Fraser equal 83, Irene Riddell 70, Harry McIntyre 77, Edgar Wood and Harris Dawson equal 76, Walker McArthur 75.

Class II,—Annie Hume 64, Nellie McGregor 63, Winifred Banford and Beulah Nicholls equal 62, Edward Ivall 61.

Class III,—Charlie Palliser 59, Marion Slater 57, Janet McClure and D. Rodger equal 52, Carrie Bennett 50.

GRADE. II MODEL.
LATIN.

HONORS:—Norah Christie 97, J. Forbes, 91, Otto DeLisle 90.

Class I,—Grace Bradford 88, Loyd Stevenson 85, Aggie McGilliveay 83, May Cruise Harry Hammond Harry Joss equal 82, Cecil Bradford 80, B. Menzies 79, Florence Dixon 77.

Class II,—Jessie McArthur, Lillie Kennedy and Arthur Drennan equal 72, Reid Giles 71, Glen Hamilton 70, Ruby Todd and Gilbert Graham equal 64, Bessie McGibbon 63.

Class III,—Ellen Staniforth 58, A. Arthur 53, Charlie Bedard 48, Douglas McGibbon and Ida Latta equal 47, H. Morrin 46, Arthur Joss 45.

GRADE I. MODEL,
ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

HONORS:—Frances Joss 95.

Class I,—Hattie McCoy and Eva Patterson equal 88, Ellen Doig 85.

Class II,—Jessie Cruise 74, Natalie Dixon and Jessie Earle equal 72, Roy Kennedy 70, Gladys Shaw 68, Jack Menzies 67, Carman Bradford 64, A. McCoy 63.

Class III,—Willie Hay 58, Willie Calder 57, Vern Riddell 56, Martha Gauley 52, Reuban Chambers 50, D. Campbell 43.

GRADE IV. ELEM.
SCRIPTURE.

HONORS:—Gracie McOuat 94, Vernon Hammond 91, Aida Patteron 60.

Class I,—Stanley Paul 88, Susie Copeland 85, Cameron Hay 83, C. McGibbon 81, Russell Bennett 79.

Class II,—Elenor Carpenter 66, R. Beers 65, Thayer Carpenter 60.

Class III,—Sydney Lock and Maggie Walker equal 56, Rubert Robinson 53, Alma McNeil 51.

GRADE III ELEM.
GEOGRAPHY.

HONORS:—Gertrude Hammond 95.

Class I,—John Drennan 89, Katie Bennett 88. Gordon Fraser and Alison Cottingham evual 86, Lila Giles 83, Constance Banford 82, Laura Campbell 79, Georgina Baldwin 78, Effie Neil 77, Roy Crea 75.

Class II,—Mildred Carpenter 74, D. Mitchell 69, Edgar Hammond, Eddie Jones Margaret McKimmie and Ruby McOuat equal 67, Ellice Palliser 66, May Ewing 64, Jean McGibbon and Douglas Simon equal 61

Class III,—Mary Hope 54, Hazel McGibbon 51, Gordon Carpenter and Kyle Patterson equal 49, Inez Giles 46, Agnes Hay 40.

GRADE II ELEM.
ARITHMETIC.

HONORS:—Ruby Shaw 98, George Calder 96, Annie Drennan 95, Jennie Veitch 94, Howard Kennedy 93.

Class I,—Wilma Joss 86, Mary Miller and Angus Hay equal 85, M. Shaw 84, Reggie Campbell, Robert Cruise and Isabel Thomas equal 83, Leona Garretsee 82, Irene Scott and John McKimmie equal 81, Albert McKimmie 80, Ernest Saunders 78, John Hope 74.

Class II,—Grace Carpenter 69, Peter Bennett 67, Hazel McCoy and Bella Wood equal 63.

Class III,—Myrtle Berry 58, Elsie Hay 56, Edith Beers 51, Willis Cruise 49, Dora Barley 45.

Flour & Feed

The very best grades in Flour and Feed, Hay, Etc., can always be secured if you buy of me.

My prices are low and I will serve you promptly and well. Don't forget . . . to call on . . .

J. McDonald,
BROWNSBURG.

Cheap Sale
Of Ladies' Millinery.

During this month I am offering my entire stock of Millinery, Furs, Fancy Goods, Christmas Calendars, Toys, and a number of "Teddy Bears" at very low pricer, so that everyone buying of me will secure a bargain.

Miss Boivin,
West End, Lachute.

FISH! FISH! FISH!

We have on hand the finest fish obtainable. All fruits in Season.

Just ring up 'phone 59.

P. E. BONHOMME.

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 . . . . . 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.

FARM FOR SALE.

Comprising 175 acres in the Township of Chatham, being Lots 27 and 28 in the 7th Range, all well fenced and with good buildings, with Maple Sugar Bush of four or five hundred trees fit for tapping good well stoned up with pump in it close to house, good spring for cattle, not far from buildings, stone milk house. Also 125 acres in the Township of Grenville, being Lot No. 1 in the 6th Range, with good fences and log barn, young maple bush of about 200 trees fit for tapping. Spring creek runs through this farm, also several other springs, lots of cedar on farm for fencing, also plenty of firewood and building material. Both farms front on front road. About one mile from School, Cheese-factory, Post-Office & Store.

Anyone wishing to purchase this property should examine the same before snow-fall.

JOHN RANEY,
Proprietor, Chatham.

To know how to buy goods—the right kind—the right price,—this is half the battle in our business. Forty years experience must be some money to you. Try it in our Ladies' Jackets, & Mens' & Boys' clothing. W. BANFORD & SON

Central Carriage Works and Blacksmith Shop.



I beg leave to remind the public that I have purchased the carriage shop and business of Mr. Lavigne on Foundry Street, and I am now prepared to fill all orders entrusted to my care. Satisfaction guaranteed and work executed on shortest notice.

We do all kinds of repairs, none too large or too small, so give us a trial order and be satisfied.

H. St. JACQUES

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

Keep Warm and buy an Overcoat at DOIG'S.

Over **50** of them to be sold at big reductions, as they are the Winter Samples of the Lion Brand Clothing House.

Also a very Choice lot of LADIES SAMPLE COATS.

We have Coats to suit everyone. In Coon and Black Furs.

Don't miss the chance of a lifetime to get one of these garments. They must be sold and PRICE will do it.

In UNDERCLOTHING for Men, Women and Children, we can't be beat.

Our Stock of Boots and Shoes for everybody is very complete, and every lady and school girl wants to get a pair of our Berlin Boots as they are perfection for winter wear.

LADIES' JACKETS

Just a few left, though we had to send a repeat order to factory. Balance will be closed out at prices to please every purchaser.

DOIG'S Opposite the Post Office

PARISH SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

A meeting of School Commissioners of the Parish of St. Jerusalem was held on the 11th inst. in No. 1 school-house.

There were present Geo. Morrison Esq. chairman, Messrs. Paul Doig, C. R. Rodger and Secretary G. J. Walker.

It was resolved that the schools in the school municipalities should close for the holidays on Friday, the 20th, and re-open on Monday the 6th of January.

The secretary read a circular received from the department of Education which stated that an order-in-council had been passed granting each Protestant Elementary school in the Province, not being in a city, the sum of $20 upon certain conditions. The grant was accepted with much pleasure.

The Secretary then read the auditor's report upon his books which stated they were correctly kept and showed that a balance had been overpaid receipts on 1st July of $112 12. The report was accepted and considered satisfactory.

The secretary was instructed to levy a special tax on district No. 4 for certain repairs that had been done to said school.

The secretary was authorized to return lot owned by J. Gauley jr. of Thos. Gore, and lot lately occupied by Mr. George Campbell, blacksmith, into the county secretary's hands to be sold for taxes.

It was decided to notify the school managers of each school district to have the school houses in their respective districts scrubbed out at least 3 times a year.

The secretary stated he had renewed the insurance on the different school buildings and furniture belonging to the commissioners.

COUNTY COUNCIL.

The regular quarterly meeting of the above council was held on Wednesday, the 11th inst. in the Court House. There were present Warden M. J. Strong, and councillors Robert Patton, James Earl, Robert and Peter Dobbie, John Kelly, Thomas Morrison, and G. J. Walker.

The report of Mr. Cottingham on the heating of the Court House was read and the report recommended an extra furnace to be put in. The recommendation was agreed upon and Messrs. Calder, Cottingham and the secretary were appointed to see the work done.

The financial statement was read over and referred to the auditors.

A petition from certain Ratepayers of the Township of Grenville and Chatham asking for a road to be opened up on the line between Grenville and Chatham from the Ottawa River to the 4th concession of Chatham was read. The necessary deposit of $25. having been made.

Mr. G. Conway was present and supported the petition. After consideration it was resolved on motion of Councillor R. Dobbie, seconded by R. Patton that the petition be received and that Mr. J. McOuat of Brownsburg, be appointed special superintendant to visit the local and report to this Council as petition demands.

The Secretary stated that as instructed he had taken the opinion of advocate St. Jacques on the proper way, to collect the costs incurred by this Council on the petition of certain inhabitants, of the village of Calumet desiring said village to be incorporated into a separate municipality of its own, which opinion he read to the meeting and that he had requested the Secretary Treasurer of the Township of Grenville, in which the village of Calumet is situate, to collect the costs equally from each of the petitioners as the opinion of Mr. St. Jacques states it should be done, and that he had received a letter from Mr. Robinson yesterday stating 20 had paid and 21 had failed to pay, said letter gave the names of those who had failed to pay their tax but before doing so that he be requested to write these parties in default a letter giving them an additional 15 days to pay up.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor of the "WATCHMAN,"

Dear Sir,—For some time past I have been annoyed by misrepresentations being circulated by certain parties in St. Andrews regarding my authority of conducting sales throughout the district of Terrebonne. It has been said that my license as auctioneer permits me only to conduct sales in the town of Lachute, and that I have been exceeding my limitations by conducting sales elsewhere.

As soon as the news reached me I immediately corresponded with the Revenue Department at Quebec, submitting to them my license which was duly forwarded me by the license inspector at St. Eustache.

On the 2nd of December I received acknowledgment from the department at Quebec stating that the $75.00 license I had paid gave me the privilege of conducting sales in any part of the three counties comprising the district of Terrebonne.

I do not desire to encroach further on your space, but I thought you would allow me this opportunity of laying my position open to the public in order that they may see that my license is sufficient for me to conduct sales of any who may entrust them to my care.

MALCOLM SMITH.

TO SELL.—Twenty-eight acres of wood in Beech Ridge. Apply to
ARTHUR FOURNIER, Baker,
St. Andrews East.

Double Harness
FOR SALE CHEAP.

The undersigned has a few sets of heavy harness, suitable for heavy drawing, all hand made and of good quality that he will sell at a reasonable price. Also light harness, cloth and leather collars, sweat pads, bridles, halters, double breeching, pole straps, martingales, hame straps and snaps. Farmers, I want all your harness repairing, and will do it cheaper and better than any other saddler in town.

WM. CRESWELL,
Clyde Street, Lachute,
CIRCUIT COURT.

STOP!

That's what we want you to do if you are passing our store. Stop and consider the great advantages gained in dealing with us. We carry a splendid assortment of everything you need for home and personal comforts, so that it is just a matter of saving money by dealing with us.

Remember! That all our goods are new and up-to-date. No better in the Ottawa Valley.

Hardie & Co.
Baker and General Merchants, Brownsburg, P.Q.

New Fall Goods

J. R. McOUAT

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 ...

ROOF AND SIDES

If you believe in Quality; if you want the best for your money; if you want Durability and Satisfaction, you will insist upon having

PAROID ROOFING



and will not take an imitation. Paroid is admittedly the standard roofing of the world. It has taken the makers nearly ten years to perfect it. Any one can lay it in any kind of weather—and it "stays put." Weather proof, wear proof, contains no tar. Slate color. Complete roofing kit in each roll. Before you repair or build send for FREE SAMPLE. It will save you money.

H. PAQUIN, St. Philippe

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 & Sons, Limited.

: : GEOFFROY BEDARD : :

Tailor and Gent's Outfitter,
MAIN ST. - LACHUTE.

We have just opened up a fine assortment of Fine Goods for

Fall Overcoats

They are the Nobbiest Goods in town and will make you up a good showy, serviceable Suit or Coat.

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.

PHOTOGRAPHS!

The Time! Now
The Place! HOLLAND'S
The Opportunity! Yours

We are now booking Christmas Orders. The Latest Styles in
PORTRAITS, — GROUPS, — BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS.

A Camera or Kodak makes a most acceptable Christmas Gift.

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THE SACRIFICE;

—OR—

FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued).

Frau Elfrieda tossed her head angrily, and rustled back to her daughter-in-law. "You have no room here for your husband's picture, I suppose?" she inquired sharply.

Lora turned a shade paler. "No,' she said calmly, "there is absolutely no room here," and she pointed to the thousand things that filled every corner.

"Then move out that old rubbish—that is a splendid place for the easel and the picture," pointing contemptuously to the writing-table.

"No,' replied Lora, still calmly, "I beg you will leave the table here; it is a souvenir of my home."

"Of your home," cried the old lady, even her diamond bedecked ears turning crimson with anger. "It may be a very good thing, to be sure, to have constantly before your eyes a remembrance of that poverty-stricken place you have been so lucky as to escape from. But it is easy enough to forget that, when you are in a comfortable home, as well as the gratitude you owe to——"

Lora remained perfectly calm. These angry words no longer affected her.

"I have never missed outward splendor in my home," she replied, "and therefore I do not look on it as a great advantage. I should have been content with so much less."

Frau Elfrieda was furiously angry; this wrath was the only genuine thing about her, and savored strongly of the bar at the "Three Eilver Swans." She struck out at the old table in the midst of a perfect flood of coarse abuse; the leg that she happened to hit, being weak, broke off, and the table toppled over, scattering the little knick-knacks upon it far and wide, and they were thrust into remote corners of the room by vigorous kicks from the angry woman.

Lora was standing in the window, looking out; she pressed her teeth tight together, and did not look round. She had no right even to blame her mother-in-law; she was a loving mother, angry with her for showing so plainly her dislike to her son, who was her own husband. The offensive words buzzed about her ears like a swarm of bees, and now and then one hurt keenly.

But she did not flinch, it was a matter of such indifference to her; it would pass, and then would come quiet, eternal quiet. She did not turn round till her mother-in-law broke into nervous sobs, and dropped into a chair.

"I beg your pardon,' said Lora; "it is hard for me to pretend to what I do not feel."

"But that is outrageous!" screamed Frau Becher, breaking out afresh; "and you say it so as a matter of course. What! He might have got somebody better than such a poverty-stricken girl, whose brothers have to have their debts paid to keep the family from disgrace! That is all the thanks we get for paying out thaler after thaler, so the high-born Frau von Tollen can pay her butcher and her shoemaker."

"My mother?" inquired Lora, grasping at the arm of a chair, "you have given money to my mother?"

"What can I do, I should like to know, when she begs of me!" cried the shrill voice; "here is the third letter within a few days—there, look at it, if you don't believe it." And she fell in her pocket and took out a card with a black border, and threw it down on the floor in front of Lora. "There's a luxury for people who have to be always begging for money—there must be black edges on the cards—but it's all of a piece with the whole establishment."

Lora picked up the card and read:

"Dearest Frau Becher:

"Could you lend me twenty marks more, till the 1st of January? I have had so many expenditures on account of my husband's death and Lora's marriage, which took out so many little sums, that I find myself in some difficulty. Pray excuse me for troubling you again.

"Yours,
"MARIE VON TOLLEN."

Lora was crimson with shame. She had refused to ask for money for her mother, and now she had gone secretly to her daughter's mother-in-law!

"How much did you lend my mother?' she inquired.

"Forty marks—of course in the eyes of people who do not know how hard it is to earn a penny, that is nothing at all—nothing!" she cried.

Lora went to the broken table, drew out a drawer, and came back with four ten-mark peices.

"Here is the amount you lent my mother,' she said, putting it down before Frau Becher on a mosaic table. "I am sorry I did not know the full extent of my mother's needs."

Frau Elfrieda's angry face put on a scornful smile. "It is charming when one is fried in one's own fat!" she screamed, and began to laugh as hysterically as she had cried before.

"You are mistaken," said Lora coldly, "it is the last money that I earned by my work. I have never yet taken anything from him whose name I bear."

She went past the hysterical woman into her bedroom, and shut the door behind her. Then she went to the window and looked out into the wintry park. A heavy black cloud hung over the trees; on a tall poplar in the foreground sat a row of melancholy crows—otherwise there was no life in the gray landscape that stretched out before her as sad and desolate as her own existence.

"Only to see him once more, and then—and then——"

She was conscious that she was doing wrong, according to the laws of God and man; but deep as were her religious feelings, she could no longer endure the duties that her marriage imposed upon her. She considered that there were rights, sacred rights, which stood higher than those which bound her to the man whom she could not love. And as she no longer possessed these rights she had firmly decided to call to her aid a power before which all must give way—right, duty, force—everything. "And then—then,' she murmured again.

She could no longer pray, her mind was so filled with one idea. She had not slept well for a long time; as soon as she lay down she heard the soft ripple of the quiet little river behind her parents' house. And in the daytime, when she was condemned to inactivity, and sat alone at her fireside, she pictured to herself how it would be when the announcement was made that young Frau Becher was dead—drowned! She thought out every detail. She knew exactly what people would say of her, how each one of her brothers and sisters would judge her. She could see the pompous funeral her husband would have for her, and Frau Elfrieda among the mourners; how she would lament in her shrill voice over the misfortune that had befallen her house. She would even fancy that he might walk in the funeral procession; only one thing made her hesitate, while a shudder ran over her—when she thought of her mother! She saw again and again the rigid, despairing face of the unhappy woman as it was on the night when Rudolph was going to America. She wished she could take her with her.

The gardener was coming up the broad walk which cut through the park; he had a large evergreen tree on his shoulder. Ah, yes; it would soon be Christmas, and Frau Elfrieda had spoken of a tree and a little gathering in her salon.

What a farce it would be! Ah, and how cosey and pleasant the Christmas eves had been at home, poor in gifts though they were! Last Christmas, her father had given her Immermann's "Oberhof," and a pair of gloves for her next ball; and her mother had had neck-chains made for her and for Katie, out of a long gold chain of her grandmother's; Lora wore on hers the thin gold locket given her by her god mother at her confirmation, and inside was a forget-me-not, that he had picked for her once at a picnic. The poverty of her father's house seemed to her a golden treasure, which was irrecoverably lost to her. Ah, if she could only turn time backward once more, for eight weeks!

At this moment Frau Elfrieda knocked loudly on the door.

"Come out, Lora; we will not quarrel with each other," she cried.

The young wife opened the door. Her mother-in-law rustled in.

"Don't write about it to Adalbert, I beg of you, child," she said gently. "it is true I was rather violent—well, we can't always be angels, and when two people live together, of course there will sometimes be a difference of opinion."

Lora made no reply.

"And this afternoon you will go with me to buy the last things for Christmas; and then we will unpack that box from Herlzog's, from Berlin; the servants' presents are in it."

"I am sorry," replied Lora, "I am going to mamma."

"Quite right. I will——'

"Mamma and I wish to speak together alone; you cannot refuse me the privilege of passing a few hours in my mother's house?"

"Oh, heavens, how you misunderstand me," complained Frau Elfrieda. "I only meant to go to the door with you."

"Thanks; I can find the way alone." She bent her golden head slightly, and going into her sitting-room, began to pick up the things which had been scattered about the room, in the fall of the much-abused table.

In the afternoon she was not prevented from leaving the house, and she went on foot to her mother's house. The streets seemed so strange to her, as if she had been absent for years. The people looked at her so curiously, and several windows were thrown open behind her. This slender black figure seemed like the ghost of the lovely, blooming girl. She returned the greetings of those she met, though she scarcely bent her head. Before she had always had a pleasant smile in her beautiful eyes, and now, they thought, she was "mad with pride." Ah, she had a full purse behind her now!

Her mother had a fire in the dining-room, and had the lamp already lighted, she was making up her accounts, and had some money beside her.

"Is it you, Lora?' she asked.

"Yes, mamma. Don't move; I will sit here. Please, mamma, never borrow money again of my mother-in-law."

Frau von Tollen started. "Oh, heavens, if I only knew of any other way to get it," she stammered.

"Sell what you have, but do not borrow anything of her."

"I sent to Lenz to come and buy your father's wardrobe, but he will not give anything for it."

"We have some silver still, mamma."

"Must I part with that, too?' was the plaintive reply.

"Yes, rather than beg of—of——"

Her voice choked over the rest.

"Did she say anything about it?"

"Yes; do not ask me, mamma, only grant my request."

"Very well, Lora. I only thought—but I cannot pay it back now."

"Don't disturb yourself about that, mamma; I have already paid it. Where is Katie?"

Frau von Tollen did not know; she had not come back from her class yet. The little coffee-pot with the thin coffee in it, was standing on the stove, waiting for the young girl, and on the table was bread and butter.

Lora had thrown off her cloak, and leaned back in the corner of the sofa. She did not speak. She only looked about her, and then she cut off a piece of bread and began to eat it. She had had no dinner at home.

"Is the carriage to come for you?" asked her mother at length.

"I don't know. Don't speak of my going away; let me stay here now."

"I am very glad to have you, Lora—I only thought—don't misunderstand me——"

They remained together till the clock struck six, scarcely speaking.

"You are so strange now, Lora," sighed Frau von Tollen, as her daughter rose and prepared to go.

But Lora made no reply. She kissed her mother and left the house. Katie had not made her appearance.

Lora went slowly through the streets and breathed in the heavy, foggy air in deep draughts. She could dream that she was free at this moment. Her husband's coupe rolled by her, going to take her home; she turned quickly into a narrow lane, through which no carriage could drive.

She walked on through the streets in an aimless manner, and at last crossed over to the Neustadt. She felt as if she could not walk enough. She looked up at all the windows where her acquaintances lived, and even stopped in front of the house where a married friend of hers lived; upstairs there was a light in the simple parlor of the young doctor's wife; she saw the hanging lamp sweeping to and fro, and a woman's figure, with a child on her arm, pass through the room. Then a man came rapidly up the street; he ran quickly up the steps and into the house. A few minutes later, the husband and wife were standing together, caressing the little one, who now was in his arms.

It was half-past eight when Lorne turned her steps at length homeward. But first she stood awhile before the Schonberg's house, and looked up to the gable window. She would have stayed on, forgetting the time, had not the light upstairs suddenly been put out, and the hall door opened shortly after. She walked quickly across the bridge, and there she looked round. In the faint moonlight she recognized Ernest, who was taking the way to the city. Her eyes brightened; her foot started forward; her first impulse was to follow him, to take his hand, to say "Forgive!" But the old maidenly shyness, bitter shame and fear, seemed to paralyze her limbs. She only gazed after him with eyes in which there was the concentrated longing of a whole lifetime. At length she went back to her own house and up to her room, with a feeling of helplessness and despair.

She looked so pale and shaken that Frau Elfriedae felt the angry words with which she had meant to receive her die on her lips.

Upstairs, Lora sat down on her bed, and sat there until her weariness overpowered her. When the maid came in the next morning to make the fire, she waked her with the cry, "Good heavens! madam has not taken off her cloak and hat!'

CHAPTER XVIII.

At the station of Uelzen, a gentleman got into Hamburg express train. He had run breathless across the other side of the station where the Hanover trains cames in, and looked with an air of vexation at the lady who already occupied the coupe that the guard had opened for him, at his request. Confound it! A man couldn't even smoke. He leaned out of the window and called to the guard, with a powerful voice, "I want a smoking carriage."

"Excuse me sir, but the train is unusually full," was the reply. "It is just Christmas time."

The gentleman muttered something, and, after he had shut the window, sat down in the corner. He was a man of middle size, nearly seventy years old, with rather grim soldier's face, out of which a pair of wonderfully clear eyes looked forth from under bushy white eyebrows. He wore a soldier's cap and a fur coat, and around the left arm a black woollen band, as a sign of mourning.

After he had carefully spread out his fur coat over his knees, he took out a newspaper and began to read, while the train sped on through the wintry landscape. It was gloomy, foggy weather; the sun seemed loath to battle with the thick, low-hanging clouds. The snow on the fields had almost melted away; only small dirty patches of it still lay in the ditches by the side of the road, and the willows looked dark red beside them. The wind was blowing from the west, and whenever the train slopped its monotonous wailing could be heard.

The lady, in the other corner of the carriage, sat motionless. Opposite her a child lay asleep, wrapped up in shawls and furs. Nothing was visible of the little creature but a head of golden hair, cropped like a boy's. The lady, who wore a simple travelling cloak, and a little cap of very cheap fur, looked steadily out of the window, and the old gentleman, whose glances occasionally turned in her direction, found nothing about her worthy of observation except a knot of beautiful hair, of a nut-brown shade.

It was remarkable how the carriage swayed and lurched. Reading was impossible. The old gentleman flung his newspaper on the opposite seat, and settled himself for a nap. It is astonishing how a man misses his cigar.

He must really have slept a little, when the sound of a child's voice recalled him to the present.

"Shall we soon be with papa, dear mamma?" the child asked, in the English language.

His mother replied in a whisper that he must keep still, for the old gentleman over there was asleep. And thereupon a charming little fellow, about four years old, climbed up into the lap of the lady, who carefully wrapped her cloak around the dainty little figure, and then a low conversation ensued between mother and son, not a syllable of which escaped the listener in the corner.

It seemed as sweet to the old bachelor to hear as the twittering of the swallows in the sunny May-time. His thoughts went back, sixty years and more, to the time when he was just such a boy, sitting on his mother's lap, and was caressed and petted in the same way. And—confound it—this was Christmas Eve!

"And will Bertie get a horse from papa?" inquired the sweet, childish voice.

"Yes, my pet."

"And a tree with lots of candy?"

"Yes, oh, yes; and papa will love his little boy so much!" and the boy received a kiss as a foretaste of the many things that were to follow.

"Mamma, Bertie is so tired," complained the child, 'and this old carriage shakes so; it was better on the steamer."

"Yes, darling; but now we shall soon be with papa.'

"Mamma, will papa 'member me?"

"Oh, of course he will. Don't you remember papa?"

The child was silent. "Yes," he said at length, "papa beat Bertie."

"Then my darling must have been naughty," was the reply, in a rather embarrassed tone.

"Bertie don't know," replied the child.

"You shouldn't think about that, my darling, but only how good papa was to you."

"Yes, mamma. Mamma, are you crying? Mamma, shall I sing something to you? Shall I sing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers?"

"No, I am not crying. But you had better not sing now; you can repeat the Christmas hymn you are going to say to papa to-night."

And the clear, childish voice began at once:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around."

It sounded very sweet from the lips of the little foreigner.

(To be Continued.)

DYSPEPTIC PHILOSOPHY.

They say a woman can't keep a secret. Ask one her age.

A woman can like any kind of hat, unless it looks like one.

Don't you believe that all who disagree with you are wrong?

Many a man who merely passes the hat gets a reputation for philanthropy.

People always remember where they got a favor—when they want another.

The people who believe most strongly in luck are those who have never had any.

Politeness is gradually becoming confined to the people who want to borrow money.

There are all kinds of women, except the one who doesn't become enthusiastic over a baby.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you,' isn't true when you're laughing at your own jokes.

If a man finds fault with his dinner, and his wife doesn't get angry, it's a sign they're dining away from home.

The Farm

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

1. Have the herd examined frequently by a skilled veterinarian. Promptly remove any animals suspected of being in bad health. Never add an animal to the herd until certain it is free from disease, especially tuberculosis.

2. Never allow a cow to be excited by hard driving, abuse, loud talking or unnecessary disturbance; do not unduly expose her to cold or storms.

3 Clean the entire body of the cow daily. Hair in the region of the udder should be kept short. Wipe the udder and surrounding parts with a clean, damp cloth before milking.

4. Do not allow any strong-flavored feed, such as garlic, cabbage or turnips, to be eaten except immediately after milking.

5. Salt should always be accessible.

6. Radical changes in feed should be made gradually.

7 Have fresh, pure water in abundance, easy of access, and not too cold.

8. Dairy cattle should be kept in a stable, where no other animals are housed, preferably without cellar or storage loft. Stables should be light (4 square feet of glass per cow), and dry, with at least 500 cubic feet of air to each animal. It should have air inlets and outlets, so arranged as to give good ventilation without drafts of air on the cow. The presence of flies may be reduced by darkening the stable and removing the manure as directed below.

9. The floors, walls and ceilings of the stable should be tight, and ceilings kept free from cobwebs and whitewashed twice a year. There should be as few dust-catching ledges and projections as possible.

10. Allow no musty or dirty litter or strong-smelling material in the stable. Store manure under cover at least 40 feet from the stable in a dark place. Use land plaster daily in gutter and on floor.

11. Cans should not remain in the stable while being filled. Remove the milk of each cow at once from the stable to clean room; strain immediately through cotton flannel or absorbent cotton; cool to 50 degrees F. as soon as strained; store at 50 degrees or lower. All milk houses should be screened.

12. Milk utensils should be made of metal, with all joints smoothly soldered, or, when possible, should be made of stamped metal. Never allow utensils to become rusty or rough inside. Use milk utensils for nothing but handling, storing or delivering milk.

SOILING.

Soiling is that system of feeding cattle in which the animals are deprived of pasturage and kept in a small inclosure, food of every kind being brought to them. It especially applies to the system of cutting and bringing to cattle roughage in a green state. The process began in Europe, and very naturally developed. First, the cattle were tethered and allowed to pasture within a certain circle indicated by the rope that held them.

As they devoured the green herbage growing within this circle the herbsman cut and brought to them grass and other food plant from fields in which the cattle would not be allowed to go. The Europeans early conceived the idea that on the recently tilled soils producing grass and heavy growth of it the tramping of the cattle would compact the soil and make it unproductive by crushing the soil particles to pack so closely together that no air could be admitted. The land had by that time become so valuable and the holdings of the farmers so small that they could not afford to lose the use of a single foot of it. The European herbsman in the best tilled portions of Europe learned from experience that he could raise more grass on a piece of land by keeping it in a meadow than by allowing it to be used as pasture. This was in part due to the fact that he would not cut the grass until it was at a height where it would produce the best weight an acre. The roots of such grass struck deeply and drew nourishment from a thicker layer of soil than the pasture grasses that were kept fed close to the ground. It will thus be seen that the soiling system has developed as a natural result of the increased value of land.

WHEN TO PLOW SOD.

The damage done by cut worms has become so alarming in some sections that the question has arisen whether the practice of turning over the sod in the spring has not something to do with it. Some figure out that by allowing their sod ground to stand over they get the full value of the late pasture. Sod ground should be turned in the fall. Make it as late as you want, but get it turned before the ground freezes up. This late plowing will enable one to get the full worth of the late fall growth, and the ground is in just the condition to weather till spring. If there was no other reason, fall plowing is better, as it will help to get rid of the cut worms and other insects which have been hurting corn during the last four or five years. Many complain that their soils are not as nice to work as they were several years ago. That no doubt is due to the system of plowing and cultivation. We do too much spring plowing, with the result that the seed-bed is spongy or soggy all through the summer. Take under the sod this fall, and then disk next spring. That's the place to expect the bumper yield of oats.

A CAREFUL WIFE.

An Incident at the Nuptial Ball of the 'Pearl of Savoy."

Royalties are much like other folks after all. A pretty little story is told by Mr. W. Beatty Kingston's "Men, Cities and Events," which gives a pleasant picture of the present Kaiser's father, then Crown Prince of Prussia, and afterward the Emperor Frederick. The incident took place at the nuptial ball of the "Pearl of Savoy," now the Queen Dowager of Italy, the well-beloved Margherita. She was dancing when her dress caught in the spur of a cavalry officer, and was so badly torn that a wisp of gauze trailed from the skirt along the floor.

Quickly the Prussian heir-apparent came up, produced a dainty pocket-case, took from it a pair of scissors, and knelt down to take away the wreckage. The royal highness had resumed her dance, Prince Frederick William went up to Prince Humbert and craved permission to keep the tatter as a souvenir of the queen-to-be. The request was cordially granted, and the prince carefully folded up the bit of gauze and put it in his pocketbook.

King Victor Emmanuel complimented the young man on carrying such an object, even in the ball-room.

"The merit belongs to my wife, sir," answered the crown prince. "Long ago she gave me a pocket necessaire with all soris of useful things, needles, thread, buttons, hooks, scissors, and so forth, and made me promise to keep it always about me. What took place to-night only proves that I am a lucky fellow to have such a clever wife to look out for me."

PASS RECIPE AROUND

TELLS HOW TO MAKE THIS SIMPLE RHEUMATISM CURE.

Prescription Given Which Sufferers from Dread Disease Can Make Up and Take at Home at Small Cost.

To relieve the worst forms of Rheumatism, take a teaspoonful of the following mixture after each meal and at bedtime:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces.

These harmless ingredients can be obtained from any druggist in the smaller towns, and are easily mixed by shaking them well in a bottle. Relief is generally felt from the first to third doses.

This prescription, states a well-known authority in a Montreal morning paper, forces the clogged-up, inactive kidneys to filter and strain from the blood the poisonous waste matter and uric acid which causes Rheumatism.

As Rheumatism is not only the most painful and tortuous disease, but dangerous to life, this simple recipe will undoubt be greatly valued by many sufferers here at home, who should at once prepare the mixture to get this relief.

It is said that a person who would take this prescription regularly, a dose or two daily, or even a few times a week, would never have serious Kidney or Urinary disorders or Rheumatism.

Cut this out and preserve it. Good Rheumatism prescriptions which really relieve are scarce, indeed, and when you need it you want it badly.

A SUGAR STICK.

"Do you ever drink to excess?" asked the girl's father.

"I never touch liquor of any kind, sir."

"How about tobacco?"

"I do not smoke. I have never had a cigar or a cigarette in my mouth."

"Ever gambled?"

"Never! I do not know one card from another."

"I suppose you swear sometimes?"

"No, sir. An oath has never passed my lips."

"Um. All right. Come out and have a stick of candy with me."

AWARDED SILVER MEDAL

NEWCOMBE PIANO WINS LAURELS AT JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

Mr. Albert Shaw, the well-known editor of the Review of Reviews, president of the jury of awards of the Jamestown Exposition, has notified the Newcombe Piano Company, of Toronto, that a silver medal has been awarded them on their new patent piano equipped with the Howard Patent Tone Rods, which they are exhibiting at the Exposition. The Newcombe's success is another tribute to Canadian manufacture.

Girlhood and *Scott's Emulsion* are linked together.

The girl who takes *Scott's Emulsion* has plenty of rich, red blood; she is plump, active and energetic.

The reason is that at a period when a girl's digestion is weak, *Scott's Emulsion* provides her with powerful nourishment in easily digested form.

It is a food that builds and keeps up a girl's strength.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.



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For Ladies

"Ladies' Flanged Beaver" is only one of a dozen styles, we make especially for Ladies' use.

You will find just the Skates you want—for fancy skating, rink use, hockey and racing—in Starr Skates.

Write for the 1908 Skate Book, if your dealer does not handle Starr Skates and "Rex" and "Micmac" Hockey Sticks.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

A while ago the farmers of southern Rhodesia held their third annual congress. The proceedings show that these pioneers have great faith in the future of their industry. They are meeting the trials and perplexities that befall all fore-runners of civilization in the wilderness, but they believe that no land in South Africa is so suitable as theirs for agricultural development; and according to the Government estimates there are about 48,000,000 acres adapted for crops and stock raising. The first settlers of seventeen years ago gave little thought to tilling the soil. They were after minerals and pegged out prospective mines on nearly every kopje. Most of them did not find the Eldorado they were seeking and a few tried to earn a living from the soil and were [illegible] their pains. It was a [illegible] they had every[illegible] that new land; but gradually they found out where and what to plant, when to sow and when to reap. Railroads rendered communication easier, experience made results more certain and cattle increased in a remarkable manner.

— —

As an established industry farming in southern Rhodesia is less than five years old, but there are now more than one thousand British farmers in the country, most of them earning a good living, many adding substantially to their bank accounts and all convinced that no other enterprise in Rhodesia will yield so good a return as a farm properly developed. Only one and a half per cent. of the farmers have failed to reduce their indebtedness and establish themselves on a good footing.

They are living on a plateau a high above the sea that though far toward the equator they have a temperate climate, raise European cereals from wheat to corn and most of the northern fruits. The farmers are rather proud of some anomalies in their occupation. They plant potatoes in September and February, have their ostrich as well as cattle farms and are going into wool growing in latitudes where sheep usually do not thrive; and in the north they are beginning to harvest a few apples as well as citrus fruits. They are replacing the wild with cultivated grasses, boast that no better cattle country can be found in the world and say that they are comparatively free from droughts and that the country on the whole is well watered and has plenty of timber. These are certainly solid foundations on which to develop a thrifty and prosperous community of farmers.

But in some ways the farmers wish things were different. They cannot buy their land, for as yet the Government gives only long term leases. The local markets are not large, freight rates are high and native labor is sometimes scarce and never very trustworthy. But these brave pioneers have a great country and are doing hard work in fitting it for the uses of man.

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

Would you be young again?
So would not I—
One tear to memory giv'n,
Onward I'd hie;
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore—
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through thorny wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—away!

Where are they gone, of yore
My best delight?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me;
Fly, time—fly speedily!
Come, life and light!

UNDER SIZE.

M[illegible]—"That wuskey's no bad. [illegible] drying the "wee nippie" in the [illegible])—"Eh, but it's precious sma' for its age."

THEIR RATING.

And those chaps who think they ought to be paid for being good probably wouldn't draw much of a salary at that.

Men and chickens always scramble for the highest roost.

It is always a serious thing to fall out in the sea of matrimony.

A fool and his money are much respected—while they remain together.

This world has no love for the lover who loves only himself.

Giving him credit has started many a man on the road to the almshouse.

Some men are born great, but as a rule they soon begin to shrink.

Some people kick because they are unable to discover where the shoe pinches.

HUNTING IN THE NORTH

AN OLD TRADER'S STORIES OF HUDSON BAY COUNTRY.

The Indians' Fondness for Trapping—Breaking Up a Beaven Settlement.

We were touring through Ontario and a happy fate put me at dinner next to Mr. Lennon, a trader of Sudbury who spent the early days of his venturesome life in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, writes W. R. Holt in the London Tribune. In his time he was as eight or nine posts in the wild and woody north buying skins from the trappers and hunters for transshipment to London. His first charge was on Lake Temagami, and there with a Highland attendant and an Indian servant he camped for years in the territory of the Algonquins. I was curious to know how the Indians looked to the naked eye without the war paint and feathers or romance, and Lennon was good enough to tell me.

A grim, taciturn person the Indian appears to have been, marvellously skilful in the hunt, but a trifle lazy, leaving all the hard work to the squaw and cold and ungenerous. Here and there one was discovered who became a good servant, but as a rule the Indian was frigidly indifferent to the personal concerns of his master; would dart off like a shot when the woods began to call him, and did not care two straws whether he ever saw his master again. War being denied him, the chase was the passion of his life, and he had refined it to the subtlety of an art.

"There remains in my mind," said the director of the trappers, "a picture very typical of the times. In those days the free traders, as we called them, flourished in the north, and they were always trying to buy up skins under our noses. The Indian did not mind, of course. He was always willing to sell to anybody, providing the price was good and the sale entailed no trouble to himself. We had to go out looking for the big hunters to get in first. There was a fellow named Mukakos, otherwise 'The Keg,' who was

THE BEST HUNTER I EVER KNEW.

"One winter I followed him for days, in snowshoes, to get his furs. It was the middle of the night, and bright moonlight, when I crossed a low hill and came to the shore of a lake. The snow and the birches shone like silver and the balsams were a vivid green. On the shore was a painted wigwam, and in front of it stood Mukakos, his wife, his two children and three dogs. The squaw held a blazing bark flambeau over her head. Mukakos, peering into a hole in the ice, was shouting 'Kustcha, Kustcha!' which means 'Catch him!' to his dog. I stopped where I was, bewitched by the picture. Then Mukako's arm shot into the water. He dragged out two beavers, and the hunt was over. His stock was eighty beaver skins, six bear skins, twenty mink skins, and four otters, and I took them all. Some were useless, for it was hard to persuade the Indian not to catch out of season, but all the same the haul was a good one.

"To my mind beaver catching is the finest sport on earth. It is done in winter, for summer skins are useless. You look about for a small lake with a running stream, and there, near the outlet, you may find a beaver's house, shaped like a haycock and wonderfully built of wood and mud and stones. Being a clean and tidy animal, the beaver will only build near a stream, so that the refuse and waste food—he feeds only on bark—will be carried away from the neighborhood of his house. Across stream he builds a dam to regulate the height of water in the lake, so that when the frost comes the entrance to his house will be under water and not blocked up by ice.

HE IS A TENDER CREATURE

and does not like cold. In case his house is destroyed he cuts about half a dozen tunnels of refuge from the borders of the lake. In each colony there may be half a dozen beavers. The father and mother occupy the lower floor of the house; the young ones are in the upper storey. Touch the dam and the beavers become alarmed immediately.

"The first thing we do on finding the settlement is to smash the house with axes. At the first blow the beavers disappear and swim under the ice. Their only refuge is the tunnels, and it is then that the finesse of the game begins. Our apparatus is an ice chisel, a crescent stick and an Indian dog. We tap the edge of the ice with the chisel, and where it sounds hollow there is a tunnel. We break the ice, feel for the walls of the tunnel with the crescent stick, and having found them set a piece of brushwood at the mouth of the opening and dam the escape to the lake. The moment the brushwood is shifted we know that the beaver is in. We put the dog on the trail and he scents the animal through the snow and earth and sits down above him. An Indian taps on the surface. The frightened animal darts for the water and an Indian catches him with his hand, taking care to grip one of the hind legs. He cracks the head with a tomahawk—and then we go on to another tunnel. The expert can tell what bark the beaver has been feeding on by the flavor of the meat. Occasionally we trap the beaver by setting a baited snare in the water before his house, taking care that the bait is a delicate bark which does not grow in the neighborhood of the house, but

TRENCHING IS THE BETTER SPORT.

"Bears? Oh, we caught the black bear either with a snare or a deadfall. That is comparatively easy. After his winter hibernation the black bear seeks the streams where the suckers go up to spawn. He steps into the river and throws the fish ashore, to let it become nice and ripe before he eats it. His runway, or trail, becomes as well marked as the king's highway and along that we lay a snare, weighted with heavy logs and furnished with a hidden noose, which catches the animal by the neck and suffocates him. Once I saw a bear which had been caught in the middle of his body. The skin was cut right in two.

"It is only during the rutting season, about June, that the bear is dangerous to man. Mukakos, the great hunter, once told me of a remarkable sight he saw in that month. Coming up to the post in his canoe he heard a great roaring and snarling and creeping up a mound he saw thirteen bears engaged in a battle royal on the other side—the males fighting for the females. 'Why didn't you shoot one?' I asked. 'Oh, no,' he said, 'I didn't want to let them know I was there.' That is typical of the Indian. He does not take unnecessary risks in the hunt. Mukakos would have been sure of a bear, but the other bears would have been sure of him.

"Give him a fair chance and the Indian fears nothing. I once had a squaw in my service; a big, rawboned woman as strong as a moose. One day she was walking along in her snowshoes when her small boy saw a bear curled up under the snow in his winter sleep. She could not kill him where he was, so she lashed a pair of scissors to a sapling, prodded him out and smashed his head in with her tomahawk as he emerged. I gave her $10 for the skin, so it was not a bad morning's work. Another ingenious piece of hunting that I remember was accomplished by an Indian who found two moose in a 'yard'—that is, the snow clearing which the animals make when the frosts are breaking up and the snow is too sharp and brittle for their comfort. He crept up and got the female with his tomahawk.

THE MALE WAS DRIVEN TO FURY,

and it was unsafe to approach him. The stroke of a hoof would have put the Indian out of business in close order. Having no gun, he improvised a bow and arrow from the trees, struck his sharp file into the point of the arrow, made a bowstring with the laces of his moccasins and shot the beast through the heart.

"In one respect the skill of the Indian has not been exaggerated. His woodcraft is marvellous. Set an Englishman in a virgin forest and he is lost. Put an Indian there and he takes the straight easy path. By day he seems to trust to instinct; the set of the foliage and the distribution of the moss give him the points of the compass. By night he reads the stars. He knows every trail there is, he knows the habits of the beasts and the birds and he can imitate their calls with perfect exactitude. I have seen him make a sort of megaphone out of birch bark, climb a tree, imitate the cry of a moose in the rutting season, and shoot the animals as they came up to answer the call.

"Out in Labrador, on the borderland of the Esquimaux country, the Indians are as yet uncontaminated by white men, and are still mighty hunters. Every August they leave for the barrenlands, taking ammunition and food with them. As they penetrate the forest they hang small bags of flour on the trees to keep them alive on the way back, in case fresh food fails. Their first business is to track the reindeer, to lay up a store of meat for the winter and also, of course, for the sake of the skins, which feel like velvet when properly dressed by an Indian. Then they trap the marten, whose skin is almost as valuable as a Russian sable, and when the hunt is over they come back laden with precious skins, which go to London to be sold."

ANCIENT GOLD MINES.

Workings of Solomon's Time Still Yield Precious Metal.

Rhodesia, British Zambesi, ranks among the chief gold-bearing countries of the world. The ancients mined and carried away enormous quantities of the precious metal, but under the scientific mining systems of the present day their operations will be greatly surpassed.

It has been suggested that perhaps Rhodesia was the ancient land of Ophir, the land of the mysterious King Solomon's mine, but the theory is strongly combatted by some investigators. The ancient gold workings are the basis of modern operations. For every ten square miles of Rhodesia there was one ancient mine; that is, there are 75,000 old holes, which means that stupendous wealth was dug out of the earth before the days of Cecil Rhodes and his companions. Much of this wealth must have gone to the north and east; it was probably wrought into the crown of the Queen of Sheba and filled the coffers of Solomon.

The ancient smelting furnaces are still easy to recognize. They are sunk into the floor. The furnace blow pipes are made of the finest granite powder cement, and the nozzles of the blow pipes are covered with splashes of gold. The linings of the holes are covered with specks of gold. When the first lining became worn by the heat a fresh lining of cement of an excellent quality, which has outlasted time, was smeared round on the top of the old lining.

Apparently the ancients wasted gold lavishly. The yellow metal has been found in large quantities in the forms of pellets as large as buckshot in the vicinity of the furnaces and also thrown away on the debris heaps outside of the old buildings.

The tools of the ancient workers which have thus far been discovered include a small soapstone hammer and burnishing stones of waterword rock, to which gold still adheres. Thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of gold ornaments have been taken in the last seven or eight years from the ruins of Matabeleland alone.

ENTIRELY TOO LARGE.

"No, sir," said the self-made man, "I don't believe in hiding my light under a bushel."

"I don't blame you," rejoined the home-grown cynic. "It would be wasteful when a pint cup is more than ample."

FLIRTATION IN PERSIA

INTRIGUE FORMS HALF THE LIFE OF THE COUNTRY.

Seclusion of the Women — Divorces Easily Obtained—Difficulties With Servants.

With the Persian one cannot discuss his womenfolk. To ask a Persian about his wife is a grave breach of etiquette. The most you can do is to ask about the "mother of his son." If he has only daughters he does not mention them; they are a misfortunne to be suffered in silence.

While the sexes remain separated as at present there can be little real advance. The man does not see his wife until after the marriage ceremony; the woman still lives the secluded, stupefying life of the harem. "She grows up like a wild flower; nothing which Europeans generally keep out of their children's sight is concealed from her; she is left to the dictates of her instincts, which, as she sees very little society but that of servants and slaves, are not very elevating. Her religion is drowned in the lowest superstitions, and she is seldom taught to read and write, the only means she has of learning is from tales which would hardly have any meaning for us because they are so stupid."

She is kept secluded that she may remain faithful, and the inevitable result is that intrigue forms half the life of Persia. M. de Lorey relates an adventure that he had with a well-guarded lady of high rank in a jeweller's shop. He attracted her attention,

SHE LOWERED HER VEIL,

he gazed—one hazards the guess—adoringly, she dropped her jasmine, he picked it up. The next day they met again in the same shop. We could have wished for the conclusion of that story, but the author tantalizes us by breaking off in the middle. If it had no conclusion—the sad state of too many love affairs—we could almost have forgiven him had he done what a Persian assuredly would have done and invented the rest.

It will come as a surprise to many that divorce is as easy in the unchanging East as in the strenuous West. "It depends entirely on the will of the husband, who, under the pretext that his wife is bad tempered, barren, extravagant, excessively lean, invalid or blind can repudiate her. Adultery does not enter this category, because death settles that. The only drawback for the husband is that he must pay the dowry if the action is his. For this reason husbands are to be found who in order to avoid the nuisance ill treat and beat their wives till they themselves move for divorce—since in that case there is no necessity to pay anything."

In another way Persia reminds one dimly of the West, for there are such things as difficulties with servants, even in Teheran. The author dismissed one of his servants, who, as he had been a tailor, was incompetent to do anything but sew on buttons. The man protested: "What will become of me now that I have been eating your salt for such a long time and am driven out into the streets?" He was reminded that he had only been

EMPLOYED FOR A FORTNIGHT.

He answered that he felt it had been for years. He was told that he was no good; but his volubility only increased. "How can I be no good after having stayed with you? Can you forget what Sa'di said: 'A piece of clay having fallen into the Hammam from my beloved's hand into mine, I said to it, Art thou musk or ambergris that I am drunk with thy perfume, which catches at the heart?' It answered: 'I was but a worthless piece of clay, but I was in the company of the rose for a moment. This companionship transformed me, or else I should still be the same piece of clay that I was."

One can pity the state of an English mistress confronted with such an argument. The author kept his servant another week, and he remarks disconsolately that in that time he discovered that if the tailor was a poet he was also a thief.

MANITOBA'S GOOD RECORD.

Great Improvement Shown in the Public Health.

The public health throughout Manitoba is remarkabley good, indeed, seldom, if ever, since its settlement has the province been so free from sickness and disease. The vigorous campaign to eradicate fever in Winnipeg has been rewarded by almost incredible results, which can be regarded as nothing short of a triumph for modern sanitation and attention to hygiene. Deaths from typhoid have been reduced in three years from 24.85 per 10,000 of population to practically 4.5. The general death rate has fallen from 21 per thousand in 1905 to 15.09, which ranks Winnipeg among the healthier cities of the world. She has now reached the commendable level of London, and is several points healthier than New York, Liverpool, Manchester, Baltimore and Boston, and is considerably better than St. Petersburg and Belfast. She is even nearly as salubrious as Toronto, where the death rate in 1905 was 14.9.

The local death rate in 1906 was between 17 and 18 per thousand, and it is estimated that in two years 500 lives have been saved through improved conditions of public health.

There is also a financial side to this question. It is estimated that the outbreaks of 1905 cost half a million dollars. The loss of services of 1,606 typhoid fever patients during illness and convalescence may be put at $125,000; the cost of attendance at an equal amount; and then there must be taken into account the expenditure by the city authorities, which, perhaps, would not make up the full half million. It can, however, be safely put at a quarter of a million. Insanitation is expensive. It is, moreover, a sin and a crime. Like the stray bullet, it finds an unwilling mark. Yet it required 2,000 prosecutions to abolish 7,000 box closets. One in less than four had to be forced to surrender possession.

Ziggsby: "There goes the fellow who whistles at danger." Perksby: "Ah, he must be a very brave fellow. Who is he?" Ziggsby: "A locomotive driver."

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

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

Fairlie expects a busy winter at yacht building.

Nearly 40 ladies are attending Arbroath ambulance class.

The river Ayr was on the 10th ult. the highest for 30 years.

The Edinburgh Borderers' Union has now a membership of 900.

A disappointing bee-keeping season is reported from the Borders.

Monifieth gas works are to be extended at a cost of over $1,600.

At Stevenston the price of gas has been raised 2½d. per 11,000 feet.

Wishaw Co-operative Society have declared a dividend of 3s. 9d. per £.

On the 9th inst. the Royal Hotel, Crieff, was exposed at £4,000, but did not sell

A blast at Westfield Quarry, Alyth, on the 7th October, dislodged about 700 tons of stone.

Undertakers are keeping away from Tillicoultry. During September only one death took place.

A large number of Dunbar fishermen have left for the winter herring fishing at English ports.

Elgin is to get an addition to its architectural amenities in the shape of a gigantic gashclder.

The Scottish Patriotic Association have arranged an attractive series of lectures for the winter.

A layman of Cowdenbeath says that there are 5,000 persons in his burgh who never enter a church.

The bathing shelter at the west end of Dundee Esplanade is to be kept open all the year round.

Dumbarton Social Union have appointed a trained nurse to deal with infantile morality in the community.

East Lothian potatoes are likely to turn out a magnificent crop. Most of them will probably be shipped to London.

Miss Marshall, West Kilbride, has been appointed teacher of dressmaking at the evening class for girls at Largs.

Perth will have a new town hall, the cost of which is not to exceed £25,000. It is to be erected on the site of the existing building.

Only three Rothesay churches now hold services on the fast day.

Steps are again being taken with a view of having temperance refreshment and tea rooms open on New Year's Day throughout Glasgow.

Leigh School Board have given instructions to make arrangements for providing free meals to school children during the winter, "if necessity arises."

Mr. James M. Low, assistant gas manager of the Glasgow Corporation, has been appointed gas manager at Auckland gas works, New Zealand.

Glasgow Town Council is to supply wholesome milk for babies, but lately decided against opening municipal playgrounds to children on Sundays.

There has been no minister's wife in Port Menteith parish for nearly forty years. There have been three ministers in that time, but all bachelors.

A new type of dust cart is to be adopted in Edinburgh. It is hoped this latest design will modify the dust nuisance, and it is also claimed that it is more easily worked.

A Callender lassie fell out of a train running at a high rate of speed near Bannockburn. She was unhurt, but complained bitterly about her father and mother being carried away by the train.

Within the past month or two six of the oldest inhabitants of Poriphatrick have passed away, their respective ages being, 75, 79, 80, 87, 88 and 90, a total of 499 years.

Peebles has done something in the past to keep the flag of freedom flying both on the battlefield and at the hustings. Neidpath Castle, the town's ancient protector, boasts of having held out longer against the forces of Cromwell than any other place south of the Forth.

TWICE REPORTED DEAD.

French Naval Officer Returns After Remarkable Adventures.

After an extraordinary series of adventures, Captain Mauger, a French naval officer, who some months ago was officially reported as dead, arrived the other day in Paris. The captain commanded the cruiser Chanzy, which became a total wreck off the Chinese coast in May last. On this occasion Captain Mauger was stated to have been drowned while attempting to save his ship. He, however, reached Shanghai safe and well, and a telegram was sent to the Minister of Marine correcting this error.

The day after the telegram was sent the officer was riding in an automobile with a friend when a collision occurred with another vehicle. The occupants of the car were thrown out, and while Captain Mauger was lying injured on the roadway he was run over by a heavy fire engine, his skull being fractured and several ribs broken. He was picked up for dead, and taken to the American hospital. There the receiving surgeon examined him, and, in view of his fearful injuries, declared that it was impossible for him to live through the night. Based on the doctor's statement, a second telegram was sent off to the Minister of Marine, announcing he he injured officer was beyond hope of recovery, and hat his death was but a question of a few hours.

Some days elapsed, and as nothing further was heard from Shanghai, the Minister of Marine concluded that Captain Mauger's death had duly taken place. They accordingly informed his relatives to this effect, and struck him off the strength of the navy. As it so happened, he disappointed the doctors, and cheated death. After having been unconscious for six weeks, he made a slow recovery. When he was convalescent he started for Europe, ignorant of the fact that his demise had been announced in the principal French newspapers.

Bald Customer—"Can you really recommend this pomade?" Hairdresser—"Very highly, sir. Look what a head of hair I've got, and now" (removing his wig) "see what I looked like before I used it."

SAVE-LIFE INDUSTRIES

WHY OIL SELLERS DON'T CONTRACT THE PLAGUE.

Printers Have Advantages—Tan Yard Workers are a Very Healthy Lot.

The Government of India is seriously alarmed. During the past five years the plague has been slaying the natives at a rate of over 3,000 a day. Everything possible is being done to combat the dreadful infection, and scores of scientists are burrowing into the causes of the epidemic.

One odd fact which these gentlemen have discovered in the course of their investigations is that oil sellers are practically immune from plague. Now, paraffin, as we all know, is detested by insects. Consequently, oil sellers, whose clothes reek of their merchandise, are completely free from parasites of all kinds, and especially from that pest of the tropics, the flea.

The flea, it has been discovered, is the medium which conveys the plague germ from the rat, which is the chief carrier of infection, to the human being, and so it comes about that purveyors of paraffin are safe from plague.

Petroleum has other virtues. In the United States doctors will often tell a workman who is threatened with lung disease to go and find a job in a refinery or in the oil fields of Pennsylvania. If the disease has not progressed too far the man nearly always recovers his health.

It used to be supposed that the printers' trade was not a particularly healthy one. There is, of course, a certain amount of dust arising from type metal, and printers must stoop to some extent over their work. Yet the printers' work has its advantages.

YELLOW FEVER PASSES BY PRINTERS.

During the yellow fever epidemic of 1887 in Louisiana, Texas, and Florida, there was no case on record of a printer going under with the disease, and a little later, when cholera killed thousands in Chili, not one single member of the Typographical Union of Valparaiso succumbed.

Next to a bone manure factory, there is no industry where the odors are, from a visitor's point of view, more appalling than in a tan yard, and the stranger wonders how on earth the workmen manage to live in such an atmosphere. Yet, in spite of the smells, tan yard workers are a very healthy lot. Colds and coughs are rare among them and consumption is practically unknown. The astringent properties of the tan bark probably account for this pleasant immunity.

The owner of a large sealing wax factory in Birmingham, England, has ten times as many applications for situations in the resin department of his factory as he can possibly deal with. Some of the girls who write actually offer to work for nothing. The reason is that the medical qualities of resin are so well known that the part of the factory where the resin is prepared has become famous as a specific for anaemia and consumption.

After three months pale, thin, hollow-cheeked girls regain their appetite and fill out in a way which is simply amazing.

SEWERS AS A HEALTH RESORT.

Only second in efficacy as a cure for anaemia is that part of a sweet factory where chocolate cream is made. This may sound like a joke, but it is not so. A mere diet of chocolate cream would not have at all the same effect.

Another extremely valuable health resort is a spice factory. One of the largest in England is to be found at Leeds, and visitors to it are pleasantly astonished at the delightful contrast which it's employees offer when compared with workers in other near-by factories. Even that part of the establishment where garlic is crushed, and where the odor is pungent enough to make one weep, is tenanted by most healthy-looking men and women.

Of all unpleasant places to visit, a gas works is one of the worst, and it might well be supposed that the men employed would suffer from breathing the gas-laden air. Perhaps they do, but it is worth noting that they have escaped very lightly in every one of the epidemics of influenza which have swept Great Britain.

Still more startling is the well-established fact that sewer work is far from unwholesome. The air in a sewer, contrary to general impression, is actually purer than that in the street above, and has the advantage of being entirely free from dust.

Take them all round, and you will not find in London a more sturdy and healthy-looking set of men than those who work far below the light of day in the sewers of the great city.—Pearson's Weekly.

ATTENDED 12,000 WEDDINGS.

Parish Clerk of Great Yarmouth, England Had Amusing Experiences.

E. J. Lupson, parish clerk of Great Yarmouth, England, who has just completed forty-four years' service, has attended 12,000 weddings at the parish church, and has been absent from church only three times out of nearly 2,300 Sundays.

He has given away more than 1,200 brides, and has lately unfolded a story of amusing experiences in a book which he has written, entitled "Cupid's Pupils."

It seems that couples who have called on Mr. Lupson to arrange for the publication of the banns, experienced some difficulty at times in stating the object of their call. "S'pose you can guess what we are come arter?" commenced one young fellow; while another said his bride-to-be was "coming to do with her tongue what she couldn't undo with her teeth." "This young lady wants to come for better or for worse. If it should prove for worse, I'll bring her back again," promised another.

Jealousy is a vine which produces a crop of sour grapes.

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Leave Montreal—8.45 a.m., 11.00 a.m., 7.40 p.m., Arrive New York—9.05 p.m., 10.08 p.m. 7.20 a.m.

Canada
Province of Quebec. } No. 322
District of Terrebonne.

An action in separation as to property has been taken the 5th of November, 1907, by Dame Marie Louise Forget, wife of Francis Xavier Poirier of the Township of Wolfe, District of Terrebonne, against her said husband under Number 322 of the records of the Superior Court of said district.

St. Scholastique, November 26, '07.
NANTEL & BOCHON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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

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All Kinds!

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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

Clearing Sale!

Special Discounts.

H. A. BLAIR.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

—:o:—

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec at the next Session by CHARLES E. READ, of the City of Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario, Lumber-Merchant; FREDERICK W. AVERY, of the said city of Ottawa, Lumber Merchant; EDWARD J. GRAHAM, of St. Jovite, in the Province of Quebec, Lumberer; JOHN B. WHITE, of St. Faustin, in the Province of Quebec, Lumberer, and T. BERTRAM COLE, Accountant, of the said City of Ottawa, for an Act incorporating them and all others who may become shareholders, a company under the name of "The Rouge River Hardwood and Development Company," with power to acquire, lease, hold and dispose of timber limits and timber lands upon such conditions as shall be provided, and also other real estate in the Province of Quebec and elsewhere, to carry on the business of lumberers and manufacturers of lumber and wood goods of all kinds, and also of pulp and paper; purchase, lease or otherwise acquire, operate and dispose of mills, factories and terminals, and for the purposes of the Company, and without becoming common carriers by rail or water, and from time to time as required, to construct roads, tramways and wooden, iron and steel railroads from any point or points on any public railway or any river in the Province of Quebec, to and over all timber berths and other properties acquired leased or held by the Company, or wherein the Company may secure the privilege of cutting logs or timber, to abandon, discontinue and move from place to place the said roads, tramways and railroads within the area aforesaid; to connect said roads, tramways and wooden, iron and steel railroads with railways that are common carriers, for the purpose only of delivering to the said common carriers the properties owned by or in the custody or possession of the Company, and of receiving from said common carriers the properties owned or consigned to the Company; to acquire, lease, build, hold, operate and dispose of water powers, power-houses and plant and other hydraulic rights and privileges on the Rouge River, in the District of Ottawa, in the Province of Quebec, and on its tributaries, and on the lakes and streams and bodies of water that are or can be connected with the said Rouge River and said tributaries, and elsewhere; to sell, lease and otherwise dispose of and deliver where required by wires, pole-lines and all other appliances, water-power, electricity, heat and such motive power as can be thereby or thereon produced; to make and erect all such dams, canals, works and improvements on said river and on said tributaries and lakes as may be considered proper for storing and regulating the waters of the said river, tributaries and lakes and the flow thereof, for power, hydraulic, driving and other purposes; to acquire, hire and operate steamboats and vessels in connection with the enterprises of the Company; to build, lease or otherwise acquire and maintain and operate telephone and telegraph lines and also pole and other lines and appliances for the transmission of electricity, heat and power; to expropriate from time to time such rights of way and passages not exceeding sixty feet in width, as may be required or said roads, tramways, wooden, iron and steel railroads and lines aforesaid; to carry on operations on its said roads, tramways, wooden, iron and steel railroads, and to operate the same, with horses and other animals, and with steam and electricity, and with such other means and appliances as may be thought expedient; to borrow as required and to issue stocks, securities and debentures in such manner and for such considerations as may be deemed expedient, together with all other powers necessary or useful for carrying out the works and enterprises of the Company.

Calumet, November twenty-ninth, 1907.
THIBAUDEAU RINFRET,
Solicitor for Applicants.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, by Honorable Damien Rolland, Member of the Legislative Council of the Province of Quebec, of the City of Montreal; S. Jean Baptiste Rolland, of the town of St. Jerome, Octavien Rolland, F. Howard Wilson, Rolland Prefontaine, all of the said city of Montreal, and Thomas H. Ayers of the town of Lachute, said Province of Quebec, all manufacturers and lumber merchants, for an act incorporating them and all others who may become share-holders, a company under the name of "The North River Hydraulic Company," with power to make and erect all such dams, canals, works and improvements on the North River, and on its tributaries, and also the lakes and streams, that are or can be connected into the North River and the said tributaries, in the districts of Joliette and Terrebonne, in the Province of Quebec, from a point known as the source or head of the North River aforesaid up to a point nearing the settlement known as Shawbridge, in the parishes of St. Sauveur and St. Jerome, in the County of Terrebonne, for storing and regulating the waters of the said North River, tributaries, lakes and the flow thereof, for power, hydraulic, driving and other purposes; to buy and expropriate lands and properties necessary for the exercise of the rights thereby required; to carry on these operations by all means and appliances deemed expedient; to borrow as required and to issue stocks and debentures in such manner and for such consideration as may be deemed expedient; together with all the powers necessary or useful for carrying out the works and enterprises of the Company.

St. Jerome, December 10th, 1907.
RINFRET & MARCHAND,
Solicitors for Applicants.

EDINA.

—:o:—

Mr. W. A. Jamieson passed through here on Tuesday last, enroute for Lake View.

Mrs. Geo. Moore and Miss Vipond spent a pleasant day with friends in Brownsburg recently.

Mr and Mrs. Robert Kennedy spent last Sunday at the latters parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kennedy's.

Miss Vida Kennedy is making a prolonged visit in Calumet.

The many friends of Mrs. Wm. McVicar, jr., and Mrs. Walter Stewart of Rivington, we are very sorry to here of their illness.

Mrs. Joseph Gauley has fully recovered from her recent illness.

Miss Vipond and Mrs. J. Tomalty made a friendly call on Mr. and Mrs. T. Burke recently.

BIRTH.

GAUTHIER.—At Lachute, Dec. 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. Dr. A. A. Gauthier, a son named Herman Joseph Ferdinand. The ceremony of the baptism took place on Tuesday by the Rev Father Picotte, Parish Priest. Mr. A. L. Gauthier of Montreal, and Miss Albertine Villeneuve of St. Anne Des Plaines, witness.

LAKEFIELD.

—:o:—

We are glad to see the [illegible] taking its flight. No doubt it will cause the hay to drop at least $2. a ton.

The Young People are looking forward to a very enjoyable time on Christmas Eve at the Methodist Church. The little tots are expecting old Santa with his rein-deer.

The Rev. A. Hinton delivered a very able discourse on Sunday from Malachi, 3; 16, referring to the Class-meeting and its benefits.

Mr. Matthew Hammond has disposed of his farm to Mr. W. H. Scott. Mr. Hammond will make his future home in Butte City, Montana, much to our regret.

The children of this vicinity are rejoicing once more that No. 1 school is opened. Miss Hamilton of Ontario, has the honor of filling their young minds with learning.

LAKE VIEW.

—:o:—

Mr. G. M. Tomalty spent the week end with friends in Edina.

Mr. Towner of Montreal, conducted service in the Glen, Lost River and Weir Churches on Sunday last.

Miss Jamieson spent Saturday of last week with friends in Weir.

The Misses Carrie Foote and R. Burns were guests of the Misses Cameron recently.

Messrs. P. Demerse, and J. & P. Tomalty were welcome visitors at the home of Mr. D. Ferguson recently.

Mr. Campbell Cooke was a visitor in Lake View a short time ago.

Mr. W. A. Jamieson spent the remainder of the week at his home in Lachute.

LOUISA.

—:o:—

Miss F. M. Watchorn spent Saturday and Sunday the guest of Miss E. Robinson.

Miss S. E. Boyd visited friends in Louisa recently.

Messrs D. Rowe and E. Kerr spent the week end the guest of Mr. R. Rowe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Matthus were visiting at the Hill Cottage on Sunday.

Messrs. D. Cleary and R. Matthus were in Louisa on Sunday.

Mr. George Creswell spent Sunday at his home here.

We are sorry to report the illness of Mr. James Edmonds of Mr. W. McFaul's camp.

An Entertainment & Christmas Tree will be held in the Louisa Hall on Friday, Dec. 27th. Doors open at 6 p.m. Tea served from 6.30 to 8.30 p.m.; program following immediately. Admission 25cts. All are welcome.

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

MISSING

The Watchman

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL XXXII — LACHUTE, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1907. — NO 49

Special Clearing Sale !

During this month we are offering our entire stock of fancy goods, confectionery, tinware, enamelware and kitchen utensils at a special reduction of 20 p.c., this gives you an opportunity of securing some real snaps. Come and see for yourself.

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.

We lead! Others follows!

Furnaces
Stove-pipes
Hot Air Drums

Now is the time to see about the necessary warmth in your homes. Come and look us up. We can fix you up alright and at reasonable charges too.

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

Wilson & Deacon.

To our many Customers and Friends.

Allow us to wish you The Compliments of the Season and a coming year of joy and prosperity.

Accept our many thanks for your esteemed patronage of the days gone past and we solicit a share of your Hardware Trade for 1908, and promise in return to aim to make our business relations pleasing and profitable to You.

T. MCOUAT & SON.

Special Sale of Copper Tea Kettles till Christmas. The Cheapest on the market. We will give you genuine bargains in all lines. Call & see them,

WILSON & DEACON.

WANTED.

WANTED,—Helper for Cheese Factory for season of 1908. One with experience preferred. Apply to D. B. CRAIG, Lachute.

CRESWELL'S

Choice Winter Apples

High Class Chocolates.

GEO. H. CRESWELL.

LOCAL NEWS.

Auction Sale on Saturday evening at W. S. McBride's.

Mrs. Thos. Christie spent Friday last in Montreal.

Mr. Dumouchel spent Christmas Day in Aylmer.

Master Lockhart Gall is visiting friends in Montreal.

Mr. Charles McGregor spent Xmas Day in town.

Mr. Cliff of Montreal, is spending his holidays in town.

Miss Irene Caron of Montreal, is the guest of her mother.

Miss Nettie Giles of Stanstead, Que., is visiting at her home.

Messrs. J. R. Parris & W. Lamb spent Wednesday in Ottawa.

LADIES JACKETS—We are still well assorted in blacks and colors. All the newest styles for young Ladies and old. But hurry up! W. BANFORD & SON.

Miss Katie McGibbon of Ottawa, is visiting friends in town.

Mr. S. Spence spent Christmas Day with friends in Ottawa.

Miss Marie Berniquier spent Xmas Day in Cowansville, Que.

Mr. Ray Styan spent Xmas with his parents in Lombardy, Ont.

Mr. D. White of Hamilton, Ont., is the guest of Mrs. Robert Creswell.

Miss Gertrude Riddell of Toronto, is spending her vacation at home.

Miss Isobel Raitt of Montreal, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Jas. W. Raitt.

Miss Emily Mackie of Montreal, was the guest of her mother this week.

Mrs. Thos. Christie, sr. of Montreal, is the guest of Mrs. (Dr.) G. Christie.

FURS:—We nearly forgot to say a word on furs. But the season is on. Ladies' Ruffs,—We have a large stock of them at varied prices,—some with collars too. All the latest things. W. BANFORD & SON.

Mr. and Mrs. Slogie of Montreal, were the Xmas guests of Mrs. Jno. Hope.

Miss Bessie Stuart of Montreal is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. G. H. Christie.

Mr. Norman Scott of Ottawa, is the guest of his grand-mother, Mrs. Mackie.

Mr. Geo. Hay treated a number of young people to a drive on Christmas afternoon.

Dr. Arthur and Mrs. Stackhouse spent Christmas with the latter's parents in Westmount.

Mr James Raitt accompanied by the Misses Maude and Jessie, spent Thursday in Montreal.

LADIES' SPECIAL:—

Mrs. Hampton is announcing special discounts on all goods in stock for the balance of this month.

Don't forget to attend the Auction Sale of Tin, Agate and Enamelware, Fancy Goods and Confectionery at W. S. McBrides, Saturday evening. December 28th. $800 worth of stock to be sold by public auction. Lots of bargains.

Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Rutherford of Hawkesbury, spent the holiday with Mr. J. R. McOuat.

The Misses Bella James of Montreal, and M. C. James of Louisa, are spending the holidays at home.

Messrs. D. Gall, H. Creswell and Ed. Christie of McGill, are spending the holidays with their parents.

The Misses Florence and Gladys McGillveary of Montreal, are spending the holidays with their parents.

Dr. and Mrs. Archibald and daughter, and Miss Catherine Barron of Montreal, were Mrs. Thos. Barron's guests.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morell, Mrs. Ward and Mr. Cohen of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. John Morell over Christmas.

You need an overcoat for yourself and your boy—about now,—don't you? Then don't put off. While our stock is large and fresh, look in and fit up.

W. BANFORD & SON.

Mr. & Mrs. Andrew Gall and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Watson of Montreal, spent Christmas Day with friends here.

Mr. Fred Creswell of Arvada, Wyoming, is here on a visit to his mother, Mrs. M. Creswell, after an absence of nine years.

The Misses Clara Banford & Elinor Palliser who are attending McDonald College, will spend the holidays with their parents.

The Messrs. Albert Giles, Lorne McCoy, Ivan Fraser, Wilbur Fraser, George Joss, Miles Walker and Roy Fraser spent the holidays at their respective homes.

We don't blow. It's no good anyhow. We only remind you we have the stock; the prices—well, they are low enough, and we want your orders. We want them badly just now. W. BANFORD & SON

The many friends of Mrs. H. A. Blair will be sorry to learn that it has been found necessary to again remove her to the hospital to undergo further treatment.

Mr. Jno. Hay has been appointed by the Dominion Government as Immigration Agent, in Great Britain. Mr. Hay leaves for England on the S.S. Tunisian, sailing from St. John's, on January 3rd.

Then there are piles of Mens' Fur Coats, some cheap enough and some dear enough; but we think we never did better buying. Try one on. In such a winter, as we know, every grown man should have one. W. BANFORD & SON.

DEATH OF AN OLD RESIDENT.

—:o:—

On Friday morning about eight o'clock death claimed one of the best known and longest residents of Lachute in the person of Peter Cruise Sr. Mr. Cruise had been in poor health for some ten days, but it was only when pneumonia developed last Saturday that any anxiety was felt for his condition. Even then it was hoped that his good constitution which had been well preserved would enable him to pull through, notwithstanding his advanced age of 78 years, but a relapse on Christmas Day brought about the end very quickly.

Coming from Dalesville over thirty years ago he bought what was then known as the Bradshaw farm, where with his brother John he settled and where he has remained ever since. His brother John died somewhere about 28 or 29 years ago. Since that time he has been a very active man in many ways, having been elected to the Town Council and School Commissioners, where he served the public to the best of his ability. He was one of the original members of the Lachute Baptist Church and a very faithful attendant in connection with the services thereof. His loss to that body will be a very severe one indeed. His first wife was Margaret Neill of Louisa by whom he had quite a large family many of whom are still in Lachute and neighborhood. His second wife, who died a few years ago, was Miss N. Todd of Lachute Road. Mr. Cruise was possessed of a great deal of Irish wit and of a jovial disposition. He was a very strong supporter of the Liberal party. The funeral will take place from his late residence on Tuesday next at one o'clock, to the Lachute Baptist Church and from thence to the Dalesville Cemetery.

DEATH.

COWAN—At Beech Ridge, on Dec. 23rd, 1907, Thomas Cowan aged 74 years, 9 months and 20 days.

BOYD,—At his residence, Brownsburg Road, on Monday, December 23rd, aged 80 years.

CRUISE—At Lachute Mills, on Friday, December 27th, 1907, Peter Cruise sr., aged 78.

For Ladies Fur Coats, we are known throughout the County—beyond it, as leading. Remember, we challenge the Catalogue Houses. If we can't do better for you than they, then pass us.

W. BANFORD & SON.

CASTORIA

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

CHRISTMAS



It will be here before you realize it, so do your shopping now before the rush is on.

Our Stock is now complete in all lines, fancy handkerchiefs for Women & Children.

Skates and Skating Boots - - - Toys in great variety

Also a complete stock of furs. Look over our stock before purchasing

Carpenter Bros.

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

Headquarters for Santa Claus.

Xmas Gifts for Everybody.

Fancy Goods
Books
Toys
Dolls.

COME EARLY AND BE WELL SERVED.

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.**

Christmas Gifts.

In Fancy Perfume Boxes nothing can be equalled in town, both in price and quality.

My stock of Bulk Perfumes are of the choicest, also sachet and toilet powders, face [illegible] soaps, hair tonics, tooth preparations and [illegible] etc., etc.

Greetings for gentlemen such as smokers' sets, Meerschaum Gold and Silver Mounted Pipes and Cigarettes, Cases and Holders, [illegible] Cigar Boxes in quantity of 10, 25 and 50c., etc.

All this at

OMER PAQUETTE, Barber and [illegible] Main St.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A stormy controversy has been precipitated by the trustees of the British Museum. When the reading-room of that great institution, which had been closed for a time, was reopened, the public found as one of the features of the new decorations nineteen panels, inscribed with as many names of the authors whom the trustees had officially determined to be the greatest and most representative in English literature. Great was the surprise at this bold action, and keen the disappointment of various literary groups and schools.

Some complain bitterly of omissions, others criticise inclusions. It is agreed that most of the names on the roll of honor belong there. There is no dispute as regards Shakespeare, Tindale, the translator of the Bible; Keats, Pope, Wordsworth, Scott. But exception is taken to the names of Caxton, Spencer, Locke, Addison, Browning, Carlyle and Macaulay. Arguments are submitted to prove that none of these made great contributions to literature proper, however distinguished they were in their respective days and in lines other than the art of writing. Thus Locke was merely a second-rate philosopher, and if philosophy was thought worthy of recognition Hume should have been put on the list. Caxton was only a "craftsman," and Carlyle "murdered" the English language and was not an original thinker withal. And so the indictments go on.

But the most indignant and moving protests come from the followers and admirers of great writers who have been relegated by the trustees to second rank. A literary periodical grows vehement over the exclusion of Ruskin, "who rescued England from a slough of hideous commercialism," "brought nature into the perspective of modern life" and "wrought a style in prose which no Englishman has ever surpassed." And where is Dickens, the creator of the immortal Pickwick, beloved of millions, the subject of a voluminous literature? The partisans of Goldsmith, Thackeray, George Eliot and Shelley are also airing their grievances, and some critics point out that fiction is represented by one name only, that of Scott. Is this fair? Does fiction, supposed to be the tyrant of literature, deserve such an official snub?

In short, the lot of the trustees is not an enviable one just now, and they are told that even a popular referendum would have resulted in a more satisfactory list, to say nothing of the consensus of opinion of living writers like Swinburne, Meredith, Hardy, Gosse, Morley and others. Perhaps an attempt will be made to get up a rival list and discredit the official one.

MAHOGANY HUNTTRS.

Mahogany trees do not grow in clusters, but are scattered throughout the forest and hidden in a dense growth of underbrush, vines, and creepers, and require a skillful and experienced woodsman to find them. He seeks the highest ground in a forest, climbs to the top of the tallest tree, and surveys the surrounding country. The mahogany has a peculiar foliage, and his practiced eye soon detects the trees within sight. The axmen follow the hunter, and then come the sawyers and hewers, a large mahogany taking two men a full day to fell it. The tree has large spurs, which project from the trunk at its base, and scaffolds must be erected so that the tree can be cut above the spurs. This leaves a stump ten to fifteen feet high, which is sheer waste, as the stump really contains the best lumber. The hunter has nothing to do with the work of cutting or removing the tree, his duty being simply to locate it. If he is clever and energetic, his remuneration may amount to $500 or $1,000 a month, but he may travel weeks at a time without detecting a tree, and as he is generally paid by results, his earnings are rather precarious.

CHOLERA MENACES EUROPE.

A Leading French Authority Predicts an Epidemic.

Some time ago Professor Chantemasse, chief medical officer of the French National Sanitary Service, predicted the gradual but certain advance of a cholera epidemic in Europe.

In view of the recent occurrence in South Russia of cholera outbreaks, Professor Chantemasse was asked recently whether he saw any reason to change his opinion. "No," he said, "far from it. The danger is even more serious than it was twelve months ago. Not only is the disease advancing along the line of route I forecasted, but it is advancing even more rapidly than I calculated." The professor pointed out, on a map marked and scored with numerous observations, the progress made in a western direction by Asiatic cholera since January, 1909.

"The disease," he said, "is now almost at our very doors, and it behooves the sanitary authorities of each country to take every possible precaution."

SPEED.

"It takes you a long time to pass a given point," said the minute hand, en passant.

"I may be slow," answered the hour hand; "but it takes you all of 60 min-

"In His Good Time"

I.

From time to time the woman paused in her sewing to sob piteously.

"George, my darling!" she whispered, brokenly, "I can't—I can't bear it any longer!"

Poor little Mary Lonsdale. She sat in that wretched Bloomsbury lodging, sewing for their daily bread, and George—and where was he? That was the pity of it—the cruel pity.

For George was clever. He had been so full of hope and dreams when they married. And while other men had been content with less, George must come to do battle with the big world. It was this that had brought them to London—poor, and yet so rich in the faith of his genius.

George had worked—ah, yes. Writing from dawn until night, and from night until dawn again, through the long year. And the year had gone, and it had come to this.

But in spite of all their poverty how happy they had been! When George's manuscripts came back, one after the other, and it had been so hard, how often they had told each other, through tears, that all would come right in the end!

Yes, all had gone well until George himself grew weary. Somehow they had made ends meet, and life had been a blessing. Now—oh, it was hard to believe! Hard to believe, remembering George as she had known him—in all the heroic pride of his youth, with his deep understanding of all that was best in life—hard to believe that George had fallen so low!

In writing home Mary told them how George was working—leaving them to guess how she and George lived—and how sure they were of ultimate success.

Mary looked up with a start, wiping her eyes, as the door opened suddenly, and her husband entered. At the sight of his face she gathered her work in a frightened grasp and left her chair. A frail figure of a man—with the thin, haggard face of one who has gone under—a proud, clever, handsome man, burning out his troubles with a mad folly.

George Lonsdale stood for a moment swaying—looking down at his wife with a mocking, drunken gaze.

"George," she said, tremulously, "how can you?"

The man laughed. "Get out of my way, Grizel," he said, brutally, "and get on with your work!"

"George!" She drew closer, looking up into his dear face with a piteous pleading.

"Get out of my way, I tell you!" he repeated, attempting to free himself. "Curse you! don't you see that I hate the sight of your milksop face? Don't you see," he went on, passionately—don't you understand that it is you who have driven me to this—with your cry-baby ways and your martyr's face?"

"George! George!" The poor woman lifted a protesting hand to his mouth, her heart breaking. "You must not say that! You——"

He flung her back. "I tell you I hate you! I have no patience with you. I ought never to have married you. You have made me what I am—a wastrel—a brute! Get out of my way before——"

"No! No!"

"A low, common brute, I tell you!" he repeated, passionately. "You do not believe me, then——" He clenched his fist and struck her in the face. "Now you know me," he finished, hoarsely. "You know what I am."

He watched her for a moment, half-sobered, as she fell back with a low moan; then, suddenly, he turned to the door and dashed into the street.

Turning and turning again and again, he ran until his blood was in a high fever; and when finally he slackened his pace he had left the streets of London far behind. Before him stretched a straight, clean road, measured out with old-world lamps. The causeways were newly gravelled; the gates were newly-painted; and from the well-kept grounds rose prosperous villas.

Lonsdale paused to survey this third-rate opulence—his heart filling with a new bitterness. He thought of the people—picturing their comfortable lives vividly; he understood them so well. Ah, but they had never known want; they had never been tortured with ambition; they had been content to take the world as they found it.

Struck his wife! Yes, it had come to that, and that—that was the end. He could never look virtue in the face again. It was the last straw. He could bear it no longer. Love, peace and honor—all that was in life that was worth living for—he had lost.

Poor Mary! The tears rushed to his eyes. She had been so strong in her love and faith; so good. And, although he was worthless and had made her life a burden, she would weep out her little heart. But he dare not think.

He halted at last from sheer fatigue, resting with his arms on the low wall of a bridge. Through the gathering dusk he could see the gleam of burnished rails below, but for some time he saw without seeing. Then, suddenly, he began to tremble, for he had had other means in mind, and, as yet, these other means only vaguely. Somewhere in the back of his brain there was a faint picture of water—some lonely pool; but why not this? It had come to him as a revelation, and perhaps it was better—swifter!

Mechanically he began to empty his pockets. There were a note-book, a shabby card-case, and some odd poems in manuscript. A grim and dreadful smile played on the man's lips. He saw the irony of it all—he who all his life had played at living, that he should come at last to this.

Tearing and crumpling, he so made a little heap in the shelter of the wall and struck a match. There must be no trace left of his identity. A burst of flame, and then, after watching the last embers, he found a gap in the hedge and slipped down the embankment.

Ah, what was that? He started, glancing up the lines. The moon had risen, but he could see nothing. He could only hear the faint murmur, yet as he listened, the sweat broke out on his forehead. Could he be? The blood began to move in a wild [illegible]

urged instinct, and for a moment the man fought with himself, smiling bitterly. Heavens, he must be quick now, or it would be too late! "I have lived mean," he murmured rapidly; "I have failed, but this shall not be a coward's end!" Swaying giddily, he stepped into the track of doom. He could see the headlights now, and the train advanced with a roar. He was lying on his side, his eyes facing death.

He waited, patiently—watching the strange lights with a fascinated gaze. It seemed hours, and then, without warning, it was upon him. A terrific roar, a swift prayer, and something struck his head.

The train passed on its way, rushing thunderously towards the tunnell; and behind, in the track, under the moon, lay a dark, still object.

II.

John Carey descended the steps of the great newspaper office like a man treading on air. With a beating heart he turned for a moment to look back at the familiar windows, and, seeing beyond the windows, something like a sob arose in his throat. Was it true, or had the dreamer in him bewitched his brains? Barely twelve months ago he had looked up at those same windows with despair in his soul. Starving, he had climbed those same steps to beg for work. So utterly wretched had been his appearance, the commissionaire had threatened him with the police; and, but for an act of Providence, instead of finding work he might have gone to prison, and from prison to a suicide's grave. A chance witness, however, to his fierce insistence—no less a person than the proprietor himself—had lent an ear to his story, and out of sheer pity, he had been given a job.

The start had been humble enough, but he had worked as only a man can who has felt the fierce hunger for bread and fought with the despair of a lost soul. And now——

The congratulations of his colleagues still ringing in his ears, John Carey moved along the pavement, a dignified figure, prematurely grey. Somebody turned to glance at him twice, and it seemed to his excited imagination that he was being pointed out as the man with the salary of a Cabinet Minister; the man who, with the magic pen of a great newspaper editor, could turn the passion of a people, and make or mar the world's history. Walking aimlessly he found himself consulting a cab rank with a vacant stare. Acting on some vague impulse, he chartered a hansom.

"Where for, sir?"

"Bloomsbury."

John Carey leaned back on the blue cushions with a curious smile. It was the first time in his life he had driven thus—with all the pomp and majesty of individual importance. Hitherto he had been one of the crowd, content with a place on car or 'bus, but now—well, he could afford it.

He wondered what Mrs. Caudle, his landlady, and Milly, the little general who served his frugal meals, would think could they see him. Doubtless, that he had gone mad.

It was with this thought in his mind, perhaps, that he hesitated when the Jehu opened his trap with a respectful inquiry.

"You can put me down here; I'll walk the rest of my way," he said, at last.

On the dark, narrow stairs that led to his lodgings Carey stayed at the first landing to listen to the voice of a woman—a mother singing some soft lullaby, and, as he stood, his face grew strangely pale. It was some minutes later when he reached his room, and he sank gratefully to a seat.

"Heaven, if I dare!" he muttered. "But I dare not!"

From habit he drew his chair to the table, littered with books and manuscript, and dipped his pen; for this was how, during the last six months, he had spent most of the hours allotted to him for sleep.

"Let me see, where am I?" he muttered trying to read back; but it was useless—the pen slipped from his fingers, and he sat with his face covered. He pulled himself together with a start when Milly entered, bearing a tray.

"You seem out of sorts, Mr. Carey," said the girl, frankly.

"I'm worried, Milly," he admitted.

"I don't wonder at it," said the girl, glancing at the littered table. "You—you and Mrs. Lonsdale downstairs would make a good pair."

John Carey flushed. "How is Mrs. Lonsdale this morning, Milly?" he inquired, eagerly.

"Oh, she's very well; but she's working the flesh off her bones, you know."

"Ah!" Carey sighed. "And the baby?" he asked.

"The baby's perfect."

"Milly," he said, suddenly, "you needn't be in a hurry. I want a word with you. Do you think, by the way, that Mrs. Lonsdale's husband will ever come back?"

"I don't, but she does."

"But, from what you have told me, he must have been a worthless, good-for-nothing fellow. Surely Mrs. Lonsdale would not have him now—now that she had managed——"

"I don't know so much," and Milly shook her head in grave doubt. "But what is it you wanted to say, Mr. Carey?"

"Well, Milly," he said at last, "I want to tell you that I'm not what I seem."

The girl stared.

"You're not? You don't mean——" She searched his face curiously. "I've always had my suspicions," she began, but——"

"The fact is," said Mr. Carey, hurriedly, "I'm practically a rich man."

Milly opened her eyes wider.

"Come into a fortune?" she inquired.

He nodded.

"How much?"

"Five thousand a year."

Milly gasped.

"I've got to work for it, of course—and work hard," he explained. "But it's a fortune, all the same."

"Well, sir," said Milly, "one thing's certain—you can't stay here. It wouldn't do—a gentleman in your position."

"No, I suppose not," said Mr. Carey, smiling rather sadly. "But, do you know," he added, "I shall find it hard to leave. I love this dear old room, shabby as it is. I have done my best work here, and, Milly, I have not always worked as well as I might have done. There was a time——" He paused.

"When are you thinking of leaving, sir?" she asked.

"I can't [illegible] I have a good many

for a house, and—well, I shall want servants."

Milly shook her head. "What you want first is a wife, sir," she said, decidedly. "I don't see how you can manage without."

John Carey regarded the girl with a strange look.

"Supposing," he said, half jesting, "supposing I ask Mrs. Lonsdale?"

"But," said Milly, her bosom heaving with excitement, "you have never seen her."

"What does that matter? You have described her to me often enough. Have you not said that she has the face of an angel?"

"She has; and if you saw here you would say so yourself, Mr. Carey. But you forget she is married. At least, we don't know whether her husband is dead or alive. She won't give up hoping for the best, however. And that reminds me," said Milly, abruptly. "Did I give you that letter?"

"Letter?" He glanced over the table blankly.

"I left it downstairs, then. Wait a moment," and the girl bolted, returning almost breathless. "I fancy it's something important," she gasped.

Carey seized it, and perceiving the imprint of a famous firm of publishers, he tore open the envelope feverishly.

"Good heavens!" The paper trembled in his hands and his face went livid.

"Not bad news, I hope?" ventured Milly, anxiously. "Is it somebody dead—some bad news?" pleaded Milly, desperately.

"Bad news?" Carey laughed hysterically. "If you can read—read that!" he said, handing her the letter.

Milly set to eagerly, but only to lift at last a face of utter bewilderment. "What does it all mean?" she asked.

"Why, don't you see," he said, impatiently, "it's a publisher's offer! You remember the manuscript I revised for Mrs. Lonsdale—a story left behind by her husband—you carried it yourself in those hands from Mrs. Lonsdale's room—well, they are going to print it. Just fancy, it will be on every bookstall in the kingdom presently. And see—these people have written it twice to make it plain—they offer me a thousand pounds for the copyright!"

Milly waited for no more. With a scream she turned, but before she had reached the door, John Carey stood over her, his pale face almost threatening.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"To tell Mrs. Lonsdale. But you are hurting me," said Milly, shrinking.

"I'm sorry." He lifted a stern finger, pointing to his own chair. "You see that," he continued, gravely. "I want you to sit in it—not move—you understand. I'm going to shut the door and turn the key on you for a moment while—while I tell Mrs. Lonsdale."

Without waiting for the girl's acquiescence he proceeded to do as he had said, and with a few quick steps he had reached the door of Mrs. Lonsdale's room.

He knocked timidly, his heart beating, it seemed far louder. After waiting some time in vain he turned the knob and pushed the door ajar. The room was apparently empty, but, as he ventured in a sound caught his ear, and with his ready eye he perceived in a recess against the fire something that sent the blood rushing to his temples. It was a little mottled arm moving on a toylike counterpane. Stepping on his toes John Carey approached nearer, and there, in a nest of downy pillows, lay a child just awakened from sleep. As he caught sight of the wide, inquiring eyes, Carey pulled himself up with a strange cry.

"Dad—dad—dad!" It was the child's first articulate sound, taught by a doting mother and rapped out innocently enough in all conscience, but the cry seemed to stab John Carey's heart.

Suddenly he was aroused by a light quick step on the stairs, and, rising hastily, he moved to the window.

Mrs. Lonsdale, returning from a snatched interview with Mrs. Caudle, and fearing that baby might have called for her in her absence, went straight to the cot without noticing the room was occupied.

The fond mother stooped and covered the cooing child in kisses.

"Dad—dad—dad!"

"Dad—dad—daddy!" the mother repeated. "You want your daddy, I know, my precious. Never mind, dearie!" (the mother's voice quivered) "Daddy's coming back soon."

John Carey, trembling, leaned forward and touched the woman's arm. "Mary," he said, huskily, as she turned to him, "I have come back. Can you take me?"

For a moment the woman stood like death; then, with a cry, she was in his arms.

On his knees beside the child George Lonsdale confessed all. How, in his bitter madness, he had gone to death, and how, by a miracle it seemed, God had given back his life again. In that last awful moment, when reason fled appalled, he had been saved by instinct—that marvellous prompting of self-preservation, which is deeper than reason. When he came to his senses he found himself still lying in the track between the lines, dazed but unscathed. The train had run literally over him.

And then, with the humility of a child, Lonsdale went on to speak of his fight for bread; his struggle to win back self-esteem; of his almost incredible advance—how, in so short a time he had won a position in the newspaper world that made him the envy of all. "But, Mary," he continued, "I have better news for you even yet. Look here!" and flushing in spite of himself, he showed her the publisher's letter Milly had just brought him. "In entrusting my worthless old manuscripts to 'Mr. Carey,' whom you only knew as 'the gentleman above stairs,' you never dreamed of—this!"

A gentle smile shone through Mary's tears. "Georgee," she said, stroking his forehead, "must I confess, too? Did you think we could live so near to each other, with but a thin partition between, and for so long, and my poor heart not guess? When John Carey first came here, I knew—God told me. I could never have permitted your manuscripts to pass into the hands of a stranger—not had I been offered all the gold in England. Oh, George, you will forgive me, I know. It has been hard, this long waiting, but angels whispered it was for the best and that God would surely bring us together again—in His good time."

"Milly," said Mr. Carey, some time later, "Mrs. Lonsdale would like to have a word with you. You must excuse me for having kept you——"

"Oh, don't mention it, Mr. Lonsdale!" the girl rejoined, with a [illegible] image and

Mr. Carey started perceptibly. "You've been guessing," he said, smiling.

"Well, [illegible] had plenty of time!" was Mil[illegible] retort.—London.

HAD $500,000, STARVED

[illegible] BARRY, A WOMAN MRS. CAROLINE [illegible]USE. RECL[illegible]

[illegible] Dead in Worth Half Million, Found [illegible] Brooklyn House—Dead of Starvation.

"Dead of starvation!"

That was the verdict of Coroner's Physician Wuest in the case of little old Mrs. Caroline Barry, the recluse of Greene avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. It did not tell that the woman was worth more than half a million dollars and that death was the result of slow starvation, a process she had been following for more than thirty years, notwithstanding her wealth.

The story of the woman whose little old attenuated body was found by the police huddled up on the floor of her kitchen in the midst of a litter of useless trash, is reminiscent of a tale of Dickens. For many years she has been an eccentric of the most decided type, but never has there been any doubt cast on her sanity, for in all matters of business she was as shrewd and exacting as Hetty Green herself.

Although more than an indifferent housekeeper, as the confusion found in every room of her three-storey

BROWN STONE RESIDENCE,

at No. 471 Greene avenue, testified, where one of her fads was concerned she was neatness itself.

Tin cans—milk cans, tomato cans and others, as well as glass bottles, were her hobby. She had collected hundreds of these and placed them in orderly rows in the drawers of her mahogany and rosewood chests. Each can was so brightly polished that it shone like a mirror. But the windows were thick with dust and festooned with cobwebs.

Inside, except for the shining cans and bottles, there was still greater disorder and chaos. Although Mrs. Barry moved to the place more than eight years ago, her rich furnishings of antique rosewood and mahogany, with priceless carvings and upholstery, had never been unpacked, and no effort had been made to prevent them from

FALLING TO DRY ROT.

In every room stood furniture in its excelsior wrappings, both upstairs and down, while boxes and barrels cluttered the floors. A bed had been set up in one of the rooms on the second floor, where, evidently, the little old woman had slept, but this must have been long ago, for the quilt was covered with mold.

Mrs. Barry had not always been thus. Years ago she was a happy wife, and a sixty-year-old oil painting found in her attic showed her to have been a bright, pretty girl. Her husband, Alexander Barry, a Scotchman, made a fortune manufacturing a one-time famous hair tonic. He died thirty years ago, though, after a fall downstairs, which broke his neck. Since then she has been changed.

TRUSTED LAWYER SWINDLED.

Shortly after her husband's death she decided to invest in some mortgages. She made known her request to Frank Marrin, who has since become notorious as a swindling lawyer, and was recently sent to the penitentiary as "Judge Stone." The man's mother had at one time been a servant in Mrs. Barry's family. Alexander Barry, the husband, had taken a great fancy to the youth, and together they educated him. Believing in him, Mrs. Barry placed the matter of the mortgages in his hands. He swindled her out of $70,000, and it was a blow from which she never recovered.

DOGS ALONE ON SHIP.

Derelict Was Picked Up in Middle of Atlantic.

The captain of the steamer Phoebus, which has arrived at Hamburg, Germany, reports that in mid-Atlantic, on Nov. 18, he met a Dutch fishing schooner, which had been abandoned by her crew. Four men of the Phoebus boarded the derelict. Two dogs, the sole occupants of the abandoned ship, greeted them with howls of joy.

Everything on board the schooner appeared to be in good order. A lamp still burned in the cabin, and the lifeboat hung in the davits. Closer inspection showed that the rudder was broken, and this was thought to be the reason for the flight of her crew. The ship was also damaged in other ways. Papers in her cabin showed that she belonged to Groningen, and had 190 tons of fish on board.

The captain of the Phoebus, considering the distance to land too great to allow of towing the derelict, which lay right in the fairway of Atlantic liners, caused the schooner to be set on fire, in order that she might sink.

Nothing whatever has been heard of the missing crew. It is, however, conjectured that the derelict may have been the schooner Anna, of Groningen, with which the British steamer Ottoman collided. The Anna's crew were taken on board the Ottoman and were landed in Liverpool.

ABANDONS HIS CANDLE.

The Earl of Mansfield is the last nobleman in England to abandon his candles as the sole illumination in his ancestral mansion. He is just having electric light installed at Kenwood, the historic family seat at Highgate, North London, where he has never burnt gas. For hundreds of years Kenwood has been lighted in the ancient fashion by candles, every successive Earl clinging to the traditional method of lighting.

Tasteless Salts.—Place salts in glass, add few drops of pepsin and some common syrup, and you cannot taste the [illegible]

COSTLY DAIRY CLOSED

HOWARD WILLETTS' FAMOUS COW PALACES.

The Millionaire Dairy Man Had a Model Farm at White Plains, New Jersey.

WHAT HOWARD WILLETT'S FARM PRODUCTS COST HIM.

Milk	$10 a gallon
Pork	$118 a pound
Chickens	$35 a pair
Cows	$300 to $3,500 each

What is probably the most wonderful dairy in the world, one which has [illegible] visited by learned bodies from both continent, is about to be closed. Gedney farms, White Plains, N. Y., of the Co[illegible]proprietor, Howard Willetts, J. as the p[illegible] and millionaire, has famous sportsm[illegible] farming and decided to quit [illegible] dairying.

Although Gedney [illegible] the breeding station of Heatherbloom, champion high-jumping horse of the world, and of prize winning horses, cockens, pigs and cattle without number, it was the dairy farm which made it famous.

MUST BATHE BEFORE MILKING.

The dairy is always open to visitors, but one class of persons is strictly barred. That is, people afflicted with tuberculosis in any stage. Equal care is taken to guard against the milk product being contaminated with the germs of any other disease.

When milking time comes a little army of men in white duck suits seize milking stools which have been scrubbed and steamed. Their white duck suits are laundered every day and are used only for milking. The milkmen are provided with bathrooms and must bathe before beginning to milk. The cows have already been curried and brushed until their coats shine.

Immediately after the milk is milked into patent buckets which will admit no dust it is taken to the Pasteurizing department, where it is treated and bottled ready for the consumer.

CLEANLINESS PERFECT.

The cow sheds are built entirely of concrete and are in no wise connected with the feed barns. They are big and roomy, well lighted and the walls, sides and ceilings are all cement plastered. The corners are rounded, and every day, as soon as the cows are turned out of them, the walls, ceiling and floor are scrubbed down. There is not a crack or crevice of any kind in which dust may lodge.

BUILDINGS COST HALF A MILLION.

One of Mr. Willetts' employes roughly figures that, counting in the cost of the dairy buildings, which cost half a million dollars, the cows which cost from $300 to $3,500 each, and all the labor and other expenses, the milk he has sold has cost him about $10 a gallon.

The piggery has been as much of a model as the dairy, and if Mr. Willetts could get about $118 a pound for the pork he would come out even on his pigs.

The chicken farm has been another model one, but until the public becomes accustomed to paying about $35 a pair for its fricassed spring Mr. Willetts' for its fricassed spring chickens Mr. Willetts' chicken farm will not be productive of profit.

UNIQUE GIFT.

Presentation of a Tame Hippopotamus to Lord Selborne.

The meeting of Lord Selborne, High Commissioner of South Africa, and Luanika, paramount chief of Barotseland, was full of quaint incident.

Nothing could be more picturesque than Luanika's arrival. A fleet of some 250 native dug-out canoes came up the broad Zambesi, led by the chief's own enormous boat, with its crew of thirty paddlers.

There broke from the hundreds of women assembled on the shore the royal song of welcome as Luanika's craft drew nigh. Dressed in every imaginable brilliant color, black faces shining and black eyes sparkling with excitement, the women marched slowly forward to the rythmical clapping of hands, chanting as they went, to the river bank, and then, with wild shrieks and peals of laughter, broke their ranks and raced to bathe their hands and faces in the water in which the king's boat swam.

Luanika's eldest son, Lelia, immaculately clad in an English shooting suit, was very busy on the bank with a full-plate camera. After a [illegible] minutes' pause Luanika himself stepped ashore, habited, alas! in a frock coat, pinkish trousers and an opera hat.

The High Commissioner, Lord Selborne and their suite [illegible] in from the veld[illegible] Luanika's coming.

[illegible] official meeting of the white and black rulers took place [illegible] open on two sides, built of [illegible] reeds, and situated in a [illegible] yard, enclosed by a reed fence.

In the evening the paramount chief presented Lord Selborne with a young hippopotamus. This beast, which is perfectly tame and about half grown, had followed the chief's canoe 300 miles down the river from Lialui, taking no more than a passing interest in the herds of wild "hippos" on the way. It slept peacefully through the greater part of the presentation ceremony, and was finally gallantly mounted and ridden out of the courtyard by a member of the Paris Missionary Society.

Mrs. Hendricks (the landlady): "Can I help you to some more soup, Mr. Dumley?" Mr. Dumley: "No thank[illegible]." Mrs. Hendricks (engagingly): "Do[illegible] Mr. Dumley, because it isn't [illegible] good form to be helped twice[illegible]." "Oh, etiquette [illegible]

MISS HARRINGTON OF DETROIT SAYS:

"I Caught a Severe Cold Which Settled in Catarrh. I Began Taking Pe-ru-na And Found it a Faithful Helper. I Heartily Recommend Pe-ru-na."



MISS CELIA HARRINGTON.

MISS CELIA HARRINGTON, 303 Second Ave., Detroit, Mich., writes: "Weakness has filled many months of my life with suffering.

"Through carelessness I caught a severe cold two years ago which settled in catarrh and seriously interfered with the regular functions of the body and made me nervous and irritable.

"I began taking Peruna and found in it a faithful helper, as it enriched my blood and invigorated the whole system.

"I have no pains now, and am always well.

"I heartily recommend Peruna as a reliable medicine."

Health and Strength Restored.

Mrs. A. E. Stouffer, Capioma, Kansas, writes:

"Peruna has given me health and strength; it is the best medicine that was ever made for women. My friends say they never saw such a change in a woman. I talk to every one about Peruna. I cannot say too much for it."

Pe-ru-na in Tablet Form.—For two years Dr. Hartman and his assistants have incessantly labored to create Peruna in tablet form, and their strenuous labors have just been crowned with success. People who object to liquid medicines can now secure Peruna Tablets, which represent the medicinal ingredients of Peruna. Each tablet is equivalent to one average dose of Peruna.

For Years an Invalid.

Mrs. Charles Gros Louis, Indian Lorette, Quebec, Canada, writes:

"For years I suffered from a disease that the doctors did not understand.

"One day I read in the paper about your excellent remedy, Peruna. I procured a bottle of it and took it according to directions. It was not long until I observed a change for the better.

"I can say that Peruna has cured me. I could not take any nourishment except milk.

"I will at all times say a good word for Peruna. I hold it in the highest esteem."

Catarrh of Head and Throat.

Mrs. William H. Hinchliffe, 20 Myrtle St., Beverly, Mass., writes that Peruna has done her a great deal of good for catarrh of head and throat.

ROBBED UNCLE BY SMART TRICK.

His Nephew Impersonated Him to His Notary.

Marcel Laurent, aged 17, was sentenced at Nancy, France, to eighteen months' hard labor, and a fellow-student, Emile Vincent, to three years' penal servitude, for defrauding Laurent's uncle, who had promised to keep a sharp eye on his wayward nephew.

Marcel, after a few weeks at his uncle's house, discovered that he had $4,000 worth of stock at a certain bank. Knowing that every afternoon the uncle went to a cafe, the two youths bought a white beard and wig, and Vincent succeeded in making himself up to look like M. Laurent. Then Marcel went to his uncle's notary and said, "My uncle is very ill, and requires your presence this afternoon."

The notary arrived. The door was opened to him by Marcel, who conducted him to the supposed sick man's bedroom. The windows were closed and the curtains drawn, darkness being relieved only by a night light. In the bed lay Vincent, who, in a feeble voice, broken with terrible fits of coughing, explained that he wished the notary to prepare a power of attorney to enable his nephew to draw the $4,000 worth of securities from the bank. The notary, who said he was completely deceived, and feared that his client might expire at any moment, drew up the document. The nephew obtained the securities, and decided to go to Paris to negotiate them, when the notary accidentally exposed the plot by meeting one of M. Laurent's friends, and asking him if he were still alive. The youths were arrested at the station.

DOCTORS THOUGHT BABY WAS CONSUMPTIVE.

A LETTER TO ANXIOUS MOTHERS

[illegible] written by Mrs. F. W. Kittle, of [illegible] who says: "My little [illegible] suffered since he was 18 [illegible]s old from a bad leg. I tried [illegible] salves and had doctors attend [illegible] but none did him any good. The [illegible]ors told me it was in the blood, and he was in consumption. I only wish now I had had more faith in Zam-Buk, for it immediately healed the boy's leg. He is now nearly 4 years old and looks far from being consumptive. He is now a strong, healthy boy, thanks to Zam-Buk. I hope this letter will help many anxious mothers."

Mothers Take Heart. Don't be discouraged because everything has failed to heal your child until you have tried Zam-Buk. Zam-Buk is Nature's Healing Balm, and quickly overcomes and removes all skin diseases. It is equally good for young and old.

For all skin diseases Zam-Buk [illegible] without equal. It cures ulcers, [illegible]ing sores, ringworm, cuts, [illegible] chapped hands, boils, ecz[illegible]ria. All stores and drugg[illegible] Buk at 50 cents a box [illegible] from the Zam-Buk Co.

A PAUPER STILL SUING

STORY OF AN OLD MAN'S STRUGGLE FOR JUSTICE.

In Courts 19 Years, and the Litigation Was all Due to a Watch That Stopped Running.

At the crown office of the law courts in London, England, a few days ago, a little white-haired old man, still spry on his pins despite his 87 years, walked into one of the departments and deposited a bulky document which proved to be an affidavit, writes a London correspondent. "It relates to an action which I am taking against the crown and Parliament for £20,000 damages," he told the clerk, "and I want to sue in forma pauperis."

Thereby hangs one of the most amazing stories of a struggle for justice against legal barricades, circumlocution, red tape and official apathy that has ever emerged from the law courts.

John William Burt is the name of the octogenarian litigant. His suit for $100,000 owes its origin to the purchase of a watch one November day nineteen years ago. Burt was then a farmer in far distant Tasmania. He paid $25 for the watch, which he bought of a watchmaker in Fingal, getting with it a guarantee of two years. The watch stopped after running seventeen hours. With the stopping of that cheap gold watch Burt's troubles started, and they have kept going ever since.

Burt sent the watch back to the watchmaker to be set straight. The watch that was returned to him was not the watch he had paid $25 for, he says, but one of inferior quality. Burt thereupon brought an action against the watchmaker. The magistrate before whom the case came advised Burt to accept a judgment of non-suit and, in the presence of a witness, return the watch to the watchmaker and then sue again to recover his own timepiece.

BURT ACTED ON THIS ADVICE.

The watchmaker acknowledged the receipt of the watch by wiping up the floor with Burt. He had to lay up for repairs for several weeks after that. As soon as he was able to leave his bed he sued the watchmaker for assault and battery. When the case came up for trial it turned out that, instead of a judgment of non-suit in the first proceedings, a verdict against Burt had been entered. In effect that was a legal decision that the [illegible] maker was the aggr[illegible] that Burt had [illegible] swindlin[illegible]

Tasmania, there was no method by which the wheels of justice could be made to revolve backward and substitute a right verdict for the wrong one. The watchmaker had a big political pull and that was exerted against Burt to the utmost.

Burt appealed to the local courts for redress half a dozen times, with no other result than to get himself imprisoned for contempt. Finally, the matter was brought before the Tasmanian Parliament. A select committee was appointed, which

REPORTED IN BURT'S FAVOR.

But that did not suffice to give him a fresh start in the litigation, with the wrong verdict erased. According to the opinion of the chief justice of the colony, Sir William Dobson, he could obtain a legal clean slate only through a special act of the imperial Parliament in London and the royal assent thereto.

It had taken Burt eleven years of continuous fighting to find out that. In the meanwhile, the lawyers had gobbled up his farm and his means were utterly exhausted. Public feeling on behalf of the old man who had been beggared in his efforts to obtain justice was strongly aroused in Tasmania. A fund was raised to enable him to come to England and renew the fight there. He arrived in 1899. He appealed to the privy council, to Queen Victoria and later to King Edward. The only result thus far has been the accumulation of a mass of official correspondence that would fill a furniture van. The wrong verdict still stands against him. No compensation for all he has lost in striving to set it right has ever been awarded him.

That he will succeed in his present endeavor when he is seeking to sue as a pauper is extremely improbable. Officialdom regards him as that worst of all nuisances—a crank with a genuine grievance. The tragedy and pathos of his struggle make no appeal to it. That sort of thing cannot be docketed and pigeonholed. Nearly a score of years of his life have been devoted to

A FUTILE STRUGGLE

to get something done for him which nobody disputes he is justly entitled to. And it is such a simple thing. Merely the drawing of a line through an official record that is acknowledged to be false and the substitution of another entry for it.

Of course, the old man long ago exhausted the money that was subscribed for him in Tasmania. For several years he supported himself by peddling matches and shoe laces in the streets. Then he met with the one stroke of good fortune that he has encountered since that unlucky watch stopped running. He ran across Dick Seddon, the late famous premier of New Zealand, when the latter was over here on some affair of state. He and Seddon had been partners for some six months in the early days of the Australian gold fields. Because of that the warm-hearted Seddon made some provision for him which relieved him of the necessity of earning a precarious livelihood as a licensed hawker.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

"Have you broken off your engagement, old man? What's the matter?" "Well, I was hard up, you see, so I quarrelled and had all my presents returned, and was able to realize upon them. Couldn't possibly have raised the money any other way."

PLACED AT THE BACK OF THE SPINE, "The D & L" Menthol Plaster always serves to excitement. They are equally as efficacious in neuralgia, backache and muscular pains.

An old gentleman finding a couple of his nieces fencing the other day with broomsticks, said:—"Come, come, my dears; that kind of accomplishment will not help you to get husbands." "I know it, uncle," responded one of the girls, "but it will help us to keep our husbands in order when we have them."

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

A striking example of presence of mind had just occurred in the history lesson, and the teacher considered it an opportune moment for inculcating upon her class the many advantages of resourcefulness. "Now, children," she said, "supposing a tiger were to seize one of you in its hungry jaws and carry you off into the jungle; what would you do?' No reply. "You tell me, Tommy," she continued, pointing to one of the brightest youngsters. Tommy hesitated. "Come, Tommy," she said. "Would you cry for help?" "No, ma'am," said he; "mother says little boys shouldn't speak at meal times."

DODD'S KIDNEY

GETTING RIGHT.

Possible Boarder: "Ah, that was a ripping dinner, and if that was a fair sample of your meals I should like to come to terms."

Scotch Farmer: "Before we gang any farther, was that a fair sample o' yer appetite?"

A cure for Costiveness.—Costiveness comes from the refusal of the excretory organs to perform their duties regularly from contributing causes usually disordered digestion. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, prepared on scientific principles, are so compounded that certain ingredients in them pass through the stomach and act upon the bowels so as to remove their torpor and arouse them to proper action. Many thousands are prepared to bear testimony to their power in this respect.

"Does your husband sleep sound?" asked Mrs. Cobbs, in the course of a call upon Mrs. Dobbs. "Sound?" responded Mrs. Dobbs. "Well, I should say so! I don't believe you or anybody else ever heard such sound. It's enough to stop an alarm clock!"

MARK THIS DISTINCTION: A purely local disease of the skin, like barber's itch, is cured by Weaver's Cerate alone. But where the blood is loaded with impurity, such as Salt Rheum, Weaver's Syrup also should be used.

He: "Mabel, you grow more beautiful every day!" She (pleased): "Oh, Jack; you do exaggerate!" He: "Well, then, every other day!"

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

Mrs. Fondma—"There! Isn't baby the image of his father?" Oldchum—"Absolutely! Same lack of expression, same red nose, no teeth to speak of—and, by George, prematurely bald, too!"

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.

FINGERPOSTS TO FORTUNE.

Create a personality. This is perhaps one of the greatest secrets which lead to success. Amongst your own little circle let your influence be felt, gradually the circle will be widened, and you will have a larger field to exert that influence. Never neglect an opportunity. There are many people to-day who know that they have not won either wealth or fame because they were afraid to venture, afraid to take the path which suddenly opened out to them. To succeed wants courage. If an opportunity suddenly looms before you, there is no time to ponder as to whether you have the necessary qualifications to undertake it. The place is there ready to be filled; it must be taken, and you must at once resolve to fill it. Make no enemies. This at first, may seem impossible, but nothing is impossible to him who wills. "If you have friends, you have enemies," is the popular belief, but that is not so.

WHAT DO PEOPLE NEED who are run down anemic, pale, listless? "Ferrovim," the best tonic. It builds, makes strong, gives new life. There are many tonics but only one, "Ferrovim."

He—"Tell me, confidentially, how much did that bonnet cost you?" She—"George, there is but one way in which you can obtain the right to inspect my millinery bills.' He popped.

Often what appear to be the most trivial occurrences of life prove to be the most momentous. Many are disposed to regard a cold as a slight thing, deserving of little consideration, and this neglect often results in most serious ailments entailing years of suffering. Drive out colds and coughs with Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the recognized remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs.

A MURDERER'S PARADISE.

Switzerland is the murderer's paradise, if the story told of Lucchesi, the Italian Anarchist and assassin of the Empress Elisabeth of Austria, be true. Lucchesi did not act without reason when he chose Geneva for the scene of his crime. According to a well-informed correspondent the assassin enjoys four meals a day, plenty of fresh air, exercise and permission to smoke his pipe at the expense of the Government. He listens to lectures delivered by a professor of languages, engages in light work, for which he is paid, and reads the best classical and contemporary authors. It is not surprising to hear that his health is excellent, and that after studying Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Jean Jacques Rousseau he is now preparing to write his own memoirs.

She: "I'm surprised at your kissing me in the conservatory just now!" He: "My dear Miss Peachleigh, it's a failing of mine. I'm a chronic osculatory kleptomaniac!"

Trial Proves its Excellence.—The best testimonial one can have of the virtue of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the treatment of bodily pains, coughs, colds and affections of the respiratory organs, is a trial of it. If not found the sovereign remedy it is reputed to be, then it may be rejected as useless, and all that has been said in its praise denounced as untruthful.

Teacher—"The trunk is the middle part of the body. Freddie—"I say, teacher, I think you'd better go to the circus and see the elephant!"

IT'S EASY TO LET a cold hang on. Each night and day we are sure it will be gone, but it stays with us. Allen's Lung Balsam will check its advance and restore health.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

Joakley: "There's a fellow who gives himself dead away every time he starts talking."

Coakley: "You don't say? What's the trouble?"

Joakley: "He makes his living by posing as a deaf and dumb beggar."

"Do you know, my husband had a terrible habit of sleeping in church, but he broke himself of it." "How?" "Gave up going."

Shiloh's Cure Cures Coughs and Colds QUICKLY

Use Shiloh's Cure for the worst cold, the sharpest cough—try it on a guarantee of your money back if it doesn't actually CURE quicker than anything you ever tried. Safe to take,—nothing in it to hurt even a baby. 34 years of success commend Shiloh's Cure—25c., 50c., $1.

THE VALUE OF COD LIVER OIL

No physician would dispute the value of COD LIVER OIL in nervous and pulmonary diseases. If the nauseous grease did not so frequently disagree as to more than counteract the good done by the therapeutic principles of the oil.

In "BRICK'S TASTELESS" there is no grease. It increases the appetite, stimulates the digestion, invigorates the nerves by nourishing them, and CURES Coughs, Colds and Bronchitis. Its timely use is an insurance against serious consequences, as the weakened system is a prey to germ diseases, such as Tuberculosis, Typhoid and Typhus Fevers, and Diphtheria.

Brick's guarantee with every bottle is an evidence of our faith in this matchless Preparation.

"BRICK'S TASTELESS" is put up in eight (8) ounce bottles, retail price fifty (50) cents, and in twenty (20) ounce bottles, retail price one (1) dollar.

REAL STICKERS.

The teacher had been reading to the class about the great forests of America.

"And now, boys," she announced afterward, "which one of you can tell me the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?"

Up went a hand in the front row.

"The porcupine, ma'am."

There is something wrong with the bride who doesn't select a homelier girl than herself for her bridesmaid.

Special Notice.

$185.00 cash will buy new upright piano, fully warranted. Write Mail Order Department, THE LEACH PIANO CO. Ltd., Montreal, for illustrated catalogue.

FEATHER DYEING

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

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.
MONTREAL.





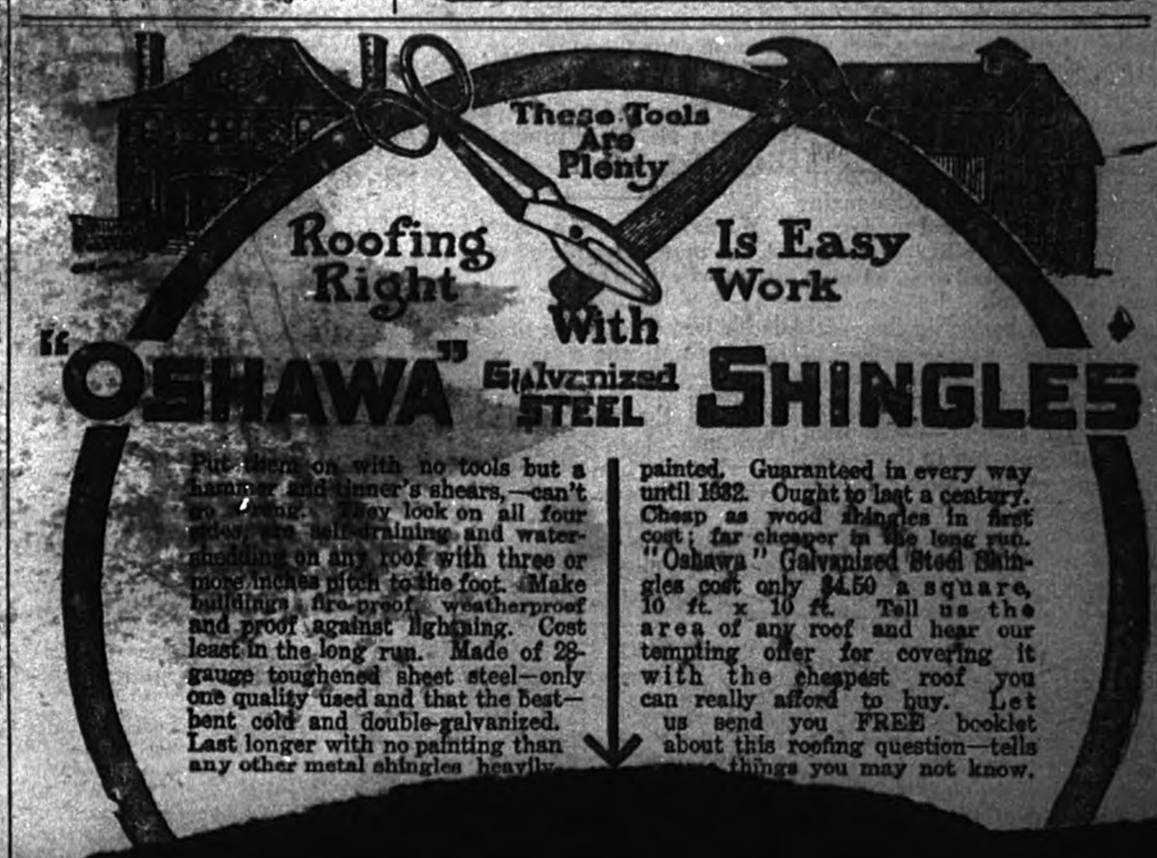
FACTORY

—WITH—

Power, Heat, Electric Light, to Lease for a Term of Years.

Central location. About ten thousand square feet in four floors and basement. Excellent shipping facilities Standard Fire Sprinkler System. Low insurance rate.

MURRAY F. WILSON, 81 Adelaide St. West, Toronto



The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VA EY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, DEC. 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

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

WHEN THE LORD WAS BORN.

It was not in the glow of a noontide high,
Or the tender grace of morn,
But shadows were over the earth and sky—
'Twas night when the Lord was born.

This is ever the way God molds His deeds,
In silence and out of sight;
They hide in the dark like precious seeds,
Then suddenly rise to light.

So whenever a night with shadowy wing
Folds darkly over our way,
We must listen to hear God's angels sing,
And watch for the dawning day.

Let us say, when we sit in darkness long,
With an aching heart forlorn:
"It was night when the angels sang their song,
'Twas night when the Lord was born!"

For all the glad days that rolled into light
Since the first glad day had birth
Were not half so bright as the one dark night
When the Saviour came to earth.

And at last we shall own in the heavenly clime,
With a finished life in view,
That our darkest nights in the path of time
Were the brightest days we knew.

RETROSPECT.

The close of the year invites a retrospect. Looking backwards one is impressed with the prevalence of peace throughout the world, unbroken save by the conflict of the Mohammedan tribes and the battalions of France on the plains of Morocco, which gives promise of terminating in the extension of the reign of the Prince of Peace in that land. Not only has the peace of the world been preserved, but as far as one can judge, the events of the year have made for the greater amity and more complete concord of the nations. The opening months of the year were disturbed by rumors of trouble impending between the United States and Japan, which have been happily allayed. In Europe there have been notable developments that go far to reassure one's hope that the day will yet dawn when men shall no more learn war. The Peace Congress at The Hague, though it has not made impossible the maintenance of armies and navies, or avoided the possibility of armed conflict, has marked some advance towards that end. But not least significant as hastening the glorious fulfilment of the prophecy of the Angel to the watching Shepherds in the fields of Bethlehem—"Peace on Earth"—have been the events centering in the person and work of His Most Gracious Majesty—King Edward VII. Edward the Peace-maker, for as such he has become known, having brought about improved relations between France & Britain, has just received as his guest and of the English Nation, Emperor William, who had come to be regarded as the menace of the peace of Europe and the enemy of Britain, and from the Kaiser's lips, speaking in London, have fallen upon the ears of the world, or, to speak with exactness, of the United States, and sympathetically of the country. For though Canadians have been made to understand that there has been a tightness in the money market they have not experienced its severity as those who reside in the American Union. There has been a remarkable shrinkage in the nominal values of American securities of the better class. Gilt-edge railway stocks, not less than industrials, can be bought to-day at from 30 to 50 p.c. decline from the prices paid for them twelve to eighteen months ago. This under the anomalous condition of a really prosperous country. The farmers of the United States are this year realizing more for their crops than ever before in their history and the railways are taxed to their utmost to transport the products of factory and farm. Indeed, it has been the great prosperity of the country which has induced the money stringency that has been the notable feature of the latter half of the year. Business has been more than the available capital could handle and a crisis arose which threatened serious consequences to the trade of the continent. Happily conditions have improved and the year closes with a brighter outlook for our own cousins, the Americans, to the south of us.

Canadians have had to suffer, sympathetically, with their neighbors and have experienced the trouble of borrowing in the world's markets the money needed for legitimate enterprises, while the farmers particularly of the North-west have encountered the reverse caused by a backward spring and early autumn frosts. Aside from these conditions the year supplies abundant reason for thanksgiving this Christmas season.

The Colonial Conference, at which there gathered in London representatives of the several colonies of the empire, including the British South African possessions so recently engaged in war with the Motherland and her dependencies, is another of the outstanding events of the year. If no concrete event marked the gathering of these statesmen, it is significant that such a Conference was held and that the thoughts of all British subjects were focused on the event and that which it portends.

Whatever the future of the Empire or any portion of it, the great outstanding fact abides, that a conference of the high contracting parties took place and the forces of reason and love were the most potent invoked to solve the problem of national destiny.

The WATCHMAN wishes all its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Whatever has been or yet may be, the present is a period of peace and good-will to men. How blessed it would be if everybody would do his best to maintain the Christmas spirit all the year through.

Would the reader enjoy this Christmas-tide to the full let him do what in him lies to make another happy.

Christmas is God's gift to men. Its truest blessing lies in imitation of the divine.

LAKE VIEW.

—:o:—

Mr. Ross McVicar is spending his holidays in Edina.

Mr. Geo. M. Tomalty paid a flying visit to Calumet on Christmas Day.

FURS!
FURS!
FURS!

W. Banford & Son,

P. FUR COATS.

THE GREAT GUEST COMES.

While the cobbler mused, there passed his pane
A beggar drenched by the driving rain;
He called him in from the stormy street
And gave him shoes for his bruised feet.
The beggar went, and there came a crone,
Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown,
A bundle of faggots bowed her back,
And she was spent with the wrench and rack.
He gave her his loaf and steadied her load
As she took her way on the weary road,
Then to his door came a little child,
Lost and afraid in the world so wild
In the big, dark world. Catching it up,
He gave it the milk in the waiting cup,
And led it home to its mother's arms,
Out of the reach of the world's alarms.

The day went down in the crimson west,
And with it the hope of the blessed Guest
And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray:
"Why is it, Lord that Your feet delay?
Did you forget that this was the day?"
Then soft in the silence a voice he heard;
"Lift up your heart, for I keep My word.
Three times I came to your friendly door;
Three times My shadow wes on your floor,
I was the beggar with bruised feet;
I was the woman you gave to eat;
I was the child on the homeless street."

OBITUARY.

Our quiet little community is cast into a sudden gloom through the sad death of one of its popular young men in the person of Mr. Jno. O'Brien, eldest son of the second family of Mr. Jas. O'Brien, Chatboro. The deceased was a bright energetic young man of about 28 years; loved by all who knew him as a good, upright and sturdy young man. He had been a devoted m mber of the L.O.L. No. 1453 of Dalesville. Mr. O'Brien had enjoyed good health up till three years ago, when employed in the Dominion Cartridge Co's works, he had the misfortune to meet with an explosion which resulted in the loss of one eye and the fracture of the left hand, following he contracted a bad cold which developed into acute tuberculosis and he never recovered. Dr. Alexander had been in attendance. Hope was held until last Sunday, when it was found his life was beyond the aid of earthly care. The sympathy of the entire community is with the parents and friends in their sad bereavement. The funeral which took place on Thursday was followed by a large crowd of sorrowing friends. Six of his devoted brothers of L.O.L. Dalesville Lodge bore his remains to his last resting place at St. Andrews.

"We loved him, yes, we loved him,
But Jesus loved him more;
And He has sweetly called him
To yonder shining shore.

The Golden Gates were opened
A gentle voice said "Come!"
And with farewell unspoken,
He calmly entered home."

BEECH RIDGE.

—:o:—

Mrs. D. M. Loynachan & daughter of Montreal, are at present guests of Mrs. Robt. G. Morrin.

Miss L. Cooke of Ottawa, is spending the holidays with her parents.

Mr. A. D. Morrin of McGill is enjoying his vacation with his friends.

Miss Edith Funcheon has returned home for a short time.

Miss M. Morrin has returned from her school to spend Christmas with her parents.

Mrs. McArthur of Montreal, spent Xmas Eve with her brother, Mr. M. Smith.

ST. PHILIPPE.

—:o:—

Master Reuben Chambers is home for his Christmas holidays.

Mr. Jobial Cass spent a few days last week visiting friends in Montreal.

Mrs. Chambers of Dalesville, is spending the holidays with her

Mr. John Martin of Manitoba, is home on a visit to his parents. He has been absent some thirty years.

Quite a number from around here attended the social at Mr. Duncan McGibbon's in Brownsburg. All reported a good time.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE,—Single horse wood sleigh, (nearly new). Apply to H. BARKER, Lachute Mills.

FOR SERVICE,—Good pedigreed Berkshire (large breed.) Purchased from P. Lefebvre of Vaudreuil Hill. Apply to JNO. SOMERVILLE, St. Philippe.

FOR SALE,—Flour, Bran Shorts and Hay. Large quantity always on hand.
H. FILION,
Lachute.

HORSE WANTED,—A good driving horse for his keep for the winter.
Address "DRIVER,"
The Watchman.

Public Notice.

I hereby certify that I wish to inform the public at large, that from this date on, I will not be responsible for any debt contracted by any member of my family.
MRS SWISHA GODIM,
Rouge Valley, Que.

NOTICE.

Any person found trespassing on my property or cutting ice, without permission from me, will be prosecuted.
J. W. FUNCHEON,
Dec. 19th, 07. Beech Ridge.

FOR SALE
First Class Building Lot.

The undersigned offers for sale the lot known on the official plan of that part of the Parish of St. Jerusalem, now forming the Town of Lachute, under No. 753, the property of J. L. St. Jacques, Esq., Advocate, situated at the corner of Main and Hugh Streets in the East Ward, next to the residence of Dr. B. S. Stackhouse. This lot is one of the few remaining first class lots in the centre of Lachute Town. Apply to C. CALDER,
Lachute, Que.

Flour & Feed

The very best grades in Flour and Feed, Hay, Etc., can always be secured if you buy of me.

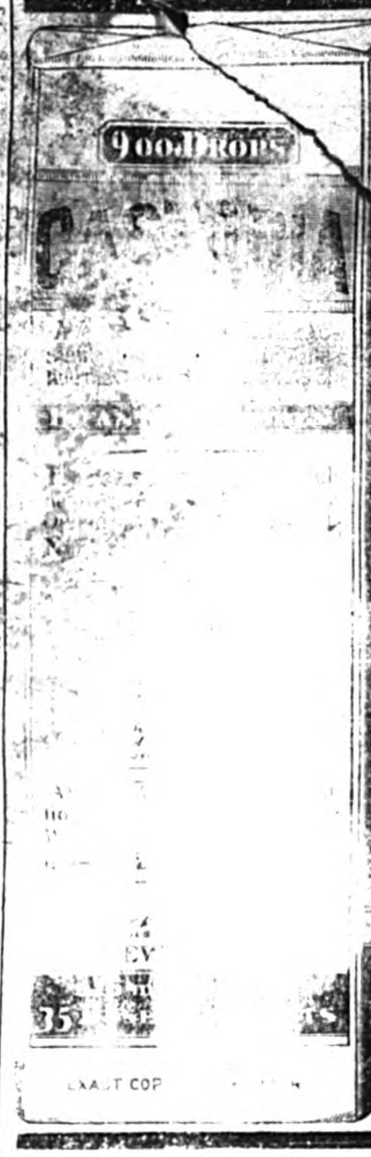
My prices are low and I will serve you promptly and well. Don't forget . . . to call on . . .

J. McDonald,
BROWNSBURG.

Cheap Sale
Of Ladies' Millinery.

During this month I am offering my entire stock of Millinery, Furs, Fancy Goods, Christmas Calendars, Toys, and a number of "Teddy Bears" at very low prices, so that everyone buying of me will secure a bargain.

...vin,



CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 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 both 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 . . . . . 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.

FARM FOR SALE.

Comprising 175 acres in the Township of Chatham, being Lots 27 and 28 in the 7th Range, all well fenced and with good buildings, with Maple Sugar Bush of four or five hundred trees fit for tapping good well stoned up with pump in it close to house, good spring for cattle, not far from buildings, stone milk house. Also 125 acres in the Township of Grenville, being Lot No. 1 in the 6th Range, with good fences and log barn, young maple bush of about 200 trees fit for tapping. Spring creek runs through this farm, also several other springs, lots of cedar on farm for fencing, also plenty of firewood and building material. Both farms front on front road. About one mile from School, Cheese-factory, Post-Office & Store.

Anyone wishing to purchase this property ...amine the same before snow-fall.
JOHN RANEY,
Chatham.

Central Carriage Works and Blacksmith Shop.



I beg leave to remind the public that I have purchased the carriage shop and business of Mr. Lavigne on Foundry Street, and I am now prepared to fill all orders entrusted to my care. Satisfaction guaranteed and work executed on shortest notice.

We do all kinds of repairs, none too ...or too small, so give us a trial order ...atisfied.

JACQUES

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

Keep Warm and buy an Overcoat at DOIG'S.

Over **50** of them to be sold at big reductions as they are the Winter Samples of the Lion Brand Clothing House.

Also a very Choice lot of LADIES SAMPLE COATS.

We have Coats to suit everyone. In Coon and Black Furs.

Don't miss the chance of a lifetime to get one of these garments. They must be sold and PRICE will do it.

In UNDERCLOTHING for Men, Women and Children, we can't be beat.

Our Stock of Boots and Shoes for everybody is very complete, and every lady and school girl wants to get a pair of our Berlin Boots as they are perfection for winter wear.

LADIES' JACKETS

Just a few left, though we had to send a repeat order to factory. Balance will be closed out at prices to please every purchaser.

DOIG'S Opposite the Post Office

XMAS EXAMS.

LOUISA SCHOOL No 1.

Gr. IV,—Alma Tomalty 1109, Christena Neill 1072.

Gr. III,—Gertrude Tomalty 579, N. Green 561, Douglas Neill 520, Sarah Neill 474, George Seale 341. Archie Robertson and Gracie Boyd absent.

Gr. II,—Andrew Neill 387, William Tolbert Boyd 341.

Gr. I,—Maude Boyd 188, Alice M. Boyd 150.

II Primer,—Edna Thompson 122.

I Primer,—Myrtle Tomalty 65, L. Boyd and Bella Boyd 50.

M. C. JAMES, Teacher.

DALESVILLE SCHOOL.

Gr. IV,—Ada Morrow 1220, Maggie MacArthur 1012, Ruby Silverson 950, Lizzie Silverson 914.

Gr. III,—Ruby Vary 883, Hubert Barker 871, George Graham 801, Alice Dixon 661, Maggie Vary and David Seale, Jessie & Annie Silverson, Alma Dixon and Wilbert Titley absent during the examinations.

Gr. II,—Emily Barker 812, George McCor[illegible] 628, Charlie Graham 585, Edna [illegible]n 570, Maggie Seale 521, Ella [illegible]ley and Ernest Cleland absent

II Primer,—Bertha Tomalty 509, Maudie Seale 491, Mina Dixon and Alma Marshall equal 456, Della Marshall 449.

I Primer,—Lornie Tomalty 325, M. Barker 300.

M. A. CHAMBERS, Teacher.

JERUSALEM SCHOOL No. 3.

Gr. IV. [Max. 1270,—Jessie Walker 1094, Albert Cleland 1034, Emma Walker 1003, Ethel Black 997, George Morrin 915, Freddy Walker 816, May Hume 663, James Cleland 596.

Gr. III, [Max. 1155],—Gilbert Cleland 760, Bessie Hume 648, Hilda Cleland 592.

Gr. II,—[Max. 965,]—Clifford Leishman 796, Katie Walker 790, Alma Gordon 756, Dawson Cleland & Dora Black 622, Muriel Gordon 605.

Gr. I, (Max. 560,)—Verda Kettyle 468, Eleanor Black 435, Harry Cleland 417, Lebert Hume 401.

Gr. I Jr.,—Wilfrid Robinson.

L. PATTERSON, Teacher.

BEECH RIDGE.

Mr. Malcolm Smith spent a part of this week with friends in Montreal.

Mr. Robt. Summerby who has been attending McDonald College, has returned home for his vacation.

The funeral of the late Mr. Thomas Cowan took place on Thursday afternoon. Much sympathy is extended to the family in their bereavement.

CASTORIA.

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

WEDDING BELLS.

MITCHELL—O'BRIEN.

A quiet wedding took place at Pembina, North Dakota, on Wednesday, Dec. 18th, at 5 o'clock, p.m., in the presence of a number of invited guests at Jno. F. Mitchell's residence when he was united in marriage by the Rev. Mr. Karr of the Methodist Church, to Miss Maud O'Brien, third daughter of Mr. Jas. O'Brien of Chatboro. The bride who was given away by Mr. Thos. Lund, wore a gown of white habutai silk trimmmed with valenciennes lace and insertion, in which she looked very pretty. She was attended by Mrs. McFarlane, sister of the groom, who was also gowned in white habutai silk, while the groom was ably attended by Mr James Parker, After the ceremony a sumptuous supper was served at which they all did ample justice.

The guests left after spending a pleasant evening, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell all good wishes for a long and happy life. Their tokens were handsome which proved the esteem in which "Jack" was held after having been a resident of Pembina for the past nine years.

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.

Don't Forget

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

A. C. Bradford

Opposite the Skating Rink.

CHRISTMAS

Is here again, and we are ready for it with a beautiful array of goods, equal, if not better, than any that can be secured between the two cities. Everything suitable for presents for young and old. Come and see for yourself.

We wish to thank all our many friends for their past patronage and take this opportunity of wishing all The Compliments of the Season.

Hardie & Co.

Baker and General Merchants, Brownsburg, P.Q.

New Fall Goods

J. R. McOUAT

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 ...

ROOF AND SIDES

If you believe in Quality; if you want the best for your money; if you want Durability and Satisfaction, you will insist upon having

PAROID ROOFING



and will not take an imitation. Paroid is admittedly the standard roofing of the world. It has taken the makers nearly 100 years to perfect it. Any one can lay it in any kind of weather—and it "stays put." Weather proof, wear proof, contains no tar. Slate color. Complete roofing kit in each roll. Before you repair or build send for FREE SAMPLE. It will save you money.

H. PAQUIN, St. Philippe

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 ... with sashes' doors,

GEOFFROY BEDARD

Tailor and Gent's Outfitter,

MAIN ST., LACHUTE.

We have just opened up a fine assortment of Fine Goods for

Fall Overcoats

They are the Nobbiest Goods in town and will make you up a good showy, serviceable Suit or Coat.

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.

PHOTOGRAPHS!

The Time! Now

The Place! HOLLAND'S

The Opportunity! Yours

We are now booking Christmas Orders. The Latest Styles in

PORTRAITS, — GROUPS, — BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS,

A Camera or Kodak makes a most acceptable Christmas Gift.

KODAKS • CAMERAS

HUNGER CAPTURES THEM

EMPTY STOMACHS NEARLY ALWAYS GIVES CONVICTS AWAY.

Famine Forces Them to Seek Houses, Where They Are Invariably Secured.

The two convicts who recently escaped from Princetown, Dartmoor, were caught, like most similar fugitives, whilst having a meal, says London Tit-Bits. The popular idea—a natural one, much encouraged by writers of fiction—that such prison breakers are captured whilst hiding in romantic spots deep in the wild moors, is seldom realized. If the men oculd exist in such localities, the chances are they would get away permanently; as it is, famine forces them to seek human dwellings, where they are almost invariably secured whilst satisfying their hunger. It was so with the pair referred to—they were seated at a meat tea, set before them by involuntary hosts, a Dartmoor farmer and his wife, who, whilst granting their petition for food, sent word to the warders who were searching for them.

Another prisoner who escaped from the same convict station was located through much the same cause. He had successfully crossed Dartmoor to the railway, where he succeeded in secreting himself in a passing railway truck. Exhausted by privation he fell asleep, and did not awaken until the wagon was uncovered at Penzance. There he might have got off with a reprimand, as a mere tramp who had risked his life for a free ride, but the vehemence with which he declared

HIS FAMISHED CONDITION

aroused suspicion, and he was detained pending inquiry.

The fate of a convict who is said to have been the only man who ever escaped from Portland was somewhat similar. After getting clear of the prison by means of a pail-handle ingeniously used, he hid in the neighboring quarries, where he lived for nearly a week upon bread he had taken with him. At the end of that time, partly by swimming, and partly by creeping along Chesil Beach, he reached the outskirts of Dorchester, where he entered a clergyman's house, helped himself liberally to food, and substituted a clerical suit for his own arrow-marked garments—all but one little item. Then he walked out amongst his fellow-men, but he had not money to buy food, and was compelled to live on blackberries. Some days later an intelligent constable, surprised to observe a seeming clergyman grazing upon bramble bushes, approached to investigate. The fugitive was on the point of satisfying the policeman's curiosity when the latter chanced to notice that the "clergyman" was wearing prison socks.

AFTER THAT THE GAME WAS UP.

But perhaps the most curious instance of escaped convicts being brought back to durance vile owing to their appetites occurred at Parkhurst, where two men evaded the warders one night and, being at liberty, chanced upon a house where a supper party had just risen from table. They found the room deserted and sat down to what was left of the feast, with the result that when they got up to go away they were caught without difficulty, simply because they had eaten so much that they were incapable of doing anything to save themselves.

Occasionally, of course, men get away, and are taken back through other causes than those connected with need of food. Such cases are few and far between, but one occurred some years ago, when a convict escaped from Borstal, near Rochester, by getting through a skylight. From there he dropped to the ground and broke his ankle, so that he could hardly move. At daylight he was observed crawling towards a wood, and re-arrested.

A different fate overtook one of the three who escaped from Princetown.

ONE WAS SHOT DEAD,

one only got a very short distance from the prison, while the third successfully evaded his pursuers and reached Davenport, having meantime procured a change of clothes. There, whilst walking along the street, a dog accompanying a policeman smelt at his legs, and the man was so "jumpy" that he bolted on the spot. The constable, his suspicions aroused, chased and caught him, with the result that he was taken back whence he had come.

But, on the whole, bolts and bars are found less effectual than the fear of famine, which is probably the reason why the State prison of Represa, California, has neither the one nor the other. If a convict tries to leave there he may be shot; if he gets off it is a practical certainty that he must starve to death.

BABIES IN PUBLIC-HOUSES.

Beer Given to Infants to Keep Them Quiet—English Statistics.

From statistics prepared by the police forces of London and the large provincial towns, and issued by the English Home Secretary, it is clear that there is an extensive practice among women in lower class districts to take infants and young children into public houses at all hours and from early morning until late at night.

In many cases women were seen to give infants beer to drink—as it made them sleepy and quiet—and in [illegible] dip a finger in the liquor [illegible] child "a taste." [illegible] constables [illegible]

$1,500,000,000 IS WANTED

GREAT SCHEMES WHICH ARE WAITING REALIZATION.

Enormous Sums of money Would be Required to Finance These Works.

Whether the scheme put forward recently for the construction of a canal through the heart of Canada, to connect the wheat district with the sea, will ever get beyond the stage of plans and become an accomplished fact, remains to be seen. At any rate, we are told that there is every probability of the canal being constructed. This canal would cost one hundred million dollars or so, but—or so the promoters state—the advantage to Canada would be tremendous, and the canal would soon become a paying concern, says London Answers.

The curious thing about this scheme is that, like many other great schemes, it was put forward several years ago, but never matured. It is at least twenty years since this Canadian canal was first mooted. At that time it was regarded as too expensive a matter to be taken in hand, and so it was allowed to drop. Since then, of course, things have altered. Canada has been booming of late years, and it may well be that the development of the country calls for a canal, and makes its financial success more assured.

A CANAL ACROSS SCOTLAND.

to connect the Forth and the Clyde has frequently been suggested. This would provide a short cut for battleships in case of war, and, although the work would cost over thirty-five million dollars, it is said that the advantage to the nation should far outweigh any consideration of cost.

Last year two old schemes were revived in England, but neither of them were approved by Parliment. One was a proposal to construct a new railway round three parts of London. Whole streets of houses were to be swept away; the Parliamentary estimate of the cost was enormous—and Parliamentary estimates have a knack of always being largely exceeded. As a matter of fact, this particular proposal had been approved of by Parlament, and the line authorized some fifteen years before, but no one had sufficient faith in its paying capacity to construct the line, and so the powers were allowed to lapse.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

What with schemes to burrow under the Channel, to bridge right over it, at a cost of one hundred and fifty million dollars, and to make ferries for the trains, Father Neptune has been often perturbed, and these schemes are certain to be put forward again periodically. That a quick route to France is desirable can hardly be doubted; but the enormous cost of a tunnel, and the smallness of the revenue it would bring in, makes this scheme unlikely to be carried out.

Taking it all round, the Tiber is probably the most famous river in the world. Once it was the subject of a big scheme. Garibaldi, who was alarmed at the dangerous floods to which the Tiber was subject, wanted to have the course of the river diverted. This was, of course, for the protection of Rome. One of the most famous English engineers was asked to undertake the work, and the idea was only finally abandoned when it was proved that the cost of the scheme would be simply enormous, and far out of proportion to the benefits, if any, which would be derived.

But the most daring scheme of all, and one which is unquestionably absurd, was one to construct

A WALL ROUND GREAT BRITAIN.

The cost would be $1,000,000,000. The top of the wall was to have been made into a nice wide road, but what use the whole thing would have been no one seems to know. And yet the scheme was revived in all seriousness within the last ten years.

It is doubtful if one billion five hundred million dollars would be sufficient to complete more than a small fraction of the engineering schemes that have been proposed during the present generation and abandoned. It is quite certain that a man with this amount of money to spend would have enough to do. Cranks have small notion of finance, and the more a scheme costs the better they think it is.

PIGEON POST IN AFRICA.

French Government Uses It to Keep in Touch with Stations in the Congo.

Awaiting the establishment of wireless telegraphy the French Government has fallen back on pigeon posts to keep up communication with some of its outlying posts in central Africa. Especially has it been used in the case of the expedition under Dr. Martius of the Pasteur Institute, who is in the Congo region studying the sleeping sickness which is [illegible] Dark Conti-

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

What the Leaders of the Social and Political World are Saying and Doing.

King Edward carries at one end of his gold albert a gold key which opens his private writing desk, and there is no duplicate. All State papers, however, are kept in despatch-boxes until transferred to the safes in the secretariat, and of these the keys are kept by Lord Knollys. When His Majesty has quitted his personal apartment, no servant is allowed to enter until an assistant secretary has destroyed the contents of the waste-basket, the blotting-pads, and even the printed wrappers of newspapers received from every capital in Europe.

The announcement the other day in connection with the effort which is being made to crush the Standard Oil Trust, that Mr. J. D. Rockefeller owned five times as much stock as any other individual, his present holding being 247,692 shares has set experts trying to find out the truth about Mr. Rockefeller's income. The present value of Mr. Rockefeller's oil stock is about $110,000,000, and in the last twenty-five years he has received in dividends nearly $145,000,000. Other stock held by the "Oil King" is valued at $200,000,000, so that his fortune is somewhere about $300,000,000, not $1,000,000,000, as we have been told.

The sixteen-year-old Princess Dagmar of Denmark, who has just published a little book on the subject of "Wild Flowers of Scandinavia," has added her name to the list of Royal ladies who have distinguished themselves by their pen. The young Queen of Spain has just finished a one-act play which, it is stated, is to be performed at Sandringham before Their Majesties the King and Queen. The youngest sister of the German Empress, Princess Fedora of Schleswig-Holstein, has also gained fame as an authoress by writing the powerful novel entitled "Hahn Berta," published in Germany recently. To "Carmen Sylva" the Queen of Roumania, however, belongs the distinction of being the most prolific Royal authoress of the day. Her books total about thirty volumes.

The miscellaneous objects which have been collected by Mr. Harry de Windt, the intrepid traveller, who has just started on a reindeer trip in the Laplands, form a somewhat gruesome private museum. A Buddhist praying wheel, the skull of a Dyak warrior, Dyak shields adorned with hair from the scalps of enemies, daggers and spears in abundance, a Russian convict's dress, a set of chains which once hung from the legs and arms of a Siberian prisoner, and a genuine English cat-o'-nine-tails are amongst the most curious objects. In spite of the hundred and one perils through which he has passed, Mr. de Windt considers that his narrowest escape from death occurred when many years ago he fell into the Thames at Boulter's Lock. He could not swim and was nearly drowned. Within a week Mr. de Windt was an expert swimmer.

An amusing story is being told at Rome about the trouble that Margherita, Queen-Mother of Italy, has had with her maids of late years. Some six years ago she noticed a woman in the street wearing a dress which seemed strangely familiar to her, and a few minutes' thought convinced her that the dress was one she had recently discarded. Investigations at the Palace disclosed the fact that one of the Queen's maids, to whom the dress had been given, had sold it, and for this the maid was dismissed. Queen Margherita engaged another woman, whom for years she regarded as a "perfect jewel of a maid." Quite recently, however, it came to light that the second maid had been making $5,000 a year by the sale of the Queen's cast-off apparel, which was always given to her. This she sold generally to American women, stipulating that they should not be worn in Italy, and it was only the breach of this pledge on the part of a woman from Buffalo that brought about the second maid's discomfiture.

The people who have been expressing surprise that Hon. John Burns should be capable of tramping thirty odd miles with the soldiers of the German army evidently are not aware that the President of the British Local Government Board prides himself upon his physical fitness quite as much as upon his honesty. "Keep the muscle firm and the brain will be clear," is his motto; hence his prowess as a cricketer, swimmer, boxer, and pedestrian. Mention of John Burns's honesty reminds the writer of a significant incident which took place a short time ago when "John of Battersea" was sitting for his portrait in the studio of a well-known artist. He took some letters from his pocket, and asked if he might answer them while he was thus engaged. Seeing among the papers he laid on the table a couple of cheques, the artist said, with a laugh, "You seem to be rich, John!" "Ah!" Burns replied, "so I might be if I liked—if I would consent to be bought.' He thereupon showed the painter two cheques which he had received that day—one of them for a large amount—saying that he was frequently receiving such gifts. "But,' said he, "I return them all," and as he said so he placed the cheques in envelopes, which he addressed and sent back by post.

ROYAL JEWELS.

[illegible] people

GRAFT IN RELIEF FUND

ITALY'S KING WAS TRICKED BY OFFICIAL THIEVES.

Wealthy Firms Reaped the Benefit of Money Subscribed for Charity.

Disgraceful revelations respecting the maladministration of charitable donations to the Calabrian (Italy) earthquake sufferers' fund of 1905 are now made public through a leakage of the facts contained in the report of the Parliamentary Commission appointed last year to enquire into the matter. Only fifteen copies have so far been printed for private circulation in Cabinet circles at Rome, because the Government feared that the publication of the report would seriously affect the inflow of subscriptions for the victims of the latest upheaval.

Lengthy extracts from the report printed in the responsible organs of the press attribute some of the worst abuses to the confusion which reigned at the moment, as well as to the primitive isolation of many of the affected hamlets over the vast earthquake region.

STORES LOOTED BY RICH.

In many places, while the genuine needy sat stupefied and weeping beside the ruins, where their families and friends lay dead or dying, the official storehouses were literally sacked by savage throngs of well-to-do individuals utterly unaffected by the catastrophe, who bore off all the clothes and bed coverings. In other places, with the guilty connivance of the local mayors and municipalities, the constructors of shelters, who were to be paid at the rate of $100 per shelter for the accommodation of five families, charged as having provided for twenty families where they had really only built for two, so that in all such cases eighteen families went absolutely destitute.

Again, wealthy landlords, pretending eagerness to join the philanthropic work threw open their vacant properties to the homeless, and after contriving to get their premises stocked with public goods, sequestered these under lock and key, and on the plea of the imaginary damage to their buildings came upon the funds to the tune of 10 francs apiece per day for wretched rooms of an actual rent value of 20 francs a month.

THE KING TRICKED.

Extraordinary tricks were resorted to by local authorities to work upon the feelings of King Victor Emmanuel so as to obtain larger grants. Sham subjects were hired over large areas to come to pack to their utmost capacity those hospitals which the generous-hearted monarch was to be taken to visit, while at the entrance of a certain town a huge factory was actually demolished in fantastic fashion for the purpose of arresting the attention of the royal visitor.

These and similar frauds brought to his knowledge just after the late disasters, in proof sheets of the report, are said to be the true secret of the king's sudden change of purpose after he had already announced his intention to visit Calabria.

CANDY MEN OF MEXICO.

Business That Dates Back to the Times of the Aztecs.

The street candy pedler is one of the things that attract the attention of the tourist on his first arrival in Mexico. As the climate here is warm enough to be out of doors all the year round, the candy vendor is to be found at his post from one year's end to the other, including Sundays, Saturdays and feast days, says the Mexican Herald.

The candy man has a very ancient history. The Aztecs were very fond of sweets, of which they understood the art of making very many kinds and varieties. The soldiers of Cortez tell that on their way from this city to Vera Cruz on that memorable march against the City of the Aztecs they were met along the way by vendors who sold sweets of many kinds, which became very agreeable to the taste when once they had got accustomed to them.

The candy vendor takes up his place at the corner of a street, where he remains all day from early morning till late at night. As a general thing, too, you will find him in the same place all the year round. Once a vendor has possession of a certain place the other vendors recognize his right and do not molest him with competition.

Sometimes a vendor will sell only one kind of candy. In this case he in all probability makes it himself. However, many vendors have lately been seized with the progressive spirit of the times and display quite a little stock in trade of many kinds of sweets, most of which are not known outside of Mexico.

The candy vendor generally has a small folding table about one and a half to two and a half feet in dimensions. On this he piles all his wares. Therefore you have no trouble in finding exactly what you want, for there it is all spread out before you. If you find it there you need not make [illegible] The vendor will not

HAW THEY GOT REVENGE

PRIEST GOT EVEN WITH DOCTOR AND VICE VERSA.

Glove Merchant Too Clever for Belgian Government — Speeches Reported as Spoken.

A very ludicrous little comedy of revenge has taken place in the West of Ireland. Two medical men applied for a parish appointment, but the candidate favored by the local priest was rejected. Out of revenge the priest proceeded to distribute the red dispensary tickets to people situated in the most distant part of his parish, and he made the distribution altogether regardless of the real necessity of the cases.

As a result of this, the doctor who obtained the appointment often found himself obliged to go many miles in order to visit a case which proved to be of a trivial character. Now came the doctor's revenge.

He was a man or resource, and as soon as he discovered the priest's little game he made it his rule to tell these distant patients that their condition was so serious that they must send for the priest at once. The upshot of the whole affair was that the parties made a truce and afterwards established

MOST FRIENDLY RELATIONS.

The Customs laws of most governments give the Treasury the right to seize the goods at the declared price, if the appraiser sets upon them a higher value than the importer. Some of the respective governments often make profitable deals in connection with the articles on which duty has to be paid.

A very peculiar revenge was that taken by a merchant upon the Customs authorities. This was in connection with a smart deal made by the Belgian Government at the expense of a glove merchant. In this case the Customs seized 1,000 pairs of imported gloves, paying the merchant the price at which he had declared their value, and so the merchant lost a valuable contract.

The glove merchant felt aggrieved at the manner in which he had been treated by the officials, and he took a very novel way of obtaining revenge. A short time after, another consignment of gloves at the same price arrived, and the Customs officials, much angered, seized them again, and paid the merchant the price at which they were declared. They were put up for auction, and then it was discovered that all the gloves were for the left hand only, and

SO THEY WERE UNSALEABLE.

Shortly afterwards, an old clothes dealer, on paying storage and carriage, was allowed by the disgusted officials to take the gloves away. These were soon afterwards housed in the warehouse of the original importer; they were followed by 1,000 pairs of right-handed gloves, which were passed by the officials without demur, and so the glove merchant obtained a very neat revenge.

A funny little revenge was that taken by an ambitious young author, who had submitted a manuscript to a large publishing firm. The firm read the story, and returned it with the request that it should be condensed. The author cheerfully condensed it, and sent it in again, but once more it was returned with the same request. Then the author obeyed instructions, although he was a bit angered. When it came back for the fifth time, he struck, and took his revenge by writing on a sheet of paper the title of the story, and underneath, the words—"Born, wed, dead."

The pressmen of Sydney some time ago were severely criticised by some of the members of the New South Wales Parliament, objection being made to the manner in which some of the speeches had been reported. The journalists, therefore, reported the speeches exactly as they were given. This is how the speech of one of the members read:

"The reporters—ought not to—the reporters ought not to be the ones to judge of what is important—not to say what should be left out—but—the member can only judge of what is important. As I—as my speeches—as the reports—as what I say is reported sometimes, no one—I mean—to make a brief statement—what the paper thinks of interest—is reported.'—London Answers.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

A holy lope does not make the heavenly tune.

Straining after applause is poor training for it.

Cowardice often walks under the name of conscience.

A nation dies as soon as it ceases to get new ideals.

There is no salvation so long as there is self-satisfaction.

It's an empty life that thinks only of the full pay envelope.

There never can be any unity without sympathy and charity.

It's a poor way to bring men to heaven by shaking them over hell.

No man is so great that he can afford to oppress even the least man.

The better things of life become the worst when they shut out the best.

Great records are made not because of adversities but in spite of them.

It is doubtful if ever any one was [illegible] who was not most anxious to be [illegible] of how much you [illegible] to live [illegible]

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM THE BANKS AND BRAES.

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

The Rev. William Jardine Dobbie, minister of Kinghorn, has resigned after a pastorate of 40 years.

A child of five years, named Margaret Ramsay, was burned to death in a house at 23 Dickson's Close, Cowgate.

The Mitchell Library, Glasgow, completed the first thirty years of its existence as a public institution in active operation.

An expert declares that the harvest is the most disastrous which has occurred in Scotland in the memory of the oldest farmer.

Theresa Malocco, [illegible] daughter of Mr. A[illegible] vendor, High street, Dunfermline, died from injuries by burning.

Mr. William Menzies, Assistant Keeper of the General Registrar's Sasines, Edinburgh, retired on the age limit, after 32 years' service.

Daniel McKerrochar, farmer, of Langbank, Renfrew, while cutting corn, fell from the cutting machine and died before help could reach him.

Two Paisley policemen were presented with certificates in recognition of signal bravery displayed by them in rescuing two girls from a burning house in Paisley.

Unknown miscreants smashed the vital parts of the two new gas engines and the two gas producer plants of the Scottish Ice Rink Company, Crossmyloof.

James Morgan, laborer, Calderstreet, Coatbridge, was found dead sitting on a chair at the fireside. Deceased was in the best of health the previous night.

At Dunoon on Saturday, Jno. M. Garvie, Abercrombie place, High John street, was sent to prison for forty days by Sheriff Penney for deserting his wife and children.

Constable George Campbell, of the western police division, Glasgow, recently retired after 34 years' service during which he had never been absent a day owing to illness.

The estate of Springfield, near Linlithgow, with mansion-house and farm and lands, has been purchased by Mr. R. Cuthbertson, of Glasgow, at the reduced upset price of £18,750.

The body of a man, which was found in the Clyde on Saturday morning at Queen's Dock, was identified later in the day as that of James Murray, who resided at Bearsden.

A petition has been signed by 500 cottars and fishermen from the New townships of the Lewis Island, appealing to the Government for a board lot and small holdings.

A Leith merchant recently received sample of prepared flour from a German firm, who wished him to become agent. On examining the flour proved to be made from [illegible]

The death is announced of Sir James Hector, late director of the Geological Survey of New Zealand and Chancellor of the University of New Zealand. He was a native of Edinburgh.

John William Sharples, twenty-six years of age, a weaver, belonging to Lancashire, was at Ayr Sheriff Court on Tuesday sentenced to six months imprisonment by Sheriff Shairp for bigamy.

Mr. James Coats, jr., Bergushie House, Paisley, has presented Stronord Public School, Palnure, Kirkcudbrightshire, with a handsome library, together with four large wall maps.

WHAT EYE-DOCTORS CAN DO.

How the Operation for Cataract is Conducted.

Only a few years ago, before the days of antiseptic surgery, more than 30 per cent. of all operations performed for cataract of the eye were unsuccessful, resulting in permanent and hopeless blindness for the patient. This was because neither the instruments used nor the surgeon's hands were sterilized, and microbes were thus enabled to invade the wound, producing suppurative infection.

At the present time only about two operations of this kind out of every hundred fail, and the occurrence of infection in any such case would condemn the physician as a bungler. Cataract, of course, is not, as is popularly supposed, a film that forms over the eye, but merely that the crystalline lens which lies directly behind the little round hole called the pupil becomes opaque. This necessarily implies obscuration of vision, and the only way to get rid of the mischief is to remove the lens bodily.

This is accomplished by thrusting a thin-bladed and exceedingly sharp knife down into the eye from above, [illegible] ing the point at the edge of the cornea (which covers [illegible] like a watch-glass [illegible] shaped slit. The capsule of the lens is also cut, [illegible] latter by the help of gentle [illegible] be pushed out and removed. [illegible] the watery fluid escapes from the interior chamber of the eye, but it is [illegible] placed by Nature within a few days and the organ is soon as serviceable as ever, though glasses have to be worn to take the place, in an optical sense, of the lens that is gone.

FUNNY.

"Why did you do that?" demanded the teacher.

"Oh, just for fun," replied Tom Tuff.

"But didn't you know it was against the rules?"

"Sure! Dat's where de fun come in."

Benedict: "Milton's wife left him, [illegible] n't she?" Bachelor: "So they say." "Did he write anything [illegible]" "Oh, yes; 'Paradise Re[illegible]'"

THE SACRIFICE;

—OR—

FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER XX.

Lora had declined to drive out with her mother-in-law. She sat in her room upstairs, looking out into the garden, and scarcely looked up when Aunt Melita came into her boudoir, every minute or two, to tell her of something very important. She had just appeared again with a plateful of cake.

"Really, I cannot understand, Lora," she cried, "how it is that you do not take any pleasure in these preparations. [illegible] quantities of [illegible] are for the poor children of the tree! And the macaroons just come out of the oven [illegible] one—they are made after Von Tollen receipt. Only think how sweet it is of your mother-in-law, who is going to give Katie a new winter cloak. The child looks quite too fashionable in her old jacket—and all the things there are there for you, Lora; I shall not tell you anything about them, only there are so many; you really have a delightful husband—and so rich. Won't you take a macaroon?"

Lora declined, and drew her shawl closer round her, shivering as she did so.

"Well, then, will you excuse me? I must go down again."

The young wife took up her crochet work, but it soon lay forgotten on the window-sill. She took one of the books, bound in white vellum and gold, out of the dainty bookcase. It was "Burns' Poems." She turned over the leaves, scarcely knowing herself what she read. Then her eyes rested on one place:

"O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part us,
The hour and the moment o' time."

As she read, the little river, the birches, and the autumn evening, when she had plighted her troth to him, came back before her. Yes, and she had been cursed from the moment she had broken her faith, and she would remain under the ban as she lived. There was no help for it, except——

She suddenly started to her feet; her book fell to the ground. It is a terrible law which chains two persons together like galley slaves. A sudden fierce rage against order and propriety seized upon her—she gently murdered girl. And in a moment she covered her face with her hands. What wild thoughts would still arise in her tortured brain. A little while ago a telegram had come for her, announcing that her husband would begin his homeward journey on the twenty-seventh of December, and that she was to meet him in Hamburg, the eighth or ninth of January.

He should wait for her then—wait for her in vain, always, always. If to-day were only over!

The dinner-hour came nearer and nearer; Fraulein Melitta kept looking in at intervals. "I can't comprehend where your mother-in-law can be," she cried. "Aren't you anxious? She has been driving about town ever since ten o'clock; it is true she had twelve poor families to visit, but——"

Lora's maid came in.

"A gentleman wishes to speak to you, madam."

Lora took the card from the silver tray, and instantly started to her feet. "My uncle," she stammered. "Uncle William!"

And the next moment she had hurried past her aunt, and the servant, who heard a low cry, half choked by tears: "Oh, uncle, is it you?"

When Aunt Melitta got into the other room, she found Lora's slender figure lying half unconscious in the arms of her eldest brother, who, quite overcome by the appearance and manner of his darling, could say nothing but "Child, Lora—what has happened to you?"

She recovered herself by a strong effort, and drew him, with a trembling hand, into her little boudoir. Then she stood before him, holding both his hands fast, and looked at him with the blue eyes that gazed so anxiously at him from out the small, pale face.

"Uncle," she said, "you have come too late——"

"What is it, my Lorchen, what is it?" he asked, much disturbed.

"Ah, let us not speak of it, uncle; I am talking nonsense. You could have done nothing, either. Sit down, uncle, I am so thankful; it does give me some pleasure on this day."

He seated himself without saying a word, and looked fixedly at her.

"Lora," he said at length, without noticing the presence of Aunt Melita, who was lying on the lounge, sobbing, "Lora—are you—you are not——"

Aunt Melitta's sobs ceased, at an impatient gesture from the old man. "Why, William," she said reproachfully, "What is the matter?"

The young wife stretched out her hand to him. "Uncle, tell me all about yourself."

He translated this to mean: "Let it be; it is of no use. Don't ask me about it. I must dree my weird."

He opened his lips to ask a question, but he closed them again, for just then Frau Elfrieda rustled in, her cheeks blue with the cold, and greeted "his excellency" with such a flood of words, that it was impossible for him to answer her at all. He looked down from his stately height upon this over-dressed little person, and he lifted his bushy eyebrows with the slightest suggestion of a smile.

"And your excellency will spend the day with us?"

Frau Elfrieda nearly melted with softness, as she brought out these words with the sweetest smile.

"Lorchen, child, you must know,—does his excellency prefer a featherbed or a hair mattress? Officers are so peculiar, generally, about their beds. Of course his excellency will prefer Lorchen's modest guest-room, so Frederick shall bring his excellency's baggage from the hotel at once."

"I thank you, madam," replied the general, "but it is against my principles to stay in a private house."

"But, William, you will spoil all Lora's pleasure in her first guest in her charming house," cried Aunt Melitta.

"Lora, you will not be hurt? It is quite impossible, madam."

"No, uncle," replied Lora.

"Oh, how very sorry I am," complained Frau Elfrieda, "but I must go and see about getting you something to eat as soon as possible. Auf wiedersehen! Dearest Fraulein von Tollen, she continued, "can I speak to you for one moment?"

Aunt Melitta followed Frau Becher out with an air of great importance. After they had gone an almost painful stillness reigned in the little room in which the uncle and niece sat together alone.

"God bless my soul," thought the old gentleman. He did not venture even to look at Lora. He thought, with her refined feelings, she must be so ashamed of this common old woman, who was her mother-in-law.

"Lorchen," he said, at length, "you look so miserable, and your mother says you have grown so strange; have confidence in me—are things not right here?"

"Yes, uncle; oh, yes"

"H'm!"

They were silent again, and nothing could be heard but the ticking of the little clock. Lora looked as if she would like to say, "Of what use would it be, uncle? You cannot help me."

The general's honest old heart ached for her. What happened to the girl? And he was so confoundedly clumsy, he did not even know how to go to work to find out whether it was her father's death that made her unhappy or—h'm. "It is hard, child, that you should have so much trouble, just at the beginning of your married life."

She nodded. "Where did you get the news?" she inquired, and when he said, "In Cairo," she began hurriedly to inquire about his journey. He was hardly able to answer her, her voice sounded so nervous, so constrained.

She was thinking of something quite different. She would like to lighten her burden by confiding in him, but—would he understand?

In a few minutes she took his arm to go down to her mother-in-law's dining-room, on the floor below.

Frau Elfrieda had set out all the silver of which she was possessed, in honor of "his excellency." Though early, it was already dusk in the dark-oak-panelled room; therefore the gas was lighted in the old German chandelier, over the table, which sparkled with glass and silver. In the fireplace a huge log glowed and crackled. The thick Symrna rug spread itself out soft and warm, over the oaken floor. It was a comfortable, harmonious room, the only note of discord being produced by two dreadful oil-paintings, genre pictures after some celebrated originals in the Dresden Gallery, the one representing dead game and fish, the other fruits and a glass of Rhine wine.

The general sat with his back to the carved buffet at the small end of the table, Lora and her mother-in-law on either side, and Aunt Melitta opposite.

The conversation, led by Frau Elfrieda, turned on the death of Major von Tollen and the condition in which he had left his wife and children, a topic not particularly cheering for his family.

"Your excellency may rest assured," simpered Frau Becher, pulling her handkerchief to her eyes, just as the servant entered with another course, "that we shall help them whenever we can; what would be the use of our being relations if we did not?"

"You are very kind," replied Lora, "but I must decline in my mother's name; she would not accept assistance from you in any case."

Her hand trembled so that the wine in the glass, which she took up mechanically, spilled over the edge.

An embarrassed pause ensued; the words sounded contemptuous, and the voice, usually so soft, was hard and rough.

The servant, dressed in violet plush, suppressed a smile as he offered the ragout. Lora declined. The others ate their dinner in silence.

Frau Elfrieda was flushed and angry. Aunt Melitta made a clumsy attempt to set the ball rolling again, but her announcement that somewhere or other there had been a railroad accident, met with no response. Lora leaned back in her chair, and played with crumbs of bread. She looked horribly pale.

"If you don't feel well, Lorchen, you had better not stay; go and lie down," suggested Aunt Melitta.

"Yes, thanks; excuse me," she stammered out, and left the room.

In the large hall there was still a lingering twilight. At the foot of the great staircase the servant was standing with a lady.

"I am very sorry, madam, the master is gone away, and the ladies are at dinner," Lora heard him say.

"Can I not wait?" was the reply, in broken German. "It is so hard to find the way in the dark. Show me into the reception-room, and announce me after the dinner is over."

The servant retreated as Lora appeared, like a dark shadow in the dusk of the corridor.

"The lady wishes to see Frau Becher," he announced.

"I wish to speak to Frau Becher on business," said the stranger, who had a child beside her—a little boy, who clung closely to her.

"You wish to see me, or my mother-in-law?" asked Lora wearily.

"Frau Becher," repeated the stranger hesitatingly; and as at this moment the chandelier in the hall was lighted, Lora saw a young face whose eyes stared at her with an astonished expression.

"You must mean my mother-in-law, I suppose," replied Lora. "But will you not——"

"The mother of Adalbert Becher," gasped the lady.

"Yes. But will you not come up into my room, and wait for her? My mother-in-law has guests, and——"

"You are, my God! you are——"

Lora felt her arm grasped as in a vice, so tightly the slender fingers closed round it.

"You are engaged to Adalbert Becher?" the stranger said, in a low whisper.

"Engaged to him? No; I am his wife. But—good God!" cried Lora, in terror. The stranger staggered, and caught at the support of the wrought-iron balustrade, leaning against it like one crushed, with a strange expression of horror in her face.

"His wife? His wife? That is not true!" she gasped. "It is simply impossible."

"Come, mamma," entreated the child. Lora was bewildered. She drew her hand across her aching brow. What did this mean? "Come upstairs with me, I beg of you," she whispered, leading the way.

The stranger summoned all her strength, and followed her.

CHAPTER XXI.

The lamp with the rose-colored shade, was lighted in the boudoir. The two women stood looking at each other: Lora tall, proud, waiting, with high-bred composure, for what she was to hear; the other, holding the child's hand, her head drooping, as if stunned by a sudden blow.

"With whom have I the pleasure of speaking?" asked Lora, pointing to a chair.

The stranger, unable to stand any longer, sank into it and drew the child toward her.

"I am—pardon me if I offend you—I am Adalbert's—I am his wife, and this is his son."

Though she spoke in a low tone at first, she almost screamed out the last words, covering her face with her hands as if in despair.

"I must entreat you," said Lora coldly, "to give me proofs of what you say; I cannot think any one would have dared to deceive me—me——"

The stranger felt in her pocket, and gave Lora some papers.

"Here is my marriage certificate and the certificate of baptism of the child; we were married in St. George's church, in New York, one Sunday, madam. I came here to remind him of his duty as a father. Since he left me for the last time—it was [illegible] and a half ago—he has not [illegible] a penny for my support; all the [illegible] I sent to him remained unanswered. If it were only for myself, I would never have taken this step; but the child has rights. I must not permit a stain to rest on his name. Ah, madam, I don't know whether you understand me—"

Lora's eyes in the mean time were wandering over the paper. Ellen Smith, of Washington, and Adalbert Becher, of New York—the lines seemed to dance before her eyes.

"I cannot judge," she stammered, while a burning blush mounted to her forehead; "excuse me for a moment."

She went into the next room, rang the bell, and told the maid to ask the Herr General to come to her. Everything seemed to be whirling round with her. She could not say what she felt; her ideas were a perfect chaos of contradictory impressions. Only one thing seemed clear to her and shed a light into her despair, the hope of liberty, if this stranger had spoken the truth.

She walked up and down in feverish unrest. Presently the general came in with an anxious look.

"Uncle," she cried out as he entered, "there is a woman in there who declares she is Becher's lawful wife. Go and see her, and if she is speaking the truth, then, uncle, then——"

The old gentleman was so amazed that he thought her delirious. "Why, Lora," he said gently, drawing her toward him, "why, Lora, what ails you, child?"

"Uncle, if she is speaking the truth," began Lora again, I will thank her, thank her on my knees, for then—then——"

She drew him to the door and thrust him into the boudoir, and she herself fled into the farthest corner of one of the deep bay-windows, laid her burning forehead against the pane, and gazed out into the darkening park. In a moment she heard the general's words.

"Eh, eh! It is you, madam——"

Then the door closed and she could hear nothing but an indistinct murmur. Sometimes there were long pauses, and then came the soft, plaintive woman's voice.

Merciful God! what if she should prove to be an impostor, if she were not his wife at all, and her own chains were firmly forged! There are such strange laws—what if this ray of light had come only to make the night of her despair the darker and more gloomy? "Merciful God, grant that she may be speaking the truth," prayed the young wife. "Let me live, let me be free."

She did not think of the insult that had been put upon her, if this should prove the truth. The salon door which led into the corridor opened, and with short, hasty steps Frau Elfrieda rustled through the room—came to see what was going on up here—and Lora's heart began to beat violently. The lady knocked at the door of the boudoir, and then quickly entered.

The door was left open. Lora heard a half-suppressed cry and the angry words: "You dare to come here? Herr General, she is an adventuress of the purest water. She lived with me as a companion, and the vile creature entered into an intrigue with my son—you know, your excellency, how young men will be young men—especially where there is a sly creature like her. I had to send her away, but she has done nothing for years but pursue the poor fellow."

"Madam, I entreat you for your own sake"—the general's voice sounded very cold—"to be calmer; in such a matter as this there should be no anger and no malice. I am not a lawyer; therefore I cannot say how good this lady's claim may be; but we shall soon find out when the matter comes before the courts. Of course I have no reason for doubting your word; but there is one thing that seems serious: this lady is quite willing to call the law to her assistance. H'm—I think the lady must feel that the ground is pretty firm under her feet, and—have you any idea, madam, what the punishment is for such a mistake?"

"Merciful heavens! Don't speak so loud; not so loud," cried Frau Becher, nearly beside herself. "She is an impostor, I swear it; she is an impostor."

"I am no impostor," Lora heard the stranger say in a trembling voice, "nor did you dismiss me as you say; I went out of your house voluntarily, to protect myself against your son's pursuit; but he found me out at my aunt's, with whom I had taken refuge. There he offered me his hand—as I remained firm—and I—I accepted it—" she stopped for a moment, and then went on speaking in a lower tone, "because I was fond of him, although he had tried to degrade me. We were married, and I had no suspicion because our marriage was to be kept secret, and because he would not take me home to his mother. I knew she hated me; he said to me so often that it was all her fault that he had not offered to marry me before. He always declared he would take me to Germany. Then he went away himself—the child was just two months old—and he promised to come back for me as soon as possible. He came to see me once a year—he was there once last winter—and then——"

"Liar!" cried Frau Becher.

"Madam," said the general to Ellen, "go back to your hotel, and I will talk with Frau Becher. You shall hear from me to-morrow morning. Excuse me for not going with you, but my first duty is to look after my niece."

Lora, who had not moved, now heard steps behind her, a woman's steps, and the pattering steps of a child, and those of her uncle.

(To be Continued.)

A LONG WAIT.

"Why is dinner not ready, Bridget? Didn't I tell you to cook it in the gas stove?"

"Yes, mum; but [illegible] stove went out."

"Why didn't you [illegible]"

"I couldn't, mum; [illegible]

[illegible]ing baby?

It's a heavy strain on mother.

Her system is called upon to supply nourishment for two.

Some form of nourishment that will be easily taken up by mother's system is needed.

Scott's Emulsion contains the greatest possible amount of nourishment in easily digested form.

Mother and baby are wonderfully helped by its use.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00

The Farm

TURKEY RAISING.

Young turks are harder to raise than chicks or ducklings, and, in order to succeed with them, more pains must be taken to study their nature and habits.

The natural tendency of the turkey is to roost where night overtakes it, and in time the wild animals are apt to diminish the flock.

This can be avoided by an inexpensively constructed roosting place, which can be made with woven-wire netting, a few posts and a roof of tarred paper, where the birds can be housed at night.

The young can be trained to come up regularly at about four o'clock to be fed, when they can be easily driven into the roosting place for the night.

An earthen floor can be laid in this pen, but it must be kept clean. The majority of failures are, no doubt, due to lack of proper knowledge or carelessness.

In many instances, where the young are hatched by hens, the foster-mother is cooped and the little ones deprived of their liberty, and fed almost entirely on wheat or grain of some sort, which alone is enough to cause the poults to die.

They must have more of a vegetable diet, and even in this, care and judgment must be exercised.

A diet of horseradish leaves would be to many detrimental. If allowed to choose for themselves they would select such as lettuce, cabbage, clover and many kinds of grasses.

Turn the hen loose with the little ones, and let them pick what they most relish, giving them a little meal or wheat to coax them home, and also to quicken their growth.

Study the habits and [illegible] of the particular variety desired, and there will be less liability to failure.

In picking stock from which to start, make your calculations that some are wild and some are tame.

The Bronze variety is very desirable for the market on account of its size and the sweet flavor of its meat. But, on account of its wild roving disposition, this variety is hard to raise. The birds nearly always hide their nests and perhaps will not be seen for a month or two at hatching season.

The White Holland are more domesticated, and are more apt to make their nests about the barn and outbuildings, the same as chickens do. They are also good layers, having a record of as high as 100 eggs each.

They are probably a little harder to raise than the Bourbon Reds, which, by the way, are handsome birds, but do not become quite so tame.

All turkeys are peculiar about their nests, and when they once select the location they must not be disturbed.

It has been customary for the farmer to treat his chickens as though they were of little importance. Anything that takes his fancy is tried. As a result, it is not uncommon to find a lot of mongrel birds made up of six or eight different breeds. These chickens seldom attain a desirable size—nor do they develop good quality as egg or meat producers. Better a good deal to select one breed and stick to that closely. If you desire more than one keep the two separate. This, though, is hardly practical on the average farm.

WHY DANISH MILK IS PURE.

Some countries and many cities have regulations governing milk supplies, but in few cities the milk regulations are what they should be. One of the best milk supplies in the world is the one furnished by the Milk Supply Company of Copenhagen. This is a corporation furnishing milk to consumers and about the city of Copenhagen, Denmark.

The following are some of the regulations which they require all dairymen furnishing them milk to follow:—

1. The feed must be such that it does not affect the taste or character of the milk injuriously.

2. In the summer time the cows must not be fed in the barn under any conditions.

3. The cows must be clipped on the udder, tail, and hindquarters in the fall before they are put into the barn.

4. The utmost cleanliness must be observed in milking, and the milk must be strained through a metal strainer covered with a clean woolen cloth.

5. There must be at the disposal of the dairy at least thirty pounds of milk produced on the farm.

6. As soon as it is drawn from the cow, the milk must be cooled before it is shipped.

7. The dairy farmer must permit one of the company's veterinarians to examine his cattle whenever he chooses, and carry out the directions which the latter may give him.

8. Cows which the veterinarian finds have tuberculosis [illegible] from the herd at once, [illegible] of as soon as possible.

9. Cows which are taken with any suspicious disease must be removed from the herd at once.

10. If any contagious disease occurs among the persons who live on the farm, it shall be the duty of the dairyman to inform the company of the fact at once.

FARM NOTES.

Adopt the practice of drawing out manure and spreading at once over the fields, preventing accumulation, saving the heavy work of drawing it during the busy time of spring, and not injuring the ground, while it soaks it well into the soil.

Potatoes placed on trays or on shelves where they can have light and a temperature of from 45 to 50 degrees, about March 20th, will be ready for planting out as soon as the soil is fit for them. The soil should be at a temperature not less than that of the place they have been sprouting in, so as to avoid even a day's delay in growth. The stouter and greener your sprouts are, the earlier will be your crop.

When milk is set in milkpans, the rule is to leave the milk standing till it becomes curdled. There is more poor butter made under this rule than under any other. The weather has so much to do with the coagulation of milk and cream that a world of butter receives its death blow while in the milkpan. Convenience is the curse of butter. The word and the idea should not be known in the dairy vocabulary. Other things may, most likely, be remedied; but cream once on its way to decay will keep on.

HOOFS AND HORNS.

Regularity is inexpensive. Use lots of it in feeding and milking.

No amount of pounding or shaking musty hay will fit it for horses [illegible] best thing to do when you must feed such hay, is to wet it thoroughly before putting it into the manger. But it is bad stuff any way.

In case a few litters of pigs come late don't let them shift for themselves. By providing a little shelter and some warm cooked feed during the winter they can be made to bring in some money by April 1st. Try it and see.

DRINK PLENTY WATER

TELLS HOW TO CURE RHEUMATISM AND THE KIDNEYS.

Gives Readers Advice—Also Tells of a Simple Prescription to Make a Home-Made Mixture.

Now is the time when the doctor gets busy, and the patent medicine manufacturers reap the harvest, unless great care is taken to dress warmly and keep the feet dry. This is the advice of an old eminent authority, who says that Rheumatism and Kidney trouble weather is here, and also tells what to do in case of an attack.

Get from any good prescription pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargon, three ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Mix by shaking in a bottle and take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime. Also drink plenty of water. You can't drink too much of it.

Just try this simple home made mixture, and don't forget the water, at the first sign of Rheumatism, or if your back aches or you feel that the kidneys are not acting just right. This is said to be a splendid kidney regulator, and almost certain remedy for all forms of Rheumatism, which is caused by uric acid in the blood, which the kidneys fail to filter out. Any one can easily prepare this at home and at small cost.

Almost any druggist in the smaller towns can supply the ingredients named, as they are commonly used in the prescription department.

DOCTOR SHOT BY A DOG.

Animal Touched Trigger of a Loaded Gun in a Motor Car.

Dr. Vernon Paul, a young Harwich, England, medical man, was the victim of a sad shooting fatality at Ramsey. He had been rabbit shooting with some friends, and the sport having finished, the guns were placed in a motor in readiness for the return journey.

By some mischance one of them was left loaded and at half cock, and just as Dr. Paul was stepping into the motor a dog jumped and touched the trigger. The charge entered Dr. Paul's body, passing through the left lung, and he died that evening.

Dr. Paul was only 28 years old, went to Harwich in January of the present year, and had previously held an appointment at Taunton Hospital.



Starr Skates

For Hockey

Practically every prominent hockey player in Canada—for the past forty years—has used Starr Skates.

16 different styles, to suit all kinds of ice.

"Rex" and "Micmac" Hockey Sticks are strong and accurate.

Our 1908 Skate Book illustrates and describes them. Write for a free copy.

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BRANCH OFFICE . . . . . TORONTO, ONT.

Attractions For Christmas Week.

A special discount of 20 p.c. is offered for CASH on the balance of my stock of Men's & Boy's Suits in order to clear them out by New Year's.

Men's and Boy's Overboats and Peajackets at unusually low prices.

Come and see my large stock of Overshoes, Rubber & Felt Boots for Ladies, Gents & Children

Also a splendid assortment of slippers. Any of these will make an acceptable holiday gift.

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Main St. - Lachute.

P.S.—Please remember that this is the only place in this town where you can buy the "Slater Shoes."

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CAPITAL (Paid up). - - $3,000,000.
REST AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS, - $3,236,512.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

One Dollar and Upwards Received.

The same considera[illegible] is shown to large and small depositors alike. No delay in withdrawing deposits.

Interest Added Four times a Year.

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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

Canada
Province of Quebec. } No. 322
District of Terrebonne.

An action in separation as to property has been taken the 5th of November, 1907, by Dame Marie Louise Forget, wife of Francis Xavier Poirier of the Township of Wolfe, District of Terrebonne, against her said husband under Number 322 of the records of the Superior Court of said district.

St. Scholastique, November 26, '07.

NANTEL & ROCHON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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

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HARDWARE! All Kinds!

Builders! Nails, Felts, Locks, Hinges, Paints, White Lead, Varnishes, Oils, Brushes, Glass, Putty, Etc.

Carpenter's Tools! Planes, Saws, Lieces, Augers, Bits, Squares, Rules, Levels, Chisels, Etc.

Farm Utensils! Axes, Cross cut saws, Crowbars, Post hole augers, shovels, spades, and field and garden fences, driveway and garden gates, barb and plain wire, etc. at

—:o:—

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Notes discounted and Loans made. Only First-Class Insurance Companies represented.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

—:o:—

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec at the next Session by CHARLES E. READ, of the City of Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario, Lumber-Merchant; FREDERICK W. AVERY, of the said city of Ottawa, Lumber Merchant; EDWARD J. GRAHAM, of St. Jovite, in the Province of Quebec, Lumberer; JOHN B. WHITE, of St. Faustin, in the Province of Quebec, Lumberer, and T. BERTRAM COLE, Accountant, of the said City of Ottawa, for an Act incorporating them and all others who may become shareholders, a company under the name of "The Rouge River Hardwood and Development Company," with power to acquire, lease, hold and dispose of timber limits and timber lands, upon such conditions as shall be provided, and also other real estate in the Province of Quebec and elsewhere, to carry on the business of lumbermen and manufacturers of lumber and wood goods of all kinds, and also of pulp and paper; purchase, lease or otherwise acquire, operate and dispose of mills, factories and terminals, and for the purposes of the Company, and without becoming common carriers by rail or water, and from time to time as required, to construct roads, tramways and wooden, iron and steel railroads from any point or points on any public railway or any river in the Province of Quebec, to and over all timber berths and other properties acquired leased or held by the Company, or wherein the Company may secure the privilege of cutting logs or timber, to abandon, discontinue and move from place to place the said roads, tramways and railroads within the area aforesaid; to connect said roads, tramways and wooden, iron and steel railroads with railways that are common carriers, for the purpose only of delivering to the said common carriers the properties owned by or in the custody or possession of the Company, and of receiving from said common carriers the properties owned or consigned to the Company; to acquire, lease, build, hold, operate and dispose of water powers, power-houses and plant and other hydraulic rights and privileges on the Rouge River, in the District of Ottawa, in the Province of Quebec, and on its tributaries, and on the lakes and streams and bodies of water that are or can be connected with the said Rouge River and said tributaries, and elsewhere; to sell, lease and otherwise dispose of and deliver where required by wires, pole-lines and all other appliances, water-power, electricity, heat and such motive power as can be thereby or thereon produced; to make and erect all such dams, canals, works and improvements on said river and on said tributaries and lakes as may be considered proper for storing and regulating the waters of the said river, tributaries and lakes and the flow thereof, for power, hydraulic, driving and other purposes; to acquire, hire and operate steamboats and vessels in connection with the enterprises of the Company; to build, lease or otherwise acquire and maintain and operate telephone and telegraph lines and also pole and other lines and appliances for the transmission of electricity, heat and power; to expropriate from time to time such rights of way and passages not exceeding sixty feet in width, as may be required for said roads, tramways, wooden, iron and steel railroads and lines aforesaid; to carry on operations on its said roads, tramways, wooden, iron and steel railroads, and to operate the same, with horses and other animals, and with steam and electricity, and with such other means and appliances as may be thought expedient; to borrow as required and to issue stocks, securities and debentures in such manner and for such considerations as may be deemed expedient, together with all other powers necessary or useful for carrying out the works and enterprises of the Company.

Calumet, November twenty-ninth, 1907.

THIBAUDEAU RINFRET,
Solicitor for Applicants.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, by Honorable Damien Rolland, Member of the Legislative Council of the Province of Quebec, of the City of Montreal; S. Jean Baptiste Rolland, of the town of St. Jerome, Octavien Rolland, F. Howard Wilson, Rolland Prefontaine, all of the said city of Montreal, and Thomas H. Ayers of the town of Lachute, said Province of Quebec, all manufacturers and lumber merchants, for an act incorporating them and all others who may become share-holders, a company under the name of "The North River Hydraulic Company," with power to make and erect all such dams, canals, works and improvements on the North River, and on its tributaries, and also the lakes and streams, that are or can be connected into the North River and the said tributaries, in the districts of Joliette and Terrebonne, in the Province of Quebec, from a point known as the source or head of the North River aforesaid up to a point nearing the settlement known as Shawbridge, in the parishes of St. Sauveur and St. Jerome, in the County of Terrebonne, for storing and regulating the waters of the said North River, tributaries, lakes and the flow thereof, for power, hydraulic, driving and other purposes; to buy and expropriate lands and properties necessary for the exercise of the rights thereby required; to carry on these operations by all means and appliances deemed expedient; to borrow as required and to issue stocks and debentures in such manner and for such consideration as may be deemed expedient; together with all the powers necessary or useful for carrying out the works and enterprises of the Company.

St. Jerome, December 10th, 1907.

RINFRET & MARCHAND,
Solicitors for Appliants.

FARM FOR SALE.

—:o:—

The undersigned offers for sale his farm in the East half of lot 27 on 11th range of Chatham, containing about 110 acres more or less, with about 60 in culture and pasture and 50 in bush and good sugar bush of about 300 trees. Good house and outbuildings with small orchard and garden, creek running past the house and barns. Situate about a mile and a half from school post-office and blacksmith shop. Cheese factory within ½ a mile. This is one of the finest farms in this locality and in a good state of cultivation. For further information Apply on the premises to

THOMAS BURKE, Pine Hill, or
JOHN McOUAT, Brownsburg.

Double Harness
FOR SALE CHEAP.

The undersigned has a few sets of heavy harness, suitable for heavy drawing, all hand made and of good quality that he will sell at a reasonable price. Also light harness, cloth and leather collars, sweat pads, bridles, halters, double breeching, pole straps, martingales, hame straps and snaps. Farmers, I want all your harness repairing, and will do it cheaper and better than any other saddler in town.

WM. CRESWELL,
Clyde Street, Lachute.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Christmas and New Years Excursions

Round Trip Tickets will be sold at

One way First-Class Fare

Good going December 24 and 25, return limit December 26, also going December 31, and January 1, 1908; return limit, Jan. 2, 1908.

FIRST-CLASS FARE & ONE THIRD.

Good going December 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1907, and January 1, 1908. Return limit, January 3, 1908.

W. J. TODD, Agent, Lachute.

Superior Court.

Canada
Province of Quebec } No. 348
District of Terrebonne

Francais Xavier Paquin, of the Parish of Sainte Eustache, in the said district, farmer,

Plaintiff.

vs.

Jean Baptiste Paquin of the same place and presently, absent from the Province of Quebec,

Defendant.

The Defendant is ordered to appear within one month.

St. Scholastique, 17th December, '07.

GRENON & FORTIER,
Prothonotary C.S.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Canada
Province of Quebec } No. 344
District of Terrebonne

An action in separation was instituted in this case on the 9th day of December, 1907, by Dame Ozilie Charbonneau, wife of Henri Leduc sr., of the parish of St. Adele, Rentier, duly authorized to ester en justice,

Plaintiff.

v.s.

The said Henri Leduc,

Defendant.

Montreal, December 14th, 1907.

WEIR, MACALISTER & COTTON
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

EVANGELIST TORRIE



The old, old story in fresh and gra[illegible] setting will be proclaimed by

Rev. Alexander Torrie, B.A.

In the Lachute Baptist Church,

each night from January 5th, at 8 o'cl[illegible] Song Service at 7.45 p.m. Sunday Services 11 a.m., 3 p.m. (children), and 7 p.m.

All are Welcome.

GREAT CLEARING SALE!

As I intend going out of business in the Spring I am offering my entire stock of Machinery, Buggies, Cutters, Sleighs, Cream Separators, Wheelbarrows, Harness, Etc., at

Greatly Reduced Prices.

I am also offering my property for sale.

P.S.—Any persons having outstanding accounts with me are requested to settle same before the close of January.

H. A. BLAIR

MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.