The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL XXXII LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1907. 8 P.C.E.

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.

FOR SALE, —1 Holstein bull 25 months old Thoroughbred. Also 1 draught marr, in foal. Also 1 filly 2½ years old. Apply to DUNCAN R. McGIBBON Chatham, or Lachute Mills, P.O.

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.

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

Mr. Ray Styan spent New Years in Ottawa.

Mr. H. A. Blair was in Montreal on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Squires spent the holiday in Montreal.

Mr. Mossman Gall is spending the holidays in Montreal.

Mrs. Garretsee and daughter are visiting friends in Montreal.

Miss Daisy Kennedy of Montreal, visited her mother this week.

Miss Ethel Cliff of Montreal, is the guest of Mrs. James Todd.

Miss Annie McLaughlin of Buckingham, has returned to town.

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. Robt. Barron of Montreal, spent New Years with his parents.

Mr. Neil of Maledon, Mass., is visiting his brother Mr. H. W. Neill.

Miss Norah DeLisle left Tuesday for a month's visit to Hull and Ottawa.

Mr. A. D. Kennedy of Winnipeg, is in town on a visit to his many friends.

The Rev. Herbert and Mrs. Charters spent New Year's Day in Montreal.

Mr. Geo. Hutchinson of Montreal, paid a short visit to Mr. Dixon this week.

Mrs. Geo Paterson of Burlington, Vt., is visiting her many friends in town.

Miss Bertha Wanless of Montreal, spent Wednesday with Mrs. W. J. Simpson.

Mr. Geo. H. Perley, M.P., of Ottawa, was in town on Thursday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hay and children left this morning en route for England.

Mr. Burpe of Hawkesbury, was in town attending the New Year's Dance.

Miss Florence Dixon spent the holidays with Mrs. Hutchinson, Westmount.

Miss Nellie McLeod of Three Rivers, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. T. Christie.

Miss Grace Adams of Montreal, is visiting friends in Brownsburg & Lachute.

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.

Miss Gussie Huey left on Tuesday for New York, where she intends spending the winter.

Miss Ada Dewar, of Cushing, was the guest of the Misses Raitt the early part of this week.

Miss Ollie M. Bonsall of Cobalt, is the guest of Miss Irene Caron for the New Year holidays.

Mrs. Marshall & Miss Mamie of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. Jas. McKimmie on New Years.

Miss Lefflet and Miss Ida Murray of Montreal, were visitors of Mrs. Duncan Joss this week.

Mr. Gordon McRae of Innisfail, Alta., has arrived in town on a visit to his many friends in town.

Miss Edith Smith of Montreal, was the guest of her uncle, Mr. Henry Hammond during the holidays.

The Misses Ruby and Ernestine Moody of Terrebonne, spent New Years with Miss Gladys McOuat.

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., Mrs. and Miss Fessenden of Westmount, spent New Year's Day with Mrs. (Dr) Arthur Stackhouse.

Dr. Arthur and Mrs. Rutherford of Hawkesbury, were guests of Mrs. J. R. McOuat over New Years.

The (Rev.) Mrs. Mitchell accompanied by her daughter, Grace, are visiting the former's parents at Howick.

See J. R. McOUAT'S January Clearing Sale Advt. of seasonable goods at heretofore unheard of prices.

Miss Emily Mackie of Montreal, and Miss Stella Moody of Terrebonne, were Mrs. Mackie's guests this week.

Mr. & Mrs David McArthur of Lumsden, Sask., spent a week visiting his brother, Mr. Robert McArthur.

Mr. MGill, of the Guardian Fire Ins. Co. of Montreal, was the guest of Mr. Jas. W. Raitt over the holidays.

Miss Katie Campbell returned to Montreal after spending the holidays with friends in Lachute and Dalesville.

Mrs. Fraser of Vancouver, and Miss N. Dobbie of Harrington, were the guests of Mrs. James Cottingham over Sunday.

Mr. Robert Cruise of Dauphin, Man., arrived home on Monday to attend the funeral of his father, the late Peter Cruise.

The Misses L. Pollock, Ethel McNiece, Maggie Marshall & Florence McGillveary of Montreal, were guests of the latter's parents on New Years.

The Hon. W. A. Weir will be in town on Saturday, 4th inst., from 10.30 a.m., to 3 p.m., and will be pleased to meet any of his constituents.

Among the many guests who spent New Years in town, were Messrs. Harris Creswell, Ivan, Roy and Wilbur Fraser, Lorne McCoy, Charles McGregor, Albert Giles, Gordon Marshall, Harold Small & A. McVicar.

The Ladies of St. Mungo's Church, Cushing, have decided to hold (D.V.) their annual Tea-Meeting, on the evening of Thursday, January 10th. This is welcome news to Chatham and surrounding country.

The services in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday next will be conducted by the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Mitchell. The subject for the morning service will be "Christian Service and its Reward," and for the evening "True Manliness."

The Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian Church has recently installed a telephone in the manse. Mr. Mitchell will doubtless find the phone a great convenience as his congregation is large and he cannot afford to take any extra steps.

Mrs. Dixon, late Principal of Perfection Dressmaking School, Montreal, will open a school at her residence, Main St. East, on Monday, Jan. 12th inst. All branches in cutting and dress-making taught. Patterns cut to measure. Pupils make their own dresses while learning. Hours 2 to 4 p.m.

The officers and members of Argenteuil Lodge No. 67 A.F. & A.M. Lachute, celebrated the festival of St. John the Evangelist on the evening of December 27th, in the Masonic Hall, Lachute, and the following officers were duly installed:—W. Bro. J. W. Raitt, W.M.; H. Kearns, S.W.; H. A. Blair, J. W.; Rt. Wor. Bro. H. Slater, Chaplain; H. Hampton, Treasurer; W. Bro. J. D. Campbell, Secretary; G. Creswell, S. D.; A. McFaul, J. D.; R. Wor. H. W. Garretsee, D.C.; P. R. McGibbon & V. W. Bro. Drennan, stewards; W. Bro. H. Gall, Organist; W. Townsend, I. G.; J. McGillveary, Tyler; Dr. Alexander & H. Slater, Auditors. The supper served at close of installation was furnished by V. Wor. Bro. Hope in excellent style and the entertainment was one of the finest in the history of the Lodge.

BIRTH.

WILSON,—At North River, on Monday, Dec. 23rd, 1907, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wilson.

GRAHAM,—At North River, Wednesday, Dec. 25th, a son to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Graham.

MORRISON,—At Lachute, on Sunday, December 29th, 1907, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Morrison.

MARRIAGE.

MARTIN—DONALDSON,—At Brownsburg, on Tuesday, Dec. 31st, 1907, by the Rev. W. E. Morgan, Mr. John Martin to Miss Daisy Edna Donaldson.

DEATH.

DOUGLAS,—At Leduc, Alta., N.W.T., on Monday, Dec. 30th, 1907, William Douglas, (formerly of Chatham, Que.,) eldest son of the late Adam Douglas, aged 30 years and 10 months.

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.**

January Clearing sale

Genuine Bargains
in all lines
During this Month

Carpenter Bros.

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, hair and tooth soaps, hair tonics, tooth preparations and cosmetics, etc., etc.

Greetings for gentlemen such as pure Meerschaum Gold and Silver Mounted Pipes and Cigarettes, Cases and Holders. Cigar Boxes in quantity of 10, 25 and 50.

All this cut

OMER PAQUETTE, Pharmacien
Queen st.

POPULAR YOUNG RRINCE

OLAF of NORWAY IS PETTED IN ENGLAND.

Recently With His Father and Mother Paid Visit to King Edward, His Grandfather.

A flaxen-haired boy, wearing a bright red suit and clasping a fox terrier under one arm, drove through the fashionable West End of London the other day. He was perched on the rear seat of a runabout, and beside him sat a serious-faced, motherly looking woman, apparently a nurse. Someone in the street yelled, "There he is! Hurrah!" and the little chap in the red suit turned around and acknowledged the welcoming shout from the pavement with a grave little military salute, bringing his tiny right hand to the edge of his gay sailor cap.

The salute was a mechanical movement, something the flaxen-haired boy had been taught carefully to do. But as the shouts from the pavement increased, and as many more persons waved him a smiling greeting, the real boy came out from behind the dignified little countenance, and with a broad grin he stood up in the car and waved his hand and shouted lustily. The boy was Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, who at four years is one of the favorites of his own country and England. Prince Olaf is more to the people than a prince. He is a bright and pretty little boy the stories of whose exploits are read and related everywhere. He is so thoroughly a boy that the sight of the fair head and blue eyes makes every parent love him

FOR CHILDHOOD'S SAKE.

Olaf went recently with his father and mother to visit King Edward. Scenes such as the one described above were duplicated every time he went out driving. All London remembered the boy from a previous visit and on this trip everyone who saw him took pains to make his return welcome warm. The child had been instructed in the conventional salute with which the male members of royal families respond to cheers or bows from the people.

"But mayn't I wave my hands, too?" said Olaf.

"That wouldn't be dignified," replied the father; "and every prince must keep up his dignity or lose his people's respect," he added, half seriously and half smilingly.

But Olaf didn't care much about dignity, for every time he went out the boy to him got the better of the prince, and after saluting just to obey the letter of his father's command, he answered the popular greeting with a very unprincely wave of the arms and a juvenile whoop. This is the kind that the people like.

At home, in the palace at Christiania, his father, King Haakon, reigns as king in name only, for little Olaf is the ruler of the royal household.

HE ISN'T SPOILED.

for his bringing up has been careful, but his parents are just as much amused over his baby pranks as the people at large, and they get so much fun out of his capers that Olaf, so long as he doesn't break the royal furniture or tie knots in the tail of the palace cat, has his own sweet way. Many a royal functionary has looked up the king on state business to find his majesty and the Queen playing horsey with Olaf. In these games the prince seems to recognize his father's dignity to a certain extent, so he impresses a footman into service and makes him be horse. This footman goes down on his knees, takes the reins in his teeth, and Olaf, cracking a whip, drives him over the royal nursery, with the King and Queen following as passengers in the imaginary coach.

King Edward sent the little fellow a small donkey recently, and Olaf has been learning to ride this real steed. He is a plucky little horseman and sticks to his mount in a way that astonishes his teacher.

In the fall Olaf was often seen in the palace park helping the gardeners rake leaves and piling them into a toy wheelbarrow with which he trundled them to the spot where they were to be burned. He had organized the gardeners into

A MINIATURE ARMY

and was drilling them, making them go through certain manoeuvres while they carted the leaves away.

The Queen was receiving recently at one of those court affairs when nearly everyone who has a right to come into royal presence attends. As is usual such occasions, the drawing-rooms were filled with gorgeously gowned women. Little Olaf was playing about the halls and being petted by the titled visitors. He saw the size of the crowd, but noticed that they kept on coming in an endless procession, so he rushed into the room where his mother and her ladies-in-waiting were greeting the guests, and piped out:

"No more ladies, mamma. There are enough here now."

A bald-headed guest at the King's summer home offended the crown prince in some manner recently, and Olaf proceeded to take summary vengeance on his person. The guest came away with an elaborate and intricate design of scratches on his otherwise flawless and shiny pate, and he pointed to them in mixed pride and alarm as having been inflicted by youthful but royal finger-nails.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

Blue coral is the rarest.

Ceylon has 368 blacklead mines.

A good celery crop pays $300 an acre.

The mainspring of a watch is two feet long.

Pearl oysters sell, unopened, at $6.25 per 1,000.

Blacking was originally made of soot and stale eggs.

Chamois leather never comes from Chamois, but from sheep.

A ton of coal yields enough magenta, aniline dye, to color a hussar's shirt to dye 500 yards of flannel, and enough vermilion to dye 2,500 yards.

The hen lays, all told, about 600 eggs. The first year of her life she lays but fifteen or twenty; in the second, third and fourth years from 100 to 150; thereafter a much smaller number, till, in her tenth year, her output is only five or six eggs.

BITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Interesting Information About 'Most Everything.

Over 3,500,000 pens are used daily.

Haru-Ko, the Mikado's wife, is a gifted poetess.

Boy babies at birth weigh a pound more than girls.

Granite is now being largely quarried in Hong-Kong.

A grasshopper can jump 200 times its own length.

Nine in every ten books lent out by free libraries are novels.

Pall Mall, London, was the first street to be lighted by gas.

An elephant is fit for work from the age of twelve to eighty.

The value of the world's railways is $27,775,000,000.

The Abyssinian army has just added fifty modern guns to its equipment.

On an average, married women live two years longer than single ones.

The Emperor of Austria, in spite of his age, always rises at five o'clock.

The birth-rate of Germany is six a thousand higher than that of Britain.

The United States is one of the few countries that possesses no national flower.

An up-to-date motor garage has just been established in Bangkok, Siam.

About 3,000 pieces of crockery are broken on each trip of a first-class ocean liner.

Sweden is the most progressive country in the world in the use of the telephone.

The Bishop of Oporto is said to be the only bearded Catholic bishop in the world.

The greatest cattle plague on record was in 1750, when nearly 4,000,000 cattle perished.

In proportion to its owner's weight, a bird's wing is twenty times as strong as a man's arm.

As head of the English Church, King Edward is considering the advisability of revising the Prayer Book.

The begging business is more thoroughly organized in China than in any other country in the world.

Brighton is noted as English society's most lively seaside resort, and also for the great number of its schools.

M. Flammarion, the famous French astronomer, always has his hair cut by his wife. He possesses a silk cushion stuffed with his shorn locks.

One of the finest private zoos is owned by the Sultan of Turkey. He has a specially fine collection of deer, which he keeps on an island.

Many of the postmen of Spain are unable to read or write, and there is a common saying that those who treat the postmen best get the most letters.

Probably the most remarkable trade union in the world is one in the south of France, formed by beggars for the suppression of unqualified practice.

When Madame Kirby Lunn is to sing at a concert or in an opera she fasts from two o'clock in the afternoon till the conclusion of her performance.

The latest member of a reigning family to embrace the religious life is the Prince of Loewenstein-Wertheim, who has just gone into a monastery.

In the Chapel of Saints, within the Ursuline Convent of Quebec, there burns a votive lamp which was lighted in 1717, and has never been allowed to go out.

The Kaiser retains four chefs, an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, and an Italian, so that he can have his meals prepared in the style of whatever nation he may fancy.

In Belgium workmen enjoy special privileges on the railways, so that they are enabled to live in the country, though working in towns, their travelling expenses being very small.

British warships now make meteorological reports morning and evening, as long as they can keep in touch with the wireless telegraph stations. This greatly assists the weather experts in making their forecasts.

Queen Victoria of Spain, being an Englishwoman, is a lover of fresh air, and keeps her windows open as much as possible. This is quite an innovation in Spain, and the source of much comment in Court circles.

Apart from his official revenues, the Sultan of Turkey draws a handsome income from a street which he owns in Constantinople, from a sugar plantation in the West Indies, and from a line of steamers which ply along his coasts.

ETON BOYS' EXTRAVAGANCE.

Parents and Headmaster Endeavoring to Stem the Tide.

There is trouble at Eton College, England, between parents and Headmaster Lyttelton over the luxurious and extravagant habits that have been introduced by a large number of pupils who are millionaires' sons, some of them American.

Though more exclusive than now, Eton has been conducted until of late years on the same simple, frugal lines as other public schools. But recently a rivalry in extravagance has grown up among the boys. Money is beginning to tell more than brains and character. An aptitude for games, rather than books, is determining a boy's standing among his fellows.

Headmaster Lyttelton has been personally approached by influential patrons of the school, who have implored him to check this demoralizing influence.

Owing to the reports of the extent to which this influence has already gone, many families that for generations have been Etonians are sending their sons to Rugby, Winchester and other schools hitherto considered not quite on the same level socially.

WOMEN IN PUBLIC OFFICE.

In England and Wales 2,000 Women Hold Office in Public Bodies.

There are, it is estimated, something like 2,000 women on various publicly-elected bodies in England and Wales at the present time, and of this number about 1,200 are members of boards of guardians. Of the 644 unions in England and Wales 407 now have lady guardians, the proportion of women to men being one in every twenty-one or twenty-two. In London there are 120 women guardians distributed amongst thirty-one unions, Whitechapel alone, like the counties of Rutland and Radnor, having none. The new qualification bill will open up 417 more public bodies to women—namely, 326 town councils, sixty-three county councils, and twenty-eight London borough councils.

JAPAN'S CURIOUS SCHOOL

YOUNG JAPS ARE TRAINED AT COLLEGE AS "INVESTIGATORS."

The Students are Chosen for Their Intelligence and Adaptability—A Severe Life.

About four miles from the Bund of Shanghai, along the road toward the great sprawling arsenal of Kiangyang, lies the little squalid village of Tun-Wen. The narrow mucky street, close populated with elementary human beings, meanders hither and thither until a gateway with some pretentions of modernity and with large gilt ideograms on its facia opens on to the grounds of the Tun-Wen College. Armed with a card from the Japanese Consul-General, upon which a number of weird characters were scrawled, writes a correspondent of the London Daily Graphic, I presented myself to ex-Comander Nedzu, late of the Japanese navy and now of one of the most curious seats of learning in the world.

Founded immediately after the Chino-Japanese war—provision having been made therefor in the capitulations—the Tun-Wen College has for its object—when all frills are stripped away—the training of young Japanese in everything necessary to secure Japan's preponderance in

THE CHINESE EMPIRE.

No better evidence of China's helplessness could be forthcoming than that offered by this fact. It was voiced by a Chinese official in conversation with me while discussing this institution. He said: "It is the Franco-Prussian war over again. Then the Germans knew more about France than the French did themselves. These Japs are doing the same here, and we can't stop them. They have their treaty rights."

The students are selected and sent from every prefecture in Japan, each of which supports its own nominees. They are chosen for their intelligence and adaptability and they afford a very excellent and comprehensive sample of a people who, despite their antithesis in appearance to all that is intellectual and gallant from the Westerner's point of view, have those qualities in conjunction with other and less desirable ones very highly developed.

I arrived at the college shortly before midday, and was thus able to see the young men not only at their work, but at their food and recreation also. The course of study is comprehensive, the curriculum including a thorough political and commercial training, as disclosed by the syllabus or "announcement." Each course of study terminates with a tour "of investigation," the significance of which may be disclosed by what follows.

The buildings of the college are essentially Japanese, simple and cheap as regards their appearance and construction and with a total absence of ostentation in their architecture. They were built solely for

USE AND NOT FOR SHOW.

After I had seen one room full of students in the midst of a severe examination in the English language and another lot studying Chinese under a professor of Asiatic reputation, a big gong having sounded I saw them at their midday meal. They ate it standing. It was rice, with a slight seasoning. Each youth had a bowlful—about a pint—and he used split new chop-sticks, which last him for three meals and are then burned. Then, as they passed a water tap and tank arrangement on their way out of the eating-room each diner took a bowl full of water, and after washing his mouth and teeth, swallowed enough to quench his thirst. The time occupied by the meal may have been ten minutes.

In one study sat a round-faced, close-cropped youngster reading. The entire kit and equipment of the room might have cost thirty shillings. The reader was in the commercial department preparing to take up one of those fat billets which now go to the Japanese every day at a tithe of the remuneration hitherto paid to "foreigners."

Other students wore their hair in different stages of length; they were on the "political" side, and the hair is worn long with an object. On first entering the college the political—and some of the commercial—students cultivate the growth of their hair by every possible means. Then, toward the conclusion of their term, they adopt the queue of the Chinese, shaving their heads in the accepted manner and plaiting into their own property—if required—the easily-bought tails of human hair, with their silk continuations necessary

TO MAKE A PROPER PIGTAIL.

The transformation is perfect and complete. The hair and eyes of the Japanese are identical in every way with those of the Chinese; both races have black hair and brown eyes. The eyelids of both slant inward, and the prominent cheek-bones and other racial characteristics are identical among all these myriads.

The Jap student of to-day strips off his supple uniform or kimono—dons the dungaree garments of John Chinaman, strolls out to the furthest corner of the Celestial Empire—notebook in sleeve and eyes open for anything useful to his country—in appearance a Chinese, in fact, the Japanese "investigator" of to-morrow. It was from this college that the Japanese spies, who did such great work for their country during the recent war, were drawn. It is from this college that the Japanese Government recruits its Intelligence Department in its campaign of political and commercial conquest of the Chinese Empire. Indistinguishable from any Chinaman, equipped with every necessity and unhampered by any superfluity, the ex-student of Tun-Wen penetrates yamen (official residence) and hong (merchant's office) on his tour of investigation. Rice and water is his only commissariat, the clothes of day are his bed at night.

BOTH USEFUL.

Nellie: "Oh, do look at those pretty little cows."

Maudie: "They are not cows; they are calves."

"But what is the difference?"

"Why, cows give milk, and calves give jelly."

DUEL WITH BOOMERANGS

DEADLY ENCOUNTER BETWEEN AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

How Such Encounters are Conducted —The Victor on Trial for Murder.

I was visiting at Port Augusta when the Chief Justice came to that town to hold the assizes, writes a correspondent of the London Field. Port Augusta is almost on the border of the desert. In the immediate neighborhood there was growing in profusion the "salt bush," which supports the life of the sheep during drought, and the tempting "prickly jack," a weed good to look upon but accursed to the farmer, as its pointed spur works havoc among the fleeces. Close by we saw a prosperous ostrich farm and a number of camels, with their Afghan drivers, about to start on a journey still further north.

The strange impression of this juxta-position of old and new was deepened by the nature of the principal case for trial. It was a charge against Jimmy Wonyilta of the murder of Billy Lee, both Aborigines. The story of the crime was not complicated. A quarrel seemed to have arisen through the refusal of the deceased, though of mature years, to submit to initiatory rites which technically made him a "young man." The witnesses were careful to speak of him always as a "boy," though it was testified that

HE HAD A FEW GRAY HAIRS.

The actual conflict between the two men was conducted with much of the punctilio of a duel. Each of them was armed with what is commonly called the "double boomerang"; strictly speaking, it should rather be called a club in boomerang form. It is a large and somewhat heavy weapon, not intended as a missile at all, but used to inflict a blow which must be delivered only against the head. The inviolable etiquette of such encounters demands that each combatant in turn shall bend his head to the attack, not attempting to repay it until he has steadily suffered his own chastisement. Blow thus solemnly alternates with blow, until the man with the stronger arm and harder head is left the victor. In this ordeal Billy Lee succumbed.

The witnesses in this trial were, of course, mainly Aborigines themselves, for the crime was committed in one of their camps. Their demeanor was extremely nervous. Again and again they had to be exhorted to hold up their heads and to speak clearly. One of them, a strong man with dents upon his head suggesting a long experience of boomerang duels, fainted in the course of giving his evidence, and another collapsed as soon as he had left the box. Later witnesses were therefore allowed to sit, and were frequently refreshed by a glass of water, which they would empty at a single gulp. Their evidence was given in pidgin English, interpreted by a police inspector, who was Protector of Aborgines for that district.

The counsel for the defence had the advantage of having lived for some time among the blacks when a boy, and could consequently make himself easily understood by them.

"YOU YABBA LONGA ME NOW,"

was his intimation that they were now to speak to him instead of to his learned brother. "You tell me straight, no tell lies," was sufficient to emphasize the importance of truthful answers. Several peculiarities in linguistic usage came out during the examination. The witnesses used the word "lose" as a euphemism for "die," and "kill" in place of "strike." It had the oddest effect to hear how one man would kill the other, and then the other would retaliate by killing him.

Two peculiar characteristics noted by the writers on aboriginal customs were illustrated in his trial. One was the blacks' inability to count. At one point it was desired to ascertain what time elapsed between the death of the victim and the giving of information to the magistrate. The man who had himself carried the news could give no answer when the question was put to him point blank. He was next asked how many "sleeps" he had during his journey. This inquiry was also ineffectual.

Lastly, the lawyer proceeded in this fashion: "Where you sleep same night Billy Lee killed?" "Me sleep So-and-so Creek," was the prompt answer. The place of sleeping night after night was then elicited until it was easy to calculate the total interval. So, too, the time of day at which any event happened was indicated not by mention of the hour, but by pointing to the quarter

WHERE THE SUN WAS.

The other characteristic especially illustrated was the reluctance of the friends of the dead man to mention his name after he is gone. It is stated by one of the latest authorities on Aboriginal practices, N. W. Thomas, that to mention the name of a dead man is thought equivalent to summoning his ghost, and that to avoid such a calamity words once familiar will even be allowed to drop permanently out of use. In this case Billy Lee's "subra" never once referred to his dead husband by name in the whole of her evidence. She spoke of him invariably as "dead man." If it was uncanny to hear of a man killing his antagonist after he had already been killed himself, it gave one no less of a creepy feeling when this woman told how "dead man" ate his dinner or walked outside his tent or took up his boomerang.

Teacher—"Tell me a few of the most important things existing to-day which did not exist a hundred years ago." Thomas—"Us."

SITUATION IN IRELAND

SAVINGS GROW APACE, BUT LAWLESSNESS BLIGHTS THE LAND.

The Landlords Sell their Property, and Go Abroad with their Money.

One reservoir of stored up gold seems to have been overlooked in the recent crisis. This is Ireland. According to a return issued by the Irish Department of Agriculture not only are the savings of the people represented by the banking and Government statistics higher than ever before, but more money was put away in 1906 than in any previous year.

The bank deposits on June 30 of this year amounted to $240,335,000, an increase compared with 1906 of $11,125,000. The post-office savings bank deposits amounted to $53,185,000, an increase of $30,000. Government funds amounted to $195,955,000, an increase of $11,195,000.

Under the above four heads investments increased in twenty years from $324,750,000 to $501,955,000. Irish railway receipts in 1907 are also the highest on record.

A LAWLESS WINTER

seems to be in store for Ireland, says a report from Dublin. The machinery of the law appears to be at a practical standstill and the police chiefs think that things will be worse before they are better. Cattle driving has spread throughout the country, and the mischief done is so great that priests are preaching against lawlessness and urging the people to not take part in ranch clearing.

Arrests of the offenders are futile, as it is impossible to secure a verdict. The authorities brought several batches of cattle drivers to Dublin, hoping to secure convictions by a metropolitan jury, but though the cases were proved and no defence was offered the juries always disagreed and the defendants were released on their own recognizances.

Hitherto the ranch-clearing campaign has induced about a score of graziers to surrender their farms, and on the other hand it has inflicted heavy expenses on the counties concerned in the shape of extra police taxes, while the compensation to be paid to the owners of cattle will run into thousands of pounds.

The country gentry are fast leaving. Landlords who sell their estates are almost invariably going to England and the Continent, and this throws many laborers and others out of employment. Fine mansions and houses in the country parts have been given over to small farmers who can only occupy a room or two. This has already been made plain to many who have purchased farms outright, and they have abandoned tillage as unprofitable, yet have not stocked their farms for want of capital. Industrial progress has been set back, as capitalists are afraid to invest in Ireland.

THE FOLLOWING INCIDENT

well illustrates the condition of the country. Pierce, a caretaker, was evicted from a farm near Crusheen and shot about 6 o'clock in the evening on a public road. He was hit twice and lay for a considerable time on the ground, as the passersby refused to help him. After about two hours he struggled bleeding to a nearby house. The owners refused to admit him.

Ultimately a small farmer named Tobin sheltered him for a couple of hours until the police came and took him to the hospital. Previously to this Tobin had been very popular, but some days after an imitation of a grave was traced on the ground at the well from which the Tobin family got their water. The significance of this in Ireland does not need pointing out. Tobin's only offence was that he sheltered a wounded man for a couple of hours.

FORTUNE FOR A TOWN.

Irish Miser's Curios Legacy for Recreation Purposes.

The market town of Portadown, County Armagh, Ireland, has been notified of a substantial legacy in curious circumstances.

Recently the death occurred of Mr. William John Watson, who was over 70 years of age. Although born in Portadown, the old man's early life was spent in Australia, where he amassed a fortune of about £10,000. Returning to his native place, he purchased property, but himself lived in the utmost poverty in a small, three-roomed house. The other day, as he had not been seen for two days, the police broke into his house, and found the old man lying dead. Death from apoplexy was the verdict of the coroner's jury. Later, the will of the deceased was read, and it was found that Watson had left the whole of his property to Portadown for the purpose of providing healthy recreation for the people. Football and "rowing for speed" the testator specified as recreation which was not to be provided for. He also provided that the urban council should have a dinner every five years, the expenses not to exceed £1 per head. At each of these dinners the testator's will is to be read.

DEVOTION OF MUSSULMEN.

Loud Conversation Does Not Disturb Chanting from Koran.

When saying his prayers the true Musulman is not easily disturbed. Hans Doering, in his account of his travels in Chinese Turkestan, writes: "It is an interesting sight to see a Mussulman perform his devotions. Through the piece of glass in my paper window I saw the interpreter spread his carpet in front of his house just opposite the one in which I was living. His wife and child sat quite close to him talking loudly with some visitors, but this did not in the least disturb the old man at his devotions.

"In spite of the noise the melodious chanting of the Koran was quite audible. The worshipper kowtowed several times and cried: 'Allah! Allah! Allah!' Then for a while stood reverently clasping his hands crosswise upon his breast, after which he joined in the conversation.

"His wife then went through the same performance, doing exactly the same as her husband. This they do every morning and evening, whether there are friends with them or not."

OPERATOR LOST SPEECH

MAN WAS MADE DUMB BY AN ELECTRIC SHOCK.

Wireless Operator Deliberately Courts Second Stroke and Regains Lost Faculty.

Robert L. Mortimer, a wireless employee at the Boston Navy Yard, has become the wonder of the medical profession by risking death, in the shape of a current of electricity, in order to restore his lost power of speech.

Recently Mortimer, through a freak of the highly charged atmosphere and apparatus of the wireless station, accidentally formed a connection with a vibrating coil and received the full effects of 30,000 voltage.

The operator, who is young and physically rugged, recovered in a few minutes from the shock and rose dazed and blinded to his feet.

FOUND HIMSELF DUMB.

He shook himself and finally decided that he was none the worse from his encounter with the blue fluid.

Five minutes later he tried to address one of his companions at the station and found that when he opened his mouth to speak no sound came forth.

At first he was startled at the belief that he had gone deaf, but a moment of listening to the usual sounds of the yard reassured him in that respect.

His companion stared at him in amazement as the stricken operator stood there opening and shutting his mouth in an apparently idiotic manner.

Then suddenly realizing what had happened Mortimer seized a pencil and wrote on a piece of paper:

"I have received a shock that has left me speechless."

For a week the operator filled his position without being able to utter other than three sounds during that time. These occasions were at moments when he was in a highly nervous condition and merely added to his horror at the thought that he was to be compelled to live a dumb man.

The news of this peculiar accident spread among physicians and several days after the occurrence Mortimer was ordered to the General Hospital where he was examined by throat specialists.

A DARING ACT.

At this gathering while the young man sat in a chair he heard one of the physicians make the remark that there was a chance of restoring the voice by another shock of similar voltage; but—and there the voice of the doctor was lowered, though not sufficiently to escape the ears of the youth—such a shock might easily instead if restoring speech inflict instantaneous death.

Mortimer listened to this remark in silence, and when he left the hospital he returned to the station with a plan in mind.

One forenoon recently when the other operators were in another room he rose from his chair, walked to the window, and looked out for several moments at the sky. Then he stepped back to his seat and suddenly, with only his pale cheeks and the tightly compressed lips to indicate the daring of his act, deliberately reached down and made the same connection with the transforming cells that had deprived him of speech.

Instantly he was hurled into a heap on the floor, but in another moment he had risen to his feet to discover that his speech had returned.

"TASTING" THE CZAR'S DINNERS.

Every Dish That Goes to the Emperor's Table be "Tasted."

The kitchens in which the food of the "Great White Czar" is prepared are extraordinary for the elaborate precautions taken to prevent any of his household tampering with his food. The kitchens themselves present the appearance of a strong-room of a modern bank, guarded by a regiment of soldiers, rather than the culinary department of a Royal palace.

Even the chef—M. Eugene Kratz—who presides over the Imperial kitchens, enjoying a salary of $20,000 a year, and social privileges equal to those of a general of the Russian army, is not to be envied in his peculiar position.

As soon as dinner or luncheon is ready to be placed on the Emperor's table a very elaborate system of "tasting" has to be gone through; and when the Czar is in residence at Peterhof, not only M. Kratz himself, but also his under-chefs and certain high officials of the Imperial army are called in to taste every dish that goes to the Emperor's table, after which experiment a reasonable time is permitted to elapse to see whether or not the "tasters" are poisoned. This curious survival of other days comes from the time of Ivan the Terrible.

When the meals prepared for His Majesty are served M Kratz himself begins to taste; and after the strange "poisoning" interval has elapsed the dishes are placed in an electric elevator with a closed shaft, into which the military officials are locked, and up goes the lift to the ante-chamber of the Imperial dining-room. Here again the major-domo duly samples the dishes under the eyes of the Czar, after which the Imperial Family sit down to dinner.

No dish ever served on the Czar's table is permitted access to the dining room save through the elevator shaft. Thus the food can in no way be tampered with save by the cooks themselves and the military officials on duty. It has been said by an authority that the Imperial Family of Russia in bygone times sat down to their meals in a dining-room constructed of cast-iron and steel, for all the world like a bank vault. This, however, is not the case now; but elaborate precautions still have to be made to prevent the enemies of the Czar carrying out their plots against his life.

THE SACRIFICE;

—OR—

FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued).

Then the silken train rustled by, and the shrill voice of her mother-in-law: "Allow me, Herr General, I, too, have a word to say to the—lady."

"I am sorry, madam, but I must insist upon your saying nothing, for every one's sake. If this lady is an impostor, it would be beneath your dignity; if she is not, it would certainly be useless. Do you understand?"

Lora had now come out of her hiding-place.

"Uncle," she cried, hurrying up to him, "take me to mamma, I beg of you.'

"Certainly, my love. I can understand that you are longing for your mother; come!"

The young wife went into her bedroom, and soon came back with a lace hood over her hair, and wrapped up in her old cloak which she had lately brought home secretly. She had her prayer-book in her hand and her father's photograph in a simple frame.

At the sight of her Frau Becher broke out into sudden, hysterical sobs. "Lora,' she said, "you cannot go.'

"Yes, I can," she replied, breathing quickly; "I am going—and I will never come back—never!"

"You cannot be sure of that, my love, said the general.

"Yes,' returned Lora, who fairly seemed to grow, she drew herself up so proudly. "Yes, I can. For even if she is not his wife according to law, she is so in my eyes; and if anything could add to the contempt I already feel for him, it would be the sight of this child whom he has deserted. Never, never will I set my foot across this threshold again—never!"

"Oh, it will all come out right," sobbed Frau Becher.

"Never!" repeated Lora, and she gathered up the train of her mourning dress, as if even the garments that she wore should not be allowed to touch the floor of the house she was leaving.

"Pardon, madam; she is frightfully agitated, naturally," said the general, in excuse. I shall be back again, directly."

He hurried after Lora, who was waiting for him at the hall door. "Come, child," he said gently, offering her his arm.

She clung closely to him, but she did not speak again. It had grown dark outside, the wind had gone down and the bells sounded deep and solemn from the towers of the city. It was Christmas Eve.

Lora's heart suddenly warmed and softened, and something came back to her of the faith of her childhood; the certainty that there is a God of compassion and of love.

She dropped her uncle's arm. "I am going to church," she whispered. And he nodded.

"I will go on and prepare your mother, and then go back to Frau Becher."

She walked slowly on through the crowded street. Church-goers came from nearly every house, and took the same way that she was going, drawn by the sound of the bells. On the high altar two Christmas trees were blazing with light. Tears came into her eyes, and a solemn feeling came over her. Just in front of her, half hidden behind a great pillar, sat the stranger. Her worn, delicate face was turned toward the blazing trees. She held the child's little hand between her own, and listened to the old Christmas hymn:

"I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you and all the nations upon earth."

Lora went into the same pew, sat down beside the child, and bent her head in prayer. The eyes of her neighbor opened wide as she looked at her face, down which one clear drop after the other slowly ran.

"For the child's sake, forgive me for disturbing your peace," said the stranger to her, in a whisper, after the sermon was over.

"I forgive you? Ah, you must forgive me. But, believe me, I am guiltless of blame," replied Lora. Her hand rested for a moment in that of the stranger, and her eyes looked searchingly at her face. No; it was not that of an impostor.

When the service was over, she went through the crowd with a lofty air; she looked neither to the right nor the left; she looked only into the future, where she saw freedom before her.

Doctor Schonberg was standing at the church door. His eyes were fixed on his mother, who, with Katie von Tollen beside her, came slowly on with the crowd. Then he happened to look aside, and he started back a step.

Lora? Lora, as he had so often seen her, in the thin winter cloak, which he knew so well, with the fair curls, which lay lightly on the white brow, with the old, sweet, modest expression in the eyes, under the long, shady lashes, as maidenly as at that time when she was his Lora. He felt hot anger stirring within him. Why did she cross his path so?

She went through the streets as if in a dream, and was surprised to find herself soon at her mother's door. She went into the dining-room. Her mother's troubled eyes met hers.

"Lora, my God, Lora!"

Lora did not weep. She knelt down beside Frau von Tollen, and putting her arm round her, murmured:

"Home again, in my own home, once more. Ah, mamma, you cannot know what that means for me."

Frau von Tollen was silent. She bent down amid her tears and kissed her daughter's beautiful, clear brow; it was a mute, touching entreaty for pardon. Her Lora, her beautiful, proud Lora, how frightfully she had been sinned against, and she, her own mother, had lent her hand to the crime, against her own better nature.

"Mamma," entreated Lora, "do not cry. My heart is so light, so light, today."

CHAPTER XXII.

When the general went back to Frau Becher's he was obliged to wait for nearly an hour, with Aunt Melitta to keep him company. The old lady was in a frightfully excited state; nothing worse could happen to her than to be shut out of a secret, and, on this occasion, she could find out absolutely nothing.

She only knew that something had happened—something monstrous, unheard of; but all attempts to get any detailed information were frustrated by her brother's silence. He walked slowly up and down the violet salon, with his hands behind his back, and paid no attention whatever to his sister's questions.

"Good heavens, there is Rudolph! It can't be Rudolph again?" she sobbed out at length. "Oh, do tell me, William; he wants money from the Bechers again, doesn't he? Dear me, even though they are rich, one ought not to ask too often for——"

"Indeed? They paid his debts, did they?" asked the general, with apparent indifference.

"Yes, Wilhelm, otherwise he would have been—but you didn't know about that?"

And Aunt Melitta, delighted to feel herself important, came close up to him. "Otherwise he would have left the service in disgrace, do you know?" she whispered, and as the general stopped she poured out the whole wretched story in his ear, twisting her handkerchief about in her hands in her eagerness.

"Thank God," she concluded, "Leo never knew of it; it was all settled by Lora's engagement—yes, by her engagement," she nodded till her curls shook.

"And the engagement was arranged on account of this delightful affair?" he asked, with a growl like thunder, and following her to the chair in which she had seated herself, he stopped before it and looked at her with darkening eyes.

His sister made no reply.

"Eh, Melitta, did the girl consent of her own free will?" he asked.

The good-natured little lady looked at this moment as helpless as a child.

"Why, William, how you do look at me! She did say yes, at last. It is no trifle for a Tollen to—I don't know, William, what to call Rudolph's misstep—but to leave the service. And you see Lora made a good match, and—"

"Very good, I understand. She did say yes, at last!"

He did not say another word; everything suddenly became clear to him.

At length Frau Elfrieda appeared. Aunt Melitta was requested to wait in another room.

She went out in direful anger, and she had to put up with the fact that the Polish carp in the kitchen were done to rags, and the Christmas tree in the ball-room remained unlighted, and the costly presents awaited their recipients in vain. What was the use of her making sofa-pillows and pincushions by the dozen? But the worst was yet to come. After two hours of painful expectation her brother left the house without asking for her; Frau Becher sent word through the servant that she was so tired she could not see Fraulein von Tollen again; Aunt Melitta put her cloak on with a sigh, cast one more glance at the dimly-lighted Christmas room with all its gay presents, and went downstairs past Lora's flippant maid, who was standing whispering with the footman. The servants' faces had a curious, insolent expression, and they looked after her and laeughed. And this was Christmas Eve!

As she walked through the park the clock struck eight. From the window of the gardener's cottage a brilliant Christmas tree shone out. Yes, there was still joy somewhere.

At her own door, a moment later, she found a slender figure, gazing eagerly at the Schonberg's house. There was a light downstairs in the Frau Pastorin's room, and in the hall, the door of which was wide open, the scholars of the gymnasium had just lighted the tree, and were singing a Christmas song.

"Katie, is it you?" cried Aunt Melitta, in amazement.

"Yes," said the girl, without turning her head, "I have been waiting here for you a long time already. Everything seems to be at sixes and sevens. What has happened, I should like to know? The Christmas family party gone to pieces—Lora suddenly at home—mamma in tears, and uncle like a thunder-cloud. Can I come up with you, auntie?"

"If you like, Katie; but it is cold in my room, and I haven't even a morsel of gingerbread in the house; it doesn't look much like Christmas with me today."

"As if it were any more like it with us," said Katie bitterly, and as the song across the way had ceased, she followed her little aunt into the house, sat down by the window in the cold room, and looked with burning eyes at the dark gable window opposite. He was downstairs with his mother; there, there was a fragrance of evergreen and wax candles; there was happiness.

Katie clenched her fist and said to herself, 'I will be there next year—I will—I will!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

The general in the mean time sat opposite Frau Becher, every inch the soldier. He developed his strategic talent, and began first to reconnoitre.

Frau Becher sat on the yellow flowered damask sofa of her boudoir, with an air of being ready for the fray. On her coarse features, swollen with crying, however, there rested in contradiction to this, an expression of injured innocence and gentle resignation.

"Madam," began the general, "this is a sort of thing—yes, yes; you need not tell me. I am an old man. I know the world. It is true, young men will be young. So this lady was in your house, Frau Becher?"

"Yes," replied Frau Becher, with a sigh, "and God knows, if I had had an idea, when she came to me, of what misfortune she was bringing to me, I would never have let her cross my threshold," and she made an expressive gesture.

"Of course, of course, no one could blame you. And you had a great deal o' trouble about her?"

"Ah, Heaven only knows how much," she moaned. "First, all the fuss when Adalbert fell in love with her. I always said to him, 'Stop that nonsense. Girls like that are sure to give trouble; you will repent it.' But young people always know so much. Afterward when he had got his way, then the trouble began in earnest. She was always writing for money; that sort of person always needs so much more than a respectable woman. She made a perfect thumbscrew of her relations with Adalbert, and of course, on account of the child, she always got something."

"Ah, you knew, then, that you had a grandchild?"

"A grandchild! Your excellency, I must insist—" The lady's thick little nose went higher in the air. "We had determined to have the child educated," she continued. "Adalbert has gone over there now, to settle—" she broke off suddenly, and turned red.

"Oh, I thought your son had urgent business there. And it was for this reason that he left my niece so soon after the wedding—for such reason as that?"

Frau Becher grew redder still. "Good gracious, yes; she had threatened to come over here—and—and— But for Heaven's sake, your excellency will not believe that this person has any foundation for her insane demands? I swear it, your excellency." She sprang up in anger and confusion. "I will bring you the shameless creature's letters," she cried. "Adalbert gave them to me to keep when he married; he wanted to keep them for some reason. I have not read them, general, upon my word I have not. I only took out some photographs, which I destroyed, I hated that person's face so. I know they are begging letters, nothing but begging letters."

She disappeared for a few moments, and then came back with a package of letters.

"Here," she cried, unfastening the string, "take them;" and she took up one herself and looked at it. "There, you see," she cried triumphantly, "it is nothing but begging."

The general glanced at the packet, took out several of the letters, and read them. In truth, it was always the same imploring cry. "For the child's sake."

They were touching letters, in words which made the old soldier's heart soft. No castaway ever wrote like that. At length he took out a tolerably thick letter; amidst all the white paper he had caught a glimpse of a blue one.

"It is abominable," screamed Frau Becher suddenly. "She calls him, 'My dearest husband.' Ah, perhaps it is the custom in such cases."

The general unfolded the blue letter and read the address, "Dear Sir," and the signature, "A. M. Hardy, Rector." He laid the envelope on his knee, drew out the contents, and began to read, with a certain solemnity. "H'm!" he said once. When he came to the end he turned the letter over and began to read it again; then he took up the white paper and glanced at the few words, in a woman's hand, that were traced there:

"Dear Bertie:

"I cannot bear it any longer. I implore you to write to me. I went to Rector Hardy, yesterday, because I felt I must speak to some one. Forgive me for it. He said he would write to you. Don't be angry—I am so desperate. Oh, I beg of you, Adalbert, if not for my sake, at least for that of the child, write and come to

"Your ELLEN.

"New York, Oct. 16, 188——

It was a date shortly before his engagement to Lora.

"Madam," said the general, in a voice that sounded very hard and stern, "it is evident to me that you had no suspicion of the existence of a marriage between your son and this Ellen; but, nevertheless, it does exist. Here is the letter of a Pastor Hardy, who married them. He admonishes your son to come to his young wife, and to fulfil his duties to the mother and child."

He felt sorry for the woman before him. She leaned back in her cushions, and turned deathly pale.

"It is impossible," she gasped, "it is—it must be a mistake."

But she knew only too well that it was no mistake. She knew the celebrant, he had been her own pastor in America, and she knew his handwriting.

"No, madam, you can see it here in black and white, and let us thank God that we found the letter."

But Frau Elfrieda, who felt as if she had experienced a terrible blow of fate, could not see any reason for thanking God for such a discovery. The stout woman, breathing heavily, lay down, and buried her head in the sofa-cushions, and remained so for a long time, almost overwhelmed by the shock.

The old general, who would not, on any account, have called in any witness, waited patiently till she sat up, with a groan.

"Oh, it is hard, it is hard," she murmured, and then she began to sob.

"You must telegraph to your son this very day," said the general calmly, as she stopped speaking, and burst into tears. "Your son must not come back here, do you hear? He will run the risk of a heavy punishment if he—"

"Not come back?" she stammered.

"And you, madam, must go to your son as soon as possible," continued the general.

"I?" It sounded like a shriek.

"I should wish to avoid all scandal, for the sake of my poor niece."

"Merciful heavens! It is impossible. I should never survive if—if—Adalbert——"

"I hope you will madam. To-morrow, when you are calmer, I will talk with you about it."

"Your excellency!" she shrieked, clapping her hands over her face, "I never knew it; I did not even suspect it. Don't desert us, do advise him; he loves Lora too much. Only for that, only for that! Oh, how hard it is for a mother, when her children do wrong!"

The general could not but pity the coarse, over-dressed woman at this moment, when all the false excuses fell away with which she tried to defend the sinner, whose mother she was.

"Calm yourself, and, above all things, say not a word about this, for my niece's sake." He stopped and walked slowly up and down the room. "Your son must go back to New York to live, on account of his business," he said at length, stopping before the mother, who still lay on the sofa like one distracted.

She looked at him vaguely.

"Live in New York?" she repeated.

"And my niece refuses to go there with her husband. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"He will send for her repeatedly, he will even appeal to the courts, but she is determined to stay here.'

"Ah, heavens, your excellency!"

"After that, your son will apply for a divorce, and my niece will gladly submit to it. In this way I can, at least, spare the girl the disgrace of appearing before the world as a victim of your son's duplicity. If it were not for that, by God, madam——"

His wrath was too much for him, and he stood before the trembling woman, with clenched fists and flaming eyes.

After awhile, when he had calmed himself by walking up and down, he continued:

"I will ask Mrs. Becher to go away to-morrow as far as Hamburg, for the present, at least, and I will give you a few days here to get everything ready. And now for the telegram. I will write it out."

He took a note-book out of his pocket tore a leaf out, and wrote on it:

"Stay in New York; I shall come as soon as possible. E. arrived here. Will tell you all when I see you.

"ELFRIEDA BECHER."

"There, send that to the telegraph office at once."

"Yes," she replied, as obediently as a child.

"Did you understand what I said to you, madam?"

"Yes; Lora will not live with my son in America, so he will apply for a divorce."

"Very good. Good-evening."

He seized his hat, and went toward the door.

"Your excellency," cried Frau Elfrieda, "I—I—tell Lora that I am inconsolable, that——"

"Good-evening," he repeated, and left the room.

(To be Continued.)



The Farm

MAKE THE COWS COMFORTABLE.

It is not every man who can afford to build a new stable for his cows, even though it may be badly needed, but any man can fix up the old one so it will be comfortable during the cold months now approaching.

The first thing wrong that attracts the attention, when preparing to better the conditions existing in most stables is the want of light. A cow may be just as warm in a dark place as in a light one, and possibly just as comfortable, but the dark stable is not in accordance with our presentday ideas of what is best in a sanitary way. Probably one reason why so many were built with so little window space years ago might be found in the fact that cows were formerly kept inside only at night when light was not required. So the first thing to do in rearranging the building is to see that more windows are added. A barn where animals are confined ought to be as well lighted as a human habitation.

Next, go after the cracks where the wind blows in. It is not pleasant to contemplate the discomfort unavoidable when an animal is tied fast in any place where a cold wind sweeps directly upon it. In a box stall or even an open shed it is usually possible for the drafts to be avoided by shifting the position from place to place, but in a stall, held by stanchions or tie, it is different. The cracks may be battened with lath easily and effectively. I have often wondered why it is that with the expenditure of so small a sum as that represented by a bundle of lath and a roll of building paper so many cold stables should exist.

Next go after the floors. If they are of dirt, such as we sometimes find where but a few cows are kept, they are sure to get in a bad condition. Dig out the earth for four inches down and put in a layer of grout and over this cement. If the top layer is of boards or plank, all the better, as it is easier to the feet than cement. Raise the part where the animal stands from four to six inches above the back part by making it that much higher than the other.

Cement work is so well known and so easy to manage that no outside labor should be required, thus reducing the expense. Measure carefully after estimating the length required for each animal, so as to bring her heels as near as may be to the back edge of the platform.

I shall say nothing here about mangers, for they are not quite so important as windows and floors. Whatever style is present in a stable can be kept clean if care is taken to empty them every day of whatever remains uneaten.

Mouldy or musty cornstalks or stub ends of other fodder should be cleaned out, and if this is done the manger will not be bad. At least it would hardly pay to put in an old stable to go to the expense of putting in new.

Many of the older stables to be found in the Eastern and Middle States, says an exchange, have the rigid stanchions, and some modern ones have them also. These are by no means as comfortable as another style of fastening, and about the only excuse I ever heard for their presence was that they permit of placing a greater number of animals on the same floor space.

Personally, I dislike the arrangement very much and would urge the abolishment of that style of fastening. The rigid stanchion is not comfortable. It shows that on its very appearance, and I am convinced that if animals could communicate their wishes to man they would enter a mighty protest against being held in the stocks after the manner of those barbarous arrangements called stanchions.

The old time stable rarely ever lacks for ventilation—such as it is. Cracks in siding and around doors and the one window usually found, provide drafts of air which may be depended on to change the circulation, but that is not all that is wanted. In an old stable it would not pay to put in an expensive system, but a simple flue for a small stable could be easily made, and something of the kind is imperative.

SHEEP PAY BIG PROFIT.

A correspondent says: A well-fed flock of sheep is the most profitable property a farmer can own. It is sometimes said that the dairy cow is this. If that be true, why is it that the number of sheep has increased over 3,000,000 in Great Britain in the last few years, until now there are over 300 sheep to every square mile? Sheep raising is looked upon by many as a primitive industry, suited only to poor lands and undeveloped agriculture. If sheep were suited only to rough and waste lands, why is it that in Great Britain the tenant looks upon his sheep as the surest rent-payer on land that is worth from $300 to $500 per acre?

We have always advocated that any farmer can keep a small flock with satisfactory success. Failures in the keeping of sheep invariably happen in having too large a flock to begin with, for if one is able to keep successfully a small flock, which any person with good judgment may do, is no reason that he can keep a thousand with the same success, for in all arts appertaining to agriculture there is no branch so difficult to become proficient in as the shepherds art. This does not apply to sheep alone. Let any man overstock the capacity of his farm with hogs or cattle and disaster is sure to follow.

In my thirty years of experience in the sheep business I have always found that my sheep have always made me more profit for the feed consumed and the capital invested than any other stock. I have made 150 per cent. profit on grade ewes raising early lambs for the Easter market.

Sheep, in fact, turn into money in various ways: First is the meat, whether from hot house lambs, rib wethers or fat ewes that have raised several lots of lambs; then there is the wool, which is commanding a good price and which is harvested in the spring of the year, so to speak, when the farmer has the least to sell from any other source. And last, but not least, is the constant improvement of the land, which sheep with the "golden hoof" and rich manure never fail to bring to the tired and worn-out cultivated field. Sheep is the 100 per cent. profit animal whether it be grazing on the rocks of the Ozarks or on the rich and rolling fields of the prairies.

If you have never had any experience in the business, let me warn you to go easy and buy a few ewes and figure on improving in the future. One of the principles of success is to raise each year lambs that are better individuals than their mothers. Have your ideal. You know the ones that answer to the accepted type and to your ideal. Study your flock. You know the ones that raise the best lambs and shear the heaviest fleece; you learn to discard the coarse head, the heavy ear, the long leg, the cloudy wool and dark skin. Hold on to the ones that conform the nearest to your ideal, and the most essential and important part is good care. As someone has said, "A wise shepherd feeds his lambs a month before he sees them and the foolish shepherd a month afterward."

I want to impress upon the minds of all that in my experience the one essential and most important thing to remember to make the sheep business profitable, is care. Care will make constitution; care will ward off disease; care will make size; care will save feed; care will make fat and fat makes more and better wool. Care will convince any man that the sheep is the 100 per cent. profit animal.

A HOME-MADE MIXTURE.

IS INEXPENSIVE AND EASILY PREPARED BY ANYONE.

Is Said to Promptly Relieve Backache and Overcome Kidney Trouble and Bladder Weakness.

What will appear very interesting to many people here is the article taken from a Toronto daily paper, giving a simple prescription, as formulated by a noted authority, who claims that he has found a positive remedy to cure almost any case of backache or kidney or bladder derangement, in the following simple prescription. If taken before the stage of Bright's disease:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

A well-known authority when asked regarding this prescription, stated that the ingredients are all harmless, and can be obtained at a small cost from any good prescription pharmacy, or the mixture would be put up if asked to do so. He further stated that while this prescription is often prescribed in rheumatic afflictions with splendid results, he could see no reason why it would not be a splendid remedy for kidney and urinary troubles and backache, as it has a peculiar action upon the kidney structure, cleansing these most important organs and helping them to sift and filter from the blood the foul acids and waste matter which cause sickness and suffering. Those who suffer can make no mistake in giving it a trial.

A MUTUAL CHANGE OF MIND.

Mr. Wednot (a confirmed bachelor): "How time does fly, Miss Toolate. It's just ten years ago since you refused me on this very spot."

Miss Toolate (who wishes she hadn't): "Yes, Mr. Wednot, but I was very young and foolish then."

Mr. Wednot: "But we are both older and wiser now."

NEVER GAVE IT A CHANCE.

First Little Girl: "Does your father hate work?"

Second Little Girl: "No, indeed. It never done him no harm!"

Don't neglect your cough.

Statistics show that in New York City alone over 200 people die every week from consumption.

And most of these consumptives might be living now if they had not neglected the warning cough.

You know how quickly *Scott's Emulsion* enables you to throw off a cough or cold.



ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.

The Watchman

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE.

FRIDAY, JAN. 3, 1908.

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

THE EBBING TIDE.

The bye-election in Center York goes to prove that there is a Liberal re-action in Center York. That seat is retained by the government but with so scant a majority that a recount is to be held with the possibility of a Conservative majority. Four years ago the riding was gerry-mandered to make it safe for the Liberals.

Before 1903 York County was divided into three ridings, two Conservative and one Liberal. The re-distribution was arranged to make them two Liberal and one Conservative on the same vote. It threw a large part of the Conservative vote of West York into the city of Toronto to swell the enormous Conservative maiority there. To the remaining dittricts were added the township of Markham, and a few other polls with a strong Liberal majority. The riding so made up and provided with a Liberal Majority of 303, on the basis of the last previous election, was called Centre York and was understood to be made solid for the party for all time to come.

But at the election of 1904 this majority was cut down to 123 according to the returning officer's statement, or 76 by the Blue-book statement. Now it has been further reduced to 23 and perhaps swept away altogether. Naturally a Government does better in a bye-election than in a general contest, and in this late campaign the usual promises of post offices and other bublic buildings must have had some effect. It goes without saying that Captain Wallace, the Conservative candidate, son of the late Hon. N. Clarke Wallace, will win the riding for the next Parliament. Even Liberal hives are becoming Conservative.

JAPS FOR CANADA.

Mr. Nosse, Japanese Consul General in Canada, left for Tokio last week. It is diplomatically stated that he has returned home on an extended leave of absence, but it bluntly stated in certain quarters that he has been recalled by the Mikado. Hon. Mr. Lemieux, Postmaster-General, who went to Japan on a mission to the Japanese government with a view to induce it to restrict immigration from that country to Canada is on his way home having signally failed to accomplish his mission. That government insists on its treaty rights; though it may as an act of courtesy regulate the flow of immigration to Canada it will not engage to restrict the exodus. When the House next meets Sir Wilfrid Laurier will again be asked for the papers containing the alleged Japanese assurance on which the Government got the bill accepted by Parliament. If further excuse is given for withholding these documents the country will naturally conclude that they exist only in the Premier's imagination.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

is understood that Mr. Nosse, despite having given any such assurance, though his name was connected in the Parliamentary debate with this matter by several Government speakers. Mr. Nosse had no power to give guarantees, as he is merely a commercial official. This was made clear in Japan to Mr. Lemieux. The treaty, in black and white distinctly guarantees to the Japanese the free and unrestricted privilege of settling in this country. On this written contract Japan stands. She may of her own will restrict the migration of her own people, but Canada is never secure against an influx of Japanese labour so long as the treaty remains. Relief can only be obtain in the end by abrogating the treaty some years hence in the way provided. In the meantime we can beg Japan to do us the favour to keep her people from enjoying the privileges which we have solemny agreed to give them. One lesson to be drawn by Parliament, and especially by Conservative members, out of this affair is that in future when a treaty bill is submitted by the Government no statement should be accepted concerning guarautees and assurances that is not supported by documents produced. Ministers argue that Mr. Borden and the opposition are equally with themselves to blame for the present situation, since they did not oppose the treaty bill. It must be admitted that Mr. Borden and his friends were too confiding. They made the mistake of accepting Sir Wilfrid's distinct statement to parliament. It is now certain that they should have made him produce the record, and prove the existence of the guarantee which he professed to have received. They will know better next time.

CUSHING.

A Happy New Year to all.

Miss Dolly Nicholls left on Monday on a visit to friends in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Cooke spent the New Xear with friends in Montreal.

Mrs. Wm. Canning, jr., is spending a few weeks with friends in the city.

Miss Carmichael of Bryson, was also a guest of Rev. Mrs. Fraser during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Derrick of Winnipeg, have arrived on a visit to their friends in Stonefield and Montreal.

The Misses Helen and Edith Johnson and Mr. Chauncey Johnson of Ottawa, spent Xmas at the Manse.

Miss Marian Whitehead who is teaching in Papineauville this term, was a welcome visitor amongst her Cushing friends on New Years.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Kahala with their little son, Ernest spent Xmas in Stonefield, the guests of the latters's mother, Mrs. J. Derrick.

Miss Grace Weir entertained a large number of her friends from both sides of the river to a very pleasant dancing party on Friday evening of last week.

The holidays passed off very pleasantly in this locality, almost every family having visitors to entertain; some from Montreal and quite a few from other places.

The funeral of the late Mr. Peter Cameron which took place from his late residence at Stonefield on Tuesday afternoon, the service being held in St. Mungo's Church, was very largely attended.

Amongst the Montrealers who were in Cushing during the holidays were Miss Bessie Gotto, who spent a week at the Manse, the guest of Miss Grace Fraser; Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Keatley and their little son and daughter who came up Christmas Eve and returned to town on Thursday of this week, and also Nurse Watson and her sister Miss Mary, who spent Christmas with parents.

CARILLON.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Girard spent New Years with his parents.

Mr. P. F. Flanagan of Montreal, spent Christmas Day here.

Rev. Father Brophy spent Christmas Day with his parents.

Mrs. J. P. Hodgson and Miss May spent Christmas Day in Ottawa.

The Misses Lefebvre spent the latter part of the holidays in town.

Mr. A. Lacroix of Philadelphia, is spending a few weeks with his parents.

Miss Mona Johnston paid a flying visit to Miss T. M. Bryerton last Saturday.

Mr. Wm. Chambers of St. Philippe, was a guest at Evergreen Cottage on Friday evening of last week.

The Misses T. and M. Bryerton returned to town on Thursday morning, having spent the holidays with their parents here.

CASTORIA.

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

FURS!

FURS!

FURS!

W. Banford & Son,

P.S.—FUR COATS.

TOWN COUNCIL.

The regular meeting of the above Council was held in the Town Hall on Thursday last, at which were present Mayor George Hay, and Councillors Paquette, McKimmie, Berry, McGibbon, McFaul, and Lister.

By-Law No. 68 re sub-division of Centre Ward regarding parliamentary electors passed its second reading.

The Mayor having deemed it expedient in the interest of the town, had requested the Secretary to purchase $500 of the town debentures. This had been done and the action of the Mayor was ratified on motion of Coun. Berry, seconded by Coun. Lister.

It was moved by Coun. Lister, seconded by Coun. Berry, that a list of the attendance of councillors be published in the Watchman.

The following is a record of meetings attended by the various councillors during the year;—

Mayor Geo. Hay, 21; Councillor Wm. Berry, 21; J. A. McGibbon, 20; James McKimmie, 19; F. Paquette, 18; James Lister, 18; John McFaul, 14; A. Raymond, 12; J. Prevost, 7; H. Ayers, 3.

It will be remembered that Councillor McFaul's illness with typhoid, prevented his attendance at several meetings. It is also known that ex-councillor Prevost was unable to attend the Council through illness, which proved fatal some three months ago.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE JOHN M. BOYD.

It is our sad duty to record the death of the late John M. Boyd, of Chatham, on Monday, Dec. 23rd, after a lingering illness. The deceased, who was a native of Sligo County, Ireland, came out to Canada in his early youth. He married Annie McRae, daughter of the late Ed. McRae, of St. Jerusalem. He leaves a large family to mourn his loss. (Age 74).

Dearest father thou hast left us
And our loss we deeply feel
But t'is God, that has bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal,

MONALEA.

Mr. J. Funcheon left on Monday for the lumbering woods.

Master G. Dickson is spending his holidays here with his uncle.

Mr. J. and the Misses Fitzgerald were guests of Mr. J. McCoy on Sunday.

Mr. Tardy and family have left on a visit to relatives in Montreal and Granby.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Lennon and little son, Stanley, are at present the guests of his mother, Mrs. J. Lennon.

Mrs. M. Brearton of St. Philippe, entertained a few of the young people very pleasantly on Monday evening.

Cheer up Skaters! The weather will not always be nasty and your Carillon confreres are sure to let you know when the ice is in trim.

CENTREVILLE.

Miss Lillie Christie is spending the holidays in Westmount.

Mr. Walter Christie has returned home from Brooklyn, N.Y.

Little Eddie Wilson has returned aggin to spend the holidays in our midst.

Mrs. Peter Bryce and child are in Montreal visiting her parents and friends there.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shaw & Master Henry were guests under the parental roof on Christmas Day.

Mr. John Veitch of Cowley, Alta., is spending a happy time with friends here, after an absence of nearly two years.

Miss Hilda Hooker returned home on Saturday to spend a pleasant time with her numerous friends in this vicinity.

Our school is closed and Miss Silver, our teacher, has gone to Montreal until the 7th inst., when she will open the school again.

A Shooting Match was held Xmas Day at Mr. Chas. Bradford's, North River. Some of our young men carried home a goodly share of the game.

The young man with the black horse is delighted with the thought that the ice has continued safe enough to carry him and his steed regularly in the direction of the brick house on the hill.

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 Vankleek 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 pubic 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.

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.

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.

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. R. BONHOMME.

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 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

LOST RIVER SCHOOL.

—: o :—

Gr. IV No. of subjects 13,—Annie McCrimmon 1035, Ethel McKenzie 990, Mabel 965, Lillian McMillan 930, Bell McMillan 895, Sandy McCrimmon 765, Neil McCrimmon 460.

Standing in Class,—Mabel McCluskey 1st, Ethel McKenzie 2nd, Bell McMillan 3rd, A. McCrimmon 4th, Lillian McMillan 5th, Sandy McCrimmon 6th, Neil McCrimmon 7th, Hattie Fraser 8th.

Grade III,—Dolena Fraser 890, Iva McKenzie 820, Katie McCrimmon 720, Sandy McMiller 490, Jennie Williams 320, Gordon McMillan 230.

Standing in Class,—Iva McKenzie 1st, Dolena Fraser 2nd, Kate McCrimmon 3rd, Earnest Burke 4th, Sandy McMillan 5th, Gordon McMillan 6th.

Gr. I,—Alex Fraser 265, Bella McCrimmon 240, Russell McKenzie 222, Grace McMillan 135.

Standing in Class,—Alex Fraser 1st, R. McKenzie 2nd, Bella McCrimmon 3rd, G. McMillan 4th.

1st Primmer,—Willie Campbell 1st, Bella McMillan 2nd, John Fraser 3rd, Stanley McMillan 4th.

EMMA RIX, Teacher.

XMAS EXAMS.

CHATBORO SCHOOL.

—: o :—

Gr. IV,—Beatrice Donaldson 1st, Ruby Donaldson and Edith Donaldson equal, K. Warwick 3rd.

Gr. III,—Geo. Clarke and Keith Douglas equal, Maggie Warwick 2nd, Ira Ferrester 3rd.

Gr. II,—Russell McMeekin 1st.

Gr. I,—Russell Warwick 1st.

Primer II,—Lawson O'Brien 1st, Stella Hill 2nd.

E. R. DUNN, Teacher.

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.

GENOA SCHOOL.

—: o :—

Gr IV. (Max. 1300,—Jennie Wilson and Gordon Todd 1189, Willie Boa 950, Jessie Black 947, Felix Touchette 869.

Gr. III (Max. 1250,—Ethel Shepherd 1007, Tommie Boa 98, 7Percy Gordon 853, Ellie Todd 622.

Gr. II (Max. 750,—Grace Shepherd 661, Albert Shepherd 659, Peter Todd 615, Katie Shepherd 475, George Bigras 472, Jessie Miller 364, Archie Gordon 360, James Wilson 345, Simon Wilson 309, Orrin Gordon absent.

Gr. I,—Ruby Miller, Allan Griffith, W. Wilson, Sam Touchette, Eben MacDonald and James Thompson absent.

J. GRACE McGIBBON, Teacher.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

Mrs. Archibald Mitchell, Lachute, on Saturday, Jan. 11th, 1908.

1 seven piece walnut parlor suite, 2 bedroom suites, 3 bed springs, wardrobe, 2 marble top tables, 1 extension dining table, parlor coal stove, double stove, kitchen stove, lot of stove pipes, sewing machine, eight day clock, pictures, carpets, cupboards, chairs, 2 verandah seats, flower stand lawn mower, wheelbarrow, pair of shears and garden tools, wash boiler, tubs, board irons, farmers boiler, 2 kitchen tables, dishes, and many other articles too numerous to mention. Sale at one p.m. sharp.

TERMS—$10.00 and under cash, over that amount, 4 months credit by furnishing approved joint notes.

M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer.

EPIPHANY

Excursion Tickets will be sold **At One Way First-Class Fare.** between all stations in the Province of Quebec and Ontario, Ottawa and East. Good going January 4th, 5th, and 6th. Good to return until January 7th, 1908.

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.

We can Satisfy you!

That is saying a great deal isn't it, but not too much. If you deal with us you will be convinced. Our store is always well stocked with the finest and best line of goods procurable.

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.

January Clearing Sale.

We now offer the whole of our stock in the following lines at Genuine Bargain Prices.

Men's Fur Coats and Caps,
Ladies' Fur Jackets, Stoles, Boas, Ruffs and Muffs.
Men's and Boys Overcoats, Etc.
Sleigh Robes and Rugs.

Most of the above named goods are 1907 Fall purchases, and are thoroughly up-to-date in every respect. See the goods. Get our prices and be convinced of the exceptional values we are offering.

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 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.

KODAKS - CAMERAS - SUPPLIES.

HOLLAND'S STUDIO.

(Opposite the Post Office.) - Box 25
E. M. FINN, Mgr. - LACHUTE,

CURRENT TOPICS.

One of the most discouraging of all the accepted untruths of business success is the idea of the average young man that the successful man whom he envies began life with the fixed purpose to build for himself that particular worldly structure which his success is based upon. If every successful man in the world would strip himself of egotism and retire into himself, writing out the true history of his rise in whatever line he has succeeded, that written history of business would knock the present romantic fiction of success into the proverbial cocked hat. No young man ever left a salaried position that was paying him a living without hearing from friends and acquaintances the hint of the risk that he was taking. "I'd be mighty careful how I gave up a good, steady position to go into such a thing!"

You, reader, have given expression to the thought dozens of times when some friend has suggested such a change. In doing so you may have seen the effect of the remark in the face of that friend. You will recall to him some day if he shall fail that on that particular occasion you "told him so." Of course, you will. But if, in spite of your gloomy predictions, that same young man shall go ahead and prove a success, you'll be the last person in the world to remember the fact. It's human nature! This condition leaves to most young men the impossibility of making a business move without auditing the pessimistic views of friends and acquaintances.

"Jones tried that and failed, you know," is one of the common citations of the friendly acquaintance. Thus it comes about that most young men venturing into business of any kind have their fears far more upon edge than are their well directed ambitions. That the successful man is surprised in his own heart at his success is almost inevitable. Take the meaning of the word "success" as it is so universally defined at the present time. Where a few years ago a business success meant the accumulation of a hundred thousand dollars, that money measure of it has been multiplied by tens and twenties within two decades. Today the vast majority of men who have made $1,000,000 started out in business life with the idea that one-tenth of that sum was a fortune. When a man is a millionaire it is the easiest possible process for him to study out how fixity of purpose, ambition, judgment, and close application to his work were the deep seated virtues that made him the success that he is. It is not fair to the young man of to-day that he should be left at sea with the idea that every successful man of business snapped and planned his career from the beginning.

Business, dissociated from all risk, is a dream. Too much risk makes a business not worth the while. Too little assumption of risk as certainly cuts the margin of profit possible, for the reason that competition in such a field ordinarily is strong. To measure the risk proportionately to the chances of business profit is an essential. After which the ways and means to a successful end most frequently are framed from the exigencies that arise, day after day. That man who in my circumstance can "Do the next best thing" has a pretty fair chance in business life!

WINDING A WATCH.

Reasons Why It is Better Done in the Morning Rather Than at Night.

"You wouldn't think," said a watchmaker, "that it would make any difference whether a watch is wound up in the morning or at night, but it does make considerable difference.

"When a watch is wound up at night, coming out of a warm pocket, and laid down or hung up in a cool place, the mainspring will contract by the cooling off of the metals. Being wound up tightly all chance of contracting has been shut off and the spring is bound to break.

"If, however, the watch is wound up in the morning, having partly run down through the night, there is room enough left in the barrel to contract. Another reason why it should be wound up in the morning is that the spring will then have more power and thus will be in a better condition to resist the disturbing movements of the bearer during the daytime.

"Being generally in a horizontal position during the night and running with less power, the horizontal position, in which the balance runs more freely, will operate to make the length of the swing of the balance wheel during the night as nearly as possible the same as in the daytime."

TO BETTER USE.

Fond Mother—"Well, Archie, and did you find the word in the dictionary?"

Archie—"It wasn't a word I wanted, Mamma. I borrowed this dictionary so that I could put it on a chair and reach the strawberry jam on the top shelf."

The Wreck of the Stronthal

I.

The chief officer of the Stronthal plucked nervously at his thin lips, and his face was a little white and strained. When he took his hand away from his mouth his fingers shook, and he seized the newly-replenished glass of spirits hastily, quaffing it at a draught.

"So, you see," he observed to the big red-faced man opposite him, "it isn't a very nice position to be in. Just my cursed luck, however! The same luck that caused me to fall for the Navy, and find my true level in a rotten 'tramp'!"

The red-faced man smiled, and coughed to hide his satisfaction. The fly was drawing in towards the widespread web.

'Let's have the whole yarn, Fulmingford," he said quietly; "it'll ease your mind to get rid of it."

"It's a girl, of course," said the sailor shamefacedly. "She's as proud as the Queen—prouder, I dare say — and her mother can give her points in the same game. I—I care for the girl a good deal, I'd like you to know, Crawford. I'd do almost anything to get her for myself; but what's the good of that? First mate of a cargo-tramp, with ten pounds a month, and what I can make from the stevedores. I tell you it's a dog's life!"

"They don't retire skippers in your company, then? Keep 'em on till they die of old age I suppose?"

"Yes; that's about it. When you see a coffin going over a ship's side you can think about promotion. I've reckoned up my chances evenly. I'll get a command when I'm fifty-eight, at the soonest. Fifty-eight, by gad! A man hasn't got much to care for at that age!"

"Then it's the money that's lacking—not the inclination—on the girl's part, I mean?"

"Well, I'm no Adonis, as you see, but I do believe she'd marry me if only I could get over her consummate pride and love of position. She isn't the sort to settle down as a mate's wife, in a fourteen-pound-a-year house, with no slavey."

"Sorry for you, old chap. Suppose it's no use advising another girl? No? I thought not. But suppose the chance of earning a few thousand pounds happened to be put in your way—what then?"

The eyes of the sailor had narrowed a trifle.

"Thousands?" he gasped, and plucked at his lips again.

"Yes. Why not? Say, five thousand pounds. It's more than you'd get at sea if you stayed there all your life. Have you ever thought what five thousand pounds would mean to you? Why—you're a man of mettle, Fulmingford—with that sum a man could do what he liked. Invest it well—I could see to that for you—and you'd have it doubled inside three years. It's been done a hundred times. And ten thousand pounds—ten thousand pounds would make most girls look twice at you. How would you like that?"

"But is it clean money? Look here, Crawford, what is it you're driving at? Because I'm not the man to do any dirty work, you know."

"Aren't you?" muttered the red-faced man to himself. "If I know my kind, young man, you'd do most things for the sake of that money." Then he said aloud:

"Clean? Why, of course it's clean! At any rate, it has this advantage, which plenty of money hasn't — it won't be found out how you got it. Ten thousand pounds, by Jove! I know a little investment—it won't close for six months, either—that would give you a clear seven per cent., and no risk."

He was playing his capture now very cleverly, for the hook had scarcely taken as yet. It was just in the silly fish's mouth, but the jaws had not closed.

"Out with it!" exclaimed Fulmingford suddenly. "Don't go beating about the bush, man!"

Crawford rose from his seat and went to the door of the private bar at the Cross Keys. No one was near, but he shut the door carefully and turned the key. Then he reseated himself, while his companion mopped his forehead.

"It's like this," said Crawford. "I'm a bit of a dabbler in risks at times. You know all about marine insurance, of course, don't you?"

"Yes," said the sailor, who knew practically nothing.

"Well, the owners of ships insure them and their cargo generally, and that's perfectly bona-fide. But any man can take out an insurance on a certain ship if he likes. He's only to say he has a venture on board her. Then, if the ship returns safely—well, the insurer loses his investment, but if she never turns up again he stands to gain a lot—precisely the amount he's insured for, less his premium, of course. Well, so far, that's all right. I take out an insurance on the Stronthal—that's your ship, isn't it?—and pay my premium. If she happened to get lost on the way—say she ran on a reef, or something like that—I'd haul in about ten thousand pounds, if I worked my cards properly. And I'd give five thousand to the man who ran her ashore."

He lifted his eyes then and scanned the face of the sailor. Fulmingford's brow was drawn together, and his face was very black.

"It's barratry!" he said shortly. "Curse you, what are you driving at? Do you think I'm the man to throw my ship away for the sake of your filthy money? You've made a big mistake there, you swab!"

"It would mean you got that girl," said the red-faced man slowly. "Don't lose your temper; have another drink. Think of the chance, man, before you decide. Your skipper leaves most things to you, you said, and who's to find out if you ran the ship ashore? Down there about St. Vincent wouldn't be a bad place. I remember hearing a man say once that you never could tell the way the currents were going to run thereabouts. Well, think it over. I'm going now. Here's my address. If you decide to do it, write me before you sail. If not, don't trouble. Your silence will mean that nothing's going to happen, and I'll keep my money in my pocket. But if you decide to—well, oblige me, it's five thousand down the day you land in England."

Fulmingford left the hotel and strode down to the docks. Try as he would to fling the temptation behind him, he could not; it was there in his brain, insistent, compelling.

The ship was to sail the following morning. Already she was practically loaded. He went to his cabin, and eyed the narrow room in disgust. Unless something happened, he was doomed to wear out his manhood in that cribbed berth. And then, there was the girl—the girl!

"Gad," he said softly, "but it would mean I'd get Gracie!" He sat down at the table and wrote a hurried note to Crawford, sealed it and stamped it. Then he went out on deck, where the caeptain met him. "Just going ashore to post a letter, sir," he said to his senior.

"Ah, yes! But wait a bit, Fulmingford. There's some spirits coming down, and you'd better see them safely under the hatches. Give me your letter, and I'll post it for you. Good-night!"

Fulmington paced the steamer's bridge with restless steps. The time for action was drawing near now, and he had not yet wound himself up to the requisite pitch of determination. It was a still and purple night. On the port bow a single blinking white light showed plainly—San Antonio. The captain was below asleep; he had perfect confidence in his first mate, and had left the bridge with a cheerful word of warning to keep the light well on the bow.

"Nothing to harm us to-night," he had said as he went below. "But you can't be too careful. These currents are tricky things."

Fulmingford clenched his hands and gritted his teeth as the white light crept abeam. There was still time to repent of his decision, but the face of the girl he loved was clear before him. Better far to do what he intended, and share her life, than to live blamelessly and alone.

"Starboard a little!" he said to the helmsman; and the wheel clanked. The Stronthal slewed to port as though surprised at the action taken, but still trudged onward sturdily. It was very dark. Fulmingford walked across to the helm. "I said 'Starboard a little'!" he muttered savagely. "What are you slewing her about like that for?"

The sailor mumbled something incoherent, and, with well-assumed rage, the mate snatched the helm from his grip. He was going to prove a reasonable excuse in case of need. Still, the ship thrust herself forward. The mate held his breath, for he knew that the altered course would bring about the inevitable end. It happened suddenly, however, and his heart fluttered as the steamer lurched heavily, and then stopped dead. There was a sudden clamor in the engine-room, the forecastle door opened forward, and a crowd of excited men rushed out. But the mate had hold of the situation. He rang the telegraph fiercely, bidding the engineers keep the ship going ahead for all she was worth. He meant to keep the riven bow on the reef until the last moment, in order that the boats should get clear away before the final plunge.

The skipper was on the bridge in an instant.

"Heavens!" he gasped. "What is it?"

"Run ashore, sir. Afraid it's all up with her. Must have been one of those cursed untrustworthy currents." There was nothing to be said against such a possibility. It was one of the dangers of the sea, and many another ship had paid the grim penalty of a too-confident reliance in the Admiralty charts.

"Get the boats out-" said the captain huskily. And the men did his bidding.

"All hands abandon the ship!" cried the captain. And Fulmingford was the last but one to go. He was conscious of a sense of wild exultation, that was still tinged with shame. It had been very easy. Of course, there would be an inquiry, and he might get his certificate suspended; but, then, five thousand pounds would make up for that—and more.

"It makes a man's throat dry,' the captain said pitifully, when the good ship had disappeared. "Pass the dipper along, somebody."

But there was no dipper in the boat. Search as they might, nothing was discoverable that would serve as a drinking vessel. Fulmingford touched the skipper on the arm.

"An envelope would do well enough, sir," he whispered. "I haven't one myself, but you might have one about you."

The captain felt in his pockets, and shook his head. Then he smiled wanly as a crackle of paper rewarded his search.

"Here's something," he said, and hauled it out. Suddenly Fulmingford sat upright, and a choking sensation took him by the throat. His trembling passed unnoticed as the skipper squinted at the thing he held with short-sighted eyes. "Dashed if it isn't the letter you asked me to post, Fulmingford,' he said, "the night before we sailed! Hope it wasn't anything important?"

The mate licked his dry lips, and felt a load of misery fall remorselessly on his heart. He had done the bitter work for nothing.—London Answers.

If there is such a thing as a spoiled child it belongs to one of the neighbors.

"Doctor, if a pale young man named Jinks calls on you for a prescription, don't let him have it." "Why not?" "I've wants something to improve his appetite, and he lodges at my house!"

WONDER OF GYROSCOPE

TESTS SHOW IT WILL STOP THE ROLLING OF SHIPS AT SEA.

Practical Adoptions of the System in Certain Steamships Almost Immediately.

When Louis Brennan astonished the scientific world a few months ago by his demonstrations of the practical value of the gyroscope as applied to railroading he by no means exhausted wonders of this newly discovered but very old mechanical principle.

A German inventor announced at about the same time that the gyroscope had remarkable powers of imparting rigidity to ships at sea in heavy weather. His claims met with far greater incredulity among practical mariners than was aroused by Mr. Brennan's demonstrations at the Royal Society. But seeing is believing in most cases, and in this one the sceptical have been forced to conviction.

On three days of last week a series of tests of the gyroscope apparatus was made in the North Sea off Tynemouth, England, under the direction of the inventor, Dr. Schlick. The vessel used was a boat of the torpedo boat class, the See-bar. Representatives of many of the cross Channel and English coastwise lines attended the trials.

The weather on each of the days was sufficiently rough to enable the steadying effect of the gyroscope to be demonstarted. The Sea-bar is 116 feet long, about 11¼ feet broad and of 56 tons displacement, so that a moderate amount of sea for a vessel of her dimensions represented the action of waves of considerable magnitude

UPON SHIPS OF LARGE SIZE.

On Wednesday the conditions were most severe. A gale had been blowing during the night and the waves encountered by the See-bar had heights of from six to eight feet and lengths of from 60 to 100 feet. Vessels of much larger dimensions than the See-bar were rolling through considerable angles at the time when the tests were made.

They were conducted in the following manner. The vessel was placed broadside on to the waves, or nearly so, with the gyroscope fixed, and was allowed to roll freely. The maximum inclinations to the vertical attained were on several occasions 15 degrees on each side.

The motion of the vessel is very quick; the period of oscillation for a double roll with the gyroscope fixed slightly exceeded four seconds. When a considerable oscillation had been attained the gyroscope apparatus was set free by releasing the brakes by which it had been previously held and was permitted to oscillate longitudinally about a transverse horizontal axis, the bearings of which were attached to the hull of the vessel.

The effect upon the rolling was most remarkable. It was "damped' immediately, and after a few oscillations was practically extinguished, the deck remaining almost horizontal, while the vessel

HEAVED UP AND DOWN.

Some of the nautical representatives on board were of the opinion that if the rolling could be extinguished in this manner and the deck kept nearly horizontal there would be a risk of the waves breaking on board to a greater extent than when the vessel was rolling. Observation, however, proved that the contrary was true: the deck kept perfectly dry as the vessel heaved up and down with the gyroscope in action, and the conditions were much more comfortable than they were when the gyrescope was fixed and the vessel permitld to roll broadside on to the waves.

These results absolutely confirmed those previously obtained in Germany, and they greatly impressed the representatives of the steamship lines who witnessed them. It is anticipated that the result of the demonstration will be the practical adoption of the system in certain steamships almost immediately.

Messrs. Swan Hunter and Wingham Richardson have decided to make the first applications of the system in vessels of the coasting and cross Channel type, where its advantages will be greatest, and for this purpose in conjunction with Dr. Schlick, are working out a standard pattern of gyroscope which the displacement ranges from about 1,000 to 2,000 tons.

The advantages in regard to cost and speed of production of having a standard pattern of gyroscope will be obvious. All that will be needed is to

VARY THE RATE OF REVOLUTION

appropriately in order to secure sufficient steadying effect in vessels of different weights.

Even in the smaller vessels to be dealt with the weight and space required for an effective gyroscope will be but moderate in amount, and the comfort of passengers in vessels which from their small dimensions must have a quick period of rolling if they are endowed with adequate stability will be very great. Already the Hamburg-American company is constructing a gyroscope to be fitted in its pleasure steamer Silvana, which runs between Hamburg and Heligoland.

The victims of seasickness would be premature perhaps in assuming that the days of mal de mer are over, but they can at least hope that their distress will be greatly mitigated. It is impossible, of course, to do away with the up and down motion in a heavy sea, but on big liners this amounts to almost nothing when the rolling has been eliminated.

A GOOD GUESS.

Yeast—What would happen if some people could take their money with them into the next world, do you suppose?

Crimsonbeak—Why, it would burn in their pockets!

RAILWAYS' TOLL OF LIFE

FOUR HUNDRED AND SIXTY PERSONS KILLED LAST YEAR.

Report of Railway Commissioners—Business of the Board Increased.

The second report of the Dominion Board of Railway Commissioners contains a summary of the work of the board for the year ending March 31 last. The total number of public sittings held during the twelve months was 63, at which 214 applications were heard. A resume of the more important questions coming before the board is given in some detail, including the new general freight classification, the new uniform operating rules for all railways, the reduction of passenger rates to a maximum of three cents per mile, international freight rate schedules, etc.

TRAIN ACCIDENTS.

In respect to train accidents the report shows 460 persons killed and 603 injured. Of the killed 42 were passengers, 212 employees, and 206 other persons. Passengers injured numbered 210, and employees injured numbered 317. In detailing the character of the accidents the report shows 95 killed and 32 injured by trespassing, 46 killed and 29 injured while working on the track, 44 killed and 100 injured by head-on collisions, 2 killed and 16 injured by rear-end collisions, 41 killed and 22 injured at level crossings, 15 killed and 102 injured by derailments. Fifty-one bodies were found on the track or bridges, 12 were killed and 15 injured while attempting to get on train in motion, 29 were killed and 30 injured while switching.

Of the killed 160 were on the Grand Trunk Railway, including 11 passengers; 212 were on the C.P.R., of whom 24 were passengers; 30 were on the C.N.R., of whom there was one passenger; 29 were on the Michigan Central, only one being a passenger. On the G.T.R. 99 passengers were injured; 70 were injured on the C.P.R., and 11 on the C.N.R. Of employees 67 were killed on the G.T.R. and 107 on the C.P.R

A COMPARATIVE STATEMENT

of the killed and injured for two years shows 460 killed during the year ending March 31, 1907, as compared with 381 for the preceding year, and 603 injured, as compared with 223. There was a decrease of 34 in the number of passengers killed during 1907 as compared with 1906, and an increase of 167 in the number of passengers injured.

The total number of cases heard took up 20,595 folios of testimony. There were altogether 2,936 applications made to the board during the year, an increase of 1,449, or over 100 per cent., as compared with the preceding twelve months. The number of filings made was 26,933, an increase of 9,280, and the number of orders issued 1,741, an increase of 1,127. The aggregate of freight and passenger schedules received was no less than 57,517. The total expenditure in connection with the commission for the year was $68,664.

CAMORRIST BANDS IN ITALY.

Tragedies of Dreaded Societies Come Thick and Fast.

Camorra tragedies succeed one another thick and fast in the Neapolitan (Italy) provinces.

Sansonetto, the Camorra chief of the Province of Bari, was waylaid and mortally wounded by a band of defeated rival candidates. Sansonetto, who is but a young man, kept his stealthy assailants at bay for some time, till they finally overpowered him, leaving him with his body pierced all over with their daggers.

At the Granatello di Portici Prison at Resina a Cammorrist named Jengo was flung into a big cell full of criminals, among whom chanced to be a leading Naples Camorrist named Petronio. In the Italian lowlands the Camorrist leaders still retain dictatorship over the rank and file, even while incarcerated in the common prison. On this occasion Jengo disputed the primacy of jurisdiction with Petronio. As the quarrel waxed warmer Petronio suddenly unsheathed a stiletto and slashed mercilessly at the face of his foe, cutting off flesh from both cheeks. The other prisoners quickly formed into party groups to exterminate each other.

Military had to be summoned to quell the riot, and an enquiry has been ordered to discover how Petronio was able to carry a weapon in jail. This is the second case of the kind lately. Indeed, in the former one, in which two Camorra convict rivals fought a duel with knives in a prison courtyard, each inflicted mortal wounds on the other.

Antonio Parlait, one of the sixty-one Camorrist councillors of Naples, who had been committed for trial in connection with the Cuocoli murders, was examined by a magistrate, when he thrust his fist through a window and attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat with the broken glass.

At Vietro, a seaside town near Salerno, an officer of Carabinieri named Liguori was brutally murdered by Cammorists while entering a tavern where they were holding a secret meeting.

MUSIC RESTORES HAIR.

Stringed Instruments Have Favorable Influence on Growth of Hair.

Music—of a certain kind—is now advocated as a hair restorer.

According to the Paris journal Menestral, science has proved that stringed instruments have a favorable influence on the growth of the hair, while brass instruments act in the opposite direction.

"Every one has probably observed that a bald violinist is as rare as a bald hornplayer is common," the journal says.

"Wood instruments, such as the flute, seem to have no pronounced influence either way."

Experts are agreed that while the majority of eminent violinists, 'cellists and pianists have magnificent heads of hair, the players of brass instruments and the conductors of brass bands themselves have been instrumental to show a lamentable paucity or tendency to complete baldness.

WEDDED A BOGUS TITL

FOUND HUSBAND WAS A CAMMORRIST OR BANDIT.

Lovely Edith Van Buren, of Hon... New York Family, Married Bogus Count.

The beautiful Countess di Cas... menardo, who was Miss Edith V... Buren of New York, has appeared ... the Court of Appeals in Naples, testi... ing to her "noble" husband's rape ... and cruelty and has obtained a le... separation from him.

It was a shock to the young wife ... find that her husband's title was bo... when she married him in Nice ... years ago, and to preserve her dig... and self-respect, she spent $1,000 to ... the Count a certain legal right to ... name he had appropriated.

FOUND HE WAS A BANDIT.

But great as was this disillusionm... the Countess's dismay was far gre... when she learned from the Naples po... that the man whom she married was ... Camorrist or bandit, who has und... gone penal servitude, and who is ... subject to police surveillance.

"The man's name is Gennaro V... sichio," said the Chief of Police.

The Countess, who belongs to ... wealthy and well-known family in N... York, acknowledged in court that ... was fascinated by the Count, a sl... slender, dandyish, Neapolitan, perh... ten years her senior.

He represented himself to be Co... Vessichio Georgo di Castelmenardo.

LEARNED HIS TRUE CHARACTER.

After their betrothal she received fr... Naples—probably from a confederate ... his—excellent testimonials respecti... her husband's family. She was assu... that his mother was the Duchess Tor... Bruydu di Velvedere Giuditta George ... Castelmenardo and that the Count w... beyond reproach.

After their marriage she soon fou... out his true character.

On one or other pretence he induc... her to pay all the expenses of th... bridal trip. Soon acknowledging hi... self penniless, he got money from h... and squandered it in gambling and l... living.

Even after she had bought his t... for him his brutality increased, ... Countess said. He made protracted t... to Monte Carlo and there passed off ... his wife a notorious demi-mondaine ... Genoa.

Finally, at the urgency of her broth... the American Consul at Nice, she cau... his arrest in Genoa last year. He w... convicted of unfaithfulness and cru... and was sentenced to three months' ... prisonment and to pay the costs of t... action.

HER HONORED FAMILY.

The Countess di Castelmenardo, is ... great-grand niece of President V... Buren and the daughter of the late G... Thomas B. Van Buren, forme... American Minister at Tokio. Her m... ther was the daughter of Joseph Sh... field, who founded the Sheffield S... fic school at Yale; so she was a fitt... marriage of the late William We... Phelps.

Miss Van Buren went to the Klondy... in 1898 with Mrs. Roswell D. Hitchcoc... widow of Commander Hitchcock, U.S.N... of New York. She staked out a cla... near Dawson and sold canned goods ... the miners on week days and sun... hymns to them on Sundays. From t... Klondyke Miss Van Buren start... around the world for New York.

As the lovely Edith Van Buren s... caused gossip in Europe by visiti... watering places without a chaperon ... She met her Cammorist Count in Ni...

WHERE SHE WAS.

How a Woman Occupied Her Time B... tween Two and Four O'Clock.

"Will you please state to the Cou... just where you were on the afterno... of Friday, between the hours of t... and four o'clock?" said a lawyer to ... delicate-looking little woman on t... witness stand.

"Well, now, let me see," she sa... reflectively. "I think I can recall ju... where I was during those hours. ... know that it was just two when I l... home and went down to a shop ne... my house and ordered a small list ... groceries sent up. Then I stopped ... a tailor's to see about having him ma... some buttonholes for me; and aft... that I came on down town, and we... first to Black and White's and got ... dozen pearl buttons and a yard of ... lesia. Then I went over to Smith ... and got two towels; and after that ... went to my milliner's to carry her so... flowers for a hat she is making f... me.

"After that I ran into a display ... ready-made evening gowns for a fe... minutes; and then I went into a ch... mist's and got a tooth-brush; and fro... there I went into a hatter's and got ... hat for my little boy; and then I ra... in and heard a little of a lecture o... foods a gentleman was giving in h... down town; and coming out I met ... friend and we had a cup of cocoa; an... then got a lot of samples in several ... stores; and after that I ran into a bak... er's shop and got a dozen macaroons ... and then I got myself a pair of slip... pers, and went to a locksmith's t... have a key I wanted made to order ... and then I went to a dealer in stove... and left an order to have a man com... and clean our flues; and after that ... made arrangements for having my ... piano tuned; and then a friend o... mine and I ran in to see an exhibi... tion of paintings for a few minutes ... and after that we went to a cooking ... demonstration in the grocery depart... ment of one of the large stores; and ... then—let me see, where did I go then? ... Oh, yes. I went to the post-office and ... registered a letter, and then——"

"That will do," said the judge. "... you did all that, and more too, in two ... hours. I'll take back all I've ever sa... about its taking a woman three hou... to buy a yard of ribbon."

After sending the baby to sleep a ... man proceeds to talk her husband ... sleep.

CAN-OPENER SLIPPED HAND RIPPED OPEN



ZAM-BUK STOPS PAIN AND BLEEDING

"KEEP ZAM-BUK HANDY," is a sound motto, for daily mishaps make ZAM-BUK a daily need. It can be used with remarkable soothing and healing effect from the oldest member of the family down to the newborn babe.

Mr. Ben. Hager, Edmonton, Alta., has recently had occasion to test the remarkable healing powers of ZAM-BUK. He says:—

"When opening a can of Pineapple Sauce the other day the Can Opener lost its grip and my hand was ripped open by the rough edge of the half opened can. It made a gash in my hand about two inches long. The pain was fearful and the blood simply gushed away from me. I had a box of ZAM-BUK handy and I immediately applied some. To my surprise the pain suddenly ceased and the blood stopped. ZAM-BUK'S quickness in healing up Sores, Cuts, Bruises, etc., is a great puzzle to me."

ZAM-BUK CURES

Blood poison, cuts, bruises, old wounds, running sores, eczema, ulcers, boils, eruptions, scalp sores, itch, chapped hands, burns, scalds, and all skin injuries and diseases. ZAM-BUK is the best cure for piles yet known. 50c box, all druggists and stores, or ZAM-BUK Co., Toronto. 3 boxes $1.25.

FREE TRIAL BOX will be sent on receipt of 1c. stamp. Send this coupon to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto (2 E 6)

ZAM-BUK

Men and Women of Ontario

This **APPEAL** You

.....is for.....

The Great Provincial Charity, The Hospital for Sick Children, Calls On You For Aid.

Remember that this Hospital is not a local institution, but Provincial.



"I LIKE PICTURES"

It cares for every sick child in the Province of Ontario whose parents cannot afford to pay for treatment.

Busy dollars are better than idle tears. The sympathy that Weeps is good, but the Hospital has to have the sympathy that Works.

Last year there were 1093 patients admitted. O. these 378 came from 254 places outside of Toronto—all were children of poor people who could not afford to pay for treatment of their little ones.

Each child was in the Hospital 47½ days at a cost of $1.31 each per day, or $62.22 for the 47½ days stay.

If your dollar could straighten the feet of a little boy or girl with club feet, you would gladly give it, and your dollar will do that. There were 79 cases of club feet treated last year. Out of the 79, about 50 were from the country.



MASSAGE



BEFORE. AFTER.

If you know of any child in your county who is sick or has club feet, and whose parents can not afford to pay, send the name to the Hospital Secretary.

The stock books are open. Won't you let the Hospital write your name down for a few shares in Heaven's own work of healing little children?

A great mine of Mercy—the mining stock that always pays dividends—is bought with the money that helps The Hospital for Sick Children to extract the Gold of Life from the Quartz of Death.

Please send contributions to J. Ross Robertson, Chairman, or to Douglas Davidson, Sec.-Treas., of the Hospital for Sick Children, College Street, Toronto.



EYE CASES.

MONKS GIVE BANQUET.

In Russian Monastery 38,400 Pounds of Food Consumed.

To celebrate the feast of their patron saint, the orthodox monks of the monastery of St. Alexander, Russia, have recently given a monster banquet. There were 700 guests, who occupied tables in a great hall. The monks, however, dined each in his own cell. At the feast 23,400 pounds of food were consumed, with 4,300 bottles of wine and beer. Among the items were 4,000 pounds of caviare, 700 pounds of preserved fish, 1,000 pounds of fresh fish, besides tons of meat. The monastery, one of the richest in Russia, has an income of $250,000 a year. The property of the orthodox church is estimated at $25,000,000 [illegible], which makes the Standard Oil figures look puny

THE TRAMP'S PARADISE

WHERE WEARY WILLIE WANTS FOR NOTHING.

New Zealand the Country Where He Gets His Meals and Lodgings as a Right.

New Zealand has been called the "Working Man's Country," and it certainly is heaven for tramps. Plenty of really decent food and a night's lodging are to be had there for the asking—to be demanded, in fact, as a right. And when one remembers that, after all, the majority of us make little more than that out of toiling hard week in, week out, all the year round, it is no wonder that one's mouth begins to water for that happy land, where there are no November fogs, and where beds and grub are free.

The reason for it is not far to seek. New Zealand is a land of big distances, and outside the regions of the towns is sparsely populated. There is no network of railways there to make traveling easy; the only means of locomotion for the ordinary workingman is Shank's pony. aaonnd fiito.. nfiiii shrdlu mfwyp shrdl On the farms—or "stations"—a certain amount of casual labor is always required for the repair of fences or stockyards, or the cutting down of trees, and in breeding, reaping, and shearing seasons. Some means must, therefore, be found of securing a "constant supply," and that is why the squatters make a practice of giving

FREE QUARTERS FOR ONE NIGHT

to all applicants for work. They know better than anybody that 90 per cent. of these "swagmen," as they are called—after the blanket or "swag" in which their belongings are rolled—would die sooner than work; but as it is just that odd 10 per cent. of genuine workers that they need to have at hand for emergencies, the custom continues, and will continue, despite its abuse by the "deadheads."

Arrived at the "station," you begin by demanding work. Of course it may be offered you, and, if that is so, you have to choose between accepting it or going away to sleep in the open, unless there is another "station" near. But the odds are in favor of all the work having been snapped up by the earlier applicants, and in that case you sigh loudly when the boss shakes his head, and march off to the cook and ask for a ticket, which is always forthcoming.

FOR THE SWAGMEN'S HUT.

This is usually a long, low wooden erection, with a fireplace at the far end, and rows of bunks on either side, similar to those on board ship. Appropriating one of these, you sling your "swag" into it, and, taking your soap—if you are particular—go outside to wash. Then you return, and smoke and chat with the other swagmen till the ringing of a bell announces that supper is ready.

Supper is served in the station dining-room, after the regular hands have been fed—another long, barnlike place, with a trestle-table in the middle, and forms on either side.

The lavishness of the meal would strike our tramp dumb with amazement. A basin of boiling hot broth is followed by a joint of beef or mutton, with two vegetables, and then comes a pudding, the lot topped down with bread, butter and cheese, and as much tea as you can drink. All this, mark you, of the best, and for nothing! Afterwards

YOU SMOKE IN IDLENESS

until you choose to turn in, and in the morning you are provided with breakfast on the same hospitable scale before you start away again for another day's tramp to the next "station" in search of "work."

This is no highly-colored picture; it is just a plain statement of fact. In the country districts of New Zealand, if you don't like work, you can live like a fighting cock for nothing, so long as you are prepared to keep on the move. You see, a squatter never knows when he may find himself in a hole for labor. A man may leave, or something may happen that necessitates the hasty engagement of a dozen hands; and it is therefore as much to his interest as the swagmen's that he should always have a certain number of potential laborers available for any emergency that may arise. Not till railways make quick supply of labor possible will the system die out.—London Answers.

HUNTERS KILLED BY BOAR.

Wounded Animal Assails Pursuers, Whom He Fatally Gores.

A tragic accident of the chase, resulting in the loss of two lives, occurred recently in the woods of Behon, in the Department of Meurthe and Moselle, France. During a bear hunt a party of sportsmen came across an old boar, and a M. Rischter fired, wounding the beast slightly.

The boar charged, knocked M. Rischter down, and buried his tusks in his flesh. Another gentleman, M. Frimont, who stood a few yards away, fired at the boar. The animal turned upon M. Frimont and ripped his side with its tusks.

A few minutes later other members of the hunt came up and succeeded in killing the boar, but M. Rischter died half an hour later. A doctor was sent for to attend M. Frimont, who, however, was mortally wounded, and died a few mornings after.

BACK TO MOTHER'S RECIPES.

After having tried all the well advertised patent medicines, the public are turning to the old household recipes for treatment of incipient diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and urinary organs, which, if neglected too long are almost incurable. One remedy that has come back to popular favor is the following simple prescription: Four ounces syrup of rhubarb, one ounce compound vimosa, one ounce sweet spirits of nitre. Any druggist will fill this at a moderate cost, or you can buy the ingredients separately and mix at home. Take a dessertspoonful in a little water after meals and at bedtime. A few doses will drive out the trouble, and save you endless pain and money.

WHEN IN **NEW YORK** STOP AT

THE NEW FIREPROOF

HOTEL NAVARRE

7th Ave. and 38th St.

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 $3.50 upwards. Send for Booklet.

STEARNS & DASH, Props

GETTING AT IT.

It is well known that in Judge Haliburton, the author of "Sam Slick," Nova Scotia produced a famous humorist, but the neighboring colony of Newfoundland had a humorist in the late John H. Boone, who, if without the fame gained by Haliburton, was quite as great. Boone was a barrister, and took a malicious delight in mystifying the Bench; in which attempts his humor was often called into play.

At one time an Italian, who became dissatisfied with his position as a telegraphist, went into trade, gave too much credit, and came to grief. He engaged Boone in order to be declared insolvent.

"My lord," said Boone, "may it please this honorable Court to hear me on behalf of my client, Mr. Tarducci. He comes from sunny Italy, my lord, the land of romance, science, and glorious literature—the home, my lord, of the illustrious Michael Angelo and the divine Raffaello; birthplace of Tasso, Ariosto, the immortal Dante, and the humorous Boccaccio; the prolific mother of art and science, birthplace of Galvani and the martyr Galilei Galileo."

After Boone had spoken a little more in this strain the judge began to get restive.

"What has all this to do with the case, sir?" he at last gruffly inquired.

"Merely a few preliminary observations, my lord," was the solemn reply. "My client from sunny Italy, home of the painter and the sculptor, begs this honorable Court to apply to him the very lowest form of pictorial art. My lord, he prays to be whitewashed."

"Now that you are married, my son, listen to me." "What is it, dad?" "Try to be a husband, not an ex-bachelor."

Dad (severely): "And, look here, Ethel, you mustn't encourage that young man to stay so late every night. It's disgraceful! What does your mother say about it?" Ethel: "She says men haven't altered a bit, dad!"

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

"Toolledy is a collector of antiques." "Oh, that explains it." "Explains what?" "Explains why he married the antique Miss Tinkler."

TONS OF IRON consumed each year in medicine. In "Ferrovim," the *best tonic*, it is so cleverly manipulated that the weak and sickly get all possible nourishment and benefit from it.

Two frogs strolling one day fell into the other was an optimist. The pessimist began to squeal, and after one abortive effort declared "there was no way out," and thereupon threw up the sponge and was drowned. The other, remarking that "while there's life there's hope," paddled and dashed around and around the pail, until he eventually found himself standing on a pat of butter. Moral: Don't be downhearted.

Many inherit weak lungs, and, as disease usually assails the weakest point, these persons are continually exposed to attacks of cold and pulmonary disturbances. The speedy use of Bickle's Anti Consumptive Syrup will be found a preventative and a protection, strengthening the organs so that they are not so liable to derangement from exposure or abrupt atmospheric changes. Bickle's Syrup is cheap and good.

COMMANDER OF LUSITANIA.

Capt. Watt Able to Silence Too Inquisitive Passengers.

Capt. Watt, who commands the liner Lusitania, is, needless to say, an exceptionally able navigator, says London Tit-Bits. He is not, perhaps, quite so well known as some American captains, who have won popularity among passengers, for Capt. Watt maintains that the captain's place is on the bridge, not in the saloon, and he believes that he best serves their interest by insuring the safety of passengers rather than by looking after their entertainment. A story is told of Capt. Watt, who was being plied with all sorts of questions regarding the ship's progress by a too inquisitive passenger. "How far are we off land this morning, captain?" he inquired. "Three miles—that is all," replied the captain. "But I can't see it," put in the persistent passenger. "Because you are looking the wrong way. You must look down there," and he pointed significantly to the water.

REVIVAL OF THE KILT.

Growing Demand in London for Highland Evening Dress.

When in Scotland the King is a regular wearer of the kilt; so, too, is the Prince of Wales. The general revival of the wearing of the kilt may therefore be due to the force of royal example. "Twenty years ago," writes a correspondent to the Times, "the kilt was practically unknown in Aberdeen. It was indeed held up to universal ridicule by the townsfolk. That has quite changed, and on my last visit to Aberdeen I discovered that even the schoolboys have returned to kilts. It has become a recognized article of evening dress, and, what is more strange still, many of the young men of the better-to-do classes are learning to play the pipes." In London, too, there is a growing demand for Highland evening dress outfits among the large body of Scotsmen who belong to the various national societies. The Scottish evening dress is picturesque, but has the disadvantage of being costly. An outfit would be cheap at $150, the average price ranging from $200 to $225. But in spite of this and the proverbial canniness of the Scot the vogue is increasing. Of course the King does not sport his Highland dress in London.

Mr. Kipling's Canadian Tour.

Ontario and all Eastern Canada is deeply disappointed that Mr. Kipling, upon the occasion of his recent visit to Canada, should have only seen "The West from a Car Window" and the East not at all. The older provinces are always proud and never jealous of the West, into which they are sending their shekels and their sons. With all his powers as a word painter, it is hardly to be expected that Mr. Kipling can do justice to all of Canada. He has not seen the thriving cities and towns of Ontario, with its splendid railways, mills, and manufacturing industries. He had only a fleeting glimpse of Toronto, and saw nothing of the score or more other industrial centres of the Dominion. It is too bad, Canadians believe, that he should have spent the most of the time which he was able to give to the study of conditions in the Dominion to the troubled shores of the Pacific. With no desire to minimize the seriousness of the labor disturbances out there, or to disguise the fact that Canada is in sore need of more men to carry forward the work in hand, Canadians would have been proud of same pen pictures by Mr. Kipling of the industrial East, where the people are prosperous and happy. This conviction is by no means local—it is widespread, universal. ("Canada," London, Eng., Nov. 16th, 1907.)

The Demon, Dyspepsia.—In olden times it was a popular belief that demons moved invisibly through the ambient air, seeking to enter into men and trouble them. At the present day the demon, dyspepsia, is at large in the same way, seeking habitation in those who by careless or unwise living invite him. And once he enters a man it is difficult to dislodge him. He that finds himself so possessed should know that a valiant friend to do battle for him with the unseen foe is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are ever ready for the trial.

Magistrate (to prisoner): "It's some time since I saw you here." Prisoner (virtuously): "Yes, sir; I've been quiet an' law-abidin' since the farst time I was up before you, and that wer' 'bout six months ago." Magistrate: "Ah, yes, I remember, I gave you six months for stealing a ham. It's a year this time."

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM is especially intended to break up neglected coughs and many hopeless cases have been saved by its use. Contains no opium in any form.

"Marquis, is it possible to confide a secret to you?" "Certainly! I will be as silent as the grave." "Well, then, I have absolute need of two thousand dollars." "Do not fear. It is as if I had heard nothing."

A Medicine for the Miner's Pack.—Prospectors and others going into the mining regions where doctors are few and drug stores not at all, should provide themselves with a supply of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It will offset the effects of exposure, reduce sprains, and when taken internally will prevent and cure colds and sore throat, and as a lubricant will keep the muscles in good condition.

"Of course, doctor, German measles are seldom serious?" "I never met but one fatal case." "Fatal!" "Yes; it was a Frenchman, and when he discovered it was German measles that he had mortification set in."

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.

Bridegroom (on honeymoon): "I haven't the slightest objection to your giving all your time to the dog, my own, but I wish you had made it quite clear, when you suggested bringing it, whether it was you and I who were going on our honeymoon, and were bringing the dog, or whether it was you and the dog who were bringing me."



ISSUE NO. 50—07.

"Brick's Tasteless"

REGISTERED

IT is an extract of fresh cod livers, containing all the virtues of fresh cod liver oil without the nauseous grease, the compound syrup of hypophosphites, nutritious extract of malt and the fluid extract of wild cherry bark.

purifies the blood.

makes the weak strong.

is a specific in sore throat and lung diseases.

is so prepared that it can be assimilated without the least digestive effort.

is sold under the positive guarantee that a decided improvement will be felt after taking one bottle, or your money will be refunded by the druggist from whom you purchased it.

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

WHAT'S THE USE?

What's the use of contradicting people rudely, even if you are sure you are right?

What's the use of being inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend?

What's the use of underrating anything simply because you don't happen to possess it?

What's the use of believing that every one in the world is happier than you are?

LIKE WATER.

A little three-year-old, whose mother was making a simple cough medicine for him, watched the process, and asked if it was good. He was permitted to taste, and exclaimed: "It's awfully good, mamma. Let's keep it all for papa."

HIS HOPE.

"But," said the clerical visitor, "do you know that even prison may have its bright side?"

"Sure!" replied the convict. "I know it has."

"Ah! you can see that, then?"

"Not now, but I hope to some day. I mean the outside."

Teacher—"Thomas, I saw you laugh just now. What were you laughing about?" Tommy—"I was just thinking about something." Teacher—"You have no business thinking during school hours. Don't let it occur again."

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

It is often more satisfaction not to know things and have people think you do than to know them and not have anybody believe it.

LAZY OLD SORES, painful and disfiguring, will not linger long after treatment with Weaver's Cerate has been begun. Also, cleanse the blood with Weaver's Syrup.

"It's all very well, mamma, for you to draw terrible pictures; but did you never flirt when you were a girl?" "Yes, my dear, I did once." "And were you punished for it?" "I was; I married your father."

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

"How did you know it was time to get up?" "The baby has gone to sleep," large, fine eyes. "I didn't notice it."

BE SURE YOU GET THE KIND YOU HAVE ALWAYS HAD. "The D & L" Menthol Plaster. For rheumatism, neuralgia, etc., nothing is better. Made only by Davis & Lawrence Co.

BE'S FOR BUSINESS WOMEN.

Be patient with cranks.
Be polite with kickers.
Be pleasant to all.
Be partial to none.
Be positive for principle.
Be persuasive in argument.
Be peaceably inclined.
Be broad.
Be personally interested in business.

"Hallo, Badger," said Thrope; "met a friend of yours the other day. He's been talking about you, and I feel it my duty to tell you what he said." "Ah, well, I don't care to hear what he said. I know it was something disagreeable," replied Badger. "How do you know that?" "Because you are so anxious to tell it. Good morning."



Make a Frame House Look Like Stone

By far the most durable, most sightly outside finish for any house—makes it warmer winters, cooler summers—weather-proofs it—helps make it fire-proof too—that's

PEDLAR ART STYLE SIDING

Hundreds of patterns, to suit any idea you have,—perfect imitation of brick, cut stone, rough stone, etc. Cost less than you'd think for such value. Send for the book about modern metal finish, for all kinds of structures. It's FREE. Address 313

The PEDLAR People (Estd 1861)

Ottawa Montreal Ottawa Toronto London Windsor

FEATHER DYEING

Cleaning and Curling and Kid Gloves cleaned. These can be sent by post, to or fro, the best place is

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.

MONTREAL.



Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful

MARVEL Whirling Spray

The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most cleanly. Best—It cleanses instantly.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no substitute but send stamp for illustrated booklet—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions in plain terms.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont.

General Agents for Canada.

DUCHESS TURNED NURSE.

Sang to the Child While the Mother Got Ready the Meal.

The Duke and Duchess of Argyll went for a short motoring trip not very long ago, and, in order that there should be no unnecessary delay, they wired instructions that lunch should be ready for them at one o'clock in the only hotel of the little Scots village which they elected should be their first stopping-place.

But when they arrived there they found that the meal was not ready. The little daughter of the house had broken her arm, and the hotel-keeper had ridden off to the nearest town for medical aid. The mother, meantime, was devoting all her attention to comforting her suffering little one, and had successfully banished from her mind every other thought, including the preparation of the ducal luncheon.

The duchess, however, was equal to the emergency. Taking the child in her arms, she sang to it while the mother got ready the meal. Half an hour later the doctor had arrived and had set the little limb, and the duchess was ready to start again; but, before doing so, she gave instructions that news as to the child's condition should be forwarded to her, and to-day the little girl wears on the mended arm a pretty gold bangle, a memento from her Royal nurse.

As a rule chesty men are narrow minded.

SHILOH'S

Quick ease for the worst cough—quick relief to the heaviest cold—and SAFE to take, even for a child. That is Shiloh's Cure. Sold under a guarantee to cure colds and coughs quicker than any other medicine—or your money back. 34 years of success commend Shiloh's Cure. 25c., 50c., $1.

Cures Coughs & Colds

QUICKLY!

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.

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, - $3,256,512.

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.

To Builders.

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

Have you tried Land Plaster? It is one 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 The Kind You Have Always Bought

HARDWARE!

All Kinds!

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

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

—:o:—

T. McOuat & Son.

Lachute Mills.

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 . BETHANY STREET.

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

DR. J. H. MASON,
Physician & Surgeon.
Main St., Lachute.
Office hours;—8 to 10 a.m., 1 to 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, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Office over Banford's Store.
Will be in Lachute every day except Tuesday.
First and Third Tuesday in Calumet. Second and Fourth Tuesday in St. Andrews.

MALCOLM SMITH,
Licensed Auctioneer.
P.O. Box 10. Lachute, Que.
For the District of Terrebonne. Sales conducted in French and English.

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

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 Rotland, 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 lonality 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 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, 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.
GRIGNON & 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 Odille 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 TORRI



The old, old story in fresh and grap setting will be proclaimed by

Rev. Alexander Torrie, B.A.

In the Lachute Baptist Church,

each night from January 5th, at 8 o'clo 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.

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXII — LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1908. — NO 51

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 home. 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.

See J. R. McOUAT'S January Clearing Sale Advt. of seasonable goods at heretofore unheard of prices.

We have a few odd lines of Horse Blankets left over which will be cleared out at greatly reduced prices. T. McOUAT & SON.

Do you need—Cross-Cut-Saws, Axes, Axe Wedges, Axe Handles, Cant Dogs, Splitting Wedges, Saw Wedges, Axe Stones, etc. We have a large and complete stock to choose from and at prices to suit your **Hard Times Purse.**

T. McOUAT & SON.

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.

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.

CRESWELL'S

Choice Winter Apples

High Class Chocolates.

GEO. H. CRESWELL.

January Clearing sale

Genuine Bargains
in all lines
During this Month

Carpenter Bros.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. J. R. Parris spent Monday in Ottawa.

Mrs. Angus Clunie of Montana, is visiting Mrs. Clunie.

Mr. Dumouchel spent Monday at his home in Aylmer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Campbell spent Thursday in Montreal.

Miss Ethyle Chapman is spending the week with friends in Montreal.

Miss Mildred McNiece of Montreal, is the guest of the Misses Riddell.

Mrs. (Dr.) Alexander & Master Ryckman were in Montreal this week.

Mr. F. A. Brennian is spending the week end with friends in Montreal.

Miss Minnie Fessenden returned to her home in Westmount on Monday.

Mrs. Hope and Mrs McKenzie spent a few days last week in Montreal.

Messrs. E. Christie, D. Gall and H. Creswell have returned to McGill College.

Miss Alice Riddel left on Monday to resume her duties as teacher in Bryson, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Henri Coutu of Cowansville, were guests of Mrs. Jos. Berniquier last week.

Mr. and Mrs. B. LeRoy of Avonmore, Ont., are visiting the latter's sister, Mrs. W. S. McBride.

Mr. Thos. Shepherd, of Cowley, Albt., is the guest of his parents Mr. & Mrs. Thos. Shepherd.

The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Torrie are guests of the Misses McGibbon during their visit in town.

Mr. J. R. McOuat spent Sunday in Hawkesbury, the guest of his daughter Mrs. (Dr.) Rutherford.

Dr. B. S. Stackhouse left on Monday for Nassau, Cuba and Mexico, and expects to return early in May.

Mr. and Mrs. Arch. McFaul, and the Misses Daisy and Violet Kennedy took a trip to Ottawa on New Year's Day.

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.

The election of the Municipal Councillors for the Parish of St. Jerusalem will take place on Monday next in the Court House at 10 a.m.

Mr. H. A. Blair accompanied by his brother, Edward, spent Tuesday in North Lancaster, attending the funeral of their sister-in-law.

The Special Evangelistic Meetings which are being held in the Baptist Church, by Mr Torrie are largely attended. A song service is conducted every evening from 7.45 to 8 o'clock.

The morning Service in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday next, will be conducted by the Rev. W. M. Hay of Queen's College, Kingston; the evening service by the pastor, the subject being—"The Perfect Law and the Doer Thereof.

Mr. J. D. Leduc, K.C., advocate, of Ste. Scholastique, will accompany Hon. Lomer Gouin, Premier of the Province of Quebec, on his trip down to Mexico. Mr. A. Marchildon, ex-M.P.P. for Nicolet, will also be of the party. The trip will last about three weeks. We wish the party "Bon Voyage".

Mr. G. F. Calder spent the week end in Montreal.

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 size up.

W. BANFORD & SON.

The electors of Argenteuil, are tendering our local member, the Hon. W. A. Weir, M.P.P., a banquet in the Victoria Hall, on Thursday, Jan. 23rd. The move is a popular one and it is expected that a large number will be present to honor our representative.

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 of St. Hugo's Church, Cushing, have decided to hold (D.V.) their annual Tea-Meeting, on the evening of Thursday, January 16th. This is welcome news to Chatham and surrounding country.

Mrs. Dixon, late Principal of Perfection Dressmaking School, Montreal, will open a school at her residence, Main St. East, on Monday, Jan. 13th inst. All branches in cutting and dress-making taught. Patterns cut to measure. Pupils make their own dresses while learning. Hours 2 to 4 p.m.

The Criminal Assizes for the District of Terrebonne, will be held in St. Scholastique, on the First of February next. Many cases—over twenty-five,—are on the roll, summoning of Jurors and Witnesses for the Crown, is now being proceeded with by the Sheriff. Mr. Leduc will act as Crown Prosecutor.

HOCKEY.

The Hockey is fairly launched now and our boys played their first match of the Championship series in Vankleek Hill on Tuesday last, and played an excellent game, although the official score counted 7 to 10 in favor of the home team.

Referee A. Ross of Montreal, who had been agreed upon to handle the whistle, failed to turn up, but sent his brother as substitute. Just why Mr. A. Ross had not communicated with the President of the Hill team regarding his inability to be present, we do not know, but the appearance of a different man to that chosen, made the Lachute boys feel that they were "up against it." Their suspicions were further aroused by the strange action of the referee, who would not give Lachute a goal which they rightly earned. The game in dispute was scored while the nets were open and the defence of the goaler was that he thought the referee blew his whistle, but he could get nobody else to think so. To use the words of the referee when asked about it, "Well, I couldn't say whether I did blow the whistle or not, but if he says I did, that settles it." This decision fairly discouraged our boys and they finised up the first half with a score of 5 to 2, but the second half they went into it with better grace and landed three goals in less than a minute and a half. The game was a good one and the best of feeling among the teams prevailed. After the match the teams were entertained at supper by the Hill Club and a very pleasant hour spent together.

Lachute:—E. Wilson, R. McGibbon, A. Riddell, S. Raitt, R. Styan, S. Spense, J. McGibbon.

Vankleek Hill:—G. Pacinnette, J. Ladouceur, W Crooks, E. Labrosse, A. Blanchard, E. Matte, L. Saucier.

The old rivals, Hawkesbury & Lachute will meet on Saturday next in the L.A.A. Rink and the match will doubtless be one of the swiftest of the season. Hawkesbury is running an excursion and have ordered their seats ahead. If you want a "look in" at all, get your tickets early as they are going fast.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

A man by the name of Taylor, who has been engaged as a blacksmith in Brownsburg for some time, is today reflecting in the jail at St. Scholastique, on the evils of the liquor traffic. He had of late been drinking heavily and in a fit of remorse, he made a deliberate attempt to take his life on Sunday morning last by slashing his throat with a razor and cutting open the arteries in his arm and wrist. The services of Dr. Fraser were at once secured and the injuries attended to. Yesterday he was brought before Messrs. A. Barron and G. F. Calder, J.P's, and sent down to Ste. Scholastique to stand his trial.

BIRTH.

KETTYLE,—At Bethany, on Wednesday, January 1st, 1908, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Kettyle.

PAUL,—At Chatham, on Thursday, January 9th, 1908, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. John Paul.

DEATH.

McRAE,—At Lachute, on Thursday, January 9, 1908, Henry McRae aged 67 years.

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 beds and steels 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

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.**

GREAT REDUCTIONS

Commencing with the 15th of January, and continuing till the first of March, I will dispose of my entire stock at large reductions. I intend to save my customers many dollars. This is no fake sale, but a genuine cheap sale of good goods. Don't lose this opportunity of buying all your goods at low prices. Give us a call and see for yourself.

J. D. LALONDE,
ST. PHILIPPE D'ARGENTEUIL

THE SACRIFICE;

—OR—

FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued).

Lora had gone to bed. Her mother had given up her own room to her. She would gladly have given her life for the poor child, if thereby she could have made this wretched marriage as though it had never been.

She sat beside the bed and held her daughter's hands, and asked again and again: "How do you feel now, Lora? Are you comfortable? You are not crying?"

"Oh, so well, mamma. It is so sweet to be at home," was the reply. "And when uncle comes you will let him come up here and tell me about it, won't you?"

"Yes, my child, and I hope he will bring good news."

"I hope so, mamma."

They both hoped it; but their idea of "good" differed widely.

At length he came. He sat down on the edge of the bed, and took the young wife's hands in his.

"Well, my dear little girl?"

It sounded as though the old soldier were trying to choke back a tear.

"Tell me, uncle," she entreated.

"H'm! Yes. Well, Lorchen, for the present you will stay with your mother, or with me, if you will. You see I have taken a nice, sunny little apartment in Rome, near the Forum Trajanum, for the winter; you shall go there with me, and when we are tired of all the sights and sounds, you shall made a nice, pleasant home for your old uncle. It will be good for him to take his tea at home in the evening, and not have to float round among cafes and resaurants. And how delightful it will be for him to show the wonders of the Eternal City to a pair of younger eyes, and——"

"Uncle!" She sat up in bed. "I will know the truth—tell me, is she married to him?"

"Ah, the truth, Lora; you see the courts must decide that. But there will be a horrible scandal. It is of no consequence to you whether she is married to him or not; in any case he has betrayed the poor creature, and has sinned against her child. He is a scoundrel any way, and—I beg your pardon—I mean you will be separated from him, whatever happens."

She sank softly back on her pillows and folded her hands.

"But will he consent to it, uncle?" she asked, in a disappointed tone.

"Yes," replied the old general decidedly.

"He said he would never, never give up his claim upon me," she murmured anxiously.

The general turned away; his eyes were wet. He could not let her know that her marriage was null and void, that she had been the victim of a monstrous fraud; that in the eyes of the world she would be only a dupe with no claims to the rights of a wife, even of a divorced one, if the affair were settled according to law.

"Yes, he will give you up, Lora, if you wish it," he said. "If I am not mistaken, Lora, you do not love him. You could not love such a fellow as he is, eh, you mouse?—or am I a bad reader of character?"

"I, uncle? I could not have endured living with him. I would rather have—" She stopped and looked down.

Did he understand her aright? He looked suddenly with actual terror, at her face, which, at these words, had taken on an expression of determination.

"Well, then, the separation will not be hard for you, Lora," he continued slowly, "and you can escape the gossip in this little place. Afterward we will get you back your maiden name."

"Can you uncle?"

"Oh, yes; they will do it as an especial favor. But first, we will go to Rome, eh? And, first of all, we will go to sleep—dixi. Good-night."

She lay back on her cushions with soft, wide-open eyes.

"Uncle, how good it is that you are here. It is like a miracle that you should have come to-day. Good-night, uncle; good-night. Where is mamma?"

"She has gone downstairs. I will send her up to you. I am very tired, and I will go straight back to the hotel."

Downstairs, in the dining-room, the general stood talking to his sister-in-law a few minutes.

"It is all true," he said, not very pleasantly. "The scoundrel is married to the little American. I was really sorry for the fantastic old goose over there, when she found the proofs of the fraud. She was as limp as a rag, and looked wretched enough. But now you must keep your own counsel, Marie. For Heaven's sake, no letting out the secret! Lora must be allowed to think that she was legally married and legally divorced. Do you understand?"

Frau von Tollen put both hands up to her head. "William!" she shrieked. 'My God, William!'

"Yes, yes. You would better have let that spendthrift run away to America, than force the poor girl into such a marriage," he wanted to say; but he kept it back, for the poor woman was too despairing in her grief.

"Come, don't give way like this," he said good-naturedly, "but thank God it is no worse. What if the girl, in her despair at having to live with such a fellow, had thrown herself into the water some day, eh?"

He was thinking of the look on Lora's face a few minutes before.

Frau von Tollen looked at him in horror.

He nodded gravely, and then he said quickly, "Go up to Lora, now; and now good-night, Marie. All this has made me devilish tired."

When he reached the hotel, he sent for Mrs. Becher, to come down to the public parlor.

"Madam," he said, "if you will take my advice, you will go back at once. If the steamer does not go for a day or two, you can stay in Hamburg; but you must not stay here. The affair will arrange itself after that. You will have your husband back again; my niece makes no claim to him."

"Ah! I do not wish to live with him again," she said sadly. "I only want him to acknowledge the marriage, and have the child brought up as his son. I want nothing more from him. It is long, long since I ceased to care for him. Ah, the poor, beautiful girl whom he has so betrayed!"

"Moreover, I entreat you, madam, not to say a word about the matter, either here or there; if you do you will send your child's father to prison."

"Oh, I will not, Herr General."

The old general then went quickly away.

"Poor woman," he thought; "what a reception she will get from that scoundrel!" and in fancy he loaded a pistol and aimed it at the thick-headed, broad-backed fellow, whose picture he had seen to-day in Frau Elfrieda's salon.

"Like a mad dog," he said, half aloud so that the little waiter who was lighting the lamp in his room, turned round with a start. "Like a mad dog," he repeated; "it would be a benevolent deed."

It was the month of March. Brilliant blue skies, golden sunshine, and the wonderfully soft, warm air, had awakened hopes of an early spring, of blossoms and green grass.

The brown buds were swelling on the lindens in the Tollens' garden, and the swallows had come back to their nests under the eaves, and were singing and chattering about their travelling experiences in the far south. Possibly that had brought the story which was circulating through all Westenberg, the story that Lora von Tollen was going to be divorced from her husband; that he, tired of her haughty airs, wished it. What didn't Westenbergers know about it? No one could blame him. Immediately after the wedding, she had refused to accompany him to America. She wouldn't go to that country of shop-keepers, she had declared. But good gracious, if he had his business there! It was, no doubt, much more aristocratic to spend the winter in Rome with her uncle, who was a general. There was nothing left for poor Frau Becher but to go to her son, so she might have a home at least. Oh, these Tollens!

And to-day a placard had really been put upon the Becher villa, just beside the locked iron door, on which was printed: "This estate to be sold immediately."

And that was the result; the owner of this beautiful estate had lost all desire ever to live here again.

Frau von Tollen knew what the people were saying among themselves, and what was openly announced at all the coffee parties. She suffered from it frightfully for her child's sake, but it must blow over after awhile. And, thank God, Lora was far away and need know nothing about it.

And to-day with the golden sunshine a gleam of hope for better times had also fallen into the little house and into her heart.

The postman had delivered a letter from Rudolph, and the anxious look on his mother's face, as she opened it, gave way to one of joyful surprise as she read the contents:

"Dear Mother:—

"I became engaged to Lieschen Malkat yesterday; the fears of my betrothed finally conquered her father's energetic opposition.

"Through this marriage I am placed not only in a comfortable, but even in a brilliant position; and, besides, my future wife is very amiable and good-hearted. You see, your wild son has had more luck than he deserved.

"I shall very soon be in a position to cancel my obligations to Becher, as well as to Victor; Heinemann and Levy will give me credit on the strength of my engagement. It is a delightful feeling, to wake up in the morning with the pleasant consciousness of no longer being a beggar, and of not being obliged to ask your brother, or his excellency, in Rome, for a little pocket-money.

"As soon as I am married,—and I hope my father-in-law will consent to have the wedding after the autumn manœuvres,—I shall try to improve your circumstances, my dear mother.

"Excuse so short a letter. A man has his hands full of business when, besides his daily duty, he must be an attentive lover.

"My love to Katie, and much for yourself, from

"Your faithful son,

"RUDOLPH."

Frau von Tollen drew a long breath, as if freed from a terrible weight. She was not disturbed by the very commercial tone of the letter; she had long looked upon riches as the foundation of all happiness. She went to the door and called Katie. The young girl, who soon came into the room, which was full of the morning sun, looked pale. She was to pass her examination for a teacher in a few days, and had been working too hard for the past few weeks; she found this hard, for all her thoughts and all her interests were elsewhere. She dreaded the examination; she would be very glad if something should happen beforehand to make this torment unnecessary, that would give her hope of something else in life than being a governess.

"Thank Heaven," she said coolly and ironically, "he is provided for, and, when I am a governess, you and Lora can live here quite comfortably, mamma."

As she spoke she threw down the letter on her mother's work-table.

"From Lora?" said her mother, taking it up quickly:

"My dear sister," she read. "I wrote to mamma the other day; so now it is your turn. Uncle has gone to sleep, tired with a visit to the collections of the Vatican, and I am sitting in my sunny room, listening to the plashing of the fountain in the little court, and looking at the crimson blossoms of the camellias, peeping through their dark green leaves. In the quiet hours, when I am alone, as to-day, I feel an irresistible longing for you both—for my cosey little Mansard room at home.

"Katie, I have a favor to ask of you—give me back my little room when I come home; it was my happiest resting-place on earth for many long years. Am I asking too much?

"I will write to mamma soon with regard to the condition of my affairs. Soon, ah, very soon, I shall be free. I shall come home to you."

Frau von Tollen dropped the letter. "Yes, Katie," she said gently, "she must have her room again."

Katie was silent; her eyes were full of tears, but her mother did not see them.

"You shall have my bedroom," she continued, "for we shall go upstairs, if we let the room below. I will take papa's bedroom, and we will have his study for our sitting-room. You will do it, won't you, Katie? And who knows what may happen, after all? You may be going away yourself very soon."

"Yes, among strangers," replied the girl bitterly.

"Perhaps your uncle will take you on a journey with him some time."

"Me?" in a very contemptuous tone. There was a pause.

"Are you going to the Schonbergs again to-day?" asked her mother at length.

"Of course; what else is there to do?" was the reply, but her lips parted with a slight smile.

"Then do, Katie, come home earlier," pleaded her mother. "You don't know how lonely I feel when I sit here so long alone. You go there almost every evening now, and afterward you will try to make up for lost time by studying at night, and you will be sure to fall ill."

But the daughter made no reply except "I will send Aunt Melitta to keep you company, mamma." She went back to her books, but she sat at the table without opening them. Within, her thoughts seemed whirling about in a strange confusion. Lora should occupy this room again? Never! On the play-ground across the way the third and fourth classes were laughing and shouting, while the first and second walked about in a dignified manner. The groups of teachers were standing in the bright sunshine, in front of the arched doorway, talking together. He towered over them all with his fine, slender figure. To Katie's gloomy eyes it seemed as if he were constantly looking up at her window. It might be so, he had been so friendly with her lately, so very kind and attentive.

Whenever she went to see his mother, he appeared almost immediately, and talked and read aloud to them, sometimes playing duets with Katie; she, generally, with trembling fingers and numberless mistakes, which he patiently overlooked, as he also patiently permitted her attentions to himself.

Did he love her? Had he not been quite different with Lora?

She threw the pen away, the end of which she had been biting.

If his eyes would only light up at her approach, if he would only say once, "Katie, my Katie!" She knew well enough how he could say it, and now, Lora would come back free, quite free, with the same ardent love in her heart. She wouldn't bear it—it would simply drive her mad.

"This evening," she said suddenly, pushing back her hair behind her dainty ears. And as she gazed with wide-open eyes down upon the now quiet school-yard, she lost herself in the sweetest dreams of the future.

It was nearly six o'clock when she went to say good-bye to her mother. Frau von Tollen was in the garden, walking up and down in the mild air.

Rudolph's engagement had been like balm to her soul; she had a feeling of repose, for the first time since her husband's death.

She looked up with a glance of pleased surprise as her daughter came up. Katie looked strangely beautiful in the rosy twilight of the spring evening; she had a little bunch of snowdrops in her bosom; her simple hat with the long crape veil gave something fantastic to her appearance—or was it in the deep, glowing expression of her black eyes?

"Good-bye, mamma," she said.

"Good-bye, child; give my love to the Frau Pastorin."

Katie found the Schonbergs, mother and son, in the open air. They were walking together through the box-bordered paths of the long garden, breathing the warm air of the summer-like March evening.

"Here comes Katie," remarked the Frau Pastorin, and she stooped to pick off a blossom that seemed drooping. "Good-evening, child," she called out; "what do you say to this weather? It is exactly like May."

"Yes," said Katie, looking at the doctor.

"The air is almost intoxicating," remarked the latter, after he had greeted the young girl. "Mother, I am sure the violets must be in blossom somewhere—you can smell them."

"Oh, nonsense," said the old lady; "that is nothing but the buds swelling on the trees—it is the earth, the young grass, the water, and the soft air. The spring is coming. Do you remember, Ernest," she continued, "how your father used to sing the 'Spring Song,' and do you remember how the spring storms used to sweep over the meadow behind our house, and you used to bring me the first anemones?"

"Yes, to be sure," he replied, and was about to say something more, but his mother suddenly started off toward the house. She had seen the maid digging in the vegetable bed.

"Stop, stop," she screamed; "what are you doing? I have sowed spinach in that bed!"

(To be Continued.)

IS SAID TO BE SIMPLE

EASILY MIXED RECIPE FOR WEAK KIDNEYS AND BLADDER.

Tells Readers How to Prepare This Home-Made Mixture, to Cure the Kidneys and Bladder.

Get from any prescription pharmacist the following:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces.

Shake well in a bottle and take a teaspoonful dose after each meal and at bedtime.

The above is considered by an eminent authority, who writes in a Toronto daily paper, as the finest prescription ever written to relieve Backache, Kidney Trouble, Weak Bladder and all forms of Urinary difficulties. This mixture acts promptly on the eliminative tissues of the Kidneys, enabling them to filter and strain the uric acid and other waste matter from the blood which causes Rheumatism.

Some persons who suffer with the afflictions may not feel inclined to place much confidence in this simple mixture, yet those who have tried it say the results are simply surprising, the relief being effected without the slightest injury to the stomach or other organs.

Mix some and give it a trial. It certainly comes highly recommended. It is the prescription of an eminent authority, whose entire reputation, it is said, was established by it.

PITH, POINT AND PATHOS.

Too much cordiality gives birth to the suspicion that the salesman has a gold brick.

Thrift is the golden mean between prodigal wasting and a narrow stinginess.

You can judge of a man by comparing the brand of cigars he smokes with the brand he gives his friends.

It apparently worries some people a lot puzzling over how the world will get on when they are gone.

Experience is the cost to a boy of becoming a fully developed man.

The more valuable the lesson learned the harder it is to get over the effects of the learning of it.

A gentleman is a man born with the necessity of thinking of others before he does of himself.

It isn't half as distressing to worry about keeping riches as about how to get them.

When a man gets angry he shows his enemy just where his weakest spots are.

Because a woman is in tears is no sign that she is really very unhappy.

She is a wise woman who can laugh or cry at the psychological moment.



Is your baby thin, weak, fretful?

Make him a *Scott's Emulsion* baby.

***Scott's Emulsion* is Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites prepared so that it is easily digested by little folks.**

Consequently the baby that is fed on *Scott's Emulsion* is a sturdy, rosy-cheeked little fellow full of health and vigor.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.



Starr Skates For Christmas

27 different patterns—from the genuine "ACME" self-fastening skates, to the "VELOX" hockey and "TUBE RACERS" Made in a variety of styles, from the plain metal to gold and silver plated. There are Christmas gifts galore—for men and women, boys and girls—in Starr Skates.

Write for free copy of 1908 Skate Book so you can see all the new models.

The Starr Manufacturing Co., Limited

DARTMOUTH, N. S. CANADA. 23

BRANCH OFFICE - - - - - - - TORONTO, ONT.

STUDYING THE DIVINING ROD.

French Scientist Says Changes in Density in the Earth Cause Its Action.

Louis Probst, a French scientist stationed at Oloron Ste. Marie, in the Pyrenees, thinks there is something in the divining rod. His theory is that it does not point to water or a precious metal, but that its action is controlled by any change in the density of the earth's crust over which the rod is carried.

Thus he believes it would make the usual response if it were carried across the line of a subterranean watercourse which had run dry just the same as if water were flowing in it and it would respond to deposits of oil or natural gas just as readily as to water, ore of precious metal or coal. He thinks that an important change in the earth's density such as is caused by a subterranean river may be detected in passing over it in a carriage or even a railway train. If a subterranean watercourse crosses the line of a superficial one he thinks the line of the hidden one may be traced with the rod by a person operating it in a boat on the surface stream.

The fact that divining rod experts can operate successfully when the ground is covered with snow effectually disposes of the theory that they are guided by surface indications. It would be possible for them, he thinks, to find a package of bank bills buried in a ploughed field just as easily as if their value in gold were there. For in reality it would be neither the paper bills nor the gold that would attract the rod but the place where they were hidden, the place where the homogeneity o' the soil was disturbed. He further holds that it is not during the time when it is over a spring or a vein of ore that the rod is disturbed, but at the moment when it passes from ordinary ground to the site of the hidden pocket or from that site back to ordinary ground.

He considers that the phenomenon is one of magnetism. The earth attracts the rod differently according to the hidden features of its structure. If the operator wears rubber soles or if he grasps the rod with rubber or silk or other nonconducting gloves nothing will happen. A magnetized rod, on the other hand, will give far more positive results than a plain rod. He has, he says, authenticated this by giving the two alternately to a blindfolded operator. Though he never knew which rod he had, the magnetized one always showed far greater activity.

Really, however, it is indifferent what materials is used. Operators usually prefer a hazel twig, but M. Probost thinks whalebone or malacca better; but best of all is a thin rod of steel about an eighth of an inch in thickness with the ends wrapped in fine copper wire.

BRITISH COUNTY CLAIMED.

Australian Hopes to Establish His Claim to $750,000,000.

The claimant to the Page millions—an estate covering one-third of the County of Middlesex, England, and valued at $750,000,000, with an annual revenue of $10,000,000—arrived in London the other day.

George Horton Morris, who is accompanied by his wife and daughter, comes from Katoomba, in the Blue Mountains, Australia, to claim wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. He has committed his fortunes to a company, which has subscribed $50,000 to investigate his title. Mr. Morris asserts that he is the grandson of a brother of Henry Page, who died in 1829, leaving no direct heirs to property which extends over sixty square miles north and west from the Marble Arch. The value of these possessions may be imagined by drawing a line from the Marble Arch up Edgware Road, through Hendon to Elstree Station, across the borders of Rickmansworth to a point some miles south of Uxbridge, and back to Hyde Park by Southall, Acton and Notting Hill. This area comprises nearly one-third of the County of Middlesex, several important suburbs of London, and some of the most valuable residential districts in the West-end.

The Page Estate dates from the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII., who gave to Ye Noble Robert Page the lands of the Knights of St. John in Kilburn. The property, increased by successive generations, finally come into the possession of Henry Page, who lived in London and left to solicitors the administration of his small kingdom. Since his death without issue the estate has been controlled by a board of trustees, and a proposal has been made in the House of Commons that it should be escheated to the Crown and employed on old-age pensions.

During the last half century many portions of the estate have been leased or sold.

Everybody knows some things and some people they would like to do.

The Farm

WINTER EGG PRODUCTION.

Poultry keepers are everywhere complaining that their fowls this season are very late in commencing to lay. The cause of this may, in part, perhaps, be attributable to the cold backward spring, but in most cases it arises from keeping too many old hens, lateness in the moult, pullets too young, and not feeding for egg production. Take the last cause first. How seldom it is that the ordinary poultry keeper will take the trouble to change the food or his manner of feeding it. The bird's requirements will change with the seasons, but the owner and his methods, never. Yet common sense should teach men to feed their birds according to the circumstances under which they are compelled to live.

Fowls in the winter require a heat-producing diet such as sound good grain and some animal food; the latter in moderation. The meat is necessary to replace insects which they were able to obtain during the summer months. If the pullets are sufficiently well developed and stimulating diet of this character is supplied them, they will usually lay early and continue to do so through the winter months.

Pullets to lay early in winter should be specially bred for that purpose. As a rule a pullet does not sufficiently mature to lay until she is at least six months old, but some forward strains will do better, and it is no uncommon thing to have Plymouth Rock pullets hatched early in May laying early in November.

When suitable conveniences are at hand, it may be well to produce a few broods of chickens in April to ensure early winter layers, though in our climate these early chicks require more attention than the average farmer is disposed to give them.

It is useless to expect any old hen to start laying early in the winter, she will do so in her own good time, but it depends entirely upon when she gets over her moult. If she is kept laying steadily all through the summer and is not permitted to sit, she will moult late, and not lay again until spring, when eggs are plentiful and cheap. If she is of value as a stock bird, this is all very well, but as a mere egg producer there is no profit in her.

Generally speaking, it will be found that pullets and hens in their second year will be the best winter egg producers, provided they have been brought into winter quarters in good condition.

A very good method of feeding for winter is to give a mixture of table refuse, meat scraps, bran and shorts in the morning. At noon throw a quantity of barley tailings amongst the litter provided for a scratching place, and at night give a liberal feed of whole corn, this with a plentiful supply of sharp grit and crushed oyster or fresh water mussel shells will keep the birds in good laying condition. Of course, attention must be paid to cleanliness in the houses, and dusting places must be provided so that the fowls can keep themselves free from vermin.

As a substitute for the green food of summer, mangolds, clover hay, or pea straw may be supplied, and if at any time cabbage leaves are available, these should be given, as they are greatly relished.

Birds treated in this way will give the maximum of profit at the minimum of cost and trouble, and this winter the farmer who has a flock of good laying hens has the prospect of making money out of the eggs they produce.

BARLEY AND RYE FOR FOWLS.

Barley and rye are both excellent foods and will prove a satisfactory addition to a ration where the fowls will eat the grains readily. Some flocks seem prejudiced against barley and do not eat it readily, while others will refuse rye unless starved to it. Rye is eaten much more readily when fed in the bundle. When the fowls can scratch it out of the fresh straw themselves they seem to enjoy it.

WOODS.

The best sallowood comes from India.

Violetwood, used in pipe making, is Brazilian.

The lancewood for fishing rods comes from Guinea.

Ebony, after cutting, must be soaked for twelve months.

Briarwood is the root of a heather found in Southern Europe.

The cinchona tree, which gives the world its quinine, grows only at an elevation of 8,000 feet in the Andes.

AGRICULTURE IN DENMARK.

In Denmark there are 224,000 rural land-owners. More than half have not more than one acre, 96,000 have less than four acres, and only 2,000 have more. The small land-owners occupy themselves with the egg and fowl industry.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Dispatches from Berlin have announced that the settlement of the crisis in the reichstag by the imperial chancellor, Prince Von Bulow, was equivalent to an admission that in Germany, as in England and France, "parliamentary responsibility" must be recognized. That is to say, a ministry which cannot command a majority in the reichstag must resign to be replaced by one that has a majority. If this were true it would, indeed, be a revolutionary change. The chancellor, who is appointed by the Emperor and is removable by him, has been regarded as the responsible proxy of the Emperor. He is responsible to the reichstag in that he must give an account of his administration to it, but it has never been held that he was obliged to resign in the event of an adverse vote in the reichstag. Nor does it appear that Prince von Bulow has admitted anything of the kind.

The membership of the reichstag, like that of the French chamber of deputies, is split up among a great number of parties. There are in the reichstag a dozen different groups, ranging in strength from seven to 100 votes. It is the aim of the chancellor, as the administrative chief of the government, to combine enough of these groups to secure a majority for its policies. When the chancellor dissolved the reichstag last year he did so relying on assurances from the leaders of the conservative, national liberal, and radical parties, making up what is called the "block," that they would stand by him in the next reichstag. The crisis which the chancellor got through successfully last week was owing to the apparent intention of some of the men belonging to the "block," or coalition, to forget their promises and break away from him.

One of the measures which the government wishes to put through relates to increased taxation. When the financial policy of the government was bitterly assailed the other day by the leader of one of the parties making up the "block" it was a natural assumption that the combine was going to pieces and the government would not get the legislation it desired. That danger Prince von Bulow has averted for the present at least. He has managed to get the malcontents into line. He may have done it by hinting that if they did not live up to their promises he might ask to be relieved from office. He may have pacified the obstreperous leader by concessions. In one way or another he has managed to win back the men who seemed to be on the eve of bolting, and he still has the majority.

Whether he will be able to keep it and to weld the parties on whose support he relies into a compact government party, always to be depended on, is another question. He may succeed, for he is a man of great ability. If he were to fail the emperor might appoint another chancellor, but it is impossible to believe that he would assent to the doctrine that every person whom he might see fit to make chancellor would be obliged to resign if he could not command a majority in the reichstag.

FORGING A WAY OUT OF GAOL.

Several Instances Where It Has Proved Successful.

Usually forgery gets people into gaol. Occasionally, however, the reverse holds good.

Thus, it was mentioned incidentally at an English criminal court the other day, during the trial of a notorious counterfeiter, that he once successfully forged an order for his own release from a convict prison to which he had been consigned.

Curiously enough, at about the same time, a somewhat similar case was being placed on record by Sir Robert Anderson, the late Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard, London. Only, in this instance, it was a convict on license who secured the release of a "pal" whose services he needed to help him continue his career of crime. This he did by renting a cottage in the country for a few shillings a week, giving to it a name identical with that of a well-known nobleman's seat, and from it sending a letter to the Secretary of State asking that a provisional pardon be granted to the prisoner in question, and guaranteeing his future good behavior if the request was acceded to.

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable case in point is afforded by an incident in the career of the notorious criminal who, under the title of "Lord Ashburton," succeeded, some few years back, in passing forged cheques and letters of credit for nearly a quarter of a million sterling. Arrested at last, he forged an entire series of documents and signatures purporting to emanate from various high officials, thereby securing not only his release, but a substantial sum of money wherewith to make good his flight.

WITH THANKS.

John Budd was a most sedate, precise, and altogether exemplary young man. When he wooed and won Susan Smiley, the belle of the village, everybody rejoiced at John's good fortune. However, he bore his triumph with modesty and decorum until the day of the wedding. Then, for one awful moment, his air of aplomb failed him. When the officiating clergyman asked, "Will you, John, take this woman to be thy wedded wife?" John responded, blushingly, "Yes, please."

About the House

RELIABLE RECIPES.

Fruit Cookies.—One cup of butter, one and one-half cups sugar, three eggs, one-half cup molasses, one cup chopped raisins, one cup currants, one-half teaspoonful cloves, one teaspoonful cinnamon, spice to taste, one teaspoonful soda. Lard may be substituted for butter with little change in results. Almost any kind of molasses may be used. I usually use syrup made from C sugar. This is an excellent recipe, and cookies will keep fresh longer than most cookies.

Grandma's Spice Cake.—Two cups brown sugar, scant half cup of butter, four eggs (save two whites for icing), one cup seeded raisins, one cup currants, one-half teaspoonful ground cinnamon; flavor with vanilla; one-half teaspoonful of allspice, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one-half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, one cup of sour milk or buttermilk; save about a tablespoonful of milk in a cup; two cups of flour; dissolve one-half teaspoonful of soda in milk previously saved; add soda last.

Fudge Nougat.—This is a delicious fudge that is a welcome relief from the usual chocolate. Boil two cupfuls of granulated sugar, one cup of milk, butter the size of a walnut, and a pinch of salt, until they form a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Then add the juice of half an orange. Take from the stove, and after beating a minute, stir in one cup of chopped nuts, raisins, and figs. Pour into a buttered pan, and when cool cut into squares.

Prune Whip.—Take thirteen prunes, chip meat from seed, whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Add to the eggs five heaping tablespoons of granulated sugar, then stir in prunes. Bake in slow oven thirty minutes. Sauce—Take one quart of milk; let come to a boil; stir in yolks of three eggs, two tablespoons of sugar, one tablespoon of corn starch, and half a teaspoon of vanilla. Serve over pudding hot or cold.

Imperial Oysters.—Drain and wash a quart of large oysters, reserving liquor. Butter a baking dish, cover bottom with coarse bread crumbs, then add a layer of oysters, season with salt, pepper, and a little minced parsley. Sprinkle lightly with minced ham, then add another layer of oysters and bread crumbs; continue till oysters are used; have top layer with bread crumbs; cover with small bits of butter, pour over half the oyster liquor and enough cream or milk to moisten; bake in a moderate oven till brown.

Accessory Toast.—Have a pan of boiling water salted to taste, a teaspoon to a quart being the rule. Dip each slice of toast quickly into this; it must not be wet, but only moistened. Butter and pile on a hot plate. Poached eggs and minces are served on this form of toast, which is also nice with fricassee of chicken.

Fish Cakes with Beets.—
One cup of cod, well picked and fine.
Potato twice as much, be thine.
Diced raw and measured, and, perforce,
Put on and boiled till done, of course.
Drain well, then mash and stir till light,
Add salt and pepper, and not quite
A teaspoonful of butter add,
'Twill much improve the whole, "be-dad."
Chop two small beets, an egg beat well,
Then mold and fry, and—ring the bell.

1-2-3-4 Cake.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, three and one-half flour, one cup milk, four eggs, one heaping teaspoon baking powder. Put together according to general directions; bake in two brick loaves or one large one. Using but half a cup butter and a scant measure of sugar makes a plain cup-cake that is useful. A heaping tablespoon of yellow ginger for layer makes this cake a most delicious gingerbread. Omit the milk and add enough flour to roll out and it can be baked as jumbles, or with half the milk and flour to roll out, as cookies.

AROUND THE KITCHEN.

Funnel to Stuff Turkey.—Insert fruit can filler in turkey. You will not waste the dressing, or have any trouble filling the turkey.

Prevent Many Backaches.—Saw the handle from a broom, and insert the end in the hollow tin handle of the dust pan, after bending it perpendicular to the pan. This enables one to use the dust pan without stooping.

Cooks Should Take it Easy.—Many household tasks, such as picking over fruit, beating bread or cake, or using the chopping bowl, can be accomplished as quickly and much more easily while one is seated in the easy chair, which should always be found in the kitchen.

Onion Will Clear Soup.—There is only one secret about getting broth or soup clear without letting it get cold first and settle. No matter what ingredients you put into your soup or bouillon it will get muddy, but just put in a small onion or a piece of a large one and your broth will clear like magic.

Way to Use Sage.—When preparing dressing for fowl sage is generally used and the stems and leaves are found so disagreeable in the dressing. A good way of preventing this is to steep a tablespoonful of sage in half a cup of boiling water. Then this can be strained right into the dressing.

Egg Test.—Take a flat bottomed dish-pan, put at least four inches of water in it and drop the egg in the water. If fresh it will lie perfectly level; if it rises at the thick end in the least it is not fresh. The older the egg the more it rises at the thick end. If it should leave the bottom and swim it is not fit for anything.

Tie Holder to Your Waist.—The most convenient thing about the kitchen is "a holder on a string." Make holder of some thick washable material. To one corner, fasten a white tape about one yard long. Tie or pin the other end of tape to your apron belt, and it is always there ready to use. This will save many steps.

Useful Tea Leaves.—Tea leaves have many uses and should not be carelessly thrown away. Drain them and they are useful to strew over a carpet or floor to keep the dust from rising while sweeping a room. They are good to clean glass water bottles; it is also good to leave fish knives and forks in the wet leaves to remove the disagreeable odor.

Cook's Hints.—Egg stains on silverware can be removed by rubbing them with common table salt. A dash of cinnamon in a cup of chocolate after it is poured, adds a nice flavor. In baking bread or rolls put a saucepan of boiling water into the oven; the steam will keep the crust smooth and tender. A little cream of tartar improves frosting and flour dusted over the top of a cake will prevent frosting from running.

Cooks Calendar.—
Monday wash all the soiled clothes,
Lots to be done as you may suppose.
Tuesday iron and put away,
That takes a body the livelong day.
Wednesday darn, fix, and mend,
Plenty of sewing, you may depend.
Thursday, if shining, we visiting go,
Then we are dressed in our best, you know.
Friday, then we go out to shop.
Once you get started, 'tis hard to stop.
Saturday polish, scrub, and bake,
Tired out—hardly can keep awake.
Sunday, O that day of all is best;
Glad it is here; now we can rest.

Ruffles for Pantry Shelves.—Buy five yards of common white lawn at five cents a yard. Take the length of four yards of it and make ruffles five and one-half inches wide, including a hem of one inch, then measure the length of your shelves and out of the other yard make a narrow binding to sew the ruffles in. Tack to the edge of the shelf with brass headed tacks and your pantry will always look inviting. This amount of goods will do for four shelves two and a half yards long. It will cost only 25 cents, and can be taken off, washed and ironed, saving the expenses of paper and does not tear, which makes a pantry look disagreeable. In appearance it is far better than shelf oilcloth.

HOW CRIMINALS BEGIN

FIRST STEPS IN MISGUIDED CAREERS.

How Some Famous Law-Breakers Were Initiated Into Crime.

Druscovitch, the famous detective, once declared that while it was wonderful how some of the famous criminals he captured had become criminals, there were others who appeared as if they could never have been anything else. The first step in crime was made by persons of the first class under the most various circumstances—passion, temptation, despair—but by the persons of the second class, through what seemed sheer criminal instinct.

Many of the most notorious wrongdoers have, if their own impressions are to be relied on, been tempted to launch into crime by the most accidental circumstances. "Jim the Penman," the great forger, whose forgeries created a panic among London bankers for several years, and who was at last brought to justice by the confessions of two of his accomplices, when he was condemned to penal servitude for life said that the idea of forgery never occurred to him till it was suggested by the chance remark of a casual acquaintance whom he met in a London restaurant where he was dining.

HIS FIRST FORGERY.

The stranger chanced to allude to a forgery that had been committed, and remarked how clever a penman must be to be able to imitate a signature so closely that a skilled bank-clerk could not distinguish the forgery from the real one. "Jim" thought it would be easy, and pen, ink and paper were brought for him to try his hand at imitating the stranger's signature. The result was so wonderful that the stranger remarked:

"You possess a dangerous gift, sir. A man might be tempted with it to do much, at a pinch."

Till that moment "Jim the Penman"—then James Saward, the barrister, desperately in want of money—declared he had never thought of forgery as a means of livelihood. The words rang in his ears as a revelation of how he might gain thousands. He became the cleverest forger of modern times.

A man does not become a coiner all at once. It requires long, laborious, and constant practice to acquire the proficiency to turn out base money which will pass undetected from hand to hand. But the most casual chance has led men to adopt coining as a means of preying on their fellows.

FOR A WOMAN'S SAKE.

Woodstock, the coiner, samples of whose marvellous work are to be seen in the Black Museum at Scotland Yard, was, as a young fellow, a tailor's assistant. One Saturday afternoon he was in a public-house in the South of London, with the girl to whom he was engaged. Upon her leaving, a stranger remarked to Woodstock how pretty she was, and jokingly asked when the wedding was to be. Woodstock lamented that there was not much chance of that happening for a long time. His meagre wages forbade the hope. The stranger was Draker, the coiner, and he hinted that if Woodstock such a nice-faced, respectable young fellow—was poor it was his own fault.

Draker had heaps of bad money he wanted passing. Woodstock was tempted, and, after a struggle with himself, consented to take some of the coins. He found them so defective, however, that they were difficult to pass, and he criticized Draker's work so severely that Draker invited him to "see if he could do better himself," and he would teach him all he knew. Woodstock easily surpassed his master. He had a wonderful gift for delicate manual work, and a brain to discover new methods. His "den," when he was at last run down by Inspector Fox, was found fitted with all the latest scientific machines that could be applied to counterfeit coining.

In the famous case of Martin Guerre, the launching on a criminal course was the result of an extraordinary chance and a sudden resolve. Martin Guerre was a soldier, and was mortally wounded in a skirmish in the North of France. Among his comrades was a man remarkably like him, and with whom Guerre had contracted a great friendship. The two used to be always together, and enjoyed the joke of their strange resemblance. Guerre's double was with him when he was dying, and Guerre, with his last breath, begged his comrade to carry some little trinkets he had to his wife at home. The double assented, and proceeded to fulfil his promise faithfully.

A "DOUBLE" DECEIVER.

When he arrived at the village on his mission he learnt that Guerre's wife had, during her husband's absence in the war, come into some little property through the death of a relation. He began to envy Martin Guerre's lot if he had lived. When the villagers saw him they began to exclaim, "Here's Martin Guerre!" By the time he arrived at the cottage door he had decided to act Martin's part, provided the dead man's wife was deceived by his similarity to her husband. She was, and the impostor took Martin Guerre's place. The wife only discovered the truth some twelve months later by the absence from the impostor's arm of a scar which Martin had borne.

The first step in crime in the case of Goudie, the Liverpool bank-clerk, who robbed his bank of something like $850,000, was "manipulating" the books so as to hide his taking $200 to back a horse that was, the young fool thought, "bound to win." From the winnings he would replace the "borrowed money," while retaining a handsome sum himself. The horse, of course, lost; but the defalcation remained undiscovered, and Goudie was tempted to repeat it for a larger amount. The result everyone knows—fourteen years' penal servitude.

Robson, who defrauded the Crystal Palace Company of $135,000, took a small amount at first for a Stock Exchange gamble. He lost, and went on. Leopold Redpath, who in 1857 was sentenced to penal servitude for life for defrauding the Great Northern Railway Company of close upon $1,000,000, declared that the first forgery he committed was to obtain money to assist some poor people in great distress.

FOR CHARITY'S SAKE.

The statement might be regarded with a good deal of suspicion if his career did not disclose the fact that while Redpath was committing the most crafty and calculated frauds, he was at the same time scattering the money he obtained among various charities, and privately assisting scores of people in distressed circumstances. When he was sentenced at the Central Criminal Court there were persons in court who burst into tears. They were people whom he had befriended.

Harry Benson, the instigator of the Great Turf Frauds, and of numberless other swindles; the Bidwells, the great forgers; and Lefroy, the murderer of Mr. Gold on the Brighton line, are types of criminals who seem to have been such by some queer moral perversity born in them. In each of them there was a gradual development of the terrible "criminal instinct," showing itself in their earliest mingling with others—in the school and playground, in their very first companionships. No one can point to any particular event in their lives as the first introduction to criminal courses. It seemed innate, and showed itself in the prettiest trickery in childish intercourse.

"SEALED LIPS."

It has been noticed that the most notorious criminals in various spheres of crime are recruited from the ranks of persons engaged in special occupations and professions. The locksmith, safe-making and carpentering trades, have supplied the most accomplished burglars; engraving has been responsible for most of the great banknote manufacturers; the most celebrated forgers have come from the legal profession; and the professional murderers have generally had some medical training.

But the professional poisoner is a man accustomed to carrying the burden of ghastly secrets, and rarely does he do more than confess the justice of his sentence, and acknowledge the last crime which sends him to the gallows. His lips are sealed as to previous offences, and no one knows how the awful first step was taken.

A prison chaplain in one of our largest convict establishments once remarked that he was appalled by the continual lament of the criminals he found in that place of terror over "just one little thing." The "little thing" was the first step which had launched them on the career of wrongdoing which had brought them there.—London Answers.

HARD LUCK HONESTY.

"Honesty is the best policy" is a time-honored maxim, but numerous cases have come to light recently which go a long way to prove that such is not always the case. In a large English town quite recently a lady was standing outside a shop in a crowded thoroughfare, when her pocket was picked. The thief was clumsy, and, noting that his action was detected, ran away. Within a few hours the stolen purse was picked up in the gutter by a poor man, who, although out of work and half starved, took it to the owner's house, having found the address inside. He was accused of having stolen the purse, and given into charge. He was fortunate in being able to prove an alibi.

At a fashionable shop in London a few days ago a lady received nearly half-a-sovereign too much in change, and, returning, she informed the shopwalker of the fact. The result was that the cashier was dismissed for his carelessness. Some banks put aside a small sum daily to cover possible errors.

A man is always proud of his children who are large for their age, except when he is trying to pass them on half-fare tickets on the railway.

HUNTING FOR TREASURE

ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF SPANISH GOLD.

The Subject Has Lost None of Its Fascination for Daring Men.

At the time of the rebellion at Lima, the then principal city of all Spanish possessions in South America, the Spanish collected all their valuables, and those of the Mint, the Treasury, and cathedral, and for safety placed the whole on board the British merchant ship Mary Dier. The sight of so much wealth turned the heads of the crew, and when night came on those in charge of the treasure were cruelly murdered. The Mary Dier put to sea within a few hours of the terrible deed, and set sail for Cocos Islands, where the plunder was landed.

There have been some eighteen or twenty expeditions to Cocos, among the number that of Admiral Palliser, in H.M.S. Imperieuse, which was made in 1897 on his own account, being prominent. His bluejackets succeeding in boring down to the subterranean tunnels supposed to lead to the hidden fastness, but water broke in upon the workers, and time forbade the ship staying longer at this island.

SOLD $500,000 FOR $500.

There are, it is supposed, many such treasures as these in the West Indies and that part of the world. The Earl of Crawford recently went on a treasure seeking trip to the tiny island of Anegada, in the Virgin group. An Englishman is prospecting, with good hope of success, for the buried wealth of King Christophe of Hayti. Yet another party is in quest of a hoard which lies in an inaccessible cave in Gun Hill, Trelawny, Jamaica. Again, treasure seekers are busy in Santo Domingo and the Cayman Islands. Hayti has already yielded toll. A negro discovered a chest concealed in the wainscoting of what had been once the hall of a Spanish grandee. Elated with his find, he was foolish enough to sell his house for $500 to a man who, by industrious search, brought to light treasure realizing $500,000. The secret of finds like these is, that when in the face of the negro insurrection the white settlers had to flee, they could not take their wealth with them; but had to hide it in the hope they would recover it in a day which they were destined never to see. In the Bahamas, a rich haul is said recently to have been made. An American arrived at West Caicos; then, rowed by a negro crew, put off in a small boat to an island four miles distant. Here the blacks were ordered to dig around a palm-tree. They dug the whole day, their master refusing to let them rest, until at last they came upon a massive iron-bound chest. It was so heavy that three men could barely carry it. No time was lost in getting away with the booty, and those who profess best to know the story declare that this was the real Captain Kidd's treasure—a not very feasible theory, be it added.

Another enthusiast seeker after cached treasure is Mr. E. F. Knight, the famous war correspondent and yachtsman. Undeterred by the loss of an arm in the Boer war, he has twice headed an expedition to a certain island in the South Pacific. He has had the good fortune to become possessed of a clue to a buried million, the spoil of Peruvian churches. His second expedition returned at the latter end of last year, determined to complete the work they had begun.

THE ORIGINAL EL DORADO.

Several public companies exist for the purpose of exploiting hidden wealth. One is the Abouka Bay Treasure Recovery Company, Ltd., whose mission is to probe the Spanish Main for the inexhaustible mines of buried bullion, over which the sea there washes. Another such organization is engaged at the present moment in draining Lake Guatavia. This is a most romantic quest. From these still waters several men have already extracted fortunes by dredging up unconsidered trifles in the way of golden goblets and ornaments of richest ore. But wealth incredible must lie in the mud beneath the lake. Here was the original El Dorado. The old time kings used, every day, after bathing, to make offering of bullion and vessels of gold to the Aboriginees of the lake, by throwing them into its waters. And there that treasure lies to-day.

Sir Clements Markham, the eminent traveller and scientist, is a firm believer in the existence of the hidden treasure of the Incas. His intercourse with the Indians of Peru led him to the conclusion that the old secret still lives in the breasts of these fanatically faithful descendants of the old order. They could, if they would, read the Aztec writings, which are a sealed book to the rest of the world, and they could tell where lie those 1,100,000 pound weight of pure gold which the 11,000 Indians buried when they learned of the murder of the king whom they were hastening to ransom. The thesis is reasonable.

GOLD OF THE INCAS.

It is not one whit more remarkable than that of Sir Montagu Gerard, whose long official connection with India enables him to declare that enormous treasure is buried in the old forts of our great Dependency. In the "Gurder ka wakt," or time of trouble, the meanest class of the community was entrusted with the secret of the hiding-places of all this wealth. The very circumstance of their degradation was expected to render them indifferent to wealth. And that expectation has been borne out by results. To-day there are poor natives who hold the key to fastnesses in which lie untold gold. They never enter these secret treasuries themselves, nor will they consent to act as guides.

The long-lost key to the mines whence fair Cleopatra derived her gems is a secret no longer; it has been discovered, and at this very hour yields treasures to adorn the persons of the fairest daughters of Europe.

Mr. Rider Haggard, the famous novelist, once went to Mexico, with John Gladwyn Jebb as his guide, in pursuit of the buried riches of dead kings. A terrible calamity cut short their expedition, but Jebb had undoubtedly a key to the hiding-place of the hoard of Montezuma or Guatemoc. What this means is told in the life-story of this dead knight-errant.

A SURVIVOR OF KINGS.

He had befriended an aged, ragged laborer in the city of Mexico. Now, this vagrant, as they thought him, was, in his native hamlet a few miles off, a man of renown, the last survivor of a line of kings. There came a day when the old man called upon Jebb and besought him to lend him the money necessary to buy a plot of waste land which had suddenly come into the market for building purposes. Jebb was unable to comply. Thereupon the Indian begged him to buy a particular section of the land for $100,000, promising that he himself would return the money a month afterwards. This scheme also was impossible, so the land was sold to a builder.

Some time afterwards the Indian lay dying. He sent for Jebb, who had befriended him, and confided to him that in that very plot of land which he had desired to buy lay buried half a million of money. The exact spot he would not indicate, much as he loved Jebb. "You have none of our blood in your veins, and if I told you it might be that the Government or the Spaniards —— No; I am the last of my race, and I, too, shall soon be with my fathers. Who knows but that they will ask the king's treasure at my hands? It shall rest for ever where it is."

SO SAYING HE DIED.

After this near approach to fortune Jebb was brought still closer by a Cuban named Don Anselmo. The latter was a scientist, and when searching for a particular herb noticed that a priest followed him steadily wherever he went about the hill on which he was tip-tapping. The priest at last angrily accused him of spying into buried secrets, and, in his anger, gave away his case. To make a long and wonderful story come within reasonable limits, it amounted to this: To the priest there had come the knowledge of a great portion of the hidden treasure of Montezuma, buried during the massacre by the Spaniards. The dying confession of the last repository of the secret had given the priest the key. In time the two came to an agreement to dig up the treasure and make it their own.

With ardor they set to work to dig a sixty-foot shaft. It took them a fortnight to do it, but they were rewarded. There at the bottom was a huge boulder covered with hieroglyphics, and deeply graved upon it the figure of an owl—the totem-mark of Guatemoc.

RIDER HAGGARD'S SECRET.

After working a whole day upon the boulder they at last blasted it. In its disruption it caused the collapse of their shaft, and so caused further delay. Eventually they made their way into a great tunnel opening straight into the hillside at right angles to the shaft. The walls had been regularly made, and had evidently been fused. They came to a flight of steps leading upwards. On the top was a copper spearhead. Then they were confronted with a wall of solid masonry, which they could not pass. Their time was up; they had no alternative but to fill in their shaft, and obliterate traces of their search. In this extremity, Don Anselmo sought out Jebb, took him into the secret, and invoked his aid.

Jebb was famous as a curio-hunter, and had no difficulty in getting permission to excavate. With him was Mr. Rider Haggard, and all preparations were completed for the organized renewal of the search. Then came terrible news from England necessitating an immediate return. A year later, when it was resolved to go on anew with the work, the Cuban and the priest had disappeared—murdered, it is supposed, by the vengeful Indians.

So there it lies to-day near one of the ruined cities of the Palenque district. And there in all likelihood it will remain until someone stumbles across it by chance. Mr. Rider Haggard is the only man on this side of the world who knows even approximately where it rests.—Pearson's Weekly.

JAPS NEVER TAKE COLD.

Their Method of Taking a Bath Prevents It.

In winter weather people are fearful lest they should take cold after a hot bath, but this opinion is unable to reconcile itself with the immunity of the Japanese from colds.

The ordinary bath consists of a large wooden tub, oval in shape and fitted with a cover. Before he enters the tub the bather thoroughly lathers himself from head to foot and washes the suds off by means of a wooden ladle or dipper. He then sits in the tub, immersed up to his chin, for several minutes, enduring a degree of heat by which a European would be well nigh parboiled.

When Japan first began to study the methods of Western nations the excessive heat of the baths was strongly condemned and a law was made that the water in the public baths should be only moderately heated. This caused great discontent, so a committee composed of European and Japanese medical men was appointed to decide the question. The verdict was in favor of the national custom, which was pronounced to be not only harmless, but beneficial.

The high temperature of the water was said to open the pores of the skin thoroughly, even without the use of soap, and a healthy action of the skin and cleanliness were secured which it was impossible to get with any amount of washing in cold or so-called hot baths.

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, JAN. 10, 1908.

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

SIGNIFICANT.

Elections were held in the Ontario municipalities on Monday last. In connection with these votes were taken in many towns and townships on the questions of local option and the installation of power plants under a scheme of Government owned and operated trunk power lines from Niagara Falls to Western Ontario towns and villages. Toronto on New Year's Day voted on the latter question and by an immense majority declared for the Government's scheme. Following this lead, Hamilton, London, St. Thomas, Brantford, Galt, Stratford, Guelph, Woodstock, Waterloo, St. Mary's, Hespeler and New Hampburg on Monday gave large majorities for the measure. Only one Ontario town—Ingersoll—gave an absence vote, but that was due to exceptional local conditions.

Hon. Adam Beck, whose name has become inseparably connected with the scheme, said, speaking of the result of the votes: "There can be no doubt that the people of the large industrial centers of Western Ontario, have confidence in the power projects of the Government. They have chosen to give emphatic endorsation to the by-laws submitted for the purpose of raising money to enable their respective localities to take advantage of cheap power from Niagara Falls. The results are more satisfactory when it is considered that the electric interests in the various towns and cities fought vigorously to prevent the will of the property owners from being intelligently expressed. In a number of instances paid agents were engaged to go from door to door to canvass against the adoption of the by-laws while enormous quantities of inaccurate and misleading literature were widely distributed. The supporters of the power policy had practically no organization, and no great effort was made in any locality to bring out the total strength of the vote in favor of it"

This remarkable victory is along the lines of policy laid down by Mr. R. L. Borden in his recent series of addresses and shows how well he has judged the drift of public opinion.

In nearly 100 municipalities votes were taken on the question of local option. It requires three-fifths of the votes cast, or 60 per cent, to adopt the measure. According to incomplete returns, it was defeated in twenty-five places and lost by failure to get the requisite 60 per cent in eighteen others. Twenty-three places carried the by-law, cutting off seventy-seven licenses. Eleven of the places adopting the measure are towns or incorporated villages. There were five attempts to repeal the law in places where it had been in force but only one of these was successful. The four cast larger votes to retain the by-law than those by which it was originally adopted. There are hopeful facts and show that the sentiment of the people against the licensing of the liquor traffic is steadily increasing, and that where tried the law wins support.

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

SAFE.

The arrival at Queenstown, Ireland, on Tuesday, of the C.P.R. Steamer, Mount Royal which sailed from Antwerp, on Dec. 7th for Halifax, was the occasion of great rejoicing not only on the part of those whose friends—some 400—were on the long overdue Steamer and who had been almost persuaded to abandon hope of ever seeing them again, but of every one who had waited day after day for news of the missing boat. One touch of sorrow makes the whole world kin, and in the case of a missing steamship, men and women come to feel a common interest in the fate of the ship, passengers and crew. The safe arrival at last of the Mount Royal has served to reassure those who have to sail the oceans, and the able seamanship of officers and men who brought the steamer into harbor under most trying conditions calls for praise.

FALSE MARKING.

A serious state of affairs has been reported from Ottawa and Montreal to the effect that during the past season extensive frauds were practised by parties engaged in the packing and shipping of Canadian apples for the British marke, in complete defiance of the statute in the case. Of the immense quantity of apples collected at Montreal from Ontario for shipment to Britain thirty per cent were found to be falsely branded. The frauds were detected by the official inspector and according to his published opinion much of the inferior fruit marked first-class wouldn't realize sufficient to pay freight charges to the British market. "It is evident," comments the Toronto Globe, "from this that the shippers of the falsely branded fruit to get paid for it according to the false branding before their fraudulent operations could be discovered. British merchants are not accustomed to this kind of fraudulent commercial suicide and might readily be deceived by it. But one such fraud successfully carried out would be a blow to the Canadian fruit trade in Britain from which it would not recover for years. Canadian apples are already in bad repute in Britain, and the consequent reluctance of buyers is among the causes of unsatisfactory returns. Had the attempted frauds been successful the injury to this important branch of productive industry might have been irreparable."

Some prosecutions against merchants handling the fruit were begun, but later abandoned because they were found to be innocent of any guilty knowledge of wrong doing. The Globe, however, calls for punishment of the guilty parties, and if the law as it stands cannot reach them, then, that the statute be amended. In this demand the Globe voices the feeling of every true friend of Canada and Canadian trade. The offenders belong to the worst class of criminals. They are evidently indifferent as to the great injury they inflict on the apple trade of the country so long as they reap their dishonest gains. "It," concludes the Globe, "the law is so defective that only the employees or innocent tools of guilty parties can be prosecuted, the defect should be remedied at once. The action already taken was against some employees who stated that they did not know one kind of fruit from another. A law which merely permits the prosecution of employees is worthless and holds out an invitation to the dishonest to hide behind those who are innocent. The false branding of the large quantity of fruit stored at Montreal could not have been the result of accident. Had it not been detected by the inspectors the reputation of Canadian fruit in the British market would have been so thoroughly discredited that both growers and shippers would suffer for years. The public will look for prompt official action. The law should be put in motion against the offenders, and if it is not capable of reaching them the necessary amendments should be made at once."

FURS!
FURS!
FURS!

W. Banford & Son,

P.S.—FUR COATS.

BROWNSBURG.

—:o:—

Mr. A. Taylor was in Montreal last week visiting his friends.

Miss May Shanahan of Montreal, was a recent visitor here.

Messrs. Tom Mack and G. Graham spent the holidays in Montreal.

Mr. H. King gave a party on New Years' Eve, the following being present:—Miss E. Trudeau, Messrs. Geo. Pressman, Tom Mack, G. Elliott, W. Dryer and E. Winterburn. Mr. King contributed much to the amusement with his anecdotes of his pugilistic days. A very pleasant evening ended with a new combination dance by Mr. King, consisting of the Sailor's Hornpipe, a Waltz and Polka mixed, and was heartily applauded.

BEECH RIDGE.

Our school has reopened again after the Christmas vacation, with Miss Elliott as teacher.

Mr. A. D. Morrin left on Monday to resume his studies again at McGill.

Miss Lillie Cooke has returned to her school in Hull.

Miss N. Morrin left on Saturday for her school in St. Eustache.

Quite a number of our young people are enjoying skating in Lachute Rink this winter.

Mr. A. Loynachan is spending a few days with his sister Mrs. R. C. Morrin.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Stanley of Montreal, has returned after spending a few days with Mrs. Geo. Catton.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernie LeRoy of Avonmore, Ont., is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Edward Hamilton.

Mr. Robert Summerby left on Monday to take up his studies again at the McDonald College.

The Misses Bertie and Helena Tait of St. Laurent, left on Monday after spending a few days the guest of the Misses M. and N. Morrin.

Stonefield School.

—:o:—

Gr. IV.—Jemima Dewar, Frank Brown, Mabel McMeekin, Janet McMeekin, Ruby Dawson, Catherine Owens.

Gr. III.—Percy Dewar, Edna Densmore, Leo Villeneuve, Herbert Densmore, Annie Barron, John Barron G. McMeekin.

Gr. II.—John Grace, Agatha Grace, John Owens, Charlie Livingstone.

Gr. I.—George Drewar, David Owens, Tessie Barron, Tessie Grace, Reuben Laughren.

I. Primer—Villa Innes, Peter Barron, Edward Brown, Arthur Livingstone, Perrie Grace, Willie Ash.

C. McGIBBON, Teacher.

Province of Quebec.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE PARISH OF ST. JERUSALEM D'ARGENTEUIL.

—:o:—

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to all parties interested, that Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of Monday, the 20th day of January inst. for the repairing of the bridge across the North River known as White's Bridge. The dimensions and kind of timber required for the work may be seen by applying at the Secretary's office. The highest or lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Given at my office, in the said municipality, this eighth day of January, 1908.

GAVIN J. WALKER,
Sec.-Treasurer.

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

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

JOHN'S TEA.

* * * *

THOUGH tea has advanced in price John's Tea is still the same uniform quality which has always been its chief characteristic.

Any orders sent to J. JOHN, Peterborough, will receive the most careful attention and prompt despatch. Any goods which are not absolutely satisfactory, can be returned at my expense and money refunded.

Twenty-five pound boxes freight paid.
Five 5lb. parcel in each box.
Price Green or Black 30cts.
Cash with order.

J. JOHN,
281 George St.,
Peterboro', Ont.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

Mrs. Archibald Mitchell, Lachute, on Saturday, Jan. 11th, 1908.

1 seven piece walnut parlor suite, 2 bedroom suites, 3 bed springs, wardrobe, 2 marble top tables, 1 extension dining table, parlor coal stove, double stove, kitchen stove, lot of stove pipes, sewing machine, eight day clock, pictures, carpets, cupboards, chairs, 2 verandah seats, flower stand lawn mower, wheelbarrow, pair of shears and garden tools, wash boiler, tubs, board irons, farmers boiler, 2 kitchen tables, dishes, and many other articles too numerous to mention. Sale at one p.m. sharp.

TERMS.—$10.00 and under cash, over that amount, 4 months credit by furnishing approved joint notes.

M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer.

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.

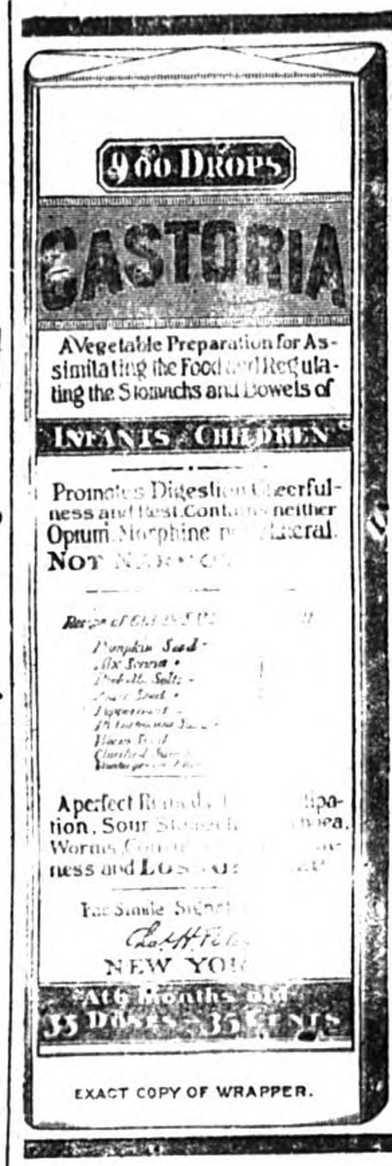
During the month I am offering my entire stock of Millinery, Furs, Fancy Goods, Christmas Calendars, Toys, and a number of "Teddy Bears" at very low prices, so that everyone buying of me will secure a bargain.

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.



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

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 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 inter - amples 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 every body 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

A Petition in Equity.

A petition is being circulated relative to the construction of a public road bridge over the Ottawa River at or near the town of Hawkesbury and the village of Grenville. This bridge could be conveniently located about 800 feet below the guard lock of the Grenville Canal, and the southern or Hawkesbury approach, would be by the public street leading down to the river, and to the offices of the Hawkesbury Lumber Co.

The bridge might be a high level, design crossing the canal 40 feet above water level. This style of a bridge would be preferrable and cheapest in the end, but if immediate economy was the great desideratum, the present swing bridge crossing the guard lock, might be utilized and the bridge approach from a low level could be made from the narrow neck of land which divides the canal from the river.

There being no natural difficulties with the building of a bridge at this location and at extreme low water the concrete pier could be built on comparatively dry level rock up to either side of the channel. Therefore a cheap interprovincial bridge can be built at this point of the long sault, supplying a great public necessity and of great advantage to the farmers of Ontario and Quebec.

For gentlemen, you will please bear in mind, that the Agricultural products on either side of the Ottawa River, are dissimilar in character and greatly differ in quantity, and an interprovincial trade and exchange of products is a business propositiou and cannot be avoided, being the life and existence of the farmers, especially in Quebec.

It will also be well understood that for one third of the year, the only interprovincial communication the farmers have is by the treacherous and uncertain ice bridge, and during the season of navigation, the only means of crossing is by the old antiquated ferry with its tolls and dangers.

This much needed interprovincial bridge is by no means a local matter, but on the contrary, far reaching in accommodation, covering a commercial area on the south to the far north lumber camps as well as from Montreal to Ottawa, for it is a fact that should not longer exist, that the Ottawa river is not spanned by a public road bridge between Montreal and Ottawa.

The petitioners would urge that an appropriation be made for this national and provincial work, at the present session of parliament and of the legislature, and that an interprovincial bridge be constructed at the earliest possible moment.

FOR SALE.

FOR SERVICE,—Good pedigreed Berkshire (large breed.) Purchased from P. Lefebvre of Vankleek Hill. Apply to JNO. SOMERVILLE, St. Philippe.

THE TOILS of the newspaper man are too often underestimated. He is regarded as a sort of good fellow willing to listen to everybody's troubles and pour out his sympathy through the columns of his paper. He is expected to talk up and keep talking up, public projects of every nature. He must attend all social and public functions, scrutinize, and if conscience permits him say whole lot of nice things about each. From the great metropolitan daily to the country weekly this is true. But alas the half has not been told. If in his reviews the name of some one has been unintentionally omitted or the rendition of the local actor has been spoken of in terms more superlative than that of their rival the fat is in the fire. The query the is "I wonder what the Editor has against our family" while in reality he never thought of assuming such an attitude. But as it takes all kinds of experiences to make up a life we pass along treading the path of duty forgiving and forgetting these petty instances, amid the hurry and hustle which each day ushers on the scene.

Canada
Province of Quebec
Town of Terrebonne

A Session of the Court of Kings' Bench, holding Criminal Jurisdiction in and for the district of Terrebonne, will be held at St. Scholastique aforesaid, on Saturday, the First day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

In consequence I give notice to all who intend to proceed against any prisoner now in the common Gaol of the said district and all others, that they must present then and there.

And I give notice to all the Justices of the Peace, Coroners and Peace Officers in and for the said district, that they must be present with their records, rolls, indictments and other documents, in order to do the things which belong to them in their respective capacities.

LAPOINTE & PREVOST,
Sheriffs.

Ste. Scholastique, Jan. 7th, 1908.

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.

HORSE WANTED,—A good driving horse for his keep for the winter.
Address "DRIVER,"
The Watchman.

We can Satisfy you!

That is saying a great deal isn't it, but not too much. If you deal with us you will be convinced. Our store is always well stocked with the finest and best line of goods procurable.

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.

January Clearing Sale.

We now offer the whole of our stock in the following lines at Genuine Bargain Prices.

Men's Fur Coats and Caps,
Ladies' Fur Jackets, Stoles, Boas, Ruffs and Muffs.
Men's and Boys Overcoats, Etc.
Sleigh Robes and Rugs.

Most of the above named goods are 1907 Fall purchases, and are thoroughly up-to-date in every respect. See the goods. Get our prices and be convinced of the exceptional values we are offering.

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 we can supply you with sashes doors, . . . windows, etc. .

Lachute Furniture Factory,

O. E. 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.

KODAKS - CAMERAS - SUPPLIES.

HOLLAND'S STUDIO.

(Opposite the Post Office.) Box 26,
E. M. FINN, Mgr LACHUTE.

The Twelfth Man

I.

"Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

"Nothing—save that I am the innocent victim of a chain of circumstantial evidence which at the best is but faulty and incomplete."

The prisoner in the dock gripped the rails tightly as he faced the judge. His features were drawn and grey, but a bright light burnt in his eyes—a light which told that, whatever his fate, he would not waver, that he would not give a living being cause to say he had flinched in the moment of his supreme tension. Already had he suffered acutely; he had known, innocent though he was of the forgery of which he was accused, that a powerful case had been worked up against him.

It was late in the day; the jury had returned from their lengthy consultation, the foreman had pronounced the one awful, significant word, "Guilty."

There was a pause, a breathless silence, during which one of the jury glanced anxiously at his watch, comparing it with a large clock above the gallery. The prisoner knew it would be his fate to suffer for a crime he had not committed; the one great question was—what would be the extent of his suffering? He had not long to wait.

"The sentence of the court is that you be sent to penal servitude for three years!"

"Three years!" The words escaped the prisoner's lips in a whisper that was scarcely audible. He stared hard at the judge as though incapable of realizing on the instant the significance of the pronouncement; then he inclined his head and turned to descend the steps to the dreaded realms below. But as he turned he paused and cast one long, dark searching look at the jury—a look that combined in it reproach, hatred and menace.

It was a look that caused one at least of those twelve men to flinch and grow more pale even than before. It was a look that haunted him even as he sped from the court to the railway station in eager haste to catch the train to the town where was his home.

II.

Several months before the expiration of the three years Arminger Gorringford stood outside the prison confines a free man—free, that is, save for the conditions imposed on him by the ticket-of-leave he had been granted for his unbroken record of good conduct.

He drank in the fresh, pure breezes greedily; paused a moment, then walked on, erect as ever.

A few pounds lay in the bank ready for him to claim when free; there was no immediate cause for anxiety as to pecuniary matters. He had no near relatives and but few friends; the latter would doubtless turn away from him. He was alone in the world, and he was glad that it was so, for his brain would be free to devote itself entirely to the project which had seethed in it during his incarceration, and which had been alternately his torment and support.

His whole being craved for retribution—not against the prosecutor and witnesses whom circumstances had forced to a firm belief in his guilt; not against the counsel whose words had seemed to paint that supposed guilt in its very darkest hue; not against the judge whose duty it had been to sentence him. No; it was against the jury that the whole force of his bitter hatred was directed. From each and every one of those twelve men who, in the face of a chain of evidence which, though strongly circumstantial, was yet not flawless, had sent him to his doom he intended to exact retribution in one form or another.

Sane though he might be on every other point, his sensitive and high-strung nature had sustained a shock which rendered him mad on this one matter—a matter of revenge on those who had convicted him.

He found quiet lodgings and there perfected his plans. He did not intend to move actively in his schemes until the full three years had elapsed—until he was in reality a free man and under no obligation to report himself to the authorities.

One day when his slender store of money was nearly exhausted, and when side by side with his soul-absorbing project there was forcing itself into his thoughts the realization that he must soon of necessity seek some means of earning a livelihood and the wherewithal to carry out his schemes, a communication arrived for him. It was merely a plain sheet of notepaper, with the words, "From a well-wisher," written on it in a hand that was unfamiliar to him, but with it were bank-notes for £1,000. There was absolutely nothing by which to trace the sender, at whose identity he could hazard no feasible guess; but something seemed to tell Arminger Gorringford he need have no compunction in using the money in whatever way he desired.

And from that moment the tide of fortune turned.

III.

Deep in thought Gorringford sat in his private apartment. Every now and again he glanced at his watch, and quick little semi-nervous movements inferred that he was expecting the arrival of someone or something.

He was thinking of the past, of all that had happened during the eight years that had elapsed since that terrible day when he was condemned to an unmerited punishment.

The money he had mysteriously received had proved the foundation of a large fortune, amassed through the medium of a rare combination of dogged perseverance and marvellous luck. And with the possession of much money had come the power to carry out his great scheme of revenge. A cynical smile played about his thin lips as in mental vision he traversed the five years which had seen him mount the ladder of Mammon so steadily and withal so swiftly.

With difficulty he had obtained a list of the names and addresses of the men who had composed that jury. Systematically he had set to work to secure all possible information concerning them. Three, curiously enough, had died; his task had thus been rendered less difficult. Three had removed to other domiciles; these, with the aid of a private inquiry agent, he had quickly traced. One of these had met with a motor accident and would be a cripple for life. It seemed as though Fate had already selected his quarries as her own special prey.

Within the past two years three of the remaining eight had passed through the bankruptcy court. Only Gorringford himself—he had taken to himself another name since the expiration of his ticket-of-leave—knew the means he had employed to hound them down. One, a well-to-do tradesman, had a penchant for horseflesh, and fancied his own opinions; his enemy, whom he utterly failed to associate with the prisoner he had helped to send to penal servitude, fostered it by every means in his power, and the ultimate result was the loss of everything he possessed. Another, a retired contractor, Gorringford contrived to induce to put his all into a rotten mining company; the third, a prosperous farmer, he had successfully schemed to inveigle into a lawsuit which was hopeless from the first.

With the five that remained he had dealt with four in different ways. A quiet, inoffensive man, whose parents had both died of chronic alcoholism, and who had, for that reason, steadfastly abstained from what would be poison to him, was induced by subtle means to break his rule, with the result that all the inherited craving manifested itself, and now, as Gorringford with morbid satisfaction reviewed his work, was a hopeless dipsomaniac. Another, who had spent ten years in perfecting a motor of remarkable lightness, and which it was his dearest hope should be a potent factor in the development of aerostatics, went to his little private factory one morning to find his models shattered, his plans destroyed, and his all-but-complete motor utterly demolished. A man of peculiarly nervous and high-strung temperament had been driven insane by a persistent and elaborate series of vague threats which were made to reach him by various fantastic means likely to create a terrifying impression on his strangely sensitive brain. And the last with whom Gorringford had dealt—an ardent amateur photographer—had been arrested in Germany as a spy, with a number of snap-shot negatives of some important fortifications upon him—pictures he had been induced by a fellow-tourist to take on the statement that the authorities raised no objections at all to such proceedings. As Gorringford knew well, this particular victim now lay incarcerated in a German prison.

There remained but the twelfth, and he, whether by accident or intent Gorringford knew not, had so far eluded him.

And now he was awaiting the report of his agent in respect to this last objective of his relentless vengeance. He knew that Wallis Lethbridge had formerly been a mining engineer in the colonies, that he was possessed of comfortable means, that he had lost his wife whilst residing in England, that he had one child, and that suddenly, a few months ago, he had left England again, leaving no one clue as to his destination. That was all.

The manner of his vengeance—and he felt that to gratify it in full it must be specially virulent in this instance—he had not decided; the first essential was to trace the fugitive.

A sigh escaped him as, having once again consulted his watch, he awakened to a realization of his immediate surroundings; although his resolve was firm as ever, his desire for vengeance even fiercer than it had ever been, he would be very glad when all this was over—when the demands of his perverted sense of justice should have been satisfied to their uttermost extent.

The post arrived; in feverish eagerness he looked over the letters, tossing aside all but one, which he tore open with agitated fingers.

"After great difficulty the man whose whereabouts you desire to know has been discovered. My Sydney agent has cabled me that he is now engaged in mining work about 300 miles north-west of that place at a spot midway between the Macguava and Bogan rivers. It is a new settlement, to which there has been a rush of prospectors, and is at present unnamed."

Arminger Gorringford's teeth shut together with a snap, and his eyes shone like clear, burning coals.

His affairs were all in order; for weeks, whilst he had been waiting for this news, everything had been thus in a condition of perfect organization and preparedness, and it was possible for him to depart without inconvenience at a day's notice.

He telephoned to his secretary, whom he had dismissed an hour before. "I leave London to-morrow—probably for three months," he said; "you will find full instructions in my bureau."

And then he drove forthwith to the offices of steamship company, and contrived to secure a first-class cabin in the liner which was due to sail on the morrow.

IV.

Bound, gagged, utterly helpless, Wallis Lethbridge lay upon the bed of a cleft which pierced the mountain side. Far away below was the settlement; above, the sheer walls of Nature's handiwork. Nearby stood Arminger Gorringford, the glitter of madness in his eyes.

"At last!" he muttered, as he gloated over the victim he had lured to that lonely spot with a story of rich auriferous deposits. Now that he had him in his power, now that he could do as he liked—unchecked, unheard, unseen—his brain was flooded by a hundred methods by which he could extract to the full his last terrible draught of vengeance. It seemed to him that in this man who lay helpless at his feet he saw the whole origin of the shame and agony of his imprisonment; it was as though he, and he alone, had been responsible for his conviction. The others seemed now as naught; it was this twelfth man who had sent him to his doom, and had been the cause of all his sufferings. Had he, this fellow upon whom the vials of his malignant hatred would soon be poured, refused to convict, the chances were that he would have escaped—that another jury at another trial would have thought and acted differently.

He seated himself on a jutting ledge of rock; the man lay upon his back, his eyes filled with mingled amazement and terror. Would not the bravest show fear at such a time? For the attack had been made without warning, the victim had had no chance of uttering one word of protest or inquiry. Ever and anon the wide-open eyes sought the face of the victor in that brief, fierce struggle, appealing for the opportunity to speak and ask why this act had been committed. But Gorringford sat silent and motionless, his features impassive, his lips set tightly, only his eyes revealing the deadly intent that filled the alert, hate-swept brain.

For fully an hour they remained thus—captor and captive; then Gorringford spoke, and his voice trembled in the intensity of his passion.

"Wallis Lethbridge," he said, and his eyes gleamed with an unholy fire—"Wallis Lethbridge, listen. It was you who sent an innocent man to his doom, and you are about to suffer the penalty of your act. You knew, as others knew, that the evidence against me was not complete; the hour was late, and you were doubtless tired of your duties and wished to return home—callous as to the man you wronged. Since my release I have prospered; I have had the means wherewith to carry out the project I conceived whilst within the prison walls. Three members of that accursed jury it was beyond my power to injure; they had passed to where no human hand could touch them. Another met with terrible bodily injuries in an accident: I left him alone. Seven others I have dealt with, and they have suffered each as circumstances decreed. You alone remain!"

There was such concentrated venom in Gorringford's tones, such malignant hatred as he concluded his fierce indictment, that shudders passed through the captive's tightly-bound frame, as if he realized the possibility of untold horrors in the near future. But the appeal deepened in the bulging eyes, into which, too, recognition had flashed. Gorringford, with swift intuition, understood that appeal.

"No, no; I do not intend to remove that gag. I wish to hear no appeals for mercy; neither have I any wish for your voice—which, doubtless, you would use to excellent purpose—to reach anyone from the settlement who may chance to be prowling about in this neighborhood. As it is, we are alone and secure from intrusion—you and I. I'm about to consider how I'm going to deal with you; there's plenty of time. I've thought of lots of ways of torturing you, but I haven't decided yet what I shall do. I haven't used physical torture with the others; I rather favor it in your case, though. I must drink long and deeply of the nectar of revenge, and I'm really very undecided which brand will be the sweetest!" And if ever the light of madness lit up a man's eyes it did those of Arminger Gorringford at that moment.

Beads of perspiration oozed from the ashen face of Wallis Lethbridge as he listened; he knew that the man who gloated over his mental torment at that moment was mad—mad with the lust of vengeance.

Suddenly a slight sound a few yards behind him caused Gorringford to turn sharply. At the same moment a voice—soft and musical, but steady and very clear—came to his ears.

"Hands up or I fire!"

A girl of a striking type of beauty stood regarding him with unflinching gaze, her right hand extended, with a small, deadly-looking little revolver in its grip. Though for a moment he hesitated, Arminger Gorringford did as he was bid, for he saw that in the girl's eyes which told him not to trifle with her.

"Who are you, and what is your business here?" he demanded, a chill passing through him as it flashed through his brain that in the supreme moment of his triumph he was to be cheated of his revenge.

"If you have injured him—my father—you will have good cause to know what is my business, sir!"

Her voice trembled as she uttered these words.

A strange sense of impotence crept over Gorringford. The furious anger and chagrin begotten of sudden thwarting of the completion of his long-nurtured scheme of revenge slowly metamorphized into a curious feeling of shame; he was tongue-tied, and his gaze remained riveted on this girl's lovely face as though he were hypnotized.

"Turn, walk twenty paces, and then stand still. Act otherwise and I shall shoot!" And her tone, not less than the expression in her wonderful eyes, fully supported her words.

Gorringford did as he was bid, deliberately counting the number of paces as he walked.

"Remain where you are!" she commanded, and then sprang to her father's side.

Swiftly she removed the gag.

"Has he injured you, dear father?" she asked, with eager, tender solicitude.

Wallis Lethbridge answered with difficulty, for the gag had been in his mouth for no brief space of time.

"No," he said; "but——" He paused whilst she swiftly cut the thongs that bound him so tightly.

He rose with difficulty and kissed her tenderly; then sank to an adjacent rock.

"Thank God you have come," he said, brokenly; "the man is mad and——" He shuddered as he glanced at the erect, motionless figure of his enemy. "I believe you have saved my life, Mora!" Wallis Lethbridge continued, and he kissed her fondly. "And now," he continued in a louder voice, "you, Arminger Gorringford, shall konw the truth. Come here and listen!"

Gorringford turned and approached. Again that strange sense of impotence and shame swept over him as his eyes met those of Mora Lethbridge. He bowed, almost submissively; in the presence of the daughter it seemed that the hatred for the father was becoming strangely unstable.

"As you doubtless remember," Lethbridge began. "The hour was late when that verdict was given. My little daughter—she was twelve years of age then—was dangerously ill, and I was eager to return home. The other eleven were in favor of conviction; I alone seemed to realize the flaw in the chain of evidence. I wished to give you the benefit of the doubt, but yielded to the others that I might catch the train which would carry me to my child two hours earlier than if there were any further delay. But your face haunted me; I knew I had been guilty of an injustice. I verily believe the others acted as their conscience directed—I had not. I had acted my personal affairs above justice to a fellow creature, above the oath I had taken. I knew no peace until I had, out of my limited means, made some sort of atonement for the wrong I felt I had personally inflicted. I sent you the £1,000 which I believe was the foundation of a fortune."

"You sent those notes—you?" Gorringford breathed hoarsely.

"Yes, Arminger Gorringford, I did. But to continue. I personally knew several members of that jury, and some time after your release it occurred to me that your hand lay in the strange doom that seemed to dog them. I became possessed of a sudden fear—fear for my daughter, fear that you might seek to hurt me through her, my dearest possession. With the little money that remained to me I left with her to begin life afresh in New South Wales."

For some moments Arminger Gorringford stood motionless and expressionless, like a statue, then, with bowed head, he extended his hand, which the elder man took and gripped warmly and without hesitation. For the madness and the hatred had died out of Gorringford's eyes.

Without a word the latter—his lips, habitually so set and firm, twitching visibly—turned to the girl, his whole bearing and expression beckoning that he craved her forgiveness.

Mora Lethbridge understood, and the next instant her small shapely hand rested for a brief space in his.

No word was spoken; but the silence was more eloquent than explanations.

And now, when Arminger Gorringford takes his wife in his arms and looks into her soft eyes, filled with a glorious depth of love for her husband, he knows that it was love—love which came swiftly and unbidden in the tense moments of that strange meeting in the rocky mountain cleft—that conquered him.

It was Mora's radiant eyes that sent the madness of hate and the lust of revenge speeding into nothingness and brought back to his being those nobler instincts which so long had lain dormant. And it was those same sweet eyes, pleading for those he had wronged, that caused Gorringford to make retribution in every case where it was possible to do so. A mysterious hand gave the bankrupts means wherewith to lay the foundation of recovered fortune and the inventor the wherewithal to recommence his experiments; after strenuous efforts the dipsomaniac was reclaimed; the German authorities were provided with ample evidence that the suspected spy was an innocent tourist.

And though these things have passed by, a glance from Mora's eyes ever renders Arminger Gorringford her willing slave.—London Tit-Bits.

LOYALTY IN SERVICE.

The Experience of a Landed Proprietor in Russia.

Light has sometimes shone even in Darkest Russia. One hears so much of suffering and oppression among the peasant class of that country that such an instance of fidelity as is told in "An Englishwoman in Russia" strikes a charming note. More than fifty years ago Count B. owned very extensive landed property, which came to him while he was a young orphan.

On attaining his majority he visited his estates. He reached his largest one unobserved, as he thought, by the villagers. The next morning he was aroused by a great tumult in the courtyard, and on looking out saw the whole place crowded with peasantry. The fear presented itself that the serfs had arisen, and had designed his destruction.

Resolved to meet his fate boldly, the count dressed himself and ventured down. He was received by shouts which did not reassure him. Then silence fell upon the group. Two or three of the oldest peasants advanced and begged to know, with great respect, if it were true, as they head heard, that he was deeply involved in debt.

"Because we do not wish to be disgraced by having our proprietor in such embarrassment," they explained, "we hope you will allow us to discharge such debts. We have collected this sum and entreat you to accept it."

Heavy bags were produced, and rolls of bills, showing means as well as good-will. The count was much affected, thanked his serfs heartily, and told them that any such report was a mistake.

It was true, he said, that his father had mortgaged some of his property, but during his long minority such obligations were freed, and he now did not owe one copeck.

At first the peasants were suspicious that the count was assuring them thus because he did not wish to receive their money. They begged him to take it as a present. He declined, but promised them he would apply to them if he found himself in difficulties.

The group of serfs, some poor field laborers, others rich shopkeepers, dispersed, contended that they had done what they could to uphold the honor and integrity of their lord.

MODERN CRUSOES.

Found After Six Months on a Lone Island — Romance of the Pacific.

A romantic tale will be told by the captain and crew of the shipwrecked steamer Alexandra, who for six months have been living on an island in the Pacific Ocean and who were given up as lost until news of their safety came to hand a few days since.

The Alexandra, which was a Norwegian steamer, was wrecked on May 8, and the crew had to take to the boats. A boat manned by the first officer succeeded in reaching Guayaquil, on the west coast of South America.

A boat, in which was the captain and eight members of the crew, had, however, apparently been driven out to sea. Weeks, which lengthened into months, passed without any news of the missing sailors, and their relatives had given them up as lost.

Friends in England have now received information that the missing members had been saved, and had been landed at Guayaquil.

It is believed that the island on which the shipwrecked sailors had been living for the past six months was one of a group out of the track of ships, and only visited about twice a year by traders to gather the fruit and other products.

LUXURY BELOW STAIRS

UP-TO-DATE CLUBS FOR BUTLERS AND WAITERS.

Servant's With Billiard-Room, Banquets, and Evening Dress.

Head-butler! It does not sound a very imposing title, but there is a whole army of waiters, English and foreign, striving to accept the burden and joys of office. We say joys advisedly, for it seems that the position of head-butler in the family of a peer or money-eyed man carries with it comforts and luxuries which fall to the lot of very few men, says London Answers.

There are exceptions, of course, but the great majority of head-butlers are reckoned "men of means," and their "establishments," in a few exceptional cases—in Royal households, for example—would make that of the moderately successful business man appear very mean.

The heda-butler of a large house is paid a salary ranging from $750 to $1,250 per annum, but this is by no means his total income. How much he may make by "presents"—gifts of money are not known as "tips" by these gentlemen—depends entirely upon the amount of entertaining done by the family, but quite a considerable sum is obtained from commissions.

Holding the keys of the wine-cellar, and having authority to deal first hand with all tradesmen, the head-butler is regarded with due reverence on all hands; and when "my lord" desires to go shopping he exercises undoubted authority over the head-footman, another personage of degree in the household.

In the history of mansions there perhaps never was a time when servants, ranging from the head-butler down to the lowest menial, were provided for in a more luxurious manner. Separate and nicely furnished bed-rooms and sitting-rooms are necessities, and the mansion which cannot boast of its billiard-saloon specially set apart for the household staff does not figure high in the estimation of the servants.

Card-parties are occasionally arranged by the head-butler, and upon stated occasions—at Christmas and upon certain family birthdays—"staff balls" are permitted. Invitations are sent out on the most approved system, and evening-dress is by no means optional. Some of the best rooms in the mansion are placed at the disposal of the staff upon such occasions, and the head-butler is never so flippant with the choice wines of his master as when the servants' ball is in full swing.

It is the one occasion when he brings himself down to the same level as the kitchenmaid.

It seems that the cream of the profession is head-butler at a mansion or hall-porter at a large hotel; and for preference, nine of every ten waiters make it their ambition in life to don the hotel livery.

Some interesting facts and figures were gleaned from an experienced waiter recently. All the many advantages, social and otherwise, enjoyed by head-butlers were cheerfully admitted, but were outweighed by the fact that hall-porters have more remunerative positions.

While a head-butler may receive an occasional handsome present or monetary gift, hall-porters are continuously acknowledging tips. Without a single exception their salaries rule low, and while it is actually common on the Continent, the custom prevails in a few cases in England of hall-porters paying the proprietors of a hotel for the privilege of holding the position, and undertaking to supply the smoke and coffee rooms with current literature and stationery. Even with these deductions from the tips, and they are not light, some hall-porters manage to make handsome incomes.

The hall-porter of a large commercial hotel in the Midlands has made a small fortune out of tips, which he has invested in starting tobacconists' shops. It is an actual fact that he is to-day tipped by commercial travellers for looking after their baggage, notwithstanding that they solicit orders from him in connection with his prosperous businesses.

In the fashionable end of London there are up-to-date clubs for head-butlers and waiters; institutions which compare favorably with those frequented by the generous donors of tips.

TO EXPLORE BAFFIN LAND.

A Young German Intends to Live With Eskimos.

The project of Bernhard Hantzsch, a Dresden (Germany) school teacher, who from the beginning of 1909 to the end of 1912 intends to explore Baffin Land, living among the Eskimos, without an European companion, is arousing great interest in scientific circles.

Hantzsch will utterly renounce all the comforts and accessories of civilization, the only thing to remind him of this being a specially constructed boat which he will take with him for use around the southern coasts. Hantzsch proposes on his arrival in Baffin Land to attach himself to a migratory tribe, learning the language and adopting the habits of the natives.

The expenses of the expedition will be moderate, and part of these he will supply from his own resources, while the remainder will be provided by several Dresden scientific bodies.

NOT A BIT OF IT.

City Boarder—When you exchanged cattle with Farmer Smith, did you get a quid pro quo?

Farmer Jones—No, Neighbor Smith didn't try no sich means tricks on me. We swapped fair and even.

Hustle for what you can get and don't worry about what you can't have.

AN UNCOMMON LOVE CASE

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE IN SUNNY SPAIN.

Young Couple, Barred From Marriage, Strove to Outwit Relatives and Priest.

The Madrid Heraldo devotes two columns in a recent issue to one of those love romances in real life, such as the susceptible, intrigue loving Madriline delights to become absorbed by. The circumstances of the case are certainly out of the common.

A young man of 20, belonging to a good social family, had fallen in love with a charming girl of 19. Their desire was to marry, but although the girl's parents consented to the match the lover's relations refused to give the permission necessary to one under age.

INGENIOUS PLOT.

The lovers then hatched a plot to circumvent the opposition. The other day the young man, having donned the conventional garb of a Spanish bridegroom, and accompanied by two friends, who had consented to act as witnesses, awaited the girl at the portal of the church of Santa Cruz in the Calle de Atocha, and together they entered. Solemnly the little procession made its way to the sacristy, where the senior priest was seated at a table. Before he could ask what they wanted the young man, suddenly taking the girl's hand, said in a loud voice: "Will thou have me to thy wedded husband?" "Yes, yes," was the quick response.

DESPERATE LOVERS.

In an instant the priest had grasped the situation. Jumping up he put his hands over his ears, exclaiming "I hear nothing! I hear nothing!" and ran out of the room. The desperate lovers, with the witnesses, followed close on his heels, the couple repeating the marriage form. Other priests and some worshippers, attracted by the unusual noise and misconstruing the situation, joined in the chase through the sacred edifice while some rushed out to fetch the police. Eventually the whole party were taken in carriages to the police station, where they were interrogated and afterwards released.

The talk of Madrid now is, "Are they married or are they not?" and the Heraldo makes a fervent appeal to the young man's relatives to withhold no longer their consent to a union which has, technically at least, been concluded between two willing parties before a duly ordained priest of the church.

HIS LOST OVERCOAT.

An Incident of the War Between France and Germany in 1870.

During the siege of Paris in 1870 Sarah Bernhardt, the famous actress, established a military hospital at the Odeon. She visited the prefect of police for necessary assistance. In Appleton's Magazine she describes one of the amusing incidents of this visit. The prefect had been very kind, and Madame Bernhardt was just expressing her thanks when she noticed an overcoat hanging over a chair.

I stood still suddenly as if hypnotized. I looked beseechingly at the young prefect, but he did not understand.

"What can I do now to oblige you, dear madame?" he asked.

I pointed to the coat and tried to look as charming as possible.

"I am very sorry," he said, bewildered, "but I do not understand at all."

I was still pointing at the coat.

"Give it me, will you?" I said.

"My overcoat?"

"Yes."

"What do you want it for?"

"For my wounded men when they are convalescent."

He sank down on a chair in a fit of laughter. I was rather vexed at this outburst.

"There is nothing so funny about it," I said. "I have a poor fellow, for example, whose two fingers have been taken off. He does not need to stay in bed for that, naturally, but his soldier's cape is not warm enough to permit him to go out. It is very difficult to warm the big foyer of the Odeon sufficiently, and those who are well enough have to be there. I shall want a great many overcoats, though, and this looks very warm."

I stroked the furry lining of the coveted garment, and the young prefect, still choking with laughter, began to empty the pockets of his overcoat. He pulled out a magnificent white muffler from the largest pocket.

"Will you allow me to keep my muffler?" he asked.

I put on a resigned expression and nodded my consent. Our host then rang, and when the usher appeared he handed him the overcoat, and said in a solemn voice, in spite of the laughter in his eyes:

"Will you carry this to the carriage of these ladies?"

Some days later I called on another errand, and on entering the prefect's room I was astonished to see him, instead of advancing to meet me, rush toward a cupboard, open the door, and fling something hastily into it. After this he leaned back against the door.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I took a violent cold after your first visit. I have just put my overcoat—oh, only an ugly old overcoat, not a warm one, but still an overcoat!" he added, quickly—"inside there, and I shall take the key out of the lock."

A hard thing for ladies to decide is when to commence their thirtieth year.

As a rule it isn't best to trust a near friend too far.

Mr. John Millar, who has been headmaster of Lochwinnoch school during the last 50 years, is retiring at the end of the present school year.

Mr. Charles Barrie, who was Lord Provost of Dundee from 1902 to 1905, was presented with his portrait painted by Sir James Guthrie, P. R. S. A., in recognition of his public services.

TRAINING THE PRINCES

HOW THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN ARE TAUGHT TO RULE.

Why the Present Prince of Wales is Such a Graceful Public Speaker.

As a rule young Princes of Royal Houses are placed in the hands of tutors, who school them in the ordinary branches of education suitable to their years. In addition, for so many hours each day their Royal parents imbue them with a sense of their future responsibilities.

The Prince of Wales was sixteen when he made his first speech. It was in the form of a reply to an imaginary toast of welcome proposed by a foreign host. The part of host was taken by the tutor. The toast was proposed in German, and, of course, the Prince had to respond in the same tongue. Knitting his eyebrows together, he stared for some minutes in a most bewildered manner at the ceiling. Presently, however, after making two or three efforts which only amounted to inaudible murmurs, Prince George found his tongue, and in spite of his tutor's repeated reminders to always address the Sovereign on such an occasion, he suddenly jumped to his feet, made a sweeping bow, and to the amazement of his harassed master came out with the words, in plump and plain English, "Ladies and Gentlemen.—I—er —" His speech was brought to an abrupt end before it was many words old by a none too complimentary remark from the grossly insulted "ruler," who stood scowling in his college gown. For some minutes the two stood gazing at each other, until the Prince, flinging his German book, which had done duty as a programme, on his desk, declared with a shout that — had

"DONE WITH SUCH CACKLE,"

strode out of the room, and slammed the door. And thus the curtain fell upon the first act of our present Prince of Wales's training in the art of public speaking. It was some time before a second attempt at speech-making was made, and on that occasion, in the presence of his father and mother, the Royal student was more successful.

Prince Edward of Wales, the bright son of the Heir-Apparent, has been put through the same course of instruction under the supervision of his tutor, Mr. Hua, the Librarian at Marlborough House, who had been entrusted with his Royal pupil's education. Prince Eddy is a fine specimen of a healthy British boy—a bright, sturdy, blue-eyed little fellow, whose boyish ways and manners have already endeared him to the hearts of all.

Like many other boys, Prince Eddy has a great dislike for languages, especially French. He was frequently made to stand in the corner through neglect of this subject. On one occasion he did not wait to be sent to the corner, but when the subject was introduced calmly said, "I don't think I'll do French to-day. I'll go in the corner instead, if you don't mind," and off the little fellow marched to the corner before the tutor could recover from his astonishment.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY

has gone through a very strict training. He entered the army when he was ten, since which time his august father has steadily kept before him the fact that he will eventually hold the reins of power.

He has been thoroughly well taught how to comport himself when receiving Ministers in audience, and instructed in speech-making and replying. In fact, he has been trained carefully in all branches of Court etiquette with as much care as a University crew is coached for the annual boat-race.

Moreover, the Kaiser, to ensure proficiency in his heir-apparent's training, gives his son knotty problems to solve, invites him to express opinions on foreign policy, and to state what he would do in such-an-such an emergency. The result is that when the Crown Prince ascends the throne he will be quite familiar with every branch of the duties imposed upon him. He will also be able to meet the members of the Government and offer his advice without feeling that he is at all deficient in practice.

An heir-presumptive who is being made well acquainted with the meaning of the word "kingship" is young Don Alfonso, who would be heir-apparent to the Spanish throne if anything should happen to King Alfonso's little baby son. He is the son of the Princess of Asturias—the Spanish King's eldest sister—and Don Carlos of Bourbon.

Although the Prince of Asturias is of Royal family, he is lower on the ladder of heirs than his tiny son. In fact, the Prince is only a distant relation to the direct line of descent, and is merely

KING ALFONSO'S COUSIN

and brother-in-law. His son, however, is the King's nephew, and the only son of his eldest sister—the Princess of Asturias—and, consequently, the baby child is decidedly nearer the throne than its father.

Upon the recent birth of the new heir to the Spanish throne, Don Alfonso's prospects became, of course, considerably less brilliant, but at the same time there is a certain amount of danger attached to the heir-apparent's life, and it is by express desire of both King and Queen of Spain that Don Alfonso, although only five years of age, shall receive special training in regal duties. He is a bright, jolly little fellow, quite aware of the dignity of his position and prospects, and enters into his studies with a large amount of real earnestness, because, as he often tells his papa, "P'raps I might be a king one day."

With a child so young it is difficult to teach him much, but so interested has his little mind become in the pompous side of regal ceremony that he is never so happy as when, in company with his younger sister Isabella, and two high chairs turned upside down, they play at "Kings and Queens" in the nursery, much to the amusement of the Royal parents and nurses. —London Tit-Bits.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

Translation of a Most Interesting Document.

Mons Hugues LeRoux, the French scholar, has translated the document on which the Emperor or Negus, Menelik II. of Abyssinia, bases his claim to descent from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. The French version, which has now been translated into English under the title, "Magda Queen of Sheba," is the first appearance of the story in a modern European language. The story sets forth, as it is stated in the tenth chapter of the First Book of Kings, that the queen visited Solomon. The Abyssinian story further narrates that Solomon fell in love with the queen, and that their son, Bainelehem, doubtless another form of Menelik, that is, Son of the Wise Man, was founder of the ruling house of Ethiopia.

The book has the dignity and beauty of an Old Testament story, and deserves a high place among apocryphal legends of Bible characters.

The history of the manuscript from which this translation is made is a romance in itself. After the Battle of Magdala, in 1868, the English soldiers penetrated the room where the Abyssinian Emperor Theodorus had committed suicide, and carried a number of books away to London.

Later the British government sent a friendly mission to Abyssinia. The Emperor John was not friendly, but gave the British this message for Victoria:

"Tell your Queen that her soldiers carried off, away from the room of Theodorus, a book which is dearer than any other to the Ethiopian Emperors. It is the history of the Queen of Sheba and of her son: our Book. I pray God that it may be returned to me." The book was hunted up and returned to Emperor John.

Later, in the war against the Mahdi, John was killed, and Menelik, king of the province of Shoa, hastened to possess himself of the Abyssinian crown, which had been taken away by usurpers from his family. In his haste he did not take care to count the books in John's tent. Among the books was this manuscript. It disappeared conveniently, and was known by Abyssinian scholars—among them a friend of Monsieur LeRoux—to be in the hands of the monks. Menelik might bring it to light if he would reach out his imperial arm, and being friendly to Monsieur LeRoux, he gave the command. Presently the book was in the hands of the French scholar.

Monsieur LeRoux found on it the record of its English journey. On the title-page was written:

"Presented by the Secretary of State for India, August, 1868."

There was also the seal of the British Museum, and the last page of the manuscript bore the words:

"This volume was returned to the King of Ethiopia by order of the Trustees of the British Museum,

J. Winter Jones,
(Principal Librarian)."

"December 14, 1872.

This, then, was the precious manuscript, with its multifold interest for scholar, historian, and student of the byways of modern diplomacy.

TOURISTS FIND ICELAND.

It Is Described as Fascinating—Sturdy Iceland Ponies.

Many misconceptions as to Iceland exist in our country. It may surprise many, says the National Geographic Magazine, to know that the Icelanders who have emigrated to America are said by their relatives at home to complain bitterly of the extreme cold of our winters.

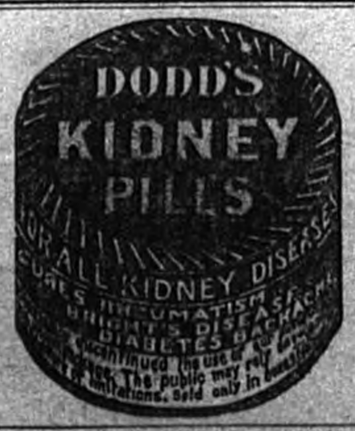
Mr. Halldor Bjarnarson, a Lutheran minister on the north coast of Iceland, writing of the past winter in his district, says that at no time did he observe the temperature to drop below +5 degrees Fahrenheit. That was almost on the Arctic Circle.

Two lines of steamships maintain regular all the year sailings between Denmark, Scotland and Iceland by way of the Faroe Islands. The single passage to Reykjavik, the capital of the island on the southwest coast, requires from three to four days from Leith, or five to seven days from Copenhagen.

The steamers of these lines are annually carrying more and more tourists to an island which is but just becoming recognized as one of the most interesting and fascinating lands in the world.

Excluding meals, which cost $1 a day, the round trip fare between either Copenhagen or Leith and Iceland is about $30.

Barring the possibility of driving on a narrow carriage road for about one day's ride from the capital, and possibly a less distance from some of the smaller towns, all travel must be made on pony back. Much has been written about the Icelandic pony. He is individual, a type by himself, and the word "sturdy" is his best description.



ISSUE NO. 51—07.

PAYMENT OF "WROTH SILVER."

Quaint Ceremony on Duke of Buccleuch's Estate in Coventry.

A quaint ceremony took place before sunrise recently at Knightlow Hill, a few miles from Coventry, England This is the annual payment of "Wroth-Silver," collected by the Duke of Buccleuch as lord of the manor. After the charter has been read by the Duke's steward, the representatives of the contributory parish cast the money into a hole in the middle of a large rectangular stone. The sums vary from two cents to 55 cents, and amount in all to a little over $2. The penalty for non-payment is 20s. for every penny not forthcoming, or "a white bull with red nose and ears." After the ceremony an adjournment was made to a neighboring inn, where the Wroth-Silver breakfast was served. The custom, which has been observed for many centuries, is supposed to be the relic of the payment of an early highway rate.

TORTURED DAY AND NIGHT.

Zam-Buk Cures Piles.

That there is no end to the healing powers of Zam-Buk is being demonstrated every day. Mr. Julius Glacier, of Denbigh, Ont., was tortured day and night with blind bleeding piles, so bad that he says: "I could find no comfort standing, sitting or lying down, and was unable to do any work. One day my eyes rested upon a little sample box of Zam-Buk. I picked it up and read the words, CURES PILES. I started using Zam-Buk that night, and before I could purchase a large box I was already cured, and HAVE NOT BEEN TROUBLED SINCE. You may publish this if you wish for the benefit of other sufferers." This is only one of the many cases where Zam-Buk has healed piles when all else failed. Why do you go on suffering when such a splendid remedy is near at hand?

Zam-Buk heals sores, cures eczema, skin eruptions, ulcers, ringworm, itch, barber's rash, blood poison, bad leg, salt rheum, abrasions, abscesses, cuts, burns, scalds and all skin injuries and diseases. Of all stores and druggists at 50 cents, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. 3 boxes for $1.25.

FISHY.

When it comes to fishing for compliments some people have a good line of talk.

As the Oil Rubs In, the Pain Rubs Out.—Applied to the seat of a pain in any part of the body the skin absorbs the soothing liniment under brisk friction and the patient obtains almost instant relief. The results of the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil have surprised many who were unacquainted with its qualities, and once known it will not be rejected. Try it.

PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

Singleton—"Your wife seems to be an up-to-date woman."

Wedderly—"Huh! She's away ahead of the date. Why, she has a lot of trouble borrowed for next year."

Fever the Curse of the Tropics. In the slow and tedious recoveries from this and all other disease "Ferrozin" is the best tonic. Remember the name, "FERROZIN."

THEOLOGICAL.

"What is the meaning of false doctrine, Willie?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"It's when a doctor gives the wrong stuff to a sick man," replied the little fellow.

They Never Knew Failure.—Careful observation of the effects of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills has shown that they act immediately on the diseased organs of the system and stimulate them to healthy action. There may be cases in which the disease has been long seated and does not easily yield to medicine, but even in such cases these Pills have been known to bring relief when all other so-called remedies have failed. These assertions can be substantiated by many who have used the Pills, and medical men speak highly of their qualities.

A wife may pay little attention to her husband's remarks in general, but she's more than attentive when he talks in his sleep.

All women know what it is to have violent pain; some take one thing and some another. Our advice is, to place "The D & L" Menthol Plaster over the seat of the pain: it will do more to give you comfort than anything.

It's a pity that the woman who knows how to manage a husband never had one and never will have.

Mr. Kipling's Canadian Tour.

Ontario and all Eastern Canada is deeply disappointed that Mr. Kipling, upon the occasion of his recent visit to Canada, should have only seen "The West from a Car Window" and the East not at all. The older provinces are always proud and never jealous of the West, into which they are sending their shekels and their sons. With all his powers as a word painter, it is hardly to be expected that Mr. Kipling can do justice to all of Canada. He has not seen the thriving cities and towns of Ontario, with its splendid railways, mills, and manufacturing industries. He had only a fleeting glimpse of Toronto, and saw nothing of the score or more other industrial centres of the Dominion. It is too bad, Canadians believe, that he should have spent the most of the time which he was able to give to the study of conditions in the Dominion to the troubled shores of the Pacific. With no desire to minimize the seriousness of the labor disturbances out there, or to disguise the fact that Canada is in sore need of more men to carry forward the work in hand, Canadians would have been proud of some pen pictures by Mr. Kipling of the industrial East, where the people are prosperous and happy. This conviction is by no means local—it is widespread, universal. ("Canada," London, Eng., Nov. 16th, 1907.)

CURTAILED FACILITIES.

"What makes you think those jurors are not thoroughly informed about the case?"

"They have been locked up every night and not permitted to read the newspapers."

A Purely Vegetable Pill.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are compounded from roots, herbs and solid extracts of known virtue in the treatment of liver and kidney complaints and in giving tone to the system whether enfeebled by overwork or deranged through excesses in living. They require no testimonial. Their excellent qualities are well known to all those who have used them and they commend themselves to dyspeptics and those subject to bilious ness who are in quest of a beneficial medicine.

Miss Knox—"Yes, he actually said your cheeks were like roses." Miss Passay (coyly delighted)—"Oh, come, now, that's laying it on pretty thick." Miss Knox—"Yes, he remarked about that, too."

Mirrors are a nuisance in the house of a man whose face is branded with eczema. His own reflection shames him. Let him anoint his skin with Weaver's Cerate and purify his blood with Weaver's Syrup.

"No truer words were ever spoken than these: 'A fool and his money are soon parted,'" said the lecturer. "That's so," said a voice from the rear of the hall; "we all paid twenty-five cents to get in here!"

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

The man who points out our faults is a true friend, yet we would like to kick him all the same.

An inheritance of weak lungs is a serious handicap, but Allen's Lung Balsam taken at the first signs of a cough will ensure immunity from this dangerous defect. Don't trifle with unknown cure-alls.

BRIEFS.

Filemakers usually die of consumption.

A pound of wool makes one yard of cloth.

The average man uses eight matches a day.

Blind men outnumber blind women two to one.

In war it takes a ton of bullets to kill one man.

Colombo has four tides daily. Malta has none at all.

The menometer is a new machine to measure the will power.

Automobilists must pay an extra premium for life insurance.

Policemen, trying doors at night, find one in every 400 unlocked.

An electrical spanking-machine is in use in some of the Italian prisons.

The 762 varieties of arctic flowers have but two colors, white and yellow.

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.

Ethel (sobbing)—"Oh, dear, father disapproves of George, and I'm afraid he will succeed finally in driving him away!" Maud—"He isn't brutal with him, is he?" Ethel—"No. He borrows money of him!"

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

"Well, how did you get on at your first appearance?" asked a man of a friend who had just joined the theatrical profession. "Oh, I got on well enough," was the reply, "but I couldn't get off half quick enough!"

HISTORIC PROPERTY PRESENTED.

Duke of Sutherland Gives Park to British Pottery Towns.

At a meeting at Burslem, England, the other night, in favor of the federation into one large city of the six pottery towns of Stoke-on-Trent, Hanley, Burslem, Longton, Tunstall and Fenton, the Duke of Sutherland announced that if federation was agreed upon he would give Trentham Hall to the new city for a public park and recreation ground. Three thousand persons were present at the meeting, and the Duke's offer was received with great enthusiasm. His grace, who was accompanied by the Duchess, had previously announced that John Burns was strongly in favor of federation in the interest of efficiency and economy. Their Cheshire neighbor, Lord Crewe, was also in favor of the proposal. The potteries when federated, would form the twelfth largest city in the United Kingdom.

Trentham is one of the finest private estates in the United Kingdom. The hall is a mansion of Italian style, situated on the banks of the River Trent. It was enlarged and beautified under the direction of the late Sir Charles Barry, who refaced the exterior and crowned it with balustrades and vases, and added a fine belvedere tower 100 feet high. The pleasure grounds and gardens are extensive, and laid out in beautiful style. At some distance from the front of the building is a beautiful sheet of water, which, together with the woody hills behind it, produces a picturesque effect.

The park, which forms part of the gift, covers over fifty acres, is pleasantly undulating and well stocked with deer. In 1539 the estate was sold to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and afterward came into the possession of the Levesons.

Adjoining the hall on the north side is a church, which serves as a private chapel.

The Duke of Sutherland, in offering the estate to the people, said if the municipality accepted his offer they would be at liberty to make whatever use they liked of the property as custodians for the public.

Shiloh's Cure 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. 314

PREVENTION OF THE WHITE PLAGUE

The prevention of Consumption and its cure in the early stages is a matter of fresh air and nourishment, but to secure nourishment you must have appetite, and nothing is better known to medical science to stimulate and invigorate the system than the active principles of COD LIVER OIL—the only drawback has been that it has hitherto been impossible to separate the really valuable elements of cods' livers from the nauseous oil or grease, which fact has largely offset the good derived from the alkaloids or active principles contained in the OIL.

"BRICK'S TASTELESS" is a preparation of the valuable alkaloids or active principles separated from the grease and 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.

In all cases of wasting diseases or an enervated condition of the system immediate improvement and eventual cure follow its use.

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.

COMPLAINTS FROM THE KITCHEN.

"I declare it is hard," sulked the Dough. "Here I can't get the least bit of a rise for myself without being worked."

"Look at me!" sadly replied the Egg. "Ain't I always getting whipped for other people's deserts?"

Sudden transmission from a hot to a cold temperature, exposure to rain, sitting in a draught, unseasonable substitution of light for heavy clothing, are fruitful causes of colds and the resultant cough so perilous to persons of weak lungs. Among the many medicines for bronchial disorders so arising, there is none better than Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Try it and become convinced. Price 25 cents.

YOUR OVERCOATS

and faded Suits would look better dyed. If no agency in your town, write direct Montreal, Box 158
BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.



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

Get Your Roofs Shingled Right

It's Less Money and Less Work

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?

104

The Pedlar People Of Oshawa

MONTREAL 321-3 Craig St. W. | TORONTO 11 Colborne St. | OTTAWA 423 Sussex St. | LONDON 89 Dundas St. | WINNIPEG 79 Lombard St.

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.

WM. BERRY

Main St. · Lachute.

P.N.—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.

To Builders.

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

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

J. W Cottingham

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

HARDWARE! All Kinds!

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

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

—:o:—

T. McOuat & Son.
Lachute Mills.

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.

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 BETHANY STREET.

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

Dr. J. H. MASON,
Physician & Surgeon.
Main St., Lachute.
Office hours;—8 to 10 a.m., 1 to 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, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Office over Banford's Store.
Will be in Lachute every day except Tuesday.
First and Third Tuesday in Calumet. Second and Fourth Tuesday in St. Andrews.

MALCOLM SMITH,
Licensed Auctioneer.
P.O. Box 10. Lachute, Que.
For the District of Terrebonne.
Sales conducted in French and English.

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

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 tel-phone 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 the 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 800 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 lonality 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 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, 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

Francois 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.
GRIGNON & 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 Odilie Charbonneau, wife of Henri Leduc sr., of the parish of St. Adele, Rentier, duly authorized to ester en justice. Plaintiff.

vs.

The said Henri Leduc, Defendant.

Montreal, December 11th, 1907
WEIR, MACALISTER & COTTON
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

EVANGELIST TORRIE



The old, old story in fresh and graphic setting will be proclaimed by

Rev. Alexander Torrie, B.A.

In the Lachute Baptist Church,

each night from January 5th, at 8 o'clock Song Service at 7.45 p.m. Sunday Services at 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.

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXII LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1908. NO 52

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.

See J. R. McOUAT'S January Clearing Sale Advt. of seasonable goods at heretofore unheard of prices.

We have a few odd lines of Horse Blankets left over which will be cleared out at greatly reduced prices. T. McOUAT & SON.

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.

Do you need—Cross-Cut Saws, Axes, Axe Wedges, Axe Handles, Cant Dogs, Splitting Wedges, Saw Wedges, Axe Stones, etc. We have a large and complete stock to choose from and at prices to suit your Hard Times Purse.

T. McOUAT & SON.

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.

CRESWELL'S

Choice Winter Apples

High Class Chocolates.

GEO. H. CRESWELL.

January Clearing sale

Genuine Bargains
in all lines
During this Month

Carpenter Bros.

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. W. Heatley of Ogdensburg spent a few days last week in town.

The Deanery of St. Andrews met in St. Simeon's Church on Wednesday last.

Mrs. G. H. Creswell paid a short visit to friends in Montreal the early part of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. N. St. Onge, of St. Hermas spent Sunday in town, guests of Mr. Nap. Beaulne.

The annual tea-meeting of the Methodist Church is announced to take place on Tuesday, Feb. 11th.

Dr. and Mrs. Rutherford, of Hawkesbury, spent Sunday in town guests of Mrs. J. R. McOuat.

Rev. Dean and Mrs. Saunders, of Montreal, were in town on Friday last attending the funeral of the late H. McRae.

Mrs. Carter, of Winnipeg, left for her home on Thursday morning, and was accompanied by her mother Mrs. Mitchell.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McCallum, of Abernethy, Sask., were guests of Mrs. Jno. McGibbon on Friday and Saturday last.

The many friends of Mrs. H. A. Blair will be pleased to hear that she has returned from Montreal and is slowly recovering.

Mrs. P. Sarazin and Mrs. A. Loizel left on Wednesday evening for Duluth, after a months pleasant visit with their brother, Mr. Nap. Beaulne.

Miss Mary Rogers of Montreal and Mrs John Rodgers of the West, are in town, having been called home owing to the illness of their mother.

In the St. Andrews Municipal Elections, Mr. George Rodger was elected to re-place Mr. Jas. McOuat. Messrs R. Morrin and E. Robillard, re-elected.

Mr. J. D. Campbell, accompanied by Messrs. Joseph and John Campbell of Dalesville were in Papineauville on Tuesday attending the funeral of Mr. Joseph Campbell's son-in-law.

The Hockey Club are running an excursion to Hawkesbury on Monday next. Special train will leave the Canadian Northern Station at 7 o'clock and will return immediately after the match. The tickets are selling 70c. adults, children 35c. Come and help the boys.

To-night will close the Special Evangelistic Meetings which have been so successfully conducted in the Baptist Church by the Rev. Alexander Torrie, during the past two weeks. The meetings have been productive of much good, many accepting Christ as their personal Saviour. Mr. & Mrs. Torrie leave to-morrow for Pembroke.

The electors of Argenteuil, are tendering our local member, the Hon. W. A. Weir, M.P.P.; a banquet in the Victoria Hall, on Thursday, Jan. 23rd. The move is a popular one and it is expected that a large number will be present to honor our representative. The banquet is non-political and any person desirous of attending may call on the Secretary, Mr. James W. Raitt, Lachute, and procure ticket of admission on payment of fee of $2.00. Among the invited guests are Hon. C. R. Devlin, Minister of Colonization Mines and Fisheries; Hon. George Bryson, Legislative Councillor for the District, Fort Coulogne, Que., and Mr. G. H. Perley, M.P.

Messrs. J. D. Campbell & Co. have taken over the store and stock of Mr. Jas. McGibbon in the West End and will run it as a branch of their up-town store. The new branch will be under the management of Mr. Stuart Campbell and the public may look for the best of goods in flour and feed, prompt service and courteous treatment.

The Municipal Election passed off very quietly, on Monday their being no contest in any of the wards. Mayor Geo. Hay was re-elected by acclamation as were also Councillors McGibbon and McKimmie. Messrs. W. C. Miller and Camille Raymond were appointed to succeed Councillors Lister & Prevost in the East Ward and Mr. A. McGibbon will replace Mr. Jno. McFaul in the West End.

Laurentian Lodge No. 14 I.O.O.F. had a fine evening on Tuesday last on the occasion of a visit from D.D.G.M. Ives of Montreal, who installed the following officers for the ensuing term:—J. Cunningham, N.G.; W. McCluskey, V.G.; A. Taylor, R.S.; H. Slater, F.S.; A. Middleton, Treas.; J. Miller, Warden; E. Wilkes, Con.; J. W. Cottingham, R.S. N.G.; H Kearns, L.S.N.G.; G. Brennian, R.S.V.G.; W. Whitham, L.S.V.G.; R. McArthur, P.S.S.; J. McCluskey, L.S.S.; J. Cruise, I.G.; Geo. McIntyre, Chaplain. The initiation over a pleasing and appetising supper was partaken of after which a happy hour was spent in speeches and song.

HOCKEY.

HAWKESBURY VICTORS.

The game of last Saturday, which resulted in a win for Hawkesbury after playing twenty minutes overtime was one of the hardest fought games ever witnessed in town. Hawkesbury ran a special, and brought down over a hundred supporters with them.

Though the visitors led in the scoring, Lachute evened the score on three occasions, and kept everybody guessing right to the last. With only a minute and a half to play, Lachute ran in a goal which placed them in the lead, and the visitors made a final rush, evening the score just in time to save themselves.

It was then agreed to play off, and the first ten minutes passed without any scoring being done, but the visitors in the last ten minutes managed to put in three goals.

After the match the teams and friends were entertained by the ladies of the town to a luncheon in the Swastika club rooms and a very pleasant hour was spent together.

THE HILL WHITEWASHED.

Wednesday evening our boys had the distinguished pleasure of whitewashing the Hill team in the score of 4 to 0.

The game started with a rush and for 5 minutes the puck seemed to travel miles. Unfortunately for the visiting team they slowed up somewhat and Raitt on a beautiful rush from centre ice netted the rubber. Lachute 1, Vankleek Hill 0.

From the face the teams worked with a will but seemed to lack the ability to score and although at times it seemed that one or the other would do the trick the half ended. Lachute 1, Vankleek Hill 0.

In the second half the Vankleek Hill team was outskated and outclassed, Lachute adding 3 goals. Paquette in goals was Vankleek Hill's only salvation. Time and again he proved a stonewall. Ladouceur at point, the old reliable man on their team, worked with a will and made many individual rushes down the ice but met his Waterloo when he came up against McIntyre or Riddle of the Lachute defence. Finally, he gave up the chase and contented himself with doing the best he could to keep down the score. The Hill team generally were a hunky looking bunch of fellows with one exception and although he looked small his work was up to the average of his team.

For Lachute it was hard to pick the stars, but Wilson in goal, Riddell at point and McIntyre at cover, seemed to be almost impregnable. Without support from the forwards they repeatedly broke up the rushes of the visiting team and frequently Riddell left the mix-up with the puck and would take a shot at Paquette. Riddell, without doubt, is one of the smartest finished defence men seen on local ice for many moons. The forwards for Lachute played hockey every minute of the game and were not slow in taking an opportunity to score. Final score—Lachute 4, Vankleek Hill 0. The teams and officials were as follows:

BIRTH.

DAVIS.—At Lachute, on Friday, Jan 10th, 1908, a son to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Davis, of Belle Riviere.

DEATH.

MURDOCK.—At 43 St. James Street, Longueuil, on Sunday, Jan. 12th, 1908, Jessie Shirley, eldest daughter of William and Florence Murdock.

Fac-simile Signature of The Kind You Have Always Bought
Chas. H. Fletcher

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

SILK BLOUSES
All Sizes and all Prices,
Certainly
the nicest in town.

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 Cyclefans
Watch Repairing a Specialty. **LACHUTE.**

GREAT REDUCTIONS

Commencing with the 15th of January, and continuing till the first of March, I will dispose of my entire stock at large reductions. I intend to save my customers many dollars. This is no fake sale, but a genuine cheap sale of good goods. Don't lose this opportunity of buying all your goods at low prices. Give us a call and see for yourself.

J. D. LALONDE,
ST. PHILIPPE D'ARGENTEUIL.

THE SACRIFICE;

—OR—

FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued).

The old lady disappeared in the house after a lecture to the maid. Katie and the doctor walked slowly on toward the lower part of the garden. Neither spoke. Beside the river which separated the garden from the city wall, there was a simple wooden bench, under the tall lindens. Katie sat down upon it. It was a quiet place, invisible from the house and from the wall outside. For awhile he stood before her, and she looked up at him with her wonderful eyes. Then he sat down beside her. There was something bewildering between longing and sadness, in the expression of the young girl's eyes.

"Katie," he said a little unsteadily, "is anything troubling you?"

She had her hands folded in her lap, and she turned her face toward him. "Yes," she said.

"What is it? We are good friends, Katie; tell me what it is."

"I am afraid," she murmured.

"Of what?—of the examination?"

"No—of life."

A smile flitted over his face, but it died away before her anxious eyes.

"Child," he said gently, "why are you afraid?"

She suddenly began to sob bitterly and passionately.

He took her hand, uncertain what he should say; her whole slender figure shook convulsively. He himself hardly knew how it happened that he put his arm round her waist and drew her toward him.

"Katie, why Katie, control yourself,' he entreated. Her head lay on his breast, her hat had fallen back, and in the spring twilight he could see the thousand threads of the perfumed brown hair, and the rosy cheeks streaming with tears of this young girl who was afraid of life.

A whole flood of thoughts, the memories, the hopes, the grief of the past, rushed over him with bewildering force.

"Katie," he whispered.

She nestled closer against him and cried still more.

"Katie, would you fear life—with—" He stopped. His mother's voice sounded through the garden like a warning cry: "Ernest, Ernest!"

The young girl raised her head. An eager, imploring expression was in these eyes, that seemed to pierce his own.

"Speak!" the eyes seemed to say. "Go on!"

"Would you be afraid of life with me?" he concluded, almost unintelligently.

"Ernest!" she cried, and lay on his breast, trembling and weeping.

"Ernest, Ernest! Katie!" came the mother's voice again. Then she darted away, and flew like a deer along the path. He was left alone. The rosy light in the sky had suddenly departed, and a colorless gray twilight had spread itself over the sky.

He leaned against the trunk of the old linden, and looked at a white bunch of snowdrops on the ground, which Katie had dropped there. He stooped down to pick them up; as he did so he felt as if all his limbs were paralyzed.

He went into the house some time afterward and entered the sitting-room, his face as white as death, his hair wet with dew, his features drawn as if by some terrible emotion.

Katie was sitting at tea with his mother; she, too, was pale to the lips. She looked at him with a deep, expressive look.

When the Frau Pastorin left the room after tea to attend to something in the kitchen, Katie hung down her head with a deep blush.

He went up to her and gave her his hand.

"Katie," he said, "you know how it is with me; my first ardent love was betrayed. You know, too, through whom. You have been the Samaritan who came to bind up my wounds. You will do even more—you will replace her whom I lost—or am I mistaken, Katie?"

"No,' she gasped.

"And is it not too hard for you?"

"No, no."

"Do you love me then, Katie?" he asked gently.

"Yes," she said passionately; and as she saw his astonished, doubting look, she threw her arms impulsively about him. "Yes, yes," she whispered; "oh, how could you help knowing it long ago?"

He stroked her hair in some confusion. "You are so young,' he said in a low tone; 'will you be contented with the poor home that I can offer you, and with——"

He stopped.

"Don't ask me such things," she said impatiently, "or I shall run away."

"No, no; stay. It is so strange, Katie." And after awhile he added, "I am afraid you are mistaken, Katie; you only feel sorry for me."

She laughed aloud.

"Oh, you foolish fellow!" she said.

Then he folded her close in his arms. "I thank you, Katie."

That evening he went home with her over the same road he had walked with Lora, when he had become engaged to her. But how different it was from that time. He stood for awhile, as he had done then, after the door in the wall had closed behind her whom he could now call his own, and, as before, a lovely figure came back to him—and yet how different it was!

"I must see you once more, Ernest, only once more," whispered Katie, as she threw herself on his breast. "Say that you love me, Ernest, say that you have forgotten every one else for me—say so, I entreat you."

"Forgotten?" he said slowly. "Can a man forget a thing like that?"

"Ernest!" the tone was absolutely threatening.

"Yes, Katie, I am fond of you. For you will be my good angel, my faithful friend."

"Come soon to mamma, and tell her of it," she said.

"Yes, Katie, to-morrow."

"To-morrow," she repeated in a whisper, and offered him her mouth to kiss and flung her arms round his neck; "to-morrow and every day, always and always. But, Ernest——"

"My love?"

"I shall not try for the examination now."

"Ah, Katie, that would be a pity, when you have been working so hard all this time."

"But I am going to marry you?" she said wonderingly; "and the examination is so dreadful."

"Katie, you are a child——"

She laughed merrily, and pressed her lips to his hand so hard that it absolutely hurt him. "Good-night," she whispered; "good-night. It is beginning to rain. Do you feel the drops?"

She only looked into the parlor, where her mother and aunt were sitting, Aunt Melitta with the cards spread out before her on the table. Then she ran straight upstairs to her room, threw the school-books off the table to the floor, and got out her blotter:

"Lora, dear Lora," she wrote, "you may have your old room again when you come. I shall not be with you long, for, Lora—you must not be angry—Ernest Schonberg loves me, and wants me for his wife. I feel so bewildered that I cannot write much today; it has all come so quickly. Take care of yourself, Lora, and come home safe.

"Ever your loving sister,
"KATIE."

She addressed it, sealed it, and carried it downstairs.

"Aunt Melitta, will you please put this letter to Lora in the box on your way home?"

Fraulein Melitta put the little note in her knitting-bag, which lay beside her on the sofa.

"Katie," she said, "this is you," pointing to the queen of hearts. "Do you hear? You are going to marry a very rich man. Here is the gold."

Katie threw herself with a smile into the old arm-chair by the stove.

"Then I needn't go up for the examination," she cried in a jubilant tone.

"Oh, you must do that in case of emergency," said her aunt. "If the rich man should be inconstant——"

"No," she laughed, "I will not. I will marry. I am going to marry Doctor Schonberg."

The old ladies looked at the girl in amazement.

"We have just got engaged, mamma. To-morrow he is coming to you, and—I am awfully happy, mamma."

Frau von Tollen could not find a word to say. She left all the wonderings, exclamations, and questions to Aunt Melitta. She went quietly out of the room into the dark garden.

"Poor Lora," she said, folding her hands, as if by prayer she could avert this blow from her daughter's head. She knew well that Lora had loved him with all her soul—knew it, although she had never spoken a word to her on the subject. When she came back again she heard Aunt Melitta saying. "I never should have thought you would be content with such a poor marriage, Katie."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I always thought you would wait for a baron, and one with a big estate."

Frau von Tollen broke in upon her daughter's laugh. "I will not refuse to give you to Doctor Schonberg," she said, standing by the table; "but——"

"Mamma!" cried Katie threateningly, as she sprang up.

"But I will not consent to a public engagement to-morrow. You must both wait and be sure of yourselves."

Katie looked at her with a smile and left the room.

"Wait? Bah! It will not cost much labor to bring mamma round."

CHAPTER XXV.

Katie had at last attained her heart's desire. It was strange, but at this moment she felt nothing but an extraordinary weariness. She pushed away her books, which she had got secretly from the circulating library. She had experienced the reality now, the sweetest phase of a maiden's life; but was it really so sweet as it was made out to be in books?

Katie did not know what to say. All at once she yawned, and in less than a quarter of an hour she was in bed and asleep.

As for him, things went a little harder. As soon as he came back he went to his mother.

She was sitting near the lamp with a neighbor, the Frau Burgermeisterin, who had come to make an evening visit, as the custom was in Westenberg.

Ernest sat down, out of politeness, and listened to the great piece of news, that, on the first of April, the long-looked-for squadron of an Uhlan regiment would be quartered in Westenberg.

"And only think, dear Frau Schonberg, the city has bought the Becher villa; they are going to put up barracks, the ground next to the street will be made into a parade-ground, and the villa itself—the colonel is to have the first floor, and the major the rest."

"You don't say so!" was the laconic reply of the Pastorin.

"Yes, there won't be much quiet here in the future," continued the pretty, plump little woman, with pleasure beaming in her eyes at the distinction her native town had attained to. "And what an advantage it will be. Quite a different life, and a great increase in trade."

"That is very true," assented the doctor.

"It may be so," said his mother, regarding him uneasily. What did she care for soldiers and barracks, or trade, and all that? She saw that something was on her boy's mind, and she couldn't ask him what it was.

At last the visitor went home, and when the Frau Pastorin returned from the garden gate, to which she had respectfully accompanied her visitor, Ernest had already said good-night, and gone upstairs. She went panting up the stairs, and appeared at his door.

He had not lighted the lamp, but it was light, nevertheless; the moonlight shone brilliantly through the window, and was lying in broad, silver strips on the white floor. He was sitting on the sofa, and did not move.

She crossed the room and sat down beside him.

"Ernest, something has happened; is it anything to do with Katie?"

"Yes.'

"Did she tell you any bad news about Lora? Was it anything that hurt you? You must not believe everything people say; why not put the whole affair out of your head?"

"No mother, it is something quite different—I am engaged to Katie."

It was out now. He sprang up and began to walk up and down the room.

The old lady was struck dumb.

"Mother, say something,' he said at length, in a tone of constraint. "You like the little one, don't you?"

"Like her? I like the nightingale, too, that sings in the garden, but——"

He made no reply.

"But I never wanted to catch and bring it into the house,' she added. "Is it all settled between you?" she inquired.

"Yes, mother."

"Then I need not say anything. May God bless you, Ernest, and grant you happiness."

She took his hand and pressed it, and then left him alone. But he could not sleep. He saw Katie's wonderful, ardent eyes continually before him, and the passion in them that she did not care to conceal. The room felt hot and close, and he opened the window. Opposite, the empty white house, in which Lora had so lately lived, gleamed through the leafless trees. Strange, that he should still always feel that pain at a sudden remembrance of her, who had so shamefully broken her faith with him. What would Lora say to his engagement to Katie? Probably nothing at all. She was going about Rome, with her uncle, swelling the numbers of those ladies who, after having suffered shipwreck in their married life, have such a wonderfully interesting halo about them. Ah, so young, so lovely, and yet so unhappy. He was perhaps the only person in all separation of this young couple. In spite of everything, Lora's nature was too noble to be able to endure his coarseness—the separation must come, of necessity. But that she should ever have tried to endure it—that surprised him more and more, and made him shudder at the mysterious possibilities of a woman's heart. But what, of all things in the world, had he to do with Lora? He, who was engaged to her sister!

A softened feeling came over him as he thought of Katie.

"She is a child, a trusting child, the little one," he said; "she shall be happy."

(To be Continued.)

A RHEUMATISM RECIPE

PREPARE THIS SIMPLE HOME-MADE MIXTURE YOURSELF.

Buy the Ingredients from Any Druggist in Your Town and Shake Them in a Bottle to Mix.

A well-known authority on Rheumatism gives the readers of a large Toronto daily paper the following valuable, yet simple and harmless prescription, which any one can easily prepare at home:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces.

Mix by shaking well in a bottle, and take a teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

He states that the ingredients can be obtained from any good prescription pharmacy at small cost, and, being a vegetable extraction, are harmless to take.

This pleasant mixture, if taken regularly for a few days, is said to overcome almost any case of Rheumatism. The pain and swelling, if any, diminishes with each dose, until permanent results are obtained, and without injuring the stomach. While there are many so-called Rheumatism remedies, patent medicines, etc., some of which do give relief, few really give permanent results, and the above will, no doubt, be greatly appreciated by many sufferers here at this time.

Inquiry at the drug stores of even the small towns elicits the information that these drugs are harmless and can be bought separately, or the druggists will mix the prescription if asked to.

"I don't believe in learning German, Spanish, French, or any foreign language," said a man the other day. "Why, I lived among a lot of Germans, and got along with them just as well as if I had known their language; but I didn't—not a word of it." "How did you contrive, then?" "Why, you see, they understood mine."

The Farm

CARE OF COWS IN WINTER.

In order to make winter dairying profitable the cows must have good comfortable quarters. The old way of keeping them in the back yard, on the lee side of the straw stack to endure the storms and blizzards will not answer. It is too expensive. Even with an open shed to go under when it storms they will consume more food and yield less milk than when housed in warm, well-ventilated stables. I am sure of this, for my father kept his cows in the barn yard and I followed his example until I learned better, says Mr. J. W. Ingham. I know from personal experience that cows kept out of doors in cold weather will eat nearly twice as much as the same cows would if kept in warm stables, and will not give as much milk. In this case, "mercy to the beast" pays for the mercy, in dollars and cents. A cow suffering from the cold, with her back humped up like a camel is not in the proper shape of body, or frame of mind, to secrete much milk. It requires nearly all the food she can consume to keep the fires of life burning, and she has but little surplus to be spared for making milk.

I know that the farmers in the west do not winter their cows out of doors, for I have been in some of their warm, well-kept stables and seen them milking their comfortable cows. Our stables in the basement of the barn are so warm that it seldom freezes in them.

It is a pleasure to the humane man to see his cattle comfortable, and when he comes into the warm sitting-room at night, takes off his boots, and puts on his slippers, it is a satisfaction to know that his animals are enjoying themselves. "The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast," says the Scripture.

Some of our neighbors keep their cows, young cattle and hogs, in the basement of their barns without tying. They are well bedded with straw, and the fodder is thrown down from above through holes in the barn floor into boxes from which the cattle eat, and when meal, or bran is fed, it is put into the boxes. They claim that this arrangement saves labor in taking care of their stock, and that the abundant exercise it gives is a benefit to the cattle. Some writers on dairy topics have recently advocated this arrangement, but I do not approve of it. Herding all the animals together without any restraint encourages their natural greediness, and the propensity of the "bosses" to drive those they can master, and of the driven ones to drive others from their boxes, and this extensive driving is pernicious, especially at milking time.

Hasty eating and imperfect mastication are not good for man or beast. It is true that cattle have the power to raise their "cud" and rechew the coarse portions, but an examination of their dung shows that they do not always do it and we sometimes hear about cattle "losing their cud."

Cows are not all of the same natural temperament. Some are nervous, quick-motioned and restless, others cold-blooded, contented and slow. The best cow I ever owned was a slow deliberate eater, good natured, patient, and never in a hurry. Do you suppose I would have had that cow run with a dozen greedy, fighting cows, grabbing for the best fodder, breathing on it, slobbering on it, and getting the worst because she was slow? Then again cows, like folks, do not always feel well, and from that cause do not devour a full ration. I want to know when this is the case, and favor them with a change of food or a little better diet. I want all my animals fastened in their stalls, so I can see how much they eat, and how much they leave, and so I can feed some more meal than others, because they pay for it better. Each of my cows has a stall 4½ feet wide, with a partition between each cow and her neighbor, and a separate manger, and feed-box for each cow. This arrangement enables me to insure to each cow her just rights, and to favor some, if need be.

KEEP YOUR BEST STOCK.

Many farmers are in the habit of selling their best animals; as they will bring the highest price. A greater mistake cannot be made. A difference of ten or even twenty-five per cent. in the price of a single animal is a small affair as compared with this difference in a whole herd. By keeping the very best to propagate from, the whole may be made of equal excellence, and in the course of a few years numerous animals might be produced having the excellent properties that now distinguish some very few of the best.

What would you say of a farmer who had several highly valuable varieties of potatoes and other kinds that are inferior, when in consequence of this imprudent measure, his next crop will fall short twenty-five per cent. Everyone will condemn this course, and few, if any, are so wanting in discretion as to pursue it. Yet many take a similar course in selling their best animals and propagating the poor. Not only is this true for animals for breeding purposes, but others as well. Who does not know, in his own experience, of farmers who sell their best work horses and keep the poorer. Well, the consequence is the poorer one costs a great deal more to keep each year and does less work, and in the end is the most expensive animal. The policy should have been to keep the better and to have sold the inferior. This is true in every case.

And doubly so, we believe, when the farmer has animals for breeding purposes. There is a vast difference in our cattle in sections where much attention has been given to improvements by selecting the best, when contrasted with those where little or no attention has been paid to the subject, and, as a matter of course, the best have been sold, or eaten up, because they were the fattest.

Every man that raises stock has it in his power to make improvements, and he should avail himself of all the advantages around him to turn his power to the benefit of himself and posterity.

EVENNESS OF SIZE.

The man who feeds hogs should have them as near even as possible. To do this it is necessary that they should be about the same age. This, of course, is aranged by properly breeding the sows to bring the litters as near together as possible. They feed better when they are of the same size, they look better and they sell better to the dealer for the pork market. It adds value to the bunch to have them of uniform size and smoothness.

In fact, there are parties engaged at the stock yards in buying up bunches of mingled sizes, sorting them out into even-sized lots and making a profit by so doing. They make this their business. A man who wants to buy a bunch of sluppers always selects the smooth, even-sized hogs or pigs.

GIVEN UP FOR DEAD.

Chaplain Kane's Strange Story—How It Feels to Die.

A remarkable story was told to thee London Daily Mail by Mr. James J. Kane, who for thirty years was a chaplain in the United States Navy, from which he only recently retired. Mr. Kane pays occasional visits to London.

"I have been no fewer than eight times at the point of death," said Mr. Kane, "and on three occasions I was pronounced dead by physicians. On one of those occasions I rested in my coffin for twenty-four hours.

"During the third year of the American Civil War I was attached as an executive officer to a gunboat of the West Gulf Blockading Squadron, which was under the command of the late Admiral Farragut. Yellow fever was virulent, and ultimately I contracted the disease.

"I struggled hard against the disease, which was deeply rooted in the system. I gradually grew worse and began to welcome the approach of death.

"All this time I was perfectly conscious, and as the body grew weaker the mental powers grew stronger. I recognized the peculiar distinction between the soul and the body, and made the startling discovery that I was possessed of wonderful faculties belonging to the soul, which were gradually developing as the separation from the body was taking place. I am unable to describe them. Their power was marvellous. For each faculty I had in the body I had ten in the spirit form.

"Weaker and yet still weaker I grew; my breathing became difficult; pulsation almost ceased. Without losing consciousness I at last passed through the final stage. In an instant the spirit was freed, and I stood beside my body, pronounced dead by the doctors and the nurses. 'All is over; he is gone,' said they, as they closed my eyes.

"I claim that the act of dying is one of the most delightful and exciting episodes of my life, filled with pleasurable emotions, not only at the thought of meeting long-parted friends, but the increase of knowledge and freedom from earthly elements. When I awoke, a colored preacher, who was very much attached to me, and who was weeping at my bedside, said: 'Thank God, you are once more alive,' and there was rejoicing at my restoration. My vision haunted me. I mourned over my return. I soon fell into a deep sleep, and the next morning felt increased vitalization.

"I once had a cataleptic seizure in London, when Dr. George W. Callender was in attendance upon me. He afterwards stated that I was the only man in his varied experience who had recovered after being so far gone in the throes of death. Two other medical men were also called, and they concurred with Dr. Callender."

HAS CRUSOE'S OWN GUN.

Lady is Proud Possessor of Gun Which Figures in Robinson Crusoe.

The very gun with which Alexander Selkirk hunted wild beasts on his lonely island, and with which he used to impress his dusky servitor Friday, is in the possession of Miss Hulda White, of No. 261 North Thirty-fourth Street, Philadelphia.

The publication of the fact that this Crusoe relic is in the hands of Miss White seems to have worried the wealthy descendants of Selkirk in Scotland, as some of the British magazines and papers have printed statements to the effect that the old weapon is "rusting, uncared for and alone in the attic of some unappreciative Yankee." Many offers to purchase the relic have been submitted to Miss White, and all have been declined.

The gun occupies a place of honor in Miss White's handsome home, and the documents which prove that it is authentic are locked in the vaults of a Philadelphia trust company. Miss White has had the weapon for some years, it having been presented to her by a cousin who picked it up in Largo, the Fifeshire town in which Selkirk was born, and, knowing his relative's fondness for such curios, forwarded it to Philadelphia. It cost him only $160, including the papers which prove that it is genuine. Before he got out of town a rich Selkirk descendant offered him $320 for it, but failed to keep an appointment and did not get it. Intrinsically the gun is worth nothing. It is of the ancient firelock pattern invented in 1676.

TOOK CONFIDENCE MONEY

CLEVER TRICK WORKED ON A SIMPLE CANADIAN.

Fleeced in London, England, by Man Who Said He Had Fallen Heir to $200,000.

In an energetic manner Mr. Robert Yarrow, a Canadian, related to the Marlsior. House Police Court Magistrate in London, England, how he was the victim of the well-known confidence trick.

A middle-aged man of independent means, he explained that he was in Southampton row the previous day when a man, who gave the name of Campbell, entered into conversation with him. Mr. Yarrow was naturally interested when Campbell said he also was a Canadian tourist, and they finally adjourned to a small hotel in the city.

THIRD PARTY APPEARED.

Then a third party came on the scene, Adam Cartiers, 58, a well-dressed man in a grey suit, who was now in the dock charged with defrauding Mr. Yarrow. Cartier overheard them talking about Canada, and joined in with the remark, "My brother has just died in America, and left me £40,000, and it was stipulated in the will that I should give $4,000 to the poor—$1,000 to each quarter of the globe." Campbell said, "If you have so much money that you want to give it away, give me some for my sister, who belongs to a charitable institution in Canada, and will give it to the working people there who are poor."

GAVE MONEY AND WATCH.

In order that Campbell should have confidence in Cartiers, the latter went away ten minutes with an envelope containing what purported to be £200 in notes belonging to Campbell. He only returned with the notes and so impressed the Canadian with his incorruptible honesty. Shortly afterwards the prisoner said to witness, "If you can show you are worth any money I will give you £200 to distribute." Prosecutor replied that he did not want to give any money away.

Cartiers said: "Well, to show that you have confidence in me, do the same as your friend did." Witness thereupon handed him six £5 notes and his gold watch and chain, valued at £50, and the prisoner left with Campbell, saying he would not be a minute, as he was going to buy Campbell a ring, "to show his generosity." They never returned, and after about ten minutes "I came to the conclusion I had lost," said the witness. "I telephoned to the bank to stop the notes and then informed the police."

Prisoner was remanded.

BUILDING UP A NEW NOSE.

Very Curious and Costly Surgical Operation.

The Westminster County Circuit Court, London, England, has awarded the Derma Featural Company fifteen guineas, the balance due for "building a new nose" for a Mr. Spence. Seventy pounds had already been paid.

According to a surgeon, the operation of building up a new nose must necessarily be an expensive luxury.

"The entire result," the doctor said, "depends on the skill of the operator, whether he decides to make a clean incision and cut away a too prominent portion of the cartilage or bone, or whether he uses the paraffin wax method. In this, liquid paraffin wax is injected through a tiny puncture in the skin, and then the wax is moulded by the operator into the desired shape. The strictest antiseptic precautions must be observed, or very serious disfigurement may result.

"In other cases where, through burns or lupus, the skin on the nose has been destroyed, transplantations of skin from the forehead or finger must be made. In a recent case the skin of the little finger of one of the patient's hands was partially stripped off, and, while still getting its natural blood supply from the finger vessels, was sewn on to the denuded nose, the arm being bound to the side with the hand over the face.

"The operation was tried three times unsuccessfully on this patient because, after two or three days, before the finger skin had become sufficiently firmly engrafted to allow its being cut away from the finger which supplied it with blood, the patient's nervousness compelled him to tear his hand away. Such a treatment requires the highest surgical skill, and the cost would be considerable."

The more righ's a woman has the less she talks about them.

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.

His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body.

The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed *Scott's Emulsion.*

NOW:

To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.



ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.

TRAGEDY OF THE THAMES

DOUBLE SUICIDE OF ALEXANDER GOOD AND HIS WIFE.

Victims of the Artistic Temperament, They Abandoned Business for Literature and Art.

"Now the great need for the novice is patience, patience and again patience; and he may be sure that if his work be meritorious it will eventually secure publication." Such was the concluding counsel given by Alexander Good in a little book he published some years ago entitled, Why Your Manuscripts Return. The other day two bodies were discovered in Teddington Lock, tied together by a rope. They were those of Alexander Good and his wife. They had committed suicide together, writes a London correspondent.

It was another proof of that trite truth that it is vastly easier to give good advice than to follow it oneself. Had Good and his wife possessed a little more of the patience and hopefulness which he counseled as so essential to success, one of the most pitiable tragedies that the Thames has yielded up in its long and miserable toll of the dead would have never occurred.

Alexander Good was still on the shady side of 40. At one time he held a remunerative position as superintendent of an insurance company in Cardiff. But business, though he made a good living by it, was distasteful to him. He had the literary and artistic temperament.

HE WROTE AND HE PAINTED.

And he married a charming young woman who also wrote and painted and shared his aversion to the dull routine of office work, so Good decided to quit the insurance company that he and his wife might devote themselves to art and literature.

They were passionately devoted to each other and it was an ideal life they led for a time. Those who knew them spoke of them as the most delightful couple they had ever met. They both worked and by their writings and paintings managed to make enough to support themselves comfortably. Mrs. Good published a little book, How to Paint in Oils, which was very favorably received, though, of course, it was not the sort of work which commands a big sale and makes a lot of money.

Filled with bright dreams of the field they would find in the metropolis for their talents they came to London—that graveyard of so many hopes and aspirations—and London swallowed them up. The pictures they painted did not sell nearly so well as they had in the country. The dealers told them they would have to get reputations in order to command anything like decent prices for them. And their manuscripts came back to them with heart-breaking frequency. Good tried business again and opened

A TOBACCONIST'S SHOP,

but it proved a failure. They renewed the struggle to make a living by art and literature.

Fortune continued to frown upon them. Their means dwindled. They moved to a couple of modestly furnished rooms in Islington and did their own housekeeping. Still they found they could not make both ends meet. Friends they had who would have helped them willingly had they known of their dire need, but they were too proud to ask for assistance. They kept their troubles to themselves and faced the world that was dealing so harshly with them with smiling faces. People who met them at this time thought they were a particularly happy couple.

One Saturday night they walked out of their lodgings and disappeared. They left several letters behind them, stamped and addressed for postage. One to friends in Greenwich contained these pathetic words: "If ever you think of us in the future do not do so sadly. Remember that we are asleep and that we are together, and what is better than sleep after a long day's work?"

For nearly three weeks their disappearance remained a mystery. Then the river gave up their secret. They had tied themselves tightly together with a rope, and from the way in which they were found it is evident that they had leaped into the river clasped in one another's arms. Their faces were close one to the other—

THEY WERE ASLEEP TOGETHER

as their farewell letter to their dear friends said they would be. The few pennies found in their pockets showed that they had practically come to the end of their resources. The friends to whom they had written hastened to reply to their despairing letter with a full-hearted offer of help and—what would have been more to them—real sympathy. But when the reply came the two hapless lovers were lying dead in the Thames, locked in one another's arms.

In his little book, already referred to, Alexander Good wrote: "Do not be tempted to resign your ordinary occupation to take up the literary life, unless you have at your command sufficient capital to render you independent in the event of failure. The prospect of escaping from uncongenial drudgery is so delightful," he continues, "the sight of the flowery meads of literature, with the favored children sporting under the shadow of Parnassus is so enticing that the temptation occasionally oversets judgment. Remember, though, that there are very many claimants for admission through a very narrow doorway, to which merit is not by any means a ready passport, and that, even though you are immediately successful, the remuneration is not gorgeous."

The poor fellow disregarded his own warning and by the irony of fate succumbed to the disappointments against which he had cautioned others. "Victims of the artistic temperament" might well be the verdict upon both of them.

PROOF POSITIVE.

He proved his love
When they were wed,
By risking his life—
But isn't dead.
For he escaped
By the doctor's aid,
When he ate the first biscuits
She ever made.

CZAR EXPELLED BISHOP

VICTIM OF CHARGES BROUGHT BY REACTIONARIES.

Russian Rulers Discriminate Between Servile Priests and Those Who Stand for Reform.

The train from Saint Petersburg to the frontier is about to leave the Warsaw station, the platform is usually crowded and on all sides, not Russian, but Polish and Lithuanian are heard, writes a St. Petersburg correspondent. In the crowd are well-dressed men and women, priests who look like French cures, but are really Poles, workmen and peasants, women and girls with white silk handkerchiefs on their heads. They talk in low tones as people in sorrow and their eyes are directed to the entrance to the platform. Ten minutes before the train is due to start an elderly man in a long black cloak and a shovel hat, beneath which can be seen the violet edge of a skull-cap, comes slowly down the platform.

It is for him the people are waiting. Those nearest press forward to kiss his hand; his grave, clever face is lighted with a smile as he says a word first to one, then to another, and it is with difficulty that he reaches his carriage. The last bell sounds and one and all, Polish nobles, Lithuanian peasants, priests and fashionable women kneel on the ground, for they have come to receive a last blessing from a bishop who is going into exile. He stands in the doorway of the carriage,

A TALL, MAJESTIC FIGURE;

all heads are bowed as he raises his thin hand in benediction, and the eyes of most are filled with tears at the sound of his voice, soft and clear. He blesses in the mother tongue of the Catholic Church and then says, in Polish and in Lithuanian, a last farewell: "God bless you, my children."

The train glides out of the station and the people watch it until it disappears in the darkness. Baron Ropp, bishop of Vilna, has gone, hounded out of Saint Petersburg by the police as though he were a criminal or revolutionist with bombs in his pocket, deprived of his diocese by order of the Czar, and insulted by the offer of a pension barely sufficient to keep body and soul together to be paid out of the revenues which the Russian Government stole from the national church of Poland and largely uses for its own ends.

What are his crimes? What are the charges against him? First of all he is a dangerous agitator, he incites the people of his diocese against a benevolent government. M. Vladimiroff, the velvet-pawed official in charge of the department of foreign cults, can prove it up to the hilt. This is how he does it: Baron Ropp addressed a pastoral letter to the people of his diocese in which he said that they were not contented with the schools provided by the government, which are orthodox and not Catholic, and would prefer to have their own schools, but that they must have patience and perhaps in time

THINGS WOULD BE BETTER.

What more proof of guilt could be wanted?

Then he is a politician, and a bishop ought to mind his own business, and does not possess the right enjoyed by an ordinary citizen of taking an intelligent interest in the affairs of the nation. This is the official argument, but it will not hold water. If an ecclesiastic likes to play the government's game, he is not merely allowed, but expected and encouraged to use all the influence at his command to help on the reactionary cause. There were no protests from the government when the other day a bishop in the cathedral at Kieff told the people in the midst of a magnificent ceremony to vote for the candidates nominated by the Black Gang. The famous Father John of Kronstadt is not rebuked for saying in the pulpit, as he has said recently: "Away with dreams of a constitution and a parliament! Get thee behind me, Satan!" But once let a bishop or a priest work for the cause of reform, and he is harried and persecuted.

I remember meeting Baron Ropp at an evening party given at the house of a Polish nobleman in Saint Petersburg. That was when he was a member of the first douma, and naturally we talked of politics.

"I represent an oppressed people," he said, "and in that respect am opposed to the government, but on some points I am on the side of the government; for instance, I cannot approve the cadtes' scheme of agrarian reform."

And it was just for the reason that he was a man who did not go to extremes at a time when most people in Russia were doing so, that he was a valuable member of the

FIRST RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT.

But the government did not take that view, his bias was bad, they said, he espoused the cause of the unfortunate Poles. So, when the lections for the second douma came, it was decided on frivolous grounds that he was ineligible for election, although no objection was made to the candidature of Russian bishops, for they were correctly reactionaries.

It is said that Stolypin is annoyed with Vladimiroff's action, as the bishop had made an excellent impression on him, and it is possible he may be recalled. What people here are asking is why the government does not bring him before a court of justice if he has done anything amiss. The truth is the government does not dare to do so, knowing the rottenness of its case.

Only tongue-tied women suffer from brain fag.

He was not feeling very well that evening, but before he left her he managed to say:—"Marie, when I look down into your lambent orbs, refulgent with a more than celestial brightness, I feel myself the very Romeo gazing upon his Juliet, and am completely lost in the realization of my identity." And she, darling creature, looked up into his face, radiant with heavenly hope, and softly murmured:—"Frank, my boy, isn't your headache easier now? I should think you'd feel wonderfully relieved after getting all that out of your system."

JACK TAR'S BILL OF FARE

WHAT THE MEN OF THE BRITISH NAVY EAT AND DRINK.

Admiralty See That the Food Supplied Them is of the Best Quality.

"The pig, sir," said the steward of a certain marchantman, a few years ago, to the captain, "won't eat the potatoes got for him." 'All right; give 'em to the men," was the terse reply, and to the men they were given, according to one who sailed in that particular vessel. Navy rations have never been quite so bad as that, although we have read of ship-biscuits being used to holystone the deck, and of pork so rank that the man who opened a barrel required a treble allowance of grog to combat the fumes, says London Answers.

There are not many Jack Tars in the British Navy to-day, however, who have much fault to find with the victuals. No effort is spared by the Admiralty to see that the food provided for the men is of the best quality, and nothing is allowed to go out of the Victualling Dockyard at Deptford until is has been thoroughly tested, and passed as sound, by His Majesty's inspectors.

THE FULL NAVY RATION.

Recently, however, as the result of investigations made by a canteen committee, certain new arrangements have been made for the victualling of the fleet. Hitherto the full Navy ration per day per man consisted of the following articles: 1¼ pounds of ship-biscuit or 1½ pounds of soft bread, ½ pint of spirit, 3 ounces sugar, 1 ounce chocolate, ¼ ounce of tea, 1 pound fresh meat, and ½ pound fresh vegetables when these were procurable; otherwise 1 pound salt pork, with ½ pint split peas, or 1 pound salt beef, with 9 ounces flour, ¾ ounces suet, and 1½ ounces of raisins. On alternate salt beef days 2 ounces preserved potatoes. Every week, too, Jack Tar got ¼ pint oatmeal, ½ ounce mustard, ¼ ounce pepper, ¼ pint vinegar.

This standard ration was valued approximately at 10d. per day, there being a savings system allowed by which sailors were entitled to money in lieu of any provisions not "taken up," to quote the official expression, with which money relishes could be bought at the canteen. In order, however, that men in the Navy may obtain as much variety as possible, a

STANDARD GOVERNMENT RATION

valued approximately at 6d., together with a messing allowance of 4d. per diem, has been substituted for the tenpenny ration an dsavings system, the messing allowance being available not only for expenditure on luxuries in the canteen, but also for buying Government provisions on board in addition to the standard ration.

The reduction in the cost of the standard ration is only, of course, brought about by a reduction in the quantity of food served out per man; and for his mess allowance of 4d., Jack Tar will in future have to be content with ½ pound of bread, ½ pound fresh meat, ¼ pound salt pork, ¾ pound biscuit, and ½ doz. chocolate less than he has been in the habit of having. His allowance of sugar, however, has been increased by 1 ounce and tea by ¼ ounce per day, with the option of drawing 1 ounce of coffee for ¼ ounce of tea, mustard, pepper, vinegar, and salt being issued as required; while amongst other benefits of the new system, sea-going ships, when alongside or in the basins at the home ports, are to be permitted to draw fresh milk in lieu of condensed milk.

THE YEARLY FOOD BILL

of the Navy amounts to about $7,500,000, and 500 men are employed all the year round at the Victualling Yard at Deptford, preparing and packing the goods required for Jack Tar's pantry.

Some idea of the requirements of the Navy may be gathered from the quantity of stores handled in the Yard during the course of twelve months. These include 5½ million pounds of sugar, 1½ million pounds preserved meat, 100,000 pounds rice, 428,000 pounds tea, and 1¼ million pounds biscuit, after consuming which Jack smokes 500,000 pounds of strip or leaf tobacco and 80,00 half-pound tins in his after-dinner pipe, and washes the whole down with 358,000 gallons of the fin st kind of rum obtainable.

FRENCH DEPUTY IN ARMY.

Loses His Seat in Chamber for Not Complying With the Law.

M. Archinbaud, who was recently elected deputy for Die, in the Drome Department, has lost his seat in the French Chamber on a curious point of electoral law. In addition to this, he will have to do an extra two years' military service, commencing forthwith.

When the ex-deputy was called to the colors some years ago as a Protestant theological student about to take holy orders, he benefited by the two years' remission of service accorded to all the seminarists. But on leaving the army he abandoned his theological studies, and when the validity of his election was challenged he was unable to produce any university degree, or to show that he had become a duly authorized clergyman.

The Elections Committee unseated him on the ground that he had not complied with the obligations of the military law. By its decision his salary of $3,000 a year as deputy will be reduced to 1 cent a day, which the State will pay him as an infantry soldier of the line.

Occasionally a married man goes around half dressed because it takes so much to dress his better half.

SHISHI DON'T SAY A WORD

HOW SECRETS OF SOME VALUABLE INVENTIONS LEAK OUT.

Difficult to Keep Dark the Secret of Any New Gun or Weapon of War.

About a year ago it was announced that a method had been patented for making rotary steam turbines reversible. So enormously valuable is this patent that the inventor received $975,000 for his patent.

The inventor was a man named Develin, a railway fireman, who had for years been working for about $10 a week. When at last his patent was properly filed and he had received his money, he told a reporter that he had completed his model more than two years previously. Presently he became aware that he was being shadowed, and he was soon convinced that there was a plot to steal his secret.

Eventually he was forced to the desperate expedient of burning his plans, destroying his model with dynamite, and carrying all details in his head until he could save enough money to properly safeguard and patent a new model.

Perhaps the most difficult secret to keep is one relating to any new gun or other weapon of war. There is practically no such thing as secrecy in such matters. Almost before a Government has settled upon a new weapon its details are known in every War Office in Europe. Britain's new naval quick-firer, for instance. Spies stole the documents relating to it, and every particular has been for a year past in the hands of our chief rival.

When Mr. Louis Brennan, of gyroscope railway fame, first invented the torpedo which bears his name the British Government paid $600,000 for his invention. The most extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent the details of the new torpedo from becoming public property. Each portion of the machine was made in a separate shop, and the workmen were searched both on entering and leaving.

GERMANY'S WAY OF DOING THINGS.

The various parts of each torpedo were assembled by Mr. Brennan and his partner. Yet, even so, it is fairly certain that foreign powers were not very long in ignorance of the special secret of the torpedo.

There is one thing which has to be successfully guarded. That is the provisions of a secret treaty. Such a treaty is usually in print before the most alert reporter has nosed out its existence. The precautions observed are mainly those of employing a very large number of printers, who each set up a few lines only. Over two hundred men were employed in printing Britain's original secret treaty with Japan.

Undoubtedly Germany takes more pains to preserve her military secrets than does any other great Power, and is more successful in doing so. About three years ago an American manufacturer of gun cartridges was requested to give an expert opinion upon a certain cartridge-making machine which the German Government thought of purchasing. Accustomed to the comparatively free and easy methods of British and American navy yards and arsenals, he was much amazed at being met at the gate by a strong guard.

He was then blindfolded and led through various passages to a little room where the machine stood. The guard never left him, and before he went away he was again blindfolded and led out by hand.

Such precautions are almost unknown in other countries.

FIVE SECRET AGENTS SHADOWED.

We have all heard of the great Lord Dundonald's famous 'secret war plan," which, at the times of the Crimean War, would, it is said, annihilate Cronstadt and Sebastopol in four hours, but which was condemned by a committee as "inhuman though infallible."

Quite recently an Australian has made a remarkable invention, evidently of a similar nature to that of Lord Dundonald's, for a competent expert has said that it would turn the balance in a war between two Powers of equal strength. Seldom, if ever, have such precautions been used to preserve secrecy.

Only four persons—the inventor, the War Office expert, and two others—know the details of the appliance, and every plan or model was destroyed before the inventor left for London. Before he sailed the most stringent conditions were imposed upon him. He was not to smoke cigars, drink alcohol, venture on deck after dark, or speak to a stranger, especially a lady.

That these precautions were not unwarranted is proved by the fact that no fewer than five secret agents of foreign Powers were shadowed by the Sydney police, and that decoy plans and sketches placed in a private safe were mysteriously stolen.

The Australian inventor was met at Plymouth and taken straight to London and Lord Roberts. We may expect to hear more of his inventions, whenever the next war breaks out.—Pearson's Weekly.

TUNEFUL.

Man who fills the hopper,
Quiet and discreet.
Sees to it the mixture
Comes out sausage meat,
Many are suspicious;
Truth is known to few,
Sing a song of sausage,
Mew, mew, mew!

A schoolmaster was trying to explain the meaning of the word "conceited.' "Now, boys,' he said, "suppose that I was always boasting of my learning—that I knew a good deal of Latin, for instance—or I said that I was a handsome man, what would you say I was?" "A liar, sir!" was the ready response.

QUEEN'S MAIDS OF HONOR

FOUR OF THEM, ALL YOUNG, PRETTY AND ACCOMPLISHED.

Queen Alexandra Delights to Surround Herself With Young, Bright, Clever People.

The position of the maid of honor to the Queen is one of the most coveted distinctions at the Court of King Edward. Although far from being a sinecure, the position has been made so much easier by the kindness and tact of Queen Alexandra, and the advantages of being in the Court circle are so many that an appointment of this kind is looked upon as a bit of rare good fortune.

Queen Alexandra's household consists of only fifteen ladies and six men, in striking contrast with that of the King, which includes more than a hundred individuals.

Queen Victoria had eight maids of honor, of whom two were always in waiting, but Queen Alexandra's known desire for a less stately life has prompted her to reduce the number to four.

The tradition is that these young women invariably marry well. Their position at Court brings them into contact with highly eligible partners; and an old custom dating back for centuries prompts their Royal mistress to provide a dowry of

£1,000 ON THEIR WEDDING-DAY.

The marriage of one of the maids of honor is a great event in the London season.

When the Queen holds a Drawing Room for the presentation of debutantes and those who have entree at Court, her maids walk in the Royal procession to the Throne Room, and stand immediately around Her Majesty during the whole ceremony. This applies also to the State concerts, which are most formal and elaborate functions, beginning at ten o'clock at night and lasting two hours. They must also be in readiness at any time to play duets with the Queen, a dreadful ordeal to even great artists, as she is a brilliant player.

Then there are charity visits, schools to be inspected, and a multitude of Royal duties, in all of which the Queen is accompanied by her ladies. At all these functions the Queen's maids are almost painfully alert to anticipate the slightest wish of their mistress. At the concerts they do not stand, but sit immediately behind the Queen and Royal Princesses.

At State balls they occupy the same position. They relieve Her Majesty of her bouquet or her fan if necessary, and adjust

HER GREAT ERMINE CLOAK

or sable wraps when draughty corridors are traversed or on the staircases. They are in attendance at all State and public ceremonies, and when driving, as to the opening of a charity bazaar, to the railway station, and other places, one of the girls has a seat in a carriage immediately preceding that of the Queen.

The duties of these four young ladies-in-waiting begin immediately after Her Majesty's breakfast. One or more of them assist Miss Knollys in answering the mass of correspondence, which requires the ability of a linguist. Then they must be in readiness to sing or to play if required, or to take expeditions on horseback, an exercise of which Her Majesty is fond, and they must necessarily have a good seat and be adept whips.

They must be skilled in some of Her Majesty's special fads, such as woodcarving, fine art needle-work, spinning and poker work. They must be tactful at all times, amiable, and, in fact, almost absolute paragons.

Their meals are taken with the lords and ladies of the household, unless they are requested to join the Royal Family at luncheon or dinner. Nine o'clock is the hour for dinner, and one of the maids of honor, just before it, must place on the table at the right hand of the Queen

A HUGE BOUQUET.

After dinner the maids join the Royal circle. They enter into the amusements and may be asked to show their accomplishments.

At other Courts, it is said, the regime is still the reverse of pleasant. In Austria an Imperial or Royal visit to the opera, theatre, or some such function is regarded as a particular penance and a severe trial of the patience and endurance of the ladies-in-waiting. They are compelled to stand through the long performance, and to bear all the discomfort with a smiling countenance, as do the acrobats and dancers who appear on the stage.

The late Empress of Austria had a decided fondness for Wagner, and it can be well imagined what was in store when either "Siegfried" or "Tristan" was sung. In Spain, too, the etiquette of the Court is very severe.—London Tit-Bits.

DEATH-DEALING DUST.

Physicians have at last opened the eyes of the public to the dangers of the dust with which the air of our cities is laden. They have made experiments and observations which prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that dust is responsible for much of our ill-health. The lungs of the country maiden are pink and pure; those of the shopgirl are generally clogged with dust. When the sharp dust particles enter the lungs, they make incisions which enable microbes to obtain a footing. We shall never be able to abolish dust, but we can lessen the nuisance by adopting more sanitary methods in the cleaning of our streets and houses. Too often the plan followed is simply to move the dust from the ground or floor into the atmosphere. By sprinkling out streets with water, and our floor with tea-leaves, we do much to prevent this unhealthful state of affairs.

THE QUAINTEST QUAKES

THE WEIRD MYSTERIES OF SEISMIC UPHEAVALS.

Queer Freaks of Earthquakes—Most Terrifying When It Travels by Railway.

Though the recent earthquakes in Italy and Bokhara caused the death of thousands of people and injured many more, they do not appear to have created such weird effects as other seismic upheavals.

The earthquake which devastated Jamaica in 1692, for instance, caused the sea to draw back for more than a mile, and at Pisco it receded two miles, not returning for the space of three hours. The earth literally opened and swallowed up hundreds, closing again the moment they had been engulfed.

Perhaps the weirdest happening was when a number of men who had thus been swallowed up were directly afterwards shot up again from the depths on a flood of boiling water. From the sulphurius fumes which poured out of the ground a general sickness ensued that caused the death of 3,000 persons.

One of the queerest freaks of an earthquake took place at Causa Nova, in Calabria, which small territory during a convulsion sank to a depth of twenty-nine feet without so much as a single house being overthrown!

In other instances the surface of the earth htas been known to actually move backward and forward a distance of six feet.

To seismic experts, though not to the general public, it is well known that birds and animals can and do foresee the coming of an earthquake hours before it actually takes place. Several hours before the shocks which occurred in Chili in the years 1822 and 1835 actually commenced, flocks of sea-birds flew screeching about in a panic-stricken manner, as if crazed at the pending outbreak.

DOGS SNEAKED OFF TO SAFETY.

In the doomed city of Talcahuano it was noticed that at the same time all the dogs sneaked off and safely reached the open country before the earth tremors set in. At Caracas this inexplicable animal faculty of scenting an earthquake from afar has been turned to profitable account.

Some of the natives keep cats, dogs, and jerboas—a species of jumping rodent—for this express purpose, and as soon as these oracular quadrupeds begin to exhibit their peculiar spasms of uneasiness the alarm is given, and everybody makes for the open country, where the danger is infinitely less.

That this is so is proved by the fact that an earthquake which is disturbing enough to unroof buildings and shake down chimneys wholesale, may be absolutely imperceptible to a person walking in the open.

Strange to say, however, the motion on hill-tops is appreciably less than in the valleys, while deep in the earth shocks are rarely felt at all. Twenty-four years ago there was an earthquake in Virginia City, Nevada, which was violent enough on the surface to be destructive, but which in the adjacent mines was scarcely felt at all.

A curious fact is that an earthquake starts on its awe-inspiring journey, like a cannon-ball, at its highest speed, which means that the further it goes the slower it travels. The warning tremors naturally travel much faster than the main shock; but it is the sidewise wriggling motion that goes farthest, though not the fastest.

FOOD KEPT FOR EMERGENCIES.

In Japan, where seismic disturbances are quite common, there are many ingeniously-constructed earthquake-proof buildings. They take the shape of lighthouse towers with foundations resting on huge steel shot. In the event of a shock the building slides about on the shot without sustaining and damage.

When a building falls, it does so in accordance with fixed laws. In the case of a house the fall is invariably to the side which has most doors and windows, and never to the side the masonry of which is unweakend by openings. Walls parallel to the direction taken by the shock are the least likely to be overthrown, and if a crack is caused in them it is certain to take in the doors and windows.

In some parts of South America there are tracts of ground which enjoy a happy immunity from earthquakes. These districts are known as "earthquake bridges," because the shock is supposed to pass beneath just as water passes beneath a bridge.

Improbable as it may seem, an earthquake is most terrifying to the beholder when it is travelling by railway. It is a weird and uncanny spectacle. On a level stretch of track the vibrations during a shock can be plainly seen approaching in the shape of curves in the rails. Travelling at a far greater speed than any express train, they make the track look like a huge wriggling serpent.

FOUND RING IN CHICKEN'S CROP.

Ownership of It was Disputed, Finally Went to Little Girl.

At Bordeaux, in France, a rich lady lost a diamond ring on the street. A few days later a little girl who assisted the cook in a boarding house was sent to market for a chicken. When she brought it home she was told to dress it, and in doing so she found the lost ring in its crop.

The cook, the landlady, the man who rented her the house and the man who had sold the chicken all claimed the ring, and the case was taken into court. There it was decided that it belonged to the girl, and the loser gave her $30 for finding it. The hen who wants to get herself praised, dead or alive, will look around for lost diamonds.

Blank was accosted by a fellow-citizen the other night, who said: "I heard your wife lecture. Her power of diction is wonderful." "Yes, fair. But it's nothing to her power of contradiction."

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, JAN. 17, 1908.

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

SIR WILFRID.

A writer in the London, Eng. Daily Chronicle, who is contributing a series of articles on the Dominion of Canada and its destiny, writing of its pilots and leaders in political life, says of the Prime Minister:

"Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a good man and a dexterous politician. He is not a great man. He cannot trust himself to make the righteous and passionate appeal to the nation which would rid it for ever of its corrupt and abominable politicians. He dismisses ministers whose iniquity is brought home to them; his own virtue is known to the people; his incorruptibility is accepted by Englishmen and Frenchmen; but he has nothing of that Gladstonian passion for honour and purity which can sway multitudes and set a whole nation in the way of righteousness. His long, lean, ash-colored Egyptian face reminds one when it is animated by his rhetoric of Henry Irving, and when it is sphinx-like in repose of Benjamin Disraeli. Like these two men he is a picturesque orator, an adroit politician. He uses events, he does not make them; he watches opportunity, he does not fashion destiny. Fortunate is it for Canada that among so many base and pliant politicians there should be this central pillar of honesty and self respect; but happier would it be for her, and for us, if the chief pilot of her fortunes had the lofty soul of a Milton and the spacious mind of a Garibaldi. Politics are the curse of Canada, and the praise which history will bestow upon the French-Canadian Prime Minister is that he mitigated the curse. Genius alone can remove it."

G.T. PACIFIC.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company has awarded to Messrs. Foley Bros. & Larsen, the big Winnipeg and St. Paul contracting firm, a contract for the construction of 126 miles of the system, extending from a point six miles east of Edmonton to Wolf Creek, 120 miles west of Alberta's capital. The firm has now under construction the Lake Superior branch of the G.T.P., which runs from the main line of the National Transcontinental to Port Arthur. The section west of Edmonton will be a very costly piece of work—far more expensive than any part of the main line yet under contract. A large part of it is through scrub and marsh, running up to the foothills of the Rockies. The section goes through Edmonton, but does not include the terminals in that city. No official figures were given out by the management, but it is understood that the cost is between $40,000 and $50,000 per mile, or a total of between five and six million dollars.

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

NOTES.

The Quebec Legislature has been called to meet for business on March 3rd. "The date," says the Huntingdon Gleanor, "goes to support the impression that this will be made the last session, and that Premier Gouin will bring on the elections in the summer."

Hon. Mr. Emmerson has abandoned his suit for criminal libel against Editor Crockett of the Fredericton Gleaner. This will be taken to be a confession of judgment to the charges brought against the ex-minister of Railways, in the Gleaner. It will be remembered that Mr. Emmerson resigned his portfolio that he might vindicate his character in the courts and then resume his place in the Cabinet. Now he is out, his suit has been dropped and his lawyer has slipped into the Ministry. It is an unpleasant chapter in Canadian history.

Lachute Academy.

—TO:—

GRADE III ACADEMY.

GEOMETRY.

Class I,—Effie Cooke 78.

Class II,—Amy Hammond 72, Evelyn Wales 65, Howard Honey 62, Alice Arthur 60.

Class III,—Lawrence Smith 50, K. Smith 49.

CHEMISTRY.

Class III,—Christina Drennan 52.

GRADE II. ACADEMY.

FRENCH.

Class I,—Violet Joss 82.

Class II,—Lily Palliser 70, Willie Cameron 66, Myrtle Cameron, 64, M. Hay 60.

Class III,—Randolph Strong 59, M. Cottingham Ben Fraser and Leonard McOuat equal 56, Lockhart Gall 54. Eva Bradford and Robina Ewan equal 48, Arthur McClintock 41.

GRADE I. ACADEMY.

ALGEBRA.

Class II,—Hartley Thomas 65.

Class III,—Gertie Rodgers 59, Alice McClure 56, Jessie McLean 55, Carrie Black 52. Lowell Banford E. Fraser and Naomi Ivall equal 50, Lillias Brown 46, Harold McOuat 45. Lila Davis 44, Robbie Giles 43 J. Calder 42, Sadie Dawson 41.

GRADE III. MODEL.

GEOGRAPHY.

HONORS,—Bessie Fraser 93.

Class I.—Ida Morrison 81, Irene Riddell 77, Greta Christie 75.

Class II.—David Rodgers 73. Elmer Giles 72, Harris Dawson 71, Edward Ivall 70, Charles Palliser 68, Winnie Kyle 61.

Class III,—Edgar Wood 57, Janet McClure 55, Annie Hume 51, Walker McArthur 49, Harry McIntyre 47, V. Kennedy and Carrie Bennett equal 45, Winnie Banford 43, Marion Slater 40.

GRADE II. MODEL.

ARITHMETIC

HONORS,—Norah Christie 100, F. Dixon 97, Jennie Forbes 95, Grace Bradford 92, Otto DeLisle and Harry Hammond equal 91.

Class I.—Reid Giles 88, L. Stevenson 84, Arthur Drennan 80.

Class II,—May Cruise and R. Todd equal 73, Harry Joss 65, G. Graham 61, Douglas McGibbon 60.

Class III,—Annie Arthur 59, Lillie Kennedy 54, Ida Latta 52, Herbert Morris 46, Bessie Menzies 47, Aggie McGillivcary 42.

GRADE I. MODEL,

FRENCH,

Class I.—Carman Bradford 89, F. Joss 88, Jessie Earle & Hattie McCoy 82, Roy Kennedy 81, Natalie Dixon 75

Class II.—Jack Menzies 70, Annie McCoy 68, Willie Calder and Vern Riddell 67, Jessie Cruise and Willie Hay 63, Dave Campbell 61.

Class III.—Eva Patterson 55, M. Gauley 43, Reuben Chambers 40.

GRADE IV. ELEM

CANADIAN HISTORY.

HONORS,—Cameron Hay and Gracie McOuat equal 95.

Class I,—Susie Copeland 83, Aida Patterson 81.

Class II.—Robert Beers 73, Catherine McGibbon 67, Vernon Hammond 66, Russell Bennett 63, Stanley Paul 60, Maggie Walker 40.

GRADE III ELEM.

ARITHMETIC.

Class I.—Douglas Simon 89, John Drennan 85, Gordon Carpenter 81, May Ewing and Del Mitchell equal 78.

Class II.—Inez Giles 73, Kyle Patterson 72, Mildred Carpenter and Jean McGibbon equal 71, Eddie Jones 69, Margaret McKimmie and Ellice Palliser equal 68, Effie Neil 66, K. Bennett 64, Gertrude Hammond 62.

Class III,—Lila Giles 57, Georgina Baldwin 54, Constance Banford 53, H. McGibbon 51, Agnes Hay 41.

GRADE II ELEM.

ENGLISH.

HONORS,—George Calder 90.

Class I,—Annie Drennan 85, Leona Garretsee 84, Isabel Thomas 81, Angus Hay 75, Howard Kennedy 74, Irene Scott 71, Wilma Joss 70.

Class II,—Ruby Shaw 68, Mary Miller 66, John McKimmie 65, Jennie Veitch 62.

Class III,—Robert Cruise 59, Bella Wood 58, John Hope 50, Reggie Campbell 48, Ernest Saunders 47, Myrtle Berry 46, Elsie Hay 43.

PRIMARY II. CLASS

READING.

HONORS,—Grace Mitchell 100, Marjorie Carpenter 90.

Class I,—Willie Baldwin 78.

Class II,—Percy Carpenter 72, Jack Lock 70.

Class III,—Allan McNaughton 55, Ernest Calder 40.

PRIMARY A. CLASS.

READING.

HONORS,—Maud Painter 90.

Class I,—Violet Copeland 85, Lindsay Demerse 80, Hattie Giles and Harold McFaul equal 75.

Class II,—Kenneth Hay Norma Chambers and Bella Cunningham equal 70.

Class III,—Kenneth Lowe 50, Willie Armstrong 48.

WEDDING BELLS.

BERLINQUETTE—ROY.

—:o:—

A pretty wedding took place on Tuesday, Jan. 7th, in the Roman Catholic Church, St. Andrews East, when Miss D. Roy, daughter of Mr. J. Roy of Carillon, was united in marriage to Mr. Berlinquette of Montreal. The bride though unattended was given away by her father. She was handsomely attired in brown broad-cloth trimmed with cream applique. She also wore mink furs.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE HENRY McCREA.

It is our sad duty to record the death of Mr. Henry McCrea, youngest son of the late Abraham McCrea, which occured at Lachute, on Wednesday, Jan. 8th, '08, after a lingering illness which he bore with Christian fortitude.

The deceased was born in Genoa in the year 1830, where he resided for many years. He married Catherine LeRoy, daughter of Archibald LeRoy of Barb, Ont. Later on he moved to Lachute where he spent the remainder of his life. He leaves a loving widow to mourn his loss.

EDINA.

Miss Vida Kennedy visited friends in Edina last week

The mild season seems to have passed and heavy storms prevail.

Mr. G. M. Tomalty has returned to camp accompanied by his brother Herbert.

The many friends of Mr. Seymour Cox will be sorry to hear of his prolonged illness.

Miss Katie Burns of Lake View, is spending a few days with her aunt Mrs. T. Tomalty.

Mr. W. A. and Miss D. J. Jamieson passed through here on Saturday en route for Lachute.

Miss Alice Tomalty has gone to Calumet for a month's visit to her aunt, Mrs. Prophet.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Cousins and Mr. R. Cousins of Rawcliffe, were recent visitors at Mr. R. Kennedy's.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kennedy spent part of last week in Rockway Valley, visiting the latter's parents, who we are glad to hear, are fully recovered.

Mr. Joseph Kennedy has purchased a farm in North Nation Mills. We all wish him success, but sorry to loose such a good friend and neighbor from our community.

Province of Quebec.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE PARISH OF ST. JERUSALEM D'ARGENTEUIL.

—:o:—

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to all parties interested, that Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of Monday, the 20th day of January inst. for the repairing of the bridge across the North River known as White's Bridge. The dimensions and kind of timber required for the work may be seen by applying at the Secretary's office. The highest or lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Given at my office, in the said municipality, this eighth day of January, 1908.

GAVIN J. WALKER,
Sec.-Treasurer.

JOHN'S TEA.

* * * *

THOUGH tea has advanced in price John's Tea is still the same uniform quality which has always been its chief characteristic.

Any orders sent to J. JOHN, Peterborough, will receive the most careful attention and prompt despatch. Any goods which are not absolutely satisfactory, can be returned at my expense and money refunded.

Twenty-five pound boxes freight paid.
Five 5lb. parcel in each box.
Price Green or Black 30cts.
Cash with order.

J. JOHN,
281 George St.,
Peterboro', Ont.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Municipality of the County of Argenteuil.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given by Gavin J. Walker, Secretary-Treasurer of the Municipal Council of the County of Argenteuil, that the lots and part of lots of land hereinafter mentioned will be sold by Public Auction in the Court Room in the Court House Building, in the town of Lachute, in said County of Argenteuil, on Thursday, the fifth day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon for assessments and charges due to the Municipalities hereinafter mentioned upon the several lots or parts of lots hereinafter described, unless the same are paid with costs before day of sale.

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF HOWARD.

NAME OF OWNER. OR OCCUPANT.	RESIDENT OR NON-RESI'NT.	RANGE.	LOT NO OR PT. THEREOF NO. ON CADASTRE.	MUNI'IPAL TAX.	SCHOOL TAX	TOTAL AMOUNT.
Allan Hammond,	Non-resident.	1	Lot No. 11.	$8.54		$ 8.54
J. T. Evans,	"	2	No. 35 part west 5½ acres	2.92	$2.31	5.23
W. B. Nantel,	"	6	No. 6.	31.61	5.80	37.41

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF CHATHAM.

1.—A parcel of land known as part of the west half of Lot No. 9, in the North part of Block B., in the Township of Chatham, containing ¼ arpent in superfices, bounded in front by lot No. 304, on one side by L. Proulx, and on the other side by Eustache LeBlanc, which lot now forms part of the official lot No. 306, with Buildings thereon erected.
Proprietor:—Walter L. Lewis, Physician, non-resident.
Amount due for School Taxes $7.60
" " Interest 72
" " Costs of notice and postage 34
$8.66

2.—An Emplacement situated at Greece's Point, in the Township of Chatham, bounded on front to the North by the Public road leading to the Ferry, South by that part of said lot belonging to Joseph Gibson or representatives, on one side to the East by James McKinnon, and to the West by the representatives of John McKinnon or lot No. 385, being the North part of official lot No. 387, with buildings thereon erected.
Proprietor:—Jean Baptise Sauve, Laborer, Resident.
Amount due for School Taxes & Fees $16.40
Interest 46
Notice & Postage 34
$17.20

3.—A part of the lot known on the official plan under Number 308, containing 56 feet in width by the depth of said lot, bounded to the North by the representatives of H. Fortier, to the South by the Public road, to the East by one Proulx, and to the West by widow Touiesint Langevin dit Lacroix; and a part of the official lot, number 308, containing 90 feet in depth by 33 feet in width, bounded on South by Public road, East by Madam Verville and husband or representative, west by M. Paquin, and North by Telesphore Laframboise.
Proprietor:—Madam Joseph Napaleon Varville, non-resident.
Amount due for School Taxes $3.80
Interest 22
Notice & Postage 34
$4.36

LACHUTE, JAN. 7th, 1908. GAVIN J. WALKER,
Sec-Treas. of the Municipal Council of the County of Argenteuil.

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.

INSOLVENT NOTICE

In re JOSEPH N. A. CARRIERE,
St. Philippe d'Argenteuil, Que.

Sale by auction at No. 69 St. James street, Montreal, on WEDNESDAY, 22nd JANUARY, 1908, at 11 o'clock a.m., of the following assets:

Ready-made clothing	$813.23
Dry goods and hats and caps.	688.24
Hardware and tinware	530.56
Groceries and drugs	521.72
Boots and Shoes	293.74
Stationery	189.19
Crockery and Glassware	93.69
	$3,135.37
Fixtures and rolling stock	598.50
Book debts, per list	328.72

Store will be open on the 21st inst.
H. V. DUGGAN.
JOS. DESAUTELS.
Curators,
220 Bd. of Trade Building, Montreal.
MARCOTTE BROS.,
Auctioneers.

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.

FUR !

FURS!

FURS!

W. Banford & Son,

P.S.—FUR COATS;

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

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

FISH! FISH! FISH!

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

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

A Petition in Equity.

A petition is being circulated relative to the construction of a public road bridge over the Ottawa River at or near the town of Hawkesbury and the village of Grenville. This bridge could be conveniently located about 800 feet below the guard lock of the Grenville Canal, and the southern or Hawkesbury approach, would be by the public street leading down to the river, and to the offices of the Hawkesbury Lumber Co.

The bridge might be a high level, design crossing the canal 40 feet above water level. This style of a bridge would be preferrable and cheapest in the end, but if immediate economy was the great desideratum, the present swing bridge crossing the guard lock, might be utilized and the bridge approach from a low level could be made from the narrow neck of land which divides the canal from the river.

There being no natural difficulties with the building of a bridge at this location and at extreme low water the concrete pier could be built on comparatively dry level rock up to either side of the channel. Therefore a cheap interprovincial bridge can be built at this point of the long sault, supplying a great public necessity and of great advantage to the farmers of Ontario and Quebec.

For gentlemen, you will please bear in mind, that the Agricultural products on either side of the Ottawa River, are dissimilar in character and greatly differ in quantity, and an interprovincial trade and exchange of products is a business proposition and cannot be avoided, being the life and existence of the farmers, especially in Quebec.

It will also be well understood that for one third of the year, the only interprovincial communication the farmers have is by the treacherous and uncertain ice bridge, and during the season of navigation, the only means of crossing is by the old antiquated ferry with its tolls and dangers.

This much needed interprovincial bridge is by no means a local matter, but on the contrary, far reaching in accommodation, covering a commercial area on the south to the far north lumber camps as well as from Montreal to Ottawa, for it is a fact that should not longer exist, that the Ottawa river is not spanned by a public road bridge between Montreal and Ottawa.

The petitioners would urge that an appropriation be made for this national and provincial work, at the present session of parliament and of the legislature, and that an interprovincial bridge be constructed at the earliest possible moment.

FOR SALE.

FOR SERVICE,—Good pedigreed Berkshire (large breed.) Purchased from P. Lefebvre of Vankleek Hill. Apply to JNO. SOMERVILLE, St. Philippe.

THE TOILS of the newspaper man are too often underestimated. He is regarded as a sort of good fellow willing to listen to everybody's troubles and pour out his sympathy through the columns of his paper. He is expected to talk up and keep talking up, public projects of every nature. He must attend all social and public functions, scrutinize, and if conscience permits him say whole lot of nice things about each. From the great metropolitan daily to the country weekly this is true. But alas the half has not been told. If in his reviews the name of some one has been unintentionally omitted or the rendition of the local actor has been spoken of in terms more superlative than that of their rival the fat is in the fire. The query the is "I wonder what the Editor has against our family" while in reality he never thought of assuming such an attitude. But as it takes all kinds of experiences to make up a life we pass along treading the path of duty forgiving and forgetting these petty instances, amid the hurry and hustle which each day ushers on the scene.

Canada
Province of Quebec
Town of Terrebonne

A Session of the Court of Kings' Bench, holding Criminal Jurisdiction in and for the district of Terrebonne, will be held at St. Scholastique aforesaid, on Saturday, the First day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

In consequence I give notice to all who intend to proceed against any prisoner now in the common Gaol of the said district and all others, that they must present then and there.

And I give notice to all the Justices of the Peace, Coroners and Peace Officers in and for the said district, that they must be present with their records, rolls, indictments and other documents, in order to do the things which belong to them in their respective capacities.

LAPOINTE & PREVOST,
Sheriffs.

Ste. Scholastique, Jan. 7th, 1908.

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.

HORSE WANTED,—A good driving horse for his keep for the winter.
Address "DRIVER,"
The Watchman.

We can Satisfy you!

That is saying a great deal isn't it, but not too much. If you deal with us you will be convinced. Our store is always well stocked with the finest and best line of goods procurable.

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.

January Clearing Sale.

We now offer the whole of our stock in the following lines at Genuine Bargain Prices.

Men's Fur Coats and Caps,
Ladies' Fur Jackets, Stoles, Boas, Ruffs and Muffs.
Men's and Boys Overcoats, Etc.
Sleigh Robes and Rugs.

Most of the above named goods are 1907 Fall purchases, and are thoroughly up-to-date in every respect. See the goods. Get our prices and be convinced of the exceptional values we are offering.

J. R. McOUAT

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 - SUPPLIES.

HOLLAND'S STUDIO.

(Opposite the Post Office.) Box 29,
E. M. FINN, Mgr LACHUTE,

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.

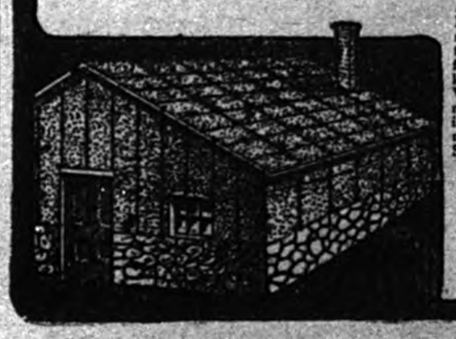
We are sole agents for the celebrated Geo. A. Slater "Invictus" Boots and Shoes. Once tried you will have no other.

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 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.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A Blue Book lately published in London sets forth the report of the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis. The document is of great importance not only to physicians but also to the general public, by reason of certain facts brought out by Dr. Corbett, who has conducted elaborate experiments at experimental farms, where the virus of the disease has been administered to animals. The outcome of the experiments was that the various strains of tubercle bacilli obtained from man are sharply marked off in two classes. The first group causes rapidly fatal tuberculosis, while the second, even when given in far larger doses, has only a slight local effect, and the disease tends to undergo a spontaneous cure. The strains that proved highly virulent for oxen were found to be also highly virulent for rabbits, while those that showed a low degree of virulence for one kind of animal very rarely caused progressive or fatal disease in another. Dr. Corbett claims to have demonstrated that oxen respond to the two different strains of human tuberculosis virus exactly as other animals do, and that the two strains "breed true" in cows as they do in man. It is obvious that in the face of this demonstration Professor Koch's assertion that bovine and human tuberculosis are different maladies is untenable. There should therefore be no relaxation of the effort to stamp out tuberculosis in cows, because this is an important source of infection to man.

The bearing of Dr. Corbett's discovery on the prevention and cure of consumption is patent. From the outset it is necessary to determine from which type of virus the patient is suffering. At present the only method of reaching promptly a definite diagnosis is by performing inoculation experiments with the virus of the sufferer. In this way it is practicable to ascertain betimes whether his disease belongs to the hopeless or the hopeful type. It is manifest that until cases of tuberculosis are thus discriminated all conclusions as to the expediency of applying this or that mode of treatment may be vitiated by a fundamental fallacy. Some of the experiments conducted by Dr. Corbett indicate that eventually even the virulent type of tuberculosis, popularly known as "galloping consumption," may be averted by inoculation, for it is found that the bacilli of this disease, like those of smallpox lose their deadliness after passing through the system of certain animals. For the moment, however, the victim of galloping consumption cannot be saved, whereas the mild and comparatively innocuous form of tuberculosis distinguished by Dr. Corbett is treated successfully by the open air method and other means of cure. One thing seems certain, that Dr. Corbett has averted the mischief that would have been caused by the general acceptance of Professor Koch's theory that bovine tuberculosis is incommunicable to man. We can now see that the Koch hypothesis, had it been accepted even temporarily, must have brought about an appalling slaughter of innocents.

LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY.

How Bismarck Discouraged Official Correspondence in Russia.

The question of a diplomatic language has been raised in China for the first time in our recollection by the Japanese within the last week or two, says the Shanghai Mercury. Up to the present time treaties have been made out in the language of the West as well as in that of China, and in each case it has been stipulated that if there were found to be any difference between the two the Western should be held to be the correct version. But, as a rule, we believe, communications with native officials have been in Chinese, and the Japanese in sending in theirs in their own tongue have attempted to create an awkward precedent.

For a very long period the diplomatic language of Europe has been French, though of late years there have been many breaches of the rule. English was largely spoken, for example, at the Berlin Congress after the Russo-Turkish war.

An amusing story is told of the manner in which the Iron Chancellor discouraged the St. Petersburg authorities from writing to him in Russian. He gave instructions that "all communications received in other languages than German, French, English and Italian, should be left unnoticed, and put away in the archives. Budberg then wrote screed after screed in Russian. No answer was returned and the documents were all laid by with the State papers. At last he came himself and asked why he had received no reply. Bismarck himself tells the story:

"'Reply!' I exclaimed; 'to what?' Why, he had written a month ago and had sent me several reminders.

"'Ah, quite so,' I said. 'There is a great pile of documents in Russian downstairs, and yours are probably among them. But we have no one who understands Russian, and I have given instructions for all documents written in a language we do not understand to be put away among the archives.'"

It was then arranged that Budberg should write in French, and the Foreign Office also when it suited them.

HIS CONSTANT BOAST.

"The great trouble with Newrich is that he's forever making disgusting incendiary speeches."

"Surely he isn't a Socialist?"

"O! no. I mean he's forever shouting about having money to burn."

Against Signals!

I.

George Handside, first-class driver on the London & North Trunk Railway, dropped the spoon into his basin of soup, and glanced around at the door leading into the next room. It was ajar, and through the aperture the foot of a bed showed. Upon that bed lay the engine-driver's wife, sick with that most terrible and mystifying of maladies—cancer.

The man listened for a moment, then, snatching up his can, poured the steaming soup into it. It was noticeable that his hand shook as he did so, and that his jaws snapped as if that were the only means of keeping them from quivering.

"George," came in feeble tones from the bed, "is your supper all right?"

"A-1, my dear." Again the peculiar snap of the jaws.

"And you've enjoyed it?"

"First class, old gal." The driver's eyes blinked, and his head jerked.

It might have been a mere conscience qualm at his "white lie"; or it might have been something else.

"Got your coffee in your can?" went on the wifely catechism. "'Twill be a cold journey to-night, and you'll want it, George."

"I shall be all right, Bess; don't you worry about me." He had entered the bed-room, and now bent down to touch his wife's cheek with his lips. "Mrs. Brady will be here at seven o'clock as usual, I s'pose? Good-bye!"

He kissed her again as if he were a happy man.

"Poor gal!" he muttered, as, buttoning his greatcoat about his chin, he stepped into the snowy road. "If she only could get better!—but there's no hope—none!"

He made for the great junction where presently he was to board the express to London, a hundred and sixty miles away.

Fifty lights, winking yellow against the snow, showed along the platforms and in the yards. He sighed again. Somehow the melancholy lights reminded him of sick eyes. He stepped high suddenly, to avoid what he took to be a "sleeper," lying near to the metals, through whose maze he was now threading his way to the sheds. He set down his foot and tottered as, stooping, he found there was no obstacle there. He drew a hand across his brows and wiped away the clammy dew that had gathered under his cap.

"George," he said, rousing himself, "this won't do, you know. The worry must be knockin' your nerves about when you jump at shadows. You've got to pull yourself together, man."

"My dear sir," an eminent nerve-specialist was remarking to an eminent financier far away in Harley Street, London, almost at that very moment, "you must throw up business and take a rest. Your nerves are exhausted. Go away for six months; take a sea voyage, and don't worry about anything whatever."

Meantime George Handside, suffering similarly from neurasthenia, with not a fibre in him that did not tremble with exhaustion, staggered among the maze of metals. He wasn't going on a sea voyage; sea voyages aren't to be had out of forty-five shillings a week. He wasn't going to take a rest. He was just going to his work; he was going to drive an express train to London, with two or three hundred people aboard.

And all the time he was thinking of his sick wife.

II.

The London express was making good time. It had covered twenty miles, and was going well over fifty miles an hour. Upon the footplate stood George Handside, with one blackened hand upon the regulator, and his eyes fixed intently upon the cab-window.

Before him the mighty belly of the engine loomed. Under him was the throb of this vast, mysterious, living thing, as it breathed out hot fire and annihilated space at a mile a minute. Upon his left and right and ahead of him was a world of white silence. Snow—snow everywhere!

Of a sudden the driver's eyes seemed almost to bolt from his head. To his sight, a figure had flitted across the track. A white figure, toned to grey by the contrast of the snow.

Handside swayed and lurched.

Dick Walters, the fireman, glanced swiftly up.

"What is it, George? What ails ye?"

"Nothing!" The driver spoke irritably.

He wiped his suddenly moist brow, shivering all the time, and cursed the nerves that were frightening him with shadows.

He set his teeth, and with close-drawn eyes, frowned through the cab window for signals.

On roared the train with unabated speed, through desolate country, flat and flush with the track, with every tree and bush showing in crystal outline in the white night.

A gradient-board marked the base of a stiff ascent. The flanking banks of the track bulged and grew till they frowned down upon the way like chalk cliffs touched with quartz. Snowy, crag-like projections dazzled like diamond facets as the engine headlight smote them.

The headlight! It was a new pattern lamp that gave out a broad fan of brightness, showing every inch of the up-track. The driver watched it a moment, then:

"Great Heavens!" he exclaimed, and staggered almost to falling.

Dick Walters swung an arm around him.

"Mate, mate!" he cried out in alarm. "What's took you?"

The driver fought with throat and lips for breath.

"Dick," he gasped, "there's summat—summat on the lines—unless——"

The fireman stood upright and strained his eyes through the look-out. With a sudden resolute shake, George Handside won back his self-control, and looked too.

"There's nothing now," he said to the amazed Walters, "nothing, Dick, old chap. 'Twas my mistake. I ain't quite myself. I've been worryin' about the missis more than a bit, and my sleepin' and eatin' ain't been right for the last few weeks."

Walters glanced uneasily at his companion.

"You didn't ought to have come this journey," he said. "You aint in a fit state." The driver's face was ghastly even beneath the smoke and grime. "Take a rest, mate, and let me drive."

But Handside declined the proffered relief.

"No, no; I'm all right now," he said, and lapsed into silence.

He was thinking. He was wondering whether it was possible his eyes had conspired with his nerves to play him so base a trick. For at that moment, when he had staggered back into his mate's arms, he could have sworn to having seen the most terrifying sight of all his life.

Across the beam of brightness which the headlight threw that figure which he had seen earlier had seemed to flit, and then, as he watched, to disappear swiftly and unaccountably. A wraithlike figure with outstretched arms, and robed in flowing garments which moved and fluttered fantastically like some dancing gnome.

For several seconds it had danced ahead of the engine, flitting first one side and then the other; now lessening and now increasing the distances between it and the locomotive.

Could it be that he had been mistaken? Had it been an eerie prank of the imagination, disordered by worry and lack of adequate rest?

Handside groaned as he considered the matter. But the footplate is no place for reverie. Dick Walters recalled the driver to himself.

"We're nigh to Pentworth tunnel," he said, and in another five seconds the engine had dived into the black mouth.

Three seconds after that, and such a hoarse and horrified cry escaped George Handside as might have been forced from a victim's throat by a murderous hand.

III.

Dick Walters caught him again as he reeled; shifted him with one strong arm, and took the driver's place.

"In Heaven's name, what ails thee, man?" he demanded.

"I—I've seen it again!" Handside had slid down and was now huddled up on the footplate like a palsied man.

"Seen—what have you seen?"

"A ghost or summat! Dick. Something's happenin'. Look for yourself, lad, through the cab-window."

The fireman looked. With the cessation of the roar as the train shot clear of the tunnel an affrighted cry came from his throat.

"Heaven a' mercy, but you're right, mate! 'Tis a ghost wavin' it's arms!"

He stood trembling; his hold on the regulator relaxed; his eyes bulged from his head.

His weakness and helplessness forced Handside into temporary strength.

"Look to the engine, Dick," he cried, "or I must! We've passed the Pentworth signals! Heaven send they wasn't against us!"

He scrambled up, strong for a moment, and glared again through the window. There was the figure, still dancing its ghostly dance across the track, and waving its arms as if in warning.

The driver could stand no more. Summoning what little strength he had he applied the brakes.

They bit; speed slackened and slackened. Then finally the train pulled up.

Heads peered out of the carriage windows; the guard with waving lantern came running along the line; excited voices reached them from a point ahead on the snowy track where lights marked the presence of a wayside station—and a stationary train drawn up on the "up" track.

"Thank Heaven!" the guard called out from the foot of the tender. "Just in time! Another five seconds, and there'd have been a terrible smash! George, where are you—and you, Dick Walters? Don't you know you've over-run the Pentworth signals?"

Not a word came in answer. On to the foot-plate climbed the guard. A glance showed him two men huddled up there—the driver in a dead faint with his head dangling over on the other side, and Walters, in a scared state, holding on to him.

In two minutes Handside came to. Neither he nor Walters knew by what a hair's breadth a terrible accident had been averted. They were too full of the apparition which had caused them to lose their wits.

"It's there still," groaned Walters, "dancing in front of the engine! Look for yourself!"

The guard looked.

"Why, it's just a shadow!" he said. "It looks like——"

He broke off, jumped to the ground and raced round to the front of the engine. A few yards ahead, a strangely magnified and distorted shadow quivered upon the snow. Something drew the guard's eyes upwards. He whistled involuntarily.

"George," he called out, between a laugh and a cry, "it's a moth! He's all on the flutter in the headlight!"—London Answers.

EXPERIMENTS ON CANCER.

German Professor Advocates Institution for Research.

Prof. Ernest Von Leyden, of Berlin, Germany, who recently has devoted himself entirely to the study of cancer, from which they say 3,000 persons die yearly in Germany, has made a pressing appeal to the Government, and to private sources, for the foundation of an institute of research.

Prof. Von Leyden recommends the formation of an international association in order that an exchange of results of investigation in the various countries might be had. He gives some hopes of eventually finding a remedy for the cancer by means of liver fermentations developed into a suitable injection through the inoculation of sheep. He reports such as in several mild cases of cancer by means of this treatment.

Binks (who ordered a pancake half an hour previously)—"Er—I—say, will that pancake be long?" Waitress—"No, sir; it'll be round." Then he waited patiently another half-hour.

CROP EVERY DAY OF YEAR

GARDEN IN BUCKETS IN PHILADELPHIA'S CHINATOWN.

Culture of Li Chow by Le Ling at a Profit of Seven Hundred Per Cent.

A garden of buckets in which a vegetable product is raised in five days and a crop produced every day in the year is carried on in Philadelphia's Chinatown by Lee Ling. The garden consists of fifty cedar buckets and in them Lee raised, at a profit of 700 per cent. a product called lia choy or li chow, which is largely used in Chinese cooking.

Lee's garden is one on which the sun never shines. There is no tilling of the soil, for there is no soil, neither is there any weeding, for weeds have no opportunity to grow.

SPROUT IN TWO DAYS.

Side by side in the corner of a long dark room fifty wooden buckets with tattered tops are arranged. Into two or three of these are put two pounds of Chinese beans each.

The little green pellets are then covered with lukewarm water and allowed to stand. Gradually they absorb the water, and by the end of the first day they have swelled to twice their normal size. More water is then sprinkled over them and the covers of the buckets are replaced.

At the end of the second day the jackets of the beans have burst and a tiny sprout appears. In the meantime a fresh quantity of beans has been put into two or three other buckets and treated as in the first case. Every day a new lot of seeds are planted in additional buckets, so that at all times there are crops in various stages of development.

MASS GROWS QUICKLY.

By the end of the third day the beans in the first buckets have sent out sprouts an inch long, which begin to curl and twist in every direction. The mass of vegetable matter has swollen until the buckets are half full of what at first glance resembles a lot of coarsely chopped cabbage.

From this time forth cool spring water is sprinkled over the sprouting beans every few hours, and the growth gradually wells up in the buckets until at the end of the fourth day the vessel is filled with a mass of clear white shoots. The tops of the buckets are fastened down and the sprouts turn, twist and interlace in the darkness.

Gradually the power exerted by the growing shoots becomes such that it is necessary to release the tops of the pails. The lia choy then expands until the whole curly mass extends five or six inches above the top of the vessel.

SUCCESSION OF CROPS.

From the bottom of the bucket to the very top of the growth there is nothing but a mass of clean, crisp, white sprouts. The pails are then emptied and the sprouts are shaken up and raked over by hand until they all lie as loose as so many straws in a pile. The green shells of the beans are picked out, and then the lia choy is put in baskets and placed in the store for sale.

The buckets are put back in place and fresh beans are put into them. So by planting in succession in the various vessels as the crops are completed there is a never-ending supply of lia choy.

The imported beans planted in the strange garden cost about five cents a pound. From the two pounds placed in a bucket about 16 pounds of lia choy is grown. The product sells for five cents a pound. Therefore, on an investment of 10 cents Lee Ling secures a saleable commodity valued at 80 cents.

The demand for the vegetable is very great, the Chinese restaurants using from 100 to 200 pounds a day each in a week.

THEY LOST THEIR HANDS

Brave Ironworkers Sacrifice Themselves to Save Fellows' Lives.

Two brave ironworkers, Oliver Jude, thirty years old, and John McGlynn, thirty-eight, each sacrificed a hand recently to save fellow-workingmen from being crushed to death by a big iron plate which was sliding from the river-front tower of the Blackwell's Island Bridge, Long Island City, N. Y.

Jude and McGlynn were in charge of placing in position the plate, a sort of socket in which upright beams are riveted. A huge crane had tenderly placed the big plate in position, but before it could be securely fastened it began to slide. Despite tremendous efforts Jude and McGlynn could not check the plate as it moved toward the edge of the open work. Yelling to the men fifty feet below them McGlynn and Jude grabbed an iron beam overhead and by almost superhuman efforts, deflected the plate so that it struck a beam firmly riveted in place and was held by it.

Their quick wit and energy saved their fellows, but cost them their usefulness in their trade. They did not let go of the moving plate quick enough; their hands were caught between the iron plate and the beam. Despite their agony neither lost his nerve. They clung to their hazardous perches, one hundred and fifty feet in the air, until their comrades rigged up tackle and hauled the plate back into its position. Supported by their comrades the two injured men were taken to the hospital in Long Island City. After their injuries were dressed they were placed in adjoining cots.

Jude lost his right hand instantly, but McGlynn's left hand was amputated at the hospital.

Beware of the man who is forever harping on his honesty.

TROUBLES OF THE GOVERNOR.

Has Worries and Trials Such as Fall to the Lot of Few Men.

The late Sir Augustus Hemming, formerly Governor of Jamaica, once told the writer that his greatest worry was the responsibility for confirming or commuting death sentences.

"I once confirmed a death sentence on an East Indian coolie," he said, "and afterwards another coolie, on his deathbed, confessed to the crime. Ever since then I have devoted days of anxious thought to every death sentence that comes before me, and considered every detail of the evidence most carefully. I shudder at the responsibility of having to confirm any such sentences.

"This morning I was up at four o'clock to look over a petition for commutation, and read the evidence and the judge's notes. Look at my diary for to-day:

"Four a.m. to 8 a.m.—Considering death sentence.

Eight a.m. to 9 a.m.—Breakfast with Chief Justice and Colonial Secretary, discussing same matter.

"Nine a.m. to 1 p.m.—Receiving officials and attending to correspondence.

"One p.m. to 2.30 p.m.—Luncheon, entertaining globe-trotting M. P., who has bored me unmercifully.

"Three p.m. to 4 p.m.—Privy Council meeting, at which death sentence was commuted.

"Four p.m. to 5 p.m.—Tennis at the club.

"Now, this evening I have to entertain the elected members at dinner, and talk politics with them up to about two in the morning."

Social functions occupy a great deal of the Governor's time, and they have to be very carefully and diplomatically attended to, if he would not set the entire colony by the ears. If he calls much oftener on the bishop's wife, for example, than he does on the Attorney-General's there will probably be a battle royal between the two ladies.

The callers at Government House are of every variety, from English peers on yachting trips to ragged negroes with a grievance against some official. I was in the study of a West Indian Governor once when his secretary threw open the door with a flourish, and announced: "His Majesty the King of Ruatan and suite!"

The Governor smiled, as well he might, for in trooped six tall negroes dressed in weird costumes of all colors of the rainbow. Their leader was an old fellow who had established himself on the island of Ruatan, off the Nicaraguan coast, on a small plantation. Going a little weak in the head, he assumed the style of king, and made his laborers his prime minister, attorney-general, lord high chamberlain, and so forth. The Nicaraguans had expelled him from the island, and now he came to ask the Governor to make war on them.

His excellency soothed the old chap as well as he could, and sent him away happy by treating him with Royal ceremony. Then he turned to me, and said:

"That's the kind of thing I have to do every day. A Governor's life is not always a happy one."

COFFIN READY FOR VICTIM.

Brigands Planned to Kill Marquis Unless Ransom Was Paid.

Hidden beneath a pile of rubbish in the Neapolitan grotto at Naples, Italy, in which the Marquis Cito was tortured, has been found a brand-new coffin. The police allege that the brigands had planned to kill that nobleman and deposit his remains in the coffin in the event of the bearer of the letter sent to the marquis' residence returning empty-handed.

The whereabouts of the body of the ex-policeman Ruzzoli, has not yet been discovered, though it has been ascertained that his assassination took place on Nov. 18. The search, however, is being prosecuted with extraordinary vigor, and one result of the facts recently brought to light is said to be a Government order for a thorough periodical inspection of all grottoes in the district of Naples.

Ruzzoli was known to have hoarded a large sum of money, and it is established that at the Camorra banquet, to which he was invited, as many as seven assassins were assembled for the purpose of identifying and marking their prey. Nevertheless, the police have sequestered 80,000 lire ($16,000) in hard cash at Ruzzoli's residence, together with a voluminous correspondence, which sheds a sad light on his character, as it shows the ex-policeman as one of the principal promoters of the white slave traffic in Naples. The heads of a couple of flourishing establishments run chiefly for foreigners were arrested the other day.

Great excitement has been occasioned by the well-known Franciscan friar, Padre Tammano, having given himself up to the police, confessing himself to be the author of an immense quantity of letters seized at Ruzzoli's house. He has been committed to prison in company with the other arrested Camorrists, one of whom, Esposito by name, had so happily combined villainy with religious philanthropy that 12,000 Neapolitans gathered in the vicinity of the jail to greet his passage there with demonstrations of sympathy. Esposito is one of the forty-five members of the Supreme Council of the Cammora, who, in a cave outside Naples decreed the murder of the Cammorist traitor, Cuocola, and his wife. He has till now been invariably successful in eluding the Carabinieri hunt without leaving Naples.

TROUBLE BEGAN.

"Your husband, has he any aim in life?"

"Why, I don't know; why do you ask?"

"My husband says he is always loaded.'

His excellency soothed the old chap

A private soldier walking arm-in-arm with his sweetheart met his sergeant when about to enter a cheap restaurant. He respectfully introduced her to him: "Sergeant, my sister." "Yes, yes," was the reply, "I know; she was mine once."

THE LAND OF THE APPLE

THE ANNAPOLIS VALLEY IS A VAST FRUIT GARDEN.

Yield for 1907 Was 700,000 Barrels of Apples Alone—Fruit of Rare Excellence.

The history of the apple is still to be written. The reference books tell us that the tree is indigenous to Anatolia, the southern Caucasus and northern Russia. It certainly got a start in Nova Scotia just as soon as that primeval forest began to disappear. It has spread mightily throughout the province, but is found more abundantly in the Annapolis Valley.

The Annapolis Valley has been called the "Garden Spot of the Earth." When you have driven miles upon miles through forests of apple and pear and other trees, in the spring time when a sea of red and pink and white blossoms meets the eye and a riot of perfume assails the nostrils, or in the autumn, when the trees are weighted down with their burden of fruit, you will think it well-named.

Roughly speaking the Valley—they just call it the Valley in eastern Canada and let it go at that—is 100 miles long and thirty miles wide. The soil is fertile and well watered.

Rivers and tidal estuaries divide it longitudinally into a series of ridges. The river bottoms and the flats reclaimed from the sea are given over to hay fields and pasture land.

The ridges are devoted largely to fruit growing. If you stand somewhere in the bottom lands you will see rising gently from the meadows on either side

ORCHARD AFTER ORCHARD.

If it is blossom time the picture will be brilliant. Here and there you will see houses and farm buildings rising amid the trees. There are occasional patches of tilled land, but it is mostly all trees.

The yield of the Annapolis Valley for 1907 is the greatest in its history. It is estimated that more than 700,000 barrels of apples were shipped, not to mention the pears and plums and quinces.

Most of the apples went to England as usual, but more shipments were made to the American market than ever before. The prices have ranged from $2.50 to $3 a barrel and the Nova Scotia orchardists have received about $2,000,000 for their harvest.

In 1906 the crop was about half as big. Nineteen hundred and seven harvest is seventeen times greater than that of fifteen years ago. For a farmer to clear from $5,000 to $10,000 a year on his apples is not unusual.

Twenty years ago the farmer who shipped 1,000 barrels a year was a rarity; now there are many 5,000-barrel men. The greatest orchard in the valley is Hillcreste, near Kentville. It contains more than 25,000 trees.

The apples of Nova Scotia have a flavor all their own. Though the fruit grows large,

IT DOES NOT BECOME GROSS,

as is the case with a good deal of the fruit that comes from the West. There are any number of varieties. In the late summer comes the Harvest apples, the Bow Sweets, the Red Astrachans and others. Later on come the Gravensteins—the king of all the fall apples—the Strawberry apples and the Bishop Pippins.

The list of winter apples would be interminable. The two varieties which command the highest prices are the Blenheim Pippins and the Ripston Pippins. They're both pippins in the colloquial sense of that word. Kings they are in the apple family—far, far above the ruck of Baldwins and King of Tompkins and Spitzenbergs and Greenings and even Russet Sweets.

The soil of the orchards is cultivated carefully. Some years it is planted in grain or potatoes; in others sown to grass. Occasionally a crop of grain is raised and allowed to rot.

The apples are packed in the orchards and usually carted away at once to steamer or train for shipment. In packing apples one opens the bottom of the barrel. The very finest specimens of the fruit are arranged in nice layers at what will be the top of the barrel when it is opened by the consumer. That's why the apples always look so nice when you open a fresh barrel. But the Nova Scotia fruit grower is

AN HONEST INDIVIDUAL.

He grades the apples carefully and marks the barrels "No. 1," "No. 2" and "No. 3." Even the threes are good. All below that grade go to the cider mill.

The valley is a city of big gardens. The main roads, running generally east and west, one on each side of each ridge, are called streets. The houses are large and prosperous looking; many of them have pretentious flower gardens. Fences have been generally abolished. Almost every house has its telephone. Every farmer keeps a good stable and smart rigs for pleasure driving. Altogether it is an unusual farming community. The rounds of social life go on as in a city. The sons go to college and return to the farm content to make that their calling in life.

Here and there the houses get close enough together to form a settlement which gets a name of its own. But there are no large towns. Annapolis, Bridgetown, Kentville and Wolfville are all under 2,000 population. It is just one big city, prosperous and contented.

GENEROUS BUILDING SOCIETY.

A building society which has been started in Paris promises to sweep all the chimneys of the members' houses, provide medical attendance free of charge to all tenants, and to give every tenant a chance by lottery once a month of getting three months' rent returned to him. Whenever a baby is born the parents will, if they have lived in the house for a year or more, receive three months' rent as the baby's birthday present.

Many a man's popularity is due to the fact that he doesn't think aloud.

The easiest way to do anything may not be the best, but it is the most popular.

BUSINESS ARISTOCRATS

WHERE THE BLUEST COMMERCIAL BLOOD RUNS.

Some English Firms Have Been in Existence for Three and Four Generations.

The commercial life of England possesses an aristocracy of which many families can trace an unbroken descent as heads of famous business houses through several generations, says London Answers.

The well-known firm of publishers, Longmans, Green & Co., for instance, was founded as long ago as 1724 by Thomas Longman, and a Longman has been at its head ever since, the present head of the firm—Mr. Thomas N. Longman—being the sixth of his line. The founder was succeeded by his nephew, Thomas Longman, in 1755, who was followed by his son, Thomas Norton Longman, in 1797; after whom came the latter's younger son William in 1824, followed by William's elder brother Thomas in 1877; and, lastly, the present head, who succeeded to the management of affairs in 1879.

It will be noticed that, in the most blue-blooded manner, every head but one has been christened Thomas. The office of this firm to-day occupies the site it did at its birth nearly two hundred years ago—with additions, of course—and from the outset has constantly used its sign of the ship.

WIELDERS OF THE HAMMER.

Very nearly as good is the record of the Tattersalls, the famous horse auctioneers. Founded in 1766 by Richerd Tattersall—known as "Old Tatt"—it soon became the greatest business of its kind in the world. At his death in 1795 his son Edmund took his place, and was followed in 1811 by his son Richard—known as "Old Dick." The latter's son—known as "Young Dick"—became head in 1859, and continued to rule until 1870, when a cousin, Edmund, succeeded, at whose death in 1898 his son—also Edmund—followed, and still conducts the business. Six successive Tattersalls have thus wielded the hammer in the rostrum, three of whom were Richards and three Edmunds. The business has always been in London.

For about one hundred and fifty years the family of Fry has carried on in Bristol the great cocoa business bearing its name. Four successive members—all Josephs—in direct descent, have conducted it throughout that period—the founder, Joseph Fry, from about 1760 to his death in 1787; his son Joseph to 1835; the second Joseph's son Joseph until 1886; and that Joseph's son Joseph from that date up to the present.

THE LONG LINE OF "THE TIMES."

"The Times" is one of the greatest newspapers in the world. It was started in 1875 by John Walter, and four successive Walters have owned it in the hundred and twenty-odd years of its existence. The founder died in 1812, and left it to his son John Walter, who also bequeathed it to his son, another John Walter, in 1847. This gentleman was chief until 1894, when his son, Mr. Arthur Walter, succeeded him, and is still the chief at Printing House Square.

A noted publishing house is that of John Murray, the publisher of "The Quarterly Review." It was founded in 1768 by John MacMurray, and has always belonged to his talented family. His son, who took his place in 1793, dropped the "Mac," became John Murray, and managed affairs until 1843, when his son John Murray succeeded him, to be followed by John Murray of the next generation in 1892. Mr. Murray's room at the firm's offices in Albemarle Street is a most historic one, adorned with portraits of men famous in literature who have there met his ancestors.

The Coutts family have been at the head of the best-known private bank in England for a century and a half. Thomas Coutts started Coutts' Bank in 1760. He had no son, so his daughter, who married Sir Francis Burdett, followed him in 1822, and Sir Francis's daughter, beloved by all as the Baroness Burdett-Coutts—being made a peeress in her own right—became the chief owner in 1844 until her death not long ago, when her husband, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, inherited her interests.

Another old banking family is that of the Coxes, the Army agents. Richard Cox founded the bank in 1785, and five generations of the family have held the reins since then, the present head being Mr. Hubert Arthur Cox.

A PERENNIAL TRIO.

The family record of the heads of the brewery firm of Barclay, Pearkins & Co., is unique. In 1781 David Barclay bought the Anchor Brewery, and took as his partner John Perkins and Sylvanus Bevan, and from that day there has always been a Barclay, a Perkins, and a Bevan concerned in the management, each family having been represented through four generations. The firm has been established where it is in Southwark for over two hundred years.

The firm of booksellers and newsagents W. H. Smith & Son, known from one end of the country to the other, was founded by William Henry Smith about the time of Waterloo, so that it is nearing its first century, and has always belonged to the family. The founder was succeeded in 1841 by his son, also William Henry Smith, the noted statesman and Leader of the House of Commons, who made the business the huge concern that it is. He died in 1891, and his son Mr. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., has since been its head.

Three generations of Blackwoods—all Williams—have managed the affairs of the famous publishing house. Mr. William Blackwood began the business in 1804, and left it to his son Major William Blackwood in 1834, at whose death, in 1861, it passed to the Major's son Mr. William Blackwood.

THE COLLINS QUARTETTE.

Four generations of Collinses have looked after the affairs of the publishing house of that name, and, curiously, they have all been Williams, like the Blackwoods. Mr. William Collins founded it in 1821. His son, the talented Sir William Collins, succeeded, and left it in 1895 to his son William Collins, who died in 1906, and his nephew Mr. William A. Collins became the firm's head.

Pears' Soap has claimed to be matchless for the hands and complexion since 1789, when Andrew Pears began the business, and the family have always been at its head. There have been three Pears as chiefs in the hundred and eighteen years of the firm's existence, marking four generations, for the founder was followed by his grandson Francis Pears in 1838, who left it in 1865 to his son Mr. Andrew Pears.

The Marshalls have owned and conducted the business of Horace Marshall & Co., wholesale newsagents, since William Marshall founded it in 1840, his sons, A. J. and Horace, following him; and now his grandson, Mr. Horace B. Marshall, is the head.

MONARCHS IN EXILE.

French Kings in England—Court of Don Carlos in Venice.

England has always been the haven of political refugees and royal pretenders, and as a rule they have shown their appreciation of the country's hospitality by refraining from criticizing their hosts or saying anything that might jeopardize their position as mere tolerated outsiders.

But the Duke of Orleans overstepped the bounds some years ago and made a violent and uncalled-for attack on the late Queen Victoria. In the end, writes the London correspondent of Town and Country, he was obliged to leave the country and did not return until he made a most abject apology.

This little incident has not endeared him to the British people, who look upon him as a person of no account. But since his return he has behaved very well and has lived the life of an ordinary country gentleman, amusing himself intermittently with the issue of a pronunciamento to "his people" or a little North Pole trip.

His father, when in exile here, was more popular. So was Louis Phillipe after the coup d-etat. So was Louis Napoleon, who lived in London in many social phases, once as a waiter and again as a highly appreciated member of the best society of the West End.

He never forgot the kindnesses that were extended to him during his stay here, and when he became Emperor of the French his first wish was to come over with the Empress Eugenie and look up his old friends; which he found it difficult to do in the manner he liked, for when he came here to Windsor he was fairly tied up with court etiquette, from which it was impossible to escape.

I have recently seen a letter from Louis Napoleon to an old London friend from Windsor, in which he said: "I would much sooner run down to you and have an evening at ——'s where we could smoke and chat and talk over the times when you and I were sworn in as special policemen."

Napoleon III. came into his empire. I doubt if the Duke of Orleans will ever do so. One cannot always tell.

I used to know Peter Karageorgevitch in the days when he was a simple, unassuming exile in Switzerland. He would talk occasionally of Servia as a place where he might with God's will have ruled, but he nexer expressed the slightest idea that he had an opportunity of ousting the Obrenovitch doynasty.

Suddenly Alexander was murdered and Peter went in triumph in a special train direct from Geneva to Belgrade, and there he is now, a real king, covered with medals, recognized by the Powers, and—wondering how long it will be before he exchanges his uniform for a frock coat and the Konak for his old villa at Genoa.

Truly, the life of a pretender is not an enviable one. I have often seen and pitied Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, who lives in Venice, and may be seen there any day in the week, either dashing up and down the Grand Canal in a motor launch from which flies the Spanish royal flag, or walking up and down the Piazetta when the band plays of an evening.

He is invariably accompanied by a magnificent boar hound and very often by his wife. He maintains a strict little court in his modest house on the canal, and there is something about him that arrests attention, for he seems to carry kingship with him at every step—a tall, handsome, dignified man, serious, stern and direct, with a kindly eye and a strong chin, a man whom the novelists would describe as "every inch a king."

PITH, POINT AND PATHOS.

Wisdom is the jewel of great price dug from the mire of failures and losses.

Some people seem unable to understand that religion is more than saying over the creed.

There is plenty of goodness in this world if humanity would just stop hunting for wickedness.

The penalty of greatness is that you have to give your past to your enemies for dissection.

Sometimes a woman proves her fitness for politics by making a man think he wants to marry her.

It is funny to see the effort some people make to look perfectly happy and contented.

As Christmas approaches the smoker begins worrying over the cigars he knows will be given him.

The wise husband goeth forth and purchases his neckties ere his wife buys her Christmas gifts.

It is strange that a man's friends all go broke about the time he has to borrow money.

When a man wants to tell a brunette he admires that style of beauty, there is generally a blonde standing within ear-shot.

Some men think they are full of faith because they are so fearful that the Omnipotent cannot take care of himself.

Yes, it is humiliating to have a skin covered with foul eruptions. It is painful, too. Why not end the trouble and restore your skin to its natural fairness with Weaver's Cerate!

A MEAT TEA.

In the barber's shop the scissors clicked merrily away, and the barber's dog lay on the floor close beside the chair, looking up intently all the time at the occupant who was having his hair cut.

"Nice dog," said the customer.

"He is, sir," said the barber.

"He seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

"It ain't that, sir," explained the barber smiling. "Sometimes I make a mistake and take a little piece off a customer's ear!"

To discern and deal immediately with causes and overcome them, rather than to battle with effects after the disease has secured a lodgement, is the chief aim of the medical men, and Bickle's Anti Consumptive Syrup is the result of patient study along this particular line. At the first appearance of a cold the Syrup will be found a most efficient remedy, arresting development and speedily healing the affected parts, so that the ailment disappears.

EATS WITH HIS EYES.

New Sense Developed by Man Who Cannot Taste.

McKeever, N. Y., boasts of a man who eats with his eyes. Charles E. Dale had developed what he calls a "chronic appetite." Some time ago, Mr. Dale, who has passed middle life, had a bad attack of scarlet fever, which destroyed his sense of taste. For a time he despaired of ever enjoying again the pleasures of the table, but eventually he began to notice that foods of different colors produced different sensations. He takes a bite of food and then gazes intently on what is left on the platter. His theory is that his sense of taste has somehow been blended with his sense of sight. Red being his favorite color, the red foods give him the keenest pleasure. Therefore, he always saves these for the last, making his dessert either of raw beef, chopped fine, beets, tomatoes or red berries when in season.

"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 one 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

OPIUM THEIR CURSE.

Light on Recent Accidents in the French Navy.

The judicial authorities at Marseilles, France, have recently received a large number of confidential letters from the wives of naval officers stationed at Mediterranean ports, complaining that their husbands were obtaining supplies of opium somewhere in that city. The authorities decided to act in the matter and the other day ordered a search of the stores of several Oriental curiosity dealers. Several thousand dollars' worth of the drug was found and seized. The dealers will be prosecuted.

According to the statements made by those who have investigated the matter, the opium habit recently has increased to an alarming extent in the navy, and it is even said that to this account may be laid the responsibility for many of the accidents that have occurred. The naval authorities have been endeavoring to eradicate this evil, but up to the present with little success.

Pains Disappear Before It.—No one need suffer pain when they have available Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. If not in the house when required it can be procured at the nearest store, as all merchants keep it for sale. Rheumatism and all bodily pains disappear when it is applied, and should they at any time return, experience teaches the user of the Oil how to deal with them.

Some men start out to look for trouble and then pick out a place where there isn't one chance in a hundred of finding it.

Imitations Abound, but insist upon getting the genuine, "The D & L" Menthol Plaster. It has stood the test of years. It cures aches and pains quicker than any plaster.

She—"And are you really so much better since you returned from abroad?" He—"Yes. I'm quite another man." She—"Well, I'm sure all your friends will be delighted to hear it!" And he is now wondering if she meant anything.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

Pater—"My wife's learning the piano, my daughter's learning the violin, and my son's learning the banjo." Sater—"And you are learning nothing?" "Oh, yes; I'm learning to bear it."

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.

"Mr. Bubkins," said the proud father, shaking the young man warmly by the hand, "let me tell you that you are a man after my own heart." "Oh, no, sir," protested the blushing suitor; "I'm after your daughter's!"

A Pleasant Medicine.—There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to beget internal disturbances in the patient, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One might as well swallow corrosive material. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take, are not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of them will prove this. They offer peace to the dyspeptic.

"Thumper occasionally says things that are wonderfully apropos," said one statesman. "Yes," answered the other; "he's like our parrot at home. It doesn't know much, but what it does know it keeps repeating until some circumstance arises that makes the remark seem marvellously apt.'

"George, I saw that Singleton woman to-day carrying the silk umbrella that she borrowed from me at the club card party." "Why didn't you ask her for it?" "I was just going to when I remembered that I borrowed it from Mrs. Trumper."

Loss of Flesh, cough, and pain on the chest may not mean consumption, but are bad signs. Allen's Lung Balsam loosens and heals the cough: Not a grain of opium in it.

ABOUT MEN.

The man always in a hurry seldom gets anywhere.

Often a man with nothing to say has much to hide.

It isn't always safe to trust a man who parades his honesty.

The man who intends to succeed works without a time-table.

Duty is a thin disguise often assumed to hide a man's meanness.

Unless a man is a good listener he cannot expect to be happily married.

If it were not for their mistakes a great many men would never be heard of.

Many a man takes more pride in his ancestors than in making a name for himself.

Some men are so exclusive as not to be on speaking terms with their own opportunities.

SHILOH'S

Quick ease for the worst cough—quick relief to the heaviest cold—and SAFE to take, even for a child. That is Shiloh's Cure. Sold under a guarantee to cure colds and coughs quicker than any other medicine—or your money back. 34 years of success commend Shiloh's Cure. 25c., 50c., $1.

Cures Coughs & Colds

QUICKLY!



The Colonel (who has just told his best story and been rewarded with a faint smile)—"Really, countess, you women have no sense of humor. When I heard that story I simply roared." Countess—"So did I, but it was last year."

Great Things From Little Causes Grow.—It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be slight, a cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry, or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken, this simple cause may have most serious ocnsequences. Many a chronically debilitated constitution to-day owes its destruction to simple causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition and all will be well. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

A young officer, riding through a Scotch village one day in full uniform and mounted on a splendid horse, was much annoyed by a lad following him along the street. At last he said to the boy:—"Did you never see a war-horse before, my lad?" "Yes," said the boy, "I have seen a waur (worse) horse many a time, but never a waur rider."

The heat of the Tropics fades rosy cheeks. It takes away the energy. "Ferrovim" is the best tonic to brace you up. It stimulates the system. It makes the weak strong. It is pleasant to take. All druggists sell it.

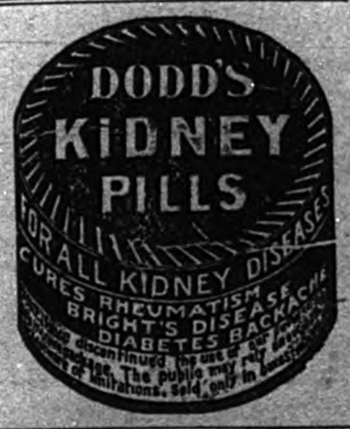
"How is your youngest daughter getting along with her music?" "Splendidly," answered Mr. Cumorx. "Her instructor says that she plays Mozart in a way that Mozart himself would never have dreamt of."

Ill fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

Dunkel (to lawyer who is making out his will)—"I vont to leaf each clerk five tousand dollars dot haf peen in my embloy twenty years." Lawyer—"Why, that's too liberal, Mr. Dunkel." Dunkel—"Ah, dot's it. None of tem haf peen mit me ofer von year, und it makes a good free advertisement for my poys ven I'm dead, don'd it?"

Tomson—"Was Dr. Puff's treatment of your rich uncle satisfactory?" Johnson—"Quite so. I came into the fortune recently."





ISSUE NO. 52—07.

YOUR OVERCOATS

and faded Suits would look better dyed. If no agent of ours in your town, write direct Montreal, Box 152
BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.





WHEN IN NEW YORK STOP AT
THE NEW FIREPROOF
HOTEL NAVARRE
7th Ave. and 38th St.
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 $3.50 upwards. Send for Booklet.
STEARNS & DABB, Props

WINCHESTER Smokeless Powder Shells

"LEADER" and "REPEATER"

The superiority of Winchester Smokeless Powder Shells is undisputed. Among intelligent shooters they stand first in popularity, records and shooting qualities. Always use them

For Field or Trap Shooting
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM.

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

HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL.

A spec'al 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.

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.

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

HARDWARE!
All Kinds!

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

Carpenter's Tools! Planes, Saws, Bitts, 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:—

T. McOuat & Son.
Lachute Mills.

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.

L. 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, Late
Licensed Auctioneer.
St. Andrews, Que.
Sales conducted in French and English

J. D. LEDUC, K. C.
ADVOCATE
ST. EUSTACHE, P.Q.

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

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

Dr. J. H. MASON,
Physician & Surgeon.
Main St., Lachute.
Office hours;—8 to 10 a.m., 1 to 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, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Office over Banford's Store.
Will be in Lachute every day except Tuesday.
First and Third Tuesday in Calumet. Second and Fourth Tuesday in St. Andrews.

MALCOLM SMITH,
Licensed Auctioneer.
P.O. Box 10. Lachute, Que.
For the District of Terrebonne.
Sales conducted in French and English.

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

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 property 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, poles, ties and all other appliances, water-power, electricity, heat and such motive power as can be there by 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 the 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 consideration 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.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Office of Municipal Council of the County of Terrebonne.

SAINTE JEROME, JANUARY 7th, 1908.

I hereby give PUBLIC NOTICE that the lots and parcels of lots hereinafter mentioned, will be sold by Public Auction, at the Municipal County Council Room in the town of Sainte Jerome, Thursday, the fifth day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the taxes and charges due to the municipalities hereinafter mentioned upon the several lots or parcels of lots hereinafter described, unless the same be paid, with costs, two days before the said aforesaid day, to wit:—

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE EAST PART OF THE [illegible] ABERCROMBIE.

Names.	Nos.	Range of Township	Municipal Tax	School Taxes	Total Amount
Proprietor unknown.	18A.	10th range of Kilkenny.	$ 1 00	$8 76	$9 76
" "	18B.	" "	1 00	50	1 50

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE VILLAGE OF STE. AGATHE DES MONTS.

Names.	Nos. of CAD.	Range of Township	Municipal Tax.	School Taxes	Total Amount
J. A. O. Laforest,	13 & 14	3rd range Petes Sud	$ 7 20		7 20
Avila Cadot,	69-12a	4th " "	2 75	$3 56	6 31
Alcide Groulx,	Part of 13a	4th " "	6 00	6 05	12 05
Octavin Rolland,	17B.	3rd " "	45 10	60 76	105 86
Octavin "	18B.	3rd " "	15 02	14 02	29 04
" "	Island 48	3rd " "	2 50	2 34	4 84

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF WOLFE.

Names.	Nos.	Ranges	Municipal Taxes	School Taxes	Total Amount
Alexandre Johnson	1	3rd range	$ 4 46½		$ 4 46½
" "	3-4-north	3rd "	10 27		10 27
Ernest Vipond	12	5th "	1 84		1 84
" "	13	5th "	1 84		1 84
Francis Malette	30	4th "	10 60½	$ 2 86	13 46½
Michel "	31	4th "	8 87½	5 30½	14 18
Evangeliste Malette	33	4th "	27 70½	96½	28 67
Alphonse Legault	35	4th "	22 01	13 57	35 58
James Duffy	8	7th "	2 92½	2 52	5 44½
Georges Purchase	10	7th "	3 73		3 73
" "	11	7th "	2 57		2 57
Mederick Menard	5	8th "	2 81	5 64	8 45
Brunet	22	9th "	4 35	4 97½	9 32½
Alphonse Paquette	40	9th "	2 81	6 31	9 12
Nazaire Mathe	41	9th "	2 81	3 96	6 77
Legèr Portugais	1	13th "	4 76½	2 50	7 26½
Francis "	4	13th "	9 68¼	2 12½	11 [illegible]

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE VILLAGE OF STE. THERESE DE BLAINVILLE.

Names.	Nos. of Cadastre	Municipal Taxes	School Taxes.	Total Amount
Dolphis Bayeur	No. 89 situated in the South of the large street.	75		75
Jos. Brunet	Nos. 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, situated in the west of St. John's street.	14 40	$ 9 60	$24 00
Heirs of Jean Brunet	No. 166 situated in the west of St. John's Street.	2 08	3 92	6 00

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE PARISH OF ST. THERESE DE BLAINVILLE.

Names	Nos. of Cadastre.	Muni'pal Taxes	School Taxes	Cost for road	Total Am't.
Dr. Sam Desjardins	No. 81, situated in the south of "Cote cachée road."	50		3 00	50
J. D. Dubois	Nos. 425, 426, part 427, situated in 2nd concession in the North of "Coteau St. Louis" road.	8 72	$10 20	4 00	21 92
Unknown	No. P. 524, known under the name "Pite à gravois" limited in the nth by J. Bte. Clouthier, No. 525, in the south by "cote St. Louis road", in the east by Eustache du Moulin, no. 522, in the west by C.P.R. St. Jerome branch.				4 00
Esther Philips	No. 772, situated in the west of la "grand ligne" road.	17 92		15 40	23 32

HENRI M. J PROVOST, Sec-Treasurer.

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; Sir. 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 shareholders, 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.

Ste. Jerome, December 10th, 1907.
RINFRET & MARCHAND,
Solicitors for Applicants.

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.

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

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXIII LACHUTE, FRIDAY JANUARY 24, 1908. NO 1

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.

See J. R. McOUAT'S January Clearing Sale Advt. of seasonable goods at heretofore unheard of prices.

We have a few odd lines of Horse Blankets left over which will be cleared out at greatly reduced prices. T. McOUAT & SON.

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.

Do you need—Cross-Cut Saws, Axes, Axe Wedges, Axe Handles, Cant Dogs, Splitting Wedges, Saw Wedges, Axe Stones, etc. We have a large and complete stock to choose from and at prices to suit your **Hard Times Purse.**

T. McOUAT & SON.

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.

CRESWELL'S

Choice Winter Apples

High Class Chocolates.

GEO. H. CRESWELL.

January Clearing sale

Genuine Bargains
in all lines
During this Month

Carpenter Bros.

LOCAL NEWS

Dr. Quesnel, of Hawkesbury, spent Thursday with friends in town.

Mrs. Winch, of Montreal, was the guest of Mrs. Hugh Fraser, jr., over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs P. R. McGibbon spent the early part of the week in Montreal.

The Misses S. & L. McGibbon spent the early part of the week with friends in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cottingham left this morning for a short visit with friends in Ormstown.

Mrs. A. Mitchell, (North River), was the hostess at an "Evening Party" on Thursday evening last.

Mr. Fred Creswell, who has been spending a month's visit in town, returned to his home in Wyoming this week.

A merry crowd of young people spent a pleasant evening at a "surprise party" at the home of Mr. Thos. Moore's, of St. Andrews, on Thursday last.

The Rev. Hugh Pedley, M.A., the popular preacher of Emmanuel Church Montreal, will speak at the Methodist Church Tea-Meeting, on Tuesday, February 11th.

The funeral of Mrs. F. Rodger of Lakefield, whose death occurred on Friday last, Jan. 17th, took place on Sunday the service being conducted by the Rev. A. E. Mount.

The morning service in the Presbyterian Church will be conducted by the pastor the Rev. T. Mitchell and the evening by Mr. J. S. Duncan of the Presbyterian College, Montreal.

The annual meeting of the Presbyterian Church was held on Wednesday evening last. The financial statement was read by the Secretary Dr. G. A. Clunie and will shortly be published.

A series of addresses on the Tabernacle will be given in Hugh Street Hall by Mr. J. B. Jackson of Boston, beginning Sunday evening 26th inst. All are invited to come, and realize the true value of these types of the Penteteuch.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hammond and children of Butte City, Montana, who has been visiting his parents and friends in Mille Isle returned home on Tuesday last, being accompanied as far as Montreal by Mr. Armstrong.

A number of friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bonhomme on Thursday last on the occasion of their Silver wedding, and presented them with many suitable gifts and a nicely worded address which was read by Mr. J. E. Valois. The occasion was one of great pleasure.

Messrs H. Dumouchel, E. M. Finn, G. Valois and M. Gall, of the "Swastika" Orchestra, were guests this week of the St. Andrews Orchestra which is becoming quite a prominent musical organization in St. Andrews. The orchestra is composed of ladies and gentlemen and numbers 16 pieces.

CUSHING.

—:o:—

Mr. A. Walford spent a few days of last week with his family at Pine Cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Morrison were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Nicholls on Tuesday.

Mrs. W. Canning jr., arrived on Saturday last from a months visit with friends in Montreal.

Mr. Webster Watson of Montreal, spent a few pleasant days at his home here this week.

Mr. A. Derrick spent a day at his home in Stonefield last week previous to his departure on a trip to the Atlantic coast.

Master Lawrence Warwick of Mount Maple, is staying with his cousin Master Percy Nicholls in order to attend No 2. School.

The bad roads and inclement weather which prevailed last week although no doubt preventing the attendance of some of those from a distance did not by any means spoil the success of the St. Mungo's Church annual Tea-meeting which was held on Thursday evening with the usual entertainment for the small folk on the following evening.

The function was marked by its old familiar features, excellent refreshments, a good programme and that spirit of prevailing friendliness which has always made this entertainment so popular with all classes of the community.

Besides the pastor Rev. Mr. Fraser there were present the Rev. Messrs. Brown of Stonefield and Crane of Point Fortune, who each addressed the audience and the local choir as usual furnished some good selections. Several Scotch songs contributed by Miss Carr of Lachute were much appreciated as was also an amusing quartette in which the Misses Bradford Mr. H. Bradford and Mr. Crane of Point Fortune took part. There was also a flute solo by Dr. Wales of St. Andrews and last but not least by any means was a "Habitant" recitation given by Miss Annie Dewar in her own enimitable style.

On Friday evening the smaller folk had their entertainment which was as usual attended by many "children of a larger growth." The proceeds for both evenings amounted to over $90.

HOCKEY.

Much unnecessary annoyance has been caused by the action of the Committee of the Hawkesbury Club in not standing by the agreement entered into by both teams some few days ago regarding the choice of a referee for the Hawkesbury-Lachute match on Monday last. Patrick was the one agreed upon to handle the whistle and not till the morning of the match did we learn that Laviolette had been asked regardless of Lachute's wishes in the matter. Members of the Hawkesbury committee claim that Patrick was unable to act, but a phone conversation with that gentleman assured us that he had never been asked. A kick was made, and had it not been for the sake of those who had come out to witness the game Lachute would never have gone out on the ice. Suffice it to say that the rulings of the referee confirmed the suspicions of our team and they made up their minds that the easiest way out of the difficulty was to "quit the game" which they accordingly did, but although the game was awarded to Hawkesbury they do not consider themselves honestly beaten. The team and friends were afterwards kindly entertained by the ladies of the town.

On Wednesday last the Brownsburg septette defeated the Lachute Victorias in the score of 9 to 3. "Ray" won for himself an enviable reputation that night as a fair and impartial referee, and was kept busy. However, the Victorias are nothing daunted and feel sure that they will turn the score when next they meet.

On Thursday next our juniors are putting on a match with the Hawkesbury juniors. This should prove a game well worth seeing. Admission 15cts.

GRENVILLE.

—:o:—

Quite a few of our young people attended the rink in Hawkesbury on Saturday evening.

Mr. M. DeForge is slowly recovering from the accident which happened to him at Fassette.

One of our oldest and much respected citizens died here last week in the person of Mr. James Murray.

The Municipal Election here passed of very quietly on Monday last, the successful candidate being Mr. Thos. Williamson.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Cummings of Hibbing, Northern Minnisota, have returned home after spending a few weeks with the former's parents.

It is rumoared that we are to have a branch of the Sterling Bank established here shortly, which will be very convenient for the business people of Grenville and Calumet.

We had quite a run away last week in Grenville, Dr. Feblis team of spirited ponies thought they would profit by the opportunity and take a run but escaped without any injury.

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

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

SILK BLOUSES

All Sizes and all Prices,

Certainly

the nicest in town.

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.**

GREAT REDUCTIONS

Commencing with the 15th of January, and continuing till the first of March, I will dispose of my entire stock at large reductions. I intend to save my customers many dollars. This is no fake sale, but a genuine cheap sale of good goods. Don't lose this opportunity of buying all your goods at low prices. Give us a call and see for yourself.

J. D. LALONDE,
ST. PHILIPPE D'ARGENTEUIL.

THE SACRIFICE;

—OR—

FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

On Monte Pericio!—and the sun setting over Rome. A sunset in this city is different from any other in the world. Nowhere else does he find it so hard to leave the earth, and nowhere else does he leave behind him such a mellow, golden light. Even the atmosphere seems filled with millions of particles of gold dust, and behind St. Peter's immense dome flames up a crown of rays, brilliant, majestic, indescribably magnificent—enveloping the city below with a halo of glory. The notes of a hundred bells quiver in the air; a soft wind is blowing from the distant mountains and playing about the luxuriant foliage, and these evergreen walks are filled with thousands of visitors, walking up and down. The crowd sways and surges; here are shining eyes in proud Roman faces; there, the brilliant blonde faces of lovely English women, and the rosy complexions of the Germans. Bright, gleaming dresses, elegant equipages; among others, the scarlet liveries of the queen. There, long trains of young priests in their green, blue, and red robes.

Now the music begins, and mingles with the sound of the bells and the plashing of the silver waterfalls, with the chatter and laughter of the throng, who are talking in all the languages of the civilized world; and opposite, rising sharply against the yellow evening sky, the solemn pine woods of the Villa Borghese.

In one of the lonely middle paths, an old gentleman in a light spring suit, with a black band on his arm, was walking; by his side a slender, youthful figure in a simple walking costume, but in deep mourning. The delicate tint of health rested on her cheek, and though the manner in which she was gazing at the magnificence of the spring sunset was not exactly gay, there was in the glance of the liquid eyes a quiet, intense joy in the beauty around her.

"Uncle, how hard it will be to go away," she was just saying.

"Yes, Lorchen, that may well be; but we shall come again."

She laughed out gayly. "Oh, uncle, I? You have always called me poverella!"

"H'm! Lora, shall I try to get something for you out of that ci-devant husband of yours?"

She looked at him with a smile. "Yes, you are just the sort of man to get it out of him, and I am the sort of person to take it."

"You are right, Lorchen."

"As always, uncle," she said gayly; "and now, please don't say any more about it. Only look, how wonderful! I assure you, uncle, it is good for the health to look at such a sight every day." And she pointed to the picture spread out before them—Rome in the golden light of the sunset.

She took his arm and they walked on in silence. Now and then he cast a proud glance at her, when admiring eyes rested on his beautiful companion.

They sauntered comfortably along, past the French academy, down to the Piazza del Popolo, and along the Corso. Lora was in a waking dream, in which her good old uncle gave place in her thoughts to another, who was dearer to her than any one in the world.

That would be happiness indeed, to float through this charmed atmosphere with him, to let herself be taught by him, to admire and enjoy everything alone with him in this wonderful land, where not a soul knew them.

She started violently when the general said, "I wonder if we shall find any letters?"

As he spoke he pinched the ear of a saucy little, dark-eyed creature, who had been following them offering violets to sell, and at last had put a bunch into his coat-pocket, and was now, clamorously demanding payment for it.

"Heathenish set," he scolded, as he put two soldi into the child's basket, and offered the violets to Lora.

"I wonder whether there will be any letters?" he repeated.

"I hope so, uncle; I am sure I hope so. I have not heard from mamma for a week, and I am always anxious lest she should be ill."

"It wouldn't be strange if she were. But you must not fret about it, child. Besides, that monkey, Katie, has got to pass her examination at this time. If she gets through all right, I will give her something. Would you like to drive home, Lora. It is a good way home yet, and I am sure your little feet are as tired as my big ones."

He beckoned to a fiacre, and they drove home through the crowded street.

In the little sitting-room, proudly called a salotto, Gemma, the dark-eyed, but by no means beautiful daughter of the house, had lighted a fire, to keep off the evening chill. On the covered table a lamp was burning, and the flame was lighted under the tea-kettle. Lora took off her hat and jacket, and the general took the paper he had bought on his way home out of his pocket, and seating himself comfortably on the sofa, he said:

"Do you know, Lora, that I never will go travelling again without you? By Jove, this is cosey. A German tea-table in the heart of Rome."

She looked pleasantly at him, sat down opposite him, and making a delicious salad, smiled gayly:

"If you like it, I am quite ready."

"Yes; you would soon be declining with thanks," he laughed. "No, no promises, Lora, or you would be breaking your word."

The smile lingered on her face. She felt so free to-day, as light as a bird escaped from its cage; like a flour when it feels the first sunshine, after a long period of rain; as only a young heart can feel when flattered by delicious hope, after a time of heavy sorrow.

When the general had gone to his room, after tea, she stepped out upon the tiny balcony, which hung, like a swallow's nest, over the little court. And involuntarily the sweet dreams came back, as she listened to the plashing of the fountain below. Far, far away from Rome, in her distant home, her thoughts were busy; she could see it so plainly, the house with the clear gable window. And he would pardon her, he would be sure to, when she told him what had separated them before. She was certain of it, perfectly certain. He could not forget her any more than she could forget him, for their love was too true, too real. Ah, happy future, what will you bring?

Gemma's soft voice called her back to the present. She was excusing herself, she had quite forgotten, she said, that a letter had come for the signora; here it was, and she also wished to know if the signora would wish to go to bed at once. She, Gemma, wished to know, for she wanted to go to the theatre—she had had a ticket given her by the Signor Inglese on the first floor—and "if the signora does not wish for anything more this evening——"

"Oh, to be sure; you can go," replied Lora pleasantly, going toward the lamp with the letter.

The girl quickly cleared the table, giving stolen glances at the lovely face of the fair woman who held the letter thoughtfully in her hand, and thought it must be from the distant sposo. It was a pity that they were going away so soon, the old eccellenza, they were such quiet lodgers, giving so little trouble—not half so troublesome as the English, downstairs. She left the room with a pleasant felice-notte.

Lora shut the door behind her, then came back to the table, nestled down in the sofa, and opened her letter.

All at once she turned deathly pale, and sat bolt upright. She sat motionless for awhile, her eyes fixed on vacancy, her hands pressed tightly together on her lap.

The letter lay on the table; it contained only a few hurried lines.

Lora's face twitched convulsively. A smile still lingered about her mouth, but in terrible contrast were the livid lips, and the eyes, which seemed absolutely sunken for the moment. She got up at length, slowly and heavily, like an old woman, crept to her room, and shut the door behind her. The lamp in the deserted room flickered in the cool night wind, which streamed in from the balcony. It blew off the table-cover, and swept down the letter, which had brought the news of Katie's engagement. It fluttered across to the door, behind which Lora had disappeared, as if it would penetrate even here with its message.

It was still as death; only once there sounded something like a cry of pain from the next room.

"Good heavens, child, how you look!" cried the general the next day, as he entered the salatio, at the usual hour.

She looked beyond him as she gave him her hand, and asked how he had slept.

"That would—if you should get the fever! For Heaven's sake—Gemma shall go for the doctor——"

"Thank you, uncle, but I am quite well."

"Nay, nay," muttered the old gentleman suspiciously; "don't try to make yourself out stronger than you are, and, I beg of you, don't go home sick."

"Before that I shall be quite well, uncle."

"Yes, my dear; but we can go very soon, now." The old general smiled slyly, and took a letter out of his pocket. "Look! That I found, last night, on the table by my bed. It 's the act of divorce. You are free, Lorchen."

She nodded slightly.

"I am glad, uncle," she said wearily. "I thank you very much; you have taken so much trouble for me."

What should she do with her freedom?

The general turned red. He was vexed at this indifference. Yesterday she could hardly wait for the document to come which should release her from the bonds of her hated marriage.

"Then we will go away at once," he grumbled. "I have stayed here longer than I intended. We will go Saturday, and then I shall be in Berlin in a week, so I can go to the first bowling-match at my club."

Lora poured out the tea.

"Just as you like, uncle; we shall go then."

"If I only knew what is the matter with you, Lora?"

"With me?" She laughed shortly and threw back her head. "What is the matter with me? Where shall we go to-day, uncle?"

"We will go to the Palatine again and to the Coliseum, if you like."

"Oh, certainly."

She drank her tea in little sips, and crumbled up her bread with her fingers.

"But aren't you glad in the least because the confounded thing is over?" he asked at length.

"Oh, immensely, uncle; and I was going to tell you," she continued, rising and opening the balcony door, "Katie is engaged."

The old general stared at her with his mouth open. "That little saint! By Jove, who to?" he stammered at length.

Lora arranged the cheap curtains before the door, which were pulled aside. "His name is Doctor Schonberg; he is a teacher in the Academy at Westenberg," was the reply.

"What sort of a fellow is he? Do you know him?"

"Yes; he—he is like all the rest, uncle."

"H'm!"

She turned away; she looked almost as badly as she had done the day before the news came.

"At least," said the general, who was busily stirring his tea, "I hope he has some fortune."

"No," said Lora.

"It seems to be a Tollen peculiarity to plunge headlong into marriage without regard to the consequences, grumbled the general. "They never shut the stable-door till after the horse is stolen, and then it is too late."

She had never heard her uncle speak so crossly. She felt that the reproach was intended for her, for whom he had taken so much trouble, but she did not care to-day; everything was so indifferent to her. She got ready to go out, and then walked with him through the crowded streets, flooded with the morning light.

They entered at length the huge amphitheatre of the Coliseum. They had not spoken a word on the way. Here they separated; the old gentleman, accompanied by a guide, went up the steps, to get the view from this height.

Lora walked along the arena, on the sunny side, with drooping head, and as one of the great blocks of stone that lay scattered about offered a convenient seat, she sat down and looked at the old wall before her. No one was here at this early hour, and the stillness was impressive. Only a flock of screaming birds were flying over her head, in the deep blue sky, and before her were the rows of seats, from which, formerly, a hundred thousand men had looked upon the games below. Here, for the amusement of these hundred thousand, numberless men and animals had been salin in a horrible manner. She experienced, even, to-day, a great horror of this past, and she felt so small, so exceedingly small, in this world, not greater than a grain of dust whirled about by the wind. What was her small grief, her poor, little, feeble destiny? Some such thing happens to every one at times, perhaps even worse. She would live out her life, and she would be swept away, as millions before her had been, in the stream of time. And she would live! How? Well, that was her affair.

She lifted her head proudly.

She felt a wonderful courage, as if she had drunk strong wine which had excited her nerves, and yet had made her ill. She felt bold to face the future, and yet trembled before the horrible desert which this future appeared to her.

'Avanti!" she said aloud, as she got up.

The general, who looked like a mere dot above her, waved his handkerchief. She returned the greeting, and walked slowly toward the entrance, to wait for him.

"Avanti!" he also said, as he came up to her, evidently in better humor, and offered her his arm.

"I can walk alone," she replied. "I must get accustomed to that, uncle," and her voice sounded hard.

As she was packing her trunk the next morning, the general came in with a letter.

"It seems to be epidemic with you," he said, laying a paper of bonbons down before Lora; "here is Rudolph's announcement of his engagement; haven't you heard?"

"Yes," she replied, pointing to an unopened letter, "from mamma."

"You have not read it yet?"

"No, uncle."

"And what do you say to the news? Your mother is in luck for once, eh? Of course she has money, this Malkat or Katz, or whatever the future Frau von Tollen may be called?"

Lora nodded. "It is to be hoped so."

"Then you will soon be alone together, you and your mother, Lorchen?"

"Yes," she replied huskily.

"Won't you read your letter, child?"

"By and by, uncle. You see I want to finish packing first."

"I say, Lorchen, you don't take offence at the stupid thing I said yesterday, that you all got married at haphazard? I did not mean anything by it. I only thought Katie—don't be offended, child—was not very well suited to be the wife of a teacher—you understand? The girl seems to me so wild, so—so—well, in a word, I can better fancy her on horseback than in the kitchen or the nursery. If it had been you, Lora, now, I could——"

She looked at him with an expression like that of a wounded deer.

He stopped in dismay and took her head in both his hands.

"I did not mean to offend you, really, my dear child. It is all right, I suppose. Better a good husband than for the madcap to go out as a governess. Oh, it will all come out right in the end, eh?"

And he stroked her pale face.

She nodded pleasantly and continued her packing; then she took her mother's letter and went to her room with it, and she stayed there a long time. In the meantime the general went to sleep. He did not wake up till Gemma came to set the table; then Lora also came back.

"What did your mother write?" he asked.

She flushed deeply.

"Mamma sends her love," she said, but the truth was she had not yet found courage to read the letter.

(To be Continued.)

WISDOM OF THE SEER.

Young Lady—"Will the young man I am engaged to make a good husband?"

Fortune Teller—"It's up to you to make a good husband of him. All bad husbands are self made."

Don't tell a man you are as good as he is; show him that you are better.

The Farm

SHEEP PAY BIG PROFIT.

A correspondent says:—A well-fed flock of sheep is the most profitable property a farmer can own. It is sometimes said that the dairy cow is this. If that be true why is it that the number of sheep has increased over 3,000,000 in Great Britain in the last few years, until now there are over 300 sheep to every square mile? Sheep raising is looked upon by many as a primitive industry suited only to poor lands and undeveloped agriculture. If sheep were suited only to rough and waste lands, why is it that in Great Britain the tenant looks upon his sheep as the surest rent-payer on land that is worth from $300 to $500 per acre.

We have always advocated that any farmer can keep a small flock with satisfactory success. Failures in the keeping of sheep invariably happen in having too large a flock to begin with, for if one is able to keep successfully a small flock, which any person with good judgment may do, there is no reason that he can keep a thousand with the same success, for in all arts appertaining to agriculture there is no branch so difficult to become proficient in as the shepherd's art. This does not apply to sheep alone. Let any man overstock the capacity of his farm with hogs or cattle, and disaster is sure to follow.

In my thirty years of experience in the sheep business I have always found that my sheep have always made me more profit for the feed consumed and the stock. I have made 150 per cent. profit on grade ewes raising early lambs for the Easter market.

Sheep, in fact, turn into money in various ways: First is the meat, whether from hot-house lambs, rib wethers or fat ewes that have raised several lots of lambs; then there is the wool, which is commanding a good price and which is harvested in the spring of the year, so to speak, when the farmer has the least to sell from any other source. And last, but not least, is the constant improvement of the land, which sheep with the golden hoofs and rich manure never fail to bring to the tired and worn-out cultivated field. Sheep are the 100 per cent. profit animal, whether they be grazing on the Ozarks or on the rich and rolling fields of the prairie.

If you have never had any experience in the business, let me warn you to go easy and buy a few ewes and figure on improving in the future. One of the principles of success is to raise each year lambs that are better individuals than their mothers. Have your ideal. You know the ones that answer to the accepted type and your ideal. Study your flock. You know the ones that raise the best lambs and shear the heaviest fleece, you learn to discard the coarse head, the heavy ear, the long leg, the cloudy wool and dark skin.

Hold on to the ones that conform the nearest to your ideal, and the most essential and important part is good care. As someone has said: A wise shepherd feeds his lambs a month before he sees them and the foolish shepherd a month afterward.

I want to impress upon the minds of all that in my experience the one essential and most important thing to remember to make the sheep profitable is care. Care will make constitution, care will ward off disease, care will make size, care will save feed, care will make fat, and fat makes more and better wool. Care will convince any man that the sheep is the 100 per cent. profit animal.

HUMOR THE COW.

So far as possible the same person should milk the same lot of cows. No greater nonsense was ever promulgated than that all talking and whistling should be prohibited in the stable. The cow should be familiar with the voice of her attendant and she should never hear it in any other than kindly tones. She should be called by name and talked to individually when he has occasion to speak to her. Whistling and singing to a moderate degree are not objectionable in the stable.

H. B. Gurler says that the cows invariably fell off in yield under the care of a certain attendant. The man was kind and seemed to give the same care as the others. Still he could not keep up the flow of cows under his charge.

It was noticed that he rarely spoke in the stable, and still more rarely to the cows milked. His attention was called to the fact and he was asked to change his methods and familiarize the cows with the tones of his voice. He did so and the problem was solved. The cows had never become acquainted with him. Cows like to hear the voice of an attendant, especially when in a kindly manner he speaks their names.

Milking should be done quickly, kindly and cleanly. If a part of the flow is left in the udder each time the cow soon learns to secrete just that amount less, and there will be a corresponding falling off in the flow. The same sequence of milking should be followed each day, so that each cow will know when her turn comes. Attendants have probably noticed that when they sit down to milk one cow the udder of the next one will often begin to flow from the teat before they get to her. If she is not milked in order she will manifest her displeasure by her nervous actions indicating disappointment. The first few streams of milk from each teat should not be put in the pail. Bacteria gather in the end of the teats between milkings. These in the milk will increase with great rapidity, often seriously injuring its quality for butter and cheese. As soon as drawn the milk should be removed from the odors of the stable. There is nothing that will more readily absorb noxious odors than cooling milk.

The cow is a creature of habit. If regularly fed before milking she will when this order is changed be restless and often refuse to give down her milk. If silage at all defective be fed before milking the odor is likely to appear in the milk. Odors from food reach the milk in an incredible short space of time.

Two minutes will serve to take the odors of food to the udder and milk pail. If fed after milking, silage will not, unless very bad, taint the milk. Milking should be done at periods as near as 12 hours apart as practicable, and at the same time each day.

STARVATION IN ENGLAND.

Butcher Found Family Devouring Raw Carcass of Sheep.

A few weeks ago a butcher in Deptford, the old working-class district of Sunderland, England, killed a sheep, says the London Express. He threw part of the body on a trolley outside his yard, and when he went to look for it a few minutes after it was gone. He called in a policeman, who tracked the steps of the thief by means of the drops of blood dripping from the flesh. This track led him to a house in a poor street, and to a room on an upper floor. A smear of blood on a door pointed to the end of the trail. The policeman opened the door, but he made no arrest.

He saw there a man, a woman, and four children all eagerly eating the raw meat. They had been without food for days. The policeman gave the man half a crown, and the butcher, when he heard the story, made up a parcel of groceries for the family.

When interviewed, the mayor of the district said:

"There are to-day not far short of 50,000 persons in distress in this borough and parliamentary division. There are about 8,000 men out of work. For every man out we must allow three dependents—wives and children. In one works alone in my own district 4,300 men were employed six months ago; to-day the same works has less than 500 men.

"It requires system to discover some of the cases. For instance, yesterday morning I was at a children's breakfast at Deptford. A mother carried two of her children there. She carried them because she had no clothes for walking. These children had been kept from school by lack of clothes. We have to be careful not to miss such cases."

WHERE CIDER OUTRANKS BEER.

Wine, Too, in Large Regions of Germany, France, Spain and England.

A German enthusiast has been making a study of the history and present status of cider, and he comes to the conclusion that it and not beer is the original popular beverage of those parts of Europe where wine is not naturally cheaper.

He considers that while it was probably of Gothic origin and still has its strongholds in Celtic regions, its use in Germany goes back into the night of time. In South Germany beer has pretty well superseded cider in Bavaria. In Baden wine is cheap and plentiful and cider is neglected, but in Wurtemburg it is made and used in great quantities.

In north Germany there are three great cider regions, the Sachsenhausen or Frankfort, the Taunus Mountain district in Prussia and the middle Rhine. The Frankfort cider is a strong brand. It contains 6 per cent. of pure alcohol.

The left bank of the Rhine in the neighborhood of Aix-la-Chapelle and Treves is the classic land of cider. The superior brand is called vietz, and this shares with the Taunus brand the reputation of being the best cider in the world. In both the speierling or sorb apple or service apple, a small sweet fruit peculiar to Europe, is used.

The juice contains considerable tannin besides being rich in sugar and flavoring essences. The juice clarifies beautifully, after fermentation and the perfected drink is delicious in flavor and of healthful quality. It is an admirable fruit wine.

WHERE SIGNS ARE TAXED.

Rio de Janeiro Places a Revenue Stamp Upon Them.

There are several notable cases in which taxes have been placed on out-of-the-way commodities, and boards, windows, and chimneys have all suffered in this respect at one time or another. The latest example, however, comes from Rio de Janeiro, where every innkeeper or cafe proprietor is compelled by law to place a revenue-stamp upon his sign.

If a cafe having a special "sorvete," or ice, to serve, makes a placard and hangs it to a door-post, or to one of the palm-trees in tubs which are generally to be found adorning the exteriors of such establishments, this notice must have a revenue-stamp attached. So, too, it is with announcements that "This House is To Let," and with boardings temporary or otherwise—upon which advertisements are placed. Herein this tax bears a resemblance to that in Belgium, under which each separate advertisement adds another mite to the coffers of the country.

MAKE THIS YOURSELF

GIVES RECIPE FOR SIMPLE HOME-MADE KIDNEY CURE.

Inexpensive Mixture of Vegetable Ingredients Said to Overcome Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

Here is a simple home-made mixture as given by an eminent authority on Kidney diseases, who makes the statement in a Toronto daily newspaper, that it will relieve almost any case of Kidney trouble, if taken before the stage of Bright's disease. He states that such symptoms as lame back, pain in the side, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night; painful and discolored urination, are readily overcome. Here is the recipe; try it:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Take a teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

A well-known physician is authority that these ingredients are all harmless and easily mixed at home by shaking well in a bottle. This mixture has a peculiar healing and soothing effect upon the entire Kidney and Urinary structure, and often overcomes the worst forms of Rheumatism in just a little while. This mixture is said to remove all blood disorders and cure the Rheumatism by forcing the Kidneys to filter and strain from the blood and system all uric acid and foul, decomposed waste matter, which cause these afflictions. Try it if you aren't well. Save the prescription.

ROMANCE OF A FORTUNE.

A London's Ex-Waiter's Bequest of $98,000 to His Bookkeeper.

After the death of Mr. Oscar Philippe, who began life as a waiter at the Cavour Restaurant in Leicester square, London, and some years later purchased the place out of his "tips," there was considerable speculation as to the disposal of his fortune. The secret is now out, for the will has been proved. It is a very brief document, as there is one legatee only. This is Miss Julia Edmonds (now Mrs. George Dale) the testator's bookkeeper at the Cavour, to whom the whole estate, valued for probate at £98,873, is bequeathed.

It is forty-five years since Mr. Philippe came to London from the Mid district of France in search of work. He found it at the Cavour. That was his first and last engagement. It was a shabby little restaurant in those days, but its frequenters were liberal in their "ups" and it was not long before the genial French waiter became sole proprietor. Soon the house became famous for its two-shilling dinners (wine excluded), and Philippe began to amass a fortune. How much he made no one can say, for although a single man and of most frugal habits he gave very largely to charity.

Some time ago he was offered £120,000 for the freehold of the Leicester-square restaurant, but the offer met with a courteous but firm refusal. The ex-waiter prized the Cavour above everything, and would not have parted with it for double the price offered.

It was a rendezvous of the theatrical profession, and Philippe numbered among his regular patrons Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Arthur Collins, Mr. George Edwardes, Mr. Oscar Asche, Mr. Frank Curzon and Mr. Gerald Du Maurier.

BALL DRESS OF STAMPS.

At a ball in Bermuda a wonderful dress was worn, and in the making of it over 30,000 stamps were used, says the London Daily Mail. Years were spent in collecting the stamps and three weeks in the making of the dress, which was of the finest muslin. The woman called upon her friends to help her, and the dress was covered with the stamps of all nations. They were not put on anyhow, but in elaborate design. On the front of the bodice was an eagle made entirely of brown Columbian stamps. Suspended from the bird's talons was a globe made of very old blue revenue stamps. On each side of the globe was an American flag, having stripes of red and blue stamps. On the back of the bodice was a collection of foreign stamps in the form of a shield, in the centre of which was a portrait cut from old revenue stamps. A picture hat covered with red and blue stamps was worn with the dress.

It is far better for a man to be called down by his wife than to be shown up by his neighbor.



Most people know that if they have been sick they need *Scott's Emulsion* to bring back health and strength.

But the strongest point about *Scott's Emulsion* is that you don't have to be sick to get results from it.

It keeps up the athlete's strength, puts fat on thin people, makes a fretful baby happy, brings color to a pale girl's cheeks, and prevents coughs, colds and consumption.

Food in concentrated form for sick and well, young and old, rich and poor.

And it contains no drugs and no alcohol.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Occasional despatches from Russia have given a partial idea of the activity of the revolutionists. A better idea of their activity during the last two years can be had from a statement which shows how energetically the government has been making war on them. The figures are given by the Paris organ of the revolutionary socialists.

Between Oct. 30, 1905, and Oct. 30 of this year 18,271 real or suspected revolutionists were brought to trial. Of these 2,717 were sentenced to death by courts martial and 1,780 of them were executed. Fifteen thousand five hundred and fifty-seven were ordered imprisoned for varying terms. Some were condemned to hard labor and others merely locked up. Of the 18,271, 7,186 were punished for taking part in "movements of the masses" in the cities, 4,143 for being concerned in agrarian outbreaks, 3,020 for having been actively connected with a socialist or revolutionary organization, 1,911 for action against the civil or military authorities, and 1,652 for armed attacks on the property of the state or of individuals. Nine hundred and seventy-eight newspapers and reviews were suppressed and 1,114 journalists were prosecuted.

There is nothing to show that there is any relaxation of activity on the part of the revolutionists or the government since October. From time to time the despatches chronicle the throwing of bombs, the plundering of country houses, and the arrest and trial of men accused of revolutionary acts. There is no peace in Russia.

THE DEADLY HOUSE FLY.

The Worst-Known Disseminator of Disease Germs.

The common house fly is one of the greatest enemies of man. He is one of the worst disseminators of disease known. In spreading evil he so far surpasses the mosquito as to render the needle-ebaked insect a negligible quantity by comparison. He thrives where the mosquito would die of inanition. He is omnipresent, and the amount of danger that he can spread over a city absolutely staggers the imagination. With one kick of a hind leg for instance, he can distribute among men, women and children one hundred thousand disease-laden germs.

Medical men have long known that typhoid and other intestinal diseases are due to a germ which arises from fecal matter, but they have been at a loss to know how these germs have been disseminated. New York health officials claim to have solved the puzzle. They have traced the crime home to the house fly, have caught him with the goods on.

This is how the fly was unmasked: Under the direction of Dr. Daniel D Jackson, fly-traps were placed last summer on piers, under piers one block from the river and so on, around the water-front in the various boroughs. Inspectors were detailed to gather the captive flies, which were taken to the laboratory, and daily records made of their numbers and the material on the body, mouth and legs of the insects examined. To prove by experiment, captured flies were thoroughly cleaned and then allowed to walk over infected material. They were again examined and the material which they carried was analyzed. In one instance, a fly captured on South street this summer was found to be carrying 100,000 fecal bacteria, showing the affinity to dangerous germs of this active medium of dissemination.

Dr. Jackson, who made most of the experiments, declares solemnly that the flies are responsible for 5,000 of the 7,000 deaths annually in New York from typhoid and other intestinal diseases.

EX-CONVICT GETS A FORTUNE.

First Act One of Kindness to Former Fellow Prisoners.

After having spent half his life in prison or under police supervision, a man of the name of Pasquale, 49 years old, has become through the death of an aunt the owner of a great fortune and the proprietor of villas at Como and Gravedona, Italy.

His last sentence was in 1906, when he was condemned for four years. While he was working in the prison colony on the island of Lampedusa news came of the death of his aunt. On being released Pasquale married a widow with one son. He passed the first days of his liberty luxuriously at Como, but soon became homesick for Lampedusa, where he returned and completed his honeymoon within sight of his former prison.

His first action on receiving the money from his aunt's will was to send to Lampedusa a great clock which chimed the hours. He says the prisoners sometimes found that the dark unbroken silence of the nights, which were almost unbearable, would have been greatly relieved if they could only know how many hours were yet to be passed before daylight.

DREAM WORTH $20,000.

French Commercial Traveler Finds Fortune in Curious Way.

A commercial traveler, named Cholet of Paris, France, has won $20,000 under curious circumstances.

He sold a Ville de Paris lottery bond in January last, and the other night his wife dreamed that the bond had been drawn for $20,000.

M. Cholet, who knew the numbers, went to his bankers and found that the number had been drawn with a $20,000 prize a few weeks before he sold the bond. He is, therefore, entitled to the money.

REACHED THE SUMMIT

SPLENDID ACHIEVEMENT BY CLIMBERS N HIMALAYS.

Planted a Small Flag on the Highest Point — Novel Description By Explorer.

Dr. Tom G. Longstaff, who has just returned to England on the conclusion of an interesting expedition in the Himalayas, has been interviewed. The chief feature of this journey, which lasted six months, was the ascent of Trisul (23,406 feet), this being the first occasion on which this mountain has been attempted. Dr. Longstaff said:

"The expedition consisted of Major the Hon. C. G. Bruce (Fifth Ghurka Rifles), A. L. Mumm (late secretary of the Alpine Club) and myself. We had with us two Italian guides, one Swiss guide, a native officer of the Fifth Ghurkas and eight riflemen of the same regiment. Originally the object of our journey was to attempt the ascent of Mount Everest, from the Tibetan side; but for political reasons we found this to be impossible, the home Government having forbidden any travelers to cross the frontier. Our plans were subsequently changed, and we decided to go to the central Himalayas, to Garwhal, and from that point to attempt Trisul, which I had reconnoitered in 1905.

ON TO THE MOUNTAINS.

"We immediately started on our journey, marching through the foothills for a distance of 100 miles to the mouth of the Rishi Valley, the only possible route for reaching our objective, the giant mountain Trisul. We proceeded by the valley for four marches, which consisted of a series of steep ascents and descents across the various ravines. Camping at 11,600 feet, on the edge of the tree line, we sent our coolies back to their villages, there being no food whatever for them in the valley. After this we had to carry our own loads and provisions.

"We now began the actual ascent of the mountains. After two marches along the Trisul glacier we started up the snow slopes of the mountain on June 7, and that evening reached a height of 20,000 feet. Our tents were placed on an absolute desert of snow. Here we had to spend two nights, the wind and snow preventing any attempt on the peak. We remained huddled up in our tents. It was impossible to stay outside, and equally impossible to melt snow for drinking purposes. The wind also was so high that the stoves would not work, and, of course, we could not light them in our tents, which were only 3 feet 6 inches high.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

"During this period I had by far the worst experience in my foreign travels. On the third day, there being no sign of improvement, we were forced to descend to the foot of the mountain, and again camped at 11,600 feet. Owing to the hardships and bad food, Mr. Mumm became seriously indisposed and, greatly to my disappointment, was unable to join me in a further attempt to reach the summit.

"At 6.30 on the morning of June 11, with two Italian guides, Subadar Karbir and myself left the camp and marched rapidly along our old track, camping the same afternoon on the snowfields of Trisul, this time at a height of 17,450 feet, for I had decided that our best chance of reaching the summit was to endeavor to rush the ascent from a comparatively low camp. On the following morning we tried to leave at 4 o'clock, but the intense cold drove us back to our sleeping-bags.

"We started at 5.30 a.m., and five hours later reached our highest camp of 20,000 feet in the height of a cold westerly gale. As dangerous crevasses, half covered with snow and ice, were ahead, we roped ourselves together, and at noon reached 21,000 feet. At this time I felt the cold more severely than ever. The slopes, too, were very steep, and at times I was rendered almost breathless. My companions, however, showed no ill effects from the altitude. Our beards and moustaches were masses of ice. We were now following the narrow north-northeast ridge of Trisul, which leads straight to the summit, and gradually as we approached the top all the neighboring mountains except Nanda Devi sank beneath us.

FFTEEN MINUTES ON THE SUMMIT.

"The magnificent southern cliffs of this mountain were almost bare of snow, owing to the steepness. At 4 p.m., after ten hours' continuous climbing, we reached the summit; but ahead was the overhanging cornice, and until I looked over this I could not be satisfied that we had actually attained the highest peak of the mountain. The cold was so bitter that we found it only possible to remain for fifteen minutes.

"The view from this point was to me quite indescribable. It seemed like looking into infinity. On the south, thousands of feet beneath, were the forest-clad foothills of Kumaon. Here a remarkable effect was produced by great masses of copper-colored haze due to a dust storm which was blowing from the plains. To the west the view was one of extraordinary vastness, as the horizon extended over the whole of the lower Garwhal and the snow peaks beyond. To the north lay the Tibetan frontier, obscured by rolling masses of black cloud. To the east were the frowning cliffs of Nanda Devi, and its untrodden glaciers.

PLANT A FLAG.

"Having planted a small flag, made out of a piece of the tent, we hurriedly commenced the descent. This began at 4.30, but I was so done up that I remember very little of what immediately followed. As darkness was fast closing in we pushed on with all speed, and at 7.30 reached camp. The weather, however, was still so bad that, tired as we all were, we had to move our tents 700 feet farther down the mountain in order to find a little shelter. The next day we rejoined Mr. Mumm and Major Bruce, who had come in at the foot of the mountains."

ASKED GERMAN AID.

Blow Struck at British Prestige in East Africa.

A severe blow has been struck at British prestige among the native tribes of East Africa by an alarming incident concerning which absolute reliance may be placed on the following facts:

Some time ago soldiers forming the bodyguard of the Sultan of Zanzibar mutinied, and for several days the Sultan was in serious danger. He was menaced with death, or at least dethronement.

The Sultan, Ali Ben Hamud, in this predicament, appealed to the British Consulate General for assistance. This appeal was natural and legitimate, since Zanzibar is not entirely an independent monarchy, but a British protectorate. The Sultan had, therefore, distinct right to claim British aid in the hour of need.

The British Consul General was absent, and the Vice-Consul in charge was obliged to inform the Sultan that there was no British warship within hundreds of miles, so that the prompt assistance required was impossible. But, recognizing the urgency of the case, the Vice-Consul telegraphed to the captain of the German cruiser Buzzard, then lying at Dar-es-Salaam, the capital of German East Africa, asking him to hasten to East Zanzibar to quell the palace disturbance.

The captain of the Buzzard hesitated to intervene in a British protectorate on his own responsibility, and cabled to Berlin for orders. The German Admiralty referred the matter to the Emperor, who immediately ordered that any assistance required by the British authorities at Zanzibar should be given with the least possible delay.

Thereupon the Buzzard proceeded, full speed, to Zanzibar, to restore order. The captain of the Buzzard had orders from Berlin to land a force, if necessary, and garrison the palace by German bluejackets, so long as it seemed desirable.

It appears, however, that matters did not reach this pitch, but the mutineers were partly overpowered and partly persuaded to return to duty by their English and other European officers. The Sultan's troops are commanded by a British officer, Brigadier-General Raikes.

Subsequently the British Government sent a cordial message of thanks to the German Government for its friendly action at Zanzibar.

The incident made a deep impression not only on the natives of Zanzibar, but also all along the coast and far into the interior. It is hardly possible to explain how much of prestige Britain suffered in the estimation of the natives by an incident such as this.

FRANCE IS STILL JEALOUS.

Occupation of Egypt by the British Still Rankles.

Every now and again an incident occurs to show that the jealousy caused by the English occupation of Egypt has not entirely abated in France. The recent resignation of the French director of the Khedival law school at Cairo and the appointment of an Englishman in his place caused a little scene in the Chamber of Deputies the other day. M. Benazet charged England with systematically opposing the teaching of French law in Egypt. M. Pichon, the French minister of foreign affairs, in his official reply said: "It is true that M. Lambert left his post without our diplomatic agent in Cairo having been informed. Our representative was, therefore, unable to put forward the satisfactory reason why the Khedival school should be maintained under the charge of a Frenchman.

"We have not failed to express to the British Government our desire to see that great power, to which we are united by a close and cordial entente, show consideration for the interests of France in Egypt, particularly as regards education. We have taken an important part in the work of education in Egypt, more especially in regard to law. Egyptian legislation is inspired by our own, and it is impossible that the British Government should not find in the fact of its friendship for us adequate motives for the recognition of this situation."

HIRED OUT TO FAINT.

Professional Swooner Lost Her Job, Fainted at Wrong Time.

Hard put to it to dress properly on her husband's salary the wife of an assistant stage manager in Paris hit upon an ingenious scheme.

In the small theatres in that city, plays in which horrors, murders and suicides predominate are the favorites, and for ladies to faint during the performance is to the managers the surest sign of success. The assistant stage manager's wife saw her opportunity and hired herself out to faint in theatres at the proper moment. Spectators would go home saying the play was so blood-curdling that a lady was overcome and had to be carried out. Such an advertisement is enough to fill a house.

The professional swooner began her engagement at a theatre which plays a sandwich bill of horrors and farces. The first horror left her cold, and the second slice of terror was swallowed, and still she did not faint. "If she does not hurry up she will not get her fee," thought the manager. Next was played a farce. The lady had hardly heard the third joke before she swooned dead away. The doctor was called in, and the lady was doing the thing so well that she had to be born out stark and stiff to a vestibule, where the manager was foaming.

"You fainted in the wrong place!" he roared. She came to at once.

"I thought I had to faint at 9.40 o'clock," she pleaded.

"Never mind about the time," she answered in a frenzy. "You should have fainted during the horrors, of course. What are you good for?" Her engagement was thereupon cancelled.

CHARACTER IN THE EYES

TOLD BY THE WAY THEY ARE SET IN THE SOCKETS.

What Causes the Color of the Eyes—There Is No Such Thing as Black Eyes.

To be able to read a person's character at first sight is, indeed, very important. And, when we consider that by merely committing a few rules to memory we may possess the knowledge of a useful art, no one need be excused. From the eyes alone one can read the character of a person.

The position of the eyes as regards the brain will enable you to estimate the individual's intellectual capacities — namely, by the manner in which they are set in their sockets.

There is more shrewdness and keenness of observation with deep-set eyes than with prominent ones. Whatever we perceive is conveyed to the brain by means of the optic nerve; thus the deeper the eyes are set in the head, the closer their proximity to the brain. The nerve being shorter accounts for a quicker transmission of sensation and sight.

A projecting eye more readily receives impressions from surrounding objects; it indicates ready and universal observation, but a lack of close scrutiny and perception of individual things.

PEOPLE WITH DEEP-SET EYES

receive more definite and accurate impressions, but they are less readily impressed and less discursive in their views. Round-eyed persons see much and live much in the senses, but think less.

Narrow-eyed persons see less, but think more and feel more intensely.

The larger the pupil of the eye, the clearer the intellect and the quicker the powers of comprehension.

People who show the whites above and below the pupil are generally very restless and half simple. You will never find this kind of eye in clever or sensible people; it is generally known as the stupid eye.

The color of the eyes is caused by fluids of various tints or shades, the darker the more condensed in quality; consequently dark eyes indicate power, and light ones delicacy. There is no such thing as black eyes, although they are often mentioned in

WRITING AND SPEAKING.

The darkness is caused simply by a condensation of the pigment or colored matter, which, if dissolved in spirit or acid, would be of the palest tint of yellow. There are many characteristics attributed to the color of the eyes, but there is no anatomical basis for them. There is certainly more passion and intensity in dark eyes, whereas grey and light blue are calculating, cool, and more precise. Hazel eyes are said to be indicative of intellect, agreeableness, fickleness, love, and hastiness of temper.

Prominence or fullness under the eyes indicates large language; and persons with prominent eyes have a great command of words, being ready speakers and writers.

The organ of language, or eloquence, as it ought more properly to be called, lies in the brain behind the ball of the eye at the top; and when large it pushes the eye outward and downward, causing prominence or anterior projection.

Eyes that are much employed in the keen examination of objects are bright and glistening, whereas the eyes of the scientific and literary, being almost purely intellectual and not requiring much ocular discernment are somewhat dull.

ROLLING OF THE EYEBALLS

indicates unsteadiness of character; the pupil should hold a steady central position and not move about from right to left and up and down. Honest people with good intent always look up and straight before them.

Cheerfulness brightens the eyes, and anxiety and worry bedim them. Pleasant emotions enlarge the eyeball as well as the pupil. That is why eyes appear larger in youth than in old age. When hope is small and the disposition becomes anxious and fretful, the eyes shrink, and elderly people's eyes are often very shrunken because they have lost hope at an early age.

BRIDAL PROCESSION WRECKED.

Wedding Party in Coach Overwhelmed in Waters of Flooded Garonne.

An extraordinary adventure happened recently to a wedding party near Agen, France, the home of President Fallières, says the London Daily Express.

The bride and bridegroom and 40 guests were driven from the church to a village six miles distant, where the wedding breakfast was to be held. On their way they were overtaken by the waters of the flooded Garonne, and their carriages were literally "shipwrecked."

The coachman who was driving the bridal carriage whipped up his horses and tried to get through the water, which was rolling across a field. A tree floating by killed one of the horses, and the other was drowned, but the carriage with the bride and bridegroom in it, floated.

The bridegroom jumped out of the carriage into the water, bidding his bride have courage, and swam for help. By this time all the guests, 10 of them in carts drawn by oxen, were more or less in danger of their lives. The bridegroom rescued his wife on the back of a horse, and after three hours' danger the entire party reached dry land, but there were 22 on one side of the rolling flood and 20 on the other, and the wedding breakfast was eventually held without the bride and bridegroom.

FIXED LOCATION.

"Say," queried the pedestrian, "is that clock right over there?"

"Well," replied the corner loafer, "it certainly ain't anywhere else."

TOO OFT

Too oft we find in this vain world
That, come high to the sordid pelf
The folks who dwell in marble halls
Have marble hearts themselves.

Beggar—"Kind lady, I was not always like this." Lady—"No; yesterday you had the other arm tied up!"

WITH THE LORD MAYOR

GOSSIP ABOUT SOME OF HIS GREAT BANQUETS.

In the Olden Days There Was Something Surprisingly Rough and Ready in the Hospitality.

If we are to believe the "State Poems" there was heartiness in bygone City hospitality which is lacking in these more dignified and decorous days, says London Tit-Bits. Those were the days when, we read, each guest "tucked his napkin under his chin," after carefully "picking up his sleeves to the elbows, so that they should not hang down and be greased in the sauce."

And how they enjoyed themselves, these long-gone City fathers, while the wine was going in and the wit was going out, with laughter that made the rafters ring and with many a mad prank! But the crown of the revelry came when the Lord Mayor's jester, or "fool," leaped, clothes and all, into an enormous bowl of custard, deluging the adjacent guests in a yellow shower.

These days have long fled, and guests and fool with them; but even in Pepys's time there was something surprisingly rough and ready in City hospitality. The genial diarist was a guest at Lord Mayor Bateman's banquet

ON OCTOBER 29th, 1663.

"I sat," he records, "at the merchant strangers' table, where ten good dishes to a messe, with plenty of wine of all sorts, of which I drank none; but it was very unpleasing that we had no napkins nor changes of trenchers and drunk out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes."

It is interesting to note that Pepys looked in vain for a pretty face among the ladies present that day. "After I had dined," he says, "I and Creed arose and went up and down the house and up to the ladies' room, and there stayed gazing upon them. But though there were many and fine, both young and old, yet I could not discern one handsome face there, which was very strange, I expected music," he adds, "but there was none; and, being wearied with looking at a company of ugly women I went away."

Times have changed since those days, and even the old courtly custom under which Mayor and Mayoress acted as waiters at their own banquet has vanished; though, even as late as George III.'s time we read that "the aldermen on the committee acted as waiters at the Royal table. The Lord Mayor stood behind the King

IN QUALITY OF CHIEF BUTLER,

while the Lady Mayoress waited on Her Majesty." The days, too, are gone when our Sovereigns used to grace the Lord Mayor's inaugural feast. Charles II. was a guest on no fewer than eight occasions; while James II., William and Mary, Anne, and the first three Georges were all guests at the Guildhall on one or another Lord Mayor's day.

In 1761 Sir Samuel Fludyer had the rare honor of entertaining, not only the King and Queen, but the rest of the Royal Family"; and the banquet was indeed worthy of the occasion. Excluding the dessert, there were placed on the table 414 dishes, hot and cold, while as for the wine, "champagne, burgundy, and other valuable wines were to be had everywhere, and nothing was so scarce as water." At the Royal table the first service consisted of "venison in the soup-tureen of every sort, viz. dorys, mullets, turbots, tench, soles, nine dishes"; and all the other courses were on an equally prodigal scale.

A still more sumptuous banquet was that to the Allied Sovereigns in 1814, when the principal guests were the Czar of Russia, the King of Prussia, the Bourbon Louis XVIII., and the Prince Regent. This historic dinner was served on plate valued at £200,000, and the entire entertainment

COST NO LESS THAN £25,000.

How strangely the cost of these civic banquets varies is illustrated by the fact that while the feast of which Pepys partook cost "seven or eight hundred pounds at most," one in 1727 to George II. and family cost £1,800, and the one we have mentioned, five times this sum.

Queen Victoria attended the Lord Mayor's banquet on the first 9th of November after her accession, and was also a guest at the Guildhall in the Exhibition year, when a splendid entertainment was given. The crypt was converted into an old baronial hall, with the historic Corporation plate displayed on an old oaken sideboard, rare tapestries covering the walls, and quaintest of all City policemen, clad in mediæval armor, brought from the Tower, grouped picturesquely round the stone columns.

Of foreign monarchs who have been the Lord Mayor's guests the name is almost legion—five Kings and about forty Queens and Royal princes and Princesses were present at the famous Jubilee banquet. But not one of them all was more interesting than the late King of Portugal, of whom this amusing story is told. At a City banquet Landseer, the famous animal painter, then in the height of his fame, was introduced to His Majesty, who greeted him with effusion. "Ah, Mr. Landseer!" he exclaimed, "I am so glad to make your acquaintance. I am so fond of beasts!"

EXPLANATORY.

Employer: "Are you addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors?"

Applicant: "No sor. I drink a glass of beer occasionally."

Employer: "How often is occasionally?"

Applicant: "Only when I am alone or with some one, sor."

CHANGED HIS OPINION.

Eva—"He used to say she was the most graceful girl in town. What changed his opinion?"

Katherine—"Why, he came upon her unexpectedly and she was eating corn from the ear."

Watch out for the man that brushes imaginary specks fr'm yer coat collar and tells y' how well yer lookin'. He probably wants to borrow a dollar.

NEW LIGHT ON HEREDITY

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES SOON TO BE ANNOUNCED.

Remarkable Results of the Study of Plants and Animals at Cambridge, England.

It is claimed for the School of Agricultural Science at Cambridge that it has accomplished greater marvels in recent years than the famous achievements of Burbank in California. A report will soon be issued which is expected to make a greater sensation in the world of science than any other recent discovery.

The line of investigation has been the study of what is known as Mendell's law of heredity, and its application is to be demonstrated not only in vegetable life but with regard to animals as well. The principle is best shown in a simple illustration.

It is found that if dwarf peas and tall peas are crossed the resulting crop the next year will all be tall peas. The second year's crop, however, will be in exact proportion one-quarter dwarf peas, three-quarters tall peas.

Of these tall peas just one-quarter will be pure tall and never again show signs of dwarfness. The remaining two-quarters will be impure, but again when crossed with their like will give pure talls, pure dwarf and mongrels in the proportion.

So we find in all grandchildren, so to speak, of pure talls that the proportion 1:2:1 has

A MYSTIC APPLICATION—

that is, one-quarter of these grandchildren will be exact or pure reproductions in some quality of their grandmother, one-quarter will be pure reproductions of their grandfather, and two-quarters, though resembling one grandparent, will have talent in them.

It is affirmed that all qualities transmissible by heredity in vegetable and animal life are governed by this law. As to regard to animals, the simplest and best known case in common experience is perhaps that of the blue Andalusian fowl.

If the pure black and speckled white varieties be mated together all the chickens will be blue Andalusians. But mate two of the blue Andalusians and it always happens that the chickens are of three sorts, some black, some speckled white, some of the composite color known as blue Andalusian; and the most inexplicable fact in this family picture of inherited qualities is that both the blacks and the whites and also half of the descendants of the blues in the next generation may be mated pure breeding, that is, in certain definite respects no trace of the cross will again appear in their progeny.

This issue, though it has a rather different appearance, is theoretically much the same as in the case of the peas, and proves the existence of a deep-rooted law that will revolutionize the science of

DEVELOPING VARIETIES.

Though the physical secret is unsure, in the course of this strange behavior in the fowls and the peas may be considered for practical purposes certain. After vast numbers of experiments, chiefly with plants, but also with poultry, mice, and other animals, a number of characteristics—such as the shape of the comb in fowls, certain colors in the pea, deafness in wheat, perhaps eye color in man—have been marked down as answering to fixed laws which we can control.

The Mendell law is of course by no means free from complications, and the experiments are still in their infancy. Still, the Cambridge biologists have turned out a wheat which combines the strength of the Manitoba hard grain with the yield of the softer English wheats. It is maintained that the value of the English wheat crop will be increased by this means to the extent of fully $2.50 an acre. This is only one of the practical features of the investigation which will shortly be announced.

The problem of the application of the Mendell law to the breeding of animals and human beings is much more complicated, but it is believed that important discoveries in the breeding of sheep, cattle, and perhaps horses, are already available.

WITH POLE AND TUB.

An Englishman's Attempt to Escape Flooded District.

Torrential rains have fallen in many parts of England during the past few week days, and serious floods are reported in counties so far apart as Lincolnshire and Monmouthshire, Lancashire and Warwickshire. Violent gales were also experienced.

In Monmouthshire, where many rivers overflowed, enormous tracts of low-lying land are deeply flooded. In some parts of the county a two-inch fall of rain in twenty-four hours was recorded. At Llanwern, near Newport, several residents had to retreat in attempting to reach the railway station by the ordinary roads. Mr. Edwards, who lives in the village, found nearly two feet of water not far from his house. Having no boat, he got into a domestic tub and tried to make his way to the station with the aid of a pole, but had to abandon the attempt. In some places the tops of the hedges were only just visible. A horse and van were washed away west of Newport.

Many miles of land in Somerset were under water. The Avon overflowed its banks between Bath and Bristol, and many meadows were submerged to a depth of several feet.

In Warwickshire many people have been temporarily thrown out of work through the flooding of factories and mills on the banks of rivers.

A whirlwind with rain and hail visited Lancashire. In one district a pony and trap were blown over into a ditch and badly damaged, and were damaged

Guest (who has ordered grouse)—"I say, waiter, I've been waiting an hour with my dinner, I bet." Innkeeper: "Yes sir, but he won't be long; he's just picking up the bits of potato."

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, JAN. 24, 1908.

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

THE ROYAL MINT.

Those Canadians who expected the Canadian branch of the Royal Mint would be a money maker would appear to be foredoomed to disappointment. The history of its inception and development is one of surprises. On Friday last, in committee of supplu, the Minister of Public Works stated that the building and plant will have cost by the end of March $454,000. A further sum of $25,000 is asked for by Hon. Mr. Pugsley in the main estimates, and he says he will place $30,000 more in the supplementary estimates, all to be spent in the year beginning April 1st next. This will bring the tatal cost of the Mint up to $509,000, while the charges for operation, maintenance and interest on investment will amount to $135,000 a year. These figures are in striking, even startling contrast to those given by Finance Minister Fielding to the House of Commons when announcing the undertaking. Mr. Fielding, to then induce Parliament to accept his project, stated that the cost of the building and machinery and building complete would not exceed $300,000 and the annual outlay including interest would be less than $74,000.

This is another typical case of how the Government which came into power pleaded to a policy of economy and retrenchment has failed to keep its promises and is rapidly adding to the uncontrollable expenditures of the Dominion. It is time for a change.

SOVEREIGN BANK.

The absorption of the Sovereign Bank has been effected with scarcely a ripple on the surface of the financial pool. The announcement was made on Saturday last that an association of certain of the Canadian banks had been formed and had taken over the business of the Sovereign Bank and would proceed to wind up its affairs. The public received the news with perfect calm; nowhere was there a run on any branch of the bank. Such is the confidence of the people in the soundness of the Canadian banking system and the security afforded to note holders and depositors that they retained their notes in their pockets and left their deposits in the bank. The liquidation will proceed apace and business will not be disturbed except in the case of borrowers from the bank who will be expected to arrange for the transfer of their accounts to other banks, which will be readily accomplished except in the case of those having insufficient securities.

QUEBEC MINERALS.

Writing of the mineral resources of the Dominion, The Canada Mining Journal says: "Quebec counts upon largely increased asbestos output for 1908. The selling price has gone up and the industry is in excellent shape. Chrome ore mining is giving encouraging results. Mica, ochre, copper and iron ore are the objects of less attention. But graphite is engaging capital and molybdenite may soon follow. Whilst the year 1907 has out shone 1906, it will in turn be eclipsed by the present year.

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

Hon. W. A. Weir Banqueted.

Both Parties Represented

In accordance with invitations extended some two weeks ago the electors of this county met in the Town Hall and tendered their honored representative the, Hon. W. A. Weir, a complimentary banquet. The gathering was non-political, and representatives of both parties were seated around the festive board.

The hall was made attractive by a varied display of flags. The "Swastika" orchestra played throughout the banquet which was presided over by Mayor Geo. Hay, while Mr. G. F. Calder officiated at the toast list which comprised the King, Our Guest, Our Country, Our County and the Ladies.

At the table of honor were seated Mr. McKenzie, M.L.A. of Richmond; W. F. Vilas, M.L.A. of Cowansville; W. H. Walker, M. L. A., of Huntingdon; M. J. Walsh, F. W. Hibbard, J. M. Ferguson, J. Blacklock, W. H. Rodger, J. G. Langlier, of Montreal, T. Christie, Jas. W. Raitt, T. Barron, C. McBurney, Rev. E. Thomas, Capt. Evans, J. E. Valois, G. J. Walker, J. R. McOuat, Dr. Quesnel and O. B. Lafleur.

An address from the electors of the county was then read by the secretary, Mr. James W. Raitt, together with a number of regrets from those unable to attend. In replying to the address Mr. Weir said he was pleased to see so many Conservatives present. It recalled to him how much he was indebted to the Conservatives of the county for having on three occasions elected him by acclamasion.

It was a mistake after all to take party divisions too seriously. For himself, he recognized that there must always be two types of men in politics and both could be truly patriotic. He could frankly say this, while having all faith in the ideals to which he belonged.

The speaker referred to events in the different elections in which he had tsken part. He was delighted to be able to bear witness to the splendid entente cordiale that had always existed between the French and English races in the country. He had no sympathy with those who talked of the

Mr. Weir also dealt with the questions of better schools, purity of elections, and the growth of national spirit.

The members for Richmond, Huntingdon and Cowansville together with Messrs. Ferguson, Hibbard, Vilas and Walker responded to the toast of Our Country, while Messrs. G. J. Walker, J. B. Bonhomme, J. E. Valois, L. L. Beaudry, W. Doig, P. R. McGibbon, G. E. Barnston, J. W. McOuat, Rev. E. Thomas, Chas. McBurney, Dr. Quesnel and others responded to the toast of Our County. The good things provided and the tasty manner in which the menu was carried out drew forth much favorable comment to the caterer, Mr. John Hope. A hearty vote of thanks to the committee, of which Mr. Jno. Campbell of Dalesville, was chairman, was then given for the grand success of the evening.

HORSES WANTED.

—:o:—

Any person having horses suitable for the Manitoba Market. Apply to GEO. HAY, Lachute.

Lachute Academy.

—:o:—

GRADE III ACADEMY.

ALGEBRA.

Class I,—Alice Arthur 85, Christina Drennan 77.

Class II,—Effie Cooke 67.

GRADE II. ACADEMY.

ALGEBRA.

HONORS,—Violet Joss 92, Daniel Bates 90.

Class I.—Robina Ewan 84, Willie Cameron 71.

Class II,—Margaret Hay :70, Ben Fraser 67

Class III,—Mamie Cottingham 56, A. McClintock 54, Myrtle Cameron 48.

GRADE I. ACADEMY.

LATIN.

Class II,—Alice McClure 69.

Class III,—Carrie Black 59, Hartley Thomas 55, Sadie Dawson 54, Naomi Ivall 49, Gertie Rodgers 47, Lillias Brown and Harold McOuat equal 41, Lowell Banford 40.

GRADE III. MODEL.

LATIN.

HONORS,—Elmer Giles 95, Violet Kennedy 93, Irene Riddell 92.

Class I,—Bessie Fraser 89, Greta Christie 87, Winnie Kyle and Ida Morrison equal 82, Janet McClure 79, Winnie Banford 75.

Class II,—Beulah Nicholls 74, E. Ivall 73, Walker McArthur 71.

Class III,—Edgar Wood 59, Harris Dawson and Charles Palliser equal 56, Carrie Bennett 50, Annie Hume 44, J. Slater 42.

GRADE II. MODEL.

CANADIAN HISTORY.

HONORS,—Harry Hammand 90.

Class I,—Lloyd Stevenson 88, Harry Joss 77, Jennie Forbes 75.

Class II,—Reid Giles 69, Lillie Kennedy 67, Bessie McGibbon 64, O. DeLisle 62, Ellen Staniforth 60.

Class III,—Norah Christie and F. Dixon equal 59, Grace Bradford 58, G. Graham 53, A. Drennan 52, Douglas McGibbon 48, Ida Latta 47, Glen Hamilton 43, May Cruise 42.

GRADE I. MODEL,

MENTAL AND RAPID ARITHMETIC.

Class I,—Jessie Cruise 83, David Campbell 80, Willie Calder 75.

Class II,—Frances Joss 73, Vern Riddell 72, Gladys Shaw, 65, Hattie McCoy 63.

Class III,—Roy Kennedy Carman Bradford and Eva Patterson equal 58. Jessie Earl 56, Irene Stevenson 55 N. Dixon 50, Annie McCoy 48, Katie Boa and Ellen Doig equal 40.

GRADE IV. ELEM.

SPELLING & DICTATION.

HONORS,—Gracie McOuat 97, C. Hay 96, Russell Bennett 91.

Class I,—Susie Copeland 87, Robert Beers 85, Aida Patterson 80, Maggie Walker 76, Vernon Hammond 75.

Class II,—Thayer Carpenter 74, E. Carpenter 70, Stanley Paul 68, Oscar Lefond 62.

Class III,—Rubert Robinson 59, A. McNeil 56.

GRADE III ELEM.

SPELLING & DICTATION.

HONORS,—Mildred Carpenter May Ewing and Douglas Simon equal 95, Jean McGibbon 93, G. Baldwin 92.

Class I,—Edgar Hammond and M. McKimmie equal 89, Constance Banford and Gordon Fraser equal 87, G. Hammond and Effie Neil equal 86, M. Hope anp Eddie Jones equal 85, Ruby McOuat 84, Katie Bennett Alison Cottingham and Inez Giles equal 83. Gordon Carpenter 82, Hazel McGibbon and Kyle Patterson equal 81, Ellice Palliser 80, John Drennan 78, Gilbert Wood 77, Lila Giles 75.

Class II,—Donald Beers and Laura Campbell equal 74, Muriel Joss 73, S. McPaul 67, Agnes Hay 61.

Class III,—Myra Conlin 58, Dell Mitchell 51.

GRADE II. ELEM.

GEOGRAPHY.

HONORS,—Leona Garretsee and H. Kennedy equal 100, Wilma Joss and Reginald Campbell equal 98, George Calder 97, Annie Drennan 96, Isabel Thomas 95, Robert Cruise 94. Maggie Shaw and Jennie Veitch equal 90.

Class I,—John Hope and John McKimmie equal 86, Howard Campbell 85, Angus Hay and Ruby Shaw equal 83, Irene Scott 82, Edith Beers 81, A. McKimmie 78, Ernest Saunders 76, Myrtle Berry 75

Class II,—Mar. Miller 68, Bella Wood 61.

Class III,—Thomas Carpenter 59, Willis Cruise and Grace Carpenter equal 55, Elsie Hay 51, Peter Bennett 50, Dora Barley 43.

PRIMARY II. CLASS

ARITHMETIC.

HONORS,—Marjorie Carpenter E. Calder equal 100, Percy Carpenter 95.

Class I,—Willie Baldwin 85.

Class II.—Grace Mitchell 65.

PRIMARY A. CLASS.

ARITHMETIC.

HONORS,—Kenneth Hay 100.

Class I,—Willie Armstrong 85, Bella Cunningham 80, Harold McFaul and Hattie Giles equal 75.

Class II,—Lindsay Demerse and V. Copeland equal 70, Kenneth Lowe 65.

Class III,—Maud Paiuter 45, Norma Chambers 40.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Municipality of the County of Argenteuil.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given by Gavin J. Walker, Secretary-Treasurer of the Municipal Council of the County of Argenteuil, that the lots and part of lots of land hereinafter mentioned will be sold by Public Auction in the Court Room in the Court House Building, in the town of Lachute, in said County of Argenteuil, on Thursday, the fifth day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon for assessments and charges due to the Municipalities hereinafter mentioned upon the several lots or parts of lots hereinafter described, unless the same are paid with costs before day of sale.

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF HOWARD.

NAME OF OWNER. OR OCCUPANT.	RESIDENT OR NON-RESI'NT.	RANGE.	LOT NO OR PT. THEREOF NO. ON CADASTRE.	MUNI'IPAL TAX.	SCHOOL TAX	TOTAL AMOUNT.
Allan Hammond,	Non-resident.	1	Lot No. 11.	$8.54		$ 8.54
J. T. Evans,	"	2	No. 35 part west 5½ acres	2.92	$2.31	5.23
W. B. Nantel,	"	6	No. 6.	31.61	5.80	37.41

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF CHATHAM.

1.—A parcel of land known as part of the west half of Lot No. 9, in the North part of Block B., in the Township of Chatham, containing ¼ arpent in superfices, bounded in front by lot No. 304, on one side by L. Proulx, and on the other side by Eustache LeBlanc, which lot now forms part of the official lot No. 306, with Buildings thereon erected.
Proprietor:—Walter L. Lewis, Physician, non-resident.
Amount due for School Taxes $7.60
" " Interest 72
" " Costs of notice and postage 34
$8.66

2.—An Emplacement situated at Greece's Point, in the Township of Chatham, bounded on front to the North by the Public road leading to the Ferry, South by that part of said lot belonging to Joseph Gibson or representatives, on one side to the East by James McKinnon, and to the West by the representatives of John McKinnon or lot No. 385, being the North part of official lot No. 387, with buildings thereon erected.
Proprietor:—Jean Baptise Sauve, Laborer, Resident.
Amount due for School Taxes & Fees $16.40
Interest 46
Notice & Postage 34
$17.20

3.—A part of the lot known on the official plan under Number 308, containing 56 feet in width by the depth of said lot, bounded to the North by the representatives of H. Fortier, to the South by the Public road, to the East by one Proulx, and to the West by widow Touiesint Langevin dit Lacroix; and a part of the official lot, number 308 containing 90 feet in depth by 33 feet in width, bounded on South by Public road. East by Madam Verville and husband or representative, west by M. Paquin, and North by Telesphore Laframboise.
Proprietor:—Madam Joseph Napaleon Varville, non-resident.
Amount due for School Taxes $3.80
Interest 22
Notice & Postage 34
$4.36

LACHUTE, JAN. 7th, 1908. GAVIN J. WALKER,
Sec-Treas. of the Municipal Council of the County of Argenteuil.

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.

JOHN'S TEA.

* * * * *

Though tea has advanced in price John's Tea is still the same uniform quality which has always been its chief characteristic.

Any orders sent to J. JOHN, Peterborough, will receive the most careful attention and prompt despatch. Any goods which are not absolutely satisfactory, can be returned at my expense and money refunded.

Twenty-five pound boxes freight paid.
Five 5lb. parcel in each box.
Price Green or Black 30cts.
Cash with order.

J. JOHN,
281 George St.,
Peterboro', Ont.

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.

FURS!

FURS!

FURS!

W. Banford & Son,

P.S.—FUR COATS.

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

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

FISH! FISH! FISH!

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

Clearing Sale

$6,000 Worth of General Merchandise $6,000

To be sold during the next fifteen days by
PUBLIC AUCTION & PRIVATE SALE

Will Commence at 2 p.m. on Saturday, JANUARY 25th, and continue every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoon and evenings until the Entire Stock is Sold.

Every dollars worth of goods are bright, new and up-to-date. $1,000 worth of Furs, Blouses, Ready made Skirts, Mens and Boys Overcoats, Suits, Hats & Caps, 600 pairs of boot.

DOIG'S Opposite the Post Office

A Petition in Equity.

A petition is being circulated relative to the construction of a public road bridge over the Ottawa River at or near the town of Hawkesbury and the village of Grenville. This bridge could be conveniently located about 800 feet below the guard lock of the Grenville Canal, and the southern or Hawkesbury approach, would be by the public street leading down to the river, and to the offices of the Hawkesbury Lumber Co.

The bridge might be a high level, design crossing the canal 40 feet above water level. This style of a bridge would be preferrable and cheapest in the end, but if immediate economy was the great desideratum, the present swing bridge crossing the guard lock, might be utilized and the bridge approach from a low level could be made from the narrow neck of land which divides the canal from the river.

There being no natural difficulties with the building of a bridge at this location and at extreme low water the concrete pier could be built on comparatively dry level rock up to either side of the channel. Therefore a cheap interprovincial bridge can be built at this point of the long sault, supplying a great public necessity and of great advantage to the farmers of Ontario and Quebec.

For gentlemen, you will please bear in mind, that the Agricultural products on either side of the Ottawa River, are dissimilar in character and greatly differ in quantity, and an interprovincial trade and exchange of products is a business propositiou and cannot be avoided, being the life and existence of the farmers, especially in Quebec.

It will also be well understood that for one third of the year, the only interprovincial communication the farmers have is by the treacherous and uncertain ice bridge, and during the season of navigation, the only means of crossing is by the old antiquated ferry with its tolls and dangers.

This much needed interprovincial bridge is by no means a local matter, but on the contrary, far reaching in accommodation, covering a commercial area on the south to the far north lumber camps as well as from Montreal to Ottawa, for it is a fact that should not longer exist, that the Ottawa river is not spanned by a public road bridge between Montreal and Ottawa.

The petitioners would urge that an appropriation be made for this national and provincial work, at the present session of parliament and of the legislature, and that an interprovincial bridge be constructed at the earliest possible moment.

FOR SALE.

FOR SERVICE,—Good pedigreed Berkshire (large breed.) Purchased from P. Lefeovre of Vankleek Hill. Apply to JNO. SOMERVILLE, St. Philippe.

GOOD STOCK OR GRAZING FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

The farm formerly known as the McMartin farm now owned by Mr. G. DeSerres, Montreal.

Situated in the village of St. Andrews, Que. Comprising 354 acres of good farm land, well watered and wooded situated in village, makes it very convenient for pasturers of easy access to Mills, Factories, and the proposed Rail Road crosses a corner of the property. Two good barns on property. Will sell or rent on easy terms. For particulars apply to,

M. SMITH, Beech Ridge,
P.O. Box 10, Lachute,
Agent for Mr. DeSerres.

DEATH.

RODGER,—At Lakefield, on Friday, Jan. 17th, 1908, (Elizabeth Parker), wife of Fredrick Rodger aged 66 years.

Canada
Province of Quebec
Town of Terrebonne

A Session of the Court of Kings' Bench, holding Criminal Jurisdiction in and for the district of Terrebonne, will be held at St. Scholastique aforesaid, on Saturday, the First day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

In consequence I give notice to all who intend to proceed against any prisoner now in the common Gaol of the said district and all others, that they must present then and there.

And I give notice to all the Justices of the Peace, Coroners and Peace Officers in and for the said district, that they must be present with their records, rolls, indictments and other documents, in order to do the things which belong to them in their respective capacities.

LAPOINTE & PREVOST,
Sheriffs.

Ste. Scholastique, Jan. 7th, 1908.

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.

HORSE WANTED,—A good driving horse for his keep for the winter.

Address "DRIVER,"
The Watchman.

We can Satisfy you!

That is saying a great deal isn't it, but not too much. If you deal with us you will be convinced. Our store is always well stocked with the finest and best line of goods procurable.

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.

January Clearing Sale.

We now offer the whole of our stock in the following lines at Genuine Bargain Prices.

Men's Fur Coats and Caps,
Ladies' Fur Jackets, Stoles, Boas, Ruffs and Muffs.
Men's and Boys Overcoats, Etc.
Sleigh Robes and Rugs.

Most of the above named goods are 1907 Fall purchases, and are thoroughly up-to-date in every respect. See the goods. Get our prices and be convinced of the exceptional values we are offering.

J. R. McOUAT

PHOTOGRAPHS!

Have you an acceptable photograph of yourself,—or of those most dear to you—If not? Now is the time to have a picture taken that will satisfy you and please your friends.

PORTRAITS, — GROUPS, — BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS

Developing & Printing for Amateurs.

HOLLAND'S STUDIO.

(Opposite the Post Office.), Box 25,
E. M. Finn, Mgr LACHUTE,

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 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.

A Smart Piece Of Work

The little village of Overcliffe, now rapidly developing into a fashionable East Coast watering-place, was electrified one day in late September by a startling piece of news.

Mr. Henry Hodder, owner of a large place in the neighborhood, and though a recent yet a well-known resident, was missing! He had never returned to his home the night before, though he had apparently only gone for a stroll along the cliff. The anxious household waited for him all night.

With daylight a search commenced, and the discoveries that had been made pointed to a direful tragedy. At the foot of the cliff a broken pipe was found, and recognized as his. Halfway up on the ledge his cap was discovered, and at the top of the cliff there were signs of a fearful struggle. The ground was trampled up and torn, fragments of the cliff had given way and fallen over. But of Henry Hodder there was no trace.

The tide was low now, and a diligent search was carried on all round the foot of the cliff, but, as it had been high tide since the tragedy was enacted, the body might easily have been carried out by the current. This was pointed out by one of the most interested among the spectators, a certain Mr. Alphonso Huggins, who was staying at the Poppyland Hotel.

Close beside his heels and watching his every action and gesture was Captain Clibbold (Captain by courtesy), a not very intelligent-looking man, who had retired after a brief experience of military life and now lived a rather aimless existence in the neighboring town.

Huggins turned to him triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you that something tragic and mysterious would happen, Clibbold? And here it is."

Clibbold nodded assent. He watched with a fascinated eye how Huggins busied himself taking measurements, calculating distances, and studying footprints. Huggins kept his ears open to all the remarks made by the loafers who were hanging around. Putting two and two together he soon arrived at a knowledge of the missing man's history.

Henry Hodder had not long ago inherited a large fortune through the will of an eccentric female relative. He was a man of no occupation, not even a hobby, and the husband of a dazzling American beauty, whom he idolized and on whom he was always lavishing gifts, as all the shop-keepers in the neighborhood knew.

A week ago Clibbold had made the acquaintance of Huggins, and had listened with admiration and amazement while the latter kept the occupants of the hotel smoking-room spell-bound by his wonderful stories of how he had picked up clues and tracked criminals, after the police and even sharp detectives had confessed themselves utterly baffled.

"It is extraordinary," Huggins said, when he had brought his narrative to a close, "how I happen so often to be on the spot when murders and other crimes occur. Adventures are to the adventurous, they say, and certainly I seem to have a sort of instinct that draws me to the scene where tragedies are to be enacted. Now, I have never been to this part of the East Coast before, and I had no particular reason for coming now; but I should not be at all surprised if something startling happens while I am here."

"It would be most interesting if it did," cried Clibbold, his little eyes sparkling, "particularly if you would allow one the privilege of watching your methods."

"Into my complete confidence I take no one until I find myself able to lay the whole scheme bare." But, seeing that Clibbold looked crushed, Huggins added, kindly: "But there are many minor ways in which I could give you an inkling of my methods, if such things really interest you."

Clibbold assured him that nothing would interest him more, and for the next day or two he hovered around Huggins, waiting for such scraps of information as that keen observer might see fit to bestow. And he had not waited in vain. The very next morning Huggins called him out of the smoking-room.

"You see that young man reading the paper? Mark him well."

"Yes, yes," said Clibbold, taking a good look through the open doorway at the unconscious man—a broad-shouldered, athletic young fellow with a pleasant face.

"He is staying here under an assumed name," said Huggins.

"How did you learn it?"

"Simply by observation of trifles. Page-boy brought in a note to the smoking-room. 'Letter for gentleman of the name of Maxwell,' he called out. No one looked up. Page vanished. Five minutes later he appeared again, followed by the hotel clerk. 'That's Mr. Maxwell,' said the latter, pointing to our friend, who gave a great start. 'Eh, what? Letter for me?' he said. 'I thought you said Mac—er—Macintosh.' Now a man who has been accustomed to the sound of his own name all his life doesn't mistake it so easily. No, Mr. Maxwell, alias Something-or-other, is here for no good. I'll be bound. Keep your eyes open, Clibbold, for further developments."

And developments were not slow to follow.

Clibbold was strolling along the beach when he came upon Huggins in a state of excitement.

"Our friend Maxwell," he said, "is up to something, I'm certain. I was clambering up the cliff in rather a dangerous part when I came upon him standing on a most precarious foothold, with his head just about on a level with the top of the cliff, and peering over, evidently waiting for someone. He looked thoroughly annoyed at my coming upon him and began to descend. I went up to the top and walked off, but I came back to the edge some time afterwards, and there was my gentleman again."

"What object could he possibly have?" asked Clibbold, thoughtfully.

"I have a theory, but it is early days yet to unfold it. By the way, who lives in that large house with a balcony on the upper floor?"

"A man by the name of Mortimer, crippled with gout—has his sofa wheeled out on to that balcony in fine weather."

"Married man?"

"Widower. Son abroad. Has an orphan niece living with him—girl who is coming in for no end of money; pretty girl, too. He is her guardian—keeps a tight hand on her, they say. He has a telescope, and can see all that passes on the cliffs——"

"Ha!" cried Huggins. Then he mused in silence for some minutes. "Has Mr. Mortimer lived abroad?" he asked, suddenly.

"Now, how did you guess that? He has spent most of his life in the South American Republics."

"Lawless places—h-m, yes."

They walked on together for some time, and finally made their way up the cliff by some rough steps and sauntered in a leisurely way towards the town. In a quiet lane a sudden turn brought them in sight of a motor. It had stopped for the moment, and one of the occupants was just getting in. He was bareheaded when they first saw him, but he soon pulled his cap well over his head and adjusted a huge pair of goggles.

"Now why is he in such a hurry to do that?" Huggins remarked to his companion. "There is no dust, for it rained an hour or two ago, and no glare, for it is nearly dusk. Ah-h! that's the reason!" For there were two ladies to be seen approaching from the opposite side. "That explains it. He recognizes one of them—he wants to avoid being seen by her. See how he bends towards his friend and urges him to put on speed as they pass. The ladies are unconscious that it is their gaze he is trying to baffle. The taller one looks at him a little thoughtfully. Some chord of memory is touched by that muffled figure, but she little knows that it is really her faithless lover—or possibly her errant husband who is passing her."

It was the morning after this that the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Henry Hodder had created such a sensation in the place. And now Clibbold found it almost impossible to get into conversation with Huggins, though he was bursting with curiosity to know what means were being employed to elucidate the mystery. In the only glimpses he could get of the great man he was always deep in thought, deaf to the outer world, until suddenly his mind seemed to be made up, and he would start off at a great pace, not permitting Clibbold to follow him.

But on the evening of the third day he beckoned Clibbold to his apartment, and when that gentleman followed eagerly he motioned him to a seat.

"I've got it all mapped out, Clibbold, as plain as plain. And I'm pretty sure I've got the guilty man under my thumb." He lifted his thumb, which was of the broad, stubby type, and brought it down on to the mahogany table with a resounding thud.

"Then it was not an accident—it was a murder!" asked Clibbold, excitedly.

"It was a murder, and the man who did it is at this moment under this very roof! Hush-h!" as Clibbold was about to exclaim. "Don't speak so loud. The best of it is that he hasn't the faintest idea that he is suspected. Once that dawns upon him he will bolt."

"But who—who is it?"

"Do you remember my pointing out to you a young man who is staying here under an assumed name? Do you remember my telling you that he had some sinister object in clambering about those cliffs? Do you remember my telling you to keep your eyes open for—"

"Yes, but—but that young Maxwell—he doesn't look as if he could commit a murder. Besides, why should he? A perfect stranger, in whose death he could have no interest——"

Huggins held up a hand to stay him. A pitying smile was on his face.

"That is the way the matter appears to you. Now let me tell you what I have discovered and pieced together. This young man who calls himself Guy Maxwell is really Guy Mortimer, nephew to the invalid gentleman at Overcliffe House."

"You don't mean to say so? But he never mentioned it, never goes to the house."

"No, they keep the fact quiet, to avoid suspicion. For though Guy Maxwell has no interest in Henry Hodder's death, Mr. Richard Mortimer, of Overcliffe House, undoubtedly has, and that a very strong one."

"Really! How very remarkable!"

"There was a rich and eccentric old lady," Huggins went on, "who lived at Norwich, named Miss Peebles. She had no near relations, and instead of leaving her fortune to charity, as such people often do, she hunted up distant connections of her family, and discovered two—Henry Hodder on her mother's side, Richard Mortimer on her father's. Now, she preferred to favor her mother's relative, so she left £3,000 to Henry Hodder, but with the proviso that if he died without children it was all to go to Richard Mortimer. You can see how important it is to Richard Mortimer that Henry Hodder should die, and that soon, before any children are born to him.

"Now to the next point. Henry Hodder buys a house here to come to in the summer. Two months later Richard Mortimer—of course, by the merest chance—rents a house in the same place. The parties do not meet. Mr. Mortimer's health debars him from society. But he gets his nephew to come here under an assumed name. They do not meet either, but his niece, Brenda Glayde, evidently carries messages between them."

Clibbold gave a gasp. "That pretty girl—is it possible?—implicated in this horrid scheme?"

"She was probably merely a tool. Besides, she may have been terrorized. I know for a fact that she was never allowed to go out by herself except along the cliff walk, where her uncle kept her within view by means of his telescope.

"It was through an inadventure on her part that I learned Maxwell's real name. She left a torn scrap of paper near the spot where she was sitting. I picked it up and found these words:—

within range of my uncle's telesc
most careful
Guy Mortl

"Once I had proved that this was in Guy Maxwell's handwriting it gave me the clue to the whole affair. Now you see why he was always clambering about the cliff, generally within a few feet of the top, but where he could not be seen by walkers above. I procured a pair of his shoes, and traced innumerable footprints of his about the cliff, near where the murder was. He was waiting a chance to find Henry Hodder when there were no spectators about, when he could kill him and give the ghastly deed all the appearance of an accident.

"Evidently that chance occurred in the dusk of Wednesday evening. Probably some signal was arranged between the man in the balcony and the watcher on the cliff.

"The time was well chosen. No one saw the struggle; no one heard the death cry. Unless the body is washed ashore and displays marks of violence it will be difficult to bring it home to him, but I shall try. The chain of evidence is pretty complete."

"Indeed," said Clibbold, with a not quite pleasurable shudder, "it does look very black against him."

"One thing would strengthen it," said Huggins, musingly. 'If he were to bolt. I am not sure it wouldn't be my best plan to let him have an inkling that his crime is discovered."

"What! You would let him escape?" asked Clibbold, wonderingly.

Huggins again gave his pitying smile. "No; I would soon be on his track. But don't you see what a convincing piece of guilt an effort to escape would be? It will have to be done by means of an anonymous note—from a well-wisher—'All is known; your real identity; the reason you haunted the cliff; your motive—all.'"

Next morning a messenger from the hotel put a note into Clibbold's hands. It was from Huggins.

"The bait took. Our man is off, and I after him. Am getting warrant out for his arrest. But not a word to anyone yet."

Clibbold went about that day almost bursting with the importance of his secret.

He just managed to hold his tongue, but he could not refrain from looking unutterably mysterious when people talked about the Hodder affair.

At every receding tide there were numbers of searchers along the foot of the cliff; but no corpse had yet washed up. Twenty-four hours later a telegram from Dieppe came to Clibbold: "Am bringing him back to-night."

By now the news of a warrant having been applied for had somehow leaked out, and the local excitement was tremendous. Newspaper reporters came flocking to the place, scenting the sensation from afar.

Clibbold was at the hotel when Huggins returned to it, having left his prisoner safely in the hands of the authorities.

He was beaming all over with satisfaction.

"I call that really rather a smart piece of work, though I say it who should not. The criminal had no idea he was being followed till I tapped him on the shoulder on the plage at Dieppe. And as for surprised innocence—bless you, he did simulate it well! But he took my advice about coming quietly. But who do you think I met just as I was coming in here? Miss Brenda Glayde. And if a glance could wither me, I should not be standing here hale and hearty now. She would have spoken to me, I think, upbraided me probably, only I took care not to give her a chance."

"Poor girl!" said Clibbold. "Perhaps Max—Mortimer was her lover as well as her cousin."

"Quite possibly. If so, that would only be an additional reason why he should want old Mortimer to get Henry Hodder's money. I dare say the old man promised them a good large share of it."

That evening the smoking-room of the Poppyland Hotel was full to overflowing and Alphonso Huggins was the hero of the hour, telling the story of his capture to attentive listeners.

He got endless congratulations from the reporters of the more sensational papers.

"A really smart piece of work, for which you deserve much credit," was their opinion.

In the midst of his triumph the landlord of the hotel came in. It was evident from his face that he had news of importance to communicate.

"Gentlemen!" he said, and instantly a profound silence reigned. "I have an astounding piece of intelligence to impart to you. Mr. Henry Hodder has returned!"

"Returned!"

"Impossible!" This from Alphonso Huggins.

"It is the fact, gentlemen. I have just seen him. He walked in quietly this afternoon. On hearing of the charge brought against Mr. Maxwell, he hardly knew whether to be more indignant or amused, and he went straight off to the magistrate, so that Mr. Maxwell will be released as soon as the necessary formalities can be carried out."

"But what—what—why?"

"Ah! why he chose to go off that mysterious manner he does not explain; merely says that for private reasons he made his departure secretly."

"Ah!" said Huggins, "doubtless there was a struggle, he just escaped death, and for some reason he would shield his would-be murderer."

"No," said the landlord; "he owns he threw his cap and pipe there purposely. He owns he broke the cliff about a bit, wishing it to be thought that a slip had occurred and caused his death."

"But why—why?"

"He won't give his reason now, but no doubt it will come out later. He only owned that much in his horror that an innocent man should be accused of his death."

All eyes turned now involuntarily to Huggins, whose figure seemed to have shrunk perceptibly within the last few minutes.

But he tried to recover something of his former self-satisfied manner as he asked, "How does he say he got away from the place?"

"One friend was in his confidence, who waited for him in the road near the cliff with his motor. Of course, he took nothing with him but what he stood up in, and the motor get-up disguised him."

Clibbold started and was about to speak, but an imperative warning gesture from Huggins stopped him.

It was gall and wormwood enough, Huggins thought, for his ingeniously worked-out theory to prove all wrong; but it came out that he, the keen-eyed, the all-observant—he, Huggins — had actually seen the motor with its two occupants on that fateful evening and had never connected it with the disappearance, because he was so prejudiced in favor of his own theory, he would never be able to hold up his head again!

As the landlord predicted, the real motive of Henry Hodder's strange action came out in course of time. He was a weak, vain man, with a tendency to dwell on minor grievances till they took on exaggerated proportions. He fancied that his wife did not appreciate him, that she took all he did for her as a matter of course.

She complained of life being monotonous. The fact was they were both spoiled by having everything they wished for and no duties to keep them employed, and they suffered from the disease of always wanting fresh sensations.

And so he had conceived the extraordinary idea of letting her believe him to be dead, hoping that the loss of his constant attention, to say nothing of the awful prospect of the comparative poverty his death would bring her, would affect her so that she would value him a hundredfold more after his return. And this senseless scheme had been at the bottom of the whole Poppyland sensation.

The truth about Guy Maxwell had also come out. His name was Mortimer, and he was the nephew of Henry Mortimer and the lover of Brenda Glayde, but the old man had always refused his consent to the marriage. The fact was, Henry Mortimer wanted Brenda's fortune for his own son, a scapegrace and a spendthrift, who had taken refuge from his creditors abroad. He did not even know of Guy's presence at Overcliffe, though he suspected he might follow his cousin, and it was for this reason he never allowed Brenda to go out unaccompanied by a stern, uncorruptible maid except on the cliff, where he could watch her with his glasses.

But love will always find out a way, and Guy had hit on the expedient of standing on a ledge below the face of the cliff, so that while to the eye of the suspicious uncle on the balcony Brenda was sitting alone on the edge of the cliff, harmlessly engaged with a book, the lovers were really deep in blissful conversation.

Brenda had lately imparted to Guy her private belief that her cousin Henry had contracted a low marriage without his father's knowledge; and the hope that this fact, if proved, would put an end to old Mr. Mortimer's opposition had led Guy to rush off to Dieppe, where his cousin was, at a moment's notice, thus unwittingly giving Alphonso Huggins scope for that smart piece of work on which he had so greatly prided himself. That gentleman disappeared in a very inconspicuous manner from the Poppyland Hotel.

It was not so much the chaff from baffled reporters and unsympathetic bystanders that he dreaded, as to meet the eyes of Captain Clibbold, who had looked up to him before with such boundless wonder and admiration. — London Tit-Bits.

SOME COSTLY SLIPPERS.

Very Large Sums Paid for Them By the Aristocracy.

It would surprise most people, said a London (England) West-end bootmaker, to know of the huge sums which some of the rich aristocracy spend on shoes, especially on slippers. Only the other day a countess whose name is familiar to everyone had a pair of slippers made which were decorated in a picture pattern, like a pair of worked slippers, with precious stones, these being largely rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. The result was exceedingly beautiful, but the cost was over $22,500.

There is one accomplished workman in London whose sole occupation is that of mounting fancy slippers with jewels. The present Countess Dowager of X—— some years ago had made—her husband was then alive, and gave the order—a pair of slippers, in which she was to appear as Cinderella at a fancy-dress ball given by the Duke of Manchester. The slippers were one mass of diamonds, the value of the stones being considerably over $60,000, while the cost of mounting them was upwards of $750.

A South American Gentleman not long since presented to a foreign singer, then in London, a pair of slippers ornamented with two butterflies of different patterns in precious stones, the cost being nearly $20,000. But in reality it is quite a common thing for slippers ornamented with gold threads and jewels, and valued at from five to ten thousand dollars, to be supplied, and many brides on their honeymoon are furnished with even ordinary boots, shoes, and slippers to the value of $1,000 or so.

Mrs. Nupop—"Baby was awake all last night with the colic. To-night I'm afraid something worse is the matter with him." Her Mother—"Why do you think that?" Mrs. Nupop—"He's been asleep for three hours and hasn't stirred once!"

About the House

WAYS WITH THE PARSNIP.

"Fair words butter no parsnips," says the old proverb, and in truth, those of use who are most fond of them know that they are both more attractive and alatable with butter. But parsnips, even if old, need not be dry, as there are many good ways of preparing them, and this fine, fleshy root, with its 10.8 per cent. of carbohydrates and valuable cellulose (of value when rightly cooked, well masticated, and therefore, well digested), is deserving of thorough appreciation. It is found in Europe and Asia and is also a native to England. In Erin's Isle one might guess that it would be cultivated for use as a home-brewed fermented drink as well as food for both man and beast. The fibrous tendency of the parsnip makes it necessary to cook carefully (especially if not in its tenderest stages and inclined to strength of flavor) in unsalted water, in an uncovered vessel and, where greater delicacy is desired, in more than "one" water. Length of time must vary with its condition, or course, but if haste is necessary and the method permit, cut the parsnip into small pieces. Parsley seems never out of place, adding a touch of grace to the palatability as butter does to its smoothness.

Boiled and Broiled.—Wash and boil until tender, then scrape and, if young, serve whole with butter, pepper and salt, with butter and lemon juice, or with a milk dressing. If older they should be cut in slices, serving with the same dressings. Slice cold, boiled parsnips lengthwise and broil on gridiron or toaster and serve with butter.

With Egg Sauce.—Cut cold, boiled parsnips into cubes and heat in milk. Thicken with a little flour rubbed smooth in a well-beaten egg. Add a bit of butter, pepper, salt, and a chopped, hard-boiled egg.

Buttered Parsnips.—Scrape and slice thin the parsnips and cook until tender, or boil whole and then slice thin. Replace in saucepan with half cup butter and tablespoon fresh, chopped parsley. Let simmer a moment after heating through and serve hot, seasoning with salt and pepper.

Fried Delicacy.—Instead of broiling, the slices may be fried in simplest form or dipped in egg and cracker crumbs, sprinkling with a little nutmeg on serving.

Parsnip Cutlets.—Cut into lengthwise shoes cold, boiled parsnips and fry brown, after which dip one side in batter of egg and flour and fry till brown, and, as the third step, dip the second side, in turn, in the batter and fry. Serve with tomato sauce in which should be a little minced onion and chopped parsley.

Fricassed.—Boil sliced raw parsnips in milk until tender, adding one-half cup cooked celery or peas. Thicken with a little flour rubbed smooth in butter. Serve with springs of parsley. Another way is to cut parsnips into inch cubes and cook till tender. Drain and brown in butter. When nearly done add a dusting of flour and let this also brown carefully. Remove from stove and add a little milk or the water from the parsnips, making a brown gravy, adding more butter as necessary. Serve on toast.

Mashed Parsnip.—Mash hot, boiled parsnip with cream or butter and the beaten yolk of an egg. Season to taste, then whip in the stiff white of the egg. Brown lightly and serve at once.

Patties.—Make plain-mashed parsnips without egg, into little cakes, adding chopped parsley; dip in flour or egg and cracker, and fry or bake.

HOUSEHOLD WISDOM.

To take out chocolate and cocoa stains wash with soap in tepid water.

Tea should always be kept in a perfectly close vessel and in a dry place.

When a cut will not heal, saturate a piece of absorbent cotton with coal oil and bind on.

A hot bath up to the neck may save the life of a child in convulsions if given at once.

When hands are stained with blacking, wash first in kerosene, then with soap and water.

Make it a rule never to throw out anything unless spoiled, and be sure nothing has a chance to spoil.

An excellent poultice for an inflamed cut or burn is made of equal parts of lard, flour and sugar.

A small piece of wire screening tacked to an ironing board keeps the irons polished and free from all dirt.

Rub sewing machine oil stains with lard, let stand for several hours, then wash with cold water and soap.

Iodine spots may be removed by first washing the stained article with alcohol, then rinsing in soapy water.

To tighten the machine belt without removing, put a drop of machine oil on the belt and turn for a few seconds.

Hang a small bag in a handy place; put in every broken clothes pin. They make the best wedges for a rattling window.

For burning and itching feet, bathe them at bedtime in hot water and afterward pour alcohol upon the itching places.

Sprains should be treated as quickly as possible with hot water, after which the part affected should be rubbed with liniment.

For sore throat take one glass of hot water, one teaspoonful of soda, and three drops of carbolic acid. Gargle once every hour.

Olive oil is very good for weak people or those who suffer from indigestion. It should be taken with the food whenever possible.

If rice is to be a useful article of food, it should be cooked with milk, butter or stock, which will supply the want of natural fat.

Tops and outside pieces of celery washed and dried may be rubbed fine and make excellent seasoning for gravies, soups and dressings.

Save by putting a small quantity of salt in the water in outer part of double boiler. Salt water boils at a lower degree of heat.

Immediately after table cloths come from the wringer, fold them, lay aside rolled in sheets for two or three hours, then iron while damp.

All puddings that should be smooth and creamy, such as custard, rice and tapioca, ought to bake or steam slowly. If they are cooked rapidly they are apt to curdle.

To clean a lamp burner, remove it from the lamp, soak it several hours in strong washing soda and very hot water, then dry every part carefully.

Cleaning soap is more effective in powdered form. Shave a bar with a knife, which will powder it. Then put in an old salt shaker and keep in a handy place near the sink.

When window shades will not roll up, take the left hand end roller from the socket while the shade is half way down and with the other end in place roll the shade up. This tightens the spring.

Plain pieces, like towels, pillow-slips and sheets will be smooth enough for all practical purposes if put through the clothes wringer instead of being ironed.

In making puddings of rice, always allow three hours of slow cooking. It is a good plan to steam rice for curry for if it is boiled valuable parts are thrown away in the water.

Make a long bag with a drawstring in top to put away the parasols and umbrellas that would hang in closet exposed to the dust. Add a strong hook at one side to hang by.

When dressing a baby the clothes should not be drawn over its head, but instead run the hand through the garment, take the child by the feet, slightly lift the body, and slip the clothing on from the feet.

A soiled black coat may be quickly cleaned by applying to it with a sponge strong coffee to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. Finish the process by rubbing the coat with a piece of colored woollen cloth.

ADOLPHUS BAXTER'S GREAT IDEA.

How He Proposed to Get Even With the Opposition Restaurant.

'Adolphus Baxter?" queried the magistrate, looking over his glasses at the prisoner in the box.

"Yes, your worship," humbly replied that individual.

"Is that your right name?"

"Yes, your worship," responded the prisoner, with dignity. "You don't think I would play any tricks on the Court, I hope?"

"You are accused of being in a sad state of intoxication yesterday afternoon. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Quite true, your worship. I certainly was intoxicated; but I had an excuse. Listen before you convict me. I am a restaurant keeper by profession. Across the street just opposite my place is an eating den kept by a miserable, red-headed man by the name of Lobster, who has been an obstruction to my business ever since I opened."

"Well, well," interrupted the magistrate, "what about it? I'm in a hurry, Mr. Baxter."

"One moment longer, your worship," replied the prisoner, "and I've done. Last week I found that my expenses were $75, and my receipts were $17.07. I had only $100 left. I had to make a stir in some way, so I hired a young man, bought him a new suit of clothes, and started him out with a big placard fastened to his coat tail, which read: 'I eat my lunch at Baxter's Palace Restaurant.'

"As he walked up the street he attracted universal attention, and business began to pour in. About noon I noticed that it suddenly stopped. On going out I discovered the cause of the trouble. Lobster had got hold of my man, made him quite drunk, and stood him up in front of my door. His clothes were covered with mud, and his hat was jammed over his head down to his chin. Of course, no one would come in to my place with such an inducement as that at the door. That experiment cost me $40. The next day a brilliant idea came to me, and I hastened to seize upon it. I went to a show which had come for a week's stay, and engaged the fat man and the living skeleton. I paid them $30 each—my last penny. I put a huge card on the fat man's back, which read: 'I eat at Adolphus Baxter's.' And on the thin man I put another sign: 'I don't.'

"Then I started them down the street arm-in-arm. The effect was prodigious. Crowds followed in their wake. And the populace at once began to say, 'Where is Baxter's? Let us go to this wonderful restaurant.' I was in ecstasies of joy. I contemplated renting the next house and hiring ten new waiters. When I was in the midst of this delirium of delight I was again hurled from the highest pinnacle of hope to the lowest depths of despair—from the summit of my prosperity into an abyss of ruin. It was the work of Lobster. I waited all the morning, with my room full of waiters and my kitchen crowded with toothsome viands, but no one came. Then your worship, I took to drink to drown my sorrow. But I shall be revenged on Lobster."

"What did he do to injure you the last time?" inquired the magistrate.

"What did he do?" repeated the prisoner; "he changed the signs!"

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Pa—Well?

Tommy—Does an inheritance tax punish a man for being dead, or his heir for being alive?

FARM FINANCIER.

An Ontario farmer refused an offer of $100 for a 2-year-old cow the other day. He prefers selling $100 worth of butter and still own the cow.

BOYHOOD'S DAYS.

This poem was composed and written by the late Joseph Laughlin, Sr., Bowmanville, about the year 1862.

Dear boyhood days when I loved to stray
By the pleasant rills that did gently play,
Down by the meadows green;
Where the lark poured forth its tuneful lay
Through't the long, long summer day,
When I caught the trout in the murmuring stream.

These were the days of happiness,
That passed away in innocence,
And few were the cares of the morrow
When youth and boyhood were in their prime,
Free from the blighting hand of time,
Or life's perplexing sorrow.

Dear boyhood days, how you've passed away,
Left me far in the eve of manhood's day;
Your fleeting breath to mourn.
In sorrow I oft mourn my fate,
But, ah, alas, alas, too late—
You'll never on Earth return.

The verdant groves where oft I've been,
My strolls along the haunted stream,
The hills oft wandered o'er,
My boyish footprints in the snow—
All these bright visions haunt me so,
They oppress my heart full sore.

The hawthorns robed in richest bloom
Where the linnet sang its love-strained tune,
Where oft I've lingered near;
The primrose and the daisy gay,
Where I and brother oft did play;
Ah, ain't these memories dear?

My parents, whom I loved most dear,
Their voices I no longer hear;
All these have passed away.
The brother and sister group so dear,
We all are parted far and near,
This long and many a day.

The old door-stone where at evening late,
Mother listened to the childish prate
Of the little group going on;
The room where stood my little bed,
Where mother pillowed oft my head—
All these loved scenes are gone.

Ah, can these memories pass away,
Or from my memory e'er decay?
Ah, never, never, never,
Till death shall end my very last day
And take me from this life away—
Then I'll remember ever.

But why need I lament my fate,
Or mourn now when it is too late?
Mankind have shared the same.
Hope bids me look beyond the tomb
Where boyhood's days again shall come,
Never, never, to pass again.

Farew'l my boyhood's days on earth;
Farewell sweet days of manhood's mirth;
You've all passed like a dream.
Faith's anchored now beyond the skies,
Or endless rills and fadeless joys,
Where I'll be a boy again.

A STRONG BANK.

The Merchants' Bank Statement Just Issued Shows Its Solid Position.

Confronted by the Annual Statement of the Merchants' Bank of Canada, just issued, one does not require to go far afield to discover the secret of the stability of our Canadian banks, and in these days when there have been rumblings and tumblings in the financial world in the neighboring republic, we pride ourselves in the safeguards to both shareholders and the public provided by our Canadian banking system.

The Statement of the Merchants' Bank presented at the forty-fourth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders, held at Montreal on the 18th inst., sets forth in a practical manner the best features of that system and reflects the greatest credit on that Bank's management. The date of the closing of the books by the Bank has been changed from May 31st to November 30th, and during the past half year the net profits earned, after allowing for payment of charges, etc., amount to the large sum of $473,144.50. The total deposits by the public amount to $36,254,343.97, which is secured by total assets of the Bank which amount to over fifty-two millions of dollars. At a time when the management of our banks have been strengthening the positions of their respective institutions by pursuing a conservative policy and increasing their cash reserves, we find the "Merchants'" to the fore with immediately available assets amounting to a little over nineteen and a quarter million dollars. Entrenched in such a strong position this bank merits the confidence of the thousands of people who are interested in its position. To the shareholders a yearly dividend at the rate of 8% has been paid, while the large balance of $267,400 has been carried forward to next year. The paid-up Capital of the Merchants' Bank stands at $6,000,000, behind which there is a Reserve of $4,000,000.

The statement is a highly satisfactory one from every standpoint, and if the solidity of our Canadian banks at the present time has the effect of creating confidence of many foreign investors in Canada, the thanks of the public are due to such an institution among others as the Merchants' Bank.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Tit-Bits of Knowledge About 'Most Everything.

In Japan kissing never occurs except between husband and wife. Mothers never kiss their children.

In the Sandwich Islands widows have their departed husbands' names tattooed on their tongues.

The medical department of the King's household costs £2,700 yearly, and comprises twenty-four persons.

Free passage and an allowance of £150 a year have been granted by the Indian Government to two native girl graduates who are to study for two years in England.

A woman of twenty-five has been appointed grave-digger, bell-ringer, and organist in the Danish town of Grenaa. She is the first woman gravedigger in Denmark.

In Germany a prisoner is acquitted on a tie vote by the jury. A vote of seven to five leaves the decision with the Court, while a vote of eight to four means conviction.

London City churches when they come into the market fetch big prices. The building and site of the Church of St. Peter le Poer in Old Broad Street have just been sold for $458,000.

The most expensive Parliament in Europe is that of France, which costs $1,500,000 a year. The French people are very well represented. There are 300 Senators and 584 Deputies. Each receives a salary of $1,800 a year.

The Pope does his private writing with a gold pen, but his pontifical signature is always given with a white-feathered quill, which is believed to come from the wing of a dove. The same quill has been in use for several years.

There is an old-fashioned precaution of keeping a goat in a stable. Supposing always that the animals are loose, the goat will leave the stable on the outbreak of fire, and the horses will follow the goat when no amount of persuasion from man will get the terrified creatures to budge.

DOCTOR WANTED TO AMPUTATE..

Mrs. E. F. Fonger, 34 Myrtle Street, St. Thomas, Ont., says: "I am most thankful I discovered the existence of Zam-Buk. For about 9 months I suffered cruelly from the effects of having a corn removed from my little toe, for with its removal a hole remained and my toe was in a terrible state and the doctor thought it necessary to amputate it. About this time I received a sample box of Zam-Buk and began using it on my toe. The first application gave me the greatest ease from pain and encouraged me to give Zam-Buk a thorough trial. Two months after commencing with Zam-Buk there was no sign of a hole for the flesh had grown in very firmly and all soreness and pains were entirely banished. Zam-Buk brought about this healing when all other remedies failed. We find Zam-Buk so valuable that we would not be without a box in the house."

Zam-Buk heals cuts, bruises, old wounds, running sores, eczema, ulcers, boils, eruptions, scalp sores, itch, piles, chapped hands, burns, scalds, and all skin diseases. 50c. box, all druggists and stores, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

A FISCAL CRASH.

From time to time during the last century the financial world of Europe and America was shaken to its foundations, many families formerly in affluence being reduced to penury, and many firms of repute and standing being swept away. In less than fifty years, from 1825 to 1870, no less than six severe panics occurred in London, that of '66, Black Friday, having been, perhaps, the severest of them all, though not attended with such grim desolation and universal havoc as the crash which ensued at the bursting of the South Sea Bubble.

And what a pitiable spectacle is presented when the announcement is made of the stoppage of an important financial institution, such as the great Trust Company of New York, which recently closed its doors. The street is filled with a surging mob of men and women, some cursing, some weeping, some, half distraught, with a stony glare looking blankly into space. Here is a strong man, furious and exasperated, his fists clenched in a towering rage pouring out the vials of his wrath upon the unfortunate officials within; here a widow, pale as death, and trembling like an aspen leaf, as she realizes that her all is engorged in the insatiable maw of the palatial building, outwardly so substantial, but, as she fears, rotten at the core, and that she is now a destitute pauper whose orphaned children will soon be crying out for a morsel of bread, or here a newly married pair, hand in hand commencing to share together the joys of life, with every prospect of happiness and unalloyed sunshine, and looking forward to a life of luxury, free of care, and without a solicitude or a misgiving for the future. But now perhaps all their hopes and all their glad anticipations are shattered and hurled prone to the ground, and they may have to wrestle with grinding poverty in a supreme effort to earn their daily bread.

And on the blanched and dejected countenance of many in that motley throng what corroding heart-aches, what hopeless despair, what gloom and sullen despondency are stamped. And yet soon the world will go round as before; the unreasoning panic which helped to accentuate all this disaster will subside; confidence will be restored, and let us hope that all these anxious fears will prove to be needless, and that the embarrassment will be but temporary.

But though man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards, yet those who, having conformed their lives to the rules laid down by their Creator and whose names are written in the Book of Life in virtue of the sufferings of the Redeemer, endured on their behalf—for by His stripes they are healed—will look with equanimity at the evanescent troubles of this life; for they know that in the life to come sorrow, and sighing and trouble will be no more.

10c. The latest success.

Black Watch

The big black plug chewing tobacco.

2265

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 enervated 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.

Send for this now

Get the free book that tells "When Poultry Pays," and is packed with facts you ought to know about the up-to-date way to go into poultry-farming without big capital. Book describes outfits and the plan that makes success certain. Costs nothing to get it. Explains how we find you a cash buyer for your product. Proves why Peerless Incubator, Peerless Brooder and our no-cash-down way of selling, guarantees you the right start. Send for book to-day, before edition is gone—no charge for it. With the free book we send full details of how to get a Peerless Poultry-for-Profit Outfit without putting up a cent of ready money . . . how to make sure before you start that poultry-raising will pay you. Get the book NOW.



Address The
LEE-HODGINS CO., Limited
365 Pembroke St. PEMBROKE, ONT.

A SOFT HEAD.

He was a dandy of the first water, and had about as much intelligence as the average water-melon.

"Ya-as," he said, "my hands are soft." And he glanced pensively down upon them. "Do you know how I keep them so, Miss Sweetman? Well, I always sleep with my gloves on."

A little red gleam came into her limpid eyes.

'And do you sleep with your hat on also, Mr. Green?" she queried.

He replied solemnly that he did not, and to this day he knows not why everybody laughed.

Flipson—"Young Waggles has got the laugh turned against himself in his little joke against the Blazes Fire Insurance Company." Flopson—"How?" Flipson—"He insured 500 cigars, smoked them, and then sent in a claim on the ground that they had been destroyed by fire." Flopson—"And they laughed at him, I suppose?" Flipson—"No. They had him arrested on a charge of arson."

Allen's Lung Balsam, in which there is no opium, cures sore throat and sore lungs as it allays the inflammation and rids you of the mucous that stops up the air passages. 25c., 50c., $1.00 bottles.

Gentleman (to house agent)—"The great disadvantage is that the house is so damp." House Agent—"Disadvantage, sir? Advantage, I call it. In case of fire it wouldn't be so likely to burn!"

A General Favorite.—In every place where introduced Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has not failed to establish a reputation, showing that the sterling qualities which it possesses are valued everywhere when they become known. It is in general use in Canada and other countries as a household medicine and the demand for it each year shows that it is a favorite wherever used.

Papa enters sitting-room and discovers daughter and young Robinson sitting side by side on sofa. "Ah, Mr. Robinson," remarked he, affably, "you are a great athlete, aren't you?" "Oh," said Robinson, modestly, "I can do a little in that line. What made you think it?" "You show such marvellous staying power, you see," said the old gentleman, with a glance at the timepiece. Robinson took the hint and went.

Many Thanks are due from the proprietors of Weaver's Cerate to friends who have written to tell of the Cerate's good word in curing scrofulous humors, scald head and other skin diseases.

HIS NAME WAS ALEXANDER.

There was a chap who kept a store,
And though there might be grander,
He sold things cheap, nor asked for more,
His name was Alexander.

He mixed his goods with cunning hand
He was a skilful brander;
And since his sugar was half sand,
They called him Alex-Sander.

He had a girl, one day she came,
Then lovingly he scanned her;
He asked her would she change her name?
A ring did Alex-hand-her.

"Oh, yes," she said, with smiling lip,
"If I can be commander!"
And so they framed a partnership,
And called it Alex-and-her.



A SECRET.

Uncle—"You seem to be living very comfortably here, my boy, but are you saving any money?"

Nephew (whisperingly)—"Yes; but for goodness sake don't tell my wife."

An End to Bilious Headache.—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever, and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cure it—cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the Pills operate. There is nothing surer in the treatment of bilious headache.

ANCESTORIAL.

There is no objection to one's having notable ancestors if they be honestly come by. But he should never forget that a good descendant is much better than even a good ancestor. The latter is generally dead.

A Great Combination. "Ferrozin" the best *tonic* is. It should be taken by all invalids, by all who are run down or out of sorts. It builds up, gives new life.

COULD NOT FAIL.

"Our club is going to give a big entertainment next month."

"Yes, so I heard. Do you think it will be a success?"

"Sure to be. We've arranged it so that every member is chairman of some committee or other."

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.

When a pessimist expects to be disappointed he is disappointed if he isn't.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to th little folks.

NOT A FAMILY NECESSITY.

"Mamma is all alone to-day, Bessie, dear, and if anyone rings you will answer the bell."

Presently the bell sounded. As Bessie responded to the ring her mother inquired, "Who is it, dear?"

"Thomone thelling thilver polish," announced the child.

"Say no, thank you, and close the door," continued the mother sweetly.

The child obeyed, and a moment later the bell again was heard.

"Who is it this time?" asked the mother in a tone of annoyance.

"Oh, mudder, mudder! here's a man with a wooden leg."

"Mercy! another peddler?" voiced the susceptive woman. "Tell him we don't want any."



ISSUE NO. 1—03.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said the butler, "but your son has just eloped with the parlor maid."

"Oh, that isn't so bad," rejoined Mrs. Uppson. "He might have eloped with the cook—and I never could have replaced her."

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extinguisher.

HOSPITABLE.

Polite Shopwalker—"Good afternoon, madam. I hope you will call again."

Mrs. Flatterbick—"That's kind of yer. So I will, and yo must come to see us."

Did you notice that old man limping along a day or so ago? Well, if he will put on his back "The D & L" Menthol Plaster, in a week he will walk as straight as any one.

She had accepted his offer to escort her home in the rain. "I have been wondering," he remarked, on the way, "whether it is on account of my umbrella or my company that I am allowed to come with you?" "It is neither," she replied. "It is on account of my new hat."

They are Not Violent in Action.—Some persons, when they wish to cleanse the stomach, resort to Epsom and other purgative salts. These are speedy in their action, but serve no permanent good. Their use produces incipient chills, and if persisted in they injure the stomach. Nor do they act upon the intestines in a beneficial way. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills answer all purposes in this respect, and have no superior.

An Irish lawyer, noted for his wit, was engaged by a lady to defend an action her husband was bringing for judicial separation. While cross-examining the plaintiff he asked:—"You wish to leave this woman because she drinks?" "Yes, sir." "Do you drink yourself?" "That's my business!"—angrily. Whereupon the unmoved lawyer quietly asked him:—"Have you any other business?"

RIGHT AND WRONG THINKING and Their Results, by Aaron Martin Crane. At all booksellers or postpaid for $1.50. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

CARPET DYEING and Cleaning. This is a specialty with the BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. Send particulars by post and we are sure to satisfy. Address Box 158, Montreal.



HE TOOK THE BLAME.

Muggins—"Behold in me a self-made man."

Diggins—"I congratulate you because of your charitableness."

Muggins—"I beg pardon?"

Diggins—"You are certainly charitable in taking all the blame on yourself."

The greater the irritation in the throat the more distressing the cough becomes. Coughing is the effort of Nature to expel this irritating substance from the air passages. Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will heal the inflamed parts, which exude mucous, and restore them to a healthy state, the cough disappearing under the curative effects of the medicine. It is pleasant to the taste, and the price, 25 cents, is within the reach of all.

UN-ANSWERABLE.

Little Gordon was studying his Sunday school lesson.

"Say, papa, he queried, "what did the Dead Sea die of?"

Harold—"I am glad you have taken off that horrid veil." Bertha—"Indeed! Why?" Harold—"It was like a piece of paper around a lump of sugar."

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.

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

HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL.

A spec'al 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.

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.

To Builders.

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

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

J. W Cottingham

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

HARDWARE! All Kinds!

Builders! Nails, Felts, Locks, Hinges, Paints, White Lead Varnishes, Oils, Brushes, Glass, Putty Etc

Carpenter's Tools! Planes Saws Braces, Augers, Iron 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, fancy and plain wire work, at

—: or :—

T. McOuat & Son,
Lachute Mills.

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, D.L.S.
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 . BETHANY STREET.

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

Dr. J. H. MASON,
Physician & Surgeon.
Main St., Lachute.
Office hours;—8 to 10 a.m., 1 to 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, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Office over Banford's Store.
Will be in Lachute every day except Tuesday.
First and Third Tuesday in Calumet. Second and Fourth Tuesday in St. Andrews.

MALCOLM SMITH,
Licensed Auctioneer.
P.O. Box 10. Lachute, Que.
For the District of Terrebonne.
Sales conducted in French and English.

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

PUBLIC NOTICE.

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 COTE, 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 property 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, poles, ice 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 or appliances for the transmission of electricity, heat and power; to expropriate from time to time such rights, lands, easements and properties as may be necessary for the purposes of the Company, and for such purposes to enter into, break up and use the lands and properties of any person or corporation, and to alter, divert, discontinue, close up, sell or lease any highways, roads, streets, lanes, squares, commons, ferries, bridges, railways, tramways, waterways, canals, reservoirs, water-courses, water-privileges, wharves, docks, piers, harbours, ports, basins, locks, dams, slides, booms, piers, breakwaters, landing places, ways, fences, buildings, machinery, plant, rights, privileges, franchises, matters and things of any nature or kind whatsoever, belonging to the Company or to any person or corporation, which may be required, taken, used or injured by the Company in the exercise of its powers, and to indemnify any person or corporation for damages sustained by reason of the exercise by the Company of its powers; to borrow as required and issue bonds, debentures, securities and obligations of the Company from time to time, and to secure the same by mortgage, hypothec, deed of trust or pledge upon the undertaking and property of the Company, or any part thereof, and to sell or pledge such bonds, debentures, securities and obligations at such prices or upon such conditions as may be considered necessary; to acquire the works and enterprises of any other company, and to pay for the same wholly or partly in cash or bonds, debentures or other securities of the Company, and generally to do all such other things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them.

Dated, November twenty-ninth, 1907.

L. BEAUDEAU-RINFRET,
Solicitor for Applicants.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Office of Municipal Council of the County of Terrebonne.

SAINTE JEROME, JANUARY 7th, 1908.

I hereby give PUBLIC NOTICE that the lots and parcels of lots hereinafter mentioned, will be sold by Public Auction, at the Municipal County Council Room in the town of Sainte Jerome, Thursday, the fifth day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the taxes and charges due to the municipalities hereinafter mentioned upon the several lots or parcels of lots hereinafter described, unless the same be paid, with costs, two days before the said aforesaid day, to wit:—

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE EAST PART OF THE TOWNSHIP OF ABERCROMBIE.

Names.	Nos.	Range of Township	Municipal Tax	School Taxes	Total Amount
Proprietor unknown.	18A.	10th range of Kilkenny.	$ 1 00	$8 76	$9 76
" "	18B.	" "	1 00	50	1 50

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE VILLAGE OF ST. AGATHE DES MONTS.

Names.	Nos. of CAD.	Range of Township	Municipal Tax.	School Taxes	Total Amount
J. A. O. Laforest,	13 & 14	3rd range Beresford	$ 7 20		7 20
Avila Cadot,	69-12a	4th " "	2 75	$3 56	6 31
Alcide Groulx,	Part of 13a	4th " "	6 00	6 05	12 05
Octavin Rolland,	17B.	3rd " "	45 10	60 76	105 86
Octavin "	18B.	3rd " "	15 02	14 02	29 04
" "	Island 48	3rd " "	2 50	2 34	4 84

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF WOLFE.

Names.	Nos.	Ranges	Municipal Taxes	School Taxes	Total Amount
Alexandre Johnson	1	3rd range	$ 4 46½		$ 4 46½
" "	3-4-north	3rd "	10 27		10 27
Ernest Vipond	12	5th "	1 84		1 84
" "	13	5th "	1 84		1 84
Francis Malette	30	4th "	10 60½	$ 2 86	13 46½
Michel "	31	4th "	8 87½	5 30½	14 18
Evangeliste Malette	33	4th "	27 70½	06½	28 67
Alphonse Legault	35	4th "	22 01	13 57	35 58
James Duffy	18	7th "	2 92½	2 52	5 44½
Georges Purchase	10	7th "	3 73		3 73
" "	11	7th "	2 57		2 57
Mederick Menard	5	8th "	2 81	5 64	8 45
Brunet	22	9th "	4 35	4 97½	9 32½
Alphonse Paquette	40	9th "	2 81	6 31	9 12
Nazaire Mathe	41	9th "	2 81	3 96	6 77
Legèr Portugais	1	13th "	4 76½	2 50	7 26½
Francis "	4	13th "	9 68¼	2 12½	11 80¾

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE VILLAGE OF STE. THERESE DE BLAINVILLE.

Names.	Nos. of Cadastre	Municipal Taxes	School Taxes.	Total Amount
Dolphis Bayeur	No. 89 situated in the South of the large street.	75		75
Jos. Brunet	Nos. 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, situated in the west of St. John's street.	14 40	$ 9 60	$24 00
Heirs of Jean Brunet	No. 166 situated in the west of St. John's Street.	2 08	3 92	6 00

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE PARISH OF ST. THERESE DE BLAINVILLE.

Names.	Nos. of Cadastre.	Muni'pal Taxes	School Taxes	Cost for road	Total Am't.
Dr. Sam Desjardins	No. 81, situated in the south of "Cote cachée road."	50			50
J. D. Dulois	Nos. 425, 426, part 427, situated in 2nd concession in the North of "Coteau St. Louis" road.	8 72	$10 20	3 00	21 92
Unknown	No. P. 524, known under the name "Pite à gravois" limited in the nth by J. Bte. Clouthier, No. 525, in the south by "cote St. Louis road", in the east by Eustache Dumoulin, no. 522, in the west by C.P.R. St. Jerome branch.			4 00	4 00
Esther Philips	No. 772, situated in the west of la "grand ligne" road.	17 92		15 40	23 32

HENRI M. J PREVOST, Sec-Treasurer.

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

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 Odilie Charbonneau, wife of Henri Leduc sr., of the parish of St. Adele, Rentier, duly authorized to ester en justice.
Plaintiff.
The said Henri Leduc.
Defendant.
Montreal, December 11th, 1907.
WEIR, MacALLISTER & COTTON
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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

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

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXIII — LACHUTE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1908. — NO 2

Look back if necessary.

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.

See J. R. McOUAT'S January Clearing Sale Advt. of seasonable goods at heretofore unheard of prices.

We have a few odd lines of Horse Blankets left over which will be cleared out at greatly reduced prices. T. McOUAT & SON.

LADIES' FUR COATS in all sizes remain in stock. Rather than carry them over we might be advised to drop $5 on them. Try us. W. BANFORD & SON.

Do you need—Cross-Cut Saws, Axes, Axe Wedges, Axe Handles, Cant Dogs, Splitting Wedges, Saw Wedges, Axe Stones, etc. We have a large and complete stock to choose from and at prices to suit your **Hard Times Purse.**

T. McOUAT & SON.

OVERCOATS,—We confess we bought too many, but this is to your advantage. It makes for lower prices you see.

W. BANFORD & SON.

CRESWELL'S

Choice Winter Apples

High Class Chocolates.

GEO. H. CRESWELL.

January Clearing sale

Genuine Bargains
in all lines
During this Month

Carpenter Bros.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Chas. Calder spent the early part of the week in Ottawa.

Mrs. George Bennett is visiting friends in Montreal this week.

Miss Bessie McOuat is on a short visit with friends in Montreal.

Mr. Fred Roberts, of Montreal, is the guest of Mr. Geo. Deacon.

Miss Jessie Walker is spending a short visit with friends in Montreal.

We have some choice boots for men, (fine and coarse). In Ladies' lines also we have complete stock.

W. BANFORD & SON.

Mrs. Wilton, of Montreal, is a guest of the Misses Wilson for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Derrick, of Winnipeg, were visiting friends in town this week.

Miss K. McGibbon is spending a few weeks visit with friends at St. Augustin.

Mr. & Mrs. B. LeRoy, of Avonmore, were guests of Mrs. McBride this week.

Mrs. Jno. A. McGibbon is spending a short visit with friends in Montreal this week.

Mr. Duncan Joss, accompanied by his daughter Miss Verda, spent the latter part of the week in Montreal.

Mr. James W. Raitt spent Wednesday and Thursday in Montreal and attended the Masonic Grand Lodge Meetings.

And in Misses & Children's Coats we might still supply you. The prices are low enough too. W. BANFORD & SON.

James McKimmie Turner sails on Saturday, Feb. 1st, for Scotland, on account of the illness of his sister Bella, of whom they have little hopes of her recovery.

The services in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday next will be conducted by the pastor, the Rev. E. Mitchell. Morning subject "The Demoniac Boy," and the evening "The young man leaving home."

The Rev. Hugh Pedley, M.A., the popular preacher of Emmanuel Church Montreal, will speak at the Methodist Church Tea-Meeting, on Tuesday, February 11th.

The Rev. Alexander Torrie, who recently conducted meetings in Dalesville and Lachute, is to hold a two weeks Special Service in Brownsburg, commencing on Monday next.

Mr. T. Jousse is expecting his sister Mrs. Cascillas, of South Africa, to arrive shortly. It is some 35 years since Mr. Jousse last saw his sister and the meeting is being anxiously looked for.

We could fit you in a Ladies Jacket still, if you have put off buying till now. A few very choice ones in colours still waiting. W. BANFORD & SON.

The Parish Council meets on Monday next and will have as its principal business the appointment of a new secretary, as Mr. G. J. Walker, who has held that position for the past 29 years has resigned the office.

WEDDING BELLS.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. Hugh McCrea, on Tuesday last, when Miss Edith Jane Boyd was united in marriage to Mr. Alex. Gavin Brown. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. E. Mitchell, before a number of immediate relatives and friends. The Watchwan joins in wishing them very trice happiness.

Death of Mr. Hibbard.

A notable link with the Canada of pre-confederation days passed away suddenly in the person of Mr. W. R. Hibbard, who died after a very brief illness at his residence, St. Andrews East, Que., on Saturday, at the advanced age of 78 years.

Mr. Hibbard took an active part in commercial and political affairs, and was widely known throughout the Dominion.

In hie early days Mr. Hibbard became associated with the coal oil trade, and later with the rubber industry, being with Mr. J. B. Learmonth, one of the old Rubber Company, afterwards the Canada and then the Dominion Rubber Company.

In religious matters, Mr. Hibbard, who was a Congregationalist, took a deep interest, and he was for many years a deacon of Zion Church. He is survived by a widow, one son, Mr. Wm. Hibbard, and two daughters, one of whom is Mrs. May, of San Francisco, while the other, Miss Hibbard, is at home. Lieut.-Col. F. W. Hibbard, K.C., Crown Prosecutor, is a nephew. The funeral, which took place on Tuesday afternoon, was very largely attended.

HOCKEY.

The score of 7 goals to 4 tells of another defeat for Lachute in Vankleek Hill, which is thus described in the Ottawa Citizen by a Hill reporter.

It would be hard to particularize any player on the home team, but for Lachute too much praise cannot be given their defence, which broke up rush after rush, and aided the forwards in bringing down the puck and then passing. The best of feeling prevailed among the players, and although both sides got penalties, they were for trivial offences, and were of short duration.

Wilson was called on to stop a shot right from the face, and was there with the goods. The puck travelled up and down till W. Crooks put in a hot one that passed Wilson. Time, 3 minutes. Lachute pressed the Vankleek Hill defence pretty hard, till McGibbon got a chance, and tallied one in five minutes. He repeated the trick in one half minute after a lone rush. Then Saucier evened the score in six minutes for Vankleek Hill. The next goal fell to Lachute in two minutes, Raitt doing the necessary. This ended the scoring in the first half.

Lachute lost the game in two minutes after the commencement of the second half, when Vankleek Hill scored three goals in 15 seconds, 15 seconds, and one minute, the scoring being done by Crooks Saucier, and Matte. The play then steadied down, Lachute taking the next, Styan scoring in three minutes. The next goal fell to Vankleek Hill, Saucier tallying in 2 minutes. Vankleek Hill repeated the trick in two minutes, W. Crooks scoring. Lachute put up a hard fight to even up, but the Vankleek Hill players resorted defence game and prevented the visitors from getting in. The score ended up 7 to 4.

The line-up was as follows:

Lachute: Goal, Wilson; point, McIntyre; cover point, Hampton; rover, Raitt; center, Styan; left wing, McGibbon; right wing, Carpenter.

Vankleek Hill: Goal, Paquette; point, Yennor; cover point, Ladouceur; rover, Blanchard; center, Crooks; left wing, Saucier; right wing, Matte.

Mr. Marion of Rockland gave good satisfaction as referee.

THE JUNIORS ON TOP.

The Lachute Juniors played a strong game last evening with the juniors of Hawkesbury and won out in a score of 5 to 3. Owing to the extreme cold there was not much of a turn out. The Hawkesbury septette were a good bunch of fellows and put up a hard struggle for the game, but the home team proved their superiority. McKimmie's shooting was at all times dangerous and scored well with long shots from the side, one of which went clean through the nets. A few minutes after half time one of the visiting team were hurt and the balance of the game was played with six men aside. The visiting team were afterwards entertained to supper.

DEATH.

CARSON,—At Alpena, Mich., December 28th, 1907, Thankful Carson, beloved wife of James F. Grant, aged 59 yrs. and 9 months.

HUME,—At Nevada City, Cal., on Saturday, Nov. 2, 1907, John Smith Hume, in the County Hospital, of rapid consumption, aged 49 years, eldest son of Mrs. Edward Hume, of Bethany.

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

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

SILK BLOUSES
All Sizes and all Prices,
Certainly
the nicest in town.

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.**

GREAT REDUCTIONS

Commencing with the 16th of January, and continuing till the first of March, I will dispose of my entire stock at large reductions. I intend to save my customers many dollars. This is no fake sale, but a genuine cheap sale of good goods. Don't lose this opportunity of buying all your goods at low prices. Give us a call and see for yourself.

J. D. LALONDE,
ST. PHILIPPE D'ARGENTEUIL

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A student of prison affairs once said that the prison population consists of two classes—people who never ought to have been sent to prison and people who never ought to be allowed to leave it. It is unfortunate that students interested in either one of these classes are too often apt to forget the importance of the other. It is one of the merits of Sir Robert Anderson, a former high police official in Great Britain, that in emphasising the need of radical treatment of professional criminals he at the same time does much to define clearly what particular types of criminals should be treated as professional. In the current Nineteenth Century and After the latest book of this writer is discussed and indorsed by Alfred Wills, who for over twenty years has sat in the trial of criminal cases as one of the judges of the high court.

There are many habitual criminals, weak persons readily giving way to temptation, who, according to Anderson, should not be classified as professionals. The professionals are only those who deliberately set about supporting themselves by crime. These are the ones who are among all criminals most unlikely to change their ways, and it was for their control that Anderson suggested some years ago that after several convictions such criminals should be given a special trial to decide whether they were true professionals or not, and if they were they should be imprisoned for life.

A later suggestion he makes is intended to remove a temptation which the law now holds out to crime by doing so little to compel restitution when a thief has been convicted. Wherever there is reason to think stolen property is in hiding he would have the criminal given an opportunity to deliver it up, or else stay in prison for life. He does not think that the life sentences of professional criminals in all England would be more numerous than the accommodations of one good-sized prison could take care of; but he does think if such a prison were filled in that way a disproportionately heavy reduction of the amount of crime would result.

If more attention were given to professional crime and if harsher methods were used in protecting society from it, the result would be merciful in the end—merciful both to the citizens protected from such crime and to the men who, as conditions now are, graduate every year into such careers.

THREW HIM OUT OF BALLOON.

From High in the Clouds, Spectators Saw Figure Fall to Earth.

A group of aeronauts were talking aeronautics at New Orleans the other day.

"Did you ever hear of Strohschneider?" said a German. "He did a dreadful thing once. I'll tell you about it.

"Strohschneider appeared in a certain village and advertised that he would take the landlord of the village inn up with him on a trapeze hanging from the car of his balloon.

"Though the landlord's wife made a kick and the authorities, upholding her, forbade the man to accompany Strohschneider, the landlord sat in state on the trapeze beside the famous aeronaut when the ascension began.

"Up and up went the balloon, and now a murmur of horror arose among the multitude. The aeronaut and the landlord were quarrelling; they were fighting. High up there in the clouds, perched on the swaying trapeze, they struggled, thumped, and kicked.

"Suddenly, the aeronaut, in a mad burst of rage, seized the landlord by the throat, thrust him backward and flung him into space. Down, the poor fellow dropped like a stone, turning over and over. He alighted on his head.

"The people, mad with horror and rage, rushed to the spot. And there, to their amazement, stood the landlord, laughing heartily. The figure that had fallen was a manikin dressed up in his clothes.

"And this," the speaker concluded, "is the only practical joke that has ever been played from a balloon."

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Character begins in the cradle.

Where love is we forget labor.

You cannot keep the joy you will not share.

The bonds of a good home are forged in heaven.

Your sympathies determine the breadth of your life.

The wise know enough to sacrifice a good deal of wit.

The heart frozen with selfishness is sure to be fruitless.

Faith in God may be manifested by good feeling for men.

Many a church is praying for a shower that needs only a thaw.

Halving another's sorrow is a sure way of doubling your own joy.

The best cure for the blues is to try to be a blessing to some one.

If you cannot find the divine everywhere you will find it nowhere.

No man ever reaped any more happiness than he was willing to sow.

The hand does not reach very far nor very helpfully without the heart.

Often it is the pull on our heart strings that gives us our biggest lift.

The best way to lead any one to heaven is to help him to a good home here.

The tear of pity is a good thing, but it doesn't go far in a thirsty world.

The angels' song can always be heard when love leads you into the ways of the lowly.

Inviting men to your firelight may do them as much good as inviting them to your faith.

UNTAMADLE WILD BEASTS

A BOOK ABOUT THE BEASTS PRJEVALSKY DISCOVERED.

Captives From Gobi Desert in Asia Studied Carefully by the Russians.

There was little prospect thirty years ago of the discovery of a genuine wild horse. There are, to be sure, the so-called wild horses of the Americans, but they are the descendants of horses that the Spaniards brought to the Western world some centuries ago. While evidence existed that wild horses were probably as abundant in pre-historic times in the south of Europe as zebras are to-day in British East Africa, most naturalists believed that true wild horses with an unbroken line of wild ancestry were extinct.

Then, in 1879, the Russian explorer Prjevalsky reported that he had discovered a new and quite distinct horse in the Gobi Desert to the west of Mongolia. Two years later Poliakof published a description of the horse to which he gave the name Equus prjevalskii. Then the brothers Grum-Grjimailo saw the horses in the desert and learned many new facts about them.

The Russians were greatly interested and it was decided to capture a number of the animals and bring them to Europe. These efforts were successful, and five years ago a herd of about thirty of the Prjevalsky horses,

AFTER NO END OF TROUBLE,

were landed in Europe. Most of them are still in Russia, but a few were taken to England, where they are kept on the estate of the Duke of Bedford.

The English naturalists did not make a scientific study of the animals in that country because the Russians had had a most thorough investigation in progress, with the advantage that nearly all the captive horses and a number of skeletons are in their hands. Very few of the English naturalists believed that they were true wild horses, but looked upon them either as a kiang, hybrid, the kiang being a species of the ass, or as the offspring of escaped Mongol ponies.

The Russians, however, have settled the question. They have proved by the methods of comparative anatomy and in other ways that the Prjevalsky horse has no relationship with Mongol ponies or the kiang, but is a valid and distinct species of the genus horse, without relationship to the ass, though it has some features that remind one of the Asiatic ass; but even in these features, as the tail, for example, the resemblance is closer to the horse than to the ass.

The results of the investigation were prepared for publication by Dr. W. Salensky, director of the Zoologihal Museum of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, St. Petersburg. The book has just been translated into English and published in London under the title,

"PRJEVALSKY'S HORSE."

The animals were mere colts when they arrived in Europe and were not prepossessing, for they did not take kindly to the novel conditions, were out of condition and had ragged coats and awkward gaits. They have now reached maturity, have been well cared for and are good looking animals.

Many naturalists now hold the opinion that the domestic horse of to-day was mainly derived from three wild species, which have been named the steppe, forest and plateau varieties. The Prjevalsky horse is a representative of the steppe variety.

For lack of data Dr. Salensky has not been able to determine what relationship may exist between this wild horse of Mongolia and domestic horses. The animal is an inhabitant of the Dzungaria and Kobao districts of the Gobi Desert. Its habitat, which is not large, lies between the Great Altai and the Tian Shan mountains to the north of Chinese Turkestan.

The brothers Grum-Grj'mailo, who have had the best oportunity to observe the horse in its wild state, say that it lives in the level districts and goes at night to the pasture lands and drinking places. At break of day it returns to the desert, where it rests until sunset.

When there are nursing colts in the herd the animals always rest in the same place, but this does not appear to be the case when the foals become larger. They usually walk one behind the other, so that the region where they live is covered with deeply trodden tracks.

THEY NEIGH CLEARLY,

and the sound corresponds exactly with the neigh of the domestic horse. There is the same resemblance between the snorting of a badly frightened wild horse and that of domestic horses when scared.

The Mongolians have made many attempts to tame the wild horse, but in vain.

All efforts to tame the animals that have been brought to Europe have also failed.

Thus far the horse will not submit to man; is afraid of him and cannot be rendered serviceable. Though now accustomed to the sight of human beings, the captives are very badly frightened if a person approaches nearer than within two or three rods of them.

Still some facts are known which indicate that there is hope that those horses may eventually be tamed. The explorer Koslov about forty years ago saw a colt of six months belonging to a chief in the Gobi that had been so far tamed as to walk peaceably in a bridle. It would permit itself to be led up a stairway to the floor above, and even allowed the seven-year-old son of the chief to sit on its back.

It is practically impossible to capture adult animals on their native plains. The Russians followed the comparatively simple Mongolian methods of getting possession of some of the horses, after that young colts had been added to the herd within a day or two. They thereupon pursued the herd on horses until the colts became so exhausted that they could travel no further and then it was easy to capture them.

FISH CUT IN TWO LIVES HOURS.

Experiments of a Russian Physician as to the Nature of Death.

A curious series of experiments on the persistence of life in fishes has been conducted by Prof. Konliakko, physiologist at Tomsk, from which he deduces that even decapitation does not produce instantaneous death of the tissues, but merely cessation of functioning for lack of nutrition and oxygen supply conveyed through the blood.

His most conclusive experiment was performed by cutting a fish in two just below the heart. The two parts of the body showed signs of life for two or three minutes, in the form of muscular contractions in both parts and attempts to breathe by the upper one. Then they became motionless, but even yet the upper section was far from dead.

The professor had ready a nutritive solution strongly charged with oxygen, and using this he started artificial circulation in the upper section of the fish. The heart began to beat and the gills to vibrate, the muscles became active and the mouth opened and closed. In a word, the functions of all the organs seemed to be completely restored. The fish had not been dead at all, but had merely been suffering from extreme anaemia.

This stimulation was maintained for several hours, the fish exhibiting, but in a diminishing degree, all the characteristics of life. Real death gradually took possession of the organism. The cells became diseased or old. The power of the heart, however, was marvellous. It retained its power to beat, Prof. Konliakko asserts, sometimes for an entire day after all sensitiveness had disappeared from the nervous centres. These died themselves after different periods of resistance, the more highly organized ones in the surface of the brain losing power long before the deeper seated ones.

The professor hopes to formulate from his observations important theories as to the essential nature of life and the causes of death. He thinks they may help physicians to find a means of preventing death in cases where the general tissues of the body have not lost vitality and where the danger arises from injury or organic lesion or a condition of disease which can be eradicated if life can be maintained long enough for the purpose.

A MISCHIEVOUS ELEPHANT.

Coco Is Also a Most Affectionate and Amusing Animal.

Coco, a small elephant in a circus menagerie, is known as the most mischievous animal among all the large herd of elephants in this show. Coco, writes Ellen Velvin in "Wild Animal Celebrities," was born in the circus, and from the very first few months of his life attracted attention, not only on account of his constant mischief, but also because he is one of the most affectionate and amusing animals in captivity.

Coco began one day to pull down the gas-pipes over his head; and when those had been put to rights again, he tried to investigate the electric light by drawing the bulb over to his mouth with his trunk, and was barely saved from crushing it, and probably causing his own death.

Just around a corner of the wall where he and his companions are usually fastened up, underneath Madison Square Garden, is a water-faucet where the men get the drinking water for the elephants. One night when, after the performance, the lights had been put out with the exception of one or two, and all the men had gone but the watchmen, Coco was very quiet and thoughtful, and as all the elephants seemed quiet and comfortable, the watchman settled himself in his chair and began to doze.

Suddenly he was conscious of a curious sound like running water, and after listening a moment, looked down on the floor, and was surprised to see the floor swimming in water and a stream pouring from the faucet. The watchman knew at once what had happened. Coco had turned on the water-faucet and flooded the place. It took about an hour with a lot of men to get the animals dry and comfortable once more, and Coco was made to understand, by having his trunk rapped smartly every time he attempted to put it round the faucet, that he was not to do that again.

A SPELLING REFORM.

One of the witnesses in a lawsuit, who had just been sworn, was asked to give his name. He replied that it was Hinckley. Then the attorney for the prosecution requested him to give his name in full.

"Jeffrey Alias Hinckley."

"I am not asking you for your alias," said the lawyer, impatiently. "What is your real name?"

"Jeffrey Alias Hinckley."

"No trifling in this court, sir!" sternly spoke the judge. "Which is your right name—Jeffrey or Hinckley?"

"Both of 'em, your honor."

"Both of them? Which is your surname?"

"Hinckley."

"And Jeffrey is your given name?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Then what business have you with an alias?"

"I wish I knew, your honor," said the witness, ruefully. "It isn't my fault."

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded the judge, who was fast losing his temper.

"I mean, your honor, that Alias is my middle name, for some reason which my parents never explained to me. I suppose they saw it in print somewhere, and rather liked the looks of it. I'd get rid of it if I could do so without the newspapers finding it out and joshing me about it."

The court suggests that hereafter the witness begin his middle name with an E instead of an A. Counsel will proceed with the examination," said the judge, coughing behind his handkerchief.

CARRIES IT TO EXTREMES.

Mrs. Baye: "She is simply mad on the subject of germs, and sterilizes or filters everything in the house."

Mrs. Kaye: "How does she get along with her family?"

"Oh, even her relations are strained."

GREAT GIANTS ON PARADE

WONDERFUL PRODUCTS OF THE CARNIVAL MAKERS ABROAD.

Forty Foot High King at Nice— The Lady and the Lobster— Other Striking Figures.

Old Flanders is one of the principal homes of Europe's giants. Here visitors can find families of giants a hundred years old and more. The modern giants are found chiefly in the south of France and in Italy, and though younger they are usually much larger.

The best time to see the giants of Flanders is at one of the fetes which are held two or three times a year in every town of importance. The place of honor in the parade is always reserved for the town giant or giants of there are more than one. Standing or sitting on floats pulled by six, eight or a dozen huge Flemish horses, they slowly move along the streets.

Although the city of Bruges in Belgium is so poor that it is said to have more beggars in proportion to its population than any other in Europe, it has one of the most imposing families of giants, which includes not only the father and the mother, but also three children. The baby is nearly seven feet long. The father, who appears as a knight, is twenty feet in height from the top of the plumes on his helmet to his feet and carries a spear as long as himself for a weapon.

HIS WIFE IS EIGHTEEN FEET HIGH.

The two other children are eleven and ten feet tall. As all giants have names, the Bruges family is known as Gayon and the father and mother are supposed to resemble a lord and lady of this name who were among the nobility of Brugess in the days when it was one of the richest cities of old Flanders.

The biggest giants of all are those of the Riviera. They usually come out and show themselves during the carnival when Nice and other cities make merry just before the Lenten season.

The giants of Nice are the biggest and most grotesque. Its ogres are the ugliest; the floats in its procession are the most wonderful creations of the carnival designers.

The procession winds through the streets, headed by its vanguard of giants on horseback. Following them may be a monster dragon or some other creature from whose enormous mouth issue the strains of a lively march.

This novel band chariot precedes a series of floats which the cleverest artisans have been creating for months. They represent scenes of mythology, famous poems, or perhaps passages in history.

Now comes a party of clowns and columbines, who form the target for showers of confetti from the spectators; but they return the attack, sprinkling the paper flakes over all alike. Another grotesque band chariot and a shout from the multitude announces

THE APPROACH OF REX.

Beside him the giants of the escort seem pygmies, for sometimes he measures forty feet from head to toe.

He may be seated on a mammoth throne, but in these days prefers to be up to the times, so he may enter into his kingdom astride an automobile or in an airship of suitable proportions. As the carnivals have been growing larger and larger the king has also increased in size until it usually takes a dozen horses to draw his equipage.

The picturesque water carnival with its procession of gayly decorated boats and the beautiful parade of flower-decked vehicles, do not interest the spectators as much as the great Rex procession, because of the many and wonderful giants that take part in it. They are triumphs of ingenuity, for the material of which they are formed consists principally of wood, wire, stuffing, papier mache and paint.

This is why Rex, enormous as he is, can be hauled through the streets by the four horses attached to his chariot. The Lady of the Lobster, as she might be called, rides astride of the great crab, which is easily moved by two steeds.

MAKING THE GIANTS.

The way in which one of these giants is made is worth telling. First, drawings are prepared in sections like the architect's plan of a house. Then the workmen fashion the various parts, which are afterward joined together so deftly that no one can tell where the joint has been made.

The body of the giant from the legs to the neck may be made in one section. The skeleton is generally built of a light wooden framework, further strengthened by stretching wires around it. Over this may be laid sheets of light but strong paper, and padding of cotton or some other fibre is glued where it is needed to fill out the skeleton.

In this way is formed a groundwork for the coating of papier mache. Rex is now ready for a part of his clothing. His coat is put on without the sleeves, as these can be placed on the arms separately, while the detached legs are also covered with trousers. When the parts are assembled the king looks as if he had been dressed like the ordinary man, so nicely is the work done.

The faces are usually composed of a mask skilfully fitted to the back of the head, where its rim is concealed by the hair. The masks include, of course, ears, nose and mouth, and have a very natural flesh tint.

INSECTS AND MIRRORS.

In his experiments to determine whether it is the color or the odor of flowers that attracts bees and other insects, Monsieur Plateau, the Belgian zoologist, bethought him of trying a mirror. He selected a flower of striking color and strong odor, and placed it before an excellent glass in which the reflection was perfect. All the insects went straight to the real flower, and not a single one approached the reflection in the mirror.

BATTERED MAN-OF-WAR

OLD BATTLESHIP HERO USED AS A TARGET.

Great Warships Rammed Shells Through Her Armor — Soon Mass of Scrap Iron.

The old battleship Hero, of the British navy, has been battered into scrap iron by modern shell fire rained into her by two of the newest men-o'-war in King Edward's fleet. The twenty-year-old warship, long since useless as a fighting machine, has shared the fate of the veteran Bellisle, which two or three years ago was sacrificed to modern gunnery.

The Hero now lies a shattered hulk off the Kentish coast, and would have gone to the bottom but for the fact that she rests on a shoal called the Kentish Knock. At high water she is nearly submerged.

Gunnery is now the chief aim of the British Admiralty. Ordinary target practice is not realistic enough, so ships must be fired at to test the effect of modern shell on armor-clad vessels.

The doomed ship was moored on the Kentish Knock shoal, near the mouth of the Thames, and prepared for the sacrifice. Her sides were divided into lettered sections by bands of white paint, as a guide to the classification of the hits scored. Then she was left alone to await the rain of shells which was to be poured into her.

DOMINION ONE OF SHIPS.

The ships elected to practice their gunnery upon the old Hero were the Dominion and the Hibernia, two of the most modern battleships in the royal navy. Their guns were trained on the armor-belt and gun turret of the Hero, the armor of which is from eight to twelve inches thick. The bombardment commenced at a range of between 6,000 and 7,000 yards—a distance at which modern battles may be fought.

After a few ineffectual rounds, the gunners of the Dominion and the Hibernia found the range, and then commenced a deadly stream of 12-inch shells. If the Hero had been in fighting condition she would have been helpless to return the fire after the first few shots, one of which hit her turret and rendered her two big guns useless by carrying away the muzzles.

SOON RIDDLED.

Soon the old battleship was riddled with shot holes, and had one yawning, jagged hole just above the water line. Her funnel, fighting-top and top-hamper went by the board; only her single mast, by some miracle, escaping the general destruction. The armorplate was pierced through and through as if it were tinfoil.

When she had been subjected to three poundings of this merciless character, the tough old Hero sank and rested on the shoal.

Besides the effect of the shell fire on her armour, the object of the test was to ascertain the influence of gunfire on delicate electrical instruments used aboard modern warships.

MAKING THE EDITOR SQUIRM.

A country editor was made to writhe in keenest humiliation of spirit on receipt of the following scathing criticism by a subscriber on the conduct of his paper:—

"Dear Sur,—I hereby offer my risignashun as a subscriber to your paper, it being a pamphlet of such small konsekence as not to Benefit my family by takin of it. What you need in your shete is branes and someone to russell up news and rite eddytoryals on sensibal topicks.

"No menshion has been made in your shete of me butcherin a pig weighin 369 pounds, or of the gaips in the chickens out this way. You stenjusly ignore the fact that the dry rot is eatin things up out here, an say nothin about Bill Simpson's durham bull calf breakin its legs fallin down a well, or of Grandma Sipes havin the sore leges.

"Too important weddins here has been utterly ignored by your kolumns, an a two-kolumn obitchuary writ by me on the deth of grandpa Henry was left out of your shete, to say nothin' of a alfabetical poem beginning with 'A is for Andy and also for Ark,' writ by my darter. This is why your shete is unpopular here. If you don't want eddytoryals from this place and ain't goin to put in no news in your shete we don't want said shete.

Yourn in disgust,
Hiram Doaks.

"P.S.—If you print that obitchuary in your next issoo I may subskribe again for your shete.—H.D."

STEAMBOATS ON AFRICAN LAKES.

No more striking indication exists of the rapid march of civilization over the Dark Continent than that furnished by the steamboats now running on the Victoria Nyanza, in connection with the Uganda railway. Three boats have already been launched there, and another is in course of construction. Violent tempests frequently occur on this lake, and the boats have been specially constructed to resist them, as well as to afford protection against the fierce tropical sunshine, and the diluvian rains which fall there.

BETTER STILL.

Some silly people rave about
The lay of the poet's pen;
But it simply isn't in it with
The lay of the barnyard hen.

MONEY IN IT.

"Pa," asked little Willie, "is politics a profession or a business?"

"Well," replied his pa, "that depends upon circumstances. If you're on the winning side it's a business."

Mrs. Hoon (looking up from her newspaper): "Here is an item about a convict who writes poetry in prison." Mr. Hoon: "H'm! Is that what he is in for?"

HISTORY TO BE DEPICTED

GORGEOUS SPECTACLES BY OVER 7,000 PERFORMERS.

London to Have a Magnificent Pageant of Old and Modern Times.

The vogue of the pageant will culminate next year in the London historical pageant. It is suggested to the King Edward VII. Hospital Fund.

A magnificent central site has been selected in the heart of fashionable London, to which the busy life of the great city does not reach, where no sound is heard to mar the beauty of the sylvan scene; where the stately trees, the broad stretch of water and the verdant turf provide a fitting scene for the pictures of London in the days of old, which are being arranged by a committee, in connection with which Professor Oman, Chichele, professor of modern history at Oxford, is taking

A PROMINENT PART.

It is proposed that the pageant should cover all the most important episodes in the history of London—which is practically the history of the nation—arranged by historical, art and musical committees, on the successful lines which were carried out at Oxford.

Authoritative and specialized subcommittees are being appointed, consisting of the foremost men of the day, in order to secure the best results in the literary, musical and artistic sides of the pageant.

In order that the pageant may be a complete success, the assistance and cooperation of the various local Mayors and authorities in the County of London are being invited, and it is suggested that each great district in London shall contribute the performers for one or other of the episodes.

In the majority of instances the performers will be invited to contribute their own dresses and properties, although in some cases where this may not be possible the London Historical Pageant Committee will naturally bear the expense.

The performers will consist of from 7,000 to 10,000 women and men, recruited from

THE MUNICIPAL BOROUGHS.

Some idea of the wide scope of the pageant may be gathered when it is stated that the first scene under consideration will be the Great Sacrifice of Diana, which took place on the site where St. Paul's now stands, and the last depicts the day of the powdered wig and patches of the eighteenth century.

So far as the financial side of the pageant is concerned, the available figures of previous pageants have been before the preliminary committee, and it is confidently anticipated that a considerable revenue will accrue.

A large guarantee fund has already been formed in order to provide for whatever preliminary expenses may be incurred.

THE ONE CHANCE.

Terrible Experience of a Hunter's Wife and Children.

A family who lived in the wilds of the Province of Yukon met with a terrible adventure, which is described by Mr. F. C. Selous in "Recent Hunting Trips in British North America," as it was told him by the father. In the spring of 1905 a trapper and hunter went down to Fort Selkirk to get provisions, leaving his wife and children, three little girls, in the cabin, far away up the Pelly River, in which they had all lived during the winter. He told his wife that he would try to get back by a certain date toward the end of May, and made every effort to do so.

One evening on my return journey, said the trapper, I camped late, some distance above the Pelly canon, and was prepared to get under my blankets, when I heard a boat coming down the river. I went down to the water's edge to listen, and soon became convinced that it was my own boat—the boat which I had left with my wife—that was approaching. From the way in which the thole-pins were set, on which the oars turned, a certain clicking noise resulted which there was no mistaking.

I shouted loudly as the boat came nearer, and was answered by my wife, who soon brought the boat ashore. She told me that two nights before, the cabin in some way got alight from the stove while she and the children were asleep, and they had only just been able to escape, with nothing on but their night-dresses. Everything was burned, cabin, provisions, clothes and pelts, and my wife and three poor little children were left standing in the wilderness without food or shelter.

My boat was still in good order, so my wife put the children into it, and at once started for Selkirk, three hundred miles distant.

The river was in flood, as the ice had only just gone out, and rowing and floating alternately on the strong stream day and night, racing against death to the children from starvation and cold, my wife was prepared to attempt the passage of the Pelly canon by night, a most terrible risk to run, in order to reach Selkirk as soon as possible; for I was before my time, and she did not expect to meet me on my return journey.

JEWS OF THE WORLD.

The "Jewish Year Book," just published in Europe, estimates the total number of Israelites in the world at about 11,081,000. Of these it locates 8,748,000 in Europe, 1,556,000 in America, 354,000 in Africa, 342,000 in Asia, and 17,000 in Australia. The Jews of Europe are divided as follows: Russia, 5,100,000; Austria, 2,100,000; Germany, 600,000; the Balkan States, 400,000; Belgium and Holland, 105,000; France, 80,000; Italy, 40,000. The largest Jewish populations in cities are given as: New York, 750,000; Vienna, 130,000; Berlin, 95,000; London, 87,000, and Jerusalem, 30,000.

THE SACRIFICE;

—OR—

FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

What had happened to Westenberg? The old streets wore quite a different aspect. It was not only the fresh coat of paint which the houses had put on that had made the alteration, but the many merry girls' faces that looked out of the windows, the street-boys who, in a state of perfect delight, clattered over the pavement in their wooden shoes, making noise enough to overpower the sound of the horses' feet, and the gay, bright music which already sounded through the streets from a distance, drawing men and women out to their doors.

Hurrah! The Uhlans were coming back from the parade ground.

The golden morning sun sparkled on the tips of the lances; the black and white banner waved in the warm summer wind; in front the staff trumpeter with the band, all on bay horses; then the commander with the adjutant, and behind them the long line of riders, dusty from their warm ride. But how magnificently the animals caught the tie of the waltz; how straight the young fellows sat in their saddles; how the bright eyes sparkled through the windows, and how the young girls blushed when an officer gazed up too boldly. Now the train turned round the corner of the old gymnasium, and in the house of the Frau Majorin von Tollen a window was flung open, and a brown face looked out with a pair of magnificent brown eyes on the glittering train that wound beneath her like a serpent with shining scales.

Katie's foot kept time to the waltz, her hair waved in the wind over the narrow forehead, and her delicate nostrils quivered with pleasure.

The officers all looked up and greeted her, lowering their swords; and she returned the greeting, smiling and blushing, till her white teeth gleamed out from the rosy lips. In fact the whole regiment looked up and admired the charming picture. At the corner of the street the band went one way, the squadrons separated and rode off to their various stables, and two officers came back at a gallop, and stopped before Katie's window.

"Fraulein von Tollen," cried the elder, the commander, "we are going to drive to Buchenhagen this afternoon. You will come with us, will you not? Gussie will be very much hurt if you keep to your refusal of yesterday."

"Oh, I should like to go so much," replied the young girl, "but I cannot; really I can't, for mamma will never let me."

"I will speak to Auntie Tollen," declared the young officer, who had sprung off his horse and given it to a soldier, who hurried out of the Tollens' house. "Only leave it to me, Fraulein Katharine." He smiled at the girl with his good-natured eyes as he spoke.

"Ah, yes, do, Herr von Wegstedt. Mamma is in the garden," cried Katie.

'This minute," was the reply. The lieutenant saluted his superior officer and clattered into the house.

The elder officer saluted Katie, called out "Auf wiedersehen," and turned away.

Katie clapped the window to, without perceiving that Doctor Schonberg was coming down the street, and had been looking up for a long time as he approached her house.

Katie, who was hurrying toward the garden, met him in the hall, close by the new door which von Tollen had got made to give the upper and lower apartments a more separate aspect.

"Good-morning,' said she, returning his greeting; 'just go upstairs, Ernest, I want to ask mamma something."

"Can't I come with you?"

"No, Herr von Wegstedt is with her."

"I don't see that that need prevent me," he replied. But she would not permit it; she took his arm and led him upstairs, giving up her intention. Her eldest sister, Helen, was there sewing on her little trousseau. The sewing-machine was making a deafening noise, and the canary-bird was singing its loudest in addition.

"Be quiet," cried Katie loudly, in her clear, ringing voice, producing a momentary pause.

The doctor took the hand of his betrothed, and drew her toward him. "Are you coming to see my mother this afternoon?" he inquired.

She flushed deeply. "To-day?" she said. "I really cannot tell you just now, Ernest; but if I am not there by two o'clock you need not expect me—yes, that is the way we will arrange it."

"Very well," he said indifferently; "I only thought as it is Wednesday——"

"Yes, I know."

"And because this day belongs to us, to my mother and me, while Sunday is yours."

"Ah, it is so silly to bind one's self down to regular days," replied Katie.

"That is as you think, Katie. Then we will give it up."

She looked at him for a moment with wide-open, startled eyes. But he looked past her toward the door, where he heard some one coming.

Frau von Tollen came in. She looked vexed, but she closed her lips, which she had opened to speak, when she saw her youngest daughter's betrothed, to whom she gave her hand in silence.

He began to talk on indifferent subjects, received hearty messages for his mother, and then took leave.

Katie went down with him to the door. Here she smilingly offered him her lips for a kiss; then she put her finger on her lips and pointed downstairs. From below there came up the sound of a voice:

"You idiot, if you ever unpack box for me so clumsily again, you will be put under arrest, do you hear? This afternoon have the Second Ulanha and Favorite at the Crown, at half-past one."

The doctor went slowly downstairs. As he reached the foot of the stairs the door of the Tollen salon, which was now let to Herr von Wegstedt, was shut with a loud bang, and a handsome Uhlan in a blue apron was trying to pick up the fragments of a little plaster statuette, and putting them back in the box from which he had taken them.

Ernest Schonberg could have laughed, if he had felt disposed to mirth, at the expression of the culprit; he looked so stupidly at the dainty arm of an Ariadne, by Dannecher.

He felt worn out, weary of the constant struggle with himself which he was carrying on. The limbs which had carried him to the house of his betrothed the day after their engagement had seemed heavy as lead; and when he had made his proposal to her mother, he had actually heaved a sigh of relief when she refused her unconditional consent. Katie was still too young, and it would be better that she should be sure of her own wishes; he might come there as often as he chose; she could not give her child to a better man, and she would gladly give her consent, if they were both in the same mind at the end of the year. So he must have patience till then. This was the substance of her words; and, deeply touched, he kissed her hand, and had gone away without seeing Katie.

But that very evening Katie had come to see his mother. She looked at him wistfully with large tears in her splendid eyes, and when he stroked her hair at parting and pressed her hand in a fatherly manner, such as was natural to him under the circumstances, he impetuously threw her arms round his neck, and declared with great agitation that she considered herself engaged to him, and should always do so, even though mamma did set her face against it; and mamma had no right to forbid her to kiss him, and she wouldn't be ordered about, especially now.

He stood in the street after he had left her, and lifted his hat from his burning brow, he felt so downcast and oppressed.

"The heat is unbearable," he murmured, as he turned into a shady side street; and as he walked slowly on, with his hat in his hand, the last few weeks passed in review before him.

The change in the house of his future mother-in-law had been great. Downstairs the blond Lieutenant von Wegstedt was now living; the doctor was not quite clear whether he disliked this fact or was indifferent to it. He was a modest young fellow, this young officer, not at all likely ever to become very prominent. He had only one advantage, a powerful one in these days, certainly: he was the only son of a rich and noble family, and, as such, had the prospect of one day succeeding to the oldest and richest baronial estate in the Mark of Brandenberg. He was the son of Frau von Tollen's most intimate friend in her youthful days, and when his mother had heard that his regiment was to be quartered in Westenberg, she had recommended her good, wild Hans, her only son, to the good offices of her dear Marie.

So it came about that he occupied the rooms on the first floor, and that with him a breath of the old merry soldier's life had entered into the little house, "which," Frau von Tollen had smilingly said, "is like the breath of our nostrils."

"Auntie Tollen" was the young officer's name for the Frau Majorin. Auntie Tollen! It sounded so friendly, so confidential, that they could not help laughing—the old lady, the quiet Helen, who had come home to make her modest trousseau, since at last they had scraped together the necessary sum, and could marry in the autumn—and Katie——

Into the usually bare cupboard of the household now poured in rare guests, asparagus, and game of all sorts from the baronical estate, and sometimes the "dear, wild Hans" sat with the ladies at the table under the lindens, and with a dog on either side ate ham from home, and radishes which he had pulled from the majorin's garden with his own hands and told stories that made Katie's clear laugh ring out to the hall to the ears of the doctor as he came in.

She never laughed in his presence, and how should she? He was the gravest, quietest, the most serious lover in the world; it was as if a lock had been placed on his lips in her presence. Poor little Katie! She was so fond of him, so passionately fond of him, and he would make her happy, certainly, as happy as a firm will and a good heart was capable of doing. And all that was in this heart that did not belong to the little one he would fight against, and would forcibly bring back his thoughts from the forbidden way, for she alone had a claim on his gratitude, on his consideration; in short, on all he could give her.

He nodded slightly to his mother at the window. His gloomy face did not light up at the sight of her. She no longer expected it. She stopped her knitting for a moment and listened to his step in the hall. As they went past her door she nodded her head with a sigh, as if to say, "I knew it," and added aloud: "A wilful man maun hae his way."

"Is Katie coming?" she asked an hour later, when she was sitting at the table with her son.

"Perhaps so,' was the reply.

"Why perhaps?"

"I have no idea, mother."

"I can imagine," said the pastorin. "She is very likely going to ride with that madcap of a commander. Good gracious, how they do go on! In a week from now Katie will be smoking cigarettes; in a fortnight she will be sitting on the box, driving, and in three weeks she will be out of her senses entirely."

"Oh, let her do it, mother, if she likes it."

"Oh, she might be a circus rider for all I should care if you didn't happen to be going to marry her." The old lady was in a blaze of wrath.

"When I have married her, then—" He stopped. The servant entered with a letter; a little boy had brought it and was waiting for an answer.

He took the dainty note and read it. Then he put his napkin on the table, went upstairs, and wrote an answer.

His mother took up the note and read it also:

"Dearest,—I am invited to go to Buchenhagen with the Sechbergs. It is such splendid weather. May I? But if you don't like it, say so. Then I will come to you. A thousand kisses.

"Your Katie."

He came back and said to his mother: "I have asked Katie to come. Will you send for a little cake? She may like it with her coffee."

"Yes, I will," she replied; "but it will hardly be compensation for her drive," she added to herself.

The tea-table was set out in the garden, under the elms, where they had become engaged; a lilac-bush was blossoming over the bench, and blue, fragrant clusters almost touched the doctor's brown head as he sat here, waiting for Katie. He was reading, and now and then he looked at his watch. It was not exactly the impatience of an ardent lover that was depicted on his face; on the contrary, he was so wrapped up in his book, that he was quite surprised to find another quarter of an hour already gone.

At length a light step came up the walk behind him, and springing up he stood before Katie, who was just emerging from the shrubbery.

"Welcome!" he cried, holding out his hand. "Sit down, Katie. Mother must have seen you, and she will be here in a minute."

The girlish face under the broad-brimmed straw hat flushed. It was certainly not the sort of reception she had expected. She had thought he would thank her with enthusiastic fervor because, in obedience to his desire, she had given up her excursion, certainly a very innocent amusement, and she had little enough amusement of any kind.

But he did nothing of the sort; to him it seemed a matter of course that she should come. The thought, "I have a right to claim so much," was expressed in every feature of his regular, handsome face.

She sat down, without speaking, in a garden chair at the opposite corner of the table, took her work out of her silk hand-bag, and began hurriedly, but with unskilful fingers, to crochet. It was very absurd. He looked at her for awhile with a mild air, as one looks at a child. Then he took up his book and said: "Shall I begin, Katie? Perhaps I can finish the chapter of the history of the Mark that we began Sunday, before mother is ready. Where did we leave off?"

"Oh, goodness, I haven't the ghost of an idea," she replied. "I don't feel the slightest interest in any of it. What do I care if Dietrich von Quitzow did besiege Westenberg five hundred years ago, and burned and slew wherever he went? We Tollens came from Sileshia, and besides, I am a child of the period, and I want to know something about the present; and when the sky is so blue and the sun is so bright, I don't want to hear of that musty old stuff."

"But you were very much interested in it once," he said, a little doubtfully. "I thought we had often spoken about reading the 'Quitzows' together."

"I? I am sure I never did-" exclaimed Katie; "you never spoke to me about it, you must have dreamed it, or you are—you—it must have been Lora," she added.

He suddenly put the book down, and sat gazing at the wall opposite; but he made no reply. He could not contradict the lips that had so unmercifully spoken the truth and startled him in his inmost soul.

"Pardon me," he said at length, "I will not torment you. Shall we talk?"

"Yes," she replied shortly. But it is easy to say, "let us talk," when the heart is full of bitterness. Conversation is the interchange of thought between two congenial spirits, and it requires intellectual and bodily health, and a sense of ease and comfort.

From the street outside there came the sound of horses' feet and the rolling of light carriage-wheels. The commander's family were just driving to Buchenhagen. Katie could imagine the blonde Gussie on the box in her close-fitting, dark blue jacket, with a dainty silk handkerchief peeping out of the pocket; her cravat-pin in the form of a horseshoe, the saucy little felt hat on her light hair, close cut like a boy's, and her hands, in yellow chamois gloves, holding the whip and guiding the reins. It is delightful to sit up there and roll away to the cool, shady woods, which stretched away in the distance.

"It is hot here," she said.

"I don't feel it," he replied. "The water cools the air. But do you know what I have been thinking of I will have another seat made, down there in that open space, and that shall belong to us, Katie. This shall be mother's; it is good for every one to have his own place; it will not prevent us from coming together whenever we like. And in autumn, Katie, we will plant a linden there, you and I.'

"I think a pine tree would be prettier," said Katie, in a spirit of opposition.

"But we couldn't sit under a pine tree, and I thought you liked lindens."

"No," she said in a loud, hard tone, "that is Lora's favorite tree."

(To be Continued.)

LONDON OMNIBUS HORSES

GENERAL OMNIBUS COMPANY OWN 14,200 ANIMALS.

The Animals are Fed Well — The Death Rate is About Twenty-five Each Week.

It may, perhaps, interest horse-owners to be told how the omnibus horses are fed; and therefore, the following information, kindly supplied by Mr. Church of the London Omnibus Company, may be instructive:—There are, as might be supposed, two distinct tariffs, one for horses employed on heavy roads, and one for those put to lighter work. Maize forms the staple diet, oats and chaff composed of clover and mixtures the remainder no long hay being given at all. The allowance of the above is as follows:—Maize, 12 pounds to 15 pounds; oats, 3 pounds to 4 pounds; chaff, 8 pounds; the weights being regulated according to the road the horses work upon and the length of the journeys. No green food or bran is given regularly, but the night before his day off the horse that is to be rested usually gets a mash instead of his allowance of dry food. Of course, sick horses are provided with greenstuff if it is considered necessary. As regards water, the omnibus horse is permitted to drink what he wants from the tank in the yard when he comes in from work, and is watered regularly at intervals in the stable afterwards, no restriction being placed upon his allowance. The fact that water is allowed them as soon as they come in from work is worth recording, as it proves that practical men such as the managers of the London General Omnibus subscribe to the theory of those who contend that there is little or no risk in allowing a heated horse to drink even when he comes off heavy work. During the summer months it is the invariable practice of the company to supply oatmeal to their horses, and this is always placed in the tanks in the yards and in the stable pails used for drinking purposes.

PRICE HAS GONE UP.

Considering the inroads made by the motor omnibus it is certainly surprising to learn, on the authority of Mr. Church, that his company alone possesses 2,700 more horses now than it did eleven years ago. At the present time the stud consists of no fewer than 14,200 horses, which is a smaller total by 3,300 than the largest company ever owned. This number, according to "V.S.," who writes an interesting article on the subject in "Horses Illustrated," is kept up with a good deal of difficulty now-a-days, as the standard of the London General Omnibus Company is a very high one, and horses, in spite of the prognostications of their enemies, were never harder to secure or more expensive than at present. The average price per head has, as a matter of fact, gone up three pounds ten shillings during the past few years; but the company are content to bear the increase, as the profits arising from the horse cars enable them to meet the losses experienced over the motor omnibuses.

25 HORSES DIE EACH WEEK.

No horses are purchased for the omnibus company before they are at least four and a half years old or after they are seven years, and the duration of life is at the present time about five and a half years or a little more — in fact, about double that of a motor 'bus. This shows a reduction, as at one period the average life of 'bus horses was nearly seven years, but the increased traffic on the roads has helped to kill them. Roughly speaking, twenty-five horses die each week, and a similar number are drafted out of the service of the company as unfit for work — which is not surprising, considering the amount of work they have to go through in the course of journeys which extend from twelve to eighteen miles, the longest of the roads being from Whitechapel to Shepherd's Bush.

An idea of what is required of an omnibus horse may be gathered from the fact that the vehicle weighs something like a ton and a half, and that it is licensed to carry twenty-six passengers besides the driver and conductor. It may be here mentioned that the prevailing rule of the London General Omnibus Company is to allow eleven horses to each 'bus, and under this it is possible for one horse to get a day's rest in his turn, or to be ready to meet emergencies should accident or sickness befall one of the members of the stud to which he belongs.

SERVICE MEDALS.

The British medal for meritorious service is not awarded to officers, but only to warrant officers and sergeants. It carries with it an annuity not exceeding £20, and since its institution it has always been confined to soldiers or discharged soldiers above the rank of corporal. The sum allotted for these annuities is only sufficient to meet the claims of warrant officers and sergeants. Corporals and privates, after eighteen years' service, with an irreproachable character, may be awarded the medal for long service and good conduct, with a gratuity of £5.

TREES AS PURIFIERS.

Trees keep air pure, remarks a scientist, because their leaves decompose carbonic acid. The volume of the carbonic exhaled by a human being in twenty-four hours is roughly estimated at 100 gallons. If a single tree of moderate size were growing where a dozen, or even as many as twenty, men were sleeping, the purifying action of its leaves would ensure that the air was kept quite fresh.

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

The Farm

VALUE OF SKIM MILK.

It has been conclusively proven that the dairy farmer who does not make proper use of his skim milk is actually throwing away from one-third to one-half of his cow profits. By proper use we mean feeding it to animals of the proper age and giving it to them in a digestible condition with its nutritive qualities unimpaired. He can only do this, however, by using a separator at home. Soured skim milk brought back from creamery or such as frequently comes from gravity skimming with pans and cans, full of germs and one knows not what, in nine cases out of ten may just as well be dumped in the gutter for all the profits it will bring if fed to calves or pigs.

An editorial in Hoard's Dairyman states that fresh skim milk when fed to calves until six or seven months old has been proven by their records to have an actual money value of 63 cents per hundred pounds. Considering that the average cow's milk will not produce more than five or six pounds of butter per hundred pounds, which sold at say 25 cents per pound, and in this way bringing $1.50 per hundred of milk at the most, it is easily seen that fresh skim milk as it comes from the separator with a money value of 63 cents per hundred for feeding purposes represents nearly one-half the milk profits. If you are not using a separator place your order for one at once and get all that is coming to you from your cows.

The editorial mentioned is as follows:

"A pretty accurate account has been kept by us for years as to the relative value of fresh skim milk when fed to grade Guernsey heifer calves or to pigs. We speak of grade calves for that is what any farmer can have by keeping a registered sire. We have fed those calves and sold them when six or seven months old; about the same age at which the pigs are sold.

"Our calves have brought us from $30 to $25 apiece. They would consume in that time about 3,000 pounds of skim milk and $3 worth of oats, blood meal and alfalfa hay.

"Allowing $3 for the carcass and $3 for the hay and grain we have left if the calf sold for $25, $19 for 3,000 pounds of skim milk or over 63 cents a hundred for the milk.

"With pigs our rule is that the skim milk is worth 25 cents a hundred if pork sells for $4.50 per hundred on foot. Of course, the higher the price of hogs the more do we receive for the skim milk. But this return is always contingent upon feeding the milk to young pigs from fifty up to one hundred and seventy-five pounds in weight. The heavier the pig gets the less does he return for his food. It costs about four times as much feed to produce a pound of weight on a pig weighing 300 pounds as it does on one weighing 50 to 100 pounds. This difference is caused by the amount of food that is taken out every day to support the weight already acquired. So the more weight the more is taken for support, and the less gain in weight. There is a great demand all over the country for well bred and well developed dairy heifers. There is no better way to get a higher return for the skim milk than to feed it to a well bred dairy heifer. Of course, if she is registered, the return is many times larger. But the interesting thing about it all is the opening that is thus presented for the farmer and his sons to become skilful developers of desirable cattle.

"The dairy farmer who is also a well-posted breeder of good cows and a skilful raiser of young heifers becomes much more of a man. He is the true dairy man. But every such man must surround his calves with right conditions. He must keep them clean and dry, comfortably warm and with a constant supply of fresh air."

KEEPING UP THE SOIL.

One important reason why butter dairying is so profitable is in its effect on the land. Over 90 per cent. of the manurial value of the feed is returned to the land when the milk is used for butter making and the skim milk fed to young animals. Whereas, by recent experiments, it has been demonstrated that in cheese making the loss of fertility amounts to $4.13 per cow and in milk shipping $6.40 per cow. Besides this, butter making, either on the farm or at the creamery, enables the farmer to grow your stock and make a much broader, better posted man of himself. There is no form of farming that so educates and develops a farmer in his mentality as the rearing of farm animals. It has larger possibilities in it. From raising animals merely for meat production he can go to the higher plane of the breeder where he must grasp hold of principles that are of the profoundest character. Such farming never impoverishes the soil.

ADVICE TO VICTIMS

TELLS READERS HOW TO CURE RHEUMATISM AT HOME.

Directions to Mix a Simple, Harmless Preparation and the Dose to Take — Overcomes Kidney Trouble.

There is so much Rheumatism everywhere that the following advice by an eminent authority, who writes for readers of a large Eastern daily paper, will be highly appreciated by those who suffer:

Get from any good pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargon, three ounces of Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Shake these well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime; also drink plenty of good water.

It is claimed that there are few victims of this dread and torturous disease who will fail to find ready relief in this simple home-made mixture, and in most cases a permanent cure is the result.

This simple recipe is said to strengthen and cleanse the eliminative tissues of the Kidneys so that they can filter and strain from the blood and system the poisons, acids and waste matter, which cause not only Rheumatism, but numerous other diseases. Every man or woman here who feels that their kidneys are not healthy and active, or who suffers from any urinary trouble whatever, should not hesitate to make up this mixture, as it is certain to do much good, and may save you from much misery and suffering after while.

WRITING BY WIRE.

The "Telewriter" is the Latest Scientific Marvel.

Is the telegraph instrument, with its code of dots and dashes, doomed? One may well ask the question after learning about the "telewriter," the latest scientific marvel, by which it is possible to write a message which is produced simultaneously miles away in facsimile writing. This wonderful machine has already been brought to such a state of simplicity and perfection that it is in use in several London offices, and ere long will probably be used as largely as the telephone is to-day.

As a matter of fact, the machine consists of a sender and receiver, with telephone attached, and it is connected to the ordinary telephone line without interfering in any way with its service. The sending portion of the telewriter is a little table with a roll of paper, on which the message is written with a pencil connected to two arm-like levers, which control the resistances. As the pencil writes the message, the receiver of the instrument at the other end traces the facsimile in ink. The telephone can be used in the ordinary way when wanted, while the simple act of taking up the pencil switches the telewriter into action.

The instrument is useful in a hundred ways where a telephone might be undesirable. For example, messages in the sender's own writing can be sent instantaneously to someone without any third party overhearing, as is possible in the case of a telephone. A message can be signed, and the signature is just as convincing as if it were the original, while the time which would be taken in sending a messenger is saved, and yet a record of the message can be kept. The chance of bogus messages is thus reduced to a minimum.

A remarkable feature of this machine is that sketches and designs can also be sent by wire. As soon as the sender's pencil is taken up, the pen of the receiver, miles and miles away, comes out of the ink and, moving as if by magic, traces exactly what is written or drawn at the other end. Amongst other things it is proposed to use the telewriter for advertising purposes, and ere long we may expect to see writing without hands being done in shop windows in order to attract the passers-by.

NOT SO FORTUNATE.

Mrs. Peckem: "Our cook has just given warning. She is going to leave." Peckem: "How I envy her. I wish I could give warning, too."



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.

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, JAN. 31, 1908.

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 SIGNAL VICTORY.

A signal and most significant victory was won by the Conservatives in the House of Commons on Monday last, when Sir Wilfred Laurier, after many turnings and twistings, submitted to parliament the original documents asked for by Mr. Ames of Montreal, two weeks previously and refused by Hon. Mr. Oliver, Minister of the Interior, who was supported therein by the Prime Minister himself. The issue at stake was the question of the supremacy of Parliament and the right of every member thereof to inspect the original documents embraced in the transactions of public business. And the surrender of the Premier and his subservient following in the House grew out of no recognition of this dangerous subversion of the authority of Parliament involved in the refusal by his Minister, endorsed by himself, to allow the Opposition to inspect original documents; but rather from the realization that the people of Canada would not stand for such a usurpation of power by the Cabinet. The storm of protest which it aroused in the country was such as no government, however strongly entrenched, would wish to encounter, and it is doubtful if the belated surrender will save the Ministry from the consequence of its act.

Two weeks ago Mr. H. B. Ames, of Montreal, moved for a return laying upon the table of the House the original applications and tenders in respect to timber berths 1107, 1108 and 1171." He had already moved for and obtained copies of the documents. He wanted to make sure that the copies which, of course, bore no stamps and did not reproduce handwriting, told the whole story that he was trying to learn about these timber berths. He said: "The principle involved is a very simple one. It is simply that we contend that there are certain occasions when we are entitled to access to original documents. I think it is an accepted principle of parliamentary practice that members are entitled to the fullest information upon matters that are of public concern." The Government, Mr. Ames contended, must allege very good reasons to justify them in refusing us access to such papers. This motion has been drafted purely and simply to test that one question, because we consider that we have sufficient reasons for asking to see the original applications and tenders in respect to the timber berths.

The first answer to this came from the Minister of the Interior. He produced a letter from his deputy, who professed to have consulted other deputy heads and to have found that the practice never was to produce originals "except on one occasion last session, when some of our original documents were sent over to the House and never returned. Mr. Oliver's deputy also said that as such records would become part of the archives of the House, the "records of the department would soon be depleted." Amplifying the statement of the deputy, Mr. Oliver told the House that the production of originals "would absolutely prevent the transaciion of public business.

When it came to the turn of the Prime Minister, he was "sorry to have to say" that he had "no hesitation in endorsing the action of the Minister of the Interior." The undoubted right of the House to reasonable information as to departmental transactions was not one which could "be exercised simply at the caprice of any honorable member."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier came to the second position, which was that such an application as that made by Mr. Ames must be accompanied by reasons.

This was what took place in the first debate two weeks ago. The St. Antoine Conservative told the House that he had gone to the department to see the files, and that he had been refused access to them, and that Mr. Oliver himself had advised him to ask permission of the House.

The Ames motion was voted down by 80 to 51 votes. On Tuesday of last week, after Rodolphe Lemieux had finished his Japanese speech, R. L. Borden moved as an amendment to the motion to go into supply,—"Subject to such considerations of public policy as can be validly urged in any case, it is the undoubted right of the people's representatives in Parliament assembled to be informed of everything necessary to explain the policy and proceedings of the Government, and for that purpose to have an opportunity of seeing and examing all documents connected with the transaction of public business; and the denial of such right by the government justifies the refusal of this House of further supplies to the Crown."

This amendment Sir Wilfrid Laurier accepted, because he said it was a truism.. He had no exception to take to the principle, and what was more, it was not one that had been denied in the Ames business.

This left the Opposition no better off. The papers were not brought down.

On Thursday the Opposition returned to the charge with an amendment moved by W. B. Northrup, that "Subject to such considerations of public policy as can be validly urged in any case, members of Parliament have the right to have access to all the records of the government, and to all the archives."

The Northrup motion was rejected by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and what Sir Wilfrid Laurier said was in part this: "We want hon. gentlemen to understand that if they want to establish the precedent that they will compel the Government to bring down originals, simply upon their ipse dixit, without satisfying the House that there is a reason for it, that cannot be done. The moment they will make a demand which is legitimate, fair and reasonable, the rules of the House will be applied as they have always been."

The Minister of Finance supplied the crowning feature by declaring in so many words that no member of the House had the right suggested in the Borden resolution, unless the majority of the House, gave it to him. When R. L. Borden referred to this as "the astonishing, the amazing ground, that the minority had absolutely no rights in this House,' Mr. Fielding said: "Except such as the majority may grant it."

On Friday the same arguments were used over again, and the Northrup motion was voted down, but the Prime Minister had made up his mind to lighten the ship. He cut short the debate with the promise of a statement on Monday. It was taken as granted that the statement and the papers would come together. They did. It was a surrender to the Opposition and the production of the documents which were laid on the table of the House for the inspection by Mr. Ames and any other Member of Parliament who wished to examine them.

The examination by Mr. Ames of the originals of the timber limit documents tabled by Sir Wilfrid disclosed some important information.

Two of three tenders for one of the timber limits are unmistakably in the same handwriting. The lowest tender is that of Angus Fraser, a barrister of Ottawa. The price named is $1,000. The second tender is for $5,700. The third is for $7,000, and is signed by W. H. Nolan, a broker of Montreal.

The two tenders of Fraser and Nolan are in the same handwriting, and in similarly addressed envelopes with the startling fact that the figures $7,000 are in different ink.

The supposition is that the individual in whose interest the lowest tender was put in protected himself by also putting in a second, with the amount to be filled in by someone in the deplrtment of the interior, who was instructed to fill in the blank with an amount slightly in excess of the bona fide tender. So that with the assistance of an official the timber limit would be sure to fall to the party who had offered a sum $5,700 less than one of the tenderers

It was also discussed in a cursory examination of the papers that the timber limit was transferred by Nolan to the Imperial Pulp Company. Sir Daniel McMillan, present lieutenant-governor of Manitoba, is the president of the Imperial Pulp Company, and his initials are affixed under the signature of the company. It is a curious fact, however, that the handwriting of the signature W. H. Nolan in the transfer is not the same as that of the W. H. Nolan signature in the tender.

The area of the limit is 70 miles, and a prospectus, it is said, has been issued in Winnipeg floating the proposition at $500,000.

The whole transaction appears to be on all fours with many others in the department of the interior which have furnished splendid material for the opposition in the West, where the value of the timber limits disposed of is known and appreciated.

Lachute Academy.

—: o: —

GRADE III ACADEMY.

LATIN.

Class I.—Amy Hammond 85, C. Drennan 79.

Class II.—Alice Arthur 69, E. Cooke 67, May McGibbon 61.

Class III.—Howard Honey and R. Kennedy equal 57, Evelyn Wales 55.

CHEMISTRY.

Class II.—Kenneth Smith 64, Lawrence Smith 63.

GRADE II. ACADEMY.

GRAMMER & COMPOSITION.

Class I.—Ben Fraser and Margaret Hay equal 84, Willie Cameron 83, V. Joss and Mildred Thompson equal 82, Eva Bradford 80, Daniel Bates and M. Cameron equal 79, Lillie Palliser 76.

Class II.—Mamie Cottingham 72, R. Strong 70, Leonard McOuat 65, Arthur McClintock 60.

Class III.—Robina Fwan 50.

GRADE I. ACADEMY.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Class I.—Alice McClure 84, Lillias Brown 80, Harold McOuat 76.

Class II.—Sadie Dawson and H. Thomas equal 74, Lowell Banford 73, Jessie McLean 70, Carrie Black and Naomi Ivall equal 68, John Calder 67, Lila Davis 64.

Class III.—Erle Todd 49, Robbie Giles 47, Willie Hamilton and Gertie Rodgers equal 42.

GRADE III. MODEL.

SPELLING & DICTATION.

HONORS.—Irene Riddell 96, Winnie Kyle and Greta Christie equal 95, B. Fraser 92, Ida Morrison and Charles Palliser equal 91.

Class I.—Violet Kennedy 89, Beulah Nicholls and David Rodger equal 85, Elmer Giles 84, Harris Dawson 83, E. Ivall 82, Winnie Banford 77, Harry McIntyre 75.

Class II.—Janet McClure 74, Walker Mcarthur 71, Edgar Wood 64, Carrie Bennett 62, Annie Hume 60.

Class III.—Marion Slater 56, George Hay 46.

GRADE II. MODEL.

SPELLING & DICTATION.

HONORS.—Norah Christie and H. Hammond equal 93, Bessie Menzies 91.

Class I.—Harry Joss 88, Otto DeLisle Jennie Forbes and Lloyd Stevenson and Nettie Kettyle equal 85, C. Bradford and May Cruise equal 81, Cical Bradford 79, Florence Dixon 78, Jessie McArthur 75.

Class II.—Bessie McGibbon 74, L. Kennedy and Reid Giles equal 73, A. Joss 68, Ellen Staniforth 67, Arthur Drennan 66, Annie Arthur and Aggie McGillivray equal 60.

Class III.—Ruby Todd 57, Douglass McGibbon 51, Herbet Morrin 49, Glen Hamilton 46, Gilbert Graham 44.

GRADE I. MODEL,

LITERATURE.

HONORS.—Frances Joss 93, David Campbell 90.

Class I.—Willie Calder 88, Annie McCoy 87, Hattie McCoy 86, Jessie Earle 84.

Class II.—Jessie Cruise and Natalie Dixon equal 73, Roy Kennedy 70, C. Bradford 68, Martha Gauley 66, Ellen Doig 62, Irene Silverson 60.

Class III.—Gladys Shaw 58, Willie Hay and Eva Patterson equal 57, J Menzies 53, Vern Riddell 50, Reuben Chambers 47.

GRADE IV. ELEM.

READING.

HONORS.—Gracie McOuat 97, C. McGibbon 96, Cameron Hay Aida Patterson Sidney Lock and Rubert Robinson equal 95, Robert Beers and Russell Bennett 94, Susie Copeland 93, Thayer Carpenter and A, McNeil 90.

Class I.—Eleanar Carpenter 89, V. Hammond and Maggie Walker equal 86, Stanley Paul 85, Oscar Lafond 79.

GRADE III ELEM.

MENTAL AND RAPID ARITHMETIC.

HONORS.—Gertrude Hammond 98, John Drennan 96, Mildred Carpenter 95, Douglas Simon 93.

Class I.—Edgar Hammond 89, Georgina Baldwin & Kyle Patterson 88, Lila Giles 87, Margaret McKimmie & Effie Neil 85, Roy McCrea 82, Gordon Carpenter & May Ewing 81, Katie Bennet & Ellice Palliser 79, Eddie Jones & Dell Mitchell 76, Ruby McOuat 75.

Class II.—Gordon Fraser and Inez Giles 72, Alison Cottingham 71, Myra Conlin & Hazel McGibbon 68, Gilbert Wood 66, Constance Banford 62, Stuart McFaul 61, Laura Campbell 60.

Class III.—Muriel Joss 56, Donald Beers & Jean McGibbon 55, Agnes Hay 54, Mary Hope 46.

GRADE II. ELEM.

SCRIPTURE.

Class I.—Irene Scott 74.

Class II.—Isabel Thomas 68, Howard Kennedy 67, Annie Drennan 65, Robt. Cruise 60.

Class III.—Elsie Hay 59, H. Campbell J. Hope and W. Cruise equal 58, Peter Bennett 57, Ernest Saunders 53, Reginald Cambell 52, Angus Hay 51, Wilma Joss 47, Leona Garretsee, 44, Bella Wood 42.

PRIMARY A. CLASS.

SPELLING.

HONORS.—Hattie Giles and Lindsay Demerse equal 100, V. Copeland 90.

Class I.—Norma Chambers Kenneth Lowe and Harold McFaul equal 85.

Class II.—Maud Painter and Bella Cunningham equal 65.

Class III.—Kenneth Hay 50, Willie Armstrong 45.

PRIMARY II. CLASS

SPELLING.

HONORS.—Grace Mitchell 100, M. Carpenter 95, Willie Baldwin 90.

Class I.—Percy Carpenter 85.

Class II.—Jack Jack Lock 65, Ernest Calder 60.

Class III.—Allan McNaughton 40.

Great
CHEAP SALE!

At J. N. A. CARRIERE'S Old Stand

ST. PHILIPPE D'ARGENTEUIL.

Commencing Tuesday, Feb. 4th, 1908

And will continue thereafter till the entire stock is sold.

Having purchased the stock of the above-mentioned merchant at a greatly reduced price, we are prepared to offer the same to the public at

SACRIFICE PRICES FOR CASH.

The Stock consists of Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps and Furs, Groceries, Patent Medicines, Crockery, Glassware, Tinware, Hardware, Paints and Oils, Wall Paper and Stationery, and a large stock of coarse and fine salt.

The Store will be open every day from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m.

MORROW BROS.,

General Merchants.

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.

FURS!

FURS!

FURS!

W. Banford & Son,

P.S.—FUR COATS.

HORSES WANTED.

Any person having horses suitable for the Manitoba Market. Apply to GEO. HAY, Lachute.

FISH! FISH! FISH!

We have on hand the finest fish obtainable. All fruits in Season.

Just ring up 'phone 59.

P. R. BONHOMME.

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

Clearing Sale

$6,000 Worth of General Merchandise $6,000

To be sold during the next fifteen days by
PUBLIC AUCTION & PRIVATE SALE

Will Commence at 2 p.m. on Saturday, JANUARY 25th, and continue every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoon and evenings until the Entire Stock is Sold.

Every dollars worth of goods are bright, new and up-to-date. $1,000 worth of Furs, Blouses, Ready made Skirts, Mens and Boys Overcoats, Suits, Hats & Caps, 600 pairs of boot.

DOIG'S Opposite the Post Office

A Petition in Equity.

A petition is being circulated relative to the construction of a public road bridge over the Ottawa River at or near the town of Hawkesbury and the village of Grenville. This bridge could be conveniently located about 800 feet below the guard lock of the Grenville Canal, and the southern or Hawkesbury approach, would be by the public street leading down to the river, and to the offices of the Hawkesbury Lumber Co.

The bridge might be a high level, design crossing the canal 40 feet above water level. This style of a bridge would be preferrable and cheapest in the end, but if immediate economy was the great desideratum, the present swing bridge crossing the guard lock, might be utilized and the bridge approach from a low level could be made from the narrow neck of land which divides the canal from the river.

There being no natural difficulties with the building of a bridge at this location and at extreme low water the concrete pier could be built on comparatively dry level rock up to either side of the channel. There-a cheap interprovincial bridge e built at this point of the long sault, supplying a great public necessity and of great advantage to the farmers of Ontario and Quebec.

For gentlemen, you will please bear in mind, that the Agricultural products on either side of the Ottawa River, are dissimilar in character and greatly differ in quantity, and an interprovincial trade and exchange of products is a business propositiou and cannot be avoided, being the life and existence of the farmers, especially in Quebec.

It will also be well understood that for one third of the year, the only interprovincial communication the farmers have is by the treacherous and uncertain ice bridge, and during the season of navigation, the only means of crossing is by the old antiquated ferry with its tolls and dangers.

This much needed interprovincial bridge is by no means a local matter, but on the contrary, far reaching in accommodation, covering a commercial area on the south to the far north lumber camps as well as from Montreal to Ottawa, for it is a fact that should not longer exist, that the Ottawa river is not spanned by a public road bridge between Montreal and Ottawa.

The petitioners would urge that an appropriation be made for this national and provincial work, at the present session of parliament and of the legislature, and that an interprovincial bridge be constructed at the earliest possible moment.

FOR SALE.

FOR SERVICE,—Good pedigreed Berkshire (large breed.) Purchased from P. Lefebvre of Vankleek Hill. Apply to JNO. SOMERVILLE, St. Philippe.

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.

GOOD STOCK OR GRAZING FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

—:o:—

The farm formerly known as the McMartin farm now owned by Mr. G. DeSerres, Montreal.

Situated in the village of St. Andrews, Que. Comprising 354 acres of good farm land, well watered and wooded situated in village, makes it very convenient for pasturers of easy axcess to Mills, Factories, and the proposed Rail Road crosses a corner of the property. Two good barns on property. Will sell or rent on easy terms. For particulars apply to,

M. SMITH, Beech Ridge,
P.O. Box 10, Lachute,
Agent for Mr. DeSerres.

Town Property For Sale.

—:o:—

FOR SALE.—A comodious residence, situated on the Main Street, Lachute, facing the North River, heated by furnace, and surrounded by a fine lawn and shade trees. Good outbuildings. The situation of this property is one of the most beautiful in Lachute, and it would make an ideal summer residence. Apply to

C. CALDER,
Lachute.

NOTICE,

—:o:—

The Lachute Waterworks Co'y hereby give Public Notice that their subscribers are strictly forbidden to supply water to other families, on penalty of paying the water tax of the party supplied.

R. McARTHUR,
Agent.

FUR COATS,—We bought too many of these also in Men's and Women's. We have two men's strong coats for rough wear and some better ones for $15 each, Cash. W. BANFORD & SON.

We can Satisfy you!

That is saying a great deal isn't it, but not too much. If you deal with us you will be convinced. Our store is always well stocked with the finest and best line of goods procurable.

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.

January Clearing Sale.

We now offer the whole of our stock in the following lines at Genuine Bargain Prices.

Men's Fur Coats and Caps,
Ladies' Fur Jackets, Stoles, Boas, Ruffs and Muffs.
Men's and Boys Overcoats, Etc.
Sleigh Robes and Rugs.

Most of the above named goods are 1907 Fall purchases, and are thoroughly up-to-date in every respect. See the goods. Get our prices and be convinced of the exceptional values we are offering.

J. R. McOUAT

PHOTOGRAPHS!

Have you an acceptable photograph of yourself,—or of those most dear to you—If not? Now is the time to have a picture taken that will satisfy you and please your friends.

PORTRAITS, — GROUPS, — BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS
Developing & Printing for Amateurs.

HOLLAND'S STUDIO.
(Opposite the Post Office.)
E. M. FINN, Mgr
Box 22,
LACHUTE,

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 . . .

H. PAQUIN, St. Philippe

Licensed Auctioneer for the District of Terrebonne. All sales conducted in French or English at very cheap rates.

Bargains in Ready-made Clothing
Selling at 50 p.c. reduction.

Suits made to order by a practical tailor at great reduction. Fit guaranteed.

Lots of Bargains in all other lines of goods. Call and see them.

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.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The dream of Bacon, who saw in the New Atlantis gardens a land devoted to the modification and improvement of animals and plants at man's will, is being realized at the Carnegie institution on Long Island, where the discovery of the laws of organic evolution is the primary object of the investigations. When the laws are mastered we shall know how to control the process and how to improve the human race. A carnation can be made not only crimson but white, yellow, and blue; it can be made as large as a chrysanthemum or dwarfed.

So the bantam fowl may be of red color, or black, or white, with a ruff or without, with a long tail or no tail at all. The egg yield of the hen can be increased from 150 to 200 a year. The strength of the horse may be increased, indeed, by using the principles of evolution already known. Great practical advances have been made. If characteristics are for the most part inherited and entire, and can be combined in various ways like atoms in chemistry, it should be possible to obtain any desired result. By experimenting with cattle it is hoped to determine whether the quality of Holstein milk, already noted for its volume, can be improved by breeding with the Jersey.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell has presented the station with some Nova Scotia ewes and rams. With these it is purposed to experiment on increasing the number of milk glands in sheep. A race of four toed guinea pigs has been produced. Studies of inheritance of the color patterns of asparagus beetles are also being made. These spots vary from light spots on dark ground to dark spots on light ground. The possibility is being shown of changing these patterns at will by altering the temperature of the cages in which the beetles are bred.

The new Egypt promises to return to the ancient fertility of the land of the Pharaohs. The overflow of the Nile is under definite control by great modern engineering feats. This, together with systems of irrigation, increases the crops and the value of the land a hundredfold, not metaphorically but in hard figures. Numerous schemes for more extended irrigating will distribute water to regions naturally fertile but lacking water. The cultivation of cotton is the principal industry of Egypt. Its production has tripled in the last thirty years and ranks Egypt third in the cotton countries of the world, coming after the United States and British India. There is a big future for the weaving of cotton into fabrics as almost none of this is now done in the country where it is produced. The great profit of cotton growing is reckoned as clear gain, because the fertility of the soil is such that secondary crops of cereals, lentils, etc., are alternated with the cotton crops in amounts big enough to pay for the cotton and themselves. Cultivation of cane sugar is another important industry. Large quantities are grown with ease, and, contrary to the custom of exporting cotton in a crude state, there has been a definite atempt to complete all the processes of sugar refining before exporting the product.

THOUGHTS FOR EMPLOYEES.

It is a well-known fact that business men are growing to demand very much better work than they did a few years ago. Consequently if the work done by their present help does not measure up to the standard of their needs, they will eventually look for other help who will do the work better. Strange as it may seem, they often offer to the newcomer a larger compensation if the work, after a trial, is done as they want it. This is why many old operators are obliged to resort to employment agencies for assistance and why less experienced operators with systems well mastered and with good educations walk in, demand—and receive—better pay.

To win the larger measure of success, it is necessary for one to adapt oneself to the requirements of those who instruct and of those who employ, from the time of entering school to the close of the business career. People do not voluntarily help pupils or employees who do not help themselves. The world always respects the man who respects himself. On the other hand, it is always a pleasure for an instructor to push forward a pupil who works hard and does well the work assigned. It is also true that business men are equally anxious to help their employees who take an interest in their work; they take a delight in having in their employ individuals who do not watch the clock, individuals who do things without being everlastingly told, individuals who appear with a smile in the morning, and who will keep that smile even when the routine work becomes very tiresome. The operator who wants to hold the job must realize the importance of doing his or her whole duty all the time without murmurings or frowns.

In closing I want to say I owe any success that I may have achieved to a determination to undertake and perform my work at all times a little better than the demands made upon me by my superiors.—From the Business Circle of The Circle for January.

The Hazard of The Storm

Maxwell Denison glanced across the room at his wife. She had been writing, but now the pen was placed aside and she was gazing away from the paper, her eyes resting upon something far distant—some picture of the past, perhaps, recalled in an idle moment.

Maxwell shut the book which he had been reading, and he gave a low sigh, which the woman heard for all that it was so quickly suppressed, so hastily checked. He got up from his chair and walked across the length of the hotel sitting-room—a tall man, powerfully built, with a face that had something noble in it. The grave expression which rested upon it now softened at once into tenderness when he reached her side.

"Rose, won't you tell me what was in that letter?"

He spoke in low tones, his eyes bent upon her face, with rather a sad light in their depths—a light that was difficult to read. Her face had changed, its delicate pink deepening into a nervous flush.

"What letter do you mean?"

Her question was put in a rather shaky voice; those eyes which Maxwell Denison had worshipped for their steadiness and truth were wavering now, and surely they had lost their look of candor, of childlike innocence.

"The letter you were reading when I came into the room, that letter which came by hand. I met a waiter with it and sent him on to you. Rose, your eyes were wet when I entered this room—you were weeping. What sorrow have you, oh, my dearest—what sorrow that is secret from me?"

Her face had melted for a moment—a touch of exquisite feeling rested upon it like a bloom. But now it slowly passed away, and with it that warm emotional color which spoke of a heart stirred. She looked cold again, a woman of snow.

"There was nothing in it that I wish to tell anyone."

She spoke in level tones, but there was a quiver of her lips which the man did not observe—a quiver of pain.

Maxwell said nothing for a moment, but a quick flame of light came into his eyes, and his face altered, too, hardening as hers had done.

She picked up the pen at her side and began to examine it with minute care, her mind apparently absorbed in the task, when suddenly she felt her hands caught in a close grip, and her husband stood over her.

"Rose, you do not love me!" There was a challenge as well as sad conviction in the words.

"Love you?" She spoke in that same strange voice. "There was no question of love in the bargain between us." She drew her hands away from his and let them drop to her side.

"Rose!" He gazed at her with a strangely stern expression. "I do not understand you," he went on, slowly. "Bargain? Bargain between you and me? What bargain do you mean; what bargain should there be, except one of love, if that is a bargain?"

She looked back at him with eyes that were searching his face, eyes that had amazement in them.

"Did you not bargain with my uncle for my marriage with you? Was I not bought, as a slave in an Eastern market, for a sum of money—money that helped my uncle to tide over threatened financial ruin—ruin that would have disgraced him?"

She spoke in reproachful tones. It was cruel of him to force her to speak words that were so self-humiliating.

"Rose!" He uttered her name in a strangled voice. His face had lost all color. His eyes stared at her blankly, blind pain darkening them. His strong hands were clenched, as if closing upon some viper that had started up before him, some noisome reptile striking at his life. Beyond that one word he stood silent, torn by emotions that left him incapable of speech for some moments. "Rose, what did your uncle tell you? Let me know, please."

She glanced at him oddly, tapping her fingers nervously upon the table before her.

"What use? You must know so well."

"Still, I should like to hear."

She hesitated a little, then turned to him with something of her old frank gaze.

"My uncle said that he owed you money—money that you had lent him on condition that he obtained my consent to become your wife. To do his bidding was nothing but a duty that was owing from me to him, a life-long debt, which had to be paid. He had given to me everything I had in the world—food, raiment, home."

She got up from her chair, but her gaze had wandered from her husband, and she was staring out of the window, looking afar at the changing sea. She could discern a tiny white sail in the distance, crawling like a speck along the horizon. A silence lasting some minutes fell between them.

"So that is what he told you?" Maxwell's voice broke the silence at last.

"You do not deny it, I suppose?" she said, a little eagerly.

"Deny it? If you believe it, why should I do that? But, tell me, Rose, could you have cared for me had it not been for this?"

She made a weary gesture.

"Why speculate on such a thing?" she said, her face coloring. "Besides, there was another man whom I loved." Piercing pain, like a knife-thrust, passed through Maxwell's heart. "Oh, he was weak, I realize that—a man of straw," she went on, passionately; "or he would have carried me off, claimed my life, swept aside all opposition. But as it was he went away, left me alone, put distance between us. During his absence I married you."

Denison walked over to her side once more and held her wrists again.

"Rose, you are my wife"—he spoke huskily—"remember that. You must forget this man—it is your duty."

She bowed her head meekly—that fair head with its shining gold.

"I shall not forget." She spoke the words in soft tones; then gently drew her hands away and passed out of the room.

He made no movement to stay her, but watched her go, with senses dulled. He felt like a man upon whose soul some sudden blight had fallen—his eyes fixed downward upon the carpet, but noting nothing of the brilliant hues, seeing nothing of its pattern.

He found it hard to realize all that he had just heard. Yet he understood that an act of unspeakable treachery had been dealt him. There had been no such bargain as Rose had mentioned between himself and her uncle, Michael Ford. The latter had lied to them both. And he had never suspected; he had been utterly deceived. Michael Ford's motive? Ah, it was so plain that he wondered at his own folly in not seeing through it before. It was true that he had lent Ford large sums of money—amounting in the aggregate to £5,000—but had lent them from sheer good-nature, without any condition. The elder man realized that Denison would hardly enforce repayment of the money from his wife's uncle, would most likely cancel the debt, which was what Denison had done. And so, with this possibility in view, he had forced his niece into acceptance of the rich man, using arguments which he knew would be most likely to prevail with her.

Denison had recognized that Rose was a little cold, holding herself aloof; but his heart had beaten with wonderful hope, and he had told himself, with a boy's fond belief, that he must win her love one day—he could not fail. But recently he had begun to doubt that he would ever succeed in this desire of his heart; and now had come this revelation, destroying all that remained of hope, scattering the last fragments of his dream.

His gaze wandering across the room detected a piece of paper—that letter which his wife must have dropped. He picked it up with a sudden jealous temptation to read what was written there—instinct told him it came from the man she had cared for—and one or two words caught his eye; words that breathed undying love. Then, conquering the temptation, he placed the letter in an envelope and sealed it. So this man was here. He must have come home from abroad, discovered her marriage, and followed her, not caring that it was her honeymoon.

He shook with jealous rage, and leaving their small sitting-room in that tiny seaside hotel, sought to find Rose. But an inquiry elicited that she had gone out, and the blood began to warm in Maxwell's veins as if from fever. That letter had made an appointment, of course—an appointment which she had gone to keep. But he fought down his bitter, jealous mood—remembering his wife's last words to him. She was not the woman to forget her marriage vows, he had no fear of that. A woman who married a man for no other reason than to save her uncle's honor was not the woman to forget her own.

He returned to the sitting-room, which commanded from its bay window a wide prospect right and left, and in the distance he could discern two figures, the only persons to be seen along that deserted front, now that the season was over, if such an unpretentious little seaside village could ever boast a season.

He picked up some powerful field-glasses and focused them. One of those figures, as he had suspected, was his wife, and the other, a tall, dark man, slim, and picturesque in his appearance, the very man to win a woman's love, so Maxwell gloomily reflected, appeared to be talking to Rose very urgently, forcing upon her some proposition which she was reluctant to hear.

She shook her head with a decisive movement; then she held out her hands, which the man lifted to his lips, and after that the two parted, Rose making her slow way back to the hotel, and the man remaining there for a time; but when Maxwell looked back at him he saw that he had entered a small rowing-boat, which he had apparently used to row himself to that point of the coast, and was pulling out in it to sea.

Denison got up and left the hotel before his wife came back. He did not want to meet her just then.

* * * * * * *

A sudden storm—a white squall.

As far as vision could stretch, the sea one white, churning mass of hissing and boiling waters. Darkness, sudden engulfing darkness, over all things upon land, a black veil that was rent by jagged lines of lightning, crape severed by a flaming sword; but where the sea was light shone still.

Maxwell strode up and down the seafront, watching the storm with sombre eyes. There was wild tempest within his own heart, and this dark mood of Nature's—this hour when the Storm King was riding his way in terrible majesty upon the sea-horses, with thunder in his right hand and all the winds of heaven in his left, and with lightning for his sceptre—seemed in tune with his own thoughts.

He knew the sea, and loved her in all her moods—loved her in her sportive moments, when she was beautiful beyond all the majestic and lovely things in a world of delights, with the sun flashing on her subdued waters, shining in a thousand hues, glittering and darkening, in light and shadow, and when, as now, she menaced and threatened, throwing aside her smiling, treacherous mask, and standing revealed as a huge, shifting grave, thirsting to engulf men beneath her waves, dragging them down into her own green halls.

Suddenly he started and strained his eyes through the blinding rain. Something far off had caught his gaze—a small boat rocking upon the leaping waves—and he remembered with a sudden thrill of terrible joy the man he had seen enter it not half an hour ago—that man who held his wife's love.

Exultation and triumph stirred his heart. The man was lost. Yet there was hope for himself now. Rose would mourn for a time, and he would be very patient with her, gentle to her in her grief, until one day she would discover that the world still held consolation, and his reward would come. His love would never tire; and such love as his—lasting, unchanging, always at her service—must win a woman's heart, however obdurate, when the one whom she had once cared for was dead.

She would live through hours of pain and sorrow that would be vain and useless. Yes; she would grieve, for he realized how loyal she could be—realized with a sense of yearning pain. And perhaps—the doubt came to dash his moment's joy—she might never forget. And again, if ever she knew that he had stood inactive, like a coward, watching the man she loved die before his eyes, would she ever forgive? He would have his own excuse, it was true, for surely it would be madness for any man to attempt a rescue, but his natural courage would keep him in silent before her scorn, for conscience would accuse him.

As he stood there on the almost deserted shore, strange, fine thoughts of men who had laid down their lives for one whom the women they had loved cared for flashed through his brain. He had known that his courage was something that had never failed him, but he had not imagined that he was the stuff out of which heroes are fashioned, and he smiled rather grimly as he made his way to where a group of fishermen were busy on a granite jetty which served as a quay, and announced to them his intention of going out in one of their boats.

"There's a man out in the storm in danger. I'm going to attempt a rescue." He spoke in quiet, steady tones, his face calm, his eyes unflinching. One and all they attempted to dissuade him, but he shut his ears to their homely eloquence, and prevailed upon them at last to let him have the most suitable boat for his purpose. One of them would have volunteered to go with him, but the young fellow had a mother dependent upon him, and Maxwell shook his head.

With gloomy faces, yet with pride in his bravery, they watched him put off. From the first moment when he bent to his oars the struggle of man's might against the tempest's began. But Denison had enormous strength and dogged determination, and, besides, was very capable in the management of a boat, so that length by length he kept her heading towards that distant object, fighting through every inch of that watery way.

The sea boiled in savage fury around the boat like hissing serpents; but though he rested one oar two or three times to bail out the water he had shipped, Maxwell kept unswervingly on his course, seeming to defy the waves that strove to submerge him and the boat together.

Slowly, very slowly, the space between him and his goal lessened. He quite realized that it might be im possible he should ever reach it—or, having succeeded in that, fail to return home in safety; but the knowledge of it left him undaunted.

The salt foam stung him in the face, blinding his eyes, as the fury of the squall increased, and he knew that death was near to him, but he had no fear. Life had lost its savor.

With every sinew strained, and now helped on a little by the rushing waves, now pushed back, at last he reached that tiny boat—which still had resisted the storm, waterlogged though it was.

A man with a haggard face and wild eyes was bailing water out with a small tin—performing the action ceaselessly, mechanically; but suddenly he dropped the can and gave a loud cry—a cry of madness. Denison, watching him, felt his first moment of dismay, for he could see that the man had lost his reason—for the time being at any rate. He cowered down in the boat, half submerged by the water which almost filled it. The oars which he had relinquished were lying at the side. But now, as Denison spoke to him in reassuring tones, he seemed to regain his nerve sufficiently to perform the difficult task of stepping out of one boat into the other. This effected, he sat down quietly, watching Denison, however, with an odd light in his eyes, and the latter felt his heart lighten with relief as he turned back and made for the shore.

It was easier work now the tide was with him, and bending to the oars he scarcely noticed the man he had rescued, but suddenly glancing up at the sound of chattering—ape-like chattering—he saw that he was crouched in an odd, grotesque attitude, like one ready to spring, and ere he could make any movement of defence, or indeed realize what it meant, the other flung himself upon him, and in a moment the two were struggling in a death grapple, for Denison realized that he was fighting with a madman—fighting for his life.

The boat rocked from one side to the other, then, as the men swayed this way and that, suddenly capsized, and both men were precipitated into the hungry, waiting waters.

Kept down by that madman's grip, Denison was powerless to strike out an arm, splendid swimmer though he was, and he felt the waves closing over his head—a dreadful pressure upon his brain, a suffocation that made agony of death, and he realized with the last moment of consciousness, that this was the end.

* * * * * * *

It was not, however, death, though he penetrated as far into that unknown bourn as ever man may who returns to tell the tale.

That young fisherman who had volunteered to go with him had not been at ease in his mind at being left, and had induced a mate to accompany him in a second boat—which, though near to him, Denison had not observed. It had been the occupants of it which had rescued him when at last he had come up—alone—released from that human octopus, whose body never rose again whilst life was in it.

Maxwell's first conscious impression was of a woman hovering near his bedside, a woman whose eyes were tender and pitiful—the eyes of Rose.

"Is he living—this man you love?" He whispered the words, but she caught them and shook her head.

"He is dead," she said; "but, Maxwell, his death will not break my heart, though I grieve for it. You see, dear, there is someone else whom I care for now."

Her voice had deepened strangely, her eyes glowed.

That heart of his which was beating but feebly seemed to stop for one long moment, and everything was blotted out again in passing unconsciousness. But he looked up at her at last, patient regret in his eyes.

"Who is it?" He spoke the words in low, almost toneless accents. She turned away from him, but he could see the color slowly sweep up, until her face was warmly flushed.

"I did not know myself until yesterday." She spoke with a marvellous tenderness. "It was when he was in danger—when I thought I should lose him; and my pride was killed, and love arose from its ashes. Oh, husband!"—she moved round and looked at him with radiant eyes—"can you not guess? It is you I love; yes, you I""—London Tit-Bits.

HIS NEED.

A very bald-headed man went into a barber shop, and, plumping himself down in the chair, said: "Hair cut!" The barber looked at him a moment and replied: "Why, man, you don't need no hair cut—what you want is a shine."

About the House

CHOICE RECIPES.

Wafers.—Half cup butter, one cup sweet milk, two cups sugar, three eggs, three heaping teaspoons baking powder, nutmeg to taste, flour to shape stiff.

Bread Sauce.—Put into a double boiler two full cups of milk and place over the fire. Add one-quarter of an onion and a cup of finely sifted bread crumbs. Cover and simmer twenty minutes. Remove the onion, add a tablespoonful of butter, and season with salt, pepper and a suspicion of mace. Serve hot.

Candied Oranges.—Candied orange is a great delicacy and the housewife will find these are nice to serve with the last course of dinner. Peel and quarter the oranges, making a syrup in the proportion of one pound of sugar to one pint of water. Let it boil until it will harden in water; then take it from the fire and dip the quarters of oranges into the syrup; let them drain on a fine sieve placed over a platter, so that the syrup will not be wasted. Let them drain until cool, when the sugar will crystallize.

Apples with Candied Fruit.—Peel and core eight large apples of fine flavor and steam in a covered vessel over hot water until they are quite soft. Then take three ounces of candied cherries and two ounces of candied pineapple and chop them. Simmer for one hour in a cupful of water and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Drain the fruit from the syrup and fill the core cavities of the apples with it. Return the syrup to the fire and boil it down fairly thick before pouring it over and around the apples. Serve cold with whipped cream and lady fingers.

Salt Rising Bread.—Two-thirds cup cornmeal, teaspoon each of salt and sugar, two-thirds cup of new milk, one-fourth cup of water. Heat to boiling point, stir in meal, beating thoroughly. Keep in warm place. In the morning take teaspoon each of salt and sugar and pinch of soda, pint of water, and enough flour to make a stiff batter. When this begins to rise beat in a tablespoonful of flour very gently; let rise again. When risen take one quart warm water—more may be used—level tablespoonful salt, a generous tablespoonful sugar, flour enough to make a stiff dough; knead a few minutes. Make into loaves, put into well greased pans; let rise until pan is level full. Bake in a moderately hot oven. Bread must be kept warm.

Fruit Bread.—The night before you wish to bake, set a cake of yeast with a cupful of potato water. Mix with a little flour like a thin batter, let it stand all night in a warm place; in the morning sift your flour in your pan, then put a quart of warm milk in your flour, then add your yeast and two cups of sugar, one teaspoon salt, one cup of butter, one pound of currants, one pound seedless raisins, one pound of walnuts, one spoon of lemon or vanilla extract, thre eggs. Mix it and work in just like you do bread. Then set it in a warm place to rise; when light, shape in small flat loaves, put in pans to rise again, when nice and light butter the top and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, or leave plain; then bake until a light brown in a not too hot an oven. This you can keep for a whole week and it won't dry out.

Uncooked Candy.—Into the whites of four eggs stir as much confectioner's sugar as will make the mixture like a soft dough. This can be used as a foundation for a great many kinds of candy. Put it out on a molding board and form into balls, which can be dipped into melted chocolate and made into chocolate creams. A piece put between a split date with the seed removed and the whole rolled in either pink or white granulated sugar forms another. A piece put between two half kernels of English walnut makes another. Chopped nuts mixed in the dough and then cut in squares forms another. Putting a little red sugar in the mixture as you stir it makes it a lovely pink color, which you can arrange in layers between the white and cut into squares. There are only a few of its uses. Use any flavoring extract desired, but in small drop quantities.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Always soak onions in warm salted water for twenty minutes before cooking, and you will find the flavor improved.

Prepare wood for painting by applying a very thin coat of glue-size. Let it get hard before proceeding to paint.

The faded linen skirt will be difficult to get quite white, but by constantly washing it and bleaching on the grass you will very much reduce the color.

After boiling a ham, let it cool in the water in which it was cooked. This helps to make it more tasty, moist, and tender. The same rule applies to a tongue.

Stains on knives should be rubbed with a wine bottle cork, using the smooth end; dip into emery powder wet with a little methylated spirit. By this process the steel quickly brightens.

The value of walking ought to be more fully realized in these days of life on wheels. Nothing tends more to produce good health than walking. This is really perfect exercise, for it uses every muscle and nerve in some way.

To Harden Whitewash.—To half a pail of common whitening add half a pint of flour. Pour on boiling water in a sufficient quantity to thicken it. Then add six gallons of the lime and water, and stir together thoroughly.

If threads draw hard and break easily when preparing a piece of fancy work, a little white soap rubbed on the wrong side of the linen is an advantage. A lather applied with a brush is often convenient and does not harm the linen.

If the fishy taste of wild game is objectionable, it can be removed by putting a small onion into the body of the bird after it is "drawn," and hanging it for four or five hours previous to cooking. Remove the onion and burn it at once.

Celery can be kept fresh a long while if it is wrapped in thick paper, sprinkled with water, then put in a damp cloth and stored in a cool, dark place. Before preparing for the table plunge the celery into cold water and let it stand for one hour.

Steak, however tough, can be made tender by putting three tablespoonfuls of salad oil and one tablespoonful of vinegar on large flat dish and letting the steak rest in this for half an hour; then turn over and let the other side soak before cooking.

Shabby velvet can be improved as follows: First brush thoroughly so as to remove all dust, then spread a damp cloth on a hot iron, and over this draw the wrong side of the velvet. As soon as the steam from the velvet ceases, it must be removed or it will scorch.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little affectionate victories over favorite temptations—these are the little threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life's mantle.

The care of the piano is not understood, as a rule, and so a valuable instrument often suffers. Always close down the piano at night and in damp weather; open it on bright days, and if possible, let the light shine on the keys, for the light prevents the ivory from turning yellow.

POINTERS FOR MEN.

Don't hang around the kitchen.

Don't criticise your wife's domestic arrangements or her cooking.

Share all your pleasures with her.

Don't correct her in the presence of others.

Court her as your wife as assiduously as you courted her as your sweetheart.

Kiss her every morning when you go to work.

To find a wife pick out a girl who loves you and is good-natured. That is all. She'll be a good wife.

Tell her she is pretty.

Keep her love fresh and she will break her neck to please you.

THE LUXURIES OF TRAVEL.

(By A. Banker.)

Since the earliest part of the Victorian age the comfort and luxuries of railway travelling have advanced by leaps and bounds. At that time third class carriages were simply cattle trucks, uncovered, and, judging from contemporary prints, in some cases without seats. A journey from London to Aberdeen or a snowstorm in one of those "carriages" could therefore scarcely be characterized as a voyage de luxe. Although England was the pioneer of railways, the Continent was the initiator of luxury in travel. While we were content to rush out of the train at a station when there was a ten minutes' stop, and after struggling through the surging crowd thronging the bar, obtaining a basin of soup, perhaps so hot that it was impossible to take before the bell rang, a rush back to the train with perhaps but a chunk of dry bread for luncheon, the foreigner was lunching or dining in the train, with an upright round basket before him in the roomy carriage, the top forming the table, while beneath, in compartments one above the other, was an excellent hot meal of several courses, a bottle of wine in a socket at the side, together with all other necessary requisites. Now, however, we have happily recovered lost ground, and our restaurant cars are quite equal, or even superior to those of the Continent.

And a meal in one of those cars is a most luxurious break in a long journey. For the interest of the panorama of the varied and attractive beauties of the scenery past which the train is speeding gives an added zest and pleasure, and creates a sense of buoyant gratification and enjoyment. Now, for instance the line skirts a broad estuary of the sea. The tide is half down, and on a line of sandbanks innumerable sea-birds are gambolling and disporting themselves. Here a flock of the graceful sea-swallows wheeling and curvetting by word of command; here a heron solemn and stately, standing in the shallow water on the lookout for unwary fish; or here a sedate conclave of puffins, or sea parrots, each apparently admiring the many colored radiance of its neighbor's handsome beak. And then the open sea is reached, the line running along by the shore, a succession of lovely, land-locked bays protected by jutting promontories of dark red sandstone; or bridging a romantic combe through which a foaming river let dances down the steep acclivity until lost in the sand of the shore.

In such a journey, then, an additional sense is gratified; and perhaps a round of alleluias courses through the mind that the beneficent Creator has given us the faculty so richly to enjoy all His gifts to us. And the greatest of all His Gifts, the gift of His Son, to undergo in our stead the penalties incurred by us, has, to all who avail themselves of that propitiation, conferred an eternity of happiness and of spiritual glory.

FOR THE DEFENCE.

A Babu attorney for a woman accused of assault and battery delivered a speech recently in one of the Indian courts. The gentleman was attacking the opposing attorney, and defended himself thus: "My learned friend's mere wind from a teapot thinks to beat me from my legs. I only seek to place my bone of contention clearly before your honor's eye. My learned friend vainly runs amok upon the sheet anchor of my case. My poor client has been deprived of some of her valuable leather (skin)—the leather of the nose. Until the witness explains what became of my client's nose leather he cannot be believed; he cannot be allowed to raise a castle in the air by beating upon the bush."

NDIAN EMPIRE OF TO-DAY

ONISHING FACTS REGARDING THAT GREAT COUNTRY.

ighty Different Languages Spoken — All Known Religions are Represented.

Sir Andrew Fraser, Lieutenant-Gover- of Bengal, has just issued a warn- to the native Government about violent speeches and writings of itious Indians. It is quite within range of possibility that any day may hear of another great mutiny India. When we think of the enorm- us interests we have in the East, it is mazing that so little is known in Eng- nd about that vast continent. Here e a few striking facts, says London t-Bits.

Shared by the 295,000,000 people there e at least a dozen families of langu- es. Somewhere about eighty differ- nt languages are spoken, of which ere are twenty languages spoken by ot less than 1,000,000 persons each. nglish is very widely understood, hil- Hindustani is

THE PREVALENT LANGUAGE.

There is probably no religion which not represented in India, from ances- worship to Scotch Presbyterianism early three-fourths of the total popu- tion are followers of the Hindu re- gion, and these, together with the ohammedans, comprise nearly 92 per nt. of the whole. There are about ,000,000 Christians.

India possesses very few foreigners proportion to its population. In fact e total number of persons residing ere not born in India, including the rench and Portuguese possessions, is ly 612,000, and most of these were rn in countries contiguous to India. e actual British-born population re- ing in India amounts to about 100,- 0; as already mentioned, the popula- n of India is 295,000,000, so it will seen that we rule India with a mere dful of men.

Actually the British Army in India mbers only about 73,000 men, but Native army numbers 147,000, in ddition to which there are Imperial rvice troops and also volunteers. The rious feudatory and independent tates of India have armies composed f 32,000 men, but the native chiefs loy- ly offer large sums of money towards e cost of

IMPERIAL DEFENCE,

nd the Indian Government are engag- upon training and equipping picked ntingents of troops in certain States. In future the native chiefs will fur- sh contingents of troops fit to take eir place in line with the regiments the Indian Army, the special con- gents being known as the Imperial rvice troops. These troops number ,700 men, including sappers and min- s, camel and transport corps. In ddition to this there are a number of ar w belonging to the Indian arine, including the Submarine Min- g Flotilla.

Naturally the people of India are en- ged in every imaginable kind of oc- pation, but by far the greater por- n are occupied in agricultural pur- its, in which come earth work and eneral labor, followed by textile fa- ics and dress.

The people are very imperfectly edu- ted, although much progress is now ing made in educational matters. ve Universities have been constituted ith a number of affiliated colleges, and ublic instruction has been placed on

A BROAD AND POPULAR BASIS.

ith all this the proportion of the to- population able to read and write still very small. Taking the whole British India into consideration, only bout 23 per cent. of the boys of school- ing age attend school, while there e only 2½ per cent. in the case of ris.

As evidence of progress, there are 4 native papers published in India, ese being printed in nineteen differ- t languages. The vernacular daily per with the largest circulation is "Gurakhi," of Bombay, which has a ulation of about 5,000 copies, while weekly with the largest circulation "Basumati," of Calcutta, with an is- of 17,000. About 7,000 books are blished in the Indian languages dur- g the year.

BARON ROTHSCHILD SUED.

nion Milkmen Assert in Court He Sells Without License.

A despatch from Paris says: A few ears ago Baron Henri de Rothschild, ho is a doctor of medicine, started in e most populous district of Paris a hilanthropic dairy for the free supply pure milk to poor people. The insti- tion became well known, and large umbers of people of position paid for e milk and became customers of the aron, who has now sixty-eight pure ilk depots in Paris.

Recently the Milk Dealers' Union sued aron de Rothschild before the Tribunal Commerce on the ground that under e pretence of a work of philanthropy e was carrying on illegal competition, e tradesmen being obliged to take out ade patents and pay taxes; which the aron as a philanthropist, escaped. The ilkmen, therefore, petitioned the court order the baron to remove from his ops inscriptions which tendered to ake the public believe the shops were enevolent institutions, whereas in real- they constituted a commercial under- king.

It was alleged that Baron de Roths- ild, through agents, bought milk at holesale prices and retailed it at a large rofit; that, as a matter of fact, he only ave away $1,400 worth of milk per an- um; and that in order to injure the ilk dealers he denounced a number of em for selling impure milk, and did em great harm, though the charges ainst them were dismissed. Judgment s postponed. The baron's counsel de- ied the assertion that his client's busi- ss was not a work of philanthropy.

SAVED BY WIFE'S SPIRIT

FOUND AN ENEMY HAD PLOTTED HIS DEATH.

C. H. Durward, a New Jersey Farmer, Had a Remarkable Warning — From an Apparition.

That a whispered warning in the dark by the ghost of his dead wife saved him the other day from death by assassination is the belief of Charles Henry Durand, a farmer living in the hills near Caldwell, New Jersey. His strange story is being used as a clue by the authorities. Durand says that late Monday night as he was driving home from Paterson his horse stopped in the road and began to tremble. In vain he urged the animal to proceed. It would not budge.

Suddenly the air grew oppresive and a faint light like distant heat lightning appeared. Then gradually amid the dim flashes a white figure assumed a vague form beside the waggon. Durand himself began to quake. He tried to get out of the buggy, but his limbs refused to obey his will. After an interval the apparition in white spoke in a whisper. He recognized in fear and trembling the voice of his dead wife.

"There is danger at home. Stay away till morning," the voice said.

ENEMY HAD BEEN IN HOUSE.

Cold chills crept over Durand. Scarcely had the supernatural warning been uttered, when the ghost vanished. It took the farmer some time to recover his nerve, and then he found the horse would not take a step forward. He took off the harness, and after two hours' work brought the animal out of its chill and slowly proceeded homeward. Though badly scared he did not put much faith in the warning that had been whispered to him in such an uncanny way. So long had Durand been delayed by his adventure that it was daylight when he reached his farm house, which is in a lonely location.

Putting the horse in the stable, Durand entered the dwelling. He noticed that a window on the ground floor which he had fastened was unlatched. Next he discovered muddy footprints on the floor. As he was about to go into his room upstairs he saw a string stretched across the open doorway near the floor. It was just high enough to have caught his foot upon entering. Standing to one side Durand hooked his umbrella handle over the string and gave it a jerk.

PISTOL FASTENED TO BUREAU.

A flash inside the room was accompanied by a loud report, and a bullet burried itself in the wall of the hallway opposite the door. Durand then ran inside his room and found the bullet had come from a pistol fastened to the top of his bureau. The trigger had been connected with a string across the door. The shot would have struck him in the breast had he touched the string with his foot in entering the room.

Durand, who moved to Caldwell from the West five years ago, says someone, whose name he will not divulge, evidently had lain in wait for him all night at his home, and would have killed him but for the warning from his dead wife's spirit.

BACK TO DEVIL'S ISLE.

Eight Escaped French Convicts Will Be Returned.

Eight convicts who escaped last month from Cayenne, the French penal settlement known as Devil's Island, where Dreyfus was, are to be handed back to the French authorities after desperate adventures in British Guiana.

They arrived off the coast of Essenquibo, 400 miles from Cayenne, on November 3, utterly without food, and in a boat that was rapidly sinking. After a strenuous struggle they reached shore exhausted. Rendered desperate by hunger, they greatly alarmed the inhabitants of the township of Anna Regina, but a strong body of police took them into custody, subsequently releasing them on the understanding that they would at once leave the British colony.

Next day, however, the attitude of the Frenchmen became more threatening, and they were sent under a small escort to the county jail at Suddie. At a desolate part of the road the Frenchmen overpowered their guard, and escaped into the dense bush. An alarm was carried back to Anna Regina, and police and villagers set out in their tracks. For some time the efforts of the searchers proved unavailing. Owing, however, to the close watch kept in the vicinity of all houses, the refugees were unable to obtain food, and overcome by hunger they were arrested in twos and threes, exhausted and in a very low state, and taken into safe custody.

Of late the arrival in British Guiana of escaped prisoners from Devil's Island has become more common. If they are quiet, no objection is taken and they can find employment in the rice fields. The French authorities, as a rule, appear far from anxious to receive the refugees back.

EXPLORING.

"When you expect to discover the North Pole?"

"Not immediately," answered the Arctic explorer; "for the present I am content with discovering new methods of discovering the Pole."

May heaven help the rich; the poor have no automobiles.

Get acquainted with

Black Watch

the big black plug chewing tobacco. A tremendous favorite everywhere, because of its richness and pleasing flavor.

2266

COUNT'S DARING ESCAPE

IMMURED IN ASYLUM ON ACCOUNT OF LOVE MATCH.

His Wife, Who Was a Washerwoman's Daughter, Bribed an Asylum Attendant.

Count Erasmus Erbach, a member of one of the most famous German families, and until recently heir to estates worth $1,250,000 a year, has just made a dramatic escape from an asylum at Ahlweiler, Germany, and has disappeared.

The count was seized at Frankfort-on-Main on Nov. 29, and forcibly carried off to the asylum, where he was placed under close guard.

His arrest was made on the application of his father and relatives, who declared that he was insane. The proof of his insanity lay in his romantic marriage with Dora Fische, the pretty daughter of a washerwoman. When the count refused to give up his wife,

A SPECIAL TRIBUNAL

was appealed to, and the marriage was declared null and void.

There was a further development in the romance later on, when the count was formally dispossessed of all rights of succession, and his uncle, Count Arthur, was elected in his place.

Count Erasmus' escape from the asylum was planned and executed by the washerwoman's daughter. The plucky girl-wife acted with great energy and determination from the moment of her husband's arrest. She first bribed an attendant of the asylum and persuaded him to help the count to obtain means to escape from the building.

Then she worked out detailed arrangements for his flight outside, and through the attendant communicated her instructions to Count Erasmus.

OFF ON MOTOR CAR.

The attendant supplied the count with a stout rope, and early one morning the count made use of the rope to lower himself from the window to the ground. The descent was extremely perilous, owing to the great height of the window, and the least slip would have caused the count to drop to certain death. Fortunately, no mishap occurred, and Count Erasmus got away without molestation to a spot where his wife was waiting with a powerful motor car.

The fugitives dashed off at express speed across the Swiss frontier, a distance of a little more than 200 miles. They intend to be married again in Switzerland, and thus defy the count's parents

The asylum attendant has also fled for fear of punishment for the aid he rendered to the fugitives.

LITTLE GIRL'S FACE COVERED WITH ECZEMA.

Cured by Zam-Buk.

The following cases testifying to the marvellous cures brought about by Zam-Buk is convincing argument that in Zam-Buk we have the very best skin cure offered to this or any other country:

Mrs. A. E. Grass, St. Catharines, says: "One box of Zam-Buk healed my LITTLE GIRL'S FACE of Eczema. We use it for Cuts and Sores also."

Mrs. G. A. Kerr, Denbeigh, Ont., says: "My Baby's Legs were so bad with Eczema that I could not keep stockings on her. A box of Zam-Buk cured her after the Doctor had failed."

Dame J. R. Smith, Hawkesbury, Ont., writes: "After three applications I was better of Eczema and before I had used half a box, I was cured."

Zam-Buk cures Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Ulcers, Ringworm, Itch, Barber's Rash, Blood Poison, Bad Leg, Salt Rheum, Abrasions, Abscesses and all skin injuries and diseases. Of all stores and druggists at 50 cents or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. 6 boxes for $2.50.

Two ladies who had not seen each other for years recently met in the street. They recognized each other after a time and their recognition was cordial. "So delighted to see you again. Why, you are scarcely altered." "So glad; and how little changed you are. Why, how long is it since we met?" "About ten years." "And why have you never been to see me?" "My dear, just look at the weather we have had."

A Quick Recovery from Fever and all sickness is always the case when "Ferrozim" the *best tonic* is used. It builds, it strengthens, it gives new life. Try it.

She: "You here again?" Tramp: "Yes, kind lady." She: "Well, I won't help you again. I don't believe you have done a thing all the year." Tramp: "Indeed I have, mum; I've just done thirty days."

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

TWINS DIT AT SAME MOMENT.

Strange Coincidence is Revealed at Inquest in England.

At an inquest on twin children, aged 18 months, at Stoke Newington, England, recently, it was stated that they died exactly at the same moment, the cause of death in each case being bronchitis and pneumonia.

G. Stevens, a medical man, stated that in all his forty years' experience he had never come across a similar case.

'I have known of a similarity of mind in twins," remarked Dr. Wynn Westcott, the coroner, 'and of cases in which one felt out of sorts when the other was ill, but I never before heard of a case in which the death of both occurred at the same moment.'

Fortunately, the world isn't able to see a society woman as her maid sees her.

CATARRH OF HEAD

Which Pe-ru-na Relieved in a Short Time.



MISS SUSIE M. KINGSWORTH.

MISS SUSIE M. KINGSWORTH, 466 Quebec St., London, Ontario, writes:

"I began using Peruna last January, when I had such a **bad cold,** and I could not get anything to help me.

"My nose and head were all stopped up, so that I could **hardly get my breath.** I thought at times that I would smother, especially at night.

"I have no trouble with that now. The noise in my head has all disappeared.

"I know Peruna will do just what you say it does. **I cannot praise Peruna too highly,** as it has done so much for me. I hope my letter will reach other sufferers."

Mrs. S. J. Kountz, 1015 Scovel street, Nashville, Tenn., writes:

"I have had a very bad cough nearly all my life, and I am forty-five years old. I have taken almost every kind of cough medicine that has ever been made, but none did me much good. I would have **spells of coughing** that I thought I would cough myself to death. I took Peruna, and last winter and this winter I have had no cough and I know that **Peruna cured me.**"

Ask Your Druggist for Free Peruna Almanac for 1908.

TWO IN ONE.

Mrs. Sparks: "Oh, that big dog isn't the one I lost and advertised for. My dog was a little fox terrier."

Tommy Traddles: "Yes, ma'am; your dog's inside this one."

A CHANGE IS NEEDED.

Through the long winter one needs a change. Why go South when "The Welland," St. Catharines, offers an environment at moderate cost which will minister to tired nerves and worn out bodies? Try the tonic influence of "The St. Catharines Well" and the restful influence of "The Welland."

Apply the manager, St. Catharines, or any Agent of Grand Trunk Railway System.

Mr. Meanly: "It's your birthday tomorrow, my dear, and here's a half a dollar for you. You'd better, perhaps, keep it by you, because it's my birthday next month."

While more prevalent in winter, when sudden changes in the weather try the strongest constitutions, colds and coughs and ailments of the throat may come in any season. At the first sight of derangement use Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Instant relief will be experienced, and use of the medicine until the cold disappears will protect the lungs from attack. For anyone with throat or chest weakness it cannot be surpassed.

Mr. Jawback: "Let's celebrate our golden wedding?" Mrs. Jawback: "How silly! We've only been married six years!" Mr. Jawback: "Is that all? How did I get it into my head it was fifty?"

If a dog bites you don't be scared. Bathe the wound with cold water and cover it with a cloth on which Weaver's Cerate has been freely spread. The Cerate relieves the pain caused by the sting of insects

FAMILY PRIDE.

Mrs. O'Rafferty: "An' phoy did yes give th' name av Goldstein at th' police station, Oi dunno?"

O'Rafferty: "Faith, an' Oi was arristed for being dhrunk an' disorderly, an' it's meself as wudn't be afther disgr-racin' th' name av O'Rafferty, b'gorra!"

Tommy: "So glad you've come, Mr. Bowlegs!" Mr. Bowlegs (fishing for compliments): "And why are you so glad I've come, my little man?" Tommy: "Ethel and I are playing at trains, and you'll make such a lovely bridge."

One can judge some men by their deeds and some others by their misdeeds.



ISSUE NO. 2—08.

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

POOR CONSOLATION.

"The man who languishes in jail," remarked the home-grown philosopher, "has one consolation, at least."

"What's that" queried the easy one.

"That he occupies a position from which most of the world is barred out," answered the philosophy dispenser.

Something More Than a Purgative—To purge is the only effect of many pills now on the market. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are more than a purgative. They strengthen the stomach, where other pills weaken it. They cleanse the blood by regulating the liver and kidneys, and they stimulate where other pill compounds depress. Nothing of an injurious nature, used for merely purgative powers, enters into their composition.

A WARM ALLUSION.

"Do you see that man across the street?"

"Yes; who is he?"

"The greatest fellow for giving you hot air you ever came across."

"Oh, a bluffer."

"No! at all. He is at the head of a big heating company."

Impossible to Find. A plaster equal to "The D & L" Menthol. For side ache nothing equals it. 7½ yard roll cuts 7 plasters. Mailed on receipt of price. Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal

Johnston (to wife): "Well, Maria, I'm going to stay at home with you to-day and help you to tidy up the house. I'll tack down the carpets and hang up the pictures to begin with." Mrs. J. (to the children): "Children, you may go over to grandma's, and stay all day." (Aside) "I know my husband is a deacon of the church, but for all that he's just as apt to hit his thumb with a hammer as any other man."

Where Weakness is, Disease Will Settle.—If one suffers from any organic weakness, inherited or contracted, there disease will settle when it attacks the body. Therefore drive out the pains that beset you, do not let a cold or a cough harass you, and keep the respiratory organs in a good healthy condition. This you can do by using Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Prevention is the wisest cours .

Teacher: "Now, children, remember the text, 'Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow you die.'" Pupil: "Please, teacher, in our family we don't. We all take castor oil next day."

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.

A peasant in a remote part of Ireland was one day standing at the door of his cabin, when an English tourist passing stopped to speak to him. As he did so he saw the children inside the house playing with a pig. "My good fellow," he said, "why have you that pig in the house? It does not seem right." "Why not, sorr," answered Pat, "why not? Sure an' hasn't the house every accommodation that any raysonable pig would require?"

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

The Guest (after dinner): "your wife is such a beautiful woman it's a wonder you are not jealous of her." The Host: "Oh, I am! I never invite any man here that any sane woman would take a fancy to."

The Luxury of a sound throat and robust lungs is most keenly enjoyed by people who, having suffered from a "little cold, you know," have been rescued from misery and danger by Allen's Lung Balsam

David Slowpay: "I shall bring you back those dark trousers to be reseated, Mr. Snip. You know I sit a good deal." Mr Snip (tailor): "All right; and if you'll bring the bill I sent you six months ago, I will be please to receipt that also. You know I've stood a good deal."

For the Overworked.—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered diver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjection and the victim feels sick all over. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a recognized remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.

A KNOCK-OUT BLOW.

"Don't talk like a fool, my dear," remonstrated Joblots to his wife.

"I won't, Mr. Joblots, I won't," she answered. "People wouldn't know us apart if I did."

Whereupon Joblots suddenly remembered that he had an engagement down town.

"Wonderful eye that boy of mine's got," said the proud father. "That so?" mechanically replied the man who was trying to get away. "You never saw such a sense of proportion," cried the proud father. "Pass that boy the cake-dish and he'll spot the biggest piece on it every time."

CAPAC GOLD MINES CO., LTD.

Capital $10,000,000. Shares $10.

To investors with small capital desirous of safe investments for their funds yielding large returns we offer shares on the following terms:

50% upon subscription.
25% Feb. 1, 1908.
25% May 1, 1908.

Write at once for particulars of this proposition before entire stock is sold.

J. J. VAN NOTE, Treas., 161 Summer St., Boston

CHENILLE CURTAINS

and all kinds of house Hangings, also

LACE CURTAINS DYED & CLEANED LIKE NEW.

Write to us about yours.

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO., Box 158, Montreal



Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful

MARVEL Whirling Spray

The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly.

Ask your druggist for it. If your druggist cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

WHEN IN **NEW YORK** STOP AT

THE NEW FIREPROOF

HOTEL NAVARRE

7th Ave. and 38th St.

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 $3.50 upwards. Send for Booklet.

STEARNS & DABB, Props



Steel Side-Walls for Modern Homes

Far surpasses wood, plaster or paper in beauty—matches perfectly any art scheme—any color scheme—makes the rooms REALLY sanitary—gives protection against fire—these are some of the reasons why YOUR house—why any modern building anywhere should have

PEDLAR ART STEEL SIDE WALLS

Cost little—last indefinitely. Let us send you the whole tale in print and pictures. The book is free, too

The PEDLAR People Estd 1861.

Oshawa Montreal Ottawa Toronto London Winnipeg

TIGER'S REFUGE IN TREE.

News of a tiger being brought in from a village about three miles from the capital, the Chief of the State went out with a party, says the Bombay Gazette. The guns were placed in trees and the tiger being driven out, the Maharaja wounded him in the jaw. The tiger thereupon sprang into a child tree and, grasping the trunk with his fore paws and resting his hind legs on a branch, remained hidden in the foliage for five minutes. Then the dogs were let loose after the tiger. But he stuck to his seat and would not come down until the dogs, getting a scent of him, jumped up to catch his tail, which was just dangling over their heads. Down sprang the tiger on one of the faithful dogs, breaking his spinal cord and wounding another at the glands. But his onslaught brought on his own ruin through a deadly bullet of his Highness's new rifle.

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.

HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL.

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.

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.

To Builders.

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

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

J. W Cottingham

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

HARDWARE!
All Kinds!

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

Carpenter's Tools! Planes, Saws, Bitts, 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.

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, COLLECTOR
Licensed Auctioneer.
St. Andrews, Que.
Sales conducted in French and English

J. D. LEDUC, K. C.
ADVOCATE
ESTE. ECHOLASTIQUE, P.Q.

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

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

DR. J. H. MASON,
Physician & Surgeon.
Main St., Lachute.
Office hours;—8 to 10 a.m., 1 to 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, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Office over Banford's Store.
Will be in Lachute every day except Tuesday.
First and Third Tuesday in Calumet. Second and Fourth Tuesday in St. Andrews.

MALCOLM SMITH,
Licensed Auctioneer.
P.O. Box 10. Lachute, Que.
For the District of Terrebonne.
Sales conducted in French and English.

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

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 Provinces 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.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Office of Municipal Council of the County of Terrebonne.

SAINTE JEROME, JANUARY 7th, 1908.

I hereby give PUBLIC NOTICE that the lots and parcels of lots hereinafter mentioned, will be sold by Public Auction, at the Municipal County Council Room in the town of Sainte Jerome, Thursday, the fifth day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the taxes and charges due in the municipalities hereinafter mentioned upon the several lots or parcels of lots hereinafter described, unless the same be paid, with costs, two days before the said aforesaid day, to wit:—

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE EAST PART OF THE TOWNSHIP OF ABERCROMBIE.

Names.	Nos.	Range of Township	Municipal Tax	School Taxes	Total Amount
Proprietor unknown.	18A.	10th range of Kilkenny.	$ 1 00	$8 76	$9 76
" "	18B.	" "	1 00	50	1 50

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE VILLAGE OF STE. AGATHE DES MONTS.

Names.	Nos. of CAD.	Range of Township	Municipal Tax.	School Taxes	Total Amount
J. A. O. Laforest,	13 & 14	3rd range Beresford	$ 7 20		7 20
Avila Cadot,	69-12a	4th " "	2 75	$3 56	6 31
Alcide Groulx,	Part of 13a	4th " "	6 00	6 05	12 05
Octavin Rolland,	17B.	3rd " "	45 10	60 76	105 86
Octavin "	18B.	3rd " "	15 02	14 02	29 04
" "	Island 48	3rd " "	2 50	2 34	4 84

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF WOLFE.

Names.	Nos.	Ranges	Municipal Taxes	School Taxes	Total Amount
Alexandre Johnson	1	3rd range	$ 4 46½		$ 4 46
" "	3-4-north	3rd "	10 27		10 27
Ernest Vipond	12	5th "	1 84		1 84
" "	13	5th "	1 84		1 84
Francis Maiette	30	4th "	10 60½	$ 2 86	13 46
Michel "	31	4th "	8 87½	5 30½	14 18
Evangeliste Malette	33	4th "	27 70½	06½	28 67
Alphonse Legault	35	4th "	22 01	13 57	35 58
James Duffy	18	7th "	2 92½	2 52	5 44
Georges Purchase	10	7th "	3 73		3 73
" "	11	7th "	2 57		2 57
Mederick Menard	5	8th "	2 81	5 64	8 45
Brunet	22	9th "	4 35	4 97½	9 32
Alphonse Paquette	40	9th "	2 81	6 31	9 12
Nazaire Mathe	41	9th "	2 81	3 96	6 77
Legèr Portugais	1	13th "	4 76½	2 50	7 26
Francis "	4	13th "	9 68½	2 12½	11 80

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE VILLAGE OF STE. THERESE DE BLAINVILLE.

Names.	Nos. of Cadastre	Municipal Taxes	School Taxes.	Total Amount
Dolphis Bayeur	No. 89 situated in the South of the large street.	75		75
Jos. Brunet	Nos. 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, situated in the west of St. John's street.	14 40	$ 9 60	$24 00
Heirs of Jean Brunet	No. 166 situated in the west of St. John's Street.	2 08	3 92	6 00

IN THE MUNICIPALITY OF THE PARISH OF ST. THERESE DE BLAINVILLE.

Names.	Nos. of Cadastre.	Muni'pal Taxes	School Taxes	Cost for road	Total Amount
Dr. Sam Desjardins	No. 81, situated in the south of "Cote cachèe road."	50			
J. D. Dubois	Nos. 425, 426, part 427, situated in 2nd concession in the North of "Coteau St. Louis" road.	8 72	$10 20	3 00	21 92
Unknown	No. P. 524, known under the name "Pite à gravois" limited in the n'th by J. Bte. Clouthier, No. 525, in the south by "cote St. Louis road", in the east by Eustache Dumoulin, no. 522, in the west by C.P.R. St. Jerome branch.			4 00	4 00
Esther Philips	No. 772, situated in the west of la "grand ligne" road.	17 92		15 40	23 32

HENRI M. J. PREVOST, Sec-Treasurer.

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

SUPERIOR COURT.

Canada
Province of Quebec } No. 341
District of Terrebonne

An action in separation was instituted in this case on the 9th day of December, 1907, by Dame Odille Charbonneau, wife of Henri Leduc sr., of the parish of St. Adele, Rentier, duly authorized to ester en justice.

Plaintiff.

The said Henri Leduc,

Defendant.

Montreal, December 14th, 1907.
WEIR, MACALISTER & COTTON

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

Central Carriage Work 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