The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXVIX | LACHUTE, FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1914. | NO. 29

Ice Cream Parlor

You can be assured of a splendid cool drink at our SODA FOUNTAIN.

FRUITS :—Pineapples, Strawberries, and all kinds of fresh domestic fruits.

We are also agents for the Stuart Confectionery of Montreal.

Buy your fruits on Saturday. *We do not open on SUNDAY.*

PHONE No. 105.

P. PAQUIN, - Lachute

FRUITS AND CANDIES.

Just received a large Shipment of

Moirs' Famous Chocolates and Candies.

Purest and best.

We have the following Fruits fresh from the growers:

Grapes, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Onions and Tomatoes,

ED. DARLINGTON,
Main Street, Lachute.

WANTED — Thirty girls. Can earn from $1.25 to $2.00 per day. Apply
THE AYERS LIMITED,
8-21 Lachute Mills, Que.

—TO:—

Boy's Suits and Boy's Pants, a large lot on hand at low prices.
W. BANFORD & SON.

FOR SALE—A good six-roomed self-contained house and 2 arpents of land, next to home of Mr. John Cruise, Lachute Mills. Will sell on easy terms.
Apply to J. S. GILES,
Watchman Office.

FOR SALE,--One driving mare 1150 lbs, eight years old, dark bay. Any one desiring to see this mare may do so by calling at the office of the late DR. G. H. CHRISTIE, Lachute.

Remember that these Blue Dotted and Striped Ducks and Linens are one yard wide, 12½ cents.
W. BANFORD & SON

We have still a good assortment of white and coloured Wash Dresses at different prices from 100 to 500 and in most sizes.
W. BANFORD & SON.

Are you Insured?

If not, why not! You owe it to yourselves and those who are near and dear to you. A policy in the London and Lancashire Life, Assurance Co., will mean a small outlay now and a big return by and bye. Think it over and then have a talk with R. A. GILES, Agent,
Watchman Office,
Lachute, Que.

Write for particulars.

LOST,—A pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. Finder will please return same to John Hope and be rewarded

Lachute Academy.

As promised by "The Watchman" last week, the "Standing for the Year" of the pupils who wrote the June Examinations in Lachute Academy this year, is herewith published. This list is made by adding the marks taken in the June examinations to the marks taken in the weekly examinations throughout the year, and it is on this standing that all regular prizes and scholarships are awarded. The figures in brackets, written after the totals, indicate the number of examinations missed by the pupils during the year through illness or other causes. The letter "s" written in front of a name indicates that the pupil has been more than one and a half years in the grade, and such student must take an additional 5 per cent. to be considered equal to a student who is doing the work for the first time. The deduction has not been made in these lists.

CHAS. McBURNEY,
Principal.

Standing for the year, 1913-1914.

Grade III Academy.—Total Max. 3400. Class I.—Cameron Hay, 2940. Grace McOuat, 2831. Aida Patterson, 2623.

Class II.—Emma Stewart, 2490. Catherine McGibbon, 2465 (1). Hanna Smith, 2455. Eleanor Hay, 2322. Ross Fraser, 2171.

Class III.—Jean Smith, 1925 (1). Thayer Carpenter, 1873. Leslie Parker, 1803 (5). s Douglas McGibbon, 1482.

Standing for the year 1913-1914.

Grade II Academy.—Total Max. 3400. Class I.—Howard Nicoll, 2635. Doris McIntyre, 2631. Wesley McAllister, 2600 (1).

Class II.—Inez Giles, 2483. Lila Giles, 2458. Jean McGibbon, 2386. Alex. Murray, 2342. Amelia Millar, 2331. Laura Cousins, 2310. Miriam Burk, 2267, Ailson Cottingham, 2267 (5) equal. Mary Hope, 2214. Frank Miller, 2193. John Smith, 2185. Willie Hutchings, 2103. Jessie Black, 2078.

Class III.—Sybil Arthur, 2013. Myrtle Duffy, 1962. Douglas Simon, 1949. Margaret McKimmie, 1926.

Standing for the year, 1913-1914.

Grade I Academy.—Total Max. 3500. Class I.—Ervin Center, 2870. Lena Graham, 2824. s Constance Banford, 2818. Jessie Silverson, 2783. s Allison Rodger, 2779. Irene Scott, 2772. Estelle Inglis, 2734. Annie Drennan, 2719. Edward McOuat, 2632.

Class II.—Carswell McClure, 2596. Bessie Hammond, 2580. George Clark, 2534 (1). John Hope, 2419 (1). Wilma Joss, 2372 (1). Ruby McOuat, 2357 (2). Angus Hay, 2356. Margaret MacGregor, 2336. s Edgar Hammond, 2303. Kathleen Bradley, 2293 (1). Lucy Morrison, 2282. Alma Dixon, 2190 (1).

Standing for the Year, 1913-1914.

Grade III Model. Total Max. 3300. Class I.—Mary Westgate, 2938. Nora Rodgers, 2934. Doris Campbell, 2930. James Smith, 2922. Enid McCullough, 2759. George Gagnon, 2701. Verda Kettyle, 2646. Jean Higginson, 2604. Keith Douglas, 2546. Willis Hooper, 2537 (2).

Class II.—Kenneth McConnell, 2342. Ada Nightingale, 2342. Clifford Leishman, 2329 (1), Muriel Joss, 2279. Edwin Johnson, 2265 (1). Osborne Lackey, 2238. Grace Copeland, 2233. s Mary Miller, 2102. Hazel McCoy, 2099. Ena Poet, 2088. Elsie Hay, 2037. Isabella Bennett, 2033. Alma Gordon, 2010. Iona Riddle, 2002.

Class III.—Ruth Todd, 1928 (2). Susan Kelly, 1848 (5). Leona Garretsee, 1718 (7). Amy Bates, 1540 (7).

Academy reports (continued).

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Guy Todd, of Montreal, is spending this week in town.

Miss Ernestine Healey, of Ottawa, is the guest of Mrs. J. S. Giles.

Miss Henley, of Montreal, is the guest of Miss Lily Moore for two weeks.

Miss Dorothy Strachan, of Ottawa, is the guest of the Rev. Mrs. Lackey.

Mr. T. Jousse is spending a few weeks with his niece at Lake Champlain.

Miss E. Ccuper, of Montreal, spent the week-end the guest of Mrs. Peter Cruise.

Mrs. A. Rinehard, is spending a week in Montreal, visiting her many friends there.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Lowndes of Montreal are guests at the Dorion Hotel this week.

Mrs. Dawson and family, of Montreal, are guests of her father, Mrs. Thos. Moore.

Mr. Gavin Walker, sr., left on Tuesday for a month's visit with his son in Winnipeg.

Miss Murray Wilson arrived home this week after visiting for two months with friends in Galt, Ont.

Mr. Lock. Potter, of Ottawa, and Mr. F. Tansey, of Montreal, are guests of Mrs. Potter this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, of Montreal, are in town, the guests of her mother, Mrs. Barley, for a short visit.

Mr. Samuel Caron left on Tuesday for a two months' visit with friends in Regina and other points.

Mr. and Mrs. Hope and family are spending the month of August at their pretty Island Home, Lake Louisa.

Miss Aggie Hunter returned to St. Andrews after having spent a very pleasant ten days vacation at Knowlton, Que.

The Misses Blanche Roberts and Mary Dodds, of Montreal, are spending a few weeks the guests of Mrs. Jason Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wilson and family returned home on Friday last from a month's pleasant vacation spent at Little Metis.

Mrs A. H. Edson and Mrs. Stanton and daughter, of Terrebonne, spent last week in town, the guests of Mrs. A. Rinehardt.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Duffy, of Buckingham, and Mr. J. A. Williams of Mont Laurier, spent the week-end as guests of Mrs. Hugh Martin.

Harvest excursions are being run to the West on August 14th and 21st. Apply to J. S. Giles at the Watchman Office for information and tickets.

Miss Embyl Yule, of Ottawa, has returned home after spending a very enjoyable vacation at the home of Mr. Wm. McKiddie, Ogdensburg, Que.

Miss Kate Stewart and Miss Jean Urquhart, of Montreal, and Mrs Allan Snair and daughter, of Lachine, were guests of the Misses Allan this week.

Miss Cameron Hay has just received an exhibition of $150 as the result of her matriculation examinations at McGill, in which she ranked first outside the Island of Montreal.

Mrs. Wm. Lee and daughter, Mrs. Manning returned home to Peterboro, Ont., after having spent a couple of weeks visiting friends and acquaintances in Lachute and vicinity.

Mr. Ralph Pall, of Ottawa, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Roy Horsey, of Buffalo, N.Y., Miss Slack, of Waterloo, Que., and Mr. Elliott McAllister, of Westminster, B. C., are guests of Mrs. Wm. Banford this week.

Harvesters Excursions to the West on August 14th and 21st. Procure your Tickets at the Watchman Office, from J. S. GILES, C.P.R. Ticket Agent.

Town Council

The regular meeting of above Council was held in the Town Hall on Wednesday last Mayor Felix Paquette presiding. There were also present Councillors R. Hamilton, J. P. McKimmie, V. Lefebvre, W. Scott, A. McFaul, A. D. McGibbon and W. J. Boyd.

Minutes of last meetings were read and approved as were also the Road and Finance Committee reports.

The Mayor reported that he had been approached regarding the opening of Grace Street. Councillor Scott moved, seconded by Councillor Hamilton that a committee of councillors McGibbon, McFaul and McKimmie be appointed to interview the several proprietors and see what their land can be procured for and report at next meeting.

Before closing the meeting Councillor Hamilton was anxious to know if the streets were to be made of Tarvia finish. The Mayor replied that the Minister would not grant the money loan for Tarvia as it was **no good.** This apparently was news to the mojority of the Council who stated they were under the impression that it was Tarvia on which the contract was given. Until such time as the government return the specifications the Council are absolutely at sea. It is argued that that the astic which is suggested for use is a kind of asphelt treatment and much cheaper than tarvia, so it is evident that another meeting will have to be called before the procedure of the work.

Lachute Summer Training School for Teachers.

RESULTS OF EXAMINATIONS.

There were 112 teachers in all attending the Summer School at Lachute this year. 32 of these were completing the course already begun the previous year. Of those who received provisional diplomas last year, six failed to return this year, or furnish any satisfactory reason for not doing so, and their diplomas have therefore expired. As a result of the work done this session 55 permanent diplomas, and 49 provisional diplomas good for one year were granted as follows:

Passed with honours, and received permanent diplomas. Names arranged in order of merit.—Annie Laura Erwin, Beech Grove, Pontiac; Minnie L. Healy, Richmond; Lola G. Hetherington, Heyworth, Ottawa; Helen Thomson, Arundel, Argenteuil; Eva B. Johnston, Kingsey Falls, Drummond, and Mabel Ramsay, Aylmer East, Ottawa, equal; Catherine L. Lindsay, Hull; Pearl Copeland, Knowlton, Brome, and Myrtle Lipsey, East Angus, Compton.

Received permanent diplomas. Names in alphabetical order.—Annie C. Allen, Sutton, Brome; Cecilia J. Argue, Varm, Pontiac; Myrtle E. Bartlett, Melbourne, Richmond; Annie Alma Briard, Pasbebiac West. Bonaventure; Mary E. Burns, Island Brook, Compton; Pearle L. Craig, Fitz Roy Harbour, Ont.; Hildred Donnolly, New Carlisle, Bonaventure; Mrs. C. E. Dormer, Richmond, Que.; Gertrude M. Dunn, Franklin Center; Edith B. Ewing, Powerscourt, Huntingdon; Catherine A. Freeth, Brownsburg, Argenteuil; Mrs. Glover Agnes French, West Brome, Brome; Hilda E. Gallant, New Carlisle West, Bonaventure; Wm. S. Goodfellow, Lachute, Argenteuil; Lily A. Grandmaison, East Templeton, Ottawa, Adelaide G. Grey, Rawcliffe, Argenteuil: Rosalie E. Hamilton, New Carlisle, Bonaventure; Mona Hocquard, New Carlisle, Bonaventure; Rose Viola Horne, Way's Mills, Stanstead; Violet Horner, Peninsula, Gaspe; Catherine M. Jeakins, Waterloo, Shefford; Hazel C. Kerr, New Richmond, Bonaventure; Grace M. Libby, Libbytown, Stanstead; Ellen C. McCulloch, East Farnham, Brome; Effie Lucy Jane McMannis, Kirkdale, Drummond; Nora M. Morrow, Windsor Mills, Richmond; Edith S. Nicholson, Richmond, Que.; Mary I. Parsons, North Wolfstown, Wolfe; Florence R. Reilly, Lachute, Argenteuil; Evelyn M. Rankin, New Erin, Huntingdon; Lena R. Reid, Mystic, Missisquoi; Marie M. Richard, Montreal; Florence A. Sherar, New Carlisle, Bonaventure; Christina C. Smaill, Beith, Huntingdon; Linda E. Smiley, Shawville, Pontiac; Elizabeth A. Stephens, Campbell's Bay, Pontiac; Dora A. Stewart, Maple Grove, Megantic; Wilhemia Stewart, Glenelm, Huntingdon; Lilah Blanche Stowe, South Bolton, Brome; Maida L. Sullivan, Port Daniel, Bonaventure; Evelyn S. Swaill, Sawyerville, Compton; Bertha A. Taylor, Fitch Bay, Stanstead; Bertha M. Tibbits, Knowlton, Brome; Florence E. Wark, Inverness, Megantic; Anna M Wilson, Hudson Heights, Vaudreuil; Helen Ruth Wheeler, Cowansville, Missisquoi.

Received Provisional Diplomas, valid for one year, in alphabetical order.—Janet M. Alexander, Leed's Village, Megantic; Olive W. Bachelder, Sherbrooke, Que., Bertha G. Bates, Cookshire, Compton; Frances M. Boomhour, Clarenceville, Missisquoi; Jessie S. Brown, Barrington, Huntingdon; Vera M. Brown, Ayer's Cliff, Stanstead; Ruby I. Burnett, Richmond, Que.; Sadie A. Burns, Island Brook, Compton; Marion D. Cady, Sweetsburg, Missisquoi; Eva J. Cook, Millfield, Megantic; Mary E. Cousens, Knowlton, Brome; Laura A. Cousins, Grenville, Argenteuil; Bella M. Crawford, Bury, Compton; Kitty Hazel Kathleen Cross, Knowlton, Brome; Florence E. Ellis, Bury, Compton; Grace L. Cill, Cranberry, Megantic; Frances M. Glass, Roxham, St. Johns; Ruperta M. Hall, Knowlton, Brome; Emily N. Harvey, Dunham, Missisquoi; Gladys A. Harvey, Dunham, Missisquoi; Jessie M. Harvey, Dunham, Missisquoi; Helen E. Jamieson, Millanville, Megantic; Edith W. Knapp, Windsor Mills, Richmond; Ella R. Longmoor, Campbell's Corner, Megantic; Clara E. Longmoor, Leed's Village, Megantic; Jessie M. Macdonald, Tullochgorum, Beauharnois; Jessie E. McCullough, Windsor Mills, Richmond; Margaret McKimmie, Lachute, Argenteuil; Goldie A. Parnell, Lennoxville, Sherbrooke; Beulah M. Porter, Kirkdale, Drummond; Beryl Porter, Kirkdale, Drummond; Nettie A. Reeves, Rockburn, Chateauguay; Emmeline M. Rexford, Magog, Stanstead; Marjorie E. Robinson, West Shefford, Shefford; Alice M. Robson, Huntingdon, Que.; Eliza Robson, Gaspe Basin, Gaspe; Lillian Rogers, Lachute, Argenteuil; Ruth E. Rodgers, Lachute, Argenteuil; Sadie L. Rudd, Way's Mills, Stanstead; Maggie M. Salley, Ottawa, Ont.; Jessie S. Silverson, Dalesville, Argenteuil; Jessie M. Smaill, Beith, Huntingdon; Mary E. Stevens, Melbourne Ridge, Richmond; Mabel Stevenson, Franklin Center, Huntingdon; Eva B. Sweet, Knowlton, Brome; Muriel F. Taylor, Richmond, Que.; Bertha E. Turner, Bury, Compton; Ethel M. Walker, Lachute, Argenteuil; M. Hope Westover, Sutton Jct., Brome; Anna E. Wheeler, Cowansville, Missisquoi; Iva E. Weir, Melbourne, Richmond; Hattie E. Williamson, Maple Grove, Megantic.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A SECOND LOT.

We passed through the Customs recently a second lot of

MILL ENDS

These are largely in different lines from the first lot. For instance:—

Striped Blue Duck, 1 yard wide, 12½c.
Dotted Blue Duck, 1 yard wide, 12½c.
Plain Blue Duck, 1 yard wide, 12½c.
Blue Linen Duck, 1 yard wide, 12½c.
Natural Linen Duck, 1 yard wide, 12½c.
Blue, Grey and Pink Chambray for 12½c.
Striped and Checked Chambray for 12½c.
Fine Crepe and Wash Goods for 18c.
Heaps of white and colored Wash Goods, Silks and Silk Mixtures at 18c to 25c per yard while they last.

W. Banford & Son,
Main Street, Lachute

THE ELITE

Spring Millinery comprising the latest novelties from Chicago and Montreal on view during this coming month. Unmatchable low prices.

Elegant New Blouses, Wash Skirts and Dresses, Underwear, Hosiery, Neckwear, Frilling, Smallware of every description. Make yourself comfortable with Bias Filled Corsets to suit every figure. A pleasure to show them.

H. E. Burwash, Rg'd.

Albert Hall

Telephone 83.

Moving Picture Performance, Thursdays & Saturdays

Starting at 8.30 p.m.

ADMISSION - - 15 cts.

A. E. Bishop

Plumber & Electrician

Gasoline, Engine Oils, & Automobile Repairs.

Main St. Phone 83 Lachute.

When you Require Anything

In Watches, Jewelry, Cut Glass, Silver Deposit Ware, Silverware, Etc.,

You will find a large and reliable selection at our store. While we make a specialty of testing eyes, and selling the right kind of glasses, we have enough other things here to share the expense of doing business and make it possible to be more than reasonable in our charges.

The precise advantage of coming here for your glasses is that you know us and we know you. We are equipped with modern facilities for examining eyes and relieving eye strain. Every element of risk has been entirely eliminated. We do the best that can be done by each and every customer.

T. JOUSSE, Main St., Lachute.
Watchmaker, Jeweller and Optician
Agent for the Edison Phonograhp.

UNDER THE CANON SLIDE

Robert Schwartz, the canon guide paused on a little plateau on the Bright Angel trail, and shading his eyes with his hand, examined an area of loose rock, high above him on the gigantic face of limestone that rims the Grand Canon. He was carrying a pack load of provisions down to the Half Way House, for the use of tourists who should make the trip down the canon to the Colorado River. Usually he descended the steep path on burro back, but this morning all the animals were in use, and he had been forced to walk.

Schwartz frowned anxiously. "If that loose stone up there takes a notion to do a little toboggan slide, I've got to move out of here quick," he thought to himself. "The worst of it is, the path goes back and forth like a snake right here, and I can't see even a two-foot hole to crawl into if there's any trouble."

He shifted his pack, and began to pick his way down the trail again. A volley of pebbles popped against the rocks twenty feet to his right. Apprehensively, Schwartz glanced up again. Where the yellow spot on the cliff had been he now saw a deep shadow. His ear caught a reverberating roar, that grew louder and deeper. Larger pebbles and small rocks whizzed past him.

The guide saw that he could not reach the turn of the trail toward safety before the slide came. Desperately but vainly he searched for a crevice or an overhanging cliff under which he could flatten himself. Then he crawled on his hands and knees to the edge of the thousand-foot rock wall. There might be a ledge under the brink that would give him a chance of safety. When he parted the bushes and looked down, he saw only a narrow shelf a hundred feet below. On the top where he was bending over, a small spur of solid rock jutted out into space.

Schwartz examined the jutting rock. Then he unbuckled his long pack straps, fastened them again, and threw the loop under the spur. The pack, on the other two ends of the strap, swung back and forth three feet below him. Dangling from the strap, a man would be swung slightly under the brink of the precipice by the angle of the projecting spur. The rock seemed firm, but Schwartz hesitated on the edge, unwilling to hang over the abyss until it was absolutely necessary.

The avalanche of rocks was almost upon him. Hundreds of great boulders crashed from terrace to terrace amid clouds of dust and flying debris. The roar echoed and reechoed against the crags. The cliffs seemed to have found voices, and to be shouting at one another in anger.

Trees shot out as if fired from catapults. Bounding rocks exploded like bombs as they collided with other boulders and shattered into fragments. The first large rock came spinning toward the trail. It struck a clump of sagebush fifty feet away, gouged the vegetation out of its crevice, and rock, bushes and dirt crumbled over the edge, leaving a great yellow furrow behind them.

Mechanically, Schwartz swung himself out into space. By letting both of his hands slip simultaneously, inch by inch, he was able to bring the two sides of the strap loop together, and holding with both hands, he managed to relieve the strain somewhat. He swung slightly under the spur. At least he would escape injury from trees and smaller rocks.

What if one of the boulders, ten feet in diameter, hit the spur? If he should fall, he would drop nine hundred feet to a flat-topped butte that looked like a little red mushroom, deep in the chasm. Or he might catch in the branches of a diminutive tree that he could see on the cliff side a quarter of a mile down. That train of thought threatened to destroy his presence of mind and he turned his face toward the rocks.

The strain of hanging by straps began to tire Schwartz's arms. By bending one knee, he tried to rest part of his weight on the pack itself. Immediately, one of the sewed strap ends parted, and the pack was left hanging on one side, useless as a support. Then, with a crash of splintering rock, the main avalanche rolled over the precipice. Schwartz shut his eyes. The branch of a tree caught his coat, ripped off part of his sleeve, and tore a gash in his arm. Every second he expected to feel his hold slip; to be swept off into space and down into the canon.

Suddenly the tumult ceased. Hardly able to realize that he was still swinging from the straps, the guide opened his eyes. Far below, a faint roar indicated the path of the avalanche. Dust and leaves still swept in a thick cloud round him, but the dangerous rocks had dropped over the cliff.

Schwartz began to hoist himself, slowly and painfully, by the two straps. His tendons aching from the heavy weight of his body, were almost exhausted, and he was faint and dizzy. Level with the spur at last, he grasped a clump of sage-bush, and let go of the strap with one hand. The weak bush half tore out of the soil. Quickly he seized a stronger clump with the other hand, dragged himself up on the flat rock, and lay there, panting with exhaustion, but safe.

ARCHIBALD W. CAMPBELL.

Canada's Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals.

A group of farmers and a derby-hatted, city-suited person of giant proportions, were engaged in road building. The scene was near Gananoque in Eastern Ontario, and the farmers were skeptically watching the trying out of a new machine. There was an engineer along to operate the machine, but something went wrong with it, and it would not operate properly. The farmers smiled knowingly among themselves, although they politely tried to hide their amusement from the eyes under the derby hat.

Then something came to pass that gave a new turn to events. The man with the derby hat and the creased trousers stepped up on the machine. The farmers allowed their smiles to escape a little from control, and looked hard at the "city chap." They were now waiting confidently for an opportunity to "chortle" openly. But soon their smiles faded away. The "city chap" seemed to know how to work that machine. Its wheels began to revolve. It began to do its work, and the man in the derby and the freshly-pressed suit sat in his seat and made a new and a good piece of road.

Beat Down Skepticism.

The "city chap" was Mr. Archibald W. Campbell, now Deputy Minister of the Department of Railways and Canals for the Dominion. The incident took place in the early days of the good roads movement in Ontario.

So widely known did Mr. Campbell become for his work in this connection that it was almost forgotten that he had been christened "Archibald William." He received a new christening by the ordination of the people, and was known everywhere simply as "Good Roads Campbell." Mr. Campbell started the agitation for the improvement of the roads of the Province when he was City Engineer of St. Thomas. He threw himself heart and soul into the campaign and became vice-president of the Good Roads Association, and in 1896 was made Good Roads Commissioner for the Province. While occupying that



Mr. A. W. Campbell.

office and later as Deputy Minister of Public Works for Ontario he carried on the administration of the "Good Roads" laws; and as late as 1909—shortly before he came to take up his present duties at the federal capital—he went as a delegate from Ontario to the Good Roads Congress at Seattle.

Old Middlesex Boy.

The present Deputy Minister of Railways is an old Middlesex boy. He was born at Wardsville in that county in 1863, and so has just recently passed the half century mark. He got his early schooling there and at the High School of St. Thomas. From school he turned to the engineering profession, into which he graduated at the age of 22. Six years later he became city engineer of the Railway City, and it was there that he began his campaign for good roads.

It is now somewhat over four years since he left the civil service of Ontario, where he was Deputy Minister of Public Works, and went to Ottawa to take charge of the Department of Railways and Canals. When Mr. M. J. Butler left the Government service to enter the service of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, Hon. George P. Graham was Minister of Railways and Canals; and remembering the good work that Mr. Campbell had done for the Province, Mr. Graham brought him down to take over the administration of the Government railways and canals. As Deputy Minister he became automatically chairman of the board of management of the Intercolonial and of the Prince Edward Island Railways; and he held this responsible position with honor until the present regime replaced the board of management by a single general manager, Mr. F. P. Gutelius. He is still, as Deputy Minister, responsible for the proper administration of the road, although under the present system the details of the management are centred at Moncton. He has besides under his direct control all the canals of the Dominion, which are the key to our magnificent inland waterways. If the Minister of Railways, as contemplated by the Act which passed the last session of Parliament, becomes head of the National Transcontinental Railway, that 1,800 miles of iron road will also come under the control of "Good Roads" Campbell.—Francis A. Carman, in Star Weekly.

HIS FIRST INVENTIONS.

A Remarkable Boy Was John Muir, The Farmer's Son.

In his autobiography, John Muir tells the story of his first appearance in the outside world after years of desparate toil at the command of a severe father. The parent was forced to concede that from bedtime until four o'clock belonged to John, and after five hour's sleep, the boy would work from one until four in the morning on mechanisms for clocks, thermometers and automatic beds.

One of my inventions was a thermomenter made of an iron rod that had formed part of a wagon box. The expansion and contraction of this rod was manipulated by a series of levers made of strips of hoop iron. The pressure of the rod against the levers was kept constant by a small counterweight, so that the slightest change in the length of the rod was instantly shown on a dial that manipulated the expansion about 32,000 times. The thermometer was sensative that when anyone approached within four or five feet of it, the heat of the person's body caused the hand on the dial to move so fast that the motion was plainly visible. When he stepped back, the hand moved slowly back to its normal position. The neighbors regarded it as a great wonder, and so did his own father.

When I told father that I was about to leave home, and inquired whether,, if I should need money, he would send me a little, he said "No, depend entirely on yourself." I had the gold sovereign that my grandfather had given me when I left Scotland, and a few dollars, perhaps ten, that I had made by raising a few bushels of grain on a little patch of sandy ground.

Father had carefully taught us to consider ourselves worms of the dust, and devoutly believed in quenching every spark of pride and self confidence, without realizing that he might, at the same time, be quenching everything else. Praise he considered wicked, and he often assured me that out in the wicked world, making my own way, I would soon learn that although I might have thought him a hard taskmaster, strangers were far harder. On the contrary, I found no lack of kindness and sympathy. All the baggage I carried was a package made up of the two clocks and a thermometer, the whole looking like some very complicated machine.

The parting from mother and my sisters was of course hard to bear. Father let David drive me down to Pardeeville, a place I had never before seen, although it is only nine miles south of Hickory Hill farm. When I got to Madison, I thanked the conductor for my glorious ride, shouldered my inventions, and walked to the fairground.

When I applied for a ticket at the window, I told the agent that I had something to exhibit.

"What is is?" he inquired.

"Well here it is. Look at it."

When he craned his neck through the window and got a glimpse of my bundle, he cried, excitedly, "Oh, you don't need a ticket—come right in!"

So I went up to the Fine Arts Hall and looked in wondering if they would allow wooden things in so fine a place.

I was met at the door by a dignified gentleman, who greeted me kindly, and said, 'Young man, what have you got here?"

"Two clocks and a thermometer," I replied.

"Did you make these? They look wonderfully beautiful and novel, and must I think, prove the most interesting feature of the fair."

"Where shall I place them?" I inquired.

"Just look round, young man, and choose the place you like best, whether it is occupied or not."

So I quickly had a shelf made large enough for all of them, went out on the hill and picked up some glacial boulders of the right size for weights, and in fifteen minutes the clocks were running. They seemed to attract more attention than anything else in the hall. I got lots of praise from the crowd and the newspaper reporters. It was considered wonderful that a boy on a farm had been able to invent and make such things. They gave me a prize of ten or fifteen dollars, and a diploma for wonderful things not down in the list of exhibits.

DUCHESS MARY ON A LADDER.

The Present Queen Aided in Saving Goods From Fire.

As I sat on a summer balcony in Venice, writes a Companion contributor, I heard from a charming Dutchwoman this pleasant story about Queen Mary of England. The husband of the Dutch lady was the founder of one of the largest lace houses in Venice, and she had always taken an active part in the business.

"Of course," she said, with Dutch common sense, "no one can say that lace is one of the necessities of life, so they who sell it must seek the places affected by the wealthy. We have a branch establishment at St. Moritz every summer. One year I was there with laces that cost us 200,000 francs, and I had with me a young woman to help me with the sale. The insurance company refused to insure us because they had lost so much through fires in that country. The wooden chalets burn like tinder, and the water supply is always inadequate.

"My chalet was often visited by very great ladies. The sister of the Emperor of Germany bought little, but she loved to look at the beautiful laces. The Princess Laetitia of Savoy was another habitue, but the most friendly were the Duchess of Teck and her tall daughter, the Princess Mary, then the Duchess of York.

"One morning I heard a great commotion in the street, and I stepped out to see what was wrong. A chalet was on fire not far away. A turn of the wind, and we should be caught. More than the flames even, I dreded the thieves who take advantage of such scenes of confusion. I stepped back into my chalet and locked the door, that we might be undisturbed. I pulled out packing cases and trunks, and the laces and embroideries when the Duchesses of Teck and York came by.

"Oh, let us help you!" they insisted. 'It would be dreadful for those lovely things to be injured or lost."

"They worked like Turks. The Duchess Mary was so tall that she could reach everything, and as she handed the laces to me I packed them carefully in the cases. The gentleman in waiting went back and forth, and kept us posted as to the progress of the fire. The Duchess Mary even went up on a ladder and fetched down the mirrors herself. I have never had better or more energetic assistance, and it was all done with such simplicity, good sense, and good fellowship. Fortunately, although five chalets were burned, the wind did not bring the fire our way."

THE PRINCESS WAS FOOLED.

Wooden Soldiers Stood as Sentry at Her Door.

In 1805, Ferdinand IV. was driven from the throne of Naples. All the members of the family except an aged half-sister, fled to Sicily. Of the lonely old Bourbon princess who remained in the land where her family had reigned, De Gute Kamerad tell a touching little story.

The victorious French, who had driven Ferdinand from the throne, treated the old lady with every consideratoin. The new King Joseph Bonaparte, left her property and her income virtually intact. But he did order that the sentry who always had stood before the door of the princess and had saluted when she passed, should be removed. And on this point, in spite of the princess' pleas, he remained firm. The Bourbons had ceased to reign, he said, and no royal honors could be properly be accorded to a member of the family.

The loss of this mark of respect wounded the princess more deeply than many more serious losses had done. For the first time she felt herself an outcast, an exile in her own land. She grieved so steadily that her strength began to fail.

Finally the loyal servants who had stayed with their mistress, decided to resort to a subterfuge in order to restore the old lady's spirits. Accordingly they fashioned a great wooden soldier, of dignified and martial appearance; on this dummy they painted the gay uniform of the Neapolitan grenadier. They set the figure in a sentry box by the gate of the princesss' residence, and waited for their mistress to drive out.

They counted on the nearsightedness of the princess, and on the fact that she always passed through the gate in her carriage, to make the ruse successful. And when at last the carriage did pass, they saw by the glad flush that came to the princess' face that she had not detected the deception.

From that time the princess revived. The sentry never left his post, and the princess never discovered the ruse by which her loyal servants had restored her spirits and her health. But occasionally she did complain that under the new regime soldiers did not present arms, as they had done in the days when her brother was king.

The bodies of the four drowned in the Grand River were recovered.

A bag of mail found in a yard at St. Thomas was apparently stolen from a train.

Beware of Fake Baking Powder Tests

("THE SPICE MILL" (N.Y.), SEPTEMBER, 1913.)

Unscrupulous manufacturers of baking powder, in order to sell their product, sometimes resort to the old game of what is known as "the glass test." In reality it is no test at all, but, in cases where the prospective buyer does not understand that the so-called "test" is a fake, pure and simple, the salesman is sometimes able to make him believe it shows conclusively that the so-called baking powder he is selling, and which of course contains egg albumen, is superior to other brands which do not contain this ingredient.

Bulletin No. 21, issued by Dairy and Food Bureau of the State of Utah, reads as follows:—

"The sale in the State of Utah of baking powders containing minute quantities of dried egg (albumen) is declared illegal. The albumen in these baking powders does not actually increase the leavening power of the powder, but by a series of unfair and deceptive tests such powders are made to appear to the innocent consumer to possess three or four times their actual leavening power."

STORY OF THE EMBEZZLER

HIS EXPERIENCES SHOULD BE READ BY YOUNG MEN.

Step by Step on the Downward Grade With a Man Who Went Astray.

It started very soon after I married. We were a high-spirted couple, and the doctrine of cutting our coats in accordance with the cloth at our disposal was not part of our philosophy. We know lots of people and if we were invited to a card party or a dance—well, we simply had to do the thing properly in the matter of dress, and it was only human that we should desire to return hospitality, says a writer in London Answers.

In short, we lived up to every penny of the five pounds a week which I was receiving as cashier to Messrs. ——. Then illness came, and on top of that one of my swagger friends, who had airily asked me to back a bill for him—"A mere matter of form my boy"—disappeared.

Hiding the Shortage.

I woke one morning to the dismal realisation that I was heavily in debt, and, moreover, there was a little liklihood of my being able to pay a quarter of what I owed for a good many months to come.

The fatal thing about the crime of the embezzlement is that it is so exceedingly simple. Every trusted servant who had to deal with the money of his employers knows of means by which he can "borrow," and also of various ways in which he can cover up the shortage for months, or, perhaps, for years.

I regarded my position at this time as desparate. I little knew how really well-off I was even then, compared with what was to happen after.

The first step was easy. A couple of entries in my books, and a five-pound note was transferred from the coffers of the firm to my own pockets.

It was not enough to clear me; but it was all I dared to take at that time. I grew more ambitious later.

I put the fiver on a horse. It was my first bet, but I had made up my mind to follow my swagger friend into obscurity and beg, borrow or steal our fares to Canada if the bet did not come off. But beginner's luck operated in my favour The horse won at twenty to one!"

I remember the bookie grinned when he paid me my hundred and five pounds. He had cause to smile.

Drifting Backwards.

Winning the bet put me on my feet. I paid all I owed, and replaced the borrowed fiver, the false entries were corrected, and for a time all was well.

I made up my mind that never again would I sail so near the wind, and for a couple of months we economised.

But gradually we drifted back to the old ways. I had told my wife nothing of what had happened and consequently she upbraided me at times for meanness, which is an imputation that rankles in any man.

To cut the story short, in three months I had made a second "dip" into the firm's money; but this time the horse did not win.

After that I seemed to lose all sense of shame for the act itself. My only fear was that I might be found out. As I look back I marvel to think of the time the thing went on; but, oh, the long agony of it all!

Deeper and deeper in the mire I got—discovery grew nearer with each black month that I lived through.

Caught Through a Slip.

And, oh, the torture of the holiday season, when, perforce, someone else had to have charge of those precious books which held within them the secret of a man's shame. Everything was known now to my wife, and first we got money from friends to make up the balance which I was bound to hand over at holiday time; then I had recourse to moneylenders and every possible method of raising money.

Discovery came one morning through a slip of my own.

I knew when I saw the angry face of my old employer, that all was known.

"You, that we trusted—you that we paid well, and showed every consideration—nothing but a thief, a miserable, slinking rascal! We ought to prosecute, but we think of your wife. Get out of the place! Never let me see your face again!"

I walked into the street, a man without work and without a character, with less than a sovereign to fight a world which has no use for characterless clerks; to face a weeping and reproachful wife; but—ah, the relief!

ORIENTAL VIEW OF CHIVALRY

A Hindu Gentleman Tells How to Treat Women.

The "Times of India" (Bombay) publishes the following solemn warning from Mr. Ramchaud Kashinath Dattraya, a Hindu gentleman concerning a much-vexed question. He says:

My purpos for writin on you this is to enform many English Brothers to give honor and devotion to your ladys because they will in the end becum proud and then they will want to vote. 2 or 3 things happen at Victory Garden tomorrow (yesterday) and then I all of a sudden made up my brain to write to you immediately. There was many English womans and when mans are sittin on the bench and womans come mans stand and give their sits to womans. This happen 2 or 3 times tomorrow (yesterday) and I question you why?

I again tell you why? Mans and womans are similar in this world and then why mans honors womans? If they honors old, old womans, one thing, but they honors young lady. My purpos to write this is to enform the English Sahib (Englishman) that when they do this they spoil their feminine lady and then this lady get proud and walk like pocock and then ask vote and then spoil Ken Gardens and throw bomb on Loid Gorg put bursting powder in envelope and post and create other mischief.

Therefore, I say to my English Brothers, please don't spoil English womans because by honoring them you people put in their brains the sids (seeds) of Suffragitism and then they will get wild like Miss Pancurs. Please, please print this letter near the Ruter's Telegram with big, big words.

WRONG BREAKFAST.

Change Gave Rugged Health.

Many persons think that for strength, they must begin the day with a breakfast of meat and other heavy foods. This is a mistake as anyone can easily discover for himself.

A carpenter's experience may benefit others. He writes:

"I used to be a very heavy breakfast eater but finally indigestion caused me such distress, I became afraid to eat anything.

"My wife suggested a trial of Grape-Nuts and as I had to eat something or starve, I concluded to take her advice. She fixed me up a dish and I remarked at the time that the quality was all right, but the quantity was too small—I wanted a saucerful.

"But she said a small amount of Grape-Nuts went a long way and that I must eat it according to directions. So I started in with Grape-Nuts and cream, 2 soft-boiled eggs and some crisp toast for breakfast.

"I cut out meats and a lot of other stuff I had been used to eating all my life and was gratified to see that I was getting better right along. I concluded I had struck the right thing and stuck to it. I had not only been eating improper food, but too much.

"I was working at the carpenter's trade at that time and thought that unless I had a hearty breakfast with plenty of meat, I would play out before dinner. But after a few days of my "new breakfast" I could do more work, felt better in every way, and now I am not bothered with indigestion."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Her Giddy Aunt

The rather thin soprano quavered a little on the top note of the chorus of a somewhat ancient love lyric and Miss Armenia Lidstone glanced up through her pince-nez with a frown of annoyance. Why did Aunt Lilian persist in singing that rediculously sentimental old song of her girlhood with the window open?

Aunt Lilian was the burden of Miss Lidstone's existence, though that good lady's contribution to household expenses enabled them to live in a decent semi-detached villa instead of the two rooms which would have been Miss Lidstone's lot had she been compelled to depend upon her type-writing earnings alone. She entered the house with her thin lips firmly set.

"Aunt Lilian," she began peevishly, "I do wish you would remember to close the window when you are singing that absurd song. I could hear you at the top of High Street."

Miss Lilian Greythorne turned on her music-stool, with a conciliatory smile. She was some fifteen years older than her niece, but there was a freshness in her complection and a pleasant look on her face quite lacking in the case of Miss Armenia Lidstone.

"Sorry," replied Miss Greythorne blithely. "Hope I haven't caused a crowd to collect—if so it wouldn't be half a bad idea for me to take a saucer and try and do a little collecting on my own, would it?"

Armenia bit her lip; Aunt Lilian was so frivolous!

"It sounds so—so unseemly."

Aunt Lilian sighed. So many were unseemly in her niece's estimation.

"Mr. Vanstone called this afternoon," observed Miss Greythorne, tactfully changing the subject.

Armenia's expression lost a little of its austerity.

"Really! How foolish! He knew I should not be home until six."

Aunt Lilian smiled, and seemed about to say something, but checked herself.

"He called about the examination papers, I suppose?" pursued Armenia.

"Yes, he would like them by Tuesday morning if possible."

"Goodness! That means bringing home my machine and working half Sunday!" exclaimed Armenia. "He will call for them on Monday evening, I suppose."

"He didn't say," replied her aunt; "but I expect he will be calling again to-morrow some time. He promised to bring me some new songs."

Armenia smiled a little contemptuously. Mr. Peter Vanstone was an assistant-master at a local school He was middle-aged, wore glasses, and owned an impressive bass voice. He was an enthusiastic geologist, and had leanings towards various "isms," which commended him to Miss Lidstone from the beginning of their acquaintance, and his grave air of erudition, combined with his scrupulous courtesy, had made quite an impression upon Armenia's not over-susceptable heart. She decided that Mr. Peter Vanstone and she would make a very good pair and almost blushed at her own secret thoughts when she realised that only three letters of her own name would have to undergo alteration. It would be rather sad for Aunt Lilian, of course. She would be lonely living by herself, but then, that could not be helped, and she had her own private income.

On the afternoon of the following day, Saturday, and a half-holiday at school, Mr. Peter Vanstone escaped the—to him—fearsome dangers of cricket, and came to tea.

To Miss Armenia Lidstone's surprise and slight resentment, he resolutely refused to be drawn upon the Suffragette question, and talked, as she thought, frivolously of the latest musical comedy, and made flippant references to the new curate's face. But, of course, he was doing it to conciliate Aunt Lilian!

"I am afraid you are a terribly sarcastic man, Mr. Vanstone," observed that lady, with an arch glance which made her neice shudder. "I really feel afraid of you."

Mr. Peter Vanstone beamed through his glasses.

"No need, Miss Greythorne, I assure you," he replied in his sonorous bass. "I am the last person in the world of whom you should be afraid."

"That's what you say," returned Aunt Lilian, after the playful manner of the Sunday evening housemaid "walking out."

Armenia interrupted determinedly.

"Did you read Professor Swiveldruck's discoveries regarding heartbeats the other day," she asked, fixing Mr. Peter Vanstone with her pince-nez, "and the marvellous experiments he performed? In 'Scientific Gropings," it was."

Mr. Peter Vanstone sighed.

"Yes," he replied; "but what does a man like that know of heartbeats?"

Armenia looked at him surprisedly through her glasses.

"Professor Swiveldruck! Why he is the great authority, you know!"

Mr. Vanstone waved a white hand, to the imminent danger of the milk-jug.

"Ah, yes, but I wasn't thinking of the scientific aspect of it."

Armenia cast down her eyes in maidenly confusion. Surely he did not think she had introduced the subject with any other point of view in her mind!

"I don't consider that any mere man can be an authority on hearts" put in Aunt Lilian skittishly, "considering the facts that none of them possess such a thing."

Mr. Peter Vanstone eyed her gravely, and wagged a reproving forefinger with what Armenia considered a certain want of dignity.

"You don't mean that you know," said he.

"Oh, don't I, though," replied Aunt Lilian, in a sprightly tone. "There is yourself now——"

Armenia gave a subdued gasp.

"Really, auntie!" she said witheringly; and Miss Greythone flushed a little, though her eyes were still laughing.

Mr. Vanstone hastened to save the situation.

"Your aunt is quite right," he observed placidly. "I lost my heart some time ago, and never found it since."

Armenia felt a little fluttered at this significant speech, but she inwardly resented his thus taking sides against her, even with the idea of propitiating her aunt. Aunt Lilian's approval was not so indispensable as all that.

Time after time did Armenia make resolute attempts to raise the conversation to a higher plane, but in vain. Mr. Peter Vanstone's lack of interest in literature and science was simply enormous that evening, and at last, when he commenced singing excerpts from musical comedies, and shaking the ceiling with the clearly absurd statement that he was a toreador, Miss Armenia Lidstone subsided into what she would have termed "a dignified silence," but which was really an attack of sulks. Aunt Lilian should know what she thought of it all after he was gone!

Mr. Vanstone lingered long into the evening, and Miss Lilian Greythorne, with what her neice deemed a deplorable want of tact, made no attempt whatever to relinquish her post as gooseberry. Once, it was true, she archly remarked that there was shopping to be done, but on Mr. Vanstone offering to leave lists and messages on his way home, she thanked him with an effusiveness which made Armenia quiver, and dropped the subject.

At length, Mr. Peter Vanstone observed that he must really go, and, somewhat to Armenia's surprise, her aunt bid him rather abrupt good-night and retired upstairs. Really, Aunt Lilian had glimmerings of common sense, after all!

Mr. Vanstone immediately replaced his hat on the sidetable, and Armenia's heart beat a little more rapidly than usual.

"I have something to say to you alone, Miss Lidstone, if you can spare me a few minutes," said he nervously.

"Oh, certainly Mr. Vanstone," replied Armenia.

So it had come at last, the dear fellow, and all his seeming neglect of her had been merely a blind! Let her Aunt Lilian intrude now, if she dared!

"Yes," said Mr. Peter Vantsone. "I—I wanted your aunt to tell you, but she said she would far rather I did it my self."

Armenia almost laughed. Aunt Lilian, indeed! She must really try and develop more self-assurance in Peter when she had him to herself.

"Yes," she said encouragingly.

"The truth is," said Mr. Vanstone, apparently nerving himself for the task before him. "I have had an offer for a post at Radbury—a headmastership!"

"Really! I congratulate you, Pe—Mr. Vanstone," And Armenia gave a creditable imitation of a blush. A headmastership! She made a rapid mental calculation as to ways and means.

"Yes, but it must be a—er—a married man," continued Mr. Vanstone desperately.

"Oh," returned Miss Armenia Lidstone, looking at the carpet. "That is awkward, isn't it?" And indeed she felt it so.

Mr. Vanstone made a curious sound in his throat, evidently meant for a laugh.

"It is rather," said he. "Only thing is to get married." He jerked out the words breathlessly.

Armenia stood silent. She had gone as far as maidenly modesty permitted, Mr. Vanstone cleared his throat.

"Miss Armenia," said he, "that is what I am going to do."

Armenia raised her eyes to his.

"Then I must doubly congratulate you," she said, in a voice trembling with agitation and suspense.

Mr. Vantsone's face brightened, and, stepping forward he seized her hand impulsively.

"That is good for you. Fact is, I only needed your approval and all obstacles are swept away."

It was a queer, roundabout way of putting it, Armenia thought, but she decided that there had been enough of maidenly reserve, and she covertly secured her pince-nez preparatory to resigning herself to Mr. Vanstone's embrace.



The Big Four of the Shamrock IV.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON, owner, Mr. Nicholson, designer; Captain Burton, skipper, and Duncan Hill, who will sail the challenger for the America Cup across the Atlantic.

"The fact is, Miss Armenia, I have to-day secured your aunt's consent."

"Yes," murmured Armenia, somewhat impatiently. Why did he harp upon Aunt Lilian so much? As though she mattered in the least! Her consent indeed!

"And she has promised to become my wife."

Armenia seemed suddenly turned to stone. She stiffened, and raised her head which she had allowed to droop coyly towards Mr. Peter Vanstone's shoulder.

"What!" she exclaimed; and she scarcely recognised her own voice.

Poor Mr. Vanstone dropped her hand as though it were a red-hot iron, and shrunk back before the fires which gleamed through the pince-nez.

"Ye-es," he faltered. I—I thought you understood. Of course I knew there was a little difference in our ages, seven or eight years, but then, Lilian"—Armenia gave a little gasp—"Lilian," pursued Mr. Vanstone, regaining his courage as he proceeded, "is even younger in temperament. In fact, she seems quite a girl sometimes. This evening, for instance, perhaps you noticed her eyes——"

Armenia made an imperious gesture.

"How long has this been going on she asked sternly.

Mr. Peter Vanstone simpered, there was no other word for it, and Armenia felt a strong impulse to slap his face.

"I think we understood each other from the first," said he. "But, as I say, we only became formally engaged this afternoon, just before you came home."

"And why—why was I not told?"

"Yes, of course," replied Mr. Vanstone apologetically, "it must seem strange to you. And I was in favour of something being said to you long ago. You are not a child yourself"—Armenia winced—"but, to tell you the truth, Miss Armenia I really believe between you and me, that your aunt was afraid how you would take it. You see marriage and all that kind of thing seems so much out of your line."

Armenia was quite calm now, though a little pale.

"And now I really must be off," said Mr. Vanstone briskly. "Of course, you'll want to have a good talk with Lilian; and, by the way, we shall want you to be a bridesmaid of course."

Armenia turned away quickly.

"Good-night," she said, in a strained, unnatural voice, which Mr. Vanstone rightly attributed to emotion.

"Good-night, Miss Armenia. I say, you'll be my niece, you know." And Mr. Vanstone departed, chuckling deeply.

Miss Armenia Lidstone stood with clenched fists.

"The fool! The weak, wooden-headed fool!" she exclaimed, and stamped her foot vindictively.

Then suddenly the piano tinkled overhead, and seizing her hat and cloak, Armenia fled from the house.—"London Answers."

Explaining the Bald Head.

"This," said the chemist's assistant, "is a most wonderful hair restorer. It's our own perparation."

"Well give me a bottle," said the bald-headed man. But, I say, come to think of it, why don't you use it? You're pretty bald yourself."

"I can't use it. You see, I'm the 'Before Using assistant.' The 'After Using assistant' is out at lunch. You should see him."

Missed the Fun.

New Office Boy—A lady called with a horsewhip a few minutes ago.

Editor—With a horsewhip? What did you say to her?

Boy—I told her I was sorry you weren't in sir.

Merely to breathe freely does not mean to live.—Goethe.

DEVELOPING THE MEMORY.

Moving Subconscious Mind by Association of Ideas.

You have often read that if you want to awaken at a certain hour in the morning you have only to impress your subconscious mind with that hour upon retiring and you will awaken at the appointed time without difficulty. Perhaps you have tried the experiment and been successful.

I have discovered a way by which the method can be extended and made still more successful; writes William E. Towne.

Supposing you want to remind yourself of something of importance that you need to do early on the following day. You might write it down and put the memorandum under your watch or fasten it to the pincushion on your dresser; but it is a bother to have to use a mechanical memory tickler for such a purpose. It is like using crutches to walk with. What is your memory good for if it needs bolstering up constantly by this sort of expedient? You can teach your memory better habits.

Here is the way: Say to your subconscious mind at night: "When I am putting my shoes on in the morning I shall remember that I am to do so and so," describing the thing you wish to call to mind.

By connecting your affirmation with a specific act like putting on your shoes you give the mind a sort of peg to hang the mental record on, and you will find the results will be more positive. Of course, you can if you wish substitute any other act connected with the morning activities for that of putting on your shoes. The important thing is to make your affirmation positive and specific by connecting it with some act that you perform every morning.

You see, you are making an appointment with your subconscious mind to meet you at a certain place with certain reminders and it is necessary that the meeting place should be familiar one and clearly understood. It should stand out sharply in the impression you give your subconscious mind and then the recollection will be correspondingly sharp and clear. The more familiar and common the act with which you hitch up the affirmation the better.

RADIUM CANCER CURE.

Application Reported to Have Been Successful.

What is claimed as a successful instance of cancer cure by the application of radium is reported at Lambeth (England) Infirmary. The patient, a woman of 25, was taken to the infirmary last July suffering from what was regarded as an incurable cancer in the neck, which had been developing for some years. An operation for the complete removal of the cancer, it is said, was not considered practicable, and the medical authorities decided to try radium treatment. A medical officer, describing the cure, said that the cancer was treated on four occasions with emanations, or rays, of radium contained in tubes. The supply was provided free of cost by the Radium Institute. The growth gradually decreased, and eventually disappeared altogether. There was no doubt, the doctor added, that the case was one of cancer. The young woman was discharged from the infirmary as cured, and although careful observation has been kept, no recurrence of the disease has been noted. It is necessary again to repeat the warning that sufficient time has not yet elapsed to justify the use of the word "cure" without qualification. But the case is certainly very encouraging, more especially in view of the age of the patient and the character of the tomour.

An iron will shouldn't necessarily be a pig-iron one.

HOME

Good Things for Picnics.

Lemon Cheese Sandwich.—Put a quarter of a pound of butter, a pound of sugar, the juice of three lemons and the grated rind of two into a pan and allow them to become very hot until the sugar melts. Stir constantly until the mixture thickens. Then put it into jars and cover them and keep them in a cool place. Spread between slices of bread for a dainty picnic sandwich or for afternoon tea. This same lemon cheese can be used in layer cake or in dainty shells of puff paste.

Sardine Sandwiches. — Brown bread makes excellent sardine sandwiches. Make a paste of sardines, the contents of a can with one anchovy, one ounce of butter and cayenne pepper, salt and mace to taste.

Minced Meat Sandwiches. — A tempting filling for sandwiches is comprised of two-thirds minced chicken, and one-third minced ham and tongue chopped together. Moistened with mayonnaise dressing and spread on white bread with lettuce leaves, it is a delicacy.

Gold Sandwiches.—Rub the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs to a paste. Add two tablespoons of olive oil, mixing with a silver fork. Now add a pinch of mustard, cayenne pepper and salt, and lastly one tablespoon of vinegar. When this is thoroughly mixed, add one cup of grated yellow cheese. Spread on white buttered bread.

Fig Sandwiches.—Between slices of buttered graham bread spread figs which have been chopped to a smooth paste. The bread must not be cut too thin and the sandwiches if they would be kept moist, and palatable, should be wrapped in moistened tissue paper.

Where There Are Eggs.—Many persons do not know how to hard-boil an egg properly, and consequently have come to believe that because the white is tough and the yolk discolored the egg is indigestible. An egg should be put into warm water and left until the water is about 200 deg. Fahr. Then it should be left 30 minutes and dashed into cold water and peeled. After this process the egg will be mealy and the white will be hard and firm without being tough. Never let a hard-boiled egg cool in the water.

Sardines in Eggs.—Allow one sardine for each hard-boiled egg. Cut the eggs lengthwise and remove the yolks. Remove the skin and bones from the sardines. Make a paste of the yolks, the sardines, a little minced parsley, melted butter and pepper and salt to taste. Fill the whites of the eggs with this mixture and put two whites together. Garnish with fresh watercress.

Eggs with Ham.—Mince boiled ham and mix it with the yolks from hard-boiled eggs, with a little mustard and cream. Then fill the egg whites generously, rounding each off. Wrap in waxed paper to carry.

Beverages.—Grape juice, lemons, tea and fruit juices can all be used for delicious punches if there is ice and plenty of good water. Iced coffee, too, with whipped cream, is delicious. Children like raspberry shrub, which is made in this way: Take eight quarts of fresh berries, one pint of acetic acid and four quarts of water. Put these into a stone jar and let stand for 48 hours, stirring it occasionally. To one quart of the juice add one pound of sugar, boil 15 minutes and bottle while hot. When the liquid has cooled in the corked bottles open and refill them; pound the corks in very tight. If this liquid is to be kept any length of time, cut the cork off close to the bottle and dip it in hot wax to seal it.

Cold Meats.—Cold meats can be served as they are, or in sandwiches. A ham is almost essential to good picnic fare. Veal loaf, too, is delicious in sandwiches, and pressed chicken is one of the cold meats that can be carried and sliced at the picnic.

Baked Ham.—Soak a whole ham in cold water over night, remove and cover the lean side with a paste of smoothly mixed flour and water, taking care that it is of sufficient thickness to keep in all the meat juice. Bake in a moderate oven 25 minutes for every pound. Remove the case, then skin; cover the top with bread crumbs and brown.

Veal Loaf.—Three pounds of chopped veal, one-quarter pound chopped pork, one teaspoonful pepper, two teaspoonfuls salt, one cup bread crumbs, two well beaten eggs. Mix well, press in a square form and bake 1½ hours. For sandwiches a perfectly square mold cuts to the best advantage.

Pressed Chicken.—Boil three fowls until the meat comes off the bones easily. Remove all the bones and chop the meat up fine, add a piece of melted butter the size of a large egg. Season highly with salt and pepper. Take about one pint of the liquor in which the fowls were boiled, add to this half a box of gelatine and let it dissolve. Put the chicken meat into a saucepan and add the dissolved gelatine and cook until the broth is evenly distributed. Put into a pan and under a heavy press until perfectly cold.

Ginger Snaps.—One pint molasses, one cup brown sugar, one cup butter and lard, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-fourth cup water, one tablespoonful ginger and flour enough to roll soft and thin. Bake in a quick oven.

Chocolate Cookies. — Mix one small cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, one cup grated chocolate, three cups flour, one teaspoonful vanilla. Roll very thin and bake in quick oven. If the chocolate is melted, it will mix better with the batter.

For a layer cake, try the old-fashioned Devil's Food, which somehow always pleases children. The receipt is three-fourths of a cup of chocolate, one cup of brown sugar and one-half cup of sweet milk. Set this back on the stove to dissolve. In the mixing bowl, stir one cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter, three yolks and one white of egg, 2¼ cups of flour, one teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of vanilla, and one-half cup of sweet milk. Add the dissolved mixture from the stove, and pour into three small jelly tins. When cold, frost with white icing.

Household Hints.

To keep your garbage can sweet, put a folded newspaper in the bottom of the can every time it is emptied.

Boil a bit of orris root with the handkerchiefs before putting them in a violet sachet and they will be delightful.

A good mixture to set color in wash fabric is one teaspoonful of turpentine and a handful of salt in half a pail of water.

Some cooks always add a piece of bread crust tied in a cheesecloth to the kettle when cabbage or cauliflower is boiled. This, they say, will absorb the odor.

A good sauce for stewed fruit is made by boiling ½ ounce of very fine sago in one pint of milk till so tender that the grains almost disappear.

In making omelet or scrambled eggs, to six eggs add a tablespoonful of cornstarch and a half glass of milk. The cornstarch takes the place of about three eggs.

If, when making boiled frosting, one has cooked the sugar and water too long, and it grains, a teaspoonful of butter added will make it creamy and smooth, when beaten.

If several weeks or months are to elapse when the food chopper it not in use, run a piece of suet through it, before putting it away; then there will be no danger of its rusting.

The reason why opals are so often lost from their settings is that they expand with heat more than other precious stones, and, consequently force open the gold which holds them in place.

To prevent bread moulding in the summer the bread box should be thoroughly washed and scalded out at least twice a week, and it is best to dry it in the sunlight afterwards wiping out carefully.

If at any time you should have a gathered finger or poisoned hand, take a cabbage leaf, roll it out with a bottle until the juice comes, and tie it on the affected part. This will draw and cleanse it far better than a poultice.

When using oil stoves, to prevent them from smoking, dissolve one tablespoonful of common salt in every pint of paraffin oil that you use. This also gives a much clearer light, and it prevents the oil vessel from rusting.

The bride now embroiders personal initials on towels devoted to her own use. The colors match those in her room, and full sets, including wash cloths and bath mats, are embroidered for each bedroom.

In roasting any bird place the breast in the pan first when put in the oven. By so doing the juice will run out of the back into the breast, making it more juicy, instead of the juices from the white meat settling in the backbone, as happens when a bird is placed back down in the pan.

Often in hot weather the batch of bread or rolls has risen before the time planned to bake them. Place them in the refrigerator and the rising process will cease, yet the dough will not sour. When ready to bake, take out of the refrigerator and put in the oven.

Didn't Seem Enough.

"My goodness, Pat," protested Mr. Skids, "the man was guilty! Why didn't you convict him?"

"Begorra," replied Pat, "hanging would have been too good for him."

Changed All Around.

"Jack asked me to marry him last week, and I refused. Yesterday I telephoned him that I had changed my mind."

"What was the result?"

"He said he had changed his."

He is a wise man who knows he isn't wise enough to answer all the fool questions asked him.

The Watchman

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1914.

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

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

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free to subscribers.

Locals, constituting 4 lines or less 25 cents per each insertion

All transient advertising matter charged at 10c. per line nonpareil measurement.

Address all communications to

The WATCHMAN

LACHUTE. - - QUE

THE WAR.

The war into which Britain has been plunged is not of her own making or seeking. She and her daughter States enter it for the preservation of themselves and the good of Christendom. Behind them is the justification and confidence of a worthy cause. In the life-struggle upon which the Empire is now entered may the issue be swift and certain, and fail us not, that the liberty and freedom which the British Empire holds dear may be widened and strengthened, and its ideals remain an instrument for the advancement and glory of Christianity.

The "Emergency"

Ever since Premier Bordon proposed his temporary naval policy, based on the existence of an "emergency" in the European political situation, the Laurier opposition, from the leader down, have been engaged in deriding the idea that there was an emergency. They declared with the emphasis only cocksure people command, that there was no "emergency." They claimed to know that there was nothing in sight to disturb the peace of Europe, at least on any scale that would make the addition of three Canadian super-Dreadnoughts to the British navy specially advantageous. The Angell theory was spouted from press and platform as if that settled the hash of the Chancelleries of Europe. During the last two years we have had the amusing, and at times rather nauseating, spectacle of Laurier politicians pretending to know better than the statesmen of Great Britain what was the state of Continental politics and international relations. Just as the Opposition knew more than the Admiralty about the arrangements needed to improve the efficiency of the British navy, they felt their prescience equal to devining the folly of preparing for a general war in Europe. What the situation there is to-day no reader of Canadian newspapers need be told. How ridiculous and grotesque do the utterances of some of the Laurier charlatans now seem. In the present situation there is every weight of fact to prove how truthful was Premier Bordon when he spoke of the ominous war clouds of Europe. When the Canadian Senate denied the temporary aid the Government wished to give, the Admiralty made up the loss by accelerating its building programme.

MARRIAGES.

HORSEY—BANFORD—At the residence of the bride's parents, "Sunnymead," Lachute, on Wednesday, August 5th, by the Rev. Jas. Fraser, of Cushing, James W. Horsey, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Horsey, of Buffalo, N.Y., to Clara Wanlrop, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Banford.

News of Brownsburg

Mrs. Aird, of Montreal, is the guest of Mrs. J. R. Thomson at Lake Louisa.

Mrs. C. Freeth and family have taken up a summer cottage at Lake Louisa.

Mrs. J. Beaton and daughter, of Montreal, are guests of Mrs J. R. Thomson at Lake Louisa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Thomson and family have gone to Lake Louisa to spend the remainder of the summer.

Miss Katie Freeth has passed her final examination and qualified for a permanent teacher's certificate. Congratulations are in order.

Mrs. G. Stuart and family, of Toronto, are on a visit to Brownsburg, spending a vacation with their many friends. They have gone to Lake Louisa for a short time the guests of Mrs. Hope, of Lachute.

We regret to hear that Miss Rva Gallery has had to be removed to the General Hospital, Montreal, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis. The latest reports from the hospital is that she is progressing very favourably towards recovery.

The children of the Church of England S. S, Brownsburg, together with their teachers, parents and friends, had a most enjoyable outing on Saturday, the 1st inst. A number of roomy vehicles, which were filled to the limit, conveyed the party to Lake Louisa. Dinner and tea, provided by the ladies, were served in real picnic style. Ice Cream was generously supplied by Mr. and Mrs. Aylward. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and their son Elwin contributed largely to the day's enjoyment, by taking all the members of the party, by companies, in their gasoline launch, for a delightful run around Hope Island. The usual sports were engaged in by the children, and prizes were awarded to the winners. Hearty cheers were given for Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, the S.S. teachers, the ladies and Mr. and Mrs. Lackey. So thoroughly did all who were present enjoy the picnic, that its repitition, each succeeding year, will, no doubt, be anticipated, by young and old, with a great deal of pleasure.

An interesting Football Match was played on Saturday last, between married and single men, for the benefit of Jacob Wright, who is lying seriously ill in a Montreal hospital. The game had been in progress about 15 minutes when Griffin scored for the single men; the benedicts strove hard to equalize, but met a stubborn resistance in Messrs. Roberts and Bourne, Griffin scored again for the single men and Gallow replied for the married men, half time arriving with the score at 2 to 1. The second half opened in brisk style, play being transferred from end to end in a manner which suggested business by both sides. After half an hour's play the married men were rewarded. some smart passing by their forward line enabling Beresford to score. This nettled the single men and after a little midfield played Griffin scored with a remarkable shot turning completely round and swinging a left foot shot in, which took Duncan by surprise, it was easily the best goal of the match. Away went the single men again and this time Riley scored, the game ending with the score at 4 to 2 in favour of the single men. Mr. Scott handled the game in an efficient manner.

On Thursday last a Shooting Match was held at the D. C. Co. Gun Club Trap, between the office staff and the factory staff. The match was keenly contested, and a careful survey of the performance of the season of each member showed that they were very evenly matched. Each squad consisted of 10 men and each man had 25 birds. Each man tried to do his level best for his side and when the scores were called out by Mr J. R. Thomson, it was found that the factory had made 180 and the office staff 179, the factory winning by 1 bird. For the staff, Mr. M. C. Fletcher made a good showing by breaking 23 and Mr. E. J. Johnson 22, while for the factory Mr. E. Kettyle made 22, Mr. Wyman McGibbon 22 and Mr. Sim Wilson 22. There was a good attendance of members including many ladies to encourage the contestants and after the match a practice was held, many lady members indulging in the sport. On Saturday next, Aug 8., at 2 p.m. sharp, the Club will hold their weekly Spoon Shoot, and the J. S. Boa Trophies, also a practice for the forthcoming picnic which takes place Aug. 15.

DALESVILLE.

Miss Alma Dixon was in Carleton last week.

Mr. T. R. Cregeen returned to the city on Saturday.

Mr. D. O'Rourke is visiting his aunt Mrs. H Dixon.

Miss I. White of Montreal is visiting Miss J. MacArthur.

Mrs. Conolly and Miss Katie are guests of Mrs. Ferguson.

Mr. D. A. Watson of Montreal is visiting Mr. Wm. J. Morrow.

Mr. J. Stuart MacArthur is visiting his aunt Mrs. R. S. MacArthur.

Mr. W. Brown spent the week end with his family at Mr. A. Burk's.

Mr. and Mrs. Hadley and little daughter spent the week end here.

Miss Eldah Rosenthal and little brothers are guests of Miss Murdock.

Mr. A. MacArthur Jr., spent the week end with Mr. J. MacArthur.

Rev. Mr. Denny will address the B.Y.P.U. on Monday August 10th at 7.30 p.m.

Mr. G. Graham is spending his vacation with his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. Grenam.

Mrs. Ferguson and family of Montreal, have rented Mrs. Vary's house for this month.

Mrs. J. T. Wilson and family and the Misses McGregor and Ferguson who were visiting Mrs. D. Rowe returned to the city on Monday.

Pastor W. G. White will occupy the pulpit at the Dalesville Baptist Church both morning and evening on Sunday and at Mabel at 3 p.m.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. MacArthur and family, Miss I. White, and Messrs. J. Bain, J. S. Dixon and A. MacArthur were guests of Mrs. Robinson, Louisa on Sunday.

On Tuesday last, the Dalesville people held a very enjoyable picnic at Lake Louisa. Most of the party came home with sun-burned hands and faces, but all enjoyed the day's outing.

The Dalesville Mission Circle will hold their thank offering Social on Wednesday evening Aug. 12th. The Brownsburg Mission Band will take part in the programme. A good attendence is hoped for.

CUSHING.

Miss Leila Cleland spent a couple of days in the city last week.

Mr. Percy Nichols spent the week-end at Lake Louisa with a number of friends.

The Misses Hammond of Montreal are spending their vacation at Mrs. C. L. Cooke's.

Mrs. Fox and Miss Reid of Montreal, are spending a few weeks at Mrs. R. Pinkerton's.

Miss Jean Pinkerton returned on Wednesday from a two weeks visit with friends in Montreal.

Mrs. Cleland and her daughter Miss Alberta, left this week for a months visit to friends in Manchester, N.H.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Dowd of Montreal, spent a few days last week with the latters parents Mr. and Mrs. J. Watson.

And don't forget the social and fancy sale at the Stone Hall, on Friday evening, by the ladies of St. Mungo's. It is always a pleasant event and promises to be morp attractive than ever this year.

Mrs. E. O. Keatley and Mrs. O. E. Leroy are in Montreal this week where the latter lady's little daughter Doris will undergo an operation for enlarged tonsils and adenoids which her friends trust wil prove successful.

The population of Cushing is increasing rapidly and in quite an interesting manner. On Tuesday of last week Mr. Fred O'Brien became the proud father of twin daughters, and on Sunday Mrs. A. Allard presented her husband with a bouncing baby boy.

The Rev Dr. Ross, Principal of the Theological Faculty of Queen's College, Kingston, will (D.V.) on Sunday next, 9th Aug., conduct Divine Service and preach in St. Mungo's Church, Cushing, at 11 a.m. and in St. Columba's Church Point Fortune, at 7.30 p.m. Dr. Ross was formerly pastor of these churches.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WATCHMAN.

DEAR SIR,—

Kindly allow me space to correct a slight mistake that I made in preparing the pass list of the pupils of Grade III. Model for last week's issue of the "Watchman." Doris Campbell, Lachute, and James Smith, of New Glasgow, both passed with an average of over ninety per cent., and should have been ranked in "Honours," instead of "Class I." An average standing of that kind is so rare in a government examination, that I am anxious they should have the credit that they have so deservedly won.

Yours sincerely,

CHAS. McBURNEY,

Principal

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

BAPTISTE RAYMOND,

Bethany Street, Lachute

Saturday, August 8th, 1914

The following effects:—One horse, seven horse power gasoline engine, circular saw, drag saw, cross cut saw, 1 belt, 6 in. by 40 feet long (new) rubber tire buggy, 2 pairs of cutter sleighs (new), pair of single bob-sleighs, buggy, 3 cord wood racks, 2 sets of double harness (new), 2 sets of cart harness, 3 sets of light single harness, sulky, cutter, 3 buffalo robes, 2 pairs of horse blankets, 1,000 cedar posts, 40 cords of dry stove wood, 3 bedroom sets, sideboard, stove, furnace. One bush lot, containing 90 acres, situated one a half miles from Lachute, 15 acres in pasture and balance in bush, will also be offered for sale. Terms made known on day of sale.

Sale to commence at 1 p.m. sharp.

TERMS:—$10 and under cash, over that amount 9 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes.

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Big variety of Boys' Wash Suits at actual price of materials.

Big variety of Men's and Ladies' Raincoats at half their regular value.

Don't forget to ask to see our Special Lines of Men's Blue and Black Clay Worsted Suits, $20 line at $10.25. $25.00 line at $14.00.

Balance of our Stock at wonderful reduced prices during this Sale.

You will not complain of the high cost of living when you buy it at

FREEDMAN'S

FOR HALF THE PRICE.

Corner Water and Main, Paquin's Block, Lachute.

Desjardins' Footwear.

The best in Town

Everything Up-to-date in all Summer Goods.

Opposite Post-Office.

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Capital paid up and Surplus: - - $1,637,873.49

It is the aim of this Bank to give courteous as well as efficient service in connection with all business entrusted to its care. The most careful attention is given to all enquiries.

JOINT Savings Accounts may be opened in this Bank, the money in which may be withdrawn by EITHER of TWO PERSONS.

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Special attention given to Sale Notes.

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Wholesale and Retail.

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Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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It's easy to keep clean because its smooth surface offers no lodging place for dust, dirt, and germs. It's 100% comfortable because it has no tufts to detract from its resiliency. The Dixie NoTUFT Compartment Mattress is so constructed that we are able to *permanently* distribute filling heavier at points where wear is greatest. It is so distinctly different from the tufted mattress you *now* use that you can't afford *not* to come in and see it.

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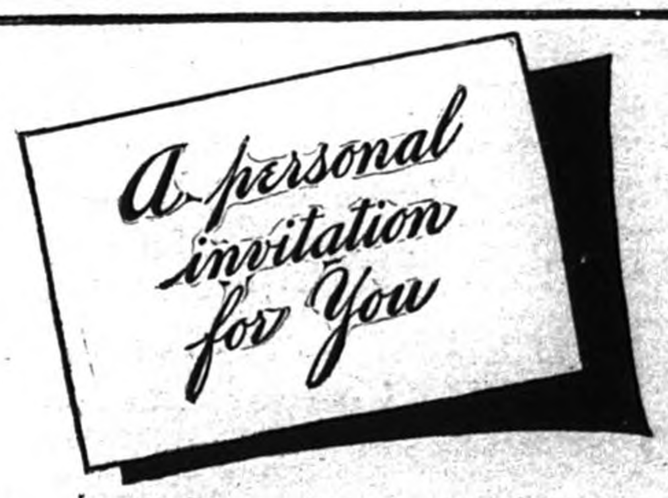
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the wonderful musical instruments that play all kinds of music and entertainment so true to life that it is just like hearing the artists themselves.

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Omer Paquette's,

Main Street, Lachute.

Missionary Coference at Knowlton.

—:o:—

The fifth annual Conference of the Missionary Education Movement, held at the Conference Grounds, Knowlton, Que., from July 14th to the 21st, was the most largely attended in the history of the conferences, there being a registration of one hundred and fifty-three delegates. In order that such a delegation might be accommodated many changes have been made during the past year in the cottages and a splendid new cottage has been erected, also a spacious new auditorium.

Knowlton, situated as it is on the beautiful Brome Lake in the heart of the Eastern Townships, has with its wealth of scenery splendid facilities for boating, bathing, tennis carriage rides and other forms of recreation and is thus an ideal spot for a Summer Conference.

In order that my readers may know how the time is spent by the delegates at one of these Conferences, I shall attempt to give in a general way an outline of a day a Knowlton. The day, unless one is a swimming or tennis enthusiast, begins at 6.30 a.m., when its beginning is proclaimed by the sonorous voice of a large bell rung also at the beginning and close of each meeting throughout the day, so that this bell is an important part of the day at Knowlton.

At 7.30 a.m., breakfast is served in the dining-hall, where, as at all meals the family life and fellowship constitute one of the most delightful features of the Conference. The first hour after breakfast is devoted to Bible Exposition, which was this year in charge of the Rev. W. W. Craig, M.A., Rector of St. Martin's Church, Montreal. Mr. Craig gave a series of helpful inspirational talks under the headings of—"The King," "The Subjects of the Kingdom," "The Nature of the Kingdom," "The Equipment of the Kingdom," "The Delay of the Kingdom," and "The Success of the Kingdom."

The Second Period of the morning is occupied by the Mission Study Classes. These classes of which there were five were under the guidance of experienced Mission Study Class teachers. The class on "India Awakening" was led by the Rev. H. E. Stillwell, of Cocouada, India, the class on "My Neighbor," was led by the Rev. T. A. Halpenny, of Shanstead, Que., the class on "The Why and How of Foreign Missions" was led by the Rev. Robert Harkness, Ph. D., of Cornwall, Ont., and formerly a missionary in Japan and Korea. The class on "The Social Aspect of Foreign Missions" was in charge of the Rev. C. H. Priest, Secretary, of the Missionary Education Movement, and formerly a Missionary in India, and the class on "The Black Bearded Barbarian" was led by Miss Claribel Platt, of Toronto, who for eleven years was connected with educational work in the Christian schools in Asia Minor. After the Mission Study Classes comes the third period known as "Open Parliament," when time is given to the consideration of practical and suggestive methods for promoting Missionary Education. During the fourth and last period the forenoon, platform addresses are given by the various leaders. Rev. Dr. McTavish, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Toronto, was the presiding officer at all the meetings and in addition to the messages from speakers and leaders already mentioned thrilling addresses were given by Dr. and Mrs. J. A. McDonald, of Kong Moon, South China Dr. C. Oliver, of Indore, India, spoke several times telling us interesting features in connection with her work as Medical Missionary among the women of India, and also we heard two powerful addresses by the Rev. W. D. Reid, of Montreal, and a most vividly pictured and humorous address from the Rev. W. T. Gunn, M.A., of the council of the Missionary Education Movement, as he told us of some of his interesting experiences in the Swedish settlements in our Canadian West.

Each afternoon is given up to recreation of which there was a variety provided in the way of tennis, croquet, boating, bathing, etc., as well as several features of enjoyable recreation, arranged by a special committee, viz.—a Field Day and Picnic, a Drive to Bolton Pass, an excursion to Eagle Island and a Regatta. Then in the hush of the evening, just as the sun is sinking behind the distant mountains, there is an informal gathering on the lawn when the Life Service Talks, designed to be especially helpful to those seeking light on the question of life service are given by different leaders and after the twilight service there is each evening another platform meeting and at 10 p.m. comes the final ringing of the bell.

From such a conference as this one returns with many pleasant memories of a happy and profitable holiday, of strong friendships formed, with a deepened interest in the study of God's word, with a sense of responsibility for others and a clearer conception of one's own life work.

Shall we not hope then that the Sixth Annual Conference at Knowlton will be attended by a strong delegation from the various young People's Societies of the Lachute Protestant churches?

EVA F. BRADFORD.

EDINA.

—o—

Mr. Howe from Louise, was a welcome visitor to Mrs. David Kennedy's home last Sunday.

Miss Sadie and Miss Lily Kennedy came to Riverside Cottage last Sunday. We were all pleased to see Miss Sadie back home among her friends once more.

Services will be held at Brown's School House on Sunday morning at 10.30 a.m, Edina Methodist Church at 3.30 p.m., and at Belt's School House in the evening.

This has been a most successful year regarding the harvesting of the hay crop for the rain only comes in the evening and Sundays. The crop however will be disappointingly light.

Most of the farmers here have got their haying completed and the only hay crops necessary to be got in is the beaver meadow hay which does not require so much attention as that grown on the uplands.

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GEORGE McKAY Esq.

KIPPEN, ONT., June 17th, 1913.

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"I have used them for Indigestion and Constipation with the best results, and I heartily recommend them to anyone similarly afflicted.

These troubles have left me completely and I give "Fruit-a-tives" full credit for all this. A nicer pill a man cannot take."

GEORGE McKAY.

The enormous demand for "Fruit-a-tives" is steadily increasing, due to the fact that this wonderful fruit medicine gives prompt relief in all cases of Indigestion, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Rheumatism, Chronic, Headaches, and Neuralgia, and all Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

50c a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. Sold by all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Edina Continued

Now that raspberries are beginning to disappear after an almost inexhaustible supply the blackberries are showing their welcome faces, so that the frugal housewives in many a home in this locality will be well provided for with small fruits during the long dreary winter.

Central Canada Exhibition

Ottawa, Canada,

SEPT. 11, to 19, 1914

Entries close Sept. 4th

Canada's Greatest Fall Live Stock and Poultry Show.

Accommodation for 2,500 Head.

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The Wanderer's Return;

Or, A Change of Fortune.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Alden followed the footman up to the second floor, where, in a spacious front chamber, richly furnished and now dimly lighted, the stricken statesman lay.

In a deep, crimson-cushioned armchair, near the head of the bed, sat his daughter. At the foot of the bed, in another chair, sat Aunt Moll, the oldest and most favored female domestic in the family.

Miss Cavendish arose at once to receive the visitor, holding out her hand, and whispering:

"I thank you so very much for coming to us in our trouble."

At the same moment Jerome wheeled forward a chair.

"Please sit down. There is little to be done now but watch," whispered Emma.

The young man bowed and took the seat.

Jerome went and trimmed the taper and stirred the fire and then withdrew from the room.

And so the watch commenced.

The patient lay perfectly quiet, and breathing easily.

"We must wait for a change," murmured Miss Cavendish, in answer to Alden's inquiring look. "We must wait for a change which will decide the case, favorably, I hope."

After that there was a long, uninterrupted silence.

Alden, with his bruised and aching heart, wondered where the fair fiend who had caused all this woe had hidden herself, and whether Miss Cavendish suspected the cause of her father's attack.

But, of course, he could not know; for this was a subject he could not discuss, even if conversation had been permissible in the sickroom.

Meanwhile where was the double traitress?

She was locked in her own room, weeping sometimes bitterly over her blighted ambition, and occasionally wiping her eyes and comforting herself with looking at the magnificent parure of diamonds, the governor's last gift to her.

Once she had gone to the door of the sickchamber and wrapped. And when it was opened by the doctor, she had inquired as to the state of the patient, and had been informed that he needed quiet more than anything else just then.

Afterward she waylaid Dr. Hamilton on his way out and inquired more particularly. But the reserved physician was so cautious in his answers that she obtained but little satisfaction from him.

Then she went into the dining-room, where the table had been set as usual, and where the untouched dishes were growing cold. She was such a sound animal withal that she ate her dinner with almost as good a relish as if she had not lost her lovers and her splendid prospects at one blow.

Only perhaps she drank a little more wine than was good for her. After the doctor left that evening she went no more to the door of the sickroom, but remained locked in her chamber, sometimes weeping bitterly over the destruction of her splendid prospects, sometimes fortifying her mind with the sight of her magnificent jewels.

At length, when she was tired enough to go to bed, she rang for a servant, and sent a message to Miss Cavendish, inquiring how Governor Cavendish was now, and if she, Mrs. Grey, could be of any service.

She received an answer to the effect that Governor Cavendish was no better, and no worse; that Mr. Lytton would sit by him through the night, and that Mrs. Grey's services would not be required.

"He there! Now, he will tell Emma Cavendish all about it, and I shall lose my last friend!" she said to herself, in dismay. And this fear kept her awake many hours.

But she was mistaken. For, not only was all conversation prohibited in the sickroom, but Alden Lytton would never, under any circumstances, have said one word to add an additional sorrow to the devoted daughter watching by her father's deathbed.

When he heard the message from Mrs. Grey, deceitfully offering her services, he simply shuddered. He felt that he could not have borne the addition of her presence in the sickroom.

But when he heard the answer returned by Miss Cavendish, declining those services with thanks, he felt relieved and breathed more freely. But he never dreamed of giving Miss Cavendish so much additional pain as she would suffer in hearing from him of the perfidy of Mrs. Mary Grey.

The watch in the sickroom continued.

At midnight the doctor looked in again.

Finding Miss Cavendish still beside her father and looking very pale, he peremptorily ordered her off to bed, saying that he himself, with Mr. Lytton and Aunt Moll, would keep watch until morning; and that if any change should occur, either for the better or for the worse, he would at once summon the daughter.

So Emma stooped and pressed a kiss upon the unconscious lips of her father, breathed a prayer for his recovery and slipped from the room.

Alden and the doctor continued the watch. All remained quiet in the sickchamber until near morning, when the patient exhibited signs of restlessness, if not of returning consciousness.

The doctor stooped over him and inquired:

"How do you find yourself, Mr. Cavendish?"

"Water!" faintly murmured the sinking man.

Alden arose quietly and got a glass of water, which the doctor took and held to the lips of the sufferer, who drank a little with difficulty.

"How do you find yourself now, sir?" again inquired Dr. Hamilton.

"Well," murmured Mr. Cavendish, as he closed his eyes and relapsed into quietness.

But very soon he opened them again, and murmured some word indistinctly.

Again the doctor bent over him.

"What will you have, Mr. Cavendish?" he inquired.

The dying man moved his lips once or twice ineffectually, and then with difficulty enunciated one word:

"Emma."

"Go and call Miss Cavendish," said the doctor, addressing Aunt Moll.

The woman arose, and hurriedly, yet silently, crossed the chamber.

Emma Cavendish was not far off. She had not retired to bed, or even taken off her dress. She had simply laid down on the sofa in the hall, outside her father's chamber. So she entered the room almost immediately, and went up to the bedside of her father.

"Open the window," said the doctor.

Alden Lytton went quietly and unlocked and threw back the shutters, letting in the early morning sunshine.

Old Moll at the same moment extinguished the taper.

The full light fell on the face of Charles Cavendish, revealing a fatal change.

His face, lately so deeply flushed, was now deadly pale; his breathing was short and quick, but the light of consciousness had returned to his eyes, and those eyes were fixed with unutterable longing on his daughter's bending face.

He murmured something that she bent her ear close to his lips to hear. And then she raised her head, addressing the doctor, who stood at the table pouring some liquid from a bottle into a glass. She said:

"Dr. Hamilton my father wishes to be left alone with me for a few minutes."

"Very well, my dear Miss Cavendish, but I must positively administer a stimulant first," answered the physician, approaching the bed with the glass in his hand.

Emma Cavendish tenderly lifted her father's head, while Dr. Hamilton held the glass to his lips.

Mr. Cavendish swallowed the contents with some difficulty, and then lay back on his pillow.

The doctor stood by the bed for a few moments to watch the effect. It seemed beneficial. The patient breathed more freely, and even uttered the words:

"Thanks. Leave me now."

And the doctor, the young man and the old nurse, all withdrew from the room, leaving the dying father and his daughter alone together.

They went, however, no further than the hall outside the chamber, and there they sat upon the sofa, where Emma had so lately lain; and they waited.

They waited longer than the few minutes for which they had been requested to absent themselves.

They waited half an hour—three-quarters of an hour.

And then the dead silence was broken by a faint scream.

The doctor went and opened the door, looked in, and uttered an exclamation that brought all the others to him.

They entered the room together.

The soul of Charles Cavendish was gone, and his daughter lay in a swoon across his body.

CHAPTER XL.

They raised Emma Cavendish up. She came to herself.

"Come away, my darling child. He is dead," said the old nurse, tenderly putting her arm around the waist of the bereaved daughter to lead her from the room, while the doctor, as a mere matter of form, felt the still pulse of the body, and Alden stood gazing on in awful silence.

"Yes, quite dead" whispered the doctor.

"No, not dead; he is not dead; this is dead, because he has left it; but he lives," murmured his daughter, in a sweet, low tone, and so quietly that all wondered at her calmness. Stooping down, she kissed the vacated form upon the forehead, then followed the old nurse from the room to her own chamber, where she sat down in her easy-chair by the fire, wondering at herself, reproaching herself because, while she perfectly understood the great sorrow that had fallen upon her, she felt so little pain.

The truth was that the blow had been so sudden, so shocking, as to stun her into quietness. She comprehended, but could not realise the situation. She had not yet missed him. But the time would come, and soon enough, when this once fondly cherished, but now most desolated daughter, must deeply feel the loss of him who had at once been father, mother, companion, teacher and all to her.

The old nurse, seeing her so calm, thought she might be safely trusted to herself; so she just pushed the footstool under her feet, and then left the room to go and attend to the numerous domestic duties that at this crisis devolved solely upon herself.

Meanwhile, in the chamber of death, Dr. Hamilton and Alden Lytton with reverent hands composed the dead body upon the bed and covered it smoothly with the white quilt to await the arrival of the undertaker, for whom the doctor had already sent.

"And now is there any other service I can render before leaving the house, or afterward?" inquired Alden.

"Yes," answered the doctor; "Mr. Cavendish has an aged mother, in very feeble health, who is living at his country place, Blue Cliffs, near Wendover. She must be notified of this sad event. But it will not do to telegraph, or even to write to her. Such news suddenly told would kill her. We shall have to telegraph to the rector of Wendover church, and ask him to go to Blue Cliffs, and cautiously break the news of this calamity to the bereaved mother. I don't know his name, but I presume a telegram sent simply to the rector of Wendover church would be sure to reach him."

"Oh, certainly. If it reaches Wendover, it will reach him; for everybody in that little town knows him. But I can give you his name. It is Dr. Goodwin."

"Thanks. Can I trouble you to send off the telegram?"

"Certainly. I will do so immediately, and anything else in my power."

"There is nothing more at present, thank you, Mr. Lytton," answered the doctor, as he drew his notebook from his pocket, tore out a blank leaf, and hastily wrote the message which he handed to Alden.

The young man took it and was about to withdraw when the doctor for the first time noticed the pale and haggard look of misery on his face.

"Mr. Lytton," he said, "you are not well. When you have dispatched that message you had better go home and go to bed. Rest may restore you."

"Thanks. I am not ill," answered Alden, with a wretched attempt to smile, as he left the room.

A few moments afterward the old nurse softly entered.

"I have had breakfast got ready for you gentlemen, sir, airlier than common, which I thought you would be in need of it, after being up all night," she said.

"You are very kind," answered the doctor. "Where is Miss Cavendish?"

"In her own room, sir, which she is much quieter like than any one might think. I sent her some tea and toast on a waiter. I think she bears up very well, sir. But I met Mr. Alden as he was a coming downstairs, and he looks awful. And when I ast him to stay to breakfast, he just stopped and stared at me a minute and then went by me like the wind. Ah! he takes it awful hard, that young man does. And he no kin to the governor, neither," said the nurse, shaking her head.

"He looks badly," said the doctor, as he followed the woman to the breakfast room and to the table, where he seated himself, while she stood and poured out his coffee.

"Am I to breakfast alone" inquired the doctor, with a faint smile.

"I'm feared so, sir. Mrs. Grey, she never wakes up till about nine o'clock," answered the old "auntie."

"Ah, Mrs. Grey! I had quite forgotten that poor lady. And, of course, if she has not yet awakened, she knows nothing of what has happened," said the doctor, gravely pondering.

"Oh, la! no, sir! She don't know nothing at all about it," said the nurse, as she set a steaming, fragrant cup of coffee by the doctor's plate.

"Poor lady! This will be a heavy blow to her, indeed, if all is true that is reported," muttered the doctor, speaking to himself rather than to his aged attendant.

"It's all true, sir. Sure as a gun! Him and her was a gwine to be married on Soft-Tuesday," answered the woman.

And by Soft-Tuesday she probably meant Shrove Tuesday.

"Humph, humph!" muttered the doctor, who did not wish being betrayed into gossiping about the late governor's family with a domestic, even so old and faithful a servant as this one was.

And he finished his breakfast in silence.

Where was Mary Grey all this time

In bed and asleep!

After her late vigil she slept soundly, and far into the forenoon, unconscious of the confusion that death had brought into the house.

It was ten o'clock when at length she opened her beautiful, baleful eyes. At first she had totally forgotten the terrible events of the preceding day. Then she felt a vague sense of uneasiness that she could not account for. And then the full light of memory flashed upon her.

"Oh, Heaven," she said, as she sprang out of bed; "I have lost all—all! My young lover's heart and my old betrothed's wealth! What shall I do! Oh, what shall I do?"

She went and threw open the window shutters, and raised the window to let in the bright and bracing sunshine and air of winter.

She had had a good, long, sound sleep, and that had restored her physical and mental strength. And now the crisp morning air restored her spirits. She felt invigorated and encouraged.

"After all," she said, hopefully, "all may not be lost. I am not at all sure that the old gentleman heard one word that passed between Alden and myself. He was certainly no eavesdropper; not he! And so, of course, his attack may not have been caused by any excitement on my account. Old gentlemen like him drop off with apoplexy under all circumstances. And if he only lives for a few days, and recovers his consciousness, if not his health, he may yet make a will and leave me a handsome provision. Oh, then, if he did not hear my conversation with Alden, and if he should only recover consciousness long enough to recognize and provide for me, how happy I may yet be! That will be better than marrying him. Then I may easily—no, not so very easily, either, but I may, by perseverance, effect a reconciliation with my young lover, and both be very happy!—Ah! if only he did not overhear us, and if only he lives long enough to make a will! I will ring at once and inquire. No doubt he is better. People always get better in the morning," she said, as she arose and rang the bell.

Matilda, one of the housemaids, answered it.

"How is Governor Cavendish this morning? Go and give my love to Miss Cavendish and inquire," said Mrs. Grey.

"If you please, ma'am," began the girl, and then she stopped and cried.

"What is the matter?" inquired Mrs Grey, in some uneasiness.

"Please, ma'am, he's gone! Oh! oh!—Oh dear! Oh dear!" the girl burst forth, weeping.

"Gone!" echoed Mrs. Grey in consternation.

"Oh, yes, indeed, ma'am! Dead and gone! Dead and gone! Oh! Oh dear! Oh! Oh dear!"

"Heaven and earth! Is he dead, then? When did he die?" exclaimed Mrs. Grey, in a faint voice, and with an ashen cheek.

"Oh dear! This—this morn—this morning at about sun—sunrise, ma'am!" sobbed the girl.

"Oh, Heaven! It is all over then! All over!" cried Mrs. Grey, with a hysterical shriek, as she threw herself weeping and sobbing upon the bed.

"Oh! don't go on so, ma'am! please don't!" pleaded the girl, frightened into quietness by the extreme excitement of the lady.

But Mrs. Grey only screamed and cried the more.

"All is over! All is lost! I wish I, too, were dead!" And she rolled and groveled on the bed.

The girl ran away in affright.

(To be continued.)

THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

Societies Showing Manufacturers How to Abate It.

A great work has been done in Europe in attacking the smoke evil, says Power. Hamburg has a smoke prevention society made up of manufacturers, the membership being 434. This society's engineering staff makes tests, inspections and alterations in the members' plants for the purpose of stopping smoke production and of increasing the efficiency.

Finland is active in smoks abatement. Twenty-four English and Scotch cities are making soot observations with standardized apparatus and methods. Technical educational authorities in many English and Scotch cities have included classes for engineers and firemen in their curricula. Glasgow is a leader in this work.

The problems of smoks abatement are intimately associated with those of boiler efficiency and of fuel economy. This connection between smoke and inefficiency is to-day quite clearly recognized.

The economic argument is the most convincing to the man who is actually producing smoke. Prove to him that a cleaner chimney top means a smaller coal bill and he will become an ardent and willing helper in a campaign against black smoke; whereas in the absence of this proof he will remain an indifferent witness or energetic opposer.

This connection between smoke abatement and improved fuel economy has been clearly and usefully demonstrated in Germany and Finland by the work of the two smoke abatement societies established in Hamburg and in Helsingfors the latter society being an offshot of the former. The Hamburg parent society was founded in 1902. According to its last report, it has 473 members and 1,593 steam boilers or other heating appliances on its register. The society is a voluntary association of large consumers of fuel bound together simply by the common desire to obtain the highest possible efficiency and the minimum of smoke. Each annual report contains numberless examples of the improvement in efficiency that results when the engineering staff has taken charge of the plant.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

He is no man who needs no mending.—Ralph Denning.

Nothing that was worthy in the past departs—no truth or goodness realized by man ever dies, or can die.—Carlyle.

It is better to sleep over what you are going to do than to be kept awake afterwards by what you have done.—Lord Avebury.

No man is so great a favorite with the public as he who is at once an object of admiration, of respect, and of pity.—Addison.

Call for the grandest of all human sentiments, what is that? It is that man should forget his anger before he lies down to sleep.—De Quincey.

All experience shows that it is the poor and not the rich who in the end suffer most from super-taxation. The rich man can be made to draw the cheque, but it is the poor who in the end have to foot the bill.—Spectator.

A good habit is harder to form and easier to give up than a bad habit, and this is evidence to me of the depravity of the human heart. A good habit requires self-denial, moral courage, and manliness to acquire; an evil habit is formed by just yielding to the feeling of pleasure, without thought, without principle, without cost.—John P. Gough.

The Irish home rule amending bill left the committee stage in the House of Lords.

THE LARGEST PRIVATE ZOO

ENGLISHMAN HAS TEAMS OF QUEER KINDS.

From Pigs to Lamas—Ostriches are Unreliable on Public Highway.

Not only has Antony H. Wingfield, of Ampthil House, Bedford, England, the largest private zoo in the world, but it is a unique one, too, inasmuch as it is the only zoo that may be called a riding zoo, for Mr. Wingfield has trained every animal in it to riding and driving, and he may be seen about his estate riding his big fat pigs, shaggy sheep camels, zebras, llamas, sacred Hindoo cows, reindeer, ostrich, Barbary rams, etc. The creatures are so perfectly trained that they are ridden daily along the main roads and are unmoved by motors and carriages. They carry Mr. Wingfield or the keepers with ease and willingness, and are as docile as horses. Mr. Wingfield, according to the Columbus Dispatch, prefers a zebra to a horse any day, and when he wishes speed he mounts a llama, which passes everything on the road. The ostriches are equally swift, but Mr. Wingfield finds that they are unreliable on the public roads and rides them only in his grounds. His ostriches are, however, amazingly well broken to bridle and carriage, and are far more tractable than those creatures usually are; in fact, he has them so well trained that women can ride them safely, and Lady Moya Campbell rides one of his ostriches frequently.

Special Carriages Built.

Mr. Wingfield not only rides but drives his sheep and hogs. He has special carriages built for the different animals, and so confident is he in his hog steeds that he permits children to drive them in a little wagon, not only about the estate but on the public roads. The hogs are droll-looking creatures in harness, and create a genuine sensation on the road.

In winter Mr. Wingfield drives a reindeer sledge and also rides his reindeer cross-country. Another favorite winter team is dogs, which are northern dogs, powerful in strength and very beautiful in form. They are harnessed to either sledge or cart, according to the weather, and are capable of making great speed.

The animals of Mr. Wingfield's zoo are all tame and gentle and may be handled by women and children. Most of them have been bred on the place under Mr. Wingfield's care and are hardy and perfect. He has made a close study of their diet and habits, and thus is enabled to keep them in perfect condition. He has ten keepers on the place, including Hindoos, Africans and Arabs, who are experts in their knowledge of caring for certain native animals.

The animals are given a great deal of freedom and exercise and are turned out into the vast park every day to wander where they will to graze freely.

This Remarkable Zoo

is the outcome of Mr. Wingfield's agricultural ambitions. He is an ardent lover of farm life in its most scientific aspects and started in at first to breed and domesticate pedigreed goats and donkeys. From this he made other endeavors with other animals and found the work so engaging that he has kept on adding one kind of animal after another and putting into practice his theories of domesticating them. He believes that we unnecessarily limit ourselves in our useful domestic animals and that a much wider field of usefulness and pleasure is open to us by domesticting various strange beasts that heretofore have been employed only for exhibition purposes. So far as he has proven his theories to be correct, for he not only rides and drives his animals for pleasure, but many of them are used for service on the farm and show great strength and endurance and adaptability. The reindeer are powerful creatures for drawing loads, as are the Northern dogs also, and they are quick and eager in their movements.

Mr. Wingfield has made an especial study of the Shetland pony and has been very succesful in breeding and raising them. The common mistake that people make with the diet of these ponies is to feed them too highly. They require the most hardy fare, and anything but such fare is detrimental to them. In their native islands their diet is extremely frugal, being chiefly of seaweed, and they are forced to rough it nine months of the year unsheltered from the cold and wet. And in view of this fact the slightest pampering upsets them and destroys their health.

Mr. Wingfield has bred toy Shetlands and has reduced the size of even the smallest of native ponies to a considerable degree. Mr. Wingfield has exhibited these little ponies at many shows and has

Won Innumerable Prizes.

He also exhibits many of his other trained animals at various agricultural shows and especially his farm animals at work. These have created a great deal of interest. His fancy animals, such as his zebras, have been very interesting to people, and zebras will doubtless become the fashion. His ostriches have been greatly admired also. His great successes at leading shows with his rare knowledge of animals in general, made him an invaluable member of the London zoological council.

Lord Walter Rothschild has a private zoo at Twining Park, in Surrey, but with the exception of his team of four trained zebras, which he drives about the country hitched to a four-in-hand coach, he has not subjected any of his animals to a system of training for riding or driving, and Mr. Wingfield is unique in the world at this sort of thing.

There is in Paris a lady who drives a team of zebras in the Bois, so it may be that in time it will be the fashionable thing to drive zebs instead of horses. In this age of motors, it is a tame thing to be seen driving mere horses, and only a spanking pair of gaily striped zebras will serve to attract attention. The spectacular coats of these African animals fit well into the scheme of flashy fashions of the day, and as the creatures are as tractable as horses it seems a foregone conclusion that before many years the horse show programme will be enlivened by the entries of zebras, to be followed maybe, as the years go on by llamas and emus.

SAYINGS OF FRENCH AUTHORS.

Men marry to make an end: women to make a beginning. — A. Dupuy.

Prejudice, vanity, calculation: these are what govern the world.—Chamfort.

The ambitious do not belong to themselves; they are the slaves of the world.—Anon.

What prevents us from being natural is the desire to appear so.—La Rochefoucauld.

In love, if inconstancy gives some pleasure, constancy alone gives happiness.—Trublet.

Manners, morals, customs, change; the passions are always the same.—Mme. de Flahaut.

People call eloquence the facility that some have in speaking alone and for a great length of time.—Pascal.

Women complain of the lack of virtue in men, and do not esteem those who are too strictly virtuous. —Blondel.

The first tear of love that one causes to be shed is a diamond, the second a pearl, the third—a tear.—A. Poincelot.

We should often be ashamed of our best actions if the world saw the motives which inspire us.—La Rochefoucauld.

God has put into the heart of man love and the boldness to sue, and into the heart of woman fear and the courage to refuse.—Marguerite de Valois.

It is dangerous to discover the faults or weaknesses of certain persons; they never forgive us the knowledge of these secret ulcers.—De Finod.

If a woman says to you, "I will never see you again!" hope; but, if she says, "Notwithstanding, I shall always see you with pleasure" —travel.—Anon.

There is among men such intense affection that they often boast of defects which they have not, more willingly than of qualities which they have.—George Sand.

Love is—I know not what; which comes—I know not whence; which is formed—I know not how; which enchants—I know not by what; and which ends—I know not when or why.—Mlle. de Scudert.

Was man made to disdain the gifts of nature? Was he placed on earth but to gather bitter fruits? For whom are the flowers the gods cause to bloom at the feet of mortals? It pleases Providence when we abandon ourselves to the different inclinations that he has given us; our duties come from his laws, and our desires from his inspirations.—Anon

LARGE FIELDS PAY BEST

MORE ECONOMICAL THAN SMALL FIELDS.

The Plowman Who Has Short Trip Loses Much Time at Either End.

In connection with the fact that large regularly shaped fields pay the farmer better than the same area or even a far larger area of small irregularly shaped fields, figures collected by Mr. E. L. Baker are of much value: Mr. Baker found that it took 5 hours and 37 minutes to plow an acre in a field 16 rods long, and took 6 hours and 23 minutes in a field 7 rods long. He found the time required to turn around with two horses and be ready for starting again to average one-half minute.

Obviously even the field 16 rods long is ridiculously inadequate to meet the best economic conditions and for every rod added in length cheaper operations can be performed. Eighty to 160 rods will give the most economical results under Eastern conditions, though with steam plows and grain as the only crop fields several sections in length may be the best paying proposition on the prairies.

The shape of fields is of great importance. Square fields are not satisfactory unless large enough to allow of being cut in two for such operation as mowing, which require going around the fields.

One and a Half by One.

A field should be about half as long again as it is wide, many of the operations can be done the long way of the field, and so have long rounds. Yet such a field, if reasonable in size, permits of harrowing, disking and cultivating crosswise without serious loss of time.

Small fields and irregular fields vastly increase the cost of fencing. Corner posts take much time and labor to drive efficiently and irregular fields often require many corner posts.

A square field of one acre takes 50 rods of fence. A square field of 10 acres requires 160 rods of fence, or 16 rods for each acre. A square field of 40 acres requires 340 rods of fence, or 8 rods per acre, and so on until a section requires less than 2 rods per acre.

Charging materials and labor at 50 to 75 cents per rod, for a woven wire fence and interest and depreciation at 5 to 10 cents per rod per annum, makes the annual cost of fencing for one acre about $2.50, 80 cents per acre for a 10-acre field and 40 cents per acre for a 40-acre field.

Determining the value of farm land by its earning power, if interest rates are 5 per cent., then a change in a field that makes it permanently earn $2 more per acre every year increases the value of the land to the farmer

$40 per acre;

or a change that permanently reduces the expense by $2 per acre per year has the same effect. On this basis the 10-acre field would be worth $34 per acre more than the one-acre field if they were both to be kept fenced permanently. In other words, the $1 difference in fencing cost is rent at 5 per cent. on $34 worth of land.

So far as is possible, the main fields on the farm should be of the same size and the farm should be laid out so that the soil in a field is uniform. Uniformity in drainage is particularly important, otherwise not only must the entire field wait for the wet spots to dry up before it can be worked, but in the case of harvesting grain crops some will still be green in the ear, while the remained is shelling. Tile drainage will help to obviate the difficulty if wet spots must be included in the lay-out.

Willing to Reciprocate.

"Why, doctor, I did not take much medicine," said the patient when presented with a bill for $75.

"Madame, that includes my calls and the medicine.

"Then just charge for the medicine and I will pay back the calls."

Patience — How long can a girl keep her engagement a secret? Patrice—Oh, about as long as she can the fact that she's been eating onions.

Judge—Have you ever seen the prisoner at the Bar? Witness—Never, your Honor; but I've seen him when I've strongly suspected he's been at it.

Few men recognize good luck when they meet it.



SLEEPS IN HIS OWN COFFIN

FORMER CHIEF OF POLICE OF LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

Says Thousands of Dollars Are Wasted Every Year in Needless Show.

Every night in the year E. T. Hunger, formerly chief of police of Lincoln, Nebraska, sleeps in his coffin. The home-made box stands on the front porch of the Hunger residence, at No. 2314 Randolph Street, and at night, after the neighbors have gone to bed, "Old Man" Hunger goes out and climbs into the box. If the weather is cold, or if a shower comes up, he pulls the top of the coffin over the opening, leaves a crack through which he can get a little fresh air, and calmly goes to sleep. Mr. Hunger is now 76 years old, and for many years he has been sleeping in his coffin.

"And I made that coffin myself, too," he says proudly. "Costs too much to die in these days. So I just thought I'd play a joke on the undertakers and make my own coffin while I was well enough to do it. So I got me some inch plank about a foot wide and several pieces of 2 x 4. I put the latter at each corner to make the box stable, and then I nailed it together with eight-penny nails. Whole thing cost me less than $5, but it's strong enough to hold a man about my size without any trouble. And won't those undertakers be mad when I die and they can't get any of my money!"

The Hunger home sits back from the street, and there are trees all around it. In the summer these trees shade the porch, and the gruesome object cannot be seen plainly. But when winter strips the limbs and branches Mr. Hunger's home-made coffin can be seen by all passers-by.

For more than twenty years Mr. Hunger was a constable in Lincoln, and is one of the best-known men in the city. But the fact that he sleeps in his coffin every night is a fact known to few others than his neighbors and close friends.

No Undertakers for Him.

"Hope I'll die some night right in that coffin," says the ex-chief of police. "My family knows just what I want done. I want them to nail that lid on just as quickly as they know I'm dead, and then haul me out to the cemetery; don't want any of those undertakers holding me up for a big bill for funeral expenses. No, sir; what's good enough for me to sleep in is good enough to be buried in."

The old man has his sleeping box nicely arranged. He built the casket a little bit deeper than usual, and then he fitted a set of springs in the bottom. On these he placed a small mattress, and then come his blankets and quilts.

"Heard of lots of people who've built their own coffins, I suppose?" says Hunger. "But you don't very often hear of a fellow who turns round and sleeps in it after he's made it, do you?"

"I don't like this thing of putting jewellery and expensive clothes in the ground. They are needed here on the surface. Thousands of dollars are wasted that way every day. Now, I'm going to die simply, and I want to be put away just as simply. I've got things fixed so that all the expense will be that of digging the grave. I'll furnish the coffin, and my son has a wagon. We are not going to have a preacher. And there won't be any funeral exercises of any kind. These here undertakers charge a fellow more than a hundred dollars. It's outrageous."

"But, then, I'm only 76 years old, and I don't expect to die yet for about twenty years. My grandmother lived to be 103, and in twenty years I will be seven years younger than she was when she died. But if I live a hundred years more I'm going to sleep in that coffin every night. I like it.

"Do you know that's the most comfortable bed I ever got into in my life. Well, it is. That's one reason why I sleep in it right along."

Keep Cool and Comfortable

Don't spend so much of your time cooking during hot weather, and your family will be healthier without the heavy cooked foods.

Give them

Post Toasties

They're light and easily digested and yet nourishing and satisfying. No bother in preparation—just pour from the package and add cream and sugar — or they're mighty good with fresh berries or fruit.

"The Memory Lingers"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Nerve and tact are a combination that is difficult to sidetrack.

If you think you can't do a thing—well, you know the answer.

Riches have wings—otherwise there would be but few high flyers.

Opportunity knocks but once—but it's different with the human knocker.

Happy is the man who can forget all the mean things he knows about himself.

After sizing up their husbands, we don't blame some women for being fond of dogs.

Did you ever think what a lot of good you might have done had you begun yesterday instead of waiting until to-morrow.

Instead of trying to stir up trouble in this old world, let us get busy and help those who are in trouble and see how much we shall enjoy the change.

HOT WEATHER AILMENTS

A medicine that will keep children well is a great boon to every mother. This is just what Baby's Own Tablets do. An occasional dose keeps the little stomach and bowels right and prevents sickness. During the hot summer months stomach troubles speedily turn to fatal diarrhoea or cholera infantum and if Baby's Own Tablets are not at hand the child may die within a few hours. Wise mothers always keep the Tablets in the house and give their children an occasional dose to clear out the stomach and bowels and keep them well. Don't wait till baby is ill—the delay may cost a precious life. Get the Tablets now and you may feel reasonably safe. Every mother who uses the Tablets praises them and that is the best evidence that there is no other medicine for children so good. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE WHALE DANCE

When the Eskimos Select Husbands and Wives.

A very primitive custom of the natives of the Bering and arctic coasts of Siberia, a custom that has come down from generations of savage ancestors, is the annual celebration of the whale dance, when the Eskimos select their wives.

When the sun moves southward at the end of the short summer season, and the ice closes up the northern sea, the whales come down to open water. Then in celebration of the season's catch, the ice dwellers assemble for the whale dance, which lasts twenty-one days.

The great dance circle is prepared, and in the centre the dancers, both male and female, perform the most savage of evolutions and motions to the accompaniment of rhythmless beating of the tomtoms and weird chanting. The dance songs tell of the prowess of the hunters and of the history of the tribe. The movements of the women are surprisingly graceful, and they mean to show in their dance that, as daughters of a great people, they are possessed of all the qualities such women should have. The men execute pantomimic scenes of the hunt, and go through all the motions of the kill: they spear the ice bear, slay the walrus and seal, and finally, with extraordinary contortions, vanquish the mighty whale.

During the last days of the feast, when the time arrives for the selection of husbands and wives, the man performs his mate dance before the woman he has picked out. In pantomime he promises to provide her generously with the fruit of the hunt, both food and fur. If she is pleased with him, she walks out and dances her acceptance, and shows how she will look after the igloo. When they have danced before each other, they are married after the custom of the tribe, and he leads her off to his walrus-hide lodge.

During the dance they feast on whale. The skin of the baleen whale is about an inch thick, and looks like rubber. The solid blubber between it and the true flesh is usually about fourteen inches thick. The black skin and the blubber, the latter cut to the thickness of the former, is called mok-tuk, and is considered a great delicacy. It is eaten raw, and although it sounds repulsive to the civilized ear, is most palatable. It has a flavor something like that of chestnuts.

Heaping Up Insults.

Mrs Bryde—I told my husband I was going to give something of my owncooking and he said I'd better try it on the dog first. Wasn't that a cruel suggestion?

Her Friend — Very! And I thought your husband was so fond of dogs.

Once in a while you run up against a cold storage egg that convinces you that the Egyptians didn't have a thing on us when it comes to embalming.

"Nerviline" Cures Cramps Ends Misery Instantly

NO REMEDY SO SPEEDY OR EFFICIENT.

A real cramp cure?

Yes, a real one—in a twinkling the cramp is a dead one, and the last squirm is over, once you get a stiff dose of Nerviline on the inside.

This isn't mere talk—it's a solid, truthful fact. No other remedy—not a single one—will cure cramps so quickly and harmlessly as Nerviline. It hits the spot in a jiffy and saves a heap of misery.

"Last Saturday night my stomach felt like an infernal machine," writes T. P. Granger from Hartford. "I was awakened from a sound sleep and found myself suffering the worst kind of torture. I was so doubled up I could hardly cross my room. I had used Nerviline before for the same thing and took a real good dose. Once I felt the warm, soothing sensation of Nerviline in my stomach I knew I was all right. It finished the cramps—just one single dose."

Sickness at night is rendered a nightmare of the past if Nerviline is handy. It may be earache, toothache or cramps. Nerviline in every case will cure at once and save calling the doctor. Nerviline is a family physician in itself. The large 50c. family size bottle, of course, is most economical. Small trial size costs a quarter. All dealers sell Nerviline.

LORD CROMER.

How He Successfully Encountered Wily Egyptian Officials.

"The Living Sphinx of Egypt," such was the title once bestowed upon Lord Cromer, the great proconsul and maker of modern Egypt, who at the moment of writing is reported to be lying seriously ill at his London residence.

Lord Cromer used quick and daring methods in dealing with Egyptian risings. At one time Cairo was almost openly disaffected, and the British garrison was small. His lordship, however, caused it to be known that a regiment was on the way from India, but he was careful not to explain that it consisted of sick-leave and time-expired men and bandsmen.

All the able-bodied soldiers in garrison were ordered to parade all over the town in small parties, and the natives did not take in the fact that they were a sort of stage army—the same men over and over again. The last straw was when



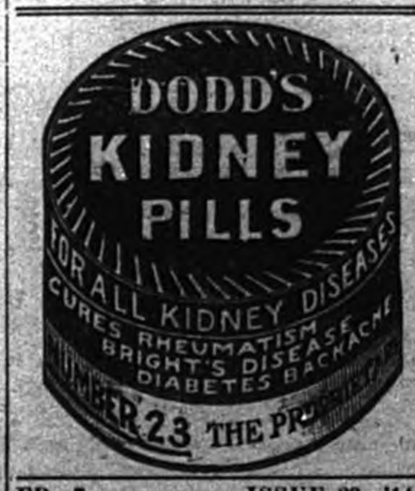
Lord Cromer.

Lord Cromer coolly put on flannels and publicly played game after game of tennis. This final piece of bravado nipped the threatened rising in the bud.

Several times during his early days in Egypt Lord Cromer's life was in danger. An English visitor who resembled him was found stabbed to death, having been killed in mistake for the great pro-consul; while on another occasion a dervish was found to have a knife concealed in a petition which he was about to present to his lordship.

And it was because he was always a man of deeds, not words, that Lord Cromer became known as the "Sphinx of Egypt." He made himself a power in Egypt which admitted of no rivalry, and, although in 1883, when he was chosen agent and Consul-General, highly-placed Egyptians told him it would be impossible to do away with bribery and the buying and selling of justice in the land, the answer was, "I am here to change all that."

Lord Cromer once went to the Khedive to demand the instant dismissal of a high official who was the Khedive's intimate friend. Enraged at the request, the Khedive refused point-blank to dismiss him. "Well," Lord Cromer replied, quite coolly, "unless I have an order of dismissal in five minutes I will go and cable to England at once that I am coming home. That will mean your dethronement." And before Lord Cromer left the palace he had in his pocket the order he had demanded from the despotic Khedive.



RINGWORM ALL OVER GIRL'S FACE

Hands and Arms. Burning and Painful. Suffered Day and Night from Itching. Cured by Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment.

St. Veronique, Que.—"My little girl got ringworm all over the face, hands, and arms. I was given a sort of white ointment and like a phial of water to wash with. After eight days of this treatment the ringworms instead of healing became dark red and were spreading, then were burning and painful. The child suffered day and night from the great itching. I was very disturbed.



"One evening I found a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment that I had requested the year before. So I commenced a wash with the small piece of Cuticura Soap, then applying the Cuticura Ointment and at the end of three days the child was suffering less. Then we wrote to some friends in Montreal to get some Cuticura Soap and Ointment for us. After fifteen days' treatment the ringworms were crusted over and whitish, then on the twenty-fifth day they were all dry and cured." (Signed) Mrs. Marie Louise Riou, May 26, 1913.

When you buy a fine toilet soap think of the advantages Cuticura Soap possesses over the most expensive toilet soap ever made. In addition to being absolutely pure and refreshingly fragrant, it is delicately yet effectively medicated, giving you two soaps in one, a toilet and a skin soap at one price. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post-card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Industry is the mother of success.

Politeness is an air cushion that eases the jolt.

Two heads are better than one—except in a family.

The one strong point of a busy bee is not in his favor.

Paintings are never hung until after they have been executed.

Lots of fool men exchange single bliss for matrimonial blisters.

A woman in love is more or less foolish—but a man in love is always more.

Hardship comes when the fire of genius isn't hot enough to keep the pot boiling.

If it is true the good die young, will the oldest inhabitant please offer an explanation?

The average man might just as well fall in love, for he has to make some kind of a fool of himself.

Coward.

"My husband is a coward."

"What makes you think so?"

"He insists that I have got to tell the landlord that he must paper the parlor or we'll move."

No Alimony—Just a Separation

Peaceful, quiet separation, no damage done, everybody happy again—that's the situation when you divorce your corns with Putnam's Corn Extractor. Acts like magic—don't use any but "Putnam's"—it's the best, 25c., at all dealers.

A Young Diplomat.

"Pa, would you be glad if I saved you a dollar?"

"I certainly would, my son."

"Well, you remember you promised if I brought a good report from my teacher you'd give me a dollar, and I didn't."

SUMMER TOURIST RATES TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

Via Chicago and North Western Ry. Special low rate round-trip tickets on sale from all points in Canada to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, Victoria, Edmonton, Calgary, Banff, Yellowstone Park, etc., during July, August and September. Excellent train service. For rates, illustrated folders, time tables and full particulars, address B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 46 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario.

His Wish.

She (during the quarrel)—I only married you to spite Fred Johnson.

He (ruefully)—I wish to heaven you'd married Fred Johnson to spite me.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

A Good Idea.

"That's a good idea, ma'am," said the new servant, having the soda and water mixed in them bottles with squirts. I done the scullery floor in half the time, and there's three bottles left out of the dozen.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Midnight Vocations.

Cats are getting to be a nuisance."

"Maybe we could compel them to have licenses."

"I don't know that it would help much. But I think they ought to have to take out licenses to sing."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

A DESERT PROBLEM.

How the Cadi Settled a Difficult Matter.

The Arabs stopped at an oasis to have luncheon; one had three dates, and the other had five, which they were to eat together. Presently a stranger came up, and asked permission to share their meal, which they cheerfully granted. After all had eaten, the stranger thanked them for the food they had given him, left eight ducats, and rode away.

The Arab who had the three dates said, "Here are eight ducats for eight dates-one ducat for each date; therefore three ducats are mine." But the other Arab argued differently, and contended that he should have seven ducats, and the first man one. The case was referred to the cadi of the nearest town, who upheld the second man's contention! This is the way he reached his decision:

The three men divided eight dates; there were two and two-thirds for each, or eight-thirds. The first Arab had three dates, so he contributed nine-thirds to the whole, but he ate eight-thirds himself, so he gave only one-third of a date to the stranger. The second Arab contributed five dates, of fifteen-thirds; he ate eight-thirds himself, and gave seven-thirds to the stranger.

So reasoned the cadi, and he gave the first Arab one ducat and the second seven ducats.

A Nova Scotia Case of Interest to All Women

Halifax Sends Out a Message of Help to Many People.

Halifax, N.S., Dec. 15.—When interviewed at her home at 194 Argyle St., Mrs. Haverstock was quite willing to talk of her peculiarly unfortunate case. "I was always 'blue' and depressed, felt weak, languid and utterly unfit for any work. My stomach was so disordered that I had no appetite. What I did eat disagreed. I suffered greatly from dizziness and sick headache and feared a nervous breakdown. Upon my druggist's recommendation I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"I felt better at once. Every day I improved. In six weeks I was a well woman, cured completely after different physicians had failed to help me. It is for this reason that I strongly urge sufferers with stomach or digestive troubles to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

Dr. Hamilton's Pills strengthen the stomach, improve digestion, strengthen the nerves and restore debilitated systems to health. By cleansing the blood of long-standing impurities, by bringing the system to a high point of vigor, they effectually chase away weariness, depression and disease. Good for young or old, for men, for women, for children. All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut.

When a man asks you to tell him the exact truth about himself, don't do it unless you are prepared to take a good licking.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Able-Bodied Youths Scarce.

Of every 100 persons subject to military duty in Germany, 58.9 per cent. of the farmer lads are fit for service, against 31.9 per cent. in Berlin proper, which shows the smallest percentage of able-bodied youths of any place in the empire. The statistics, which are for the year 1912, have just been made public. Wilmersdorf, one of the Greater Berlin municipalities, which has the lowest death rate of any city of Germany, furnishes 48.2 recruits for service among every 100 men examined, a figure exceeding that of any other large city in the country.

Clark's Pork and Beans



Highest grade beans kept whole and mealy by perfect baking, retaining their full strength. Flavored with delicious sauces. They have no equal.

FARMS FOR SALE.

H. W. DAWSON, Ninety Colborne St., Toronto.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL Fruit, Stock, Grain or Dairy Business in connection. Price $4,000. Terms liberal. Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

H. W. DAWSON, Colborne St., Toronto.

NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE.

GOOD WEEKLY IN LIVE TOWN York County. Stationery and Business in connection. Price $4,000. Terms liberal. Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CANCER, TUMORS, LUMPS, Internal and external, cured without pain by our home treatment. Write us before too late. Dr. Bellman Medical Co., Limited, Collingwood, Ont.

Nora's Reference.

Nora was applying for a place as cook and when asked for a reference presented the following:

"To whom it may concern:

"This is to certify that Nora F. has worked for a week and we are satisfied."

Digby, N. S.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—Last August my horse got badly cut in eleven places by a barbed wire fence. Three of the cuts, (as big as ones) healed soon, but the others became foul and rotten, and though I tried many kinds of medicine they had no beneficial result. At last a doctor advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT and in three weeks' time every sore was healed and the hair has grown over each one in good condition. The Liniment is certainly wonderful in its working.

JOHN R. HOLDEN.

Witness, Perry Baker.

Ignorant.

My ignorance perhaps I show
In springing this one but
This thing I'd really like to know
"What does the cut worm cut?

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

An Acre of Tickets.

The London General Omnibus Company issue something like 000,000 tickets in the course of a single day, and for those people who like to have such matters elaborated into statistical details it may be remarked that a day's supply of tickets weighs about one ton. If placed end to end would stretch from London to Dover, would cover a space of nearly an acre, or if placed flat on top of one another would reach to a height of 1,666 feet.

Money goes. Ever notice how three $20 bills will go like 60?

PILES

You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Stores—50c box.

Zam-Buk



A Valuable Catalogue

Your Home Trade Dealer will be pleased to send you a copy of this catalogue. It is a valuable book, listing Canada's best in numerous lines of goods at money-saving prices. Get this catalogue—get it to-day. You cannot lose in buying from your Home Trade Dealer—he absolutely guarantees every article listed.

There is a Home Trade Dealer Near You.

G. L. Meikle & Co.

August Clearing Sale.

We are offering all our

Men's and Boys' Straw Hats

running from $1.00 to $3.00 for $1 00.

Other Straw and Linen Hats

for Men, Women and Children, at COST PRICE.

Coal Oil Stoves, etc.

All our Coal Oil Stoves, Ovens, etc, less 20 per cent.

G. L. Meikle & Co.
White Front

Big Values! Low Prices!

Family Trade our Specialty

—:o:—

During the month of August we will give extra good discounts for Cash on all our lines of Footwear, also a large assortment of of Ready-made Clothing, Gents Furnishings, etc.

—:o:—

Extra Special Values in Boys Suits. Suits made to order.

—:o:—

Boot Repairing a Specialty.

Special Values

W. G. Staniforth

LACHUTE MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS

We deal in Foreign & Domestic Marble and Granite, first class work and best material in all the latest designs, always on hand.

Satisfaction guaranteed in all kinds of cemetery work, Monuments, Headstones, Posts, Fencing, etc.

Terms to suit Purchasers.

W. M. SCOTT, Prop.

Successful Orange Meeting at Grenville.

—:o:—

Last Saturday evening the Orangemen at Grenville had a very successful gathering. Although it was not their regular meeting night the meeting was called in order that two gentlemen:—Messrs. Gordon Philips and Selby French who represent the Orange Organization of Montreal might be welcomed by their brethren who reside in the vicinity of Grenville.

Mr. Henry Trinneer, who is Master of Grenville Orange Lodge is to congratulated on the staff of Loyal Orangemen that reside in this locality. A large turnout was the result of the Masters invitation. Members from the Dalesville Lodge were there in large numbers and from Louisa and other sister Lodges.

The gentlemen from Montreal were very much impressed with the personnel of Loyal Orangemen at Grenville. They carried back with them most highly favored recollections of their visit to these parts. The members of the Grenville Lodge received some most interesting information concerned with the working of degrees, and the presence of the brethren from Montreal will be long remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be there on that auspicious occasion.

To add to the success of the evening supper was most daintily prepared for the visitors by a committee of Orange Ladies composed of Mrs. Laurence Cooke, Miss Laura Trinneer and Miss Abigail Stewart. The provisions which were in abundance brought forth many ejaculations of pleasure and those who partook of the repast spoke many complimentary things concernit g the supper and those who prepared it.

After supper the meeting was given over to speechmakers. The chief theme of the discourses was "How to make Orangeism a success.

Mr. Selby French, the best speaker of the evening, thought that if the admission fee into the Order was higher, a superior class of men would join, for the higher the price the more highly men consider the dignity sought

To support his theory Mr. French cited a case at Belleville, Ont., where to join men had to pay as high as $15.00 admission fee and this had the effect of doubling the membership in a very short time. Another speaker thought that if men only considered the dignity of the Order and the principles for which it stood they would respect it more highly than they do.

The worth of some of the Grenville Orangemen was also considered. Mr. Samuel Rainey who was deputy master for the evening, came in for a large share of praise as did Mr. Jas. Stewart, whose presence in Grenville Lodge has done so much to increase its power in this vicinity It was remarked that if all men were of the same character as Mr. Stewart, the membership would increase by leaps and bounds. Mr. Stewart's presence is of weighty importance in any lodge and his high personal character is beyond reproach.

The meeting was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem, in which all present heartily joined, after which those present gathered round Worshipful Master Trinneer, and congratulated him on the wonderful success of the evening.

DUNANY.

Mrs S. Boyd was at Louisa for a short time lately.

Mrs. Proudlock is spending some time at Mr. S. Boyd's.

Mr. Lorne McCoy spent the week-end with his parents at Clear Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Ellis and family are occupying their cottage at Clear Lake.

Mrs. and Miss Hanna of Montreal, were guests of Mr. George Smith for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Graham and family are spending a couple of weeks at Boyd's Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Carleton have returned to their home in Montreal West for a few days.

Mr and Mrs. Tom McRobie of Montreal, are spending a month at their cottage at Clear Lake.

Miss Gertrude Berwick is spending a couple of weeks at Mrs. George Paquette's Keamey Cottage.

Miss Peggie Banks, of Westmount, is the guest of Miss Violet F. Joss at "Ugoigo Bungalo," Clear Lake.

Recent vistors at Dunany were the Misses E. McIntyre and A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fish and son of Montreal West, Mr. and Mrs. E. Jousse and son, Mr. R. McIntyre, Mr. Doyle and J. D. Campbell.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

HARVESTER'S EXCURSIONS
AUGUST 14, and 21st

—to—

HOMESEEKER'S
Excursions every Tuesday

New Service to CHICAGO
MAY 31

For tickets and full particulars apply to

J. S. GILES, Agent.

BROWNSBURG MODEL SCHOOL JUNE EXAMINATIONS.

—:o:—

Grade III. Model—Total Max. 900.

Alice Cameron 691, George Bain 668 Ruth Briggs 605, Frances McOuat 595, Charles Moseley 546.

Standing for the Year.

Grade III Model—Total Max. 3300.

George Bain 2678, Alice Cameron 2664. Frances McOuat 2364 (1). Ruth Briggs 2341, Charles Moseley 2132 (1).

The number in brackets written after the totals, indicates the number of examinations missed through illness, during the year.

LAKEFIELD.

—:o:—

Mrs. J. Douglas has taken up her residence in this place.

Miss Myrtle Berry is spending a week with Mrs. George Rogers

Mr. Tom McCambly gave a Bee and Dance last Tuesday and was a great success.

Mr. Charles Hyde and son Ross spent a few days the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hodge.

Miss Annie Silverson is spending her holidays, the guest of her cousin, Miss Elsie M. Hodge.

Mr. George and Miss Lily Hill are spending a few weeks the guest of their sister, Mrs. Joe Silverson.

Mrs. William Morrow, Mrs. Fred. Ball and little son Charlie are visiting the former's brother, Mr. Thomas Hodge.

THE PHYSICIAN AT REST.

—:o:—

Beloved physician! Thou hast sought',
Through many arduous years,
A noble duty to perform
'Midst pains and joys and tears.

No mercenary motive held
Thy footsteps to the track
That led thee to the house of pain
Or brought thee smiling back.

While others slept thou faced the storm,
Responsive to the call
That came from many a distant home,
Through midnight's cruel pall.

O'er mountain steep, by river bank,
No thought of self held sway;
By summer road, or winter trail,
From close to break of day.

Thine are the laurels due to one
Who, for his brothers' weal,
Pressed on, though oft thyself outworn,
Thy brothers' pain to heal.

Nor, whilst thou felt the hurried pulse
Or caught the whispering breath;
Or waited for the rallying heart
Or baffled, bowed with death,

Didst thou forget thy Father's house,
The source of all thy zest;
But found therein a place of peace,
Where thee and thine were blessed.

J. M. McLAREN.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, the 4th September, 1914, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, and Shrewsbury No. 1 Rural Mail Route via Louisa, P. O. from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Shrewsbury, Louisa and at the office of the Post Office Inspector at Montreal.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Montreal, July 20th, 1914.
VICTOR GAUDET,
8-7 P. O. Inspector.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed, "Tender for Public Building, Shawville, Que.," will be received at this office until 4.00 P.M., on Monday, August 24 h, 1914, for the construction of the building mentioned.

Plans, specification and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained on application to the postmaster at Shawville, Que., and at this Department.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest of any tender.

By order,
R. C. DESROCHERS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, August 1st, 1914.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department—64965.
8-14

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Wm. Berry, Main St. LACHUTE

Offers the best and most complete stock of Buggies, Expresses, Rugs, Harness, and Harness Parts, Ranges, Thrashers, Wringers. Field & Lawn Wire, Fencing, Gates, etc.

A carload of Buggies to choose from. Call and get prices.

Also Agent for McCormick & Deering Machinery, Engines, Chatham Waggons and Carts, Beatty Bros. Stalls and Stanchions, Litter Carriers, etc.

The Grimm Sugar Outfit, the Pedlar Shingles, Sidings etc.

"Always to the Front."

With a nice assortment of Bananas, Lemons, Oranges, Pine Apples, Candies, Ganong's Chocolates and Ice Cream in Bricks or Bulk (3 colours.)

Try our Cherry and Pine Apple Sundaes.

Wedding Cakes a Specialty.

Flour and Feed always on hand.

Orders delivered anywhere in town by calling up Telephone No. 80.

ROBERT HAMILTON,
Baker & Confectioner, - LACHUTE

WOOL! WOOL! WOOL!

Bring along your wool and get the big price we are now paying.

And at the same time secure some of the many bargains we have to offer at our July Sale.

McFAUL BROS., - West End.

: Headquarters :
FOR
Carpenters & Machinists Tools.

Dry Cell Batteries	Pumps
Spark Plugs	Pipe
Cylinder Oil	Pipe Fittings
Gasoline	Stoves
Belting	Sinks
Packing	Enamel Ware
Tungsten Lights	Fencing
Saws and Axes	Guns and Rifles
Ammunition	Paints and Glass
Roofing and Building Paper	Horse Blankets and Halters.

T. McOuat & Son,
West End - - Lachute

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXVIX LACHUTE, FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1914. NO. 30

Ice Cream Parlor

You can be assured of a splendid cool drink at our SODA FOUNTAIN.

FRUITS:—Pineapples, Strawberries, and all kinds of fresh domestic fruits.

We are also agents for the Stuart Confectionery of Montreal.

Buy your fruits on Saturday. *We do not open on SUNDAY.*

PHONE No. 105.

P. PAQUIN, - Lachute

FRUITS AND CANDIES.

Just received a large Shipment of

Moirs' Famous Chocolates and Candies.

Purest and best.

We have the following Fruits fresh from the growers:

Grapes, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas. Onions and Tomatoes.

ED. DARLINGTON,
Main Street, Lachute.

WANTED — Thirty girls. Can earn from $1.25 to $2.00 per day. Apply THE AYERS LIMITED,
8-21 Lachute Mills, Que.

—:o:—

While everything grown on the farm advances in price, we are trying to give you the lowest prices you ever paid in Cotton Wash Goods.

W. BANFORD & SON.

—:o:—

FOR SALE—A good six-roomed self-contained house and 2 arpents of land, next to home of Mr. John Cruise, Lachute Mills. Will sell on easy terms.

Apply to J. S. GILES,
Watchman Office.

—:o:—

Beautiful Chambrays, Striped and Checked Ginghams to clear at 12½ cents per yard.

W. BANFORD & SON.

—:o:—

Are you Insured?

If not, why not! You owe it to yourselves and those who are near and dear to you. A policy in the London and Lancashire Life, Assurance Co., will mean a small outlay now and a big return by and bye. Think it over and then have a talk with R. A. GILES, Agent,
Watchman Office,
Lachute, Que.

Write for particulars.

LAKEFIELD.

Miss Annie Silverson, of Huberdeau, is the guest of Miss Elsie Hodge.

Mrs. Douglas arrived home on Wednesday after a short visit in Montreal.

The copious showers of rain that fell on Tuesday were welcomed by the people of this district.

Mr. A. G. Rogers, of Calumet and Mr. B. Steele, of Staynerville, are in Lakefield this week.

Mr. Charles Pollock, of Hill Head was the guest of Mrs. John Rogers on Tuesday of this week.

Misses Eva and Grace Bradford, of Lachute, accompanied by their friends, the Misses Pollock, Watson, Bradley, McClure and Todd, are occupying the "Lagan Cottage" this week.

The young people of the Long Lake Club are having a picnic in Mr. Robinson's Grove, on Saturday afternoon and a concert in the Club House in the evening.

OBITUARY.

—:o:—

THE LATE ALEXANDER MURRAY.

—:o:—

The somewhat sudden death of Mr. Alexander Murray, of Thomas' Gore, will come as a great surprise to his many friends, because although of advanced years, he was a man who enjoyed good general health and on Monday and Tuesday was out cutting the crops. Then it was he took a weak turn and despite all medical care, he passed away on Thursday morning Aug. 13th.

Mr. Murray was a man of sterling worth, quiet, unassuming and always ready to render kindly assistance and advice to those in need. He was married to Elizabeth Drew, who predeceased him 46 years ago. To mourn his loss are left his family of six children, Jessie, Maggie and Ellen, with brother John, who are on the homestead, Mrs John Smith, of Thos' Gore, and W. Murray, of Brownsburg. The funeral takes place on Saturday August 15th at 2 p.m.

THE LATE MRS. JAMES MORRISON.

—:o:—

A deep shadow of gloom has been cast over this community by the death of Mrs. James Morrison, which occurred at her home in (The Glen), Louisa, Que., on Sunday, August 2nd, 1914. Mrs. Morrison was born in 1836 and was the daughter of the late Edward Parker, of Lakefield. She was married March 18th, 1857, to Mr. James Morrison. In 1907 they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, and have enjoyed over fifty-seven years of wedded life. Deceased has been in poor health for the past three years suffering from heart failure and for the last year has had a hard struggle for life, suffering almost constantly from shortness of breath which deprived her of the needed rest and sleep, until nearing the end when she slept peacefully away. Her loved ones have now the bright assurance that she has gone to her desired place, as she said. "At Jesus' feet only shall I be satisfied." She will long be remembered by a large circle of friends for her kind and loving disposition. The funeral service which was held on Tuesday afternoon, in St. Aidan's Church was largely attended, the service being conducted by the Rev. J. A. Lackey, who spoke in words of tenderest sympathy and comfort of Christian hope and promise, from Rev. 14: 13, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." The remains were then interred in Louisa cemetery. She leaves to mourn her loss a loving husband, three sons and three daughters, Edward of Carlyle, Sask., Mrs. C. L. Jones, of Palmer, Mass., Mrs. Robert Tomalty, Isabel, Henry and Thomas of Louisa, also twenty-six grand children, two great grand grand children, one brother and one sister, to whom the community extend their deepest sympathy. The pall-bearers were, H. Morrison Thomas Morrison, Richard Morrison, Henry Sutton, William Sutton and Gordon Tomalty.

—:o:—

Now is the time for a cheap Wash Dress at one third off.

W. BANFORD & SON.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs John McGibbon spent this week at Lake Louisa.

Mr. Blais spent the week-end with friends in Ottawa.

Miss A. Roy, of Montreal, is the guest of Mr. Thos. Moore.

Mr. Osborne Lackey is visiting with friends in Ottawa this week.

Miss Earle, of Montreal, was the week-end guest of Mrs. Wm. H. Potter.

Miss Ethel Moore of Montreal is here for a few days visiting her parents.

Mrs. R. D. McKenzie entertained at afternoon tea on Wednesday last.

Miss Jessie McLean, of Upper Lachute, left on Tuesday last for Brandon, Man.

Mr. Parsons of Galt, Ont., was a guest of the Misses Wilson for the week end.

Miss Howard returned from a two weeks' visit to Grenville on Saturday last.

Miss McAllister, of Montreal, is the guest of her sister Mrs. J. McGillvray.

Mr. & Miss Nation left this week for a two months visit with friends in Manitoba.

Miss Davis, of Montreal, is the guest of Mrs. Robt. McArthur for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Forsythe is spending this week at Lake Louisa, the guest of Mrs. Middleton.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Healey and family, of Ottawa, were guests of Mrs. J. S. Giles this week.

Miss Jessie McArthur, of the Montreal General Hospital Staff, spent the week-end in town.

The Misses Eleanor and Grace Carpenter, of Buffalo, N.Y., are home for a month's vacation.

Rev. J. F. Forsythe, of Lachute, will preach in the Dalesville Baptist Church, morning and evening, on Sunday, August 16th.

Rev. Mr White, of Dalesville, will occupy the pulpit of the Baptist Church on Sunday next.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. Spurr and Mrs. Reynolds, of Montreal, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rice this week.

Mrs. Lackey's two sisters, the Misses Strachan of Ottawa, are visiting this week at the Anglican Church parsonage.

Mrs. C. J. Campbell and little son, also Miss Violet McIlwain, of Vankleek Hill Ont., were guests of Mrs. E. Carriere last week.

Mrs. W. Garard, jr, and little son, of Montreal, are at present visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. James, at Fern Crag.

Mr. and Mrs Anthime Labelle and daughter, of Buckingham, were the guests of Mrs. J. A Bedard for a two weeks' visit.

Mr. Albert MacKimmie, of Bridgeport, Conn, is spending a two weeks' vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Simon MacKimmie, sen.

Messrs. Carl Fraser, of Winchester, Ont., Roy and Ivan Fraser, of Montreal; also Miss Fenson, of Montreal, are guests of Mrs. Hugh Fraser, jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Copeland announce the engagement of their daughter, Amy Catherine to Mr. Albert Thomas Clelard, of Genoa. The marriage will take place early in September.

The Methodist Church Choir are delighted with the splendid gift of Mrs. Wm. Miller (Bellamy Street), of twelve very handsome and comfortable chairs, which add greatly to the appearance of the choristy.

Messrs McNeely, MacTavish and Ballantine of the C.P.R. were in town on Wednesday and have under consideration the varied requests for more effective train service, commutation tickets, a probable new station for the West End, as well as sub-milk stations for the convenience of the shippers.

The following is a list of the donators, who have so kindly contributed to the D. C. Co. picnic since the printing of the programmes, — Messrs. R. Golphin, F. Hooper and S. Racine, of Brownsburg, Mr. A. Dey, Montreal, and the Provincial Bank, Lachute. Remember the date, Saturday, August 15th.

MOUNT MAPLE.

—:o:—

Mrs McKimmie, of Montreal, is the guest of Mrs Geo. Murdock, sr.

We regret the serious illness of Mr. Hebson Murdock, but hope for a speedy recovery.

Mr. Homere N. Racicot is spending his vacation the guest of his parents at Uxbridge, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Morrison and family, of Lachute, visited at Mr. A. Tomalty's on Sunday last.

Miss Lila Morrison, of Louisa Glen, spent the week-end, the guest of her cousin Miss M. Tomalty.

Mrs. D. Foster, and daughter, Miss Myrtle Foster, of Wisconsin, are guests of the former's sister, Mrs. Wm. Clarke.

Mrs. R. Cunning and little daughter, Winnifred, of Barb, Ont., are at present the guests of her mother Mrs. Wm. Murdock.

We have a lot of fine Wash Goods, Crepes, etc. Now offered at 15 cents a yard to clear.

W. BANFORD & SON

Methodist Picnic at Brownsburg

On Saturday afternoon last, the annual Sunday School Picnic of the Brownsburg Methodist Church was held in Mr. Van-Buren's grove, where a very enjoyable time was spent by all. The weather was ideal, and the good things abundant, while one and all vied with each other in the manifestation of that agreeable spirit which goes so far to make all such gatherings so pleasant. Baseball and football alternately took the attention of the children, and we are prepared to state on good authority that even some of those who were children twenty years ago, indulged in one or other of these pastimes.

The beginning of the real fun however came when the men, puffed up with an erroneous idea of their brawn and muscle challenged the ladies to a tug of war. The ladies not wishing to humiliate themselves before such a gathering withheld for some time; but doubtless determined like Grey—"Since they will have it, they shall have it in full measure,"—and promptly pulled the men across the field. Not satisfied with this, the men sent out a challenge for 10 picked ladies to pull 10 picked men, but sad to say (for the men) this result was worse than the first. Following this after a few well-chosen remarks by the pastor, Mr. McConnell, and the convener of the committee in charge Mr. Beresford, concerning the great need of workers in this department of the church, where the reward promised is so great and the cost so small, the afternoon races were begun with results as follows: I—Girls, 5 years and under—1 Jeanne Beresford, doll; 2 Nellie Hazel, building blocks; 3, Kathleen Smith Jack in the box; 4, Violet Murdoch, tea set; 5, Greta Appleby, ball. II—Girls, 8 years and under—1, Greta Beresford, set of dishes; 2, Ruth Hazel, sewing case; 3, H. Hawkins, beads; 4 Rhean Roberts, Jack in the box; 5, Dorothy McLeod, skipping rope; 6, Emily Whitam, skipping rope. III—Girls 10 years and under—1, Ruby McFaul beads; 2, Ilsie McAllister, handkerchiefs; 3, F. Hazel, beauty pins IV—Girls, 12 years and under—1, Mary Hawkins, bottle perfume; 2, L. Gordon, box handkerchiefs. V—Girls, 14 years and under—1, A. Cameron, box handkerchiefs; 2, G. McKiddie, hand mirror. VI—Young ladies race—1, A. Cameron, set pins; 2, C. Bennette, button hook; 3, L. King, box of handkerchiefs. VII—Boys, 10 years and under—1, John Beresford, knife; 2, Donald McAllister, mouth organ; 3, George McVicar, pencil; 4, Ernest Evans, knife. VIII—Boys, 14 years and under—1, Robert McVicar, mouth organ; 2, Alex. Hutcheon, knife; 3, Clarence McKiddie, coin bank. IX—Young men—1, W. McAllister, inkstand; 2, F. Hazel, shaving brush; 3, F. Hosgood, arm bands X—Broad jump, boys, 10 years and under—1, John Beresford, baseball; 2, Ernest Evans, pair braces; 3, Donald McAllister, pencil box. XI—Broad jump, boys 14 and under—1, John McVicar, knife; 2, A. Evans. XII—Consolation race, boys — 1, Alex. Gordon, knife; 2, G. Curling, arm bands. XIII — Consolation race, girls — 1, Dorothy Hutcheon, brooch; 2, D. Hosgood, box handkerchiefs. XIV—Junior married ladies' race—1, Mrs. Appleby, lace collar; 2, Mrs. Beresford, hand bag; 3, Mrs. McFaul, Tie XV—Married ladies races senior—1, Mrs. J. Carpenter, purse; 2, Mrs. Heale, purse; 3, Mrs. McAllister, purse.

After a program of races like this, it was not surprising that grown-ups as well as children began to cast longing eyes upon the tables where the good things were kept, so the ladies immediately re-established themselves in the good graces of the men, who had been somewhat downhearted since the Tug-of-War, by serving an excellent tea, which was enjoyed by everyone judging by the appearance of their face. Let us hope there were no after effects. After tea the fun went merrily on. Swings and games of all kinds now took the attention of the younger folks, while the older ones who seemed to grow younger as the afternoon advanced arranged some freak races Foremost amongst these and perhaps the hit of the afternoon, was the wheelbarrow race, in which the wheelbarrow was a man and the wheeler a lady. No one finished, but Mrs. J. Beresford and Mr. J. Roberts were declared winners, they having arrived nearest the tape before being overcome by the laughter which characterized the race. A three-legged race in which the couples were composed of a male and a female also caused a great deal of amusement, especially when it was noticed that some of the men were stepping on their fair partner's toes. The singing of Auld Lang Syne then brought a very enjoyable afternoon to a close.

LOUISA.

The most of the farmers are nearly finished their haying.

Mr. Joseph Creswell was in Lachute on Tuesday last.

Miss A. Tomalty and Miss G. Walsh were the guest of Mrs. Joseph Creswell on Wednesday last.

A Harvest Thanksgiving Service, with sermon by the pastor, will be held (D.V.) in St. Aidan's Church, Louisa, on Thursday, August 20th, at 10.30 a.m. Dinner will be served in the Orange Hall at the close of the service, by the ladies of the congregation. Admission to dinner.—children under 12 years free; children between 12 and 15 years—15cents. Adults 25cents, A sale of ladies work will be held in the afternoon, prices reasonable.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

We have on hand a few Ladies Dresses of various kinds which we offer at a reduction of one third of the Price to clear.

These are composed of...

10 House Dresses
6 Linen Dresses
6 Marquisette Dresses
1 Silk Dress

We have also a lot of Children's Dresses at from 25c. each to $1.25 each.

While they last.

W. Banford & Son,
Main Street, Lachute

THE ELITE

Spring Millinery comprising the latest novelties from Chicago and Montreal on view during this coming month. Unmatchable low prices.

Elegant New Blouses, Wash Skirts and Dresses, Underwear, Hosiery, Neckwear, Frilling, Smallware of every description. Make yourself comfortable with Bias Filled Corsets to suit every figure. A pleasure to show them.

H. E. Burwash, Rg'd.

Albert Hall

Telephone 83.

Moving Picture Performance, Thursdays & Saturdays

Starting at 8.30 p.m.

ADMISSION - - 15 cts.

A. E. Bishop

Plumber & Electrician

Gasoline, Engine Oils, & Automobile Repairs.

Main St. Phone 83 **Lachute.**

When you Require Anything

In Watches, Jewelry, Cut Glass, Silver Deposit Ware, Silverware, Etc.,

You will find a large and reliable selection at our store. While we make a specialty of testing eyes, and selling the right kind of glasses, we have enough other things here to share the expense of doing business and make it possible to be more than reasonable in our charges.

The precise advantage of coming here for your glasses is that you know us and we know you. We are equipped with modern facilities for examining eyes and relieving eye strain. Every element of risk has been entirely eliminated. We do the best that can be done by each and every customer.

T. JOUSSE, Main St., Lachute.

Watchmaker, Jeweller and Optician

Agent for the Edison Phonograhp.

ONTARIO'S RATTLESNAKES

NO LONGER INFEST NIAGARA FALLS GORGE.

But Are to be Found in Plenty Along Shores of Georgian Bay.

Rattlesnakes—! Ontario has them in plenty, but in such barren, out-of-the-way places that they do not constitute anything like a public menace, as the big diamond-back rattler does in certain of the southerly United States. Niagara Falls vicinity once abounded with rattlers—big, venomous ones, the worst in the Province, but they are gone now, even from the hidden grottoes of the falls, where were their special hives. And now, those that still live in the Province are chiefly restricted to the shores and the barren rock lands of Georgian Bay, and one or two are occasionally reported from Muskoka and from the Eastern counties. The Western Provinces and Canadian prairies have numerous prairie rattlesnakes, but they are a different species.

Now, the rock rattlesnake whose acquaintance some Georgian Bay summer cottages will likely make is poisonous. It has been examined by the biological authorities of Toronto University, and found to have a fine pair of fangs, a pair of poison-glands in good working order, and a poison of a quality, while much milder than that of the big diamond back, is yet strong enough to almost instantly kill mice and squirrels, and, while no human has offered himself to the test and there is no sure local record of a death from a rattlesnake bite, it is claimed that it would kill a child in half an hour, and would kill a grown man if the man were not in the best of condition.

Three Feet in Length.

In the first place the snake seldom grows more than three feet in length, is usually shorter and is thick for its length. The head is smaller, and about the shape of the end joint of the thumb. In color the rattler is dark, dusky brown, with vague large spots of a deeper brown almost completely covering it. On the end of the tail are the rattles, a grey jointed apparatus that grows out of the skin the way finger nails do. The snake vibrates the end of its tail tensely, and these rattles buzz with a dry whispering but far carrying sound which sends a queer creepy shiver through the nerves of one, even, who does not know what the sound is. In the mouth of the snake are the two fangs, slim and delicately curved like kitten's claws, and about half an inch long. These are attached towards the front of the mouth and lie backwards in soft cushions of flesh in the roof of the snake's mouth. When about to strike the snake open its mouth wide, until upper and lower jaws are in a flat line. The two fangs then rise up and stand out at right angles.

The snake strikes downwards, not jabbing as much as scratching with its fangs. And when the fangs scratch they are pressed upward by the blow, and their bases are pressed against the little poison sacks. And through tiny holes up through the fangs the poison is squirted on the principle of a syringe.

Cannot Jump off Ground.

The snake can only strike with one-half its length. It cannot jump off the ground or stand on the tip of its tail as some Munchausens relate. It coils into a compact pile and leaps with all its force. But it reaches only as far as it could when extended.

The thing to do when bitten, according to the doctors, is to whip out a pen knife, make a cut over the scratches and suck the blood with the mouth. The next best is to tie a handkerchief around the limb above the snake bite and putting a stick through it, wind as tight as possible, and then suck. In the regions infested by very venomous snakes, travelers carry permanganate of potash and a hypodermic syringe. And they inject a permanganate solution into the bite.

Whiskey is claimed to be a good counter-agent, especially in local option regions. But it really is effective, stimulating the heart, on which the snake venom acts with paralyzing effect.

Georgian Bay annals tell of numerous dogs killed by rattlesnakes, and the writer has seen one big water spaniel dying in great agony after being bitten. There is one story told of a Toronto man who was bitten through the boot while fishing, whose leg swelled enormously in twenty minutes, and who drank a quart of whiskey and lay unconscious in the tent for twenty-four hours. Whether from the whiskey or from the snake venom is not known, but the man is alive to-day and blames the snake.

The Indians, who are very superstitious about the rattler, have told me of men dying from snake bites, and of many children fallen victims to the reptile.

An Indian Cure.

One old Indian told of being bitten by a rattler while chasing a fawn through a beaver meadow, in the long grass of which rattlers abound, and he says that after his leg and side had been paralyzed, an old squaw cured him by a mysterious application of pounded leaves.

The rattlers in this Province will be found in grassy swamps and in regions where boulders and broken rocks abound. They will nearly always buzz, their warning, but in many cases female rattlesnakes with unborn young will lie without a sound and will strike savagely at the intruder. The young are born alive and not from eggs as in some snakes, and are poisonous from birth.

NEW FISH-CURING METHOD.

Will Revolutionize the Industry Wherever Used.

A method has recently been introduced in Halifax, Nova Scotia, which promises to revolutionize the fish industry wherever carried on to any considerable extent. This process is based upon the theory that putrefaction of fish is first caused by bone taint, due to the fact that in the old methods of curing fish the specific or animal heat is partially left within the fish. The new method which has been introduced acts as a preventive to bone taint, completely removing the specific or animal heat from the fish to be cured. Instead of salting, sun-drying, or shipping the fish on ice or refrigerating cars, the fish are dumped into a tank holding sea water which has been filtered through four cylinder-like tanks containing willow charcoal and screens to remove the noxious gases and foreign substances. Next, brown sugar is placed in the tank holding the fish to serve as a germicide for such organisms as may be active at freezing temperature. Then by refrigeration the temperature is lowered to 10 deg. Cent. below zero, during which time 16.1 per cent. salt is added to prevent ice formation and to assist the formation of a thin protective coating over the fish themselves. Having allowed the fish to remain in this treatment for two hours they are ready for shipment, removed from the tank, and placed in the package or barrel to await transportation to market.

ANOTHER STORY TOLD.

How John Henshaw Secured a Valuable Watch.

A good story is told concerning one John Henshaw, a most reputable resident of a certain English town. John, who in years of honest industry had succeeded in putting money in his purse, announced his intention of emigrating to Australia. Then the mirth-loving men of the place determined to make him a present on hour before he went on board. They gave the jeweller an order for a cheap aluminum watch, to be presented by the Mayor, and the conspirators laughed as they imagined how poor John would go on when he discovered the trick. But John got scent of the pleasant little arrangement in time, and, paying a visit to the jeweller, to whom he was unknown, he said it had been decided at the last moment to give Henshaw a much better present, and the jeweller's only thirty-guinea article was to be sent in lieu of the aluminum. It was sent. The Mayor presented it with a neat speech; John responded modestly and gracefully; the subscribers could scarcely control their mirth. The next day, when Henshaw's ship was cleaving the waves of the Channel, the Mayor, the chief mover in the affair, who had made himself responsible for the payment, received the jeweller's bill. He pulled through, but the doctor said it was one of the worst cases he had met with in his thirty years' practice.

A LAPSUS LINGUAE.

(The Canadian Courier).

A prominent newspaperman in Toronto tells a good story. He is a huge man—both ways. When he was in England he went to Clovelly, in Devon, where, at the bottom of a steep declivity you may catch a glimpse of the sea.

The newspaperman, who leans towards fatness, toiled down to the bottom of the rocks and got the view. Then he looked at the steep road which he had to climb to get back. A native of the place came along, and the newspaperman complained to the old villager that there should be some motor or traction car running up the cliffs.

Said the villager: "When the Almighty put those cliffs there He didn't expect people to be so lazy they would complain about climbing up and down. Besides, we don't want any motors with their oil and stench; we don't want any rocks railway with their petrol and smell. In fact, sir, we don't want any vernacular traffic of any kind!"

Occasionally a girl knowingly marries the wrong man rather than run the risk of not getting married at all.



Funeral of Late Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.

Premier Asquith attends the memorial service at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

AUTOS DURING WAR.

Germany Requisitions Cars For Army if Needed.

The German military authorities have adopted a novel form of the subsidy principle as a preparation for the next war. Imitating the example of those countries that subsidize steamships in order to convert them into naval vessels in times of war, the German War Office has for about a year been paying subsidies on heavy automobile trucks, which the army will take over by requisition as soon as a war breaks out, so far as they may be needed. The aim of the authorities, however, goes much farther than merely to have a certain number of such trucks at hand which may be requisitioned; they hope to get them so generally introduced that the armies can find them anywhere in sufficient quantities for moving supplies.

The system is to pay the subsidy to the manufacturer at the time that he sells the machine to a person buying it for his own use. All the leading German automobile building companies are now putting such subsidized drays upon the market. The military authorities are so well satisfied with the system that they have just decided to increase the subsidies and to extend them to the sixth year, whereas they had hitherto only been paying them for five years. Hitherto the total subsidy on an automobile with one trailer was 81,857, while henceforth it will be 82,048 for five years.

STUDENT OF SOLOMON.

King of Abyssinia Studied Method of Hebrew King.

From a story told of King Menelik it would appear he had studied the judicial methods of King Solomon.

Two Abyssinians were gathering fruit, one up a tree shaking the branches, and the other below collecting the fruit as it fell. A branch snapped suddenly and the man up the tree slipped and fell. He landed on his companion on the ground, breaking the unfortunate man's neck, but himself escaping without fatal injuries.

The family of the dead man demanded blood money, and when the accidental slayer replied that he had no money they demanded his life. This the man declined to part with, and the case went before the judges, finally working its way up to the supreme tribunal, Menelik himself.

The claimants by this time refused to accept blood money even if offered, and demanded their full right of a life for a life.

"Very well," said Menelik, in delivering judgment, "you have undoubtedly the right to claim the man's life; but the law says that the murderer must be killed in the same manner as his victim. Therefore let one of the dead man's relatives climb a high tree and fall on the accused until he kills him."

But none of the dead man's relations cared to take the risk, so the innocent murderer was set free.

Flies Fly Nearly a Mile.

In 1906 three hundred marked flies were liberated at the Monsall Hospital, Manchester, England, and five were recovered at distances varying from thirty to 190 yards. In 1910 a series of experiments was undertaken under the auspices of the local Government board at Postwick, near Norwich. Several hundred chalk-powdered flies were liberated at a dump and were recaptured at distances exceeding 300 yards. Many of the flies travelled from 800 to 1,000 yards, which would bring them to the village, while the most strenuous of them went nearly a mile.

FROM MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

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

Another case of anthrax has been reported in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Over 40 cases of scarlet fever were reported in the Sheffield district during last week.

The total value of the City of London's square mile is placed at about $1,250,000,000.

The large drapery establishment of Mark Dewson's, Chester, has been totally destroyed by fire, the damage being estimated at $100,000.

A proposal to erect a memorial window to Captain Smith of the Titanic has been accepted by the Liverpool Cathedral committee.

Earl Brownlow has decided to give a half holiday every Saturday to the workmen on his Ashbridge (Herts) estate.

Middlesex County Council have passed plans for the erection of a sanitarium at Eastwood, in Essex, at an estimated cost of $269,450.

Claiming to have fired the first shot at the siege of Sebastopol, Thomas Simmonds, of Portsmouth, has just died at the age of eighty-eight.

As she stepped off the pavement Miss Lucy Webb, a Wellingborough schoolmistress, was knocked down by a motor car and instantly killed.

An elderly man named Croad was killed by a young bull while leading it through the Portsmouth streets to the Royal Agricultural Show.

Four persons were severely injured by a gas explosion in Great Mersey street, Liverpool, caused by some one looking for an escape of gas with a light.

Ormsby Hall estate, Norfolk, of over 1,000 acres belonging to Sir George Haworth Ussher Lacon, has been sold at Yarmouth for $120,000, a record bid for a land sale in the town.

Hampton (Middlesex) Council has just received a letter from an insurance company claiming exemption from liability if any fireman met with an accident when going to a fire by aeroplane or motorcycle.

Lance-Corporal Kelly was accidentally killed during field firing practice of the 2nd Royal Munster Fusiliers, being carried out under new conditions, near Aldershot.

Mr. Cecil Sebag Montefiore intends selling the whole of his Essex estate, comprising the village of Stisted, and about 3,000 acres of land in that parish.

An adder measuring 2 ft. 6 in. in length was killed by Mr. Luxton, assistant master at the Chertsey School of Handicraft, as he was picnicking in Pyrford Rough, Pyrford, Sussex.

The council of the Royal Society of Arts have awarded the Albert medal for the current year to Mr. Marconi "for his services in the development and practical application of wireless telegraphy."

Thrice Mayor of Maidenhead, Mr. Benjamin Hobbis, J.P., has at the Berkshire Assizes been sent to jail for six months for fraudulently converting public money to his own use.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in recognition of his gift of $50,000 to provide three branch libraries at Coventry, has been made the recipient of that city's honorary freedom.

H.M.S. cruiser Terrible, the guns from which were landed by Sir Percy Scott and helped to save Ladysmith, is about to be sold out of the navy.

While motorcycling along the Bamstead road, Mr. Jessop of Epsom lost control of his machine and with his wife in a side car was thrown heavily. He was killed and his wife badly injured.

Some difficulty was recently found in opening the gates of Molesey Lock, Surrey, when it was discovered that the cause was set up by the body of the assistant lockkeeper, named Webb, who had been missing for three days, being wedged between them.

All she Got Was Sympathy.

Charity worker—Will you do something for a poor woman whose husband comes out of jail to-day?

Algy—Here's a quarter. Wire her my condolence.

No man is so poor that he can't afford to smile occasionally.

NEWS OF THE MIDDLE WEST

BETWEEN ONTARIO AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Items From Provinces Where Many Ontario Boys and Girls Are "Making Good."

Brandon, Man., ratepayers carried a by-law providing for Sunday street cars.

Winnipeg is getting more than 10,000,000 gallons of water daily from its artesian wells.

There were a total of 1,283 police court cases disposed of in Winnipeg during the month of June.

At Harding, Man., the Northern elevator, with 4,000 bushels of grain, was burned to the ground.

A little more than two weeks ago it was claimed, more than $10,000,000 of Calgary oil stocks changed hands.

Edmonton opened public playgrounds for children, and will have a staff of instructors on hand.

Dice games and slot machines have been barred in Edmonton, all cigar stands and tobacconists being notified.

At Regina a dog bit a Chinaman, and examination of the head of the animal afterwards showed that it was suffering from rabies.

At Edmonton a foreigner was fined $10 for having a revolver in his possession, though he swore a man had given it to him to clean.

In the Dominion Land Office at Winnipeg, there were 255 homestead entries in the month of June, an increase of 28 over the same month last year.

William Hampton, a wealthy farmer, in the Mortlach district, near Moosejaw, was run down by a C. P. R. express at a crossing and killed.

At Langham, Sask., fire destroyed the Peter Wiebe flour mill and the National elevator, with a loss of $40,000. Two thousand bushels of wheat were destroyed.

In Calgary, 700 babies were entered in the baby show, and 260 prizes were awarded. In percentage points the girl babies easily outclassed the boys.

At Mannville, Alberta, fire wiped out a business block with a loss of $40,000. John B. Burch was the heaviest loser, his $25,000 general merchandise stock being destroyed.

W. R. Gamlen, a Regina gardener, was shot in the leg by a stray 32-calibre bullet and did not know it till he found his shoe full of blood about two hours later.

Building permits for June, in Winnipeg, involved an outlay of $1,560,000, which is $315,600 less than for the same month in 1913, and $1,650,170 less than for June, 1912.

Edmonton capitalists want to build an electric road from that city to Namao, a distance of 30 miles, and promise to have the road in operation by October if they get the necessary permission.

Calgary's municipal street car system is not paying, and the reason is the falling off in patronage. In May, 1914, 70,000 less passengers were carried than in the same month in 1913.

William Morris, a Winnipeg baby, fell 60 feet on to a hard surface, and was unhurt. The next day, James Everett, a Winnipeg man, fell 30 feet on to a soft surface, and was believed to be fatally hurt.

At Nipawin, Sask., somebody cut Sydney Keeping's wire fence round his farm into 6-foot lengths. There was over half a mile of the fence, and the Mounted Police will try to find out who was so industrious.

George Wrighton, a Winnipeg engineer, working for the city light department, was killed when an engine he was driving crashed through a bridge it was crossing over the Winnipeg River.

There are 1,869 certificated insurance agents in Saskatchewan. During 1913 the people of that province paid for insurance in premiums the sum of $6,239,329.97, and losses paid by the companies totalled $2,937,430.77.

Miss M. E. Snownall, official court stenographer at Winnipeg for over nine years, died at Regina, after a long illness. She was said to be one of the ablest court stenographers in Canada, and, when forced to give up her occupation through ill-health last December, was presented with a purse of $1,500 by lawyers and court officials.

Talk about a shortage of food at one period during his last expedition, Sir Ernest Shackleton tells an amusing story of one of his companions. On his return to England his bootmaker met him, and asked "How did you find those boots I made for you?" "Best I ever tasted," was the prompt reply.



MOST PERFECT MADE

THE INCREASED NUTRITIOUS VALUE OF BREAD MADE IN THE HOME WITH ROYAL YEAST CAKES SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT INCENTIVE TO THE CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE TO GIVE THIS IMPORTANT FOOD ITEM THE ATTENTION TO WHICH IT IS JUSTLY ENTITLED.

HOME BREAD BAKING REDUCES THE HIGH COST OF LIVING BY LESSENING THE AMOUNT OF EXPENSIVE MEATS REQUIRED TO SUPPLY THE NECESSARY NOURISHMENT TO THE BODY.

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, ONT.
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

BE KIND TO FATHER.

My boy, be kind to father,
For he's been kind to you;
He sought to lead you safely
Your life's brief pathway through,
He's cared for you and loved you;
He's tried to save you pain,
And given kindly counsel,
I hope not all in vain.

He wants to see you happy,
He wants you to be true;
His hope and pride are centred,
Believe it, boy, in you.
How much of joy and comfort
Is in your power to give
This faithful, loving father,
If rightfully you live.

Be manly, true, and honest,
In everything that's done,
And show him that his counsel
Is treasured by his son.
Be kind when old age sprinkles
Its snowflakes in his hair,
And make his last days happy
With loving words and care.

—E. E. Rexford.

MORE WOMEN SUICIDES.

Germany Blames Development of Feminist Movement.

The development of the woman's movement in Germany carries with it a remarkable increase in suicides by women. While the ratio of suicides of men remained constant during the 20 years ended with 1912, the number of women suicides increased from 8.3 to 10.6 per 100,000 of the women population. While there are doubtless many causes for the increase, the chief cause is attributed to the fact that women have gone into the workshop and factory, mercantile employments and the professions, much more extensively than 20 years ago. They have shouldered larger responsibilities and have exposed themselves to greater economic and social dangers. That the cause is largely an economic one is evident from the great increase of women suicides at Berlin, where nearly 48 women take their own lives to every 100 men.

Most men might be fairly happy if they could forget all the mean things they know about themselves.

"Was her father violent when you asked her hand?" "Was he? Great Scott! I thought he would shake my arm of."

SOUTHWEST PETROLEUM & DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, LIMITED

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Capital Authorized, $1,000,000. Holdings 4,220 Acres.

FIRST WELL. This will be drilled just West of the famous Dingman producing Well.

SECOND WELL. Will be drilled on West Half Section 36, Township 18, Range 3 West of Fifth.

THE ALBERTA OIL FIELDS, are now merely at the beginning of their development. The most eminent Geologists, however, no longer hesitate to predict that they will prove among the most valuable Oil Fields of the world. The shares of good Companies holding well-selected Lands are a perfectly fair and legitimate speculation at the present time, and it should be borne in mind that after the Oil Fields are more fully developed and proved shares in Companies such as the Southwest Petroleum & Development Co., Ltd., will very likely be unobtainable except at very much higher figures.

THE COMPANY'S HOLDINGS are among the most valuable in the district and are scattered throughout the oil-producing area. All leases held could already be sold at a very heavy advance over cost.

SHARES may be obtained at par, $1.00 per share, from the undersigned, but are subject to withdrawal without notice. Prospectus and full particulars upon request.

W. B. LEITCH,
Agent for Eastern Canada.
Bank of Ottawa Building,
Montreal.

WAYS AND MEANS

"I'm sorry"—Mrs. Kingslake's expression belied her words—"I'm sorry, Mr. Logan, but we must hurry away now. Good-bye!"

She extended to the young man the tips of her fingers, giving him a disapproving glance.

"Come along, Eva!" she added decisively.

Maurice Logan gazed after her, frowning.

"No wonder," he muttered, "that Kingslake spends every evening at the club!"

The elder lady had taken care not to allow her daughter a moment's private conversation with him. She had only stopped, indeed, because Logan had planted himself in their path. In her opinion, he was impossible as suitor for Eva.

He shrugged his shoulders dejectedly; then suddenly hurried after them, picking up the card which the girl had let fall. Once again he raised his hat and turned away. But now his spirits rose.

"So they're going to that concert to-night; and Eva evidently wants me to be there, too. Probably she'll arrange to speak to me somehow, bless her!"

It was difficult to make any headway against Mrs. Kingslake's undisguised opposition, and Logan had as yet been unable to meet her husband. On the previous evening he had again plucked up courage to call at their house, only to receive, as usual, a curt message that they were not at home. The situation looked discouraging in the extreme.

He half hoped that Mr. Kingslake would attend the concert; but, on arriving at the hall that night, he noticed that Eva's mother alone accompanied her. They sat near the front, and during an interval he edged forward. Miss Kingslake, waiting till her parent was surrounded by acquaintances, slipped across toe gangway.

"So you guessed what I meant? Clever boy!"

Anything special?" asked Logan.

"I'm worried to death! Mother's found a big, fat, rich man she wants me to marry!"

Maurice Logan muttered something below his breath.

"I do wish mother liked you! But she only thinks of money, and talks about our 'social position.'" The girl sighed. "Father's quite different."

"I'll interview him somehow," declared Logan desparately. "To-morrow night I'll call at his club, for sure."

On the following evening, therefore, he set out determinedly for her father's club. On his way he rehearsed various arguments.

"I must ask him whether he doesn't consider his own daughter's happiness before everything else. I must emphasise the fact that, even if I'm not earning a great deal now, very soon promotion'll come along; and then——"

He stopped with a jerk, staring excitedly across the road. Eva had once pointed out her parent, and, unless Logan was greatly mistaken, there was the gentleman himself, just turning down a side-street.

With an exclamation of satisfaction, the young man started in pursuit; but the traffic delayed him slightly, and by the time he rounded the corner Mr. Kingslake's fawn overcoat was some little distance ahead.

"What can he want along here?"

The thoroughfare was narrow, the dwellings mean and small.

"And he's actually going into one of the houses! Sir," Logan called breathlessly, "one moment!"

His voice must have been easily audable; but Mr. Kingslake, without paying the slightest heed, pushed open a door and disappeared. Logan was left outside, irritated and bewildered.

"That's queer behaviour!" he grumbled. "Never mind. I'll wait. He's bound to come out sooner or later; then I'll pretend to meet him accidentally, and tackle him about Eva."

Presently someone lit the gas in an upstairs room. From his position behind a stationary van Logan saw a figure come to the window.

"There he is! Must have taken me for a bum—if such people ever trouble wealthy men like him. H'm! Now he thinks I've departed."

Half an hour passed. All at once the gas-jet was extinguished, and again a head was thrust out.

"A foreigner this time," Logan commenced. 'I don't think much of Kingslake's tasts in friends, if that's one of 'em. A dangerous-looking beggar!"

A minute later he moved forward eagerly but the person who came down the front steps was not the one he had hoped meet.

"I beg your pardon——' Logan began.

The man stopped, swinging round in a startled fashion. He wore a soft felt hat and a muffler above his ulster. His complexion was swathy, his black moustache waxed into points.

"Vhat is it?" he demanded, with a decided accent. Logan set him down as a Frenchman. Vhat do you vant?"

"Sorry to trouble you, but will Mr. Kingslake be long?"

"I do not know 'im."

"A middle-aged, fair- haired gentleman," Logan stammered. "He was in your room a little while ago. Then I saw you looking out, too."

"So you spy on me?"

"Not at all. But I wanted particularly to see Mr. Kingslake, so——"

"I do not know 'im! I tell it you already!" He made as if to continue on his way. "I mus' go." He brought a watch from beneath his coat and consulted it. "I am late!"

Logan stood watching him as he hurried away.

A sudden anxious thought struck him. What if Mr. Kingslake had been assaulted and robbed?

Impulsively he went to the house and knocked.

"Will you ask Mr. Kingslake to speak to me, please?"

"There's no one o' that name livin' 'ere, nor in the 'ouse, neither," declared the slatternly woman sharply. "You've come to the wrong address."

"He was at the window—on the first floor——"

"That room belongs to Alphonse. 'E's just gone out."

She was about to close the door, when Logan stopped her.

"But don't you understand? I saw my friend up there with my own eyes—Mr. William Kingslake!" Logan insisted angrily.

"Rubbish! You clear off, else I'll fetch my husband!"

Logan produced some silver.

"Now look here, I'll bet you this half-crown he's still upstairs. Take me up and show me. If I'm wrong"—he forced a laugh—"the money's yours!"

"Done with you, Mr. Clever-sticks! This way!"

A man they met in the passage looked equally rough and forbidding. Logan had hardly expected that his ruse to gain an entry would be successful.

"Ther you are! P'r'aps next time you'll believe what anybody tells ye!"

Logan entered. The small room was poorly furnished and contained no place for concealment. Its one cupboard stood ajar. He stepped to the window and back, the woman laughing derisively.

"Satisfied? Like to look up the chimney?"

"It's funny!" observed Logan easily, handing her the coin. "But I must have made a mistake. You win."

In the passage below he paused a moment.

"That French 'chap—Alphonse——"

"Mighty inquisitive, ain't you? 'E's our lodger. Works at some restrong or other. Quite respectable, 'e is."

Maurice Logan held a different opinion. Once in the street again, he shook his head doubtfully.

"I'd have sworn that was Mr. Kingslake's overcoat hanging in the cupboard! But, if so, what's become of him? That's the question."

Uneasily he tried to decide upon the best course to pursue. After all, had he been deceived by a chance resemblance? Well, an immediate call at Mr. Kingslake's club would settle that point.

Soon he had driven there in a taxi-cab.

"No, sir," the hall porter answered; "Mr. Kingslake's not here. You'd like to wait, sir? Certainly!"

Sitting in the lounge, Logan fidgeted, hopefully scrutinising each arrival. At last he saw a familiar face.

"Hullo, Rufford! Are you a member here?"

"No; but I'm meeting one."

"So am I—at least, I'm trying to. Look here, what would you do in a case like this?"

His friend listened attentively to his story.

"By Jove, it's difficult to advise you!"

"I suppose there are scores of waiters named Alphonse. You dine in town a lot. Have you ever——"

"I wonder," Rufford broke in, "if that fellow at the Favorite is the one you want?"

He gave a rough description, and Logan excitedly agreed. Ten minutes later he entered the restaurant, and asked for a word with the manager.

While that functionary was being summoned, Logan glanced down the long room. Waiters of all descriptions were moving busily about the tables. He gave a start as he noticed Alphonse in the distance.

At the same instant the dark man saw him, and immediately withdrew with the tray he carried, disappearing through a curtained doorway.

Logan met the advancing manager, and blurted out his inquiry.

"I'm sorry sir, but Alphonse has just this moment asked to go home."

Without waiting to give any further explanation Logan hastened out. As he reached the back of the building, Alphonse issued into the side-street from the exit used by the staff and dashed over towards a Tube station.

In an otherwise deserted corridor Logan overtook him, and, seizing his arms, forced him against the wall.

"Where's Mr. Kingslake? That's his watch you've got, I dare say; and his overcoat's in your room, What have you done with him?"

"I—do not—onderstand."

"He went into the house, and now he's vanished!" declared Logan hotly. "If you had nothing to do with it, come with me to the police! You won't? Ah, I guessed as much!"

"Let me go! You are wrong, I say!"

"That remains to be seen. I'll take you by force. I'm going to investigate——"

His prisoner ceasing to struggle, interrupted in a low voice. Logan staring half incredulously, released him.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Kingslake sat stiffly upright. When the servant ushered Maurice Logan into the drawing room she raised her chin disdainfully.

"Eva has promised to marry me," he began politely.

"Out of the question!" the lady snapped. "You know my views, Mr. Logan. I'm only receiving you at my husband's request, though I can't imagine what reason he can have for——"

"Allow me to explain," Logan returned persuasively. "I've discovered a secret which I think ought to be kept in the family."

As he continued Mrs. Kingslake gave a stifled gasp. Her husband corroborated the visitor's statement. There followed a short silence.

"Don't you agree with me?" Logan asked.

—yes; I suppose so."

I—I don't know what to say!" Mrs. Kingslake spluttered. "Y-es "Thank you! I feel sure I can make Eva happy."

She rose speechless, red of face. As she passed her husband she shrugged her shoulders expressively.

"You were bound to know sooner or later my dear," he reminded her.

The door slammed. The two men were left together.

"This shock won't do her any harm," observed Mr. Kingslake quietly. "A good wife, but too extravagant. I simply couldn't provide all the money she wanted to spend."

Logan nodded.

"So you took a post at a restaurant?"

"I was a waiter before I married. My wife never knew of it. I didn't meet her till afterwards—till I'd started in the City."

"It was very plucky to work extra hours like that."

"I've earned quite a lot at the Favorite. Big 'tips' aren't at all exceptional there. But I was always afraid somebody would recognize me, although I altered my appearance as much as possible every night in that room I'd rented."

"Does Eva know?" Logan queried gently, laying a hand on his shoulder. "No? Then please let me tell her."

"No, no! Why?"

"Because she'll be proud of her father."

"You think so?"

"I'm sure of it."

"She's chosen a good fellow, I can see. I'll send her in," declared Mr. Kingslake, hurrying to the door. And if you don't see me any more this evening, you'll understand, won't you?"—London Answers.

Patience may be the lazy man's only virtue.



Queen Mary as Colonel-in-Chief of the 18th (Queen Mary's Own) Hussars.

A most interesting announcement was made recently to the effect that Her Majesty had been appointed colonel-in-chief of the 18th Hussars. The distinctive characteristics of the uniform of the 18th, blue, like the rest of the Hussars, are gold trimmings, the bag of garter blue, which hangs on the right side of the busby, and the red and white plums. There are twelve regiments of Hussars, which are chiefly distinguished from one another by the busby bags and plumes.

AN OLD TOAST BOOK.

Contains More Truths Than Is Generally Supposed.

Are you the owner of a toast book and have aimlessly turned its pages? A frivolous little thing it pretends to be, but it frequently contains more truths than a confessed book of ethics, essays or philosophy. For instance, who would connect so riotous a sound as the clinking of glasses with the following sane advice?

"To our secrets—May they never be imparted to a stranger, for they are scarcely safe with a friend."

And upon the very next page is a toast that rivals the first in wisdom:

"To the cad—Malediction upon the man who has more tongue than discretion."

Wise indeed are these sayings of the followers of Bacchus, yet we cannot but think that they belong exclusively to the earlier part of the evening. As we further sift the leaves, we find toasts that are surely meant for that part of the night when discretion has deserted the table in wrath. But if the earlier toasts are not without wisdom, those gelonging to the night grown old are not without humor. One of the latter is to "the darkness." To "the henpecked might be more appropriate. It reads as follows:

"May we find no light in the hallway nor wife perched on the stairs."

And yet another:

"A toast to that good latchkey that softly finds its appointed place."

Then there is the man perhaps the woman, who would keep youth in their hearts, and they toast to "harder times," saying:

"May we keep a little of the fuel of youth to warm our body in old age."

There is the essence of wisdom in that line. There may be some of us who will despise the beauty, the wisdom of a toast because it is a toast. But, ye prejudiced ones, take heed. Toasts are duunk in water as well as wine.

Then there is a bit of advice to the host on the next page. Surely no book of etiquette or entertainment could exhibit more wisdom. The toast book gets at the very heart of successful entertainment when it says:

"To our guests—Let us charge these guests with the electric current of our good feelings."

The pessimist would be whacked upon the next page when he read: "To the pessimist—Malediction upon the man who will not see the light."

And for the woman who would charm there is unlimited information in the batchelor's toast. "To woman: When she is pretty when she is witty and when she is not too wise."

The next time you are in need of advice don't overlook the unpretentious little toast book.

Anyway, a man never sits down on the floor when he puts on his hosiery.

And many a man has spent half his life in making a reputation—and the other half in trying to live it down.

Singleton—"Do you believe in the old adage about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure?" Wedderley—"No, I don't. After a man marries he has no leisure."

HOME

With Eggplant.

To Prepare Eggplant.—It goes without saying that an eggplant should be fresh and sound, without spots. You can tell whether it is fresh or not by the green cup around the stem end. If this is blackened, the vegetable is not fresh The other end also will be wrinkled an dull, whereas a fine eggplant is smooth and plump and shining. Wash the skin as one would a tomato, and then pare and cut up. It is usually sliced, but sometimes cut into dice or julienne strips. It turns dark quickly, so it should be cooked immediately. One can have ready a savory dish of eggplant in fifteen minutes. Perhaps the reason that the fried eggplant one gets at some eating places is bitter is because it stands after being cut up. When it is to be stuffed, the skin is left on. It is then either parboiled whole or cut in half and cooked, the skin loosened around the edges. It may then be fried in deep fat, the cut side down. It may also be stuffed and baked.

Baked Eggplant.—Baked eggplant commonly means one elaborately seasoned; but this is not necessary. Wash and put into the oven to bake in the same way you would a potato. A small one will require about thirty minutes to bake, and is done when a fork shows it is soft all through. Take off the skin, mash and put into the frying pan with plenty of butter over a hot fire, and stir until the water has evaporated. This tastes and looks somewhat like the chop sueys without crisp vegetables, and like all eggplant, should be served hot. It needs little seasoning, but when a bit of onion is fried with it the resemblance to chop suey is not lessened.

A cook from India, in describing baked eggplant, says: "A person does not know the real flavor of eggplant until he has eaten it baked." He gives this method as an alternative of boiling, but prefers this, as it preserves all the delicate flavor of the vegetable. He says also it may be used as the foundation of a number of dishes, such things as eggplant croquettes, as well as eggplant stuffing for fowl, being mixed with bread crumbs and egg and seasoned with salt and pepper. This pulp also is used for eggplant souffle and omelet.

Grilled or Boiled Eggplant.—Thin slices of this vegetable may be rubbed with butter or oil and broiled, but this makes them a little too dry on the surface. They may, however, be served with a tomato sauce.

Fried in the Pan.—The easiest and quickest way to prepare the eggplant is to fry or saute it in a pan with a little butter or oil. Cut the eggplant into one-third inch slices, season with salt and pepper which has been mixed together, and then fry in a little oil or butter until soft. It also may be rolled in flour and fried in this way, or even dipped in egg and crumbs. Seasoned with salt and pepper only, and then fried with tomatoes which are served on the slice of eggplant it is good or it is good enough quite by itself and looks much like a small buckwheat cake.

Escaloped Eggplant.—The eggplant is combined with tomato in slices and baked in escalop, with oil instead of milk, and with other additions to taste or the cooked pulp finely broken is combined with grated bread crumbs, well seasoned with a little bit of cream and finally a well-beaten egg. It must only be heated through in the oven and not dried. No matter how eggplant is cooked is must not be too dry, although we cook it to dry it somewhat.

Stuffed Eggplant.—This is a great subject by itself. The eggplant may be boiled whole or baked, one end cut off the pulp scooped out, leaving a little layer to support the thin skin, then the pulp mixed with bread crumbs, seasonings chopped meat, etc.. and put back into the oven for fifteen or twenty minutes. It is often cut in half lengthwise, cooked, the pulp scooped out, prepared, and put back, then baked.

Household Hints.

A hinged shelf is a great comfort to the housekeeper in the kitchen.

Turpentine will be found very good for cleaning an enamel or porcelain tub.

The points of economy in clothing are careful buying, mending and laundering.

If you mix plaster of paris with vinegar, instead of water, it will be like putty and will harden slowly.

The cloudy look on a piano can be removed by a cloth dipped in soap and water wrung very dry.

Whitewash made of white lime and water only is the best known agency for keeping the air of the cellar sweet and wholesome.

Good crackers to serve with salad are made with a half-inch cube of cheese set in the centre of each cracker, which then is browned in the oven.

When cooking asparagus in broken pieces, it is a good idea to add the tender tips after the tougher pieces have begun to come tender.

With salmon, cut big cucumbers into three-inch lengths and scoop out the centre. Mix minced canned salmon with mayonnaise dressing and pile it into the cucumber boats.

Chemists say it takes more than twice as much sugar to sweeten preserves, sauce, etc., if put in when they begin to cook, as it does to sweeten after the food is cooked.

Just as a small scoop or tin cup is handy in the flour can, so a teaspoon is handy, kept in the tea box or soda jar. Buy cheap tin spoons and bend back the handles so that they will readily slip into the jar or box.

Have all dishes for the refrigerator of white enamelled ware of various shapes and sizes and keep them just for holding left-overs. There will be no broken china if this plan is followed.

Flies can be driven out of the house by making the rooms very dark, excepting one crack of light leading into the out-of-doors. The flies will be attracted to the light and crawl out.

The ivory handles of table knives can be made like new in this way: Remove the stains with lemon juice and salt, wipe with a damp cloth and polish with a soft cloth and putty powder.

To clean furniture thoroughly and produce a fine lustre, wring a cloth out in a pail of water in which a teaspoonful of coal oil has been mixed. Wipe the furniture with the cloth wrung very dry.

Use neatsfoot oil to clean leather by adding an equal quantity of beeswax and melt over hot water with twice the quantity of turpentine. Apply soft, but not liquid, putting on enough to be absorbed.

In stitching seams cut on the bias always begin at the widest end. Keep the garment as flat as possible, and do not let it fall over the edge of the table. This prevents dragging. Also use as small a stitch as the thickness of the material will allow.

Pewter must be kept bright. One way to do it, it to wash, then dry it, rub on a little sweet oil, then with a dry flannel rub on whiting and polish with chamois skin. If the article is very dirty it may be necessary to clean them with hot lye or wood ashes and fine sand.

When insect bites occur the immediate application of a little ammonia often prevents swelling and inflammation. It is a good plan to keep a bottle of oil of eucalyptus, because mosquitoes have a decided aversion to the smell, and will promptly leave for other fields if a little of the oil is sprinkled about where they congregate, or a few drops be put on the pillow case at bedtime.

PLANTS GROW IN SNOW.

Alpine Soldanellas Generate Heat During Development.

The behavior of some exotic water lilies in my possession was very remarkable, says a writer in the London Mail. These plants were growing to a tank in a well-heated greenhouse. The temperature of the water was always kept at a high level, yet the lilies died down during the winter. With the return of the spring the new leaves started to grow up through the water to the surface, impelled by some influence which it is not easy to explain. It is, of course, possible in the case of these water plants that the increasing power of the sun may have some effect upon the roots even though they are beneath the water. Here again this does not seem to be a very satisfactory explanation, for the water plants start growth when the power of the sun is not greater than it is in October, when the same subjects go to rest.

All the foregoing instances pale before the strange case of the Alpine soldnellas, little plants which abound on the lower slopes of the mountains in Central Europe. Long before the thick covering of snow has melted the soldanella starts active growth. From the centre of a circle of evergreen leaves is sent up a flower stem. Now in its development this has the remarkable property of giving out heat, a feature which is noticeable in some other flowers when they are expanding. The warmth thus generated melts the snow and in this way the spike bores its way up to the sunshine above, and, where the soldanellas are plentiful, a most singular appearance is the result. The flowers look just as if the spikes had been stuck into the snow, and it is difficult to think that they are attached to any plants. But there is an even more wonderful phase in the story of soldanella.

If the snow happens to be very deep it is not all uncommon to find plants which open their flowers before the surface is reached. Thus the flowers blossom in a small cavity of frozen snow. This flowering is not limited to the opening of the petals alone for in not a few cases the stamens will actually bring their pollen to perfection. All this goes on although the soldanellas have not felt the stimulating rays of the sun at all and are entirely covered with hard snow. It is not easy to explain the behaviour of these Alpine plants which appreciate the arrival of spring, although they cannot feel the warm sunshine of the lengthening days.

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1914.

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

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

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free to subscribers.

Locals, constituting 4 lines or less 25 cents per each insertion

All transient advertising matter charged at 10c. per line nonpareil measurement.

Address all communications to
The WATCHMAN
LACHUTE. - - QUE

Britain's Strong Help.

Germany is truly formidable as a belligerent, but great as is her military and naval strength, they give her no warrant for believing that she is more than a match for all the nations against whom she has declared war. There seemed no need for challenging so many of her neighbors in order to keep her engagements with Austria-Hungary. The controversies with Belgium, Luxemburg, Holland, Italy, and even Britain were incidental to her course in the main quarrel and could have been avoided or amicably settled. But every S ate that crossed her was summoned to the field. Why did she not waive the unreasonable demands upon onlooking nations and confine herself to the bloody business upon which she started out?

The explanation would appear to be that she deliberately went about to widen the area of disturbance and to produce as far as possible a state of anarchy throughout a great part of the world. She miscalculated in regard to several things. She was wrong in imagining that the Irish question would largely tie the hands of Britain. She evidently was deceived as to the real unity of the British Empire. She may have supposed that labor unrest, which was very serious in Russia when the war began, would disable several of the nations, and that the influence of Socialism would be somewhat paralyzing to the defence of her opponents. She must now be amazed at the sudden sinking of political, religious, sectional and industrial differences into the harmony of patriotism.

The widening of the area of the war was designed to have damaging effects upon the trade of all countries, neutral as well as belligerent. The chief protection of the world's trade afloat is the British navy. Germany evidently meant to keep that navy as busy as possible. Britain has still the greater part of the world's carrying trade, and british ports are places to call for merchant vessels of all flags. All sea routes lead to Britain. The more numerous the nations that are proclaimed by Germany as enemy States, the more of commerce there is exposed to German interference on the high seas, and the greater the total extent of coast line to be defended against German naval attack. Germany has done all she could to give employment to the British navy without actually sending her own fleets against it. Besides protecting Britain's own sea coast, besides covering the dominions, colonies and naval stations of the Empire, the British navy has to be the shield of Belgium and of the Atlantic coasts of France.

But it is not material to the strategists of the British navy how numerous the countries are with whom Germany makes war or how much is expected by Britain's allies from her sea power. There is just one task to be performed in order to fulfil all the navy's obligations to the United Kingdom, the Empire and the allies. That task is the destruction of Germany's navy. The great fleets of the German navy are in the Baltic Sea. As long as they remain there the defence of home shores, the coasts of Belgium and of France, and of the sea routes of commerce will give no trouble. And unless they succeed in eluding Britain's North Sea squadron, there the German fleets will be kept until they fight.

So far Britain has not had time to send troops to the Continent to assist the valiant Belgians or to help France resist the German armies on her confines. She may possibly do so before the war goes much farther. But the British navy is enabling Belgium and France to throw their whole force on the enemy besetting them on the international boundary line. So far as their defence on the ocean side is concerned, they feel secure, knowing that the watchful and powerful British navy stands between them and the enemy.

News of Brownsburg

Mrs. G. Stuart and family leave for Toronto, Ont. to-day.

Mr. W. King, of Montreal, is spending a week's vacation with his parents.

Miss W. Campbell has returned home after a week's vacation in Montreal.

Mr. Harold Hooper has gone to Chute-aux-Blondeau where he will be the guest of Mr. Murray McAllister.

The many friends of Miss Eva Gallery will be pleased to hear that she has returned home from the Montreal General Hospital convalescent and is progressing favourably towards recovery.

Mrs Wyman McGibbon has returned home to her family from the Montreal General Hospital, and is progressing as well as can be expected. Her many friends wish her a speedy recovery.

The members of the Brownsburg Church Christian Endeavour had a very pleasant meeting Wednesday evening. In the absence of the President, Mr. Jas. Lalanne, the Rev. Mr. McKenzie took the chair and gave a very interesting reading.

The Committee of the D. C. C. Picnic which takes place next Saturday are getting things well into shape, and everything promises for a good time. A good programme of sports has been arranged for some valuable prizes and a band will be in attendance.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the Brownsburg Presbyterian Church had a very pleasant outing on Wednesday to Lake Louisa, when they were the guests of Mrs. Charles Freeth at Liberty Hall. The party, to the number of fifteen, engaged Mr. McDonald's bus, left Brownsburg at 8 a.m. and journeyed up to the lake, the drive proving very enjoyable on account of the bracing air. They arrived at their hostess' place about 10 a.m and spent the day visiting their many friends summering at the lake and taking advantage of the boats which were placed at their disposal. Mr. and Mrs. D. McGibbon accompanied the party in their carriage The party, after thanking their hostess took leave and returned to Brownsburg by 9 p.m. after spending a very pleasant day's outing.

The Dominion Cartridge Co.'s Gun Club had their weekly Shoot last Saturday, when there was a very good attendance of members and their friends to take part in this enjoyable sport. Mr. W. McGibbon made a good display in breaking 23 birds out of 25 for the Boa trophy, while Mr. Sam Wilson followed him close with 22, which honors fell even to Mrs. Sam Wilson. This fine shooting by Mrs. Wilson gave her a straight run of 25, a very creditable performance. The Boa trophy is now becoming interesting through the close scoring of some of the crack shots, who are receiving every encouragement from their many supporters. In the spoon contest Mr. M. C. Fletcher tied with Mr. W. McGibbon, and in the shoot off Mr. M. C. Fletcher was victorious. Mrs. F. Brunelle and Miss F. Pasco were the runners up. In the practice shoot Mrs. Sam Wilson and her sister, Mrs F. Brunelle broke 9 each out of 10, and Miss C. Blair 8. Mr. Sam Wilson went the full compliment of 10.

EDINA.

Miss Bertha Moncreiff of Lachute, is now at home for a few days holiday.

Many of the farmers from this locality are shipping a large quantity of live stock to Grenville this week.

Divine Service will be held at Brown's School House on Sunday morning next at 10.30 and at Edina Methodist Church at 7.30 in the evening.

Even little Edina is affected by the big war. On every hand people are wondering if any of our young men will be called upon to go and fight their country's battle.

The hay crop is not so bad after all; thanks to the abundance of fine weather; the farmers here are grateful because conditions turned out so favorably.

Mrs. Schultz from Montreal with her two children are visiting Edina this week. At present they are staying with Mr. Joseph Moncreiff our Worthy Pastmaster.

Apples are going to be plentiful this year in Edina. After the experiences of the past year the farmers were verp careful to be without apples is almost a calamity in a farm home.

Everybody living in the vicinity is reminded that a Grand Orange Picnic will be held in the Burke Grove, just at the back of Edina Methodist Church, on Thursday, September 3rd. Full particulars will be forthcoming at a later date. It is to be held under the auspices of the Dalesville Orange Lodge.

Mr. Thomas Burke of Pine Hill has had surprising success with his small fruits. His raspberries were most abundant and as for his red currants they are so numerous that his garden is a mass of red. It would not be a bad idea for some of his neighbors to copy his methods; they, then, would most probably get like results.

DALESVILLE.

Mrs. M. Graham is visiting in Pine Hill.

Miss Irene White returned to the city on Friday last.

Miss M. Cavanagh returned to Montreal on Saturday last.

Mrs. A. J. Campbell and little daughters are visiting in Plantaganet.

Miss O. Boyd of Lachute, is spending some time with Miss Alma Dixon.

Miss Murdoch has returned from Montreal where she spent a few days.

Mr. J. Ferguson is spending his vacation with his family at Mr. Chas. Vary's.

Mr. and Mrs. A. MacArthur were guests of Mrs. J. MacArtnur on Saturday.

Mr. W. Scott is spending his vacation with his family at Mr. McCormick's.

The Ladies Mission Circle held their annual Thank Offering Social on Wednesday evening. The Mission Band of Brownsburg took part in the programme. A very large number were present.

DEATHS

MURRAY—At Thomas' Gore, on Thursday, August 13, 1914, Alexander Murray, in his eightieth year.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed, "Tender for Public Building, Shawville, Que," will be received at this office until 4.00 P.M., on Monday, August 24th, 1914, for the construction of the building mentioned.

Plans, specification and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained on application to the postmaster at Shawville, Que., and at this Department.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest of any tender.

By order,
R. C. DESROCHERS,
Secretary.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS.

THE sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions.

Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre.

Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth $300.

The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough, scrubby or stony land. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. CORY, C.M.G.,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.—C4388.

Desjardins' Footwear.

Do you understand what comfort means?

If so, you will come to us to have your feet shod, for we are boot specialists, having lasts to fit all kinds.

TRY and be convinced.

Opposite Post-Office.

THE PROVINCIAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated by Act of Parliament, July 1900.

Capital authorized: - - - $2,000,000.00
Capital paid up and Surplus: - - $1,637,873.49

It is the aim of this Bank to give courteous as well as efficient service in connection with all business entrusted to its care. The most careful attention is given to all enquiries.

JOINT Savings Accounts may be opened in this Bank, the money in which may be withdrawn by EITHER of TWO PERSONS.

Accounts opened and operated by mail.

Special attention given to Sale Notes.

General Banking Business Transacted.

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Offices Lachute and Brownsburg.

Lachute Grist & Flour Mills.

Wholesale and Retail.

Flour, Bran, Snorts, Middlings, Cornmeal, Oatmeal, Rolled Oats, Graham and Buckwheat Flour, Oil Cake and Gluten Meals, and Grain of all kinds, at lowest market prices.

FINE GROUND FEED OUR SPECIALTY.

All grinding guaranteed. Grinding Tuesday's and Saturday's.

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MIXED PAINTS

Elephant Brand of Mixed Paints, Stains, Varnishes, etc.

BOOTS AND SHOES

We are gradually increasing our stock of reliable Boots and Shoes for Ladies, Men and Children from the best makers.

GROCERIES

Are all as good and reliable as we can possibly buy.

GILES BROS.
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FREEDMAN'S
GREAT CLEARING SALE

Great opportunity to buy your Summer Suit, Costume and Boys' Apparel at Half Price.

Big variety of Boys' Wash Suits at actual price of materials.

Big variety of Men's and Ladies' Raincoats at half their regular value.

Don't forget to ask to see our Special Lines of Men's Blue and Black Clay Worsted Suits, $20 line at $10.25. $25.00 line at $14.00.

Balance of our Stock at wonderful reduced prices during this Sale.

You will not complain of the high cost of living when you buy it at

FREEDMAN'S

FOR HALF THE PRICE.
Corner Water and Main, Paquin's Block, Lachute.

New Tailor Shop!

ATTENTION!

We take this opportunity of inviting you to call and inspect our large stock of the very latest goods on the market. They are good goods and you find our prices right. Call and leave your order for a Nobby Spring Suit.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

R. P. GOULET, Merchant Tailor, West End, Lachute



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. and Can.

DIXIE NoTUFT
TEN COMPARTMENT MATTRESS

The housewife who wants handsome, even-edged, well-draped beds uses the Dixie NoTUFT Compartment Mattress. Tufted mattresses "spread" and "widen." The Dixie NoTUFT is guaranteed again *both*.

It's easy to keep clean because its smooth surface offers no lodging place for dust, dirt, and germs. It's 100% comfortable because it has no tufts to detract from its resiliency. The Dixie NoTUFT Compartment Mattress is so constructed that we are able to *permanently* distribute filling heavier at points where wear is greatest. It is so distinctly different from the tufted mattress you *now* use that you can't afford *not* to come in and see it.

J. A. BEDARD & SON.

Professional & Commercial.

DR. JOHN McO. DREW, B.A.
Physician and Surgeon,
Office of late Dr. Christie
LACHUTE, QUE.
Day Phone. No. 20.
Night Phone. No. 47.

DR. G. A. CLUNIE, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Office over Banford's Store.
Absent Tuesday only.

L. L. LEGAULT B.C.L.,
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DR. HUGH McCONNELL,
SURGEON DENTIST
Will be in his office every day except Tuesday.
Opposite T. Christie's Drug Store.

DR. HUGH. B. FRASER, B.A.
Physicin & Surgeon.
Brownsburg, Que.
Graduate of McGill Medical College.

R. JOLY,
UNDERTAKER,
First-class herse. Embalming a specialty at lowest prices.
Agent for Mable and Granite Monuments. Telephone No. 42
BETHANY ST. LACHUTE.

A personal invitation for You

We would like to visit every home and invite the people to our salesrooms to hear the Gram-o-phone. That's hardly possible, so we want everybody to consider this a personal invitation to come and hear the

Victor and Berliner Gram-o-phones

the wonderful musical instruments that play all kinds of music and entertainment so true to life that it is just like hearing the artists themselves.

The proof is the hearing. Come in any time—no obligation to buy.

Always a large stock of records on hand at

Omer Paquette's,

Main Street, Lachute.

GETTING TOGETHER IS THE POLICY

The recent annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in Montreal was noteworthy for the fact that Mr. Charles Dunning, manager of the Saskatchewan Co-Operative Company at Regina, delivered, on special invitation, a striking address on the problems of Western Canada. Mr. Dunning's frank but friendly address was heartily received by the manufacturers, who found much to ponder over in his remarks on the relations of the farmers and the manufacturers, and the East and the West.

Mr. C. B. Gordon, the retiring President of the C.M.A., in his annual address, spoke in some measure along the same lines as Mr. Dunning, emphasizing the desirability of better relations being established between the farmers and the manufacturers, and pointing out that a good deal of the friction arose through misunderstanding.

Clear No Ill Will

Commenting on the meeting, "The Journal of Commerce" of Montreal, of which Hon. W. S. Fielding, former Minister of Finance in the Laurier Government, is editor, deals as follows with the question of the relations between the farmers and the manufacturers:

"President Gordon of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association delivered an instructive and, in the main, fair-minded address yesterday afternoon on the present economic situation in Canada, though there may be parts of it that cannot be endorsed by all. It is refreshing to find that a representative of a particular class in the community is able to take a large and detached view of an admittedly delicate situation in which class interests have too largely predominated. Extremists on both sides sometimes use language which tends to needlessly broaden the differences between manufacturer and farmer. The leading editorial in a recent issue of a well known farmers' paper is a case in point, in which the programme of both the Liberal and the Conservative parties in the Province of Ontario, was held up to merciless criticism because these were said to deal exclusively with the interests of town and city dwellers and had little or nothing to say of the place and welfare of the farmer in our social economy. The truth is, that the tremendous development that has taken place on the American continent in the last generation has been largely urban development, with European problems and policies to be investigated. It is perfectly true, as Mr. Gordon suggests, that neither the artisan nor the manufacturing classes have any ill-will toward the farming class. Nor is there any ill-will on the part of the farmers towards the manufacturers. The interests of the two classes seem at times to conflict. It should be the work of thoughtful men on both sides to diminish the causes of difference and to bring about that friendly co-operation that is needed for the success of all.

Home Market Necessary

Mr. Gordon's remarks on the question of our tariff policy were moderate and on lines that will be largely approved. He told his auditors in no uncertain terms that they should not look for any immediate or considerable increase in the tariff, but rather that the future development of the tariff should be along scientific lines, modified as it must be from time to time to meet particular problems. Naturally, he claims the tariff is not responsible for any apparent lack of success in the farming industry. He appealed to the farmers to take advantage of the great and continually increasing home market for cattle and dairy products, and drew attention to the contention that wheat farming is a losing game in the West. The opinion was advanced that our Western farmers must adopt the mixed farming methods of the East if they are to meet with the fullest measure of success. He deplored the fact that our stock industry is not as prosperous as it ought to be, and maintained that the tariff could in no way be blamed for that state of affairs. Rather, he found, here a particular instance in which the tariff might be modified to meet a particular need."

Even those who entertain views on the tariff question which are not entirely in line with his will find much in his address for approval.

OWES HER LIFE TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

Cured Both Stomach Trouble and Headaches

PALMERSTON, ONT., JUNE 20th. 1913.

"I really believe that I owe my life to "Fruit-a-tives"! Ever since childhood, I have been under the care of physicians and have been paying doctor's bills. I was so sick and worn out that people on the street often asked me if I thought I could get along without help. The same old Stomach Trouble and distressing Headaches nearly drove me wild. Sometime ago, I got a box of "Fruit-a-tives" and the first box did me good. My husband was delighted and advised a continuation of their use.

Today, I am feeling fine, and a physician meeting me on the street, noticed my improved appearance and asked the reason. I replied, "I am taking Fruit-a-tives". He said, "Well, if Fruit-a-tives are making you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can".

MRS. H. S. WILLIAMS.

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box. 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Central Canada Exhibition

Ottawa, Canada,

SEPT. 11, to 19, 1914

Entries close Sept. 4th

Canada's Greatest Fall Live Stock and Poultry Show.

Accommodation for 2,500 Head.

All freight paid upon Live Stock. Entries from Ontario and Quebec.

Seventy Acres of New—Bright and Up-to-Minute Exhibits.

New $50,000.00 Agriculture and Horticulture Building.

Dairy Building covers 12,000 Square Feet in which Prize Competitions will be held in Butter making daily.

Huge Parades of Prize Animals on Track infront of Grand Stand.

Magnificient Afternoon and Evening Proformance in front of Grand Stand.

Two—Wild West Shhws—Two (The Best Ever)

Unprecedented Night Military and Fireworks Display. "Nero, and the Burning of Rome."

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

HARVESTER'S EXCURSIONS

AUGUST 14, and 21st

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HOMESEEKER'S

Excursions every Tuesday

New Service to CHICAGO

MAY 31

For tickets and full particulars apply to

J. S GILES, Agent.

Those striped and Polka dot Navy, Blue, Mill Blacks, are yard wide, are a great bargain at 12½ cents.

W. BANFORD & SON.

ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

TO LIVERPOOL

From Montreal	Victorian	Aug. 4
From Quebec	Calgarian	Aug. 13
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TO GLASGOW

From Montreal	Grampian	Aug. 1
From Montreal	Scandinavian	Aug. 8
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From Montreal	Corsican	Aug. 22

TO HAVRE & LONDON

From Montreal	Sicilian	Aug. 2
From Montreal	Ionian	Aug. 16
From Montreal	Corinthian	Aug. 23
From Montreal	Sicilian	Sept. 6

Unsurpassed Accommodation for 1st, 2nd and 3rd Class Passengers. Excellent Cuisine.

For rates, tickets and full particulars apply to **J. S. GILES, Lachute.** or H. & A. ALLAN, Gen. Agents, 2 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

Gentlemen!

As there are always a large number of my customers, who desire to know when I have received my Spring Suits, in order that they may place their order early, I therefore take advantage of this Adv't. to let them and anyone else, who desires a good-fitting suit, know that I have received my Spring and Summer stock of Suitings, Panting and Overcoating.

I also keep as usual the largest and best assortment of Gent's Furnishings, Hats and Caps, and Ready-to-Wear Clothing, of the very latest styles and designs.

Geoffroy Bedard
THE TAILOR,
Main Street, - Lachute.

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!

DOING WHAT?

Buying KITCHEN UTENSILS at

DEACON'S

Gasoline and Oil Stoves, Refrigerators, Kitchen Cabinets.
Everything in Tinware and Enamelware.
We have just received another Car Load of Corrogated Galvanized Iron.

G. Y. Deacon, - West End. Lachute.
Tinsmith and Roofer.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874.

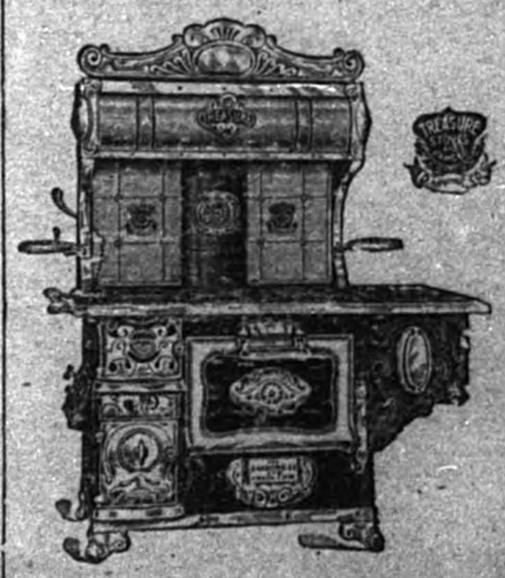
Paid Up Capital,	$4,000,000
Rest	4,750,000

The Bank issues

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Lachute and St. Andrews Branch, - J. R. Parris, Manager.
Grenville Branch, - W. H. Lamb, Manager.



RANGES AND COMFORT

The two go together and if you want them we are able to supply you. We confidently tell you that this is the best that money can buy and you will do well to call and see them. We can fix you up in household, furniture. Call and secure our prices. Better than elsewhere.

O. B. LAFLEUR & Sons, Limited.

HARNESS and HARNESS SUPPLIES, BUGGIES,

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Also Agent for MASSEY HARRIS MACHINERY and LEE RANGES and STOVES.

A Full Line of the BEST STOCK Always on Hand.

W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.
MAIN STREET. LACHUTE.

The Wanderer's Return;

Or, A Change of Fortune.

CHAPTER XLI.

Instead of going directly to invoke the help of the old nurse, as she ought to have done, she ran to the room of Miss Cavendish and entered hastily without knocking, and exclaimed:

"Oh! if you please, miss, do come to Mrs. Grey! She's takin' on awful! awful!"

Miss Cavendish lifted her head and stared for a moment. But the girl repeated, in half-breathless excitement:

"She's a goin' on horrid, miss!, most horrid to hear! Oh, please, do come and see if you can coax her to stop!"

Emma arose in silence and went to Mary Grey's room preceded by the frightened girl, who, with trembling hand, opened the door for the young lady.

Miss Cavendish passed into the room, where she found Mrs. Grey on the bed, rolling and groveling, crying and sobbing in hysterical agony.

Emma stopped short and gazed at the sufferer, and saw by the bloodless cheeks, drawn lips, corrugated brow, and sunken and inflamed eyes, that this was real and not simulated grief. But as she knew nothing of this woman's double-dyed duplicity, so she could not suspect that all this passionate wailing came not from the sorrow of a loving heart, mourning for the loss of a beloved friend, but from the bitter, bitter disappointment of an ambitious and scheming adventuress, who had staked her all in the game of life and lost it. And Emma pitied Mrs. Grey, and reproached herself that she could not feel this violent grief. She thought how good and great, how handsome and attractive her father had been, and she did not think it strange that the young widow had loved him ardently, and that she now mourned him passionately. She did not know the woman as Alden Lytton knew her, or as you and I know her, reader.

All her instinctive dislike of the coquette disappeared, and as she contemplated her anguish, and remembered how her father had loved this woman, her own heart melted with sympathy. She went to Mary Grey and put her arms around her, and, weeping, said:

"Do not grieve so. Try to console yourself. See, dear! I am his daughter, and I have not shed a tear till now. I could not, somehow."

"Oh-h-h!" sobbed the woman, with moans breathed from the very depth of her heart. "Oh, I have lost my all! my all! I had but one dear friend in the world, and him I have lost! Oh, I wish I could follow him, for I am desolate! desolate on the face of the earth!"

This bitter grief was wholly sincere, though it came from disappointed ambition rather than from bereaved affection. But the words in which she expressed it were half false.

Miss Cavendish could not know this. She only saw the grief, and sought to soothe it.

"Do not weep so wildly, dear," she gently murmured through her own falling tears. "And do not say so bitterly that you have no friend left in the world, now that he is gone. I, his daughter, will always be your friend, for his sake."

Mary Grey paused in her passionate wailings to listen to these words, which seemed to open up a bright, new vista in her future life. Yet as soon as she fully heard and understood them, she resumed her crying and sobbing. For it was a remunerative occupation, she thought, which it would not do to stop suddenly now; though now there was less occasion for it.

"There, there, weep no more, dear. Be consoled. Because my father loved you, you shall be my sister, and share my home. Listen, dear. The only comfort I can take now will be in cherishing those whom my dear father loved and left behind. His love and his loss is a bond of sympathy between us, dear, that not even death can dissolve," murmured Emma Cavendish, so gently and sweetly that the false hearted woman drew her down and kissed her with something like real feeling.

A few moments after this there came a rap at the chamber door, followed by the entrance of Miss Cavendish's maid, who came up and whispered a few words in the ear of her mistress.

"Tell the doctor that I will be down directly. And show him into the library," said Miss Cavendish.

The girl went to take her message.

"I must leave you for a short time, dear. Dr. Hamilton has sent word to me that he has received a telegram from Blue Cliffs—from Wendover, I suppose, in fact, but dated at Blue Cliffs," said Emma Cavendish, as she pressed a kiss on Mrs. Grey's brow, and left her.

She went softly downstairs and entered the library, where she found Dr. Hamilton waiting for her. She greeted him courteously and sat down.

"I have a telegram from Dr. Goodwin, Miss Cavendish. Shall I read it to you?" inquired the doctor.

"If you please."

Dr. Hamilton unrolled the printed slip and read:

Wendover, January 25th, 18—.

Message received with great grief. Mrs. Cavendish too infirm to travel. Directs the remains to be forwarded to Blue Cliffs for interment in the family vault. Dr. Hamilton will act for Mrs. Cavendish. Will write this morning.

Able Goodwin.

"I thank you, sir. It would appear by this that my grandmother received the news very quietly" said Emma Cavendish.

"My dear young lady, the very old usually receive all things very quietly. Their is 'a time of peace,' as Tennyson writes," said the doctor gravely.

"You will kindly do as she has requested? You will act for her? There is no one else, you know."

"My dear Miss Cavendish, of course, I am entirely at your service and here."

"Then I should be very grateful if you would arrange for the removal as soon as possible. I wish to get out of this—to get out of this house, where I have no longer any right to stay. I must remain here as long as my dear father's body is here, and then accompany it to Blue Cliffs," said Miss Cavendish, struggling hard to keep down the rising emotion that the very name of her beloved father called up.

"My dear young lady, everything will be done with the utmost dispatch consistent with the rendering of due honor to the remains of the late governor."

"Ah! I had forgotten that. I was thinking only of my beloved father, and that we might take his body to our old, quiet home, and lay it at rest among his kindred. Oh! I did not reflect on the parade the public would be sure to make over the deceased governor. But, Dr. Hamilton, is it really so necessary? It would not be to his taste, you know."

"I know it would not. But, Miss Cavendish, it is unavoidable. You need not, however, suffer any annoyance here. Keep the upper rooms, and have your meals brought to you. And now, my dear child, you must really go and lie down. You are very strong, to govern your feelings as well as you do. But all this self-government will tell upon your health, if you are not very careful. Go now, immediately, and take your much needed rest," said Dr. Hamilton, gently, as he led her to the door and held it open for her.

She bowed and passed out.

As she walked through the grand hall, she noticed several groups of grave dignitaries of the State standing about and conversing in low, solemn tones, while various officials passed swiftly and silently in and out of the rooms and up and down the stairs. As she went by the open door of the state dining-room she observed some workingmen quietly putting up black tapestry on the walls. And the low "tap-tap" of their hammers was almost the only sound to be heard.

Already the house was full of the silent, subdued hurry and confusion that, for the first few hours, surround the holy dead.

Through all this Miss Cavendish slipped softly until she gained the sanctuary of her own chamber.

CHAPTER XLII.

The week was a time of great trial to the bereaved daughter. For while, in the seclusion of her own room, she was quietly mourning the loss of her father, the whole household, as well as the city and the state officials, were busy with their preparations for the ostentatious funeral procession of the governor. But she kept her chamber on the first floor, and tried to see and hear as little of the bustle as possible.

The sudden death of the governor had been formally announced to the House of Delegates then in session. And they had passed the usual resolutions in his honor—or their own—and then given themselves a holiday to take part in the public parade of the funeral.

All the public offices were closed, and all the public buildings were festooned with black.

The body of the late governor was laid in state in the drawing-room of the executive mansion, the walls of which were hung with black serge.

And all persons who, from respect or curiosity, or any other motive, wished to do so, might come and gaze at will upon the earthly tenement now vacated by Charles Cavendish.

And all day long crowds passed through the rooms of the government house—ages and both sexes—covering the rich carpets with mud, and filling the air with odors that were not those of frankincense and myrrh.

But Miss Cavendish saw no one except the servant who waited on her, and Mary Grey, who soothed her with the praises of the departed, and Dr. Hamilton, who called daily to inquire after the health of the ladies, and to see if he could in any way, professional or otherwise, be of service to them.

Alden Lytton called also every day, but his inquiries and offers of service were always addressed to Dr. Hamilton, who, seeing the pallor of his face, constantly refused assistance, and earnestly recommended him to take care of himself, and before all, to go home.

"I shall stay here until the remains of my dear friend are taken from the city. When I see the body once on board the cars, I shall leave for the University," answered Alden on the last occasion on which the doctor counseled him.

At length the last day of excitement came; the day on which the body of Charles Cavendish was to be removed from the executive mansion and escorted with great magnificence to the railway station, and laid in state in the superb funeral car on the train that was to take it to Wendover.

And the city was the scent of a solemn pageant. Not only all the public buildings of the city, but all the private were deeply draped with black.

Before and around the square occupied houses on each side of the street through which the funeral procession was to pass, by the executive mansion silitary and crowds of all classes of the people, of all civic and masonic companies were paraded and marshaled into form.

There were belted officers and scarfed marshals, and prancing steeds, and waving plumes, and rolling drums, flaunting banners, gleaming steel, and all the magnificent and splendid pageantry that form the funeral procession of a great public officer.

A superb hearse received the corpse, and was attended by a special guard of honor immediately around it.

It was followed by a close mourning coach containing the bereaved daughter, her unworthy companion, one faithful maidservant, and the family physician.

Before and behind the hearse and coach the military and civic companies marched slowly, with bowed heads and trailing weapons, and flags and banners at half-mast.

And so in due time they reached the railway station, which was also heavily draped with black serge.

With due reverence the pall-bearers, who were some of the highest dignitaries of the state, removed the coffin from the hearse and solemnly bore it into the car that had been especially fitted up to receive it.

This was something like a drawing-room car, except that its walls and chairs were covered with black velvet, and its little windows were curtained with black silk, and that it contained no mirrors, but one long narrow table down the middle, also covered with black velvet. On this table the pall-bearers in solemn silence placed the coffin, covering it carefully with the black velvet pall.

They then took their seats in order, three on each side of the table.

Then a small group of two deeply veiled ladies, a servant woman and an elderly gentleman entered the car and seated themselves at the end, at the foot of the coffin. These were, of course, Mrs. Grey, their female attendant and Dr. Hamilton.

In ten minutes the train moved out of the station.

The journey was a long and very quiet one. The train was the express, and it stopped at but few stations.

And these were all heavily draped in black serge, and crowded with eager, pushing people, assembled to see the funeral car and coffin of their late governor. Of course, they could see nothing but the outside of the car, with its little black curtained windows.

At these stations, passengers from other cars went out and refreshed themselves. But the passengers in the funeral car kept their seats through all that long and trying journey.

It was midnight when the train reached Wendover.

Here the railway station and the few public buildings of the little country town were deeply draped in mourning.

Here, also, late as the hour was, the military and civil officers of the county, and nearly all the inhabitants of the town, were assembled to receive the remains of the late governor. The coffin was reverently taken from the car and borne in torch-light procession to the town hall, whose walls were hung with black, and where it was laid in state.

Here a guard of honor, composed of the principal citizens, relieved the late watchers, who, with Miss Cavendish, Mrs. Grey and their attendants, went to the Reindeer for the night.

To be brief, the next day the little country town on a very much smalled scale, repeated the pageantry of the great capital city.

And then the coffin was put into a handsome hearse, and escorted with great pomp to Blue Cliffs, where it was received by the venerable pastor of the parish, and by the aged mother of the deceased. And where finally, with the last sacred Christian ceremonies, it was consigned to the family vault.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The meeting between Emma Cavendish and her aged grandmother had been very quiet. A few tender kisses had been exchanged; a few silent tears had been shed; and that was all.

Then Emma had taken the hand of Mrs. Grey, who, during the first moments of this meeting had stood a little apart, and presented her to the old lady, saying:

"Grandma, this is Mrs. Mary Grey, of whom, I suppose, my dear father must have written to you."

The old lady held out her hand hesitatingly, and looked perplexed from one to the other.

"I—don't remember," she said at last, with the uncertainty and feebleness of age.

"My dear father was to have married this lady, you know," said Emma.

"Oh, yes! I recollect now!" said Mrs. Cavendish.

"He loved her, grandma, and we must cherish her for his sake," continued Miss Cavendish.

"And I am a widow and an orphan, friendless and desolate. And if he had not died so soon, I should have been his cherished wife and your dutiful daughter," said Mary Grey pathetically, for she did not half like her reception by Mrs. Cavendish.

"If my dear Charley loved you and would have married you, you shall still be my daughter, and, as Emma says, we will cherish you for his sake. Kiss me, my dear. You look very young to have been engaged to a man of my Charley's age," said the old lady, kindly.

Mary Grey stooped and kissed her very sweetly.

"And now, Emma, take her yourself and give her her choice among the spare rooms. I think the corner room, with the view of Mount Columbus, is the pleasanteet. I would attend you myself, dear, only you see I am too feeble to stir from my chamber without help. You will excuse me?" she asked, taking the hand of her who might have been daughter-in-law.

"Oh, say no more! You are so good to me. Oh, how can I tell you how much I thank you?" said Mrs. Grey, as she raised the venerable hand of the old lady to her lips.

"My poor Charley's betrothed!" said the old mother, with emotion, as she tottered to her feet, held out her arms, and drew her to her heart in a fond embrace.

And thus the serpent was received into the bosom of the affectionate and confiding family.

"There, Emma; take her, dear. She is nothing but a girl after all. Be good to her, and give her the best in the house. She would have been the mistress of the house if poor Charley had lived, you know. Let her now be its most cherished inmate," said Mrs. Cavendish, gently releasing her.

And then as Mary Grey, with her deep, black-bordered handkerchief held to her face, was weeping, or affecting to weep, the old lady, in a flighty, doting way, recalled her again, and once more took her hand.

"Did you love my Charley so much, poor dear?"

"Oh, more than my life! Such a man! How could I help worshipping him?" exclaimed the deceiver, with well-feigned emotion.

"How, indeed!" echoed the partial old mother. "How could you help loving and worshipping him? He was so handsome, so dignified and gracious in his manner; so good and wise in heart and head! I am sorry for you, my poor child. Sorrier for you than I am for myself. For, ah me! I shall soon be with my son! very, very soon. A few short months, perhaps a few short days, and I, too, shall pass through the golden gates and enter the splendors of the new Jerusalem! But you, my poor child, are so young—so young that you may have to live full half a century in this sorrowful world without him! You will never meet a man who will be able to console you for his loss."

"Oh, never! never! never!" wailed the widow with well-simulated despair.

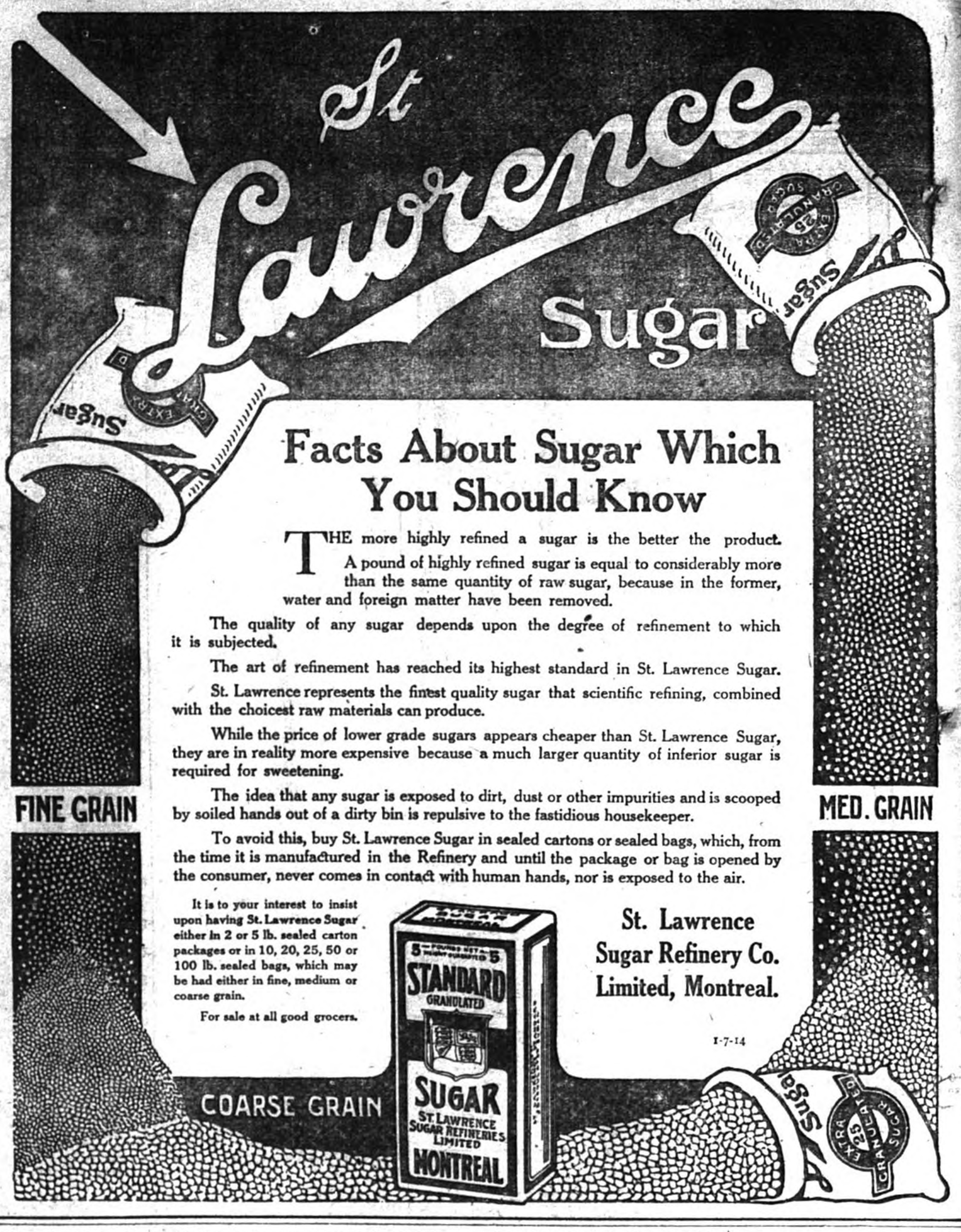
"No, for no woman who had ever loved Charles Cavendish could ever sink to a lower man."

"Oh, no! no! no!" cried the widow, bursting into hysterical sobs.

"There, there! I have worked your feelings up too much, my poor, stricken child. Take her, Emma. Take her out and comfort her," said Mrs. Cavendish, putting the widow's hand in her granddaughter's.

(To be continued.)

At a mammoth picnic in Saskatoon over 6,000 people were present.



Facts About Sugar Which You Should Know

THE more highly refined a sugar is the better the product.

A pound of highly refined sugar is equal to considerably more than the same quantity of raw sugar, because in the former, water and foreign matter have been removed.

The quality of any sugar depends upon the degree of refinement to which it is subjected.

The art of refinement has reached its highest standard in St. Lawrence Sugar.

St. Lawrence represents the finest quality sugar that scientific refining, combined with the choicest raw materials can produce.

While the price of lower grade sugars appears cheaper than St. Lawrence Sugar, they are in reality more expensive because a much larger quantity of inferior sugar is required for sweetening.

The idea that any sugar is exposed to dirt, dust or other impurities and is scooped by soiled hands out of a dirty bin is repulsive to the fastidious housekeeper.

To avoid this, buy St. Lawrence Sugar in sealed cartons or sealed bags, which, from the time it is manufactured in the Refinery and until the package or bag is opened by the consumer, never comes in contact with human hands, nor is exposed to the air.

It is to your interest to insist upon having St. Lawrence Sugar either in 2 or 5 lb. sealed carton packages or in 10, 20, 25, 50 or 100 lb. sealed bags, which may be had either in fine, medium or coarse grain.

For sale at all good grocers.

St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery Co. Limited, Montreal.

1-7-14





does make the bread and butter taste good!"

IT is when you spread it out on bread or pancakes, fruit or porridge, that you notice most the sweetness and perfect purity of REDPATH Extra Granulated Sugar. Buy it in the 2 and 5-lb. Sealed Cartons, or in the 10, 20, 50 or 100-lb. Cloth Bags, and you'll get the genuine Redpath, absolutely clean, just as it left the refinery. 83

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, · MONTREAL.

ROBBING WOMEN OF THEIR HEALTH

Anaemia Unless Checked Passes Into Hopeless Decline

Anaemia is like a spectre that steals on you unawares and drives all happiness out of existence. It is a thief that robs you of your life and energy. Thousands of women in this country are the victims of anaemia (that is, bloodlessness), which spares neither rich nor poor, young or old. It robs woman of her health, her vitality, her beauty—of everything that gives a woman her charm. The chief symptoms of this trouble include a distate for food, prostrating headaches, extreme langour, loss of weight, nervousness, pale cheeks, lips and gums, heart palpitations, dizziness and a constant feeling of wretchedness.

The only way to effect a cure is to increase the blood supply—to make it pure, rich and red. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved thousands of young girls and women from the early fate that threatened them through anaemia's ravages, for these pills enrich the blood, stimulate the circulation, nourish the nerves, and restore the energy and perfect health that make women attractive. If you are a victim of bloodlessness in any way, do not let it run into a hopeless decline, but begin the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to-day. The following bit of evidence proves the worth of this medicine Mrs. Maurice Sims, Liverpool N. S., says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a blessing to me. About two years ago I was so badly run down that I had to give up all work and go to bed. My husband and parents were much worried about me as they thought I was going into consumption. The doctor who was attending me changed his medicine several times; but it did me no good and I began to feel very much discouraged myself. One day a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to do so. In a few weeks I felt much better and I continued taking the pills for a couple of months until I was again in perfect health. I believe that if I had not taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would not have survived, and I shall always be very grateful for what they have done for me."

You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

She Had Tried Electricity.

Mrs. Carter had suffered from rheumatism until she declared that she had "no patience with it," but she was always eager to hear of possible remedies, and when her sister wrote that she knew of a cure that had been tried with great success, and would tell her all about it on her next visit, Mrs. Carter was all excitement.

"Now, Ellen," she exclaimed, eagerly, a few minutes after her sister had reached the house, "do tell me about that cure for rheumatism! I am so anxious to hear about it that I could hardly wait for you to get here."

"Well, Caroline," began her sister, "it's electricity—"

Before she could continue, Mrs. Carter interrupted her.

"Caroline Smith! The idea of suggesting that to me! Don't you remember that only last summer I was struck by lightning and it didn't do me a mite of good!"

First Catch Your Victim.

The Old 'Un—Pluck, my boy, pluck; first and last; that is the one essential to success in business.

The Young 'Un—Oh, of course, I quite understand that. The trouble is finding some one to pluck.

Magic "Nerviline" Cures Toothache, Earache

IT RELIEVES EVERY EXTERNAL PAIN.

Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat Tight Chest and Hoarseness.

It's when sickness comes at night, when you are far from the druggist or the doctor, that's when you need Nerviline most. Experienced mothers are never without it. One of the children may have toothache. Without Nerviline—a sleepless night for the entire household. With Nerviline the pain is relieved quickly. It may be earache, perhaps a stiff neck, or one of the kiddies coughing with a bad chest cold. Nothing can give quicker results than vigorous rubbing with this old-time family remedy.

Nerviline is too useful, too valuable to be without. For lumbago, lame back, sciatica or neuralgia there is no liniment with half of Nerviline's power to penetrate and ease the pain.

As a family safeguard, as something to ward off sickness and to cure the minor ills that will occur in every family, to cure pain anywhere, you can find nothing to compare with old-time Nerviline, which for forty years has been the most widely used family remedy in the Dominion. The most economical size is the large 50c. family size bottle, small trial size 25c. All dealers sell Nerviline.

AGED U.S. SENATOR.

Senator Isaac Stephenson Is Canadian Born.

"I have no specific rules on longevity to offer," said United States Senator Isaac Stephenson on the 18th of June, when he was 85 years old. "I believe my long life and good health is due to the fact that so much of my youth was spent in the open. Many is the time I've slept on the snow in the woods. Just think right and live right, and spend as much of your time in the out-of-door world as you can and you'll be as young as I am at 85. Why, I don't feel a day older than I did the day I was 20."

By reason of strength this tall slender man has reached more than four-score years, and his boast is that he has worked hard ever since he was a small boy in Fredericton, New Brunswick.

According to Senator Stephenson it is the idler who will be cut off years before the allotted span of three-score years and ten, given an even chance with the man who works.

"Work is the greatest blessing on earth," he repeated, "work, and the open air!"

Also Richest Man.

The oldest man in Congress is also the richest, and he carries the responsibility of one distinction as simply and naturally as the other. It is a far cry from the boy in New Brunswick, who canoed up the St. John's River on a logging trip when he was 11 years old, to the United States Senator from Wisconsin, who, when he was 84, fumbled a check for $7,000,000 in his fingers.

"I've just sold a little lumber," he said to the Senator across the aisle. And that was only one of many checks made payable to Uncle Ike Stephenson in the seventy-three years since he began work in a lumber camp.

Senator Stephenson lives on a farm at Marinette, Wis., where his chief enjoyment is his horses and cows, Percherons and Holsteins. Whereas he takes pride and delight



Senator Stephenson.

in his horses and has for more than fifty years, he confesses to an ever-increasing fondness and admiration for the gentle, placid cow.

He says that the cow is a philosophical animal, practicing patience and calmness in a way that is soothing to behold, and that should be a perpetual lesson to all mankind.

Perhaps it is because as, he insists, the cow has a really beautiful personality that he gives each one of the kine he loves best a friendly, familiar name, the most distinguished of which is Pauline. She was presented to President Taft and his family, and figured conspicuously in the domestic history of the last administration.

His Whiskers Not White.

The oldest and richest man in Congress is also one of the five men in the United States Senate who wear whiskers, and be it recorded to his youth they are not white. They are no grayer than Senator Lodge's trim, proper, New England cut of beard, although he is twenty-one years younger; Senator O'Gorman of New York was not born until Senator Stephenson was 31 years old, and yet his beard is as iron-gray as that of the man who was 85 years old the 18th of June; both Senator Lewis of Illinois, the the youngest man in the Senate to wear a beard, and Senator Sutherland of Utah, only a few years older, are still untouched with the streaks of white.

A smooth shaven, handsome chap approached Senator Stephenson not long ago on the subject of beards.

"Why do you wear whiskers, anyway, Mr. Senator, in this hot weather?"

"Well, now, my boy," said Uncle Ike, "when I was a lumber jack up there in Wisconsin—were you ever up there in that part of the country in the winter?"

The smooth shaven, handsome young man confessed to knowing nothing about northern Wisconsin at any time of the year except as he saw it on the map.

"Well, it's cold," said the Senator with one of his kindly, whimsical smiles, "and to protect my throat, as well as for many other practical reasons, I let my beard grow. And now"—he hesitated, "well, now, I'm used to it, and I've never found any sufficient reason to take it off. So—there it is."

How a Sick Woman Can Regain Health

READ THIS VERY CAREFULLY.

"For years I was thin and delicate. I lost color and was easily tired; a yellow pallor, pimples and blotches on my face were not only mortifying to my feelings, but because I thought my skin would never look nice again I grew despondent. Then my appetite failed. I grew very weak. Various remedies, pills, tonics and tablets I tried without permanent benefit. A visit to my sister put into my hands a box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. She placed reliance upon them and now that they have made me a well woman I would not be without them whatever they might cost. I found Dr. Hamilton's Pills by their mild yet searching action very suitable to the delicate character of a woman's nature. They never once griped me, yet they established regularity. My appetite grew keen—my blood red and pure—heavy rings under my eyes disappeared and to-day my skin is as clear and unwrinkled as when I was a girl. Dr. Hamilton's Pills did it all."

The above straightforward letter from Mrs. J. Y. Todd, wife of a well-known miller in Rogersville, is proof sufficient that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a wonderful woman's medicine. Use no other pill but Dr. Hamilton's, 25c. per box. All dealers or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ontario.

CRUELTY IN GERMAN ARMY.

Brutality of Officers to Privates Slowly Decreasing.

The unceasing criticism of press and parliament is slowly reducing the number of cases of mistreatment of soldiers by their officers, but a recent report shows that 490 noncommissioned officers and officers were convited of such offence last year. This was a reduction of ninety cases from the figures of five years ago, writes a Berlin correspondent.

These 490 convictions by no means indicate, however, that only that number of private soldiers were brutally handled during the year. A recent case, and one by no means unusual, was the conviction of a noncommissioned officer of the Third Bavarian regiment, who was charged with no less than ninety offences against the men under him. One soldier was lamed by being struck on the kneecap with a gunbutt, and there were a dozen of cases in which recruits were choked and struck in the face. It is not long since a captain was forced to leave the service after his third conviction for mistreating recruits. The charges against him covered brutal treatment in 140 cases.

Complaints of these conditions made in the reichstag, have from time to time moved the minister of war to declare that the government was equally concerned and was doing its best to put a stop to them. Figures have been quoted to show that cases of mistreatment are gradually growing less common, and it has been declared that the government desired that punishment of the offenders be exemplary.

With all credit to the minister of war, it must nevertheless be said that sentences in the majority of these cases are extremely mild and by no means calculated to discourage brutal officers from a repetition of their offences. The noncommissioned officer just mentioned was sentenced to three months and fifteen days' imprisonment and degraded. This is a really severe sentence, but it is at the same time a most unusual one.

The following case is typical of the nearly ten cases occurring on an average each week. A noncommissioned officer of the Third Guard Field Artillery regiment commanded a recruit to clean harnesses. He was not satisfied with the recruit's work and started expressing his dissatisfaction by striking the man over the head with a bridle. He then forced him to march up and down in the stables and to do setting up exercises, including the fatiguing knee bend," until the recruit fell from exhaustion. He kicked him in the thigh and on the knees and otherwise maltreated him. The recruit was removed to the field hospital suffering among other things, with concussion of the brain. The court martial condemned the officer to five weeks' light arrest.

Sensative.

Fond Father—Tommy writes us a real feeling letter from boarding school.

Doting Mother—And what does the poor darling say?

Fond Father—He says he's been whipped so often he can tell what kind of wood the teacher's switch is made of by the feel.

Spoiled children and foolish parents are often found in the same house.

Itching Scalps Dandruff and Falling Hair



Successfully Treated with Cuticura Soap

And Cuticura Ointment. Directions: Make a parting and rub gently with Cuticura Ointment. Continue until whole scalp has been gone over. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap. Shampoos alone may be used as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient for women's hair.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 32-page Skin Book, sent post-free. Address Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 6K, Boston, U. S. A.

MODEL COTTON PLANTATION.

English Spinners Seek to Be Independent of America.

In the hope of some day securing a raw cotton supply independent of America, the International Federation of Master Cotton Spinners' and Manufacturers' Association of England has launched a scheme for the establishment of a model cotton plantation in Punjab, India.

Considering the advances already made in India, it is estimated that before many years the Indian crop will be almost as large as the American crop. The model plantation in India will demonstrate the benefits which arise from intensive farming thereby encouraging the landed proprietors to adopt this system and to improve the yields per acre and the quality of the fibre.

The land will be sown with as large percentage of American cotton seed as possible, and the Agricultural Department of Punjab will have the right to purchase any of the surplus seed produced which is not required for the estate, for distribution in other districts.

The Federation has secured a twenty years' lease of 7,500 acres close to the railway and water supply. A modern ginning mill is to be erected, and as there is scarcely any population in the vicinity, model villages are to be established for the workmen, who are to be brought in and instructed by experts.

Leading members of the Federation believe that within a few years it will be possible to increase the Indian cotton crop to ten million bales without encroaching on the area required for food. Manufacturer in all countries using Indian cotton are subscribing to the project.

GOOD CHANGE.

Tea and Coffee to Postum.

The large army of persons who have found relief from many chronic ailments by changing from tea and coffee to Postum as a daily beverage, is growing each day.

It is only a simple question of trying it for oneself in order to know the joy of returning health as realized by this young lady. She writes:

"I had been a coffee drinker nearly all my life and it affected my stomach—caused insomnia and I was seldom without a headache." (Tea is just as injurious because it contains the same drug, caffeine). "I had heard about Postum and how beneficial it was, so concluded to quit coffee and try it.

"I was delighted with the change. I can now sleep well and seldom ever have headache. My stomach has gotten strong and I can eat without suffering afterwards. I think my whole system greatly benefited by Postum.

"My brother also suffered from stomach trouble while he drank coffee, but now, since using Postum, he feels so much better he would not go back to coffee for anything."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c. tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a reason for Postum."
—sold by Grocers.

THE QUIETEST PLACE.

It is Found in the City of Utrecht in Holland.

If you should ask your friends to name the quietest place in the world, you would probably get a variety of answers. Some would say, the summit of a high mountain; others, a distant place in the middle of the ocean, or an isolated spot in the desert. But on the mountain peaks and in the quiet of the wilderness there are usually birds to break the silence, and the roar of wind and the dashing of the waves disturb the peace of the ocean.

We need not flee from civilization to find the quietest place in the world, for it is in the heart of a city—the city of Utrecht in Hollond. This quiet place is a room for scientific research, especially built to avoid all vibration. Prof. H. Zwaardemaker, a well-known Dutch physical and physiologist, had it built. An attempt to construct a noise-proof room had been made once before by Professor Wandt in Leipzig, but that was not entirely successful. The means that Professor Zwaardemaker used are worthy to be recorded.

In the first place, he built three rooms, one inside of another: then, since a vacuum is a poor conductor of sound, he had the air all pumped from between the walls. The interior walls of the rooms were covered with six layers of material; one layer was of stone blocks, treated by a special process. The cavities between the stones were filled with horsehair; next to the stone were placed layers of wood and cork. The other coverings were layers of lead plate, sea grass, and paper. The walls were further lined with tapestry to absorb the internal counds. Not the slightest sound can penetrate to the innermost chamber. In that room there rules an absolute quiet, a quiet that can be found in ot other place on earth.

THE SQUARE DEAL PAYS

And square with the enemy every man gets when he separates himself from his corns by Putnam's Corn Extractor. For fifty years "Putnams" has cured every man it treated—use "Putnam's" only—it's painless and sure, 25c. at all dealers.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Necessity is often mistaken for courage.

We refuse to judge a man's character by his actions in public.

Love may be blind but the girl's small brother sees things.

Many a harmless-looking bottle contains a lot of fish stories.

And one good action is worth more than a hundred good intentions.

It's a lonely day in a yellow dog's life if nobody hands him a kick.

Gold may be the key to society, but poverty is the strongest bar.

Good judgment frequently enables a man to use the good judgment of others.

Faith, hope, and charity belong to the man who lends his new umbrella to a friend.

A maid of twenty tries to act like a widow of forty, a widow of forty tries to act like a maid of twenty—and there you are.

Take No Chances.

Alice—How many time would you make a man propose to you before you said yes?

Marie—If you have to make him propose better say yes the first time.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Extinct.

Teacher—Now, James, do you understand the meaning of the word "extinct?"

James—Yes'm.

Teacher—Then name one bird that is now extinct.

James—Chipper.

Teacher—Chipper? What kind of a bird is that?

James—My pet pigeon. The cat caught him this morning.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Improving.

Husband—There you are my dear; you see I'm improving. I've brought the umbrella back.

Wife—That is very extraordinary, considering your umbrella is still in the stand, and that you went out with your walking stick!

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Considered Others.

"How can you smoke those vile cigarettes?"

"Many great men have done the same thing. Robert Louis Stevenson smoked cigarettes."

"I know that, but Stevenson had the decency to go to the middle of the Pacific Ocean to do it."

Recent stories about the curious way in which some women endorse cheques are supplemented by this from a correspondent:—A young wife had got a cheque from her husband as a birthday present, and when asked by the banker to endorse it wrote on the back:—"Many thanks, dear. I've got the money. Your affectionate wife, Isobel."

CLARK'S SOUPS



Delicately flavoured—Highly concentrated.

WHY WORRY! Choose your variety and ask your grocer for "Clark's".

$1. for a Horse

Save a horse and you won't have to buy one. Don't sell or destroy any horse on account of Spavin, Splint, Ringbone, Curb, Sprains or Lameness. Spend one dollar for a bottle.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

has saved a great many horses—has put them back to work, even after they have been given up. Over 35 years of success have proved its value.

Mr. J. M. Grondin of St. Lin, Que., writes: "I have been using your Spavin Cure for many years, always with excellent results."

Get Kendall's Spavin Cure at any druggist's. Price, $1.00 per bottle, 6 bottles for $5.00. "A Treatise on the Horse" free at druggists or from

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburg Falls, Vermont, U.S.A.

FARMS FOR SALE.

H. W. DAWSON, Ninety Colborne Street, Toronto.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL A Fruit, Stock, Grain or Dairy Farm, write H. W. Dawson, Brampton, or 90 Colborne St., Toronto.

H. W. DAWSON, Colborne St., Toronto.

NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE.

GOOD WEEKLY IN LIVE TOWN IN York County. Stationery and Book Business in connection. Price only $4,000. Terms liberal. Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CANCER, TUMORS, LUMPS, ETC., internal and external, cured without pain by our home treatment. Write us before too late. Dr. Bellman Medical Co., Limited, Collingwood, Ont.

No Fiction.

"I want to get a book for my wife," said the man entering the book store.

"Something in the way of fiction?" asked the clerk.

"No; I've given her a lot of that, but she doesn't seem to care for it."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Two Objections.

Dad—What's your objection to that young fellow, Jaysport?

Daughter—His clothes are so awfully pronounced and his English is pronounced so awfully.

Wire Wounds

My mare, a very valuable one, was badly bruised and cut by being caught in a wire fence. Some of the wounds would not heal, although I tried many different medicines. Dr. Bell advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, diluted at first, then stronger as the sores began to look better, until after three weeks, the sores have healed, and best of all, the hair is growing well, and is NOT WHITE as is most always the case in horse wounds.

F. M. DOUCET.

Weymouth.

Ladylike Husband.

Mrs. Goodwin—I wish to select a present for my husband and I can't find anything suitable. He doesn't smoke or drink or go out nights or play cards.

Salesperson—Is he fond of fancy work?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Hibernian Wit.

An Irish farmer was asked if he used any of the commercial fertilizers on his land.

"No, sorr," he replied. "To my notion there's nothing like the old barnyard kind."

"Nonsense, man," said the other, "the time is coming when a man can carry the fertilizer for an acre of land in one of his waistcoat pockets."

"Maybe he will, sorr," returned Pat. "An' he'll be able to carry the crop in the other pocket, I'm thinkin'."

Most men are industrial from necessity.



G. L. Meikle & Co.

WAR!
WAR!
WAR!

Is the serious, universal cry, BUT at G. L. MEIKLE & Co's. there is Peace & Plenty

No advance in Prices on anything that can be avoided

Full Stock of everything on hand

GOD SAVE THE KING!

G. L. Meikle & Co.
White Front

Big Values! Low Prices!

Special Values

Family Trade our Specialty

—:o:—

During the month of August we will give extra good discounts for Cash on all our lines of Footwear, also a large assortment of of Ready-made Clothing, Gents Furnishings, etc.

—:o:—

Extra Special Values in Boys Suits. Suits made to order.

—:o:—

Boot Repairing a Specialty.

W. G. Staniforth

LACHUTE MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS

We deal in Foreign & Domestic Marble and Granite, first class work and best material in all the latest designs, always on hand.

Satisfaction guaranteed in all kinds of cemetery work, Monuments, Headstones, Posts, Fencing, etc.

Terms to suit Purchasers.

W. M. SCOTT, Prop.

The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of It and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Ring and the Man," "The Island of Regeneration," "The Better Man," "Hearts and the Highway," "As the Sparks Fly Upward."

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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CHAPTER XIII

top of it. If they return to the camp they could scarcely fail to see it."

"But if they don't go back there."

"Well, it was just a chance."

"And if they don't find me?"

"You will have to stay here for a while; until your foot gets well enough to travel, anyway," returned the man, evasively.

"But winter is coming on; you said the lake would freeze tonight and if it snows?"

"It will snow."

The woman stared at him appalled.

"And in that case—"

"I am afraid," was the slow reply, "that you will have to stay here."

He hesitated in the face of her white, still face—"all winter," he added, desperately.

"My God," exclaimed the girl, "alone, with you?"

"Miss Maitland," said the man, resolutely, "I might as well tell you the truth. I can make my way to the settlements now or later, but it will be a journey of perhaps a week. There will be no danger to me, but you will have to stay here. You could not go with me. If I am any judge you couldn't possibly use your foot for a mountain journey for at least three weeks, and by that time we shall be snowed in as effectually as if we were within the arctic circle. But if you will let me go alone to the settlement I can bring back your uncle, a woman to keep you company, before the trails are impassible. Or enough men to make it practicable to take you through the canons and down the trails to your home again. I could not do that alone even if you were well, in the depth of winter."

The girl shook her head stubbornly.

"A week alone in these mountains and I should be mad," she said decisively. "It isn't to be thought of."

"It must be thought of," urged the man. "You don't understand. It is either that or spend the winter here with me."

The woman looked at him steadily.

"And what have I to fear from you?" she asked.

"Nothing, nothing, as God is my witness," protested the other; "but the world?"

"The world," said the woman reflectively. "I don't mean to say that it means nothing to me, but it has cause enough for what it would fain say now." She came to her decision swiftly. "There is no help for it," she continued, "we are marooned"—she smiled faintly as she used the old word of tropic island and southern sea—"together. You have shown me that you are a man and a gentleman. In God and you I put my trust. When my foot gets well, if you can teach me to walk on snow shoes and it is possible to get through the passes, we will try to get back; if not, we must wait."

"The decision is yours," said the man, "and yet I feel that I ought to point out to you how—"

"I see all that you see," she interrupted. "I know what is in your mind. It is entirely clear to me. We can do nothing else."

"So be it. You need have no apprehension as to your material comfort; I have lived in these mountains for a long time. I am prepared for any emergency. I pass my time in the summer getting ready for the winter. There is a cave, or recess rather, behind the house which, as you see, is



"And Who Is James Armstrong?"

built against the rock wall, and it is filled with wood enough to keep us warm for two or three winters; I have an ample supply of provision and clothing for my own needs. You will need something warmer than that you wear," he continued.

"Have you needle, thread and cloth?" she asked.

"Everything," was the prompt answer.

"Then I shall not suffer."

"Are you that wonder of wonders," asked the man, smiling lightly, "an educated woman who knows how to sew?"

"It is a tradition in Philadelphia," answered the girl, "that her daughters should be expert needlewomen."

"Oh, you are from Philadelphia."

"Yes, and you?"

She threw the question at him so deftly and so quickly that she caught him unaware and off his guard a second time within the hour.

"Baltimore," he answered before he thought, and then bit his lip. He had determined to vouchsafe her no information regarding himself, and here she had surprised him into an admission in the first blush of their acquaintance, and she knew that she had triumphed for she smiled in recognition of it.

She tried another tack.

"Mr. Newbold," she began at a venture, and as it was five years since he had heard that name, his surprise at her knowledge, which after all was very simple, betrayed him a third time. "We are like stories I have read, people who have been cast away on desert islands and—"

"Yes," said the man, "but no castaways that I have ever read of have been so bountifully provided with everything necessary to the comfort of life as we are. I told you I lacked nothing for your material welfare, and even your mind need not stagnate."

"I have looked at your books already," said the woman, answering his glance.

This was where she had found his name, he realized.

"You will have this room for your own use and I will take the other for mine," he continued.

"I am loath to dispossess you."

"I shall be quite comfortable there, and this shall be your room exclusively except when you bid me enter, as when I bring you your meals. I shall hold it inviolate."

"But," said the woman, "there must be an equal division of labor. I must do my share."

"There isn't much to do in the winter except to take care of the burros, keep up the fire and prepare what we have to eat."

"I am afraid I should be unequal to outdoor work, but in the rest I must do my part."

He recognized at once that idleness would be irksome.

"So you shall," he assented heartily, "when your foot is well enough to make you an efficient member of our little society."

"Thank you, and now—"

"Is there anything else before I get supper?"

"You think there is no hope of their searching for me here?"

The man shook his head.

"If James Armstrong had been in the party," she said reflectively, "I am sure he would never have given up."

"And who is James Armstrong, may I ask?" burst forth the other bluntly.

"Why he—I—he is a friend of my uncle and an—acquaintance of my own."

"Oh," said the man shortly and gloomily, as he turned away.

Enid Maitland had been very brave in his presence, but when he went out she put her head down on her arms on the table and cried softly to herself. Was ever a woman in such a predicament, thrown into the arms of a man who had established every conceivable claim upon her gratitude, forced to live with him shut up in a two-room log cabin upon a lonely mountain range, surrounded by lofty and inaccessible peaks, pierced by terrific gorges soon to be impassable from the snows? She had read many stories of castaways, from Charles Reade's famous "Foul Play" down to more modern instances, but in those cases there had always been an island comparatively large over which to reign with privacy, seclusion, opportunity for withdrawal; bright heavens, balmy breezes, idyllic conditions. Here were two uplifted from the earth upon a sky-piercing mountain. They would have had more range of action and more liberty of motion if they had been upon a derelict in the ocean.

And she realized at the same time that in all those stories the two castaways always loved each other. Would it be so with them? Was it so? And again the hot flame within outvied the fire of the hearth as the blood rushed to the smooth surface of her cheek again.

What would her father say if he could know her position, what would the world say, and above all what would Armstrong say. It cannot be denied that her thoughts were terribly and overwhelmingly dismayed, and yet that despair was not without a certain relief. No man had ever so interested her as this one. What was the mystery of his life, why was he there, what had he meant when he had blessed the idle impulse that had sent her into his arms?

(To be continued.)

Wm. Berry, Main St. LACHUTE

Offers the best and most complete stock of Buggies, Expresses, Rugs, Harness, and Harness Parts. Ranges. Thrashers, Wringers. Field & Lawn Wire, Fencing, Gates, etc.

A carload of Buggies to choose from. Call and get prices.

Also Agent for McCormick & Deering Machinery, Engines, Chatham Waggons and Carts. Beatty Bros. Stalls and Stanchions. Litter Carriers, etc.

The Grimm Sugar Outfit, the Pedlar Shingles, Sidings etc.

"Always to the Front."

With a nice assortment of Bananas, Lemons, Oranges, Pine Apples, Candies, Canong's Chocolates and Ice Cream in Bricks or Bulk (3 colours.)

Try our Cherry and Pine Apple Sundaes.

Wedding Cakes a Specialty.

Flour and Feed always on hand.

Orders delivered anywhere in town by calling up Telephone No. 80.

ROBERT HAMILTON,
Baker & Confectioner, - LACHUTE

WOOL! WOOL! WOOL!

Bring along your wool and get the big price we are now paying.

And at the same time secure some of the many bargains we have to offer at our July Sale.

McFAUL BROS., - West End.

: Headquarters :

FOR

Carpenters & Machinists Tools.

Dry Cell Batteries	Pumps
Spark Plugs	Pipe
Cylinder Oil	Pipe Fittings
Gasoline	Stoves
Belting	Sinks
Packing	Enamel Ware
Tungsten Lights	Fencing
Saws and Axes	Guns and Rifles
Ammunition	Paints and Glass
Roofing and Building Paper	Horse Blankets and Halters.

T. McOuat & Son,

West End - - Lachute

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXIX LACHUTE, FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1914. NO. 31

. . Preserving Time . .

Remember that I go to the expense and trouble of going to the market every week to select my fruits.

I am better prepared than ever to sell you the right kind of goods, the best quality and lowest prices.

Don't forget the following are on the market only a short while.

Plums, Pears, Peaches, Grapes
. . Blueberries, Melons, Etc. . .

PHONE No. 105.

P. PAQUIN, - Lachute

FRUITS AND CANDIES.

Just received a large Shipment of

Moirs' Famous Chocolates and Candies.

Purest and best.

We have the following Fruits fresh from the growers:

Grapes, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Onions and Tomatoes.

ED. DARLINGTON,
Main Street, Lachute.

WANTED.—Two Protestant Teachers holding elementary Diplomas, for Avoca Schools No. 1 and 3 for a term of ten months, commencing Sept 1st. Apply stating salary expected to

LESLIE BATES, Sec-Treas,
Avoca P. O. Pro. Que.

—o—

WAR HORSES! Col. Reilly and the Government Inspector will inspect horses on Friday next at Staynerville, and on Saturday at Lachute, in J. D. Campbell's Mill yard. Parties having horses for sale are requested to bring them in for inspection. All horses must be broken in either to harness or saddle. For further information apply to

J. D. CAMPBELL,
Lachute, Que.

—o—

WANTED — Thirty girls. Can earn from $1.25 to $2.00 per day. Apply

THE AVERS LIMITED,
8-21 Lachute Mills, Que.

—:o:—

While everything grown on the farm advances in price, we are trying to give you the lowest prices you ever paid in Cotton Wash Goods.

W. BANFORD & SON.

—:o:—

FOR SALE—A good six-roomed self-contained house and 2 arpents of land, next to home of Mr. John Cruise, Lachute Mills. Will sell on easy terms.

Apply to J. S. GILES,
Watchman Office.

—:o:—

Beautiful Chambrays, Striped and Checked Ginghams to clear at 12½ cents per yard.

W. BANFORD & SON.

—:o:—

Are you Insured?

If not, why not! You owe it to yourselves and those who are near and dear to you. A policy in the London and Lancashire Life, Assurance Co., will mean a small outlay now and a big return by and bye. Think it over and then have a talk with R. A. GILES, Agent,
Watchman Office,
Lachute, Que.
Write for particulars.

—:o:—

We have a lot of fine Wash Goods, Crepes, etc. Now offered at 15 cents a yard to clear.

W. BANFORD & SON

CUSHING.

Mr. and Mrs. Flemming were in Hawkesbury on Thursday last.

Miss Katie Flood of Montreal was a week-end guest of Miss Whelehan.

Miss Ethel Peddel, of Montreal, is spending a month the guest of Miss Stella Hartley.

Rev. Dr. Ross returned to Kingston last week after a pleasant six weeks vacation in Cushing.

Mr. Murray Watson arrived home on Saturday last from the West, where he spent the summer.

The "Maggie May" and her crew have been ordered to patrol Lake St. Louis, and went on duty on Saturday last.

Miss Dolly Nicholls is the guest this week of Mr. and Mrs. E. McCoy, of Lachute, at their summer cottage at Clear Lake.

Mr. A. Graham spent Saturday and Sunday of this week in Montreal attending the funeral of his uncle, Mr. Wm. Candlish.

Mrs. H. Hartley and her uncle, Mr. A. Canning, left on Tuesday of this week on a visit to the former's son and daughters in Saskatchewan.

Mrs. Albert Starnes and little son Walter, who have been the guests of her parents for some time returned to their home in Viauville this week.

Mr. J. A. Dunn, of New York, with his sister Mrs. H. S. Bryant, of Montreal, were guests of their aunt, Mrs. E. Whelehan, the latter part of the week.

Mr. T. Weir, sr., who has been over to Scotland on a visit to his old home arrived safe and sound on Canadian soil per Str. "Cassandra" from Glasgow on Tuesday of this week.

Mr. Wm. McLintock, of Point Fortune Ont., accompanied by his niece Mrs. D. Barcley, of Winchester, Ont., and little son Harold visited Mr. and Mrs. A. Graham last Sunday.

Miss May Fraser, of Montreal, is here on a visit to her cousin, Miss Grace Fraser. Miss Roberta Wilson, of Grenville, was also a guest at the Manse for a few days the early part of this week.

Mrs. D. W. Candlish and family, who have been the guests of Mrs. A. Graham for the past three weeks were called home suddenly by the death of Mrs. Candlish's father-in-law, Mr. Wm. Candlish, of the Montreal Water Works.

The social held at the Stone Hall, on Friday evening last was quite a success. The extreme heat no doubt lessened the attendance but it caused those who came to patronize the refreshment tables with extra zeal and with the gate receipts and candy and fancy tables the proceeds amounted to $106.00 very good for war-time.

—:o:—

FOR SALE,—White Wyandotte Yearling Hens, $1.00 Each, Rooster $1.50 Leghorn Rooster, $1.00.

J. W. GALL.
Lachute.

And those linen lines one yard wide at 12½ cents were never equalled in Lachute.

W. BANFORD & SON.

Now is the time for a cheap Wash Dress at one third off.

W. BANFORD & SON.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

—:o:—

Miss Annie McArthur is home for a short vacation.

Mrs. Henry Hammond is spending this week at North Hatley.

Mr. Walter Wert, spent the week-end visiting friends in Waterloo.

Mr. and Mrs. David Stalker are visiting friends in Grenville.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Armstrong, spent Tuesday last with friends in Terrebonne.

Mr. Geo. Deacon is spending the week-end with friends in Ottawa and Renfrew.

Miss Margaret McLaren, of Vankleek, is the guest of her aunts the Misses McGibbon.

The Misses Small and White, of Montreal, are guests of Miss L. Hampton this week.

Miss M. Little, of Chicago, Ill., is the guest of Mrs. S. MacKimmie for a few weeks.

Mrs. Henry Giles and family have returned from their summer house at Lake Louisa.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morrell and two little daughters, of Montreal, spent the week end in town.

The Misses Reid, of Montreal, were the guests of Miss Margaret MacKimmie for the week-end.

Mrs. H. Ayers took her young daughter into Montreal this week to undergo special treatment.

Mrs. J. P. MacKimmie and little daughter Elizabeth, were in Montreal for a few days this week.

Miss W. R. Riddell, of the Montreal General Hospital Staff spent the early part of this week in town.

G. W. Wood B. S. A., Lecturer of Manitoba Agricultural College, is spending his vacation at home.

Mr J. W. McOuat, accompanied by his daughter Grace, and son Kenneth, are visiting in Winchester, Ont.

Miss Mary Henderson, of Pembroke, also master Roberts, of Montreal, are guests of Mrs. Deacon this week.

Miss Jessie Cruise has returned home after spending a very pleasant visit with her aunt Mrs. J. Gales, of Montreal.

Mrs. D. Stalker and Miss L. Stalker returned home last week after a two weeks' visit with friends in Arundel.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Symonds and sons Ernie and Bruce, of Orillia, Ont. are guests of Mrs. J. S. Giles, this week.

Miss P. Creswell accompanied by her cousins Mr. and Mrs. Prowse, of Montreal, are spendfng this week at Lakefield

Messrs. Robt. McArthur and Fred Jordan are in Quebec this week attending a meeting of the Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F.

Mrs Campbell, of Montreal, who has been spending the past month at Ivan Bower, returned home on Sunday evening last.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Griffith, of Montreal, returned home on Sunday last after spending a week's visit with Mrs. Jno Barley.

Pastor W. G. White will preach in Dalesville, Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and at Mount Maple at 3 p.m. Miss M. Murdock will address the B. Y. P. U. at 7.30.

Mr. A. E. Bishop, accompanied by his sister Mrs. Ryan and son Elmer, motored to the Thousand Islands on Sunday last, where they will spend a two weeks visit.

The engagement is announced of Ruby Belle, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Funcheon, Lachute Que., to Mr. Robert Gould, second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Steven, Dundee, Que. The marriage to take place early in September.

We are glad to note that Mr. R. G. McConnell has been selected as acting deputy of mines in the place of Prof. Brock, who resigned. Mr. McConnell is a brother of our fellow townsman, Dr. H. McConnell. He is an Argenteuil boy and stands pre-eminent among the geologists of the world. We trust he will be confirmed in the position.

BROWNSBURG MISSION BAND AT DALESVILLE.

—o—

Last Wednesday evening the Congregation of Dalesville Baptist Church were favored by an entertainment by the Mission Band of Brownsburg. This Band numbering about 40 was composed entirely of children, and to hear the children sing and recite was an event which will linger long in the memories of the inhabitants of Dalesville.

The President the Rev. W. G. White was Chairman for the evening. The music was under the auspices of the Choir of Dalesville Baptist Church. The enchanting strains rendered by the Choir did much to add to the enjoyment of the evening. Miss Margaret Murdock, the leader, is to be congratulated both for her singing and the manner in which she managed the organ, both of which materially helped toward the success of the evening.

The programme is as follows: Singing by the congregation, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." Offering and reading of Scripture. Pastor's remarks. Singing by the children, "Dare to be a Daniel." "Acrostics" by the children. Choir music. Singing by the children, "When He Cometh." Singing by the congregation, "Jesus shall reign." After the programme refreshments were served and much enjoyed, not only was there abundance but the whole was so daintily prepared that the appetite of the most fastidious epicure was successfully tempted in a most surprising manner. It often happens that the ones who do so much toward making these gatherings a succes fail to receive the praise that is their due. On this occasion the pains the ladies took exceeded all expectations and if they received no praise direct the happy faces of the participants of the feast was sufficient proof that the efforts spent on their behalf was not unappreciated.

The congregation after a most social evening then heartily sang the Doxology and the meeting closed by the Benediction being pronounced by the Pastor.

News of Brownsburg

Miss Katie Warwick is the guest of Mrs. McKiddie.

The Misses Staples, of Boston, are the guests of Mrs. Fred Hooper.

Mrs. Paisley, of Hamilton, is the guest of her daughter Mrs. Albert Morrison.

Miss Irena A. Davies of Brownsburg, intends opening a music studio at her residence on Sept. 1st. for pupils on the piano. Miss Davies will also call on pupils at their own residence, correspondence solicited.

The Dominion Cartridge Co, Ltd., Employees Annual Picnic took place last Saturday at the Company's Picnic Grounds. As usual this Annual Picnic is always looked forward to with much interest by the inhabitants of Brownsburg and vicinity, which caused many visitors to come into the village in every conceivable vehicle. Many automobiles being in evidence with their various parties, the chauffeurs were kept busy running their cars to and fro, and early in the afternoon all around the grounds became crowded with rigs. Punctually at 8 a.m. the D. C. C. employees assembled on the grounds to open the day's events with the Annual Rifle Shooting Match at the 100 yards distance off-hand, the first prize being the Silver Cup donated by the Dominion Cartridge Co., Ltd., emblematic of Championship of Factory, which was won by Mr. Sam Wilson, the 2nd prize being a carving set, won by Mr. W. McGibbon. 3rd prize, Gillette safety razor, won by Mr. W. Birch. 4th prize, box of cigars won by Mr W. Cooper. Following up the Target Shooting Match came the Clay Pigeon Shooting Match, (open). The first prize being taken by Mr. S Wilson, the 2nd by Mr. F. Kettyle, 3rd by Mr. W. McGibbon and 4th by Mr. H. Butler. Much credit is due to Mr. M. C. Fletcher and his committee who got the shooting of these two events through by 12 noon. This gave everybody a chance to repair to the tables, which had been placed in a comfortable position under shady trees and covered with good things provided for the inner man. Many took advantage of this treat and replenished themselves ready for the afternoon programme. At 1 o'clock the kick off for the football match was started. The teams represented being the Canadian Explosive Co. from Belœil versus Brownsburg, which resulted in a good clean played game won by Brownsburg by 4 to 2, Messrs. White and Griffin scoring 2 goals each for the Burg. After the Football Match was over a Baseball Match was started immediately between Fassett and Brownsburg, but to the regret of the spectators had to be cut short owing to the heavy downpour of rain.

The Baseball Match being over, the races were gone on with, some of the children's races having been run in the forenoon.

There was 23 races on the programme to run off during the day, and the committee are to be congratulated on their work of getting such a large number through, but unfortunately the clerk of the weather stopped them at the 19th, which will be run off later in the season. At 3 p.m. the public took a promenade over to the clay pigeon trap again to witness the Factory Championship scratch match at 25 birds each which was won in good form by Mr. F. Kettyle who succeeded in breaking 24 straight, only missing his last bird. This match was somewhat marred by a heavy down pour of rain just before the last squad started in, which stopped the shooting and all other sports for about an hour and a half.

When it cleared up the ladies match was shot off which was won by Mrs. Sam Wilson breaking 7 out of 10 birds.

An important item in the day's festivities was an excellent military Band under Bandmaster Sword which discoursed a splendid programme of music to the entire satisfaction and enjoyment of all. The committee decided to facilitate the work by presenting the prize to each competitor at the termination of each event as the rain had been threatening all day. This prevented an accurate list of prize winners being available. There was the usual wheel of fortune who appeared to be doing a roaring trade, a baby gallery, refreshment stalls, shooting gallery and side shows which helped to make up the funny side of the fete. After 6 p.m. the weather cleared up, which favoured the magnificent display of fireworks in the evening, which was witnessed by a large crowd. The committee of management Mr. R. I. Flynn, Mr. Geo. R Scott, Mr. E. J. Johnson and Mr. Geo. F. Elliott, and their assistants are to be congratulated on the excellent manner in which they carried out a splendid day's enjoyment for their colleagues and friends. Notwithstanding the inclement weather the picnic was a great success.

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1 Silk Dress

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Watchmaker, Jeweller and Optician
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The Wanderer's Return;

Or, A Change of Fortune.

CHAPTER XLIII.—(Continued).

And Emma Cavendish, who never suspected Mary Grey's duplicity and hypocrisy, but who pitied her for what she supposed to be her nervous weakness and want of self-control, led her gently from the room, and to divert her thoughts, took her up to the second floor and through the principal chambers of the house, from which to choose her own apartments.

And Mary Grey chose the spacious corner room whose windows looked out upon the towering heights of Mount Columbus, the highest of the Blue Cliffs.

The next morning Mr. Fergusson, the Wendover lawyer, who was also the solicitor of the deceased governor, arrived at Blue Cliffs Hall, and had a short private interview with Dr. Hamilton, who had not yet left the house.

After which the family were all called together in the chamber of old Mrs. Cavendish, where Mr. Fergusson produced and read to them the last will and testament of Charles Cavendish, in which after a few legacies, he devised the whole of his real and personal estate to his daughter Emma, appointing as the trustees of the estate the guardians of his heiress and the executors of his will, first his mother, Mrs. Winnifred Dorothy Cavendish; secondly, his sister, Mrs. Susannah Wesley; and thirdly his friend and pastor, the Rev. Dr. Joel Barton.

This will was dated nearly two years before the testator's decease, which account for two omissions—the omission of Mary Grey's name, and that of his sister's second married name; the advent of Mary Grey into his life, and the marriage and departure of his widowed sister, both having occurred within the last twelve months.

It will be seen that this will left Emma Cavendish in a very peculiar and trying position. A girl of seventeen, heiress of a vast fortune, well provided by her father's will with guardians and trustees, and yet, by the events that had transpired since that will was made, left, to all intents and purposes, sole mistress of herself and her fortune.

For one of her guardians, the Rev. Dr. Joel Barton, had gone to the better world; another, Mrs. Wesley, had married and gone to India; while the remaining one, Mrs. Cavendish, was sinking into dotage.

The will, however, satisfied every one, except Mary Grey.

To her it was another bitter disappointment.

Being of a very sanguine temperament and presumptuous mind, she had hoped against hope that Mr. Cavendish might possibly have made a recent will, and left her a portion of his immense fortune.

And now she discovered that he had made no later will, and had left her nothing.

In her chagrin and mortification, she burst into tears and hurried from the room.

"How she loved him, poor child! Go after her, Emma, my dear, and try to comfort her," said the tender-hearted, unsuspicious old lady.

And Emma Cavendish, never dreaming that Mary Grey had ever cherished such absurd hopes as had now fallen through, but who sincerely pitied what she took to be a morbid and excessive sensibility, hastened after the little hypocrite to console her.

And that very evening, when Mrs. Cavendish sent for Emma to have a little social talk with her before retiring to bed, the old lady said:

"I pity that poor, sweet young creature so much, Emma. More than I pity myself or you. Do you think that so strange, dear?"

"Yes grandma, I do; for you were his mother and I was his daughter. We were the two nearest to him of all the world," said Emma, who began to fear that the old lady's mind was giving way, even faster than she had supposed.

"But, my dear, see here. I, his mother, shall very, very soon be with him. And you, his daughter, will some day, I trust in Providence, meet some noble-minded man, who will be the comfort, support and joy of your life. While she, poor child, has met and loved just such a man—met and loved and lost him! And in all her long life to come she can never be happy again. For no woman who has ever loved my Charley could ever descend to love another man."

Emma sighed, and said nothing. She could scarcely agree with her grandmother in opinion, yet she would not oppose her.

"And now, my dear Emma, we must do all we can for poor Charley's bereaved love. We cannot give her back the lover she has lost, and the husband she has missed, but we can at least provide handsomely for her. You are so rich, Emma! so very, very rich! And when I go to the better land you will be richer still, for all I leave behind. You will have so much, Emma, and she will have nothing, unless we give it to her. We must provide for her."

"We will, dear grandma. It is my earnest wish to do so," answered Miss Cavendish.

"You are a good girl, Emma. Good-night. Heaven bless you, my dear child!" said the old lady, as she dismissed her granddaughter.

And so Mary Grey found herself, as the old lady had said, the most honored and cherished inmate of the family—honored like a distinguished guest, and cherished as a dear daughter.

But she was very far from being happy. She knew that she enjoyed these rights, privileges and luxuries upon sufferance only. She knew her position to be a very precarious one.

Discovery, like the sword of Damocles, hung by a hair over her head. And then she would probably be sent from her home of elegant appointments and lazy luxury out into the hard world, to choose between work and beggary.

And her fear of discovery was augmented a thousandfold by a letter from Laura Lytton to Emma Cavendish—a letter of sincere sympathy and condolence it was, in which Laura offered to come and stay with her friend during the approaching Easter holidays. But Laura Lytton's letter, like Governor Cavendish's will, altogether omitted to mention the name of Mary Grey.

That looked very badly.

"She does not know that you are here, dear. How should she even think of it? I have not written to her since my dear father left us. I must write now, however," said Emma, as she withdrew to answer the letter.

Mary Grey's heart was filled with fear. Suppose Laura Lytton should come at Easter? Suppose she had heard from her brother all that had passed between Alden and herself on that fatal morning of the governor's seizure? She would expose it all to Mrs. Cavendish and Emma. And then—!

CHAPTER XLIV.

By a singular train of circumstances, Emma Cavendish, the richest heiress in the country, found herself at seventeen years of age, to all intents and purposes, her own mistress.

True, by her late father's will, dated two years before his death, three guardians had been appointed for her.

But now the first of these, the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, was a saint in heaven.

The second, Mrs. Wesley, was a missionary in farther India.

The third and last, Mrs. Margaret Cavendish, was an infirm old lady, confined to her chamber, and fast falling into dotage.

The two last mentioned and surviving guardians, Mrs. Wesley and Mrs. Cavendish, while from their conditions they were unable to control the actions of the orphan heiress, yet, by their simple existence they stood between her and the Orphans' Court, that, in the event of their death, might have appointed other guardians not so acceptable to Miss Cavendish.

As it was, with only her doting grandmother to consult, the young lady had her own way in everything, even in assigning to Mrs. Grey the best suit of rooms in the house, the smartest ladies maid on the premises, the finest pony in the stables, and a quarterly allowance that a billionaire would have shrunk from giving away.

In vain old Mr. Fergusson, the family solicitor, shook his rugged iron-gray head over this last piece of lavish generosity. He had no power to prevent it. He could only offer advice.

But, notwithstanding her handsome rooms and smart waiting-maid and fine pony and large income, and all the comforts and luxuries that surrounded her, and the love and respect that attended her Mary Grey was miserable. Constant fear of detection oppressed her soul.

Mrs. Cavendish and Miss Cavendish noticed her unhappiness, and ascribed it all to grief for the loss of her betrothed husband. And they redoubled their efforts to soothe and comfort her.

The old lady, who believed that, next to Christian faith, steady occupation was the best cure for grief, often invited Mrs. Grey into her room to read with her, sing to her, or work with her at the pretty old-fashioned arts of tambouring, shagreening, tatting and so forth.

And the old lady's room was a very pleasant chamber, lighted by two lofty windows, that looked out upon the mountain ranges; warmed by a glowing hickory wood fire in the ample old-fashioned fireplace, which was furnished and adorned by high brass andirons and brass fender, both burnished bright as gold. Then there was a crimson carpet on the floor, crimson curtains to the old-time four-posted bedstead, crimson curtains to the tall windows, and crimson covers to the easy-chairs. And the old-style mahogany chest of drawers and clothes-press and cabinet were all waxed and polished till they shone like dark mirrors in the reflection of the fire flame.

Altogether it was a bright, warm, cheery chamber, where Emma liked to pass a great deal of her time, working with or reading to the old lady.

But, as for Mary Grey she found it "slow" and dull, though she was too prudent to say so.

She had a weight upon her mind—that dread of detection I have mentioned, augmented now to terror, in the anticipation of Laura Lytton's visit at the Easter holidays.

She felt desperate enough at times to run away.

And then she could not forget Alden Lytton. With all the capacity of love she possessed in her selfish nature she loved the handsome young student. And she could not yet give him up, and renounce all hope of ever winning him back.

She was not only very unhappy, but she was very much bored at Blue Cliffs.

In the regularity of the household arrangements there was nothing to make her forget her troubles.

Their days were passed something like this:

They rose at seven o'clock in the morning, had family prayers in the old lady's room at half-past seven, when they always found her already up and dressed, and seated in her easy-chair by the blazing wood fire, and her room in perfect order.

After prayers they breakfasted in the small oak-panaled parlor next to the old lady's room.

After breakfast Emma would have her daily consultation with her housekeeper, and order the dinner and all other domestic matters for the day.

Then Emma, attended by old Jerome, would go out riding on horseback for an hour or two. She always invited Mrs. Grey to go with her. But the indolent beauty detested horseback riding, or any other exercise that called for the least exertion on her part.

Sometimes Emma drove out in a low basket-carriage, drawn by two pretty ponies, and of course always asked Mrs. Grey to accompany her. And if the roads were very good, and the weather very fine, the widow would accept the invitation.

They would return from the drive in time for luncheon.

After luncheon there was working and reading in the old lady's room until dinner time.

After dinner Mrs. Cavendish took a nap in her big armchair by the fire.

Mrs. Grey went to her room and slept two or three hours.

And Emma Cavendish read to herself. And her solitary reading at this time was very peculiar. It was all upon one subject—"The Future Life."

Ever since her father had passed away to the "Better Land," the "Spirit World," "Paradise," "Heaven"—whatever it might be called, wherever it might be sought—the future life and all concerning it possessed an all-absorbing interest for her mind. She searched the Scripture for indices of its nature. And she found in the Holy Word and among the writings of the most intelligent commentators upon it, very much to enlighten and comfort her. Whereas before, all had been vague, now much seemed very real.

Thus two or three hours of every afternoon were passed by our young Emma.

Then came the reunion at the tea-table, which was always set in the old lady's room, when Emma awoke from her heavenly dream and the others from their natural sleep.

Soon after tea, old Mrs. Cavendish retired.

Then Emma went into the long dining-room, where she gathered all the household servants together, and also as many of the plantations hands as chose to attend, and she read to them for an hour or two from some entertaining or instructive book, ending the reading with a chapter from the Bible. This was also a time of much peaceful happiness to Emma, who knew that she was giving pleasure to these poor creatures, who looked forward through all their day of toil to these two hours of evening recreation.

Mrs. Grey took little or no part in all this. She hated the horseback rides in the morning over the rugged mountain paths, and the little sewing circle in the forenoon in the old lady's room, the afternoon readings, and above all, the gatherins of the servants in the old dining-room in the evening.

She avoided all this whenever she could decently do so.

She idled away much of her time in arranging and re-arranging her magnificent wardrobe, and gloating over the splendid jewels, costly shawls, and fine laces that were so many "testimonials" from friends and dupes who had wasted alike their affections and their means upon her, and in wondering how long it must be before she dared wear any of these "braveries." Especially there was a camel's-hair shawl the last gift of Governor Cavendish to her, that made her eyes and heart ache, not with regret and sorrow for the loss of the generous giver, but from the wish to wear it and display it to admiring eyes.

Now she was doing penance in the heviest and blackest bombazine and crape. And she felt sure that if she should remain at Blue Cliffs she must wear mourning for at least three years, or utterly forfeit the old lady's confidence and esteem.

If she should remain at Blue Cliffs for three years? Poor creature! She was scarcely sure of remaining there three days! Any day might bring a letter from Laura Lytton exposing all her depravity.

And in the utmost anxiety she looked from day to day to meet her doom. In a home like this she could not know an hour's happiness.

And yet she might have gained courage from the fact that, though every week brought letters from Laura Lytton to Emma Cavendish, in no letter was the name of Mary Grey even mentioned.

Once Mrs. Grey put this question plumply to Miss Cavendish:

"Does Miss Lytton know that I am staying here?"

"Yes, dear. I told her so in the first letter I wrote her after our arrival," answered Emma Cavendish.

"How is it, then, I wonder, that she never sends her love to me?"

"I don't know," answered Emma, hesitatingly.

"She never mentions me at all, I believe."

"No, dear."

"I think it very strange, don't you?"

Miss Cavendish hesitated. She did not wish to give pain by saying that Laura Lytton never liked Mary Grey. After a short pause and a repetition of the question by Mrs. Grey, she answered very gently:

"You know that you and Laura Lytton were never very intimate. I suppose that is the reason it does not occur to her to write of you."

"Maybe so," said Mrs. Grey, and the conversation stopped.

And now, besides all her other troubles and vexations, the beauty was pining for the want of admiration, the coquette was dying for a flirtation. Since her fifteenth year she had lived on admiration and for flirtation.

Even at the well-ordered Ladies' College of Mount Ascension she had managed to drive a four-in-hand flirtation with three grave professors and a minister of the gospel.

In the government house, in the city, she had feasted on admiration and revelled in flirtation.

And now here, for three months, she had been cooped up in an old country house with an aged woman, who was given up to her Bible and her prayer-book, her tambouring and shagreening, and a young lady who was devoted to reading visionary books about Heaven and to "improving" ill-favored darkies on earth, and whose only recreation was a morning gallop over the mountains, or a pony drive through the forest.

Few visitors came to the house. And these were mostly ladies on calls of condolence. No gentlemen came, except Mr. Fergusson, and he only on business.

Mary Grey wondered if there were no marriageable or flirtable men in the neighborhood; she felt that she must flirt or die, and so hinted to Emma that she had better return a few of the calls that had been made on the family, to which Emma replied:

"When Lent is over, and Laura Lytton comes down to spend the Easter holidays with us, I shall go out and also receive company at home for her sake."

This answer was bitter-sweet to the widow; sweet in its promise of society, with all its possibilities of winning admiration, and getting up flirtations and so forth; but it was bitter in its reminder of Laura Lytton's impending visit and its dreadful exposures.

However, as this was only the second week in Lent, the Easter holidays were a full month off yet. She would watch the signs of the times in Emma's face and manner; and if she should discover any indications in either that Laura Lytton had given her a hint by letter of any revelations to be made in person concerning herself, Mary Grey, then she could invent some excuse and leave the house before the storm should burst.

For this exigency she saved up all the money Emma gave her.

But, oh! it was dreary work trying to live at Blue Cliffs this dismal, thawing, sloppy slushy season of early spring.

And what made the matter much worse was this: On the very first week of their arrival at Blue Cliffs there had come a sudden thaw and a great freshet, that had carried away the bridge across the Mad River, and the turnpike road between Blue Cliffs and Wendover, and cut off all direct communication between the two places.

The Cavendish family could not even get to their parish church at Wendover on Sunday or even send to the post-office to mail or receive letters, except by a route so circuitous that it took from morning till night to go and return.

But for the family there was no visiting or receiving visits, no shopping, no church going. And so to Mary Grey, who had no resources of occupation or amusement within herself, this life was like a purgatory.

(To be continued.)

PULP MANUFACTURING.

Statistics of the Industry in Canada for 1913.

During the calendar year 1913 Canadian pulp-mills consumed 1,109,034 cords of pulpwood valued at $7,243,368; during the same year there was exported to the United States an almost equal quantity of unmanufactured pulpwood which was valued at $7,070,571. This quantity of unmanufactured wood was sufficient to have supplied 60 mills of the average size operating in Canada in 1913. It would have made 1,035,030 tons of groundwood pulp, or 517,515 tons of chemical fibre. Ground-wood pulp is worth at least $14.00 a ton, which would give $14,490,420 for the value of the pulp that could have been made from this wood by this process. Chemical fibre is worth at least $38.00 a ton, which would have brought the value up to $9,665,570. In reality only $7,070,570 was realized by the sale of this material. The pulp industry lost the profit that could have been made in manufacturing this wood into pulp, and the country as a whole lost the value represented by the cost of manufacture in the form of wages, etc.

Laws forbidding the export of raw pulpwood cut from Crown lands in the different provinces have tended to reduce the proportion of unmanufactured pulpwood exported, although up to 1913 over half of the pulpwood in Canada was exported in this form.

The manufacture of pulp in Canada in 1913 showed an increase of over twenty eight per cent over that of 1912, increases taking place in every province but Nova Scotia. Over seventy per cent of the pulp produced in ground-wood, or mechanical, pulp, but the proportion of chemical fibre is increasing each year.

The increased manufacture of heavy Kraft wrapping papers has caused a demand for pulp made by the sulphate process and the manufacture of this particular kind of chemical fibre has increased considerably in the last two years. The increase in the home manufacture of all classes of papers is shown by the decreases in the exports of pulp and the increases in the imports of chemical fibre from other countries.

One Was Enough.

Mrs. Church—Did you ever get your husband to try to wash the dishes.

Mrs. Gotham—Only once.

"Why only once?"

"Because the next day we had no dishes."

ESKIMO OF THE FAR NORTH

REPORT TELLS OF LIFE IN THE FROZEN REGIONS.

Polygamy Is Fast Dying Out Owing to the Efforts of the Missionary.

Special reports of the officers who were appointed to take a census of the inhabitants of the Far North have been compiled by the census and statistics branch at Ottawa. These reports are of more than ordinary interest at least from an ethological, if not from a statistical point of view.

M. Fabien Vanasse, historiographer of the Canadian Government steamship "Arctic" under Captain Bernier, was appointed to take the census of Baffin Island and took in addition the census of Kilkenek, or Port Burwell, on the south side of Hudson Straits. His report contains the following interesting remarks as to conditions amongst the Eskimos. "The lamps which are used by hundreds to light and heat their iglos, as also to cook with, are nothing more than a stone block of about eight to ten inches in circumference in which is carved a semi-circular cavity about three inches deep. This cavity is filled with seal oil, then a wick made of dry moss is placed around this bowl, and when this primitive wick is well soaked with oil it is lighted. The lamp gives a dim light and produces a heat of about two or three degrees. This affords all the light and all the heat which is enjoyed by the Eskimo during his existence in his house of snow. The yearly value of the hunt for each Eskimo hunter is placed at $800 or $1,000 on the premises. If this forsaken one of civilization were living in the proximity of our competitive markets, if he knew the value of the products of the hunt, if he was more concerned about the future, in spite of all the inconveniences he has to suffer from the inhospitable climate where God has placed him. But unfortunately the Eskimo has no idea of the economic values he holds in his hands after his slaughter of 10 or 20 polar bears, his capture of 25, 30 and sometimes 100 foxes, of two, three or four narwals, of eight to ten wolves, of hundreds of large salmon, each weighing 10, 20 or 30 lbs., and which he throws to his dogs. Besides this he is cheated odiously each year by the skimmers of the sea who visit him to collect his furs. At the trading counters he exchanges for a few pounds of biscuits and tobacco, a few quarts of molasses, pipes, matches and some few yards of showy cotton goods, his silky furs of the greatest economic value.

None Very Old.

"Generally speaking, the Eskimo does not attain a very advanced age. Some have been met, however, aged 60 to 65 years. The average length of life of this people is from 35 to 40 years. There is no settled age for domestic pairing. There are couples of nine and twelve years; then children live together in the iglo as man and wife. The chief provides regularly for the wants of his companion. After a few months, and even a few years, of this apprenticeship in married life, if any friction occurs under the iglo between the two apprentices, the couple separate without noise, and for the two life has to begin over again. A Christian can hardly honor with the name of "marriage" the unions formed under the iglo of the Eskimo. These unions are, for the most part, simply promiscuous pairings. But it must be said, to the honor of the Eskimos of Baffin Island, that this sad state of affairs tends more and more to disappear among these tribes. The zealous work of the Anglican unions among this people during thirty years has largely contributed to diminish, or even extirpate entirely this pagan vice, destroyer of the family and domestic happiness." M. Vanasse writes that he has met with only one case of polygamy in taking the last census, and the Isky who acknowledged it seemed to be ashamed of it.

Not Too Clean.

The visit to the domicile, or the iglo, M. Vanasse writes, is not what one may think. The iglo is of circular form, eight feet in diameter and as much in height. It is made of blocks of snow, the door is at the bottom, on a level with the ground, it is about one foot and a half wide by two feet high. It is not every one that can pass through it easily. To get in one must at first get on his knees, then lie flat on his stomach and slide in, snake-like, for a distance of about ten or twelve feet in this tube of the same dimension as the door. One never gets in and comes out of it spotless, for this vestibule is not kept in an exaggerated state of cleanliness. Once in the iglo you are asked to sit on a block of snow, which is covered with a deerskin. In less than five minutes you are covered with the hairs of this fur. But after a few visits to the domicile one does not notice these small details. The interpreter is alongside of you. Naturally this brave man, the sage of the village, has no idea of what constitutes a census. He has to be made to understand the questions put to the head of the iglo. There are English and French words which have no equivalent in the language of the Eskimo. Thus, for example, the words "years," "months," "days," "hours," are donominations of time absolutely ignored by the natives. These are so many mysteries to them.

"Married or Single."

"What is you age?" was invariably answered by "none savi mi." Then, M. Vanasse writes, he had to enter a conversation, carried on much more by gestures than by the voice, with the interpreter, in order to make him understand the question. This done, the interpreter and the hunter, or the wife of the latter in his absence, made endless calculations. It was a review of all the important events in the country, from as far back as the hunter could remember, and the farthest away event was used as a basis to determine as near as possible the date of his birth. There is another difficult point for the Eskimo to elucidate. There was a great deal of trouble in the beginning to ascertain from the head of an iglo if he was married or single. The word marriage is absolutely unknown among the natives; the same with the words "child" and "family." M. Vanasse writes that he managed to make himself understood by asking first if they had an iglo, a koney, a pik-ki-nini. Now the head of the iglo is Osky; koney is his wife, and the pick-ki-nini the children. Each child has his name and constitutes by himself a separate unit.

Only Two Seasons.

Here is an example: the Osky Nassou has three sons, namely Ik-ton-ta, Kak-ton and Pro-mik-ton. We do not say Ik-ton-ta Nassou, etc., as we say in the Christian world John Smith, etc. In twenty years from this, when a new generation will have grown up, who will know that Ik-ton-ta and his brothers are the sons of old Nassou? With such a system it is difficult to preserve family traditions. As to the month of their birth, it is a mystery to themselves, they do not know this subdivision of the year. In reality there are only two seasons for the Eskimo: "summer" and the ice season "winter." As the winter lasts nine or ten months of the year the greater number of births is in winter. The same difficulty exists as to the number of animals slaughtered or captured by the hunter during the year. The Eskimos count easily up to ten; above that their mode of calculation is long.

M. Vanasse, whose report is dated October 24, 1911, concludes that if the Government of Canada wants to preserve these relics of primitive humanity they will very soon have to put a stop to the depredations, plunders and thefts of which the Eskimos are the victims on the part of the rovers of the sea. The Government of Denmark has shown a noble example in this respect in favor of the Greenland Eskimos.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Incubators relieve old hens of a lot of responsibility.

Charity may cover a multitude of sins, but there are several still uncovered.

When a bachelor gets tired of leading a single life he should marry and be led.

After a young man's mustache becomes heavier than his eyebrows, his knowledge of the world begins to decrease.

It's a waste of time for a father to attempt to train up his son in the way he should go if he doesn't keep in the middle of the same path himself.

Neighborly Kindness.

"This plant belongs to the bongia family."

"Ah! And you are taking care of it while they are away."

YORK CATHEDRAL.

Occupies the Site of an Old Roman Camp.

The famous cathedral at York is the largest Gothic church in England, and occupies the site of an old Roman camp. During the reign of the Emperor Constantine, York was the capital of England, Paulinus, the first archbishop of York, built the first stone church to replace an edifice of wood, which he dedicated to St. Peter. This was destroyed by the first Norman archbishop, Thomas of Bayeux, chaplain of the conqueror. In 1080 he built the Norman nave and transepts, and at present there is nothing of the Norman period visible above the crypt. In 1129 the Norman church was destroyed by fire, and the repairs were not completed until a hundred years later. In 1230 the present edifice was begun by Archbishop Walter de Gray.

Entering the south door you are impressed by the superb view of the "Five Sisters," conceded to be one of the finest architectural achievements in the world. These five windows are fifty-three feet in height. The enormous proportions of the transept, 223 feet in length, 93 feet wide, and with a central tower 180 feet high, compel your admiration. The architect realized the possibilities of utilizing dark and light stone and the lovely carving appearing in the transept is in contrasting stone. To Archbishop John of Thoresby is due the honor of building the wonderful choir of York, which is the largest and highest in England.

Thirty years after the transepts were completed the new nave was built. The chief features of the nave are the huge pier arches and the clerestory. The triforium is a series of panels in which were once all the patron saints of the European nations. St. George alone remains at the present time. The most artistic period of English Gothic appears in York Cathedral, and the great windows are ascribed to French influence. The roof, however, is not of stone but of wood, and therefore misses the crowning glory of a Gothic building. The west window of the nave is the most impressive feature of this part of the church and lingers with the tourist for a lifetime. Its delicate tracery and wonderful glass glowing with brilliant, rich and harmonious colors compels us to appreciate the excellent taste of Archbishop Melton, who is responsible for this artistic addition to the cathedral.

The central door of York deserves special attention, for the carved columns and peaked gable, carved with the ball design, is one of the finest examples of Gothic doorway in England.

In the north tower hangs Great Peter, the third largest bell in Great Britain. Its solemn tones call the devoted worshippers to the church dedicated to the saint who bears the same name.

The church house of York is octagonal shaped and lacks a central pillar. The carving above its canopied seats is remarkable for beauty and grace of execution.

The gigantic east window of York, 78 x 32 feet, is the largest in England, with the exception of the one in Gloucester Cathedral. Beneath the east window stands the exquisite altar of the Lady Chapel, and above it rises the vast roof of the splendid choir to a height of a hundred feet. The many windows flood the Cathedral with wonderful colors, and you will appreciate, as never before, the beauty of England's Gothic treasure, York Cathedral.

Women Growing Bigger.

Statistics show that girls are putting on weight and growing taller with a rapidity which has never been observed before. And it seems that in the somewhat distant future woman will be much taller than man. One of the main reasons ascribed is the growing love of sports and outdoor exercises on the part of women. They have time to devote to sports while the men are busy pursuing their business interests.

Redpath

Extra Granulated Sugar

is put up at the Refinery in

10 Pound,
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and in
2 Pound
and 5 Pound
Sealed Cartons

When you buy Redpath Extra Granulated Sugar in any of these original packages you are sure of getting the genuine Redpath, Canada's finest sugar, pure and clean as when it left the Refinery.

It's worth while to insist on the Original Packages.

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CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, . . MONTREAL

GUARD AGAINST CHOLERA INFANTUM

Cholera infantum is one of the most fatal ailments of childhood and during the hot summer months thousands of little lives are lost by its ravages. The best way to guard against it is to give the baby an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets never fail to regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach, thus preventing cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentry and all other stomach and bowel complaints. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FOR THE BLIND CHILD.

A School Was Established and Maintained by the Government.

The expenditure of public money upon "schools and school-masters" is regarded by our legislators, and by the people who elect the legislators, as a good investment. The educated man is more useful to the community than his illiterate neighbor; his labor is more productive, he lives a happier and more contented life, taking an intelligent interest in the various questions that come before him for decision; he is not easily misled by the demogogic agitator, and he knows better than to yield to temptations in a criminal direction. For these and numerous other equally good reasons, it "pays the state" to provide facilities for education for all the children of the people, whether born here or coming from a foreign country to make their homes among us—hence our free school system, reinforced to some extent by compulsory education laws. For the blind who cannot be taught to read by sight, a system for reading by touch has been devised, the printed characters representing letters, etc., being embossed on the paper, instead of being indicated by a difference in color. Having learned to read and write, the education of the blind person can be continued to any desired extent, including the subjects taught in public schools for the seeing, music and several handicrafts. Happily, the blind are not sufficiently numerous to necessitate the equipment of many schools for their accommodation, so the scheme of taking the blind child to the free school instead of bringing the free school to the blind child has been adopted. The Ontario School for the Blind, located at Brantford, admits as pupils blind persons of both sexes, between the ages of seven and twenty-one, without charge for board, tuition or books, but parents are expected to provide clothing and pay travelling expenses. It is a school—not a "Home," nor a Hospital, nor an Asylum—and among the pupils are many who, though not entirely blind, have sight so defective that they cannot receive an education in the ordinary public schools. If any reader of this paper has a child so afflicted, or knows of one in his neighborhood, a letter or post card, addressed to H. F. Gardiner, Principal O.S.B., Brantford, giving the name and post-office of parent or guardian, will help the school to do all the work for which it was established and is maintained by the Government.

PRIZE FOOD.

Palatable, Economical, Nourishing.

A Western woman has outlined the prize food in a few words, and that from personal experience. She writes.

"After our long experience with Grape-Nuts, I cannot say enough in its favor. We have used this food almost continually for seven years.

"We sometimes tried other advertised breakfast foods but we invariably returned to Grape-Nuts as the most palatable, economical and nourishing of all.

"When I quit tea and coffee and began to use Postum and Grape-Nuts, I was almost a nervous wreck. I was so irritable I could not sleep nights, had no interest in life.

"After using Grape-Nuts a short time I began to improve and all these ailments have disappeared and now I am a well woman. My two children have been almost raised on Grape-Nuts, which they eat three times a day.

"They are pictures of health and have never had the least symptom of stomach trouble, even through the most severe siege of whooping cough they could retain Grape-Nuts when all else failed.

"Grape-Nuts food has saved doctor bills, and has been, therefore, a most economical food for us."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

"QUICK SERVICE."

A Restaurant Where the Waiter Used Roller Skates.

I had to pass several hours in a certain small town in which there was no hotel, writes a Youth's Companion contributor. Late in the afternoon I saw on a window the words, "Restaurant. Quick Service," and I was so hungry that I made up my mind to take a chance.

I entered a very long, low-studded room, evidently occupied at one time as a bowling alley. A broken, dilapidated show case stood on the cheaply built counter. Two or three dirty glass jars contained some broken candy. A few ancient looking cookies lay in a box with glass front. Two tables with eight chairs each, and a few poorly printed signs that bore the bill of fare, comprised the furnishings of the place. No one was visible. I sat down at the table, and instantly a harsh voice appeared to proceed from the solid wall behind me. "What'll ye have?" it said.

From the eatables announced on the different signs, I chose "Cold Beans, 10 cents," and as the inquiry was evidently aimed at me, I shouted back, "Beans for one!" I had scarcely uttered the words when out of the door in the partition at the lower end of the room shot a tall man in roller skates. He wore a red undershirt and corduroy trousers.

With a grinding, roaring noise, he bore down upon me. As he shot past my table, he slid the plate of beans within an inch of my lap, at the same time shouting, "Cough up!" Still skating on he reached the front of the room, described a figure eight near the door, and started to return. I had the dime ready, and as he flew past, he scooped it up, and would no doubt have taken the table cover along, too, were it not for the fact that is was made of oilcloth, and nailed down.

I ate about one-third of the beans and had enough.

Will Quickly Cure Any Sour Stomach

Relieves Fullness After Meals.

"When I was working around the farm last winter, I had an attack of inflammation," writes Mr. E. P. Dawkins, of Port Richmond. "I was weak for a long time, but well enough to work until spring. But something went wrong with my bowels, for I had to use salts or physic all the time. My stomach kept sour, and always after eating there was pain and fullness, and all the symptoms of intestinal indigestion. Nothing helped me until I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Instead of hurting, like other pills, they acted very mildly, and seemed to heal the bowels. I did not require large doses to get results with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and feel so glad that I have found a mild yet certain remedy. To-day I am well—no pain, no sour stomach, a good appetite, able to digest anything. This is a whole lot of good for one medicine to do, and I can say Dr. Hamilton's Pills are the best pills, and my letter, I am sure, proves it."

Refuse a substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, sold in yellow boxes, 25c. All dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

SPILLING THE LICKER.

A Bit of Information Which May be New to You.

Did you know that whisky would take the varnish off wood? No? Being unfamiliar with the "joy juice" neither did the observer. Consequently maybe here is a bit of information.

A man who had the appearance of one who had too often and too long imbibed too freely shuffled into a saloon and asked the bartender for a drink of whisky. His order was filled in what is said to be the usual way in saloons, viz., the bartender placed a whisky glass, a bottle of whisky, and a glass of water on the bar.

The customer proceeded to fill the whisky glass. And fill it he did, to overflowing. At this juncture the bartender said: "I'll give you a larger glass if you want it." But as his tone was not gentle the customer did not ask for a larger glass. He offered instead, a quartet of words which sounded as if they might have been intended for an apology or an explanation. He then gulped down the whisky and left the place.

"Hardly much money selling that fellow whisky," said another man, who "just happened" to be in the saloon.

"Oh, I don't mind what he drinks," said the bartender. "I just hate to see him spill the whisky on the bar, for it takes the varnish off."

The man who "just happened" to be in the saloon made no reply, but since then he has confided to friends that he has been wondering what whisky will do to a man's stomach if it will take varnish off wood, as the bartender said it would.

Fixing Them Both.

"What was her father's present to the bride and groom?"

"Nothing specific. He told the bride that there would always be a room in his house for her, and a job at his factory for the groom."

Do Long Breaths Hurt?

DANGEROUS PLEURISY ALWAYS BEGINS THIS WAY.

Speediest Cure is Nerviline.

Ouch, that stab-like pain in the side is like a hot knife blade in the ribs!

Probably got overheated—cooled too fast—now there is congestion, tightness, such soreness you can't draw a long breath.

This is the beginning of Pleurisy.

Pleurisy is far too serious to neglect a single instant.

Quickest relief will come from a vigorous rubbing with Nerviline. This trusty old pain reliever will fix you up in no time—will take away the congestion—make you well just as it did Mr. Samuel St. Johns, of Stamford, who says:—"In running to catch a train last week I became much overheated. I put up the train window and rode that way in order to get cooled off. In an hour my side was so full of pain and my breathing hurt so much that I thought I had pneumonia. I always carry Nerviline in my grip, and at destination I rubbed my side thoroughly three times. The warm penetrating effect was soon noticeable and I quickly got relief. Nerviline, I consider, saved me from a serious illness."

Any sort of a cold can be quickly broken up with Nerviline, which is a marvel for reducing inflammation, for relieving congestion in the throat and chest, for curing stitch in the side, lumbago, neuralgia, sciatica or rheumatism. Nothing more soothing or powerful. The 50c. large family size is the most economical. Small trial size 25c. at dealers everywhere.

"FIGHTING JOE" MARTIN.

Holds the British Empire Record for Changing Seats.

The news that "Fighting Joe" Martin is shifting his political scenery—leaving the British House of Commons and coming back to Canada—is far from a surprise. But if he stays in Canada that will be a surprise. He has established a unique record, being the only man in the British Empire who has held a seat in four different Houses. He has been in the Manitoba Legislature, the Dominion House of Commons, the British Columbia Legislature (where he became Premier), and in the British House of Commons. He might now be expected to round off his career by introducing his dynamic personality into the rest of the Legislatures and Parliaments of the Empire.

Joseph Martin has held a career unmatched in Canadian politics. He left his birthplace in Milton, Ont., when a young boy, and before



Hon. Joseph Martin.

he was out of his teens he was a telegraph operator in the United States. Then came the panic of 1873, and he returned to Canada to become successively a school teacher, a lawyer, and a professional politician. Wherever he was and whatever he was at he exhibited revolutionary tendencies. "He might be a good leader in time of war, but not in time of peace; and a mighty poor follower at any time," so he once was summed up.

"Fighting Joe" started out not as an ordinary Liberal, but as an extraordinary Radical. He was up in Portage la Prairie, Man., and made a stand for Provincial Rights thus winning a seat in the Manitoba Legislature in 1882. He stayed in that House ten years. While there he roused the whole country by stating that "Mr. Speaker was the most unscrupulous partisan he had ever met." The Legislature refused to proceed with business until he apologized. "Joe" stayed away for several days until his action became a widespread sensation. Then he turned up, and made an apology, which he closed by adding, "But it's true just the same." That was in Opposition. When the Liberals came into power Martin became Attorney-General in Thomas Greenway's Cabinet. Among other remarkable demonstrations of his individuality he announced that the French language would be abolished in the Separate Schools. This, it is said, was the commencement of the Manitoba school question.

Was B. C. Premier.

Mr. Martin was next heard of in the Dominion House as member for Winnipeg. He sat there from 1893 until 1896, when his faculty for disagreeing with other people and standing rigidly for his principles led to his defeat.

Then he went farther West, and of course soon became a political factor in British Columbia. There, in spite of the dislike of the vested interests and the regular politicians and enemies who took a pot shot at him whenever possible, Mr. Martin became Premier of the Province. Lieutenant-Governor McInnes, in a period of turmoil in which "Fighting Joe" mixed merrily, dismissed Premier Semlin, and called on Mr. Martin, who had been Attorney-General, to form a Cabinet. The situation did not please the members, who with Western impulsiveness filed out of the House through one door as the Governor came in the other to prorogue the House. Martin hurriedly got together a Cabinet, but in the ensuing election he was given a tremendous trouncing, winning only nine seats.

After that the "stormy petrel" bobbed up in England. He was elected member of the British House of Commons for East St. Pancras, London, in 1910, and has since held that seat, where, they say, they "can't get anyone too Radical for them." In Britain Mr. Martin has been as lively a "kicker" as ever. He has made things uncomfortable for Premier Asquith on various occasions and has especially delighted in "roasting" Hon. Winston Churchill. He has hotly complained in the House of being left off the Liberal party's Whip's list and being ignored sometimes by the Speaker. He has while in England found time to give advice and pass judgment on the various Canadian leaders from time to time. He scolded Sir Wilfrid Laurier, gave hints to Mr. Borden, and when Mr. Rowell became Ontario Liberal leader, Mr. Martin wrote him a lengthy letter of warning and counsel.

Mr. Martin has not told us just where he is going to settle, but if he returns to Canada he will be heard from as easily one place as another.

Delays Sometimes Expensive

Business or social engagement—just a few minutes for lunch—can't wait for service. What can be had quickly?

Order

Post Toasties

with fresh berries or fruit and cream. They will be served immediately, they are nourishing and taste mighty good, too.

Sold by Grocers —everywhere!

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

WATERY BLISTERS INTENSELY ITCHY

Between Fingers. Spread to Tips. Would Swell Up, Itch and Burn. Did Not Dare Put Hands In Water. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Cured.

Carman, Manitoba.—"A breaking out between my fingers was the first trouble. It was very itchy and spread to my finger tips affecting the nails. It first appeared in watery blisters and they were so intensely itchy I scratched them and let the water out making sores. They would swell up, itch and burn and finally the nails would loosen and come off. I spent many sleepless nights. I did not dare to put my hands in water except to wash them.



"I kept using ointments, ——, —— Ointment, but was not cured. Sometimes the remedies would help a little but I was not free from it altogether. I was that way for nine years trying everything. I heard of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for them and before I had used them half a dozen times I noticed an improvement. By washing with the Cuticura Soap and applying the Cuticura Ointment frequently I was cured in three months." (Signed) Miss Florence E. Sanderson, May 20, 1913.

For more than a generation Cuticura Soap and Ointment have afforded the most economical treatment for affections of the skin and scalp that torture, itch, burn, scale and destroy sleep. A single set is often sufficient. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post-card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A.

MISUNDERSTOOD ANIMALS.

Here Is a Good Word for the Bear and the Snake.

Boa constrictors and grizzly bears have long been thought of as creatures to be dreaded, but Mr. Enos A. Mills, the noted naturalist, has a good word for the bear, and Dr. Frank Baldwin, recently returned from an exploring trip to the Philppines, speaks of the snake more sympathetically than otherwise.

Mr. Mills declares that the grizzly is the most maligned of animals. He minds his own business, except when he is attacked, and lives on nuts, fruit, bark, grass, carrion, garbage and insects, and, as a rule, kills nothing larger than a mouse. Mr. Mills says he is an excellent mouser, patient and thorough in his methods.

Doctor Baldwin says of the boa constrictor:

"All my reading life I have regarded the boa constrictor with horror and aversion. When I got into the jungle, my great desire was to meet a large boa, in order that I might do him some very real harm. When I did find one, my sentiments were those of pity for the snake. He was stretched across the path, and when the natives saw him, they pounced upon him with yells of delight. On the other hand he seemed dazed.

"With a native for every yard of him, holding him firmly, he journeyed on legs through the jungle and down to the beach. He wriggled feebly, and hissed in a hopeless manner. There they cut his head off, with no more ceremony than they would have used if he had been a chicken, folded as much as they could get of him into a kind of clamshell about three feet in diameter, and built a fire. In an hour he was cooked, and in another hour, this great snake, which had been painfully accumulating feet and inches for years, had disappeared. I must say that I felt a little indignant!"

Isn't This Romantic?

Two toes loved by four corns for five years and sentenced to die by five applications of Putnam's Corn Extractor. If you want to cure corns, "Putnam's" is the only thing—try this painless remedy, 25c. at all dealers.

BETTER FARMING.

What the C. P. R. Is Doing for Farmers in the West.

The C. P. R. "better farming" special trains, operated in connection with the Manitoba Government, went on duty this month in the interests of intelligent and scientific farming in the West. These trains will contain specimens of noxious weeds, most troublesome in the province, and lectures will be given to teach the effectual methods of eradication. There will be models of weed seeds, so that identification will be easy; Manitoba birds, with instructions as to their habits, whether destructive or beneficial; injurious insects will be illustrated on the moving films; a car with cattle, sheep and hogs, in connection with which lectures will be given to young men, especially; a car devoted to home economics for women, where lady demonstrators will teach nursing, sewing, and so forth. To show how thorough and real and close this instruction is meant to be by the Canadian Pacific and the Government, it may be stated that field crops and miniature lay-outs of farm buildings will be shown in two cars for the purpose—while instruction will be given as to the protection of such buildings. Saskatchewan is in need of mixed farming, and there will be special features on two large cars, which will be devoted to stock. On the Saskatchewan train, lecturers will accompany; and instruction will be given in everything practically appertaining to the life of the farm. This idea is intended, of course, chiefly for the new settlers, who may have but a hazy idea of farming. The object both of the company and the Government is that the people should farm to the best of their knowledge and ability, so as to extract from the soil what nature is ready to give, if she be properly coaxed. In carrying out this idea the Canadian Pacific is willing to spend money, knowing that good farming anywhere in the North-west will mean, ultimately, better and more profitable business for itself.

Fozzled.

John Henry was keeping company with Myrtle Marie, and when the father of the latter returned from the office one evening he was timidly approached by his pretty daughter.

"Papa," said the fair one, "did John Henry call on you this morning?"

"Yes," answered the paternal one "but I couldn't make out much of what he said."

"Couldn't make out what he said!" returned Myrtle Marie, wonderingly. "What do you mean?"

"As near as I could understand," explained papa, "he said he wanted to marry me; that you had enough money to support him, and that we had always loved each other, so I told him to go home and write it out in plain English."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

CLARK'S POTTED MEATS—

The child's delight. The picnicker's choice. Everybody's favorite.

Full flavored and perfectly cooked make delicious sandwiches.



FARMS FOR SALE.

H. W. DAWSON, Ninety Colborne Street, Toronto.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL A Fruit, Stock, Grain or Dairy Farm, write H. W. Dawson, Brampton, or 90 Colborne St., Toronto.

H. W. DAWSON, Colborne St., Toronto.

NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE.

GOOD WEEKLY IN LIVE TOWN IN York County. Stationery and Book Business in connection. Price only $4,000. Terms liberal. Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CANCER, TUMORS, LUMPS, ETC., internal and external, cured without pain by our home treatment. Write us before too late. Dr. Bellman Medical Co., Limited, Collingwood, Ont.

Willie's Dilemma.

Sister—Willie, if you hang around and listen when Jack calls to-night I shall whip you.

Willie—And Ma says she'll whip me if I don't keep tabs on you and him.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Not Quite.

"I sleep with your letters under my pillow," the modern lover wrote

Then he yawned and muttered to himself:

"At least I go to sleep over the letters. I suppose it's the same thing."

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for $30. Cured him with $1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for $85.00. Profit on Liniment, $54.00.

MOISE DEROSCE.
Hotel Keeper, St. Philippe, Que.

No Reason to Cheer.

Squire—"Well, Matthew, and how are you now?"

Convalescent—"Thankee, sir, I be better than I were, but I beant as well as I were afore I was as bad as I be now."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

A Slight.

"What do you think! A man brought back the umbrella he took from our hall-stand. It speaks well for the honesty of the man."

"Yes, but it's a terrible slight to the umbrella."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Harry's Reply.

"Why do you insist upon having the biggest share of the pudding, Harry?" asked the mother of a small boy. "Isn't your elder brother entitled to it?" "No, he isn't," replied the little fellow. "He was eating pudding two years before I was born."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Also Cautious.

A carpenter sent to make some repairs in a private house entered the apartment of the lady of the house with his apprentice and began to work.

"Mary," the lady said to her maid, "se that my jewel case is locked up at once!"

The carpenter understood. He removed his watch and chain from his vest in a significant manner and handed them to his apprentice.

"John," said he, "take these right back to the shop. It seems that this house isn't safe."

Lots of fool men exchange single bliss for matrimonial blisters.



The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1914.

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

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

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LACHUTE. - - QUE.

The Business Before Parliament.

The war session of Canada's Parliament opened on Tuesday afternoon with a simplicity of ceremony emphasizing the national crisis. It has met for the purpose of formally launching the Canadian people into a part in world politics such as they would not have been thought equal to a few short years ago. Canada, now a State in full manhood, comes forward to assume her full responsibility at Britain's side, where she will stand through thick and thin. Well does this Daughter State know that for years the Mother Country has been the real steward of Europe's peace, and that she has at all times been the strong champion of liberty.

To-day a crisis such as had never to be dealt with before is upon the world. One of the greatest trustees of power in our time has won himself the bad eminence of being the greatest malefactor in all history. Abdul Hamid II. was a mild monster compared with Wilhelm II. Unspeakably bad as Nero was, the bloody swath he laid was but a thin red line by comparison with the zone of carnage the war reapers the Kaiser has brought into the field will cut across Europe. Britain promptly answered Belgium's call for help, and is now co-operating with her allies to bring to a speedy end the red-handed Kaiser's mission of destruction. Canada is hastening to the side of the Mother Country to assist in that service to mankind.

At Ottawa we have a Government in whose conduct of affairs all the world may read as in a gauge the temper and sense of the Canadian people. Itself inspired by the highest patriotism, the Borden Government is thoroughly responsive to the popular impulses of national and Imperial loyalty. In matters touching British connection the Government can safely proceed upon its own sound principles and upon its intuitions of what the people would wish. It has done so. It will lay before the present session of Parliament certain measures for the validating of acts of great moment and expenditures of large amount to which it has committed the country. It well understood that with the people the first consideration would be the timeliness and effectiveness of the aid they wished to render to Britain. To have put off action until the assembling of Parliament would have brought upon Government the sharpest public censure. By doing what it has done, by working day and night, by leaving no stone unturned, it has put Canada in line with the Mother Country and thereby has earned the warmest commendation of men of all parties. An army division was offered to the British Government. The offer was accepted, and a force of 21,000 men is being rapidly made way for departure. A gift of 1,000,000 bags of flour was presented to the British Government. Our ports, our telegraphic service, our canals, our railways are being guarded. Bodies of men are being drilled for defensive purposes, and possibly for the formation of another expeditionary force. Arrangements have been made for the special service of trade. The banks have been enabled to increase very greatly their means of assisting commerce. By an arrangement with the Bank of England the Dominion Treasury has been made the clearing house for bills of exchange between this continent and Great Britain. By keeping in touch with the British Government the Government at Ottawa has been able to promote the exportation of grain.

Some of these things and certain others that are to be done will be matter for legislation in this extra session. The bills are ready. The most important of the business yet to be disclosed is that to provide ways and means for doing Canada's part in this great crisis. The outlay will be large, and Parliament will be asked to authorize financial measures adequate for the need. It will be a session of little debate, of most serious business, and of short duration. There will be rerdy acquiescence in the Governments programme. It is safe to say that this time Parliament will be unanimous, and will make a very signal demonstration of Canada's attachment to Britain and of Canada's staunchness for the Empire.

EDINA.

A great many people from Edina visited Brownsburg Picnic and were disappointed because the day proved to be so unfavorable.

Mrs. David Kennedy is away at Brownsburg visiting her son. She is conspicious by her absence for she is interested in every good work that takes place in our midst.

Farmers at Edina are all busy cutting their oats, the abundant supply is most gratifying. Yellow fields of grain on every hand is a most pleasing sight and the harvest this year promises to be a banner one.

Divine Service will be held in Brown's School House, Calumet, on Sunday morning next at 10.30 a.m., in the afternoon at Edina Methodist Church at 3.30 p.m. and at Belt's School House in the evening at 7.30 Rev. Joseph Denny to preach on all occasions.

We had visitors from Dalesville, last Sunday evening at Edina Methodist Church; we trust these visits will be often repeated. We are always pleased to welcome visitors from a distance, bnt those from Dalesville have a double welcome for so many of the Dalesville people were once residents at Edina.

Miss Mabel R. Moncrieff is at home for her summer holidays. Miss Moncrieff expects to be here for two weeks before returning to her home in Montreal. We have just one fault to find with our cousins that come from the city and that is they do not stay with us half long enough.

We had pleasure in seeing Mr. George Kennedy escort a number of young people to view the old homestead at Edina in the early part of the week. His head of cattle and horses were much admired; also the house was made the object of inspection. The farm is well wooded and has a fine stream of water passing through it. The people of Edina would appreciate it very much to see Mr. Kennedy living up here once more; but we doubt very much if he can be tempted to move from Dalesville where he has so many friends and so much in demand.

DALESVILLE.

Mr. T. R. Cregeen spent the week-end here.

Mrs. J. Campbell spent a few days in Lachute.

Mr. A. J. Campbell was in Plantaganet on Sunday.

Mrs. T G. Tomalty is visiting her son Mr. W. J. Tomalty.

Mrs. Connolly and Miss Katie returned to the city on Saturday.

Rev. Mr. Denny, of Edina, visited Mr. R. A. Kennedy last week.

Mrs. T. R Cregeen and family are guests of Mrs. T. Morrow.

Mr. W. Brown and little daughter returned to the city on Saturday.

Mr. J. Tasse spent Monday in St. Augustine the guest of his father.

Miss L. Murdock has gone to Montreal to enter the General Hospital to train.

Mr. J. Campbell and Miss Lloyd were were guests of Mrs. Campbell on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Calder, of Lachute, were guests of Mr. Murdock for the week-end.

Mrs. J. McArthur spent the forepart of the week with her daughter, Mrs. Robinson in Louisa.

The Girls Friendly Society of the Sunday School gave a farewell party for Miss Murdock last Friday at the Manse.

LOUISA.

Mr. F. Watchorn is beginning his harvesting.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson B. Jones, from Boston, are visiting their friends.

Mr. R Gain and Mr. F. Carlon were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hall.

Miss A. Creswell is home from Boston to spend a while with her parents and friends.

AFTER AN ILLNESS

Do Not Let Children Rush Into Heavy Lessons at Once

After convalescence, children should never be allowed to rush into heavy school lessons all at once. The brain is not fit to take up steady mental work which may be in no sense too heavy for the same child under normal health conditions. Many a child becomes the victim of brain overstrain merely because care was not exercised after convalescing from measles, scarlet fever, or other illness.

Teachers and parents ought to remember that the school-child will do far better later on if made to take up his work gradually after returning to school apparently quite cured and convalescent. Every doctor knows that the blood takes a long time to regain its normal condition, and that the brain matter is exhausted by the poisons of any infectious disease. For this reason home lessons should be avoided for a week or two at any rate, and only the most necessary tasks undertaken.

Housekeepers always need these Ducks, Chambrays and Ginghams at 12½ cents per yard. Extraordinary values one yard wide.

W. BANFORD & SON.

ROBERT TODD,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
For the District of Terrebonne.

Sales conducted in both French and English.

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Phone No. 91 Ring 2.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of
MRS. WM. McOUAT,
Brownsburg
on Saturday, August 29th, 1914

The following effects:—Three bedroom suites, with springs and mattresses complete, leather bed and pillows, two buffalo robes, organ, large wardrobe, sideboard, extension table and other tables, hanging and other lamps, 1 cooking stove, 6 rocking chairs and other chairs, clock, dishes, washing machine, cooking utensils, coolie cans, and a general kitchen outfit, garden and carpenters tools, flower pots and some choice flowers in the pots, spinning wheel and reel, 12 Plymouth rock hens, and many other articles too numerous to mention. All will be sold without reserve, as proprietor is leaving Brownsburg.

Sale to commence at 1.30 p.m. sharp

TERMS CASH.

M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS.

THE sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions.

Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre.

Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth $300.

The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough, scrubby or stony land. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. CORY, C.M.G.,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for. 64388.

FREEDMAN'S
GREAT CLEARING SALE

Great opportunity to buy your Summer Suit, Costume and Boys' Apparel at Half Price.

Big variety of Boys' Wash Suits at actual price of materials.

Big variety of Men's and Ladies' Raincoats at half their regular value.

Don't forget to ask to see our Special Lines of Men's Blue and Black Clay Worsted Suits, $20 line at $10.25. $25.00 line at $14.00.

Balance of our Stock at wonderful reduced prices during this Sale.

You will not complain of the high cost of living when you buy it at

FREEDMAN'S

FOR HALF THE PRICE.
Corner Water and Main, Paquin's Block, Lachute.

Desjardins' Footwear.

Do you understand what comfort means?

If so, you will come to us to have your feet shod, for we are boot specialists, having lasts to fit all kinds.

TRY and be convinced.

. Opposite Post-Office

THE PROVINCIAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated by Act of Parliament, July 1900.

Capital authorized: - - - $2,000,000.00
Capital paid up and Surplus: - - $1,637,873.49

It is the aim of this Bank to give courteous as well as efficient service in connection with all business entrusted to its care. The most careful attention is given to all enquiries.

JOINT Savings Accounts may be opened in this Bank, the money in which may be withdrawn by EITHER of TWO PERSONS.

Accounts opened and operated by mail.

Special attention given to Sale Notes.

General Banking Business Transacted.

J. R. McOUAT - MANAGER.

Offices Lachute and Brownsburg.

Lachute Grist & Flour Mills.
Wholesale and Retail.

Flour, Bran, Shorts, Middlings, Cornmeal, Oatmeal, Rolled Oats, Graham and Buckwheat Flour, Oil Cake and Gluten Meals, and Grain of all kinds, at lowest market prices.

FINE GROUND FEED OUR SPECIALTY.
All grinding guaranteed. Grinding Tuesday's and Saturday's.

J. D. CAMPBELL
Main Street. Lachute.

MIXED PAINTS
Elephant Brand of Mixed Paints, Stains, Varnishes, etc.

BOOTS AND SHOES
We are gradually increasing our stock of reliable Boots and Shoes for Ladies, Men and Children from the best makers.

GROCERIES
Are all as good and reliable as we can possibly buy.

GILES BROS.
Main St. Lachute,

New Tailor Shop!

ATTENTION!

We take this opportunity of inviting you to call and inspect our large stock of the very latest goods on the market. They are good goods and you find our prices right. Call and leave your order for a Nobby Spring Suit.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

R. P. GOULET, Merchant Tailor, West End, Lachute



DIXIE NoTUFT
TEN COMPARTMENT MATTRESS

The housewife who wants handsome, even-edged, well-draped beds uses the Dixie NoTUFT Compartment Mattress. Tufted mattresses "spread" and "widen." The Dixie NoTUFT is guaranteed again *both*.

It's easy to keep clean because its smooth surface offers no lodging place for dust, dirt, and germs. It's 100% comfortable because it has no tufts to detract from its resiliency. The Dixie NoTUFT Compartment Mattress is so constructed that we are able to *permanently* distribute filling heavier at points where wear is greatest. It is so distinctly different from the tufted mattress you *now* use that you can't afford *not* to come in and see it.

J. A. BEDARD & SON.

KITCHEN TIPS

Insects like neither salt nor alum, and a small quantity sprinkled on the carpet will keep them away.

• • •

Comparatively few people know that a small pinch of baking soda keeps milk fresh longer than sugar, and it is a better plan than boiling it.

• • •

When pork is good the rind is thin, smooth, and cool to touch. Bacon should have a thin rind, the fat be firm, and tinged red by the curing; the flesh should be a clear red without intermixture of yellow; it should firmly adhere to the bone.

• • •

Chamois leather gloves, which are now so much worn, must be washed in a warm lather. Slip them on the hands so that the fingers can be easily rubbed. Rinse in a weak lather. Squeeze out the water, then blow out the gloves and hang in the air to dry.

• • •

To give a gloss to linen when ironed, add to a pint of starch when boiling a piece of mutton tallow the size of a pea—or, better still, a small piece of white wax. Much depends upon boiling the starch thoroughly if a glassy surface is desired; it should also be strained. Dip and wring out the article several times that it may be evenly and thoroughly incorporated with the starch; then dry on the line. Before ironing, dip and wring out of a weak solution of cold starch, roll up, and let the pieces remain two hours before ironing them.

SOME LAMP HINTS

The secret of making lamps always burn well is to keep the reservoir scrupulously clean. Oil always leaves a sediment, and if this is allowed to accumulate the oil will not burn as brightly as it should. Empty the reservoir once a week, wash out with hot water and pearlash, and drain well before filling again. Each air-hole of the burner should be cleaned out every day, and the wick wiped at the top with a piece of soft rag to remove the charred edges. A wick should never be cut, but occasionally it should be taken out and soaked in vinegar and water for two hours. Dry thoroughly before replacing. Ten minutes spent in cleaning a lamp in the morning will often save a whole evening's annoyance.

THE CARE OF STOVES

Have two sheets of asbestos fastened together to cover the entire top of the kitchen range whenever it is in use for cooking purposes. Circles of asbestos are attached to the main sheet. These can be lifted when the stove holes are required for simmering and slow cooking. The asbestos prevents all burning. It is especially useful when frying, as it saves the stove from being spattered with grease. When all cooking for the day is done, remove the sheet, and the stove is quite clean. It saves blacking it continually.

A GOOD IDEA

To make a good thick curtain at a little cost, get some clean sacks and sew them together, the length you require. Then cover both sides with cretonne, and you will have a good curtain to hang over a door to exclude draught.

TO SAVE MANTLES

When lighting the gas, turn it on for a few seconds, then hold the match one inch above the chimney. It is through applying the match too quickly that so many mantles are destroyed.

FADED CARPETS.

To restore the colour of a faded carpet, first of all brush it well all over, then rub it with a cloth wrung out of water to which a little ammonia and salt have been added. This revives the colours wonderfully, and the carpet beautifully fresh looking.

A BAKER'S HINT.

When putting dough, for bread or teacakes, to rise in a warm place, a skin always forms on the top, which prevents yeasted goods rising properly. To prevent this, instead of covering the pan with a dry cloth, put on a damp one, and the result will surprise you.

TO PEEL ONIONS.

If onions are peeled from the root upwards they will not make the eyes smart.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

Hundreds of People Have Found "Fruit-a-tives" Their Only Help

READ THIS LETTER

Superintendent of Sunday School in Toronto Tells How He Cured Himself of Chronic Rheumatism After Suffering for Years.

55 DOVERCOURT ROAD, Oct., 1st. 1913.

"For a long time, I have thought of writing you regarding what I term a most remarkable cure effected by your remedy "Fruit-a-tives". I suffered from Rheumatism, especially in my hands. I have spent a lot of money without any good results. I have taken "Fruit-a-tives" for 18 months now, and am pleased to tell you that I am cured. All the enlargement has not left my hands and perhaps never will, but the soreness is all gone and I can do any kind of work. I have gained 35 pounds in 18 months".

R. A. WAUGH

Rheumatism is no longer the dreaded disease it once was. Rheumatism is no longer one of the "incurable diseases". "Fruit-a-tives" has proved its marvellous powers over Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago—in fact, over all such diseases which arise from some derangement of stomach, bowels, kidneys or skin.

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Central Canada Exhibition,

Ottawa, Canada,

SEPT. 11, to 19, 1914

Entries close Sept. 4th

Canada's Greatest Fall Live Stock and Poultry Show.

Accommodation for 2,500 Head.

All freight paid upon Live Stock, Entries from Ontario and Quebec.

Seventy Acres of New—Bright and Up-to-Minute Exhibits.

New $50,000.00 Agriculture and Horticulture Building.

Dairy Building covers 12,000 Square Feet in which Prize Competitions will be held in Butter making daily.

Huge Parades of Prize Animals on Track infront of Grand Stand.

Magnificient Afternoon and Evening Proformance in front of Grand Stand.

Two—Wild West Shhws—Two (The Best Ever)

Unprecedented Night Military and Fireworks Display. "Nero, and the Burning of Rome."

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From Montreal	Victorian	Aug.	4
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From Montreal	Grampian	Aug.	1
From Montreal	Scan'vian	Aug.	8
From Montreal	Hesperian	Aug.	15
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TO HAVRE & LONDON

From Montreal	Sicilian	Aug.	2
From Montreal	Ionian	Aug.	16
From Montreal	Corinthian	Aug.	23
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Unsurpassed Accommodation for 1st, 2nd and 3rd Class Passengers. Excellent Cuisine.

For rates, tickets and full particulars apply to **J. S. GILES, Lachute.**
or H. & A. ALLAN, Gen. Agents,
2 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

Those striped and Polka dot Navy, Blue, Mill Ducks, are yard wide, are a great bargain at 12½ cents.

W. BANFORD & SON.

BLAMES THE HOBBLE SKIRT

The hobble skirt is stated to have caused a considerable reduction in the returns of the dress manufacturing trade throughout England. The construction of ladies' dresses has done so much to hinder profit-making as it had to impede ladies' movements, according to cloth manufacturers. Forty-two per cent. less material was used in making ladies' dresses than formerly.

Gentlemen !

As there are always a large number of my customers, who desire to know when I have received my Spring Suits, in order that they may place their order early, I therefore take advantage of this Adv't, to let them and anyone else, who desires a good-fitting suit, know that I have received my Spring and Summer stock of Suitings, Panting and Overcoating.

I also keep as usual the largest and best assortment of Gent's Furnishings, Hats and Caps, and Ready-to-Wear Clothing, of the very latest styles and designs.

Geoffroy Bedard
THE TAILOR,
Main Street, - Lachute.

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!
DOING WHAT?
Buying KITCHEN UTENSILS at
DEACON'S

Gasoline and Oil Stoves, Refrigerators, Kitchen Cabinets.
Everything in Tinware and Enamelware.

We have just received another Car Load of Corrogated Galvanized Iron.

G. Y. Deacon, - West End. Lachute.
Tinsmith and Roofer.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.

Deposits Nov. 30, 1908	$24,085,416
Deposits Nov. 30, 1913	40,807,499

OVER 95 OFFICES IN CANADA

A Savings Account

Is an aid and incentive toward systematic saving. If you open an account now with a dollar or more and promptly deposit your surplus cash where it will earn interest, you will be gratified at the result.

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Physician and Surgeon,
Office of late Dr. Christie
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SURGEON DENTIST
Office over Banford's Store.
Absent Tuesday only.

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DR. HUGH McCONNELL,
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Will be in his officce every day except Tuesday.
Opposite T. Christie's Drug Store.

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Physicin & Surgeon.
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First-class herse. Embalming a specialty at lowest prices.
Agent for Mable and Granite Monuments. Telephone No. 42,
BETHANY ST. LACHUTE.



We would like to visit every home and invite the people to our salesrooms to hear the Gram-o-phone. That's hardly possible, so we want everybody to consider this a personal invitation to come and hear the

Victor and Berliner Gram-o-phones

the wonderful musical instruments that play all kinds of music and entertainment so true to life that it is just like hearing the artists themselves.

The proof is the hearing. Come in any time—no obligation to buy.

Always a large stock of records on hand at

Omer Paquette's,
Main Street, Lachute.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

HARVESTER'S EXCURSIONS
AUGUST 14, and 21st
—TO—
HOMESEEKER'S
Excursions every Tuesday
New Service to
CHICAGO
MAY 31

For tickets and full particulars apply to
J. S. GILES, Agent.



RANGES AND COMFORT

The two go together and if you want them we are able to supply you. We confidently tell you that this is the best that money can buy and you will do well to call and see them. We can fit you up in household, furniture. Call and secure our prices. Better than elsewhere.

O. B. LAFLEUR & Sons, Limited.

HARNESS and HARNESS SUPPLIES, BUGGIES,

Dusters, Rope and all kinds of Binder Twine, Oils, Soaps, etc., etc.

Also Agent for MASSEY HARRIS MACHINERY and LEE RANGES and STOVES.

A Full Line of the BEST STOCK Always on Hand.

W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.

OUT OF HIS DEPTH

A select company of the employees of Messrs. Hatchen & Slee, the well-known drapers, had arranged a picnic up the river, and Bob Clayton had looked forward to it for weeks. When he rose from his bed in the morning and saw the glorious sunshine, he felt that the good weather was directly due to his earnest supplications.

He had selected this event as furnishing the best possible opportunity for carrying out the project nearest to his heart.

For months he had paid solicitous attentions to Ethel Gibb, the pretty typist, and these, he was convinced had been received not unfavorably. He had pictured the scene and rehearsed the part he would play. He would lead her away from the party to a quiet spot on the river bank. It would be evening, and the only sounds would be the gurgling of the water and the voice of someone singing in the distance. The atmosphere would be charged with sweet sentiment, and he would take Ethel's dear little hand, and, beginning with a subtle reference to his recent rise, and to the hollow loneliness of his life, would so lead up to his declaration of love.

That was what he had planned; but no sooner had he joined the party at Hammersmith than he became aware of a disturbing element.

That element was a dashing young man in white flannels, with a blue jacket with brass buttons.

"Lemme introduce my friend Mr. Townley," said Fairlee, of the ribbon department. "Percy, this is Mr. Clayton."

"Pleased to meet you," said Mr. Percival Townley graciously, adding as a car came along: "Is this our Rolls Royce?"

It was clear to Clayton from the laughter that this sally aroused that Percival Townley had established himself as a wit.

Nor was he mistaken. As he tendered his fare to the conductor he bade that official to "Hold your hand out, naughty boy." He demonstrated a trick with matches, and made a running comment on every incident that happened.

"He'll be the life o' the party," whispered Fairlie. "He's a great card. I'm glad I thought of bringing him."

"Rather," replied Clayton gloomily.

He did not at all appreciate the attention that the new-comer was concentrating on himself. Even Ethel Gibbs, who sat next to him, seemed to be greatly enjoying the entertainment.

Somehow Mr. Percival Townley's correct river attire, together with his manner of assurance and vivacity, forced home upon Bob Clayton the conviction that his clothes were old, and that he ought to have a straw hat instead of a cap, and that he had cut himself while shaving and that he had nothing to say.

Once he made a bold attempt to compete with "the life of the party." He began narrating an anecdote he had heard the previous day. When he was half-way through with it he suddenly realized that he had forgotten the end of it, and had to admit as much.

Mr. Townley shook his finger at him.

"I believe," he said daringly, "that you've just discovered that it is not a proper story."

"Indeed it is," protested Clayton, flushing.

"Ah, so you say! Hold your hand out, naughty boy!"

There was a burst of laughter which Clayton believed to be at his expense.

He had no appetite for the delicious pork-pies and sandwiches and fruit that came out of the hamper. Seated opposite him was Ethel Gibbs, and beside her Percival Townley, and her eyes were dancing with merriment at his words. He had never been able to make her laugh like that.

He was the only member of the party who was not enjoying the picnic. He made a brave attempt to force a laugh now and again. During a lull in the conversation Mr. Townley addressed the company:

"Lets have another story from Mr. Balzac over there," he said, pointing his stick at Clayton. "Pass the salt, Mr. Galt. Thanks, Mr. Shanks!"

"You are a comedian, you are!" grinned Fairlie. "I don't know how you think of all that. It was a good notion of mine to bring him along, was'nt it, Miss Gibbs?"

And Ethel replied "Yes" with enthusiasm.

Bob Clayton now wished that he had never joined the party. It was clear to him now that Ethel did not care for him in the least, else she would not let a stranger monopolise her like this.

At that moment an aeroplane appeared overhead.

"I wouldn't go in one of those things if you paid me," said Fairlie.

Mr. Townley shrugged his shoulders.

"It's not so bad as it looks," he said. "Of course, the first time you Volplane you get a bit of a thrill."

"Have you ever been up, Mr. Townley?" asked Ethel Gibbs.

"Twice," replied Townley, looking heavenwards.

Ethel clasped her hands.

"I'd love to go up!" she cried. "Were you high? And who took you up?"

"High! About two thousand feet. A fellow named Smith took me up. He's an airman—a pal o' mine."

"Never heard of him," growled Clayton.

"Go down to the foot of the class, then!" was Townley's quick rejoinder.

"Was it very exciting?" cried Ethel breathlessly.

"So, so. Nothing to a submarine, though—at least, that's my opinion. But then, when I went down in a submarine it was rather an exceptional experience."

"Have you been down in a submarine too?"

"I tell you, my friend Townley's seen some life," put in Fairlie.

Townley looked modestly at the river.

"We were experimenting with a new pump," he said. "I'm in the engineering line, you know. What made the thing a bit risky was that if the pump didn't work properly we'd not rise to the surface."

The party were awed into a short silence. Then there came down the river a punt in which a stout gentleman was being initiated into the art of punting. His endeavor aroused the amusement of the picnic party.

"What he ought to do is to let the pole fall into the water," said Townley critically. "No use shoving it down like that. He'll never learn to punt in a thousand years in that way."

"Do you go much on the river, Mr. Townley?" asked Ethel.

"A goodish bit. My uncle's got a houseboat at Henley."

"How lovely! Then you can punt, of course?"

Mr. Townley looked at her with an amused smile.

"I won the singles at Henley last year," he said lightly.

"I was at Henley yast year," put in Clayton aggressively I never saw any punt racing."

"Didn't you; Which day did you go, then?"

"The last day."

"That's why, then. The punting comes on the first day."

Clayton tore up a handful of grass and threw it viciously into the river.

"That's what we ought to ha' done," said Fairlie. "We ought to have had punts."

"That would have been something like," agreed Townley, with a meaning glance toward Ethel.

Clayton was seized with a sudden idea. At all costs he meant to put his suspicion to the test.

"Why can't we, then?" he demanded. "It's not too late yet."

"Where d'you think you'd get a punt?" asked Townley.

"Where d'you think—in a greengrocer's?" cried Clayton, and this time it was he who got the laugh. "We passed a boat-hirers on our way here."

So acceptable was the idea that a move was made to the boat-hirers.

"There's too many of us for a punt?" said Townley. "Let's have a skiff."

"Not likely!" cried Clayton loudly. "What I want to see is you punting."

Townley met his glance and flushed. There could be no mistaking the challenge.

"If you think you are going to see me tiring myself in this heat you are mistaken," growled Townley.

"You can take it easy," suggested Clayton.

To Townley's chagrin there was no lack of punts for hire. He pointed out the superior attractions of a skiff, but Clayton was adamant. He selected a punt, and insisted on embarking.

"Now, then, show us how it's done," cried Clayton. Then he added in a whisper to the girl by his side: "I'll bet he can't punt."

Townley heard the whisper, and, with a savage glance at Clayton, seized the pole.

It was a heavy cargo, but in the shallow water his pole found good support, and a lusty shove sent them toward mid-stream. Townley was secretly surprised at his success. Clayton was seized with chagrin. The fellow could punt, after all. He was not very graceful at it, and he got a lot of water down his sleeves; but they were going. There was no doubt about that.

"It's lovely," murmured Ethel.

"I could have sworn—" whispered Clayton, but the girl interrupted him.

"Don't be so disagreeable," she said quickly, "You've been a perfect bear all day."

"Hot work, Percy!" asked Fairlie suddenly.

Percival Townley was finding it very hot work indeed. And there entered his mind a doubt as to whether things were going to turn out at all right after all. At each shove of the pole the nose of the punt swung round.

"Which way are you taking us?" demanded Clayton. "We can't go both ways at once."

"You mind your own— Dash!"

The pole suddenly descended into deep water.

"It's too deep for punting here," he gasped.

"How do these other chaps manage it, then?" asked Clayton. "Peg away!"



GEN. CARRANZA,
the new Dictator of Mexico, who has been leader of the Constitutionalists.

Townley looked round nervously. A big steam-launch was bearing down upon them. They could hear the singing of its passengers and the rattle of dishes. Its whistle blew threateningly. Clayton seized a paddle, and, while he strove to propel the punt in one direction, Townley as strenuously tried to pole it in the other. It will never be known which force would have prevailed in the long run, for Townley, chancing to get his pole to the river bed, gave a furious lunge. The punt swung round. Townley tugged at the pole. It was as though it was dragging him out of the punt. He hung on gamely; then, with a wild cry, he toppled into the river.

"Well, of all the—" began Clayton, but Ethel shrieked:

"Look! He can't swim!"

That was very evident. Townley came to the surface, his arms smiting the water.

"Help!" he shouted.

Without a moment's hesitation Clayton jumped after him—not dived, as he might have done, but jumped. The watchers saw him seize Townley, and, with a strange stroke that they had never seen before, pull him to the bank. In a few minutes they saw him rise to his feet and help Townley on to his legs. By this time Fairlie had managed to paddle the punt to the bank, and the jeers of the people in the launch had died away.

"How splendid you are!" cried Ethel, ignoring the panting and sodden Townley.

"Oh, that's nothing!" said Clayton. "Must cut off to get dry somewhere."

"I'll come with you," she said.

As they walked along she exclaimed with scorn:

"I don't believe he was ever up in an aeroplane."

"Nor do I," agreed Clayton.

"But, Bob, you never told me you could swim!"

"I can't, that's why," grinned Bob Clayton.

"But how tremendously brave of you to jump in, then!"

"Oh, not so brave as all that! You see, I simply walked to shore."

"Walked!"

"Yes, I kept well under the water to make him think it was deep; but I knew by the way the pole went down that it wasn't much above my waist." He glanced anxiously at the girl. "You're not angry with me, are you?" he asked.

"You are a caution, Bob!" she cried.

Bob Clayton swallowed.

"I say, Ethel, I may as well tell you now," he began. "I've been wanting to ask you—that is to say, do you think that you—that you and I——"

"Wait till you get dry, Bob, and you can tell me then," was the blushing interruption.

"I believe you've guessed!"

"Guessed what?"

"That I—that you—that we——"

She caught his hand and squeezed it.

"Of course," she replied. "But don't kiss me in front of the hotel. Wait till you get dry."—London Answers.

Silk Fishing Lines.

The familiar leaders for attaching fishhooks to lines, known as silkworm gut, is made from the caterpillars of silkworms, by placing the freshly-killed worms in vinegar for several days. The caterpillar is then pulled apart in such a way as to draw out a glutinous thread formed by the silky secretion, three feet long, which is then stretched on boards and dried in the sun. The silkworm from which this kind of fishline is made is a green variety about three inches long, feeding on the leaves of the camphor tree. Forty grades of this product are recognized by dealers, the price varying from 30 cents to $6 a pound.

Many a man who is thrown on his own resources, says a cynic, falls back on those of his friends.

First Lady: "Too bad! Mrs. S. always has such abominable weather for her afternoon teas." Second Lady: "Yes; she never pours but it rains."

Comment on Events

The Fifty-Sixth President.

Francisco Carbajal, who has been elected Provisional President of Mexico succeeds a long line of emperors, presidents and dictators of various sorts who have ruled or tried to rule over that troubled country for a greater or lesser length of time. For lightning shifts in its rulers no other country in the world can compare with it. In the sixty years prior to President Porfirio Diaz's second term there have been no less than 52 rulers of Mexico, the large majority of whom were usurpers. Since the abdication of Diaz the number of rulers, permanent or provisional, has been increased by four, so that the latest occupant of the National Palace is the 56th. Although Carbajal is said to be of a peaceful and conciliatory disposition, his name is suggestive of anything but gentle methods. There was old Carbajal, famous as the faithful lieutenant and chief executioner of Pizarro. When he was being led to execution for all his bloody deeds he consoled himself by saying, "I have no enemies—I have killed them all."

Commission Government.

According to the report of the National Municipal League of the United States, recently issued from Philadelphia, the commission and commission-manager forms of government for cities have proved their worth wherever they have been carefully and fairly tried out. The committee of the league which issued the report agrees that commission government is a relative success and that the people living under it generally are more content than those where the old form obtains. The reason given for this is because the commission system is more sensitive to public opinion and does away entirely with the political affiliations of municipal government.

Revival of Boxing.

It is said the craze for boxing has gained full sway in France and is now making substantial headway in England. It has become so entrenched in those countries that the discussion has arisen whether or not women should attend boxing bouts. When that time arrives we are going to turn pessimist.

There are some good people, no doubt, who are able to see nothing wrong in a boxing match, and we are quite certain that all the bad people of all grades and tones are positively sure there is nothing wrong in it. But let that get the rage, like the tango, and there will be nothing that can hold humanity down to the serious, simple and beautiful life. Maybe it cannot hurt society, but if it can't it will only be because society is passed hurting. We refer to this because a contemporary says, "It is well to be warned in time that a new craze is in the air and that it may possibly be headed this way."

Crime and Passion.

Two of the most sensational murders of a decade are now the subject of investigation by experts in criminology in the United States. Two women of good social standing and heretofore of unblemished character, one of them the mother of children, stand accused of murder. In one case the victim was a woman and in the other a man. There is mystery in both cases, as there usually is in murders in which women are accused. Men kill in quarrels or for gain or for some motive well understood. A murder by a woman is usually an emotional act. It is the result of a sudden and uncontrollable impulse. At Stamford, Connecticut, a business man makes a social call upon a woman at her apartments. He is found lying dead on the sidewalk. It is at first believed his death was due to a fall, but suspicion is aroused and points to the woman, and the developments are such that she is held without bail. At Freeport, Long Island, N.Y., a married woman visits a doctor in his office. As she is about to leave she is fatally shot. The doctor explains that the shot came from the outside through a window. Investigation throws doubt on this story. A dictagraph in the office set by the doctor's wife for the purpose of eavesdropping points to jealousy as the motive for the murder and other circumstances seem to implicate her. The hope is entertained by all well wishers of their kind that in both of these cases, so much shrouded in mystery, the accused women may prove their innocence. It is shocking to the mind that any woman, high or low, should be accused or even suspected of murder, but human passions have no sex and the impulse to crime exists in all stations in life.

The Real Ireland.

The Irish Homestead says that the number of co-operative conferences and meetings which are taking place all over Ireland indicate the vitality of the movement. We read lately in an English pa a frequency hitherto only rumored in romances about the Wild West of America, per a very pessimistic account of Ireland as a place where nothing but secret conspiracies took place, where everybody was armed, where the revolvers went off with and then we read all these reports of farmers meeting in conference, considering their industry, the organization of the meat industry, the tillage problem, winter milk, labor, dairying, federation, and we wondered whether our neighbors across the Channel would not be just as much interested in these things as in the firing off of an old gun in the dark."

Most friends of Ireland would like the outside world to know that amid the tramp of marching men and all the other sensations there are a considerable number of people engaged in the intellectual employment of building up a rural civilization in Ireland, and that they come in large numbers to meetings and discuss economic problems and seem utterly unaware that their country is regarded by many outside Ireland as completely given over to the Devil and anarchy.

900,000,000 Bushels of Prosperity.

To escape prosperity with such crops as are promised this year by the United States Government experts, remarks a New York daily, is going to be difficult. The wheat crop in particular, notes another, "is real, and not psychological, grain." For the farmers are already busy with a "bumper" harvest of winter wheat, comprising the larger part of this years record-breaking total wheat production, which is estimated at 900,000,000 bushels, an increase of 137,000,000 over last last year's record crop. Other grains show signs of bounteous harvests, and, according to the U.S. Department of Agriculture's estimate, thirty-five States will produce crops greater than the average for the past ten years.

Sunday Fatalities.

Every Sunday has its automobile accident and its fatality. Why is it so? Is it because it is Sunday? Some with good reason think so, but we discard the technical reason for the broader one that if Sunday was spent kindly, thoughtfully, temperately and those qualities that so honor the day there would not be such frequency of sad and fatal mishaps.

We turn aside from all puritanic dictation, and advise that we "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," not from any dogmatic or verbal standpoint, but from that high summit where the vision spreads out to include moderation, happiness, the simple life and the poise of the soil. Observing this advice there will be few if any tales of sorrow every Monday morning. But rather there will be a day of good sense and happiness, instead of a riotous pursuit of fun, an experience that only shallow minds and uncivilised hearts insist upon.

"Yes, my brethren, keep in the straight and narrow way," said the preacher. "Well," commented Mis Smartest, "what else can one do in these hobble skirt?"

"What were the provisions of your uncle's will?" "I am to have all he left after the payment of his just debts." "That was all right! What did he leave?" "Just debts!"



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AN ELEPHANT WOODCHOPPER

Rama's Intelligence Was Really Wonderful.

In the timber-hauling department of the forest service of India, the elephant has proved himself an eminently useful workman. His combination of enormous strength and high intelligence is very valuable when he has to cope with the giant trees of the dense jungle. And of all the elephants in the service, Mrs. M. A. Handley says, in "Roughing It in Southern India," none was so wise as Rama.

Rama was the one the men always chose for any special task that needed great judgment. I often saw him thus engaged when a huge tree had to be felled. On one occasion, I remember, it was of such height and girth that it would have been risky for the men to be anywhere near at the last, in case it should give way too suddenly, or lurch over sidewise. But it could not fall backward, so Rama's business was to push it over, when the two axemen had hewn deeply enough to make that possible; and when that moment had come he was to be the judge.

A space was first cleared for the fall of the giant tree, where it could do not harm. Rama was evidently the brain of the partnership, for when the men were pretty well through the trunk, they consulted him by stopping and looking at him. That meant that he was to test it to see whether they should go on cutting any longer. He knew by trying with his forehead how much resistance the tree still offered; how he knew is the marvel, for no one could teach him that; but know he did. It was supremely interesting to watch him stand, with his grand head pressed against the trunk, every muscle in his body taut, but only for a few seconds, in order not to waste his strength. Then, if his judgment declined the task, he would step aside for the axemen to put in another ringing stroke or two; and again it was their turn to stand by while Rama made another trial. He knew, without having been taught, the importance of attacking the weakest point, and brought all his strength to bear on that. As soon as he was satisfied, the men were, nor would they have dared to give a single extra blow. Not having his intuitive knowledge, they left everything to him, their own safety included.

When Rama's instinct told him he could fell the tree, he did not move aside, but lifted his head and looked all round, in a way that said plainly enough that the time had come for all to keep clear, that he was now going to pit himself against the tree, and that the tree would have to go. Not until everyone was at a safe distance would he begin. Then, again lowering his head, he pressed and pressed, with forehead and bent knee, while the tree creaked and groaned, and at last fell over just where it was meant to fall. Then men and the elephant were trembling, for it had been a task of strength and nerve for all of them. Then the axemen did a pretty thing; they went up to old Rama, and rubbing their faces against his, kissed him!

SAVING WESTMINSTER'S ROOF

Has Been Almost Ruined by a Tiny Beetle.

The roof of Westminster Hall, long a remarkable example of what the genius of a master builder can accomplish in bridging space, has been almost ruined, according to a London correspondent, by a tiny beetle whose first cousins have destroyed many millions of feet of timber in western America.

The mischief has been discovered in time, however, and the builders are putting in new wood to replace the huge beams that are worm-eaten or perishing from dry rot.

The roof is two hundred and ninety two feet above the floor. The remarkable thing about it is its width—sixty-eight feet—which is covered in a single span by stout English oak. With the exception of modern iron-girdered roofs, there is only one roof in the world with a greater span, and that is the Hall of Justice in Padua, Italy.

William Rufus built the hall in 1097, but it was not until three hundred years later that the artificers of Richard II. undertook the stupendous task of replacing with a single span a roof that was originally built with a nave and side spans. These forgotten builders did their work well; they understood and provided so well for all the possible lines of strain and thrust pressure and resistance that the great timbers seem to soar from corbel to corbel.

It was the irony of destiny that in 1399 the roof that Richard had constructed looked down on the ceremony of his solemn deposition. Two and a half centuries later there was another striking scene in the hall, for in 1657 Cromwell, robed in purple and ermine, was installed as Lord Protector in the hall. Only four years later his head, severed from the exhumed trunk at Tyburn, was carried on a pole and set up in Westminster, as Samuel Pepys so unctuously records in his diary.

Parliament sat in Westminster Hall, although not exclusively, from quite early times. Justice was administered there in the king's name, and some of the most important and tragic state trials were held beneath its roof. Sir William Wallace, King Charles I., Sir Thomas More, Anne Boleyn, the Protector Somerset and Lord Strafford are only a few of those who faced their fate beneath the old oak timbers. Gladstone and Edward VII., dead, both lay in state beneath the roof.

God gives us all some small sweet way to set the world rejoicing.

It's the experience of every man that he wants a lot he doesn't get and gets a lot he doesn't want.

"A bald man is like a king with no children of his own." "In what way?" "He has no hair apparent."

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HOME

Barley Dishes.

Pearl Barley Breakfast Porridge.—Put one quart of water on to boil and salt it lightly. When it boils stir into it one-half cup of pearl barley, cover the kettle, clamped down. Pearls are best—and put over the simmering burner turned low, to cook for three hours. Towards the last the water may be cooked so that it is necessary to add a little more. If stirred occasionally from the bottoms it will not catch on. Warm up in double boiler if cooked the day before. Any of the fresh fruits with cream can be served with this. So served cold, as a luncheon dish, it is excellent.

Thick Barley Water.—Instead of one quart use two quarts of water and cook as above. This will yield a quart of barley porridge to thicken soups with, to use for muffins or a pudding, etc., and a quart of thick jelly-like liquid, which may also be used in various ways. It may be thinned and flavored for a drink or some butter, an egg yolk, etc., may be added to make of it a soup. It has the consistency of a good cream soup and is good with a little butter and nothing else, but if a little Parmesan cheese is freshly grated into it we have something like a soup and solid as food.

Fruit Soups.—A thick barley water is an excellent foundation for fruit soups. Dried fruits, such as raisins, figs, etc., may be cut up and cooked in the thinned water, which thickens up again while these are being cooked in it. A little sugar or some lemon juice or, better, lemon syrup, added to these finally will give the needed acidity and help to blend all the flavors.

Barley Sauce.—A thick jelly-like barley water flavored with lemon or some jelly, and heated, with a bit of butter added when it is taken from the stove, is a good deal better pudding sauce for an irritable stomach than one made of butter and flour cooked together. The flour is rarely cooked enough and butter so cooked it hard on the stomach.

Barley Water Drinks.—A large tablespoon of freshly made currant jelly in the bottom of a glass makes an excellent flavoring for barley water, and is wholesome. Even old jelly will taste better in this than in most combinations. In general, barley water to drink must be flavored to taste, but the jelly flavoring is to the taste of most people. It may be flavored in the same way as the fruit soups. Barley water is much easier on the stomach than raw cold water.

Barley Muffins.—One egg, two cups of barley porridge, one cup of flour, into which has been sifted three even teaspoons of baking powder, and a little barley water or milk if necessary. Beat the egg, add the barley and stir well, and then the flour and baking powder, making a rather thick batter. If the porridge left from the thick barley water—one-half cup of barley cooked in two quarts of water—is used, no additional liquid will be needed. Milk is likely to make the muffins sodden. Bake from twenty-five to thirty minutes. Well made, these are good enough to give anyone an appettite.

Scotch Broth.—A chef in a famous old English hotel, who had curried mutton and Scotch broth on his menu at the same time, gave the following recipe for the latter: 'Take the liquor any mutton has been boiled in and remove the fat when cold. Wash a cup of pearl barley and put it on to boil. When done add to the liquor; also a turnip, carrot, onion, and a little celery. Boil until the vegetables are tender and serve.' This was thin with only a few kernels of barley to be seen. Grated raw carrot on the top made it good looking and improved the flavor.

A single pound of mutton shoulder, the fat and skin removed before it is cooked in two quarts of water, will flavor a barley liquid sufficiently for a delicate soup, but three pounds are generally used for this amount. The meat, if first fried a little in hot fat, and the vegetables the same, may be taken out of the broth and served as curried mutton by making a gravy and flavoring it with curry. Leftover barley porridge can always be used to thicken a mutton broth, but if barley is added and cooked in it one large tablespoon with the other ingredients will make it thick enough.

Household Hints.

Putting wilted vegetables into ice-water will restore their freshness.

Winter boots and shoes should be stuffed with paper before being put away.

Rub fresh lard on the grass stain, let stand a little while, then wash in warm suds.

Asparagus on toast with hot cream, well salted, makes a delicious breakfast dish.

A tiny piece of garlic on the lettuce half an hour before serving will give a slight savory flavor.

For fruit stains on linen make a paste of [illegible] starch and water. Cover the stain, leave on some time, then brush off lightly.

Silk dresses should always be reinforced with silk under the arms, where the most wear comes.

It is a good idea to add to the garden year by year two or three new potherbs and salad plants.

It will save fine hose if a piece of velvet is glued inside the heels the moment the shoe begins to rub.

Overcooking always injures the color of greens; they should never be cooked until they become yellow.

Leftover ice cream may be utilized in making cakes. It may take the place of butter or flavoring.

The pot in which greens are cooked should never be covered. The confined steam injures the flavor and spoils the color.

Choose sunny, windy days on which to wash the blankets. They will be dry and fluffy by night, with a delicious open-air smell.

If a little powdered sugar and lemon juice are added to dandelions while cooking, the bitterness will be somewhat counteracted.

Boston asparagus ferns are said to thrive on a dose of coffee. Twice a week use the leftover coffee, with plenty of warm water added.

A remedy for grass stains is cream of tartar dissolved in boiling water. Apply when the spot is fresh and then wash as usual.

Always use ointments in tubes instead of jars where possible. Dipping the finger into the jar may mean infection to the next user.

A piece of fresh pork baked with the beans is an economy, as the pork makes the meat dish for dinner and the beans are delicious.

The housewife should have one potherb on her table daily. The potherb is essentially a relish, but it has a distinct value in the diet.

When food has accidentally been made too salty in cooking, the effect may be counteracted by adding a tablespoonful of vinegar and one of sugar.

To remove oil stains from carpets make a paste with fuller's earth and cold water, and spread thickly on the soiled parts. Let it dry then remove with a stiff brush.

Leftover stews containing vegetables should be used promptly, and in making summer stock vegetables should on no account be added unless to be used the same day. Aspic jellies in summer are always dangerous.

When sweeping a room, dust can be prevented from rising by dipping a newspaper in salt water, tearing it up in small pieces and scattering them over the carpet. This not only causes the absorption of the dust, but brightens the color of the carpet.

ROCKEFELLER'S GENEROSITY.

Began When Young and Has Kept It Up Ever Since.

It is very difficult to collect anecdotal matter relating to John D. Rockefeller, the oil king. His near relatives know his dislike for appearing in print, and his household is leak-proof. But there are many stories which show the oil magnate in a generous light.

The Standard Oil Company of Ohio, the parent company, has no pension fund, but maintains a gratuity system, which means about the same thing, with the exception that no obligation is assumed by the company as a permanency. When this plan was first put in operation it was discovered that a number of old employes were not eligible for the gratuity fund, because they had already severed their connection with the concern for old age or disability. The fact coming to John D. Rockefeller's notice, he gave instructions to have every such case investigated and reported upon, with a suitable recommendation as to the requirements in each worthy case. James Cole, superintendent of No. 1 works, was the official investigator and made the recommendations.

Upon receipt of the reports, John D. gave instructions to have all these people placed upon his personal payroll, their pensions to be paid by Mr. Cole personally and without notice to anyone. That system is still maintained. Even now some men are discovered who years ago worked for Mr. Rockefeller, and after some service sought other employment. Whenever a deserving case is found the man is pensioned, even though he has not been in John D.'s employ for a quarter century.

Shortly after John D. Rockefeller had moved away from Cleveland, about thirty years ago, New York observed her tercentenary, and all the Ohio National Guard was sent east to participate in the biggest parade New York had up to that occasion ever seen. Governor Foraker was anxious to show off the regiment of field artillery in the Ohio section, and ordered the march up Fifth Avenue to include a gallop, battery front, unmindful of the fact that the equipment dated back to '65. In consequence half the junk went to the scrap heap, not, however, without serious damage to the men. One broke his arm, another his hip as one wheel went out from under him. One was killed.

Acts of Kindness.

One of the officers was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, then on West Fifty-third Street, New York. Shortly afterward a neighbor sent to inquire into the details of the accident, and when he heard that an Ohio man had been hurt he asked permission to send the patient's food to him from his own home. During the six weeks the man lay in a cast all his meals were prepared in the neighbor's house. And the neighbor was John D. Rockefeller.

A few years ago Mr. Rockefeller sat in the office of an acquaintance, in one of the big office buildings, waiting his turn with his dentist, whose office is in the same building. Absorbed in a newspaper, he seemed to pay no attention to the discussion between his temporary host and a woman caller, the principal of a school, relating to a teacher who was obliged to go to New Mexico on account of failing health and for whom her fellow-teachers had taken up a modest collection to enable her to reach her objective point in the southwest.

But his memory served him well. For next day one of his agents called on the sick teacher, handed her a cheque for a substantial sum, and told her that the same amount would be sent to her regularly each month while she was ill. For two years she continued to receive Mr. Rockefeller's bounty, her stay enabling her to make a perfect recovery. She is still a teacher in the public schools.



A new portrait of Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

Early during the Civil War, before the days of a Government bounty to encourage enlistment, it became necessary that something should be done to assure the dependent families of recruits that they would not want during the absence of their husbands and sons. To this end a committee was formed and went to see John D. at his works in River Street, and found him with his partner, M. B. Clark. Mr. Rockefeller received them kindly and told them that he was sorry he could not go himself, since his brother Frank had enlisted. But he was glad to help. With a long key he opened the safe and produced a tidy sum of money. "I want you to feel," he said to the two recruits, "that your people will not suffer while you are gone."

On the way uptown Tibbits turned excitedly to Scofield. "Why," he said, "that man is rich! He must be worth $10,000!" At that time Mr. Rockefeller was barely 23 years old.

The Last Item.

A famous novelist staying at a certain hotel in Canada was so annoyed by the lack of attention he received that in a moment of irritation he asked to see the proprietor. "I just wanted to tell you," said the author when the proprietor appeared, that of all the hotels under the shining sun I have never been in one that for unmitigated, all-round unendurable discomfort could equal yours." After the indignant landlord had withdrawn the author asked for his bill, and he discovered that the last item on it was—"To impudence—$3"!

Discussing Their Grievances.

Two married ladies were discussing their grievances. "You can't think how the increased cost of living affects us," confessed one. "Why, my bills for clothes alone are more than twice as large this year as they were last year." "Mercy!" exclaimed the other. "I don't see how your husband can afford it." "He can't," said the first. "But he couldn't afford it last year. So what's the difference?"

NINE INVENTIVE EPOCHS

ALTERS THE CONDITIONS OF CIVILIZATION.

Inventors' Ideas Mark Stages in Progress of Civilization of the World.

George Westinghouse who died recently, stood ninth in the list of American inventors—not in point of achievement but in respect of fertility. Nearly 250 patents stand to his credit. He began life as machinist, and was only 21 years old when he applied to Cornelius Vanderbilt for help in the introduction of his air brake to use on the railroads. The great man laughed to scorn the idea of "stopping trains with wind," and dismissed him, saying that he had no time to waste on fools.

It was the air brake, however, that made high speed railroading possible. The invention was, therefore, an epoch-maker—one of two such which sprang from Westinghouse's brain, the other being the harnessing of the alternating electric current, which was destined to become the basis of enormous new industries.

Every now and then an invention is made that radically alters the conditions of civilization. The telephone was such an invention; so likewise the typewriter.

Dr. Emile Berliner.

The man whose improvements in the telephone made it possible to talk over long distances—said, the other day, that in effect there had been no epoch-making invention from the time of Archimedes to the year 1438 A.D., when the printing press came into existence. The next one was the telescope, in 1609, and then a century and a half elapsed before the arrival of the steam engine. Photography followed in 1820, magneto-electric induction in 1831, the telegraph in 1844, and the telephone in 1876.

Since the introduction of the telephone, it might be said, epoch making inventions have followed one another with astonishing rapidity, among them being the electric light, the X-rays, color photography, liquid air, wireless telegraphy, and radium. Not all of these can be properly said to have altered the conditions of civilization, but even liquid air and radium represent discoveries which mark important steps in the development of human knowledge.

Speaking of the electric light, Dr. Berliner said: "In 1877 there was at the capitol in Washington, near the dome upstairs, a large room in which was a big battery consisting of about 100 jars full of sulphuric acid and water, each containing a piece of carbon and a piece of zinc. On the Fourth of July the daily paper announced, to-night the electric light will be shown from the capitol Everybody was down on Pennsylvania avenue to see it. All at once we beheld

A Brilliant Light

in the lower part of the dome. Presently it went out, and perhaps twenty minutes later the electrician managed to get it going again, and we had another glimpse of the wonderful electric illumination. It was quite an interesting exhibition, and everybody enjoyed it highly."

In point of fertility, Thomas A. Edison stands first in the list of American inventors with over 800 patents. Next comes Francis H. Richards, with 600 odd—mainly in the line of weighing machines. Two electricians follow—Elihu Thomson and Charles E. Scribner. Fifth is Luther C. Crowell, who has done so much to develop the are of printing.

Next in order is Robert L. Hunter, whose 300 patents exhibit a most versatile genius, relating as they do to many different kinds of ideas, from electric railways and electric lamps to dental engines and theatre chairs. Others among the first ten American inventors are John W. Hyatt, whose contrivances relate largely to the lighting of subterranean places, and Charles J. Van Depoele, who has specialized in trolleys and electric roads.

Van Depoele, by the way, was a cabinet maker in Detroit when he took up the study of electricity as an amusement for his evenings. He originated the under-running trolley system, Corliss, the

Inventor of Steam Engines,

made his experiments after working twelve hours a day as a meat cutter. William Herschel, afterwards knighted for his achievements as an astronomer, built his wonderful instruments and astonished the world by his discoveries while earning a living by playing the fiddle at dances and concerts.

The talking machine is one of the epoch-makers that have followed the invention of the telephone. More than forty years ago, as many people now living will remember, P. T. Barnum exhibited as one of the attractions of his circus, a machine that was supposed to talk. It made some very queer noises which might be understood to counterfeit human speech, with the help of a strong imagination. Its construction was a secret and of the actual nature of its mechanism there seems to be no record extant. The real talking machine, invented by Edicon, did not come into existence until 1878.

KEEPING FOOD IN SUMMER.

Battle Should be Waged Against Flies in the Home.

While people should be careful about the condition of the food they eat at all seasons of the year, they should be particularly watchful during the summer months. In hot weather, bacteria multiply far more rapidly than in cold weather and produce chemical changes in some foods which greatly lessen their nutritive value and often make them unfit for human consumption. Unfortunately, there is no quick, absolute, simple, practical way of determining the presence of hurtful bacilli in foods or of obtaining positive evidence of the existence of ptomaines. The average family does not have the delicate apparatus needed for these tests, nor the skill to detect these micro-organisms.

The housewife will find eyes and nose the safest practical detectives of bad food in hot weather. If any article has any suspicion of an unusual odor or looks abnormal, it should be avoided. People eating in doubtful restaurants should be particularly careful about meats or fish cooked with a highly spiced or aromatic sauce which might disguise a bad taste or warning odor. Only sweet-smelling, clean food should be eaten. Spotted, green, slimy or frothy raw meat, or meat which is soft in spots should be regarded with suspicion. Taste, of course, is supplementary test, but one to be used after eyes, nose and fingers. A mother before she allows her child to eat anything, should examine it carefully in a good light, smell it and finally taste it.

Milk, particularly, deteriorates rapidly under summer heat, especially if it contains bacteria. Housewives, therefore, should see to it that their milk after being left by the milkman does not stand for any length of time on a hot back porch or stoop before it is put in the ice-box. Milk bottles should be kept closed, both in the ice-box and out of it. If there is any doubt at all as to the excellence of the local milk supply, pasteurize all milk.

All foods should be kept covered or wrapped, and always out of the reach of flies, which are deadly carriers of typhoid. All vessels, pitchers, etc., in which food is to be stored should first be scalded. Food should be handled as little as possible. The ice-box, especially its drain pipe, should be cleaned thoroughly and frequently with boiling water and washing soda and given an occasional airing.

Uncooked foods, as a general proposition, should be avoided. Children should not be allowed to eat the skins of fruits, especially fruits which have been exposed to flies or street dirt on unscreened stands or push-carts.

Those who go away for vacation should not get the idea that everything in a summer resort or strange city is necessarily pure and wholesome. The danger of typhoid fever in country resorts is very great. Many of the cases of typhoid fever recorded in the fall in cities where the water is pure had their origin in water or contaminated substances drunk or eaten at some summer resort. Insist on boiled water. If you absolutely cannot get boiled water, make very sure about the reputation of springs, wells or tap water. Refuse absolutely to take any water that comes from a source near any outhouse or stable or in a neighborhood where fever is at all prevalent.

Boiled water can be made just as palatable as unboiled water. The flat taste which boiled water has soon after it has been boiled is due to the fact that boiling drives out of it the air which it held in solution. If the water after boiled is put in scalded, shallow, open pans and allowed to stand for 24 hours where flies or dirt cannot get at it, it will regain its air and have its usual taste restored by the second day.

A possible source of danger in the home, but one frequently overlooked, would seem to be the pet animals of the household. The fur of even the most cleanly cats and dogs must come in contact with many things which we would not care to have touch our food. In many families where the animals are not allowed in the living-rooms for fear of soiling the furniture, they are given free range in kitchen and pantry, where the chances are they will leave more or less loose hair and dirt and which may find its way to food utensils or to food.

A word should also be said regarding animal pests. Rats and mice are regarded by all housewives as destructive and disagreeable in every way, and no one cares to eat food which they have touched. Traces of the presence of mice may sometimes be noted in cereals and other foods sold in open boxes and similar containers in markets and shops which are careless in such matters. This suggests another reason for keeping such foods in glass jars or tin can or similar receptacles in shops and in the pantry and storeroom. In addition to the food which they destroy and the pecuniary loss involved, rats and mice are a menace to health, as they are known to be carriers of disease, Bubonic plague, diphtheria and many other similar diseases may be communicated by rats.

VILLA, CARRANZA AND MEXICO.

There is widespread misinformation about Mexico, the rebellion and the chief characters who figure in the great civil strife that has torn the Republic to the South for so many years.

Most of us have thought of Mexico and its people as the natural habitat for the insurecto, where everybody was ready at the drop of the hat to lay aside his peaceful avocation for the more alluring excitement of brigandage. This is a mistake, for there is not a people on the face of the earth more calm, lowly or better mannered than the Mexican, and if his history is more replete with insurrection and the general horrors of war than others, you can rest assured it is not a matter of choice, but that he is forced into it as a last resort to maintain his freedom and protect his property rights.

Villa, commonly thought to be a murderous bandit, is really a man of wonderful military genius and power, a natural-born soldier, having unequaled magnetizing force, and if he only could arm and maintain one half of the myriads who would volunteer to enter his fighting ranks, would soon find himself at the head of an army sufficient to wipe out the Huerta forces and completely avenge the assassination of his very dear friend, Madero.

But he has no ambition for office; he is a soldier and a fighter from the ground up, and as such is a popular idol.

Carranza, on the other hand, is a statesman of a very high order, and is a great admirer of Villa, whom he directs, with the affectionate regard of a father for his son.

Between them there is perfect understanding, despite contrary reports emanating chiefly from Huerta's agents to create discord.

Villa knows his own limitations outside of soldiery, and believes in the perfect patriotism and unselfish devotion to the cause of freedom for the republic that Carranza manifests, and honestly thinks that Carranza will be to Mexico what Bolivar was to the far South.

Villa will continue his triumphant march upon Mexico's Capitol, and I predict the end of the usurper Huerta to be very near at hand.

A strong liberty-loving man will then be at the head of th nation, and the down-trodden Mexicans, for the first time, will have a voice in their own government.

There will then be no more lords of great landed estates running up into millions of acres, which has been the undisguised curse of that unfortunate people for over a century.

The country will be cut up into small farms, and the peasant will once more sit under his own trees in his cottage home, and vassalage will forever cease.

The gross and reprehensible favoritism shown by the government to the great land owners, and the consequent poverty and starvation of the masses of the people, is responsible for the numerous and sporadic uprisings of the people which President Diaz, with bloody cruelty, was alone able to put down.

Mexico is really a wonderful land. Few outside realize this. The traveller rushes through the country by rail, and sees it at its worst—the half-naked peon carrying his burden; the adobe hut with dark, unfurnished inside; children wallowing in close proximity with pigs and chickens reeking in filth and vermin—is to our civilization an offensive picture.

But this is not all of Mexico, any more than the multitude of lazy negroes at the stations in the South, with their rags and tatters, are types of Americans.

Mexico has a population of about 20,000,000, and of this 12,000,000 are peons, and they are always in evidence. The remainder constitute a distinct class, having education, travelled culture, modern methods, fine manners, and are the saving grace of the country, reresenting its commercial, intellectual, and superior social life.

Should the present rebellion succeed, as it is about certain it will, we will soon behold a rejuvenated Mexico, with its old time glory and brilliancy, when these off-scoured tag-ends—these rivates in the rear rank of the great commercial army of the unemployed—will take their places in the army of prosperity, and push for the upbuilding of a rejuvenated nation.

CHAS. M. BICE.

Denver, July 13, '14.

Mexico City, July 15.—General Victoriano Huerta resigned to-day from the provisional Presidency of Mexico. He appeared at 5 o'clock this afternoon before the Mexican Congress assembled in joint session, and formally announced his decision. Dr. Francisco Carbajal succeeds General Huerta in the provisional Presidency.

An Anti-Swatter.

Alas for the poor fly! He has few friends nowadays. One of the last to be kind to him was the dear old Countess of X.

"Julia," said her ladyship, who noticed one buzzing round the window and giving himself a headache butting the glass, "Julia, open the window and let that poor fly out."

"But, madam, it is pouring rain."

"You are very thoughtful, Julia. Show the fly into the ante-room and let it sit down till the shower is over; then let it out."

Mother—"Is the clock running, Willie?" Willie—"No, ma, it's just standing still and wagging its tail."

She—Couldn't you get father's consent? He—I might have, but after interviewing him I couldn't get my own consent to accept him as a father-in-law.

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A Romance of Colorado

BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Ring and the Man," "The Island of Regeneration," "The Better Man," "Hearts and the Highway," "As the Sparks Fly Upward."

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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CHAPTER XIII

Her heart throbbed again. She lifted her face from her hands and dried her tears, a warm glow stole over her and once again not altogether from the fire. Who and what was this man? Who was that woman whose picture he had taken from her? Well she would have time to find out. And meantime the world outside could think and do what it pleased. She sat staring into the fire light, seeing pictures there, dreaming dreams. She was as lovely as an angel to the man when he came back into the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Woman's Heart.

That upper earth on which they lived was covered with a thick blanket of snow. The lakes and pools were frozen from shore to shore. The mountain brooks, if they flowed at all, ran under thick arches of ice. The deepest canons were well nigh impassible from huge drifts that sometimes almost rose level with the tops of the walls. In every sheltered spot great banks of white were massed. The spreading branches of the tall pine trees in the valleys drooped under heavy burdens of snow. Only here and there sharp gaunt peaks were swept clean by the fierce winter winds and thrust themselves upward in icy air, naked and bare. The cold was polar in its bitter intensity.

The little shelf or plateau jutting out from the mountain side upon which the lonely cabin stood was sheltered from the prevailing winds, but the house itself was almost covered with the drifts. The constant fire roaring up the huge stone chimney had melted some of the snow at the top and it had run down the slanting roof and formed huge icicles on what had been the eaves of the house. The man had cut away the drifts from doors and windows for light and liberty. At first every stormy night would fill his laborious clearings with drifting snow, but as it became packed down and frozen solid he was able to keep his various ways open without a great deal of difficulty. A little work every morning and evening sufficed.

Every day he had to go down the mountain stairway to the bottom of the pocket to feed and water the burros. What was a quick and simple task in milder, warmer seasons sometimes took him a half a day under the present rigorous conditions. And the woman never saw him start out in the storm without a sinking heart and grave apprehension. On his return to the cabin half frozen, almost spent and exhausted, she ever welcomed him with eager gratitude and satisfaction which would shine in her eyes, throb in her heart and tremble upon her lips, control it as she might. And he thought it was well worth all the trouble and hardships of his task to be so greeted when he came back to her.

Winter had set in unusually early and with unprecedented severity. Any kind of winter in the mountains would have amazed the girl, but even the man with his larger experience declared he had never before known such sharp and sudden cold, or such deep and lasting snows. His daily records had never shown such low temperatures nor had his observation ever noted such wild and furious storms as raged then and there. It seemed as if Nature were in a conspiracy to seal up the mountains and all they contained, to make ingress and egress alike impossible.

A month had elapsed and Enid's foot was now quite well. The man had managed to sew up her boot where the knife had cut it and although the job was a clumsy one the result was a usable shoe. It is astonishing the comfort she took when she first put it on and discarded for good the shapeless woolen stocking which had covered the clumsy bandage happily no longer necessary. Although the torn and bruised member had healed and she could use it with care, her foot was still very tender and capable of sustaining no violent or long continued strain. Of necessity she had been largely confined to the house, but whenever it had been possible he had wrapped her in his great bear skin coat and had helped her out to the edge of the cliff for a breath of fresh air.

Sometimes he would leave her there alone, would perhaps have left her alone there always had she not imperiously required his company.

Insensibly she had acquired the habit—not a difficult one for a woman to fall into—of taking the lead in the small affairs of their circumscribed existence, and he had acquiesced in her dominance without hesitation or remonstrance. It was she who ordered their daily walk and conversation. Her wishes were consulted about everything; to be sure no great range of choice was allowed them, of liberty of action or freedom in the constraints with which nature bound them, but whenever there was any selection she made it.

The man yielded everything for her and yet he did it without in any way derogating from his self-respect or without surrendering his natural independence. The woman instinctively realized that in any great crisis in any large matter, the determination of which would naturally effect their present or their future, their happiness, welfare life, he would assert himself, and his assertion would be unquestioned and unquestionable by her.

There was a delightful satisfaction to the woman in the whole situation. She had a woman's desire to lead in the smaller things in life, and yet craved the woman's consciousness that in the great emergencies she would be led, in the great battles she would be fought for, in the great dangers she would be protected, in the great perils she would be saved. There was rest, comfort, joy and satisfaction in these thoughts.

The strength of the man she mastered was estimate of her own power and charm. There was a great, sweet, voiceless, unconscious flattery in his deference of which she could not be unaware.

Having little else to do, she studied the man, and she studied him with a warm desire and an enthusiastic predisposition to find the best in him. She would not have been a human girl if she had not been thrilled to the very heart of her by what the man had done for her. She recognized that whether he asserted it or not, he had established an everlasting and indisputable claim upon her.

The circumstances of their first meeting, which as the days passed did not seem quite so horrible to her, and yet a thought of which would bring the blood to her cheek still on the instant, had in some way turned her over to him. His consideration of her, his gracious tenderness toward her, his absolute abnegation, his evident overwhelming desire to please her, to make the anomalous situation in which they stood to each other bearable in spite of their lonely and unobserved intimacy, by an absolute lack of presumption on his part—all those things touched her profoundly.

Although she did not recognize the fact then perhaps, she loved him from the moment her eyes had opened in the mist and rain after that awful battle in the torrent to see him bending over her.

No sight that had ever met Enid Maitland's eyes was so glorious, so awe inspiring, so uplifting and magnificent as the view from the verge of the cliff in the sunlight of some bright winter morning. Few women had ever enjoyed such privileges as hers. She did not know whether she liked the winter crowned range best that way, or whether she preferred the snowy world, glittering cold in the moonlight; or even whether it was more attractive when it was dark and the peaks and drifts were only lighted by the stars which shone never so brightly as just above her head.

When he allowed her she loved to stand sometimes in the full fury of the gale with the wind shrieking and sobbing like lost souls in some icy inferno through the hills and over the pines, the snow beating upon her, the sleet cutting her face if she dared to turn toward the storm. Generally he left her alone in the quieter moments, but in the tempest he stood watchful, on guard by her side, buttressing her, protecting her, sheltering her. Indeed his presence then was necessary, without him she could scarce have maintained a footing. The force of the wind might have hurled her down the mountain but for his strong arm. When the cold grew too great he led her back carefully to the hut and the warm fire.

(To be continued.)

BEATING WHITES OF EGGS

Difficulty is often met with in beating whites of eggs, when they absolutely refuse to froth. Do not be discouraged, but for every white add two drops of pure glycerine, then they will whip quickly to a froth, light and stiff. The glycerine is harmless and merely has a drying effect, causing the evaporation of moisture from the egg. It is an excess of moisture which excludes the air from the cellsof albumen. Also add the glycerine to fresh eggs and they will froth in half of the usual time required. The above has been proved by repeated experiments.

SASH CURTAIN HINT

When laundering sash curtains, starch them only part way up, as the rod can be more quickly inserted with less danger of tearing the curtains. This is a great improvement on the fully starched curtains.

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CHOICE OF COLORS

Nothing is more important to the becomingness of dress than the choice of suitable colors. Even a faultlessly cut gown can ruin a woman's appearance if the color is wrong, while even so ill-cut a garment of exactly the right shade may bring out undreamed of beauties in the face of the wearer.

Here are a few suggestions for the setting off of the young face:

A certain shade of blue can bring unsuspected lights into the dullest grey eyes, but you must try for the color yourself. It cannot be described. Almost all blondes can wear blue, but some shades are signally becoming to the brunette, particularly she of the dark blue eye. Here the darker Alice and Copenhagen hues come in, as well as some of the lighter grey-blue tones.

Olive green, which is very fashionable just now, sage green and some soft tones of grey bring out any hesitating rose tint in the cheeks.

A very blonde type wears nile green well, bright scarlet and palest of pink; the darker shades, merging into the popular American beauty color, are of the brunette.

The very highly-colored girl, blonde or brunette, must beware of yellow and of pale pink and nile green, but she will look exceptionally well in white, as some women do not.

Rather pale brunettes look well in most shades of yellow, but there is a tea-rose type of coloring, creamy brown of skin with a hint of submerged pink, for whom the different tones of yellow have been specially evolved. The apricot shades, too, will be most becoming to this type.

Unless one has the brownest brown in eyes or hair it takes a very clear skin not to look "muddy" in most shades of this color.

The average girl, neither very fair or very dark, can wear a great variety of colors, but should not attempt the palest hues.

A touch of black, or black and white, will often help out otherwise unbecoming colors.

Black is usually becoming to the young, but in black or any color, sequins and all glittering things are for older people.

During the stage just past first youth women should avoid all very pale shades. Now is their time to revel in the brightest colors, but it is more important than ever before that they should be the particular bright colors for each particular face. Gold trimmings and barbaric effects can also be worn with good results.

The woman a little older still will do well to appear in pastel shades. Avoid black and all pronounced colors, but clothe yourself in soft, dull tones, and mixtures of these tones, greys, amethysts, blues and greens. Cut steel and silver will add a touch of subdued glitter that is becoming.

MEATS OFTEN ILL-COOKED

Sausages are often served insufficiently cooked. They should be washed, put into a covered pan with a cupful of water and allowed to simmer for twenty minutes, renewing the water if necessary. Then take off the cover and brown the sausages, picking each one to let the moisture out.

Stews are very often cooked too quickly and in too much water. The meat should be washed and carefully looked over, then put into a pot with about two cups of hot water; more may be added as this boils down. This should simmer for four hours, the salt and onion being put in at half that time, not at the beginning. A pleasant flavor is gained by adding half a can of tomatoes an hour before this is served. The second cut of brisket makes an excellent stew. It may be stewed cut in slices like steak.

The forequarter of lamb is the most delicious part of all if it is well cooked. The shoulder blade should be removed, an onion dressing added, if desired, then placed in a covered pan in a slow oven. It should roast for at least three hours.

Veal is often under-cooked. Cutlets should fry for at least half an hour.

Pay of Chaplains.

Navy chaplains are paid from $1,095 to $2,005 per annum.

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Dairy Building covers 12,000 Square Feet in which Prize Competitions will be held in Butter making daily.
Huge Parades of Prize Animals on Track infront of Grand Stand.
Magnificient Afternoon and Evening Proformance in front of Grand Stand.
Two—Wild West Shhws—Two (The Best Ever)
Unprecedented Night Military and Fireworks Display. "Nero, and the Burning of Rome."
FFor Fuller and More Complete Information, Apply to
E. McMAHON,
Manager and Secretary.
26 Sparks St., Ottawa, Ont.

ALLAN LINE
ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

TO LIVERPOOL

From Montreal	Victorian	Aug. 4
From Quebec	Calgarian	Aug. 13
From Montreal	Tunisian	Aug. 18
From Quebec	Alsatian	Aug. 27

TO GLASGOW

From Montreal	Grampian	Aug. 1
From Montreal	Scan'vian	Aug. 8
From Montreal	Hesperian	Aug. 15
From Montreal	Corsican	Aug. 22

TO HAVRE & LONDON

From Montreal	Sicilian	Aug. 2
From Montreal	Ionian	Aug. 16
From Montreal	Corinthian	Aug. 23
From Montreal	Sicilian	Sept. 6

Unsurpassed Accommodation for 1st, 2nd and 3rd Class Passengers. Excellent Cuisine.

For rates, tickets and full particulars apply to **J. S. GILES, Lachute.**
or H. & A. ALLAN, Gen. Agents,
2 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

Those striped and Polka dot Navy, Blue, Mill Ducks, are yard wide, are a great bargain at 12½ cents.
W. BANFORD & SON.

SHOCKED TO DEATH

Jibson:—"Heard the news about poor Flutterby, I suppose, old fellow?"

Checkly:—"No; what's happened to him?"

Jibson:—"Dropped dead in a tramcar the day before yesterday. He always suffered from heart disease, you know; and the doctors said any sudden shock would kill him."

Checkly:—"Did he get one?"

Jibson:—"Yes, poor chap. He offered his seat to a lady, and—she thanked him."

NO PLACE FOR HIM

"Love your neighbor as yourself," said the minister, with great earnestness.

"Thomas," whispered the lady to her husband, who lived next door to a pretty young widow, "come away; this is no place for you."

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Gentlemen!

As there are always a large number of my customers, who desire to know when I have received my Spring Suits, in order that they may place their order early, I therefore take advantage of this Adv't. to let them and anyone else, who desires a good-fitting suit, know that I have received my Spring and Summer stock of Suitings, Panting and Overcoating.

I also keep as usual the largest and best assortment of Gent's Furnishings, Hats and Caps, and Ready-to-Wear Clothing, of the very latest styles and designs.

Geoffroy Bedard
THE TAILOR,
Main Street, - Lachute.

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!
DOING WHAT?
Buying KITCHEN UTENSILS at
DEACON'S
Gasoline and Oil Stoves, Refrigerators, Kitchen Cabinets.
Everything in Tinware and Enamelware.
We have just received another Car Load of Corrogated Galvanized Iron.

G. Y. Deacon, - West End. Lachute.
Tinsmith and Roofer.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.

Paid Up Capital	$4,000,000
Rest and Undivided Profits	4,952,759

Accounts of Individuals and Business Firms solicited.

Collections
Made at all points.
Drafts Issued. Coupons collected.
Money transmitted abroad by Bank Draft or Cable Transfer.

Lachute and St. Andrews Branch, - J. R. Parris, Manager.
Grenville Branch, - W. H. Lamb, Manager.



RANGES AND COMFORT

The two go together and if you want them we are able to supply you. We confidently tell you that this is the best that money can buy and you will do well to call and see them. We can fit you up in household, furniture. Call and secure our prices. Better than elsewhere.

O. B. LAFLEUR & Sons, Limited.

HARNESS and HARNESS SUPPLIES, BUGGIES,

Dusters, Rope and all kinds of Binder Twine, Oils, Soaps, etc., etc.

Also Agent for MASSEY HARRIS MACHINERY and LEE RANGES and STOVES.
A Full Line of the BEST STOCK Always on Hand.
W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer,
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXIX — LACHUTE, FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1914. — NO 52

.. Preserving Time ..

Remember that I go to the expense and trouble of going to the market every week to select my fruits.

I am better prepared than ever to sell you the right kind of goods, the best quality and lowest prices.

Don't forget the following are on the market only a short while.

Plums, Pears, Peaches, Grapes
.. Blueberries, Melons, Etc. ..

PHONE No. 105.

P. PAQUIN, - Lachute

FRUITS AND CANDIES.

Just received a large Shipment of

Moirs' Famous Chocolates and Candies.

Purest and best.

We have the following Fruits fresh from the growers:

Grapes, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas. Onions and Tomatoes,

ED. DARLINGTON,
Main Street, Lachute.

WANTED,—Two Protestant Teachers holding elementary Diplomas, for Avoca Schools No 1 and 3 for a term of ten months, commencing Sept 1st. Apply stating salary expected to

LESLIE BATES, Sec-Treas.
Avoca P. O. Pro. Que.

—o—

WAR HORSES! Col. Reilly and the Government Inspector will inspect horses on Friday next at Staynerville, and on Saturday at Lachute, in J. D. Campbell's Mill yard. Parties having horses for sale are requested to bring them in for inspection. All horses must be broken in either to harness or saddle. For further information apply to

J. D. CAMPBELL,
Lachute, Que.

—o—

Beautiful Chambrays, Striped and Checked Ginghams to clear at 12½ cents per yard.

W. BANFORD & SON.

—:o:—

WANTED — Thirty girls. Can earn from $1.25 to $2.00 per day. Apply

THE AYERS LIMITED,
8-21 Lachute Mills, Que.

—:o:—

While everything grown on the farm advances in price, we are trying to give you the lowest prices you ever paid in Cotton Wash Goods.

W. BANFORD & SON.

—:o:—

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

MRS. WM. McOUAT,
Brownsburg

on Saturday, August 29th, 1914

The following effects:—Three bedroom suites, with springs and mattresses complete, leather bed and pillows, two buffalo robes, organ, large wardrobe, sideboard, extension table and other tables, hanging and other lamps, 1 cooking stove, 6 rocking chairs and other chairs, clock, dishes, washing machine, cooking utensils, coolie cans, and a general kitchen outfit, garden and carpenters tools, flower pots and some choice flowers in the pots, spinning wheel and reel, 12 Plymouth rock hens, and many other articles too numerous to mention. All will be sold without reserve, as proprietor is leaving Brownsburg.

Sale to commence at 1.30 p m. sharp
TERMS CASH.

M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer.

LOCAL NEWS

—:o:—

Mr. W. S. MacKimmie spent the week-end in Eastern Townships.

Mr. Buchan, of Montreal, was the week end guest of Mrs. D. Todd.

Miss Dora Barley is spending a week's visit with friends in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Calder, spent Sunday last at Sixteen Island Lake.

Mr. Thomas Boa, of St. Agathe, spent the week-end in town visiting friends

Dr. Secord and family, of Buckingham, Que., motored to town on Monday last.

Mrs. H. Slater is spending a short visit with friends in St. Rose this week.

The Misses Irene and Alice Riddell, spent the week-end with friends at New Ego.

Mrs. J. S. Giles and daughter Catherine are spending a few days in Ottawa this week.

Miss Laura Campbell, and sister Eveline, of Ottawa are in town on a short visit.

Miss Jessie McArthur, of the Montreal General Hospital Staff, is home on a months visit.

Mr. Robert Cruise, M. P., of Dauphin, Man., was the guest of his brother, Mr. Jno. Cruise, over Sunday.

Mrs. J. Eakin and family, returned to Montreal, on Wednesday after spending the summer at Hill Head.

Miss Pearl Pollock entertained on Tuesday afternoon to a Linen Shower, in honor of Miss Amy Copeland.

The Misses Alice and Isabel Kearns, also Miss Dolly Peebles, of Montreal, spent the week-end in town.

Mrs. Louttot, accompanied by her son and daughter, from Ottawa, were guests of Mrs. Wm. Potter this week.

Mrs. Jas. McFaul and Mrs. Hamilton and families, have returned from their summer home at Lake Louisa.

Miss Ada McCadie and Miss Hinchcliff, of Montreal, were guests of the Misses McGregor this week.

Mr. J. McLeod, who has been spending a short vacation in town, left on Monday last for Montreal prior to a western trip.

Mrs. Campbell, of Senlom Falls, Ont., also Mrs. Ross and Miss Morrin, of Petit Brule, were recent guests of Mrs. Jno. Hay.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rice, of Ormstown, Que., and Mr. Robt. Whyte, of Hamilton, Ont., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rice this week.

Mr. Jno. Hay is attending a meeting of the Council of Agriculture of the Province of Quebec at Three Rivers on Wednesday.

Mr. J. H. Kimball, of Montreal, also Mrs. Kyte and Miss Ethel, of Newark, New Jersey, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hay recently.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Derby and son, also Mr. and Mrs. H. Hartley, and Miss Tracey, of Montreal, were recent guests of Miss Clarke, Brownsburg.

The Methodist Church Lachute, Aug. 30th. Services as follows, Lachute, 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m. St. Canute, 3 p m. Preacher—The Pastor. East Settlement, 3 p.m. Brownsburg, 7.30 p m. Preacher Mr. H. W. Irwin. The usual monthly meeting of the Ladies' Aid, of Brownsburg, will be held at the home of Mrs. Geo. McAllister, on Wednesday, at 2 p.m. Prayer meeting at Brownsburg, on Thursday, at 7.30 p.m. The regular monthly meeting of the W. M. S. will be held on Thursday, at 3 p.m., at the Parsonage, Lachute.

Re-Opening Of Lachute Academy.

Lachute Academy will re-open on Wednesday, Sept. 2nd, the classes assembling in the Academy at 10 a.m. It is most important that all intending students should be present at that time, so that the work of organization may be completed as quickly and effectively as possible. There will be a public opening for the distribution of scholarships and prizes in the basement of the Presbyterian Church, at 8 p.m. of the same day, to which parents and friends of the school are invited.

The Principal will be in his office on Monday and Tuesday, to meet parents who wish to have their children admitted to the school.

Miss Adelaide Grey, is visiting with friends in Grenville.

Mr. A. D. Kennedy, of Ottawa, was in town the early part of this week.

Miss Nellie McGregor is spending a week's visit with friends in Montreal.

Mrs. Jno. Cruise and son Willis, are spending this week visiting friends in Morin Heights.

Mrs. W. W. Hume and daughter Hildia left on Thursday for a months visit with friends in Chesterville, Ont.

Miss Grace Davidson, also the Misses Huey, of New York, and Miss May Ewing, of Montreal, are guests at the Painter House.

Mr. Larue, of Brownsburg, wishes to announce that his livery will leave for Lachute every evening at 6.45 p.m. for public conveyance.

The Misses Alberta and Jessie Hunter, of St. Andrews, East, have returned home after spending some time with friends in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Mackenzie, Master Robin and Miss Leila, left yesterday morning to spend the winter months with their friends in the Old Land

Messrs. H. Walsh and son, of St. Andrews, have received a car load of wheat from the West over the new C. N. R. line, which now have their rails laid down to the town line, this being the first shipment.

C N. R. to Ottawa.

The Canadian Northern Railway are now operating through passenger service, Quebec to Ottawa and Toronto, running into Central Station, Ottawa, and Union Station, Toronto. This train leaves Lachute Westbound at 6.55 a.m. daily arriving at Ottawa 10 a.m. Leaves Ottawa 7.15 p.m. arriving Lachute 10.05 p.m. Train Ottawa to Toronto does not run on Sundays.

For further particulars, apply
M. ROBY, Agent, Lachute.

CUSHING.

—o—

Miss Eva Smith is visiting her sister Mrs. Albert Stames in Montreal.

Mrs. Walter Smith and Miss May Smith visited Mrs. James Heatlie, of Chatboro, last Thursday.

Mrs. Allan Hammond, and Miss M. Pollock were the guests of their sister Mrs Archie Graham last Thursday.

Miss Honeywell who is at present the guest of her sister Mrs. Wm Davidson, of St. Phillipe, spent last week visiting friends in Cushing.

Mrs Guy U. Noyes, of Ottawa, is at present the guest of her aunt, Mrs. F. Douglas, who is spending the summer months with her brother Mr. B. Noyes.

And those linen lines one yard wide at 12½ cents were never equalled in Lachute.

W. BANFORD & SON.

—:o:—

FOR SALE,—White Wyandotte Yearling Hens, $1.00 each, Rooster $1.50 Leghorn Rooster, $1.00.

J. W. GALL.
Lachute.

—:o:—

Now is the time for a cheap Wash Dress at one third off.

W. BANFORD & SON.

Protest Served on Town.

—o—

It is somewhat disheartening to think that the Good Roads Movement, which started off with such flourish in early spring, and which should have been nearing completion by now, is just about as far off as ever. The Council was duly warned several meetings ago that a protest would be served on them if they allowed the road to be put through under present conditions. The warning was disregarded and the following protest has now been served on the council at the instance of B. S. Stackhouse, R. H. Wilson, Thos. McOuat, Arthur McOuat, Wm. Berry, H. J. Giles, J. A. McGibbon, G. H. Creswell, Charles Bedard, and W. H. Garretsee.

That under and in virtue of the Act of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec entitled "The Good Roads Act 1912" the said Lachute Town Corporation has undertaken to macadamize certain Streets in the said Town.

That by a certain alleged By-Law known as Number 75 of the By-laws of said Town the said Streets were to be macadamized according to specifications prepared by Albert Gosselin, Engineer for the Department of Roads for said Province, dated the nineteenth day of January, nineteen hundred and fourteen, and purporting to be annexed to said By-law.

That according to said alleged By-law No. 75 the Council of the said Town was required to publish notice specifying summarily the work to be done and inviting contractors to tender therefor within the delays given therein.

That on the 23rd, 24th and 25th days of June last notice was published in the "Montreal Star" and "La Presse" newspapers calling for tenders for a water macadam road and for a Granite road, with a top finish of Rocmac or Tarvia, said tenders to be received by said town until noon on Thursday, the second day of July last.

That a number of Tenders based on said specifications were received by the said town on or before the said 2nd day of July last.

That subsequently on the 24th day of July last, the council of said town purported to pass a new by-law bearing the No. 76 of the by-laws of said town, authorizing the macadamizing of the same streets in accordance with specifications prepared by one Gavreau, engineer of the roads department of this Province, dated 14th July, 1914, and purporting to be annexed to said alleged by-law No. 76.

That according to said alleged by-law No. 76 all provision of any by-law or procesverbal inconsistent with the provisions of said by-law No. 76 were thereby repealed, and moreover the Council of the said town was required to publish notice of said works specifying summarily the work to be done and inviting contractors to tender therefor within the delays therein given.

That no notice whatsoever was ever published by the said Council calling for Tenders under the the said alleged by-law Number 76 notwithstanding the fact that such notice was required by the said By-law itself, and that the terms and conditions thereof were different from those specified in said by-law Number 75.

That before the said alleged By-Law Number 76 was passed and after the Tenders received under the said By-Law Number 75 had been opened, the Council of the said Town did unlawfully and without authority allow one firm of Contractors who had tendered for said work, to wit, the said Messrs Lafleur & Berniquier, to alter their Tender in such a way that it purported to be the lowest Tender, which it was not, and did illegally and without right allow the Contract to the said Messrs Lafleur & Berniquier on the said amended Tender without having asked the others who had tendered to reduce their Tenders, or having given them an opportunity of doing so, which the said other tenderers were prepared to do; and the said Council therby bound and obliged the said Town to pay a larger amount for the macadamizing of the said Streets than it would otherwise have had to pay.

That the said acts of the said Council and especially their having purported to enter into a Contract with the said Messrs Lafleur & Bernequier who were not the lowest tenderers, were and are illegal, irregular, null and void, and the said Councillors in purporting to so act did so without any authority, negligently, irregularly and illegally, and the said Council or those members thereof who acted as aforesaid were and are liable to all concerned for all loss and damage which may be suffered by the said Town by reason of their said illegal acts.

That in consequence of the said illegal and irregular proceedings of the said Council, the said Town is and may be exposed to serious loss and damage and is in danger of being exposed to still further loss and damage should the said Messrs Lafleur & Bernequier undertake to carry out the said work under the authority of the said alleged By-Law and especially in view of the illegal manner in which the said alleged Contract was purported to have been entered into.

That the said alleged Contract purporting to be entered into with the said Messrs Lafleur & Bernequier was and is illegal, irregular, null and void, and was so entered into by the said Council without any authority so to do.

Now therefore, at the request aforesaid and speaking as aforesaid, I notified the said Lachute Town Corporation that the Requerants hold and will hold it and all the members of the Council thereof who acted in the illegal and irregular manner hereinbefore mentioned, liable and responsible for all loss, costs, expenses and damages which the Requerants have already suffered and sustained or which they may hereafter suffer and sustain in the premises, and will take such further action in the premises as by counsel they may be advised.

And I furthermore notified the said Messrs. Lafleur and Berniquer that any work which they may undertake under the authority of the said alleged contract will be so undertaken by them at their own risk and peril.

For all of which I did and do most solemnly protest.

And in order that the said Lachute Town Corporation and the said Odile Lafleur and Joseph Berniquer may have no cause to plead ignorance in the premises, I have, speaking as aforesaid, served each of them with an authentic copy of these presents for signification hereof.

Thus notified and protested at the said Town of Lachute on the date first hereinbefore written, and of record in my office under the number one thousand, two hundred and eighty-six.

And I have signed in testimony of the premises.

(Signed) H. J. CRESWELL, N.P

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

We have on hand a few Ladies Dresses of various kinds which we offer at a reduction of one third of the Price to clear.

These are composed of . . .

10 House Dresses
6 Linen Dresses
6 Marquisette Dresses
1 Silk Dress

We have also a lot of Children's Dresses at from 25c. each to $1.25 each.

While they last.

W. Banford & Son,
Main Street, Lachute

THE ELITE

Spring Millinery comprising the latest novelties from Chicago and Montreal on view during this coming month. Unmatchable low prices.

Elegant New Blouses, Wash Skirts and Dresses, Underwear, Hosiery, Neckwear, Frilling, Smallware of every description. Make yourself comfortable with Bias Filled Corsets to suit every figure. A pleasure to show them.

H. E. Burwash, Rg'd.

Albert Hall — Telephone 83.

Closed until September 5th

A. E. Bishop *Plumber & Electrician*

Gasoline, Engine Oils, & Automobile Repairs.

Main St. — Phone 83 — Lachute.

When you Require Anything

In Watches, Jewelry, Cut Glass, Silver Deposit Ware, Silverware, Etc.,

You will find a large and reliable selection at our store. While we make a specialty of testing eyes, and selling the right kind of glasses, we have enough other things here to share the expense of doing business and make it possible to be more than reasonable in our charges.

The precise advantage of coming here for your glasses is that you know us and we know you. We are equipped with modern facilities for examining eyes and relieving eye strain. Every element of risk has been entirely eliminated. We do the best that can be done by each and every customer.

T. JOUSSE, Main St., Lachute.
Watchmaker, Jeweller and Optician
Agent for the Edison Phonograhp.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

HOUNDING THE CRIMINALS

Terrible Punishment for Even Youthful Prisoners in Early Times

To secure as far as possible that no one under the age of 21 years should be found inside of a prison through a combination of probation, supervision, and Borstal treatment, says London Tit-Bits.

That is one of the salient features of the new crimes bill which Mr. McKenna, the home secretary, is piloting through parliament at the present time. This "most Christian crimes bill," as it has been termed, strikingly illustrates the progress we have made in modern times in regard to the consideration and treatment of criminals. It seems almost incredible, indeed, that in the memory of our grandfathers, boys of from twelve to sixteen years of age were whipped, flogged, and herded together on hulks, the floating prisons in the Thames.

On these hulks young and old — "criminals, lunatics, feeble-minded, and outcasts of all kinds, were cooped up for periods generally varying between one and seven years," says George Ives, in his striking book, History of Penal Methods.

"About 1824 (according to Mr. Ives) they appear to have placed the boys on a special ship, the Euryalus, and there the youngest 'villain,' was nine years old, some of the boys, the inspectors reported, 'are so young that they can hardly put on their clothes.'"

Horrible, indeed, was the punishments meted out to young criminals at the beginning of the last century.

"The gallows load was heavy; an instance appeared in a Times paragraph, January 18,1801, which tells how a certain Andrew Branning, a luckless urchin aged only thirteen, had broken into a house and carried off a spoon. Others were with him, but they ran away, and only he was captured and brought to trial. His story ended in two words, which were short and customary 'Guilty—death.'"

There was, however, even in the days when the petty thief was transported for fourteen years for stealing a loaf, and both men and women were flogged in public at the tail of a cart and pilloried and branded for minor offences, a certain humor in the poetic punishments meted out to dishonest tradesmen.

"For instance, a baker, who sold loaves which were short of weight, was shown with the bread tied round his neck. A fishmonger, who had been selling bad fish, was paraded with a collar of stinking smelts slung over his shoulder. A grocer who had been selling much adulterated spices was placed in the pillory and had the powders burned beneath his nose."

Reference might also be made to the trial by ordeal in the old days. There was the consecrated barley cake which was supposed to choke a perjurer if he tried to swallow it. A test tried with hot water, in which a stone had to be picked out of boiling liquid without the arm being scalded. Another test consisted of inserting the hand into a glove or hot iron without being burned by it.

The horrors of the transportation system were almost as bad as the terrible punishments of medieval times, and Mr. Ives relates how at each and all of the penal settlements in Australia and New Zealand the prisoners committed desperate assaults, often upon each other by prearrangement, "from absolute weariness of their lives," in order to get away from those dreadful places, if only as witnesses, or even as persons accused of murder.

"At Macquaire Harbor, on one occasion, three prisoners tossed; one was to be slain, another was to strike the fatal blow, the third was to the a witness of the planned deed; so they would get a respite—a grim 'holiday.' At Port Arthur one man murdered his own particular friend and companion, that both might get free from it."

Convicts in those days were not even allowed to sleep properly, and after working on the road and in quarries for ten or twelve hours in chains, which weighed from six to seven and sometimes nine pounds, they were herded together in parties of twenty in four strong boxes or shanties built of thick timber.

"So small was the cubic area of these places that the inmates could not all stand or sit together at the same time unless with their legs at right angles to their bodies; often the width of floor on which each could lie was only eighteen inches per prisoner."

Even in this country as late as the 70's, the life in our prisons was so bad that to gain admission to the infirmary, which was well named "the jail paradise," convicts resorted to all manner of desperate devices.

"Irritating colored matter, such as bits of wool or stitches from a garment, were often introduced beneath the skin to set up artificial sores. Powdered glass was sometimes swallowed so as to bring on blood spitting, and not only would convicts horribly maim and mutilate themselves in all manner of ghastly ways, but it is stated that men would often inflict grave injuries on fellow prisoners upon the latter's urgent supplication.

When, too, we remember that the greatest number of lashes it is now possible to inflict upon a prisoner is 36, it is amazing to read that in the early days of Queen Victoria's reign local magistrates were sentencing prisoners to no fewer than 300 lashes. One lad of only eighteen received this appalling sentence, but after 76 lashes had been laid on the sufferer apparently collapsed. He died some years afterward while serving a sentence in a penitentiary.

Witches and lunatics were also subjected to terrible treatment. The imputation of sorcery was enough for a death warrant, and it is estimated that during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries 30,000 alleged witches were hounded to death in this country.

There was no proper treatment or humane treatment for lunatics, even royalty being flogged and ill-treated while insane. And one of the most amazing incidents in the history of this country is the manner in which King George III. was treated when he became insane.

"His body was immediately inclosed in a machine which left it no liberty of motion. He was sometimes chained to a stable. He was frequently beaten and starved, and at last kept in subjection by menacing and violent language. . . . All his troubles were intensified by ill-treatment. They left him to be knocked about by a German servant, and the first doctors kept him even from his own children. . . . Such was the orthodox treatment in those days applied against the highest in the land."

SORROWS OF LIFE.

It Is Useless and Irrational to Shirk From Them.

Every one has his Gethsemane. Perhaps it may be the most vital, the most precious part of his experience, to which all life hitherto has been but an introduction. There are some moral alterations that can only be secured by suffering, because suffering is like fiery heat, wherein just as the iron becomes soft enough to mould, so the character or disposition or soul becomes soft enough to be reshaped; for there are certain moral states, and those by no means in the worst people, that resembles deformity, the blindness of insensibility to spiritual truths, if not to spiritual fact altogether, which is found in some admirable characters. Sorrow, like all things else, has its rhythm; it dies away, it sinks into sadness, then suddenly, with gathered strength, it returns and overwhelms us like a flood. What a pity we cannot preserve the sweet and supple temper developed by heart-piercing sorrow, or even its approach. If it is separation that looms before us, what are we not ready to accept, to welcome, from our dearest. Their very buffets in the shadow of this fear are a happiness. A thousandth part of the devotion they inspire then might carry us smoothly through the frictions of daily life.—Evelyn March Phillips.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Hope is the dream you have when awake.

Continual cheerfulness is a manifest sign of wisdom.

Creditors and poor relations always show up at the wrong time.

Yet a man may not be lazy because he tries to do things the easiest way.

When the average man succeeds in raising the wind he begins to blow about it.

A man's faith in his judgment gets a rebuke every time he steps up a step that isn't there.

Lots of men walk miles to hear a political speech who wouldn't walk a block to hear a sermon.

When the wind propels a straw hat it is chased, but the remarks of the owner are nothing that even sounds like that.

One might just as well attempt to rearrange the colors of the rainbow as to undertake the reformation of one's neighbors.

Good Advice.

The well-known English physician, Dr. Lestler, was in his youth notoriously wild—and as clever as he was unruly.

One day the schoolmaster kept young Lestler after school, and talked long and earnestly upon the error of his ways. The lad showed little interest, and at last the master said, sternly, "Young man, I shall send a note to your father, and have him call and see me."

"Oh, don't do that," said the boy.

But the master repeated "Yes, I will. Your father shall come and see me to-morrow."

"I advise you not to," replied the mischievous youth.

"But why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because my father charges five shillings for a visit." Young Lestler's father was a physician.

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.

Present War Recalls First Siege of Belgrade by Austrians.

The news from Belgrade recalls one of the most famous alliterative poems in the English language. The authorship of the poem is clothed in doubt, but it is believed to have been written by Alaric A. Watts, Jr., the subject being the siege of Belgrade by the Austrians, during the war between that country and Turkey.

As will be seen, the initial letters of each line form the letter of the alphabet in proper sequence, in a sort of acrostic. Hundreds of other famous alliterative poems have since been modeled on this masterpiece.

It is as follows:—

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery, besieged Belgrade;
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's everlasting doom;
Every endeavor engineers essay
For fame, for fortune, forming furious fray;
Gaunt gunners grapple, giving gashes good;
Heaves high his head heroic hardihood;
Ibrahim, Islam, Ismail, imps in ill,
Jostle John, Jarovitz, Jem, Joe, Jack, Jill.
Kick kindling Kutosoff, king's kinsmen kill,
Labor low levels, longest, loftiest lines;
Men marched 'mid moles, 'mid mounds, 'mid murderous mines, nature nods.
Opposed, opposing, overcoming odds.
Poor peasants, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quarter, quarter quickly quest.
Reasons return, recalls, redundant rage,
Saves sinking soldiers, softens seignors sage.
Truce, Turkey, truce, truce, treacherous Tartars train!
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish, vile vengeance! Vanish, victory vain!
Wisdom walls war—walls warring words. What were.
Xerxes, Xantippe, Ximenes, Xavier?
Yet Yassy's youth, ye yield your youthful yest,
Zealously Zarius, zealously zeal's zest.

MOST DREADED DISEASE.

There Is Unnecessary Cruelty In Treatment of Leprosy.

Dread and horror of leprosy are centuries old. Old Hebrew laws against it are impressed on our minds by touching incidents in the life of Jesus, and the Bible stories convey the idea that leprosy is the most loathsome of diseases. It is usually mutilating and disfiguring, but no more so than come forms of cancer. In early stages it so so far from loathsome that it is often supposed to be some harmless skin disease, until the patient comes into the hands of a specialist. Sometimes the specialist decides that the only merciful thing to do is to keep the diagnosis a secret, for he knows the cruel fate which is in store for a leper at the hands of the public.

Every now and then we are shocked to read in the papers a report from some part of the country telling of the discovery of a leper and of the extraordinary means taken by the community to protect itself against contagion. Sometimes a lonely cabin is selected, and the patient put there to pass his life in solitary confinement, seeing no one but the man who brings him food, who deposits it at a distance and hurries away for fear of breathing the infected air. More than one such victim of popular ignorance has killed himself rather than endure life under these circumstances. Yet, if somebody with more pity or intelligence than the general public undertakes to care for a leper he runs the risk of sharing his patient's ostracism. A few months ago the Chicago papers were full of the story of a young woman who had been nurse in a leper hospital, had tried to come back to ordinary life, and found to her dismay that she was an object of fear to everyone, and that there was no course open to her but a return to the lepers.

Leprosy is not highly contagious; it is not carried in the air; in most cases there has been close contact with a leper over a long period of time before the infection was acquired, and even then infection could have been prevented. A recent bulletin of the public health service contains a report of a series of studies made in Molokai, an island of the Hawaiian group, which has long been used as a leper colony. Rev. Mr. Damien first made it famous. Now it is under the control of our public health service, which maintains physicians and laboratories there so that the lepers are given the best of medical care. At the same time they are allowed to live as ordinary human beings, with their husbands or wives and their children, so that there is no isolation, no pesthouse system.

A desirable thing to know is how best to sweeten the bitters of life with mirth.

Wayward Traveller—Pardon, but what do you have your mattresses stuffed with? Tavernkeeper—With the best straw in the hull country, b'gosh! Wayward Traveller—Now, that accounts for it! I know where the straw came from that broke the camel's back!

SOME TOTTERING THRONES

"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN."

Many of the World's Rulers Literally Carry Their Lives in Their Hands.

"George V. is the only monarch," a high official of the French police said lately, "for whose visits we prepare without uneasiness."

This fine tribute to the affection in which our King is held, and also to the security of the British throne, is one of which we may well be proud. The recent assassination of Austria's prospective ruler reminds us once more that Europe is seething with anarchy, says London Answers.

Take a brief survey of recent years. They reveal this grim truth. No fewer than eight European rulers have been the victims of assassination. In 1908 King Carlos and the Crown Prince of Portugal were done to death; three years earlier the assassins claimed the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia; and other victims include King Alexander and the Queen of Servia, King Humbert of Italy, the Empress of Austria, Nasr-ed-din, Shah of Persia, Alexander II. of Russia, and Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey.

Unwelcome Wedding Gift.

But the shadows of past tragedies are very different from the shadows of tragedies which still hang in the balance. It is when death threatens the still living that our greatest sympathies are aroused. Everyone will remember the wedding gift of a bomb in a bouquet which the present King of Spain received on his marriage day. A hundred people were killed or injured by the bomb, and it was only by a miracle that the King escaped.

It would be impossible to name all the attempts which have been made to assassinate the Tsar of Russia. The Russian Anarchist has developed his calling into the finest art, and his patience and persistence show the intensity of his purpose.

Here is one example of the extraordinary precautions which are taken to safeguard the Tsar's life. When an important journey is afoot, three trains, exactly similar, stand in the station for three days previous to the start. No one knows in which train the Tsar will travel, and the trains start off at intervals of a few minutes. Passing large stations, they draw level, and during the journey the Tsar frequently changes from one train to another.

Fair and Falsels

Once, however, the Anarchists succeeded in evading the vigilance of the sentries who always guard the tracks on these occasions, and threw big boulders on the line. But the Tsar's train had already gone by!

Another time an attempt was made through one of the guards whose duty it is to watch outside the Tsar's bedroom every night. An attractive Russian girl, using her beauty as a bait, caused the Cossack to fall in love with her. Then, having enlisted his sympathies, she asked him to assassinate the Tsar and Tsarina by placing infernal machines, as small as watches, but of tremendous power, under their beds. Duty preceded love, however, in the Cosack's breast, and he informed the head of the guards on the very night in April selected for the crime. Over twenty arrests were made, but the girl escaped.

The Kaiser's Escape.

Anarchism has always been associated with Russia, but it may surprise some to learn that the German Emperor—Europe's "strong man"—has also been the subject of attacks. Just previous to a visit of the Kaiser to Urville Castle, in Lorraine, five men were detected burying dynamite in the park. They turned out to be dangerous Anarchists, and another tragedy was averted.

Probably more attempts on the Kaiser's life have occurred than are known. Official instructions not to publish details of the above plot were issued at the time, and this suggests the existence of further instances, the details of which have not leaked out.

Italy is another monarchy which involves its ruler in constant danger. The late King Humbert was assassinated. His son, now on the throne, has nearly lost his life, both before and since his coronation. Two years ago he was attacked while driving to the Pantheon. A man named Dalba sprang at the Royal carriage, and fired at King Emmanuel with a Browning. He missed his mark, but wounded an officer in the neck, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the police rescued him from the hands of the crowd.

Surely it is only the unthinking man who envies kings!

EARTH-SHINE ON THE MOON.

Light From Sun At Times Reflected By Disk of the Moon.

When the sun has disappeared beneath the horizon, and we no longer receive its rays direct. It also happens that its light continues to reach us, indirectly and feebly, reflected by the whole or part of the disk of the moon. Inversely, when a portion of the lunar disk is not illuminated directly by the sun, it happens that it is feebly illuminated by the earth-shine; that is to say, by the reflection that those portions of the terrestrial surface which are at that moment exposed to the sun. Mr. F. W. Very has endeavored to determine the brightness of the light received in this way by the moon, and has measured the intensity of this light compared with the intensity of those parts of the lunar disk which are illuminated directly by the sun. The result is that the earthshine on the moon is about 1,600 times feebler than the mean brightness of those portions illuminated by the sun a little before the first quarter.

DEEP-SEATED ANIMOSITIES

MONTENEGRIN WRITES ABOUT THE BALKENS.

The Situation Likened to That of a Volcano With Three Craters.

"Three Balkan Storm Centres" is the title of an unusually timely article in the American Review of Reviews. It is made more important from the circumstance that the author is Dr. Ivan Yovitchevitch, of the High Court of Control of Montenegro. He is a high official of one of the Slav countries that is counted upon to ally itself with Servia in the present war, and a near relative of King Nicholas. Dr. Yovitchevitch is recognized not only in his own country, but abroad, as a distinguished jurist and financier, and has been decorated by the French Academy. While his statement is naturally a partisan one, it is so rarely indeed, that any inhabitant of the Balkans arises who is competent to make a statement of any sort that is understood by the English-speaking people that his utterance is an extremely interesting one. It gives an idea of the deep-seated animosities that have been let loose in the Balkans by Austria's declaration of war.

A Volcano of Three Craters.

He likens the situation in the Balkans to that of a volcano with three craters, any one likely to break out independently of the others, and cover the country with ruins. What he says about the second crater is worth quoting in full at the present time.

"It is the very great animosity," says Dr. Yovitchevitch, "which exists between Austria-Hungary on the one hand, and, on the other hand, the Servian people living within that empire and in the two free kingdoms of Servia and Montenegro. This bitterness of feeling dates from far back. It has been deepening day by day since the Treaty of Berlin, when Austria-Hungary really took over the Serb provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina—drenched by Servian blood in the terrible wars of 1876-7 against the Ottoman Empire—although these provinces were not actually annexed by Austria-Hungary until 1908. All Serbs from the diplomats to the peasants, are well aware of the anti-Servian policy of Austria-Hungary which has taken for its motto "divide et impera," and which has always worked toward the separation of Servia and Montenegro and the disentegration of the Slavic elements in Austria-Hungary viz.: the Orthodox Serbs and the Mohammedan Serbs; the Catholic Croatians from the Orthodox Serbs, etc., etc. This policy of separating the homogeneous elements has had as its object the annihilation of the Slavic peoples and the extension of the Austrian Empire to the Aegean Sea through the seizure of Salonica.

Austria's Plans Miscarry.

"The Balkan Wars, however, played havoc with the working out of the Austrian plan. Then the very versatile Austrian diplomacy sought other means to prevent Servia and Montenegro from becoming great and powerful, and determined to find somehow or other a new pretext for meddling in Balkan affairs. This the Austrians achieved at the confedence in London, when they succeeded in creating the principality of Albania. The London conference was, therefore, a second Congress of Berlin to the Servian people, thanks to the machinations of Austrian diplomacy. The principality of Albania, with its soil strewn with the bodies of brave Servian and Montenegrin soldiers, was snatched from the Serbs. And so the Serbs, conscious of the anti-Serb policy of Austria-Hungary, feel and justify, a very great hatred for the Austrian monarchy, and a desire, even stronger, for terrible vengence.

Assassination Inspired.

"The assassination of the Crown Prince and Princess of Austria at Sarajevo was nothing but an expression of this hatred, a hatred deeply rooted in the patriotic and inflamed souls of the two young men who committed the regrettable act. Moreover, the Crown Prince Ferdinand was considered to be the most ruthless enemy of the Serb race. But Austrian diplomacy has found in his assassination a propitious occasion to throw discord between the Orthodox and Mohammedan Serbs in Bosnia and Herzegovina and between the Serbs and the Croatians. The "Balplatz" (the Austrian Foreign Office in Vienna) will also try to inculpate the two Serb capitals, Belgrade and Cettinje. But I am convinced that neither the one nor the other had anything to do with the assassination at Sarajevo. This deplorable event cannot fail to further embitter the feeling between Austria-Hungary and the Serb Kingdoms, and the day does not appear to be far off when relations will be completely severed. Russia perceives the dangerous situation and is hastening the construction of her strategic railways and the reorganization of her army."

Other Wars Pending.

Since this third crater has burst into flame it is not necessary to follow the author into the arguments that show the probability of either of the other two causing destruction. A few weeks ago it was thought that the first crater, in other words, the relations between the Greeks and the Turks, was most likely to overflow. Dr. Yovitchevitch naturally espouses the cause of the Greeks, and points out that the policy of the Turks is to make life intolerable for the Greeks living in Asiatic Turkey. Something might be said, on the other hand, of the policy of the Greeks to make life impossible for the Mohammedans living in the country which has recently come under Greek control. The third crater is constituted by the Albanian question. Here the Mohammedans might well be expected to espouse the cause of Servia, since they are opposed to William of Wied, and this Prince is accused by the author of being a mere tool of Austrian aggression. It is to be regretted that the present war is not likely to settle both the other questions that have in them the germs of a second and a third struggle. It would appear that as man is born to trouble and Mexico to revolutions, the Balkan States are born to war, and upon the stormy horizon there is nothing that promises to give the territory permanent peace.



DIVORCE FOR THE POOR.

Made Possible by a New Order in England.

At last divorce is possible to the poor man, that is to say action for divorce, but, of course, the first country to make it possible to the poor man is the one where it is hardest to get. In England a new order has been brought in whereby persons can bring or defend an action in the courts without any means whatsoever. It is merely necessary for the litigant to satisfy the judge that he or she has sufficient grounds for taking or defending action and that he or she is not worth £50, which is increased to £100 under special circumstances, and the case is heard. Already some 300 barristers and 400 solicitors have made application to place their names on the roll of those prepared to take cases without fees, and 1,200 applications are on hand to give these 700 men cases. Of these applications for hearings 400 are for divorce, so that in England at least the old contention that divorce was only for the rich must go by the board.

CALGARY OIL FIELDS

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

It is the ideals of youth that determine the course of mankind. Given the ideals which the young men of a country cherish, and the history of that country for the next thirty years, until a new generation of young men with new ideals arises, can be fairly correctly foreseen.

The ideals of the young men of Europe and of the world, up to within the last fifteen or twenty years, have rooted in science and rationalism. Darwin, Spencer, John Stuart Mill were the guiding posts of one part of the young generation. Saint Simon, Karl Marx, and Henry George were the prophets of another. The young men of the last half of the nineteenth century in the main stood for ideals of liberalism. Their ideals were socialized ideals. Race and national boundaries were more or less submerged by the greater cause of humanity.

A reaction from these broadly human ideals to ideals of narrow nationalism is now in full swing in Europe. This reaction has caught in its flood by no means on insignificant part of the population. While Socialism, with its preachment of internationalism, retains its hold upon great hosts of laboring men, nationalism is gaining ground among the middle classes. And so fast as the nationalist movement with its clannish divisions spreading, that, according to one authoritative writer, Europe to-day "is organizing itself into two great camps —Socialism and Nationalism."

The assassin and would-be assassin of Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria and his wife are the accentuated expressions of this rising nationalism in Europe. They show the distinction between the past and the present idealism of youth in clear, sharp lines. In common with assassins and would-be assassins of royalty in the last two generations the assassins of the heir to the Austrian throne have youth and enthusiasm. The assassin, Prinzip, is 18 years old. The would-be assassin, Gabrinovics, is [illegible]. But while the nihilists and anarchists of a generation back slew royalty further, as they thought, political freedom, the assassins of the Austrian prince slew royalty in order to gain a king, so to speak—a king of their own nationality. The anarchist assassin of the past slew royalty to break down social and economic barriers. The nationalist assassins of to-day slay royalty in order to strengthen national barriers.

The sentimental nationalism—for that is what it is—which inspired the assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne will, for a period at least again occupy the center of the world's stage. Apparently there is good ground for such a prediction.

TOO OLD AT FORTY.

Should Be at Your Best at That Age.

What an absurdity this is! In manual labor the man or woman of forty is at the best; full of experience and expert from long practice, steady in the settling-process worked by the years, and probably free from the emotional disturbances that occasionally interfere with work in the younger and more susceptible years. As to brain work one is just coming into one's kingdom at the age of forty, discovering one's territory, and aware of outlying districts yet to be explored. The artist, the sculptor, the musician, the scientist, the litterateur know this well. He is adding every day to the stores of a well-garnered intelligence, and increasing them by the mere process of drawing them out and utilizing them, applying them to his work, and finding new riches in every morsel of them. And then there are the qualities of the worker which improve with years. At forty one is more patient, more persevering, more resolute and intent, better fortified against the natural inertia of human nature; in other words, better inured in that self-conquest which is inseparable from, because necessary to, sustained effort. Surely the man or woman of forty has the advantage in all these ways over juniors of twenty-five or thirty.

Estate Agent (exhibiting house to prospective tenants)—And then this house is so conveniently located. Not the slightest need of equipping it with expensive clocks to tell the time—a train passes every five minutes on the railroad not thirty feet away.

AN INNOCENT THIEF

Having bought three Holstein heifers of a stock raiser named Ainsworth, of the Dry Run neighborhood in the lower part of Bethel township, Uncle Jake Secor sent Cousin Jim and me to drive the animals home. We speedily found that we had our task cut out for us.

The intervening distance was thirty miles, in an air line, and considerably more by the tortuous hill roads. There were very few highway fences, and much of the country was covered with second-growth timber, with a tangle of black ash and willow undergrowth in many of the valleys, across which the roads were corduroyed.

The young cattle had spent most of their lives in a back pasture, had never been handled at any season, and were as wild as hawks. They would neither drive nor lead, their one object, seemingly, being to escape from us. Fortunately, their instinct taught them to keep together, or we should have lost one or more before we had gone a mile.

We certainly ran five rods hither and yon for every rod that we progressed northward, and by the middle of the afternoon were tired out, as were the heifers. When we came to a roadside barnyard in Clear Valley, one of the few prosperous and well-settled districts through which we had to pass, the smallest heifer staggered inside the inclosure, through the open gate, and fell rather than lay down; the others crowded beside her.

"We can't get them any farther to-night," said Jim, sitting down on the edge of the watering trough, and wiping his firehead with his handkerchief. "How far have we come, anyhow?"

"Between six and seven miles, according to the numbers on the telephone poles—about thirty-five by the route we've followed. Have you any idea who lives here?"

"Not the slightest; but we can soon find out."

We went to the house, and were directed to an orchard in the rear, where we found a pleasant young man gathering early fall fruit. On hearing of our predicament, he readily agreed to keep us overnight, and treated us both courteously and kindly. We told him our names, and learned in turn that he was Homer Powers, a comparative newcomer, who was specializing in fruit culture.

During the conversation at the house that evening, I stated that we could get on much better if we had a dog to help us drive the cattle home. Mr. Powers instantly turned to his hired man, Steve Bates, a tall long-haired backwoodsman, who looked much more like a hunter or trapper than a farmer.

"Why not lend them Shep," he said. 'He'd make the heifers keep to the road."

"I don't know where the dog is," said Bates, indifferently.

Jim looked up. "If he's a competent driving dog," he said, "I'll pay you a couple of dollars for his use, and bring him back to-day after to-morrow myself."

"Oh, he'd come back all right!" said Steve, chuckling. "You wouldn't have to bring him. But he's over with some of my wife's folks; I don't know just where to find him."

"You could get him, Steve, in no time," our entertainer insisted, and spoke enthusiastically of the dog's intelligence and skill. Jim also renewed his offer; but the most that Bates would say was that if the animal "turned up" we might have him. We went to bed early, and rose with the dawn.

Mr. Powers would not accept a penny from us for our entertainment, so we helped with the milking and other chores. As we were turning the heifers into the highway, prepared for a renewal of the struggle, Steve appeared from behind the barn. He led a large mongrel collie, a cross with some variety of bird dog, I judged.

"You go with them, Shep, and do just what they tell you to," the hired man ordered, and released the animal. It walked sedately behind the cattle, and there paused, looking to us for instructions.

"When you get home, feed him, and leave him loose," said Bates, talking the money that Jim handed to him. "You'll find him a good dog; and you couldn't keep him if you tried to."

Although his appearance was hardly prepossessing, Shep proved even better than his recommendations, if that were possible. I never have seen a more intelligent animal. After the first few rods he had no difficulty in keeping the heifers to the roadway. They were driven steadily ahead at the rate of about four miles an hour into Uncle Jake's pasture. We had nothing to do except to follow at a swinging walk, and tell the dog what road to take when we reached a turn. Of course the cattle had been tired the day before, and drove more easily than if they had been fresh, but most of the credit for their docility was due to the collie. As a result, in contrast with the preceding day, we were very little fatigued, and the heifers showed no sign of exhaustion.

"I'd cheerfully give twenty-five dollars for you, old fellow, if your master would sell you," said Jim, patting the dog. Shep accepted the caress with dignity, but with no show of familiarity in return.

We fed him well, and then went into the dining-room for a belated dinner. When we came out Shep was gone. He had hastily swallowed the food set before him, and started without a moment's delay on the homeward journey.

The heifers had to be put in the lower pasture with the calves and yearlings the next day, for the milch cows received them unkindly, and they showed no disposition to defend themselves.

We were busy for several days, filling a silo with sowed corn, when on the fourth or fifth morning a neighbor, Jesse Rindge, rode up with a grievance.

"I wish you'd attend to your young cattle!" he called. "They're wandering all over my place."

"They are!" Uncle Jake exclaimed. "They were in the pasture down by the swamp the last thing I saw of them. How long have they been bothering you?"

"Well," said Mr. Rindge, scratching his head, "only since this morning, but I guess they've been there longer. My wife says she saw some calves down in my lower meadow night before last, but thought they were ours, and so didn't tell me at first."

"Jim and I hurried over to reclaim the strays, finding them wandering up and down the complainant's lane. In going, we had discovered where they had escaped from the pasture, over a partially prostrate length of fence where the swamp and the cleared land abutted on the highway, side by side. They had then passed through one corner of the swamp to begin their trespassing.

We had just driven the last of the herd back through the gap, when the fact suddenly dawned upon me that the number was not complete.

"Where are those spotted heifers, Jim?" I asked.

"My gracious," said my cousin. "They aren't with the bunch, are they? Maybe they didn't get out with the others."

But they were not in the pasture, neither could we find them on the Rindge farm nor in the swamp. After a long and fruitless search, we returned to the house to consult Uncle Jake.

"Ten to one," he decided, after hearing our story, "they've gone back to Bethel. Yes, that's what they've done!"

"But, father," Jim asked, incredulously, "do you mean that cattle ever act that way—like a cat?"

"Not often, but sometimes, when they're not yet wonted to a new place. Those heifers got out first, probably, and started straight south; and the others only followed after happening to find the broken place in the fence. You boys hitch up the little bay mare to the light buggy, and drive to Ainsworth's, inquiring here and there along the way. You'll probably get a trace of them somewhere on the road."

We started at noon, and reached the dealer's house in Bethel shortly after sundown, but neither there nor anywhere else could we learn anything regarding the stray heifers. They had not returned to their former home; neither, apparently, had anyone seen them along the way. Unless they were lost somewhere in the intervening woods or swamps, we seemed to be searching in the wrong quarter.

We stayed overnight at Ainsworth's and returned home the next day. Going south, we had found no one at the Powers place, but coming back we stopped again, and Mrs. Powers answered our rap. Her husband was away for a number of days on business connected with the sale of fruit, she said. She had neither seen nor heard of any stray cattle, but promised to inform us if she learned anything.

At the next crossway we saw Steve Bates lounging toward the corner, carrying a measure of salt.

"Did Shep come back all right?" Jim shouted.

"Yes," said the man, "he was on hand the next morning."

"Where is he?" I asked.

"After a woodchuck in the back lots, prob'ly," said Steve. "I hear you boys lost the heifers."

"Yes," said Jim. "You haven't seen them, have you?"

"No."

As we were about to drive on, he suddenly halted us, and walking up, rested one foot on the hub of a front wheel of the buggy.

"I was a lumberman once—a long time ago," he said, with a wink. "The fellows up Salmon Lake way are sometimes mighty careless how they fill their corned-beef bar'ls."

He winked again, dropped his foot to the ground, and strode away.

We had heard similar rumors before, whether well founded or not, and this hint set us off on a new tack, but without results. The heifers were worth at least $40 apiece, and Uncle Jake did not relish losing them. He notified the sheriff, and offered a liberal reward, but nothing came of it. The cattle seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth.

We might, and indeed did, have our suspicions, but they ended nowhere in particular, and did not seem susceptible of proof. So the matter rested until, one noon late in October, Homer Powers drove hurriedly into our yard. After being introduced to Uncle Jake, whom he had never before met, he hesitated an instant, and then asked:

"Could you recognize those Holsteins, so as to swear to them?"

We all looked surprised; but Jim said, "I could!" and I nodded.

"Well," Powers observed, with a dry twist of the lips, "I guess they have been in my possession, from a legal point of view, at least ever since they got out of your pasture; but I didn't know it till last night."

The fruit-raiser let his glance rest on one face after another for a moment, and then continued:

"Ford Spencer, who lives down at the end of the valley near Milton railway station, met me yesterday as I was going to the station with a load of barreled apples, and asked me if the grade Holsteins Steve Bates had to sell were three-quarter blood, as he had represented them.

"'I don't know,' I said, 'I didn't suppose Steve owned a hide or a hoof, except those on that old blind horse wife drives.'

"'Why, you're pasturing them over on your north farm!' said Ford.

"That made me sit up and take notice, especially when I learned there were three of them, all rather light, and coming four next winter. You see, that north farm of mine isn't properly a farm at all. It's merely a tract of woods and rough pasture; and I hadn't been there since last July, when I took up a pair of colts. Spencer lives over the county line, and had heard nothing about your lost cattle.

"We had some more talk, and as soon as I could deliver my load of apples, I took him over to the north arm with me. Then we hunted up Steve, and he hemmed and hawed, and finally told me he bought the heifers over at Cherry Ridge. I don't believe a word of it.

"Of course I didn't pay much attention to their markings while you had them at my barn over one night, so I couldn't swear to them, but I'm morally certain they're your cattle. I want some of you to go back with me and identify them."

"But," said Uncle Jake, "how did he get them? Did they stray there, or did he come here and steal them?"

"Neither, I think. As to his stealing them himself, he has lost only a half day's work in the last four months, and that was when he went to dicker with Spencer. I don't believe they strayed, either."

"How did he get them, then?"

"You must remember his dog, Shep? That dog is a wonder. As I figure it out, Steve sent that dog after them some evening soon after they were driven over here. Shep, of course, knew the place and the cattle—that's why he took no others. He would start back about midnight, and get to the corners near my north place before daylight. Steve could meet him there, and turn the heifers west. The chances are ten to one that no one would see them at that hour. Do you know, I counted the houses, coming over, and there are just thirteen between that corner and your place. Those hill farmers go to bed early, every one of them, and sleep sound."

"Hum! But could the dog do it?"

"Yes, sir! He would pick a pocket if there was a cow or a sheep in it, and he got his orders from Steve Bates. I never knew of any dishonesty before, but I've seen him do some wonderful things."

Jim and I went back with him, and found the cattle, concerning the identity of which there could be no question. Shep also we discovered, wandering about the crossroad near the pasture. We then went to interview Bates, but he and his wife had disappeared—had gone to the lumber woods to work in a camp, the woman's father said.

Shep helped us faithfully on the second drive without orders, and then went back as before.

To prevent a repetition of the theft, Uncle Jake had the heifers locked in an underground stable. Two days later the dog reappeared, and remained with us.

Jim wrote to Mr. Powers, asking what to do with the animal, and was advised to keep him, as he no longer had a master who dared show himself.

The mongrel collie continued faithful and useful, but at no time familiar, until the following spring. Then one day early in April he vanished, and we never saw him again. A little later we learned that Bates had been seen for a day or two near his former home, and we conjectured that he had enticed the dog away. We often held family debates as to the probability of Mr. Power's theory being absolutely correct, but never could reach a unanimous decision, although Jim and I firmly believed in it.—Youth's Companion.

HEROINE OF SIGNAL BOX.

Woman Leaves Dying Husband to Make Safe Passage of Train.

A story of dramatic heroism, reading like a tragic melodrama, is told in the Paris newspapers in describing the murder of a pointsman named Poullain, while he was on duty on the line from St. Denis to Epernay, on the main Paris-Chantilly line.

Poullain, who was aged 51, lived with his wife and another family in a small cottage close to his signal box, at Pierrefitte, about fifteen miles from Paris, and both of the Poullains were certificate servants of the company.

These boxes are only entrusted to tried employes, as the express service by day and night is almost perpetual, requiring unceasing vigilance.

The work was shared between Poullain and his wife, and soon after 3 in the morning the woman, hearing a cry, ran down and found her husband lying on the threshold just able to say: "Help! I am being murdered."

Shouting aloud, she began to attend Poullain, when she heard the semaphore bell giving warning of the approaching 3.09 train, and, leaving her dying husband, she rushed to save the lives of the passengers by working the points, which she alone now understood.

The whole time she continued crying at the top of her voice, and she saw first their son and then the neighbors come out and pick up the wounded man, but, though half heartbroken and shaken with sobs, she remained at her post for the passage of the Calais boat train due at 3.30.

This she stopped, and Poullain, unconscious but still breathing, was placed on board and conveyed to Paris, while his heroic wife refused to quit the levers until 6 in the morning, when finally she was relieved by another signalman. It was only then that the poor creature broke down in a long fainting fit, and as soon as she recovered she took train to see her husband, whom she found dead.

The courage and almost sublime devotion of the wife in taking her dying husband's place and leaving others to tend his last moments will stand high among the records of heroism claimed for the humble servants of the public.

"They say that unions raise the price of labor." "Quite right! Two of my clerks got married last week and struck me for more salary."



Sir Arthur Nicolson.

Who may become British Ambassador to Paris.

HOME

Jam Recipes.

Melon and Pineapple Jam. — Six pounds of melon (three rather small ones), about a pound and a half of pineapple either fresh or tinned, four pounds of sugar, two lemons. After taking off the skin in the ordinary way pare the melons again and this second paring chop rather finely. Cut the remainder of the melons into half inch dice, mix with them the minced melon, the finely grated rinds of the lemons and the sugar and macerate until the following day. Cut the pineapple into very small pieces and leave it covered over night. To the trimmings of a fresh pine or the juice from tinned pineapple add the pulp and seeds taken from the melons; barely cover with water, boil gently for about forty minutes, then strain and if necessary boil again until reduced to a teacupful. Next day boil the melon, sugar and liquid from the seeds gently for an hour, then put in the pineapple. About twenty minutes subsequent boiling usually thickens it sufficiently, the lemon juice being added five minutes before completing the process.

Melon and Plum Jam.—Four pounds of melon (two rather small, firm ones), four pounds of red plums five pounds of sugar. Halve and stone the plums and mix with them about half of the sugar. After removing a thick paring from the melons, cut them into half inch dice and add the remainder of the sugar. Cover the pulp and seeds of the melons and the stones taken from the plums with water, boil them for about half an hour, then strain. If necessary reduce the liquid to a teacupful by rapid boiling; remove the kernels from the stones and mix them with the plums. Allow the whole to stand covered in separate vessels for a day and a night. When ready boil the melon and liquid from the seeds for forty minutes, then put in the plums and continue the slow boiling until it sets lightly when tested—usually from thirty to forty minutes longer.

Pickled Melon.—Two pounds of melon, one pound of sugar, two lemons, two pints of good vinegar, four teaspoonfuls of peppercorns, two teaspoonfuls of allspice, twelve cloves, a level teaspoonful of salt. After paring the melon cut it into pieces an inch wide and three inches long, pour over them the vinegar and cover closely. On the third day following drain off and heat the vinegar, and when nearly boiling, add the melon and finely grated rinds of the lemons. As the pieces of melon become clear transfer them to a dry jar. When all are done mix with the boiling vinegar the sugar, spice and salt, boil it slowly for twenty minutes and toward the end add the juice of the lemons, also a little more vinegar should not enough remain to fill the jar or jars almost to the brim. Pour it over the melon while boiling and fasten down immediately. The pickle will keep almost indefinitely in screw topped jars or closely sealed bottles.

Melon Compote.—A fairly ripe melon half a pint of fruit juice, sugar, arrowroot, lemon juice or other flavoring. A very thick paring must be taken off the melon, or two thinner ones, mixing the inner one and the seeds and pulp with the fruit stewed to provide the juice. The red juice yielded by red currants gives the best effect, though in point of flavor the compote is no less good when raspberry, red plum or even clear rhubarb juice or tomato syrup takes its place. The fruit from which the juice is extracted should be slowly cooked with just a little water in a jar or enamelled pan. Usually the juice is sufficiently clear when passed through a fine strainer, but if not strain it through a scalded jelly bag or old table napkin tied to the legs of a reversed chair. Re-heat and sweeten to taste and in it simmer a few at a time until they become transparent narrow pieces of melon about two inches long. When all are done thicken the liquid to the consistency of thin cream with arrowroot (not corn flour) and flavor it with lemon juice or a little brandy or liqueur. Though ready to serve when cold, it will keep a week or two in a covered jar.

Tomato Syrup. — After roughly slicing the tomatoes cook them very slowly in their own juice by the side of the fire either in a covered jar or enamelled saucepan until reduced to shreds. The pulp may then be either drained in a scalded jelly bag or first drained in an enamelled colander and afterward passed through a strainer to remove the seeds. For each pint of liquid allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Boil the two together to a thick syrup, which usually takes about an hour, and skim when necessary. Either hot or cold this will be found a good sauce to serve with blanc mange or farinaceous puddings; is also forms a capital basis for fruit compote or a good substitute for sherry when making a trifle and it is easily stiffened by adding gelatine or arrowroot. It will keep for a year or two in screw top jars.

Red Bramble Jelly. — Unripe blackberries, sugar, lemons. Gather the brambles before they begin to turn black. Remove the stalks, wash well, then cover them with water. Boil them steadily for half an hour, bruising them well at the side of the pan as soon as they begin to soften. The slow process of straining through a jelly bag is not really necessary, as the jelly is quite clear when first passed through a colander and afterward through a strainer—both enamelled, of course, since metal would destroy its beautiful red color. And it is well worth while to leave the residue draining on inclined dishes or large plates for two or three days, as the juice which runs off is so clear and red as to be a good substitute for the juice of red currants. For each pint of liquid add from three-quarter to one pound of good preserving sugar, according to degree of sweetness liked, and boil the two together until it stiffens when tested. If caught at the right moment it will set when it has boiled for about twenty minutes, but once this stage is passed the boiling must be continued for at least twenty minutes longer. Lemon juice to taste should be added when the jelly is nearly ready. The sub-acid flavor of this jelly is very agreeable in a Swiss roll or Victoria sandwich. When boiled only to a thick syrup and stored in screwtop jars, it will keep good for months, and will be found useful to serve either hot or cold with blanc mange or plain souffles or farinaceous puddings.

BRITAIN'S NAVY POWERFUL

IT IS EQUAL TO THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

Training Not So Good On Ships of Germany, Italy and Austria.

The Danube River, which forms the boundary between Servia and Austria, affords room for manoeuvring a respectable fleet, but Servia has never put an armed vessel on the river. Austria, on the other hand, has long maintained a flotilla on the upper Danube, and within the last two years—since the last two Balkan wars revealed Servia's military strength—she has increased her naval forces on the river.

She has in commission on the Danube six little monitors and two more are building. None of them amount to much in fighting value, as against other ships, but on the Danube and against shore batteries or field artillery they will prove formidable. Austria also has eight motor patrol launches, with a machine gun in each, on the Danube.

As Belgrade is situated directly on the river and has no batteries that could effectively resist even this little navy, the flotilla would be ample to capture Belgrade single handed. The flotilla, moreover, would have no difficulty in covering the landing for an invading army.

Germany's Fleet.

When it comes to a comparison of the navies of the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, the figures come much nearer to a balance. In the Triple Alliance the most formidable naval power is Germany. The German fleet has been making rapid strides in the last few years and can send to sea seventeen battleships or battlecruisers of the Dreadnought class. She has eleven more on the way, but not now available. Besides this first fleet, Germany can still show a second line, in reserve, of twenty other battleships, all built in the last twenty years. Many of these, however, need not be taken seriously. In the first place they are not all, by any means, in full commission, and there is no doubt that it would take weeks of hard work, at least, to get them all ready for sea.

In the second place, until less than ten years ago Germany maintained the remarkable policy of arming none of her ships with guns of more than nine-inch calibre, and all these ships belong to that period. Sending them into action with modern Dreadnoughts, with 12 and 13.5 inch rifles, would be pure slaughter.

Italy's Power.

The second naval power of the Triple Alliance is Italy. She can send out a powerful and homogeneous squadron of four Dreadnoughts, which, designed as they are by the man who is conceded to be the ablest warship designer now living, will have to be reckoned with in any sea fight. She has two more fine ships on the ways, but not within months of commissioning. With this one contribution, however, Italy's bolt is shot. She has eight old battleships, which, although probably gun for gun, are better ships than Germany's twenty old ships, are open to much the same criticism.

Austria, numerically, is stronger than Italy in fighting ships, but their quality is not comparable. She can bring into action two ships of the Dreadnought class and three others, which, although older, smaller and slower, wouldn't compare unfavorably with the United States Connecticut class. Besides these she has three more which class with Germany's and Italy's secondary line. All her fleet is in full commission.

Britain's Mighty Fleet.

Against these three fleets, for the Triple Entente, the backbone, if not practically the entire opposing force, is in Great Britain's great war fleet. Great Britain has now at sea and ready for action, thirty battleships of the Dreadnought or super-Dreadnought type, besides ten others, which like the Lord Nelson and Agamemnon class are but little below the Dreadnought ratings.

The ships carry four 12-inch guns, therefore they are classed below the

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1914.

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

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

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Address all communications to
The WATCHMAN
LACHUTE. - - QUE

The Special Session.

The session of Parliament brought to a close on Saturday is the shortest on record, and in several ways is the most notable. Not in the longest session ever held was there despatched business of equal concern to the Empire as a whole. Never before were so many matters of pressing urgency to this country so promptly grappled with and disposed of. At no other time in the history of the Dominion was a meeting of Parliament so free from contention. The truce to party strife was perfect. Canada ought to be proud of the spirit and manner in which its parliament has risen to the great occasion. That so much business of the gravest national moment could be transacted without partyism, and at the same time without carelessness—all within the short term of five days—is in itself cause of public congratulation.

Branch of the Red Cross Society formed in St. Andrews.

A meeting for the formation of a branch of the Red Cross Society was held in the Town Hall, of St. Andrew's East, Que., yesterday afternoon. Some 150 persons were present, including representative French, English and Scotch residents, and a party from the adjacent town of Lachute. The chair was taken by the Mayor, Dr. H. Legault. With him on the platform were the local clergy and the physicians of the neighborhood.

The Rev. Dr. Ross outlined the present position of the warring forces; the Rev. Mr. Lackey, of Lachute, and the Rev. Geoffrey May, of St. Andrew's, pointed out the immense amount of suffering entailed by the war, and the need for the immediate organization of relief forces at home.

An invitation from Lady Drummond, to organization of this parish, in the Red Cross movement, either as a series of units under the control of the committee in Montreal, or as a local association with its own officers and with a representative on the Montreal committee, was submitted by Dr. Maude Abbott. Initiative had also been taken by Miss Lamb in correspondence with Mrs. Duggan.

Dr. Abbott said the impetius to work for the assistance of the sick and ated in Switzerland, through the work of Florence Nightingale. The Red Cross movement proper originated in Switzerland, through theinitiative of M. Henri Dunant, who, visiting the field of Salferino four days after the battle, found the wounded and dying lying still untended amid the dead. The relief society which he organized under the name of "La Societe de la Croix Rouge," spread rapidly through Europe, and in the year 1863 held its first international congress at Geneva. In 1864, by the Treaty of Geneva, all ambulance supplies and organized medical aid was placed, under the name of the Red Cross, on the neutrality basis. The arms of Switzerland, a white cross on a red ground, were reversed, and a red cross on a white ground adopted as the arms of the movement, and are now inscribed on all hospital supplies and ambulance supplies.

The function of the organization being to supply relief measures for men in times of peace, it is a standing organization in the armed countries of Europe.

The first Canadian Red Cross Society took form during the Boer war, under Dr. Ryerson, who remains its first, president. Under the present terrible emergency it had sprung into fresh activity. The Montreal branch is in active operation now, and new centres have just been organized in Quebec and Ottawa. Rural communities have not so far been organized in Canada, but present such extensive opportunities that rapid development is expected.

The society was chiefly a women's society, its main function being the making of hospital supplies, and its executive is therefore a women's committee, supported, however, by a strong committee. (advisory and finance) of men, from whom a treasurer may be chosen. A Red Cross fund should be opened for voluntary contributions to be supplied to the purchase of hospital and material for hospital supplies, and for the relief of distresses arising out of the exigencies of the war.

Dr. Alexander of Lachute, and Drs. Legault, Shaw and Wales, of St. Andrews, spoke in favor of the movement and on the importance of immediate action for relief measures without delay. Miss Lamb urged contributions to the subscription list about to be opened through the inauguration of a "Self-Denial Fund."

The following resolutions were passed:—

1. That a local branch of the Red Cross with a representation on the Montreal Committee be inaugurated.

2. That this organization be known as the St. Andrew's Circle of the Argenteuil Branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society.

3. That an executive committee of ladies with an advisory and finance committee of men be elected.

4. That a subscription list for Red Cross Fund be opened.

5. That the making of hospital supplies be under the direction and control of Miss L. MacMartin, late assistant superintendent of the Montreal General Hospital, and now resident in St. Andrews.

The following officers were elected:—Directors-General, Miss L. MacMartin; secretaries-treasurer, Mme. Adolphe MacKay and Mrs. Wm. Lamb.

Committee members (consisting of leaders for working units)—To be selected by a nominating committee from some twenty names submitted. President (to be selected later.) Finance committee—Drs. Wales and G. F. Shaw, Mr. George Walsh, Mr. A. MacKay. Treasurer—Mr. George Walsh.

A subscription list was opened and $150.00 was subscribed. It was resolved that $100.00 of this amount should be sent to the Montreal committee for the purchase of material for hospital supplies.

LOUISA.

Mr. Henry Morrison spent Monday last in Lachute.

Mr. Chambers, of St. Philippe was the recent guest of Mr. Creswell.

Miss C. M. Neill is home spending a vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Neill.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Morrison, of Lachute were guests of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Creswell, on Sunday last.

News of Brownsburg

—:o:—

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Thompson and family have returned from a month's vacation at Lake Louisa.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Golphin and family have returned from St. Rose, having a pleasant week's vacation.

Mrs F. Hooper with her sons Harold and Willis, her guests Miss Willis and Mr. Dan. Smith have returned after a very pleasant sojourn in Quebec

The Sunday School of the Presbyterian Church intend holding their annual picnic next Saturday on Mr. Van Buren's grounds, when a good time is anticipated.

Messrs. Waterfield and McCullogh of Brownsburg, both reserve members of the Imperial army, sailed on Monday from Quebec to join their regiments in London for the front.

The Misses Lila and Maudie McOuat are guests of their mother Mrs W. D. McOuat are the guests of their mother Mrs. W. D. McOuat of Maple Ave. The family in future will reside in Montreal.

The Moving Picture Theatre has something good for its patrons next week, having made some special arrangements with the proprietors of some good reels which they intend to show on the canvas

For its population little Brownsburg is showing up as good as some of our Western cities for automobile owners, Mr. Auger of Dalesville Road having made another addition to the number having recently purchased a very nice car.

The Brownsburg Christian Endeavor held a very pleasant social evening on Wednesday in the basement of the Brownsburg Church. Rev. Mr. McKenzie rendered a fine solo which was encored. Games and refreshments were participated in and a good time spent, finishing up with Auld Lang Syne, Miss L. Van Buren played the accompaniments.

The Picnic Committe of the D. C. Co. with their friends met on the Grounds last Saturday about 3 p m. to decide the remainder of the races which could not be run off, owing to the downpour of rain on Picnic day, Aug. 15th. The first event was the 440 yards open, which was won in good time by Mr. C. King, with Messrs W. Wiley and O. Neveau a good second and third.

The next event was the Committee race which was won by F. Kettyle, with F. Aylward 2nd, J. Searey 3rd and W. Wiley and O. Noveau a good second and third.

The next event was the committee race open to members of the committee only which was won by F. Kettyle, with F. Aylward 2nd, J. Seary 3rd and W. Wiley 4th.

As the Picnic day was so wet some of the side shows did not get such good financial returns as anticipated and especially the refreshment sections, which is to be regretted, but their loss is only in the small figures. The committee now have their financial accounts to make out and it is to be hoped that their balance will show good in their favor for next year.

DUNANY.

—:o:—

Mr. J. Taylor is spending some time at Clear Lake.

Mrs. K. McRobie is visiting Mrs. T. D. McRobie at Boyd's Lake.

Miss Jean Cooke, of Montreal, is visiting here for a couple of weeks.

Mr. Dumbrill, of Montreal, spent a few days at "Katame" Boyd's Lake.

Miss Isabel Alexander was the guest of Mrs. D. Joss for a few days last week.

Mrs. K. Morrison, of Montreal, was the guest of Mrs. C. Campbell, "Katame"

Mr. Lorne McCoy, of Montreal, spent the week-end with his parents at Clear Lake.

Mr. W. M. Ellis, Jr. of Lachine, is spending a few weeks with his family at Clear Lake.

Miss Dolly Nichols has returned home, from a visit with Miss Hattie McCoy, at "The Pioneers."

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Davis, of Burton, Ave., Montreal, are guests of Mrs. T. D. McRobie, Boyd's Lake.

Mr. Geo. Paquette, and Miss Hope Paquette, of Montreal, spent the week-end at Kearney Cottage.

Mrs. C. Campbell and the Misses K. and S. Campbell have returned to Montreal from their cottage at Boyd's Lake.

Mrs. H. W. Hood, of Lowell, Mass., and Mrs. Geo. Joss, of Lachute, were guests of Mrs. D. Joss for a few days.

Among others who spent the week-end on Boyd's Golf Links, were Mr. G. C. Davis and Mr. T. D. McRobie, of Montreal.

Recent visitors at Clear Lake, were Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McBurney, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. McKenzie, Mrs. W. W. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. P. Chabot Mr. J. R. Parris, Mr. John Hope and Mr. H. Slater.

DALESVILLE.

—:o:—

Mr. T. Morrow spent the week-end here.

Mrs. Aiken returned from Pine Hill this week.

Mr. R. S. McArthur was in Montreal on Monday.

Mrs. R. Conlin visited Mrs. M. Graham last week.

Miss M. Neill, of Louisa, is visiting friends in Dalesville.

Mrs. A. J. Campbell and little daughter returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott and family returned to the city on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. McArthur visited at Lake Louisa on Sunday.

Mr. R. Kennedy, of Montreal, is visiting Mrs. A. Kennedy.

Mrs. A. Forrester and little daughter who have been visiting Mrs. A. J. Campbell returned home this week.

The Misses S. and E. McGibbon, of Lachute, visited Mrs D. Dale, on Wednesday.

Misses L. and E and Master Harold Campbell, of Ottawa, visited Mrs J. Campbell this week.

Mrs. D. Dale, Mrs. T. Davis and master Danny are spending some time at Mrs. Dale's cottage here.

Tuesday Sept. 1st the Brownsburg prayer meeting, will be held at the home of Mr. D. Tomalty, at 7.30 p.m.

Sunday Aug. 30th, Mr. Joseph Denny Studant of Edina, will preach in the Dalesville Baptist Church, morning and evening.

Mrs. H. Cregeen and the Misses Hazel and Mamie Chapman, who have been visiting Mrs. J. McGibbon for the past month returned to the city on Wednesday.

EDINA.

Grand Orange Celebration.

At the last regular meeting of the Dalesville Orange Lodge, it was decided to hold a picnic under its auspices in the Burke Grove, Edina.

Mr Joseph Moncrieff, whose Orange tendencies are so well pronounced as soon as he learned the wishes of his brethren, began to make supreme attempts to ensure the success of the undertaking.

Mr. Moncrieff immediately placed at the disposal of the organization, his magnificent Grove at Edina, a spot, which is in the opinion of those acquainted with it, ideal in every sense of the word.

The Picnic is to be after the manner of the old fashioned picnics, and those supplying baskets, will have tea served free; those without baskets will be able to purchase meals at nominal prices.

A splendid array of talent has been provided for the occasion among the speakers thus secured being the Grand Master of the Association; the very Rev. Dean Saunders; we expect to see members of Parliament some of whom have received personal invitation. Local talented persons have also promised to be present many of whom are geniuses of no mean repute.

Worshipful Master Moncrieff is busy cleaning up the grove and making it more presentable than ever in fact he is leaving no stone unturned to make this Picnic one of the most successful Orange demonstrations that has ever taken place in the County of Argenteuil.

This picnic is on every one's lips, and if the pleasure of its realization is as successful as its anticipation has been, then those who have had in hand will be more than repaid.

One more thing only remains to be said and that is the visitors will have an opportunity of proving for themselves the proverbial kindness of heart that possesses the Edina folk and which is spoken of by all those who have been the partakers of their hospitality.

Mr. Joseph Lawson of Pine Hill, is the father of another little girl.

Mrs. Hutchings and Mr. Burke, of Lachute, were spending a few days at Edina and Pine Hill

Mrs. John Moncrieff, of Apple Grove, Edina, has just gone to Lachute to spend a few days with relatives there.

Miss Mabel Moncrieff and Mr. Jones have just returned to Montreal having pleasantly spent a few days at Edina.

Mr. Ernest Kennedy recently had much trouble with one of his herd of cattle. We have just learned that he successfully combatted with the case and Ernest bids fair to become quite a good veterinary in a short time.

Divine Service will be held at Belts School House at 10.30 a.m, and at Edina at 3.30 p.m., on Sunday, August 30th, next.

Mr. Rowe from Louisa and our old friend Mr. Daniel McCrea from Culumet were visiting the Cottage by the river in the early part of the week.

LOUISA.

—o—

The St. Aiden's Church Annual Harvest Thanksgiving Festival, was held at Louisa on Thursday, the 20th, inst., under the most favorable conditions. The weather was all that could be desired. The sun shone brightly, so that even the most despondent natures, could not but feel cheerful and thankful.

The beautiful thanksgiving service of the Church of England, held at 10.30 a.m, was led by the pastor, the Rev. Rural Dean Lackey, who preached a helpful sermon to a very large congregation, shewing the blessings, material and spiritual, which flow to those who cultivate the spirit of thankfulness, and who form the habit of praise to God. From 12 o'clock noon till 2 p.m., a splendid dinner was served by the ladies of the congregation, to the crowds which had assembled from Lachute, Brownsburg, Dalesville, Lakefield, Dunay, Shrewsbury, and other parts of the country.

A sale of work by the ladies proved very successful, all the articles being disposed of. Mr. Duffy of Lachute added much to the day's enjoyment, by giving on his gram-o-phone several choice selections.

In the afternoon there were two very exciting tug of war contests, the first between ten married and ten single men, in which married life was seen to have its drawbacks. The second contest was Louisa against the world, in which Louisa came out victorious. The utmost good feeling prevailed; the victors did not unduly boast, and the vanquished took their defeat in a truly sportsmanlike manner. Hearty cheers were given for the Louisa ladies, for Mr. Slater, M. L. A. and for Mr. and Mrs. Lackey.

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If so, you will come to us to have your feet shod, for we are boot specialists, having lasts to fit all kinds.

TRY and be convinced.

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Flour, Bran, Snorts, Middlings, Cornmeal, Oatmeal, Rolled Oats, Graham and Buckwheat Flour, Oil Cake and Gluten Meals, and Grain of all kinds, at lowest market prices.

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All grinding guaranteed. Grinding Tuesday's and Saturday's the other

J. D. CAMPBELL

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Elephant Brand of Mixed Paints, Stains, Varnishes, etc.

BOOTS AND SHOES

We are gradually increasing our stock of reliable Boots and Shoes for Ladies, Men and Children from the best makers.

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Are all as good and reliable as we can possibly buy.

GILES BROS.

Main St. Lachute,

New Tailor Shop!

ATTENTION!

We take this opportunity of inviting you to call and inspect our large stock of the very latest goods on the market. They are good goods and you find our prices right. Call and leave your order for a Nobby Spring Suit.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

R. P. GOULET, Merchant Tailor, West End, Lachute

The Wanderer's Return;

Or, A Change of Fortune.

CHAPTER XLV.

One day Emma came to her with beaming face.

"I bring you good news, Mrs. Grey. Our road commissioners are at work building the new bridge across the Mad River this week. They expect to have it so far completed as to allow vehicles to pass over on Sunday next. So on Sunday, my dear, we may go to church. Are you not glad?"

And without waiting for an answer, Emma went out to tell her grandmother.

Yes, Mrs. Grey was very glad to be able to go to church. Not that she cared in the least for divine service, but she cared very much for displaying her beauty. She knew very well that whenever she should appear in any public place there would be a buzz of admiration. And she anticipated with much vanity the sensation she should create by appearing at the village church at Wendover.

This was Monday. And from this day to the end of the week Mary Grey was employed in studying, arranging, and rearranging the costume with which she intended to astonish and vanquish the natives at church on Sunday.

The Sabbath morning came; and the Cavendish carriage was drawn up before the door.

The family had breakfasted earlier than usual, and Emma Cavendish, in her plain simple suit of black bombazine, with a crape hat and veil, stood waiting for the appearance of Mrs. Grey.

At length she sent a maid with a message to the widow to the effect that if she did not make haste they would be late.

Then Mrs. Grey came rustling downstairs. And Emma beheld her with astonishment.

Her whole costume was black, certainly, but it was a mere mockery of mourning. She wore a rich black corded silk dress and mantle, both trimmed with deep folds of black crape, headed with a bright beading of bugles, which gleamed and glittered with every motion. A dainty, coquettish little black silk hat, also trimmed with crape and gleaming bugles, was perched rather jauntily upon the top of her hair, which was curled, frizzled and puffed in the last fashionable style. Tiny black boots and gloves, a snowy little cobweb of a pocket handkerchief, and a gem of a prayer book, completed the outfit. She looked extremely pretty; there was no question of that. She made a graceful apology for keeping Miss Cavendish waiting, and then followed her into the carriage.

Emma was surprised and pained, but soon began to make mental excuses for Mary Grey.

"She is very vain; there is no doubt of that. But then, she is also very pretty, and her beauty is all that she has; so it is no wonder that she should value it highly."

When they reached Wendover church, they found it already very much crowded. The opening prayer was being offered. They waited at the door until it was finished, and then they went up the aisle.

"The governor's pew," as it was called, was in the corner to the right of the chancel, and somewhat in the obscure light of a stained glass window. So it was not until Miss Cavendish had her hand upon the door that she perceived some one occupying a seat there.

The some one was a young man, who immediately arose, and, with a slight bow, would have passed out. But Miss Cavendish silently signed to him to resume his seat.

As this little scene was passing, Mary Grey turned pale and faint, and grasped the edge of the pew to keep from falling.

She thought the intruder was Alden Lytton.

However, with an effort she recovered herself, entered the pew, and took her seat, and assumed the devout manner becoming the sacred place.

Then, stealing a glance at the stranger again, she perceived that he was not Alden Lytton, though he bore a startling resemblance to that handsome young student.

In the pauses of the service Emma Cavendish became conscious that there was another clergyman beside their pastor in the chancel.

And, when, at length, after the singing of the last hymn that concluded the morning service, Miss Cavendish raised her eyes, she perceived that a stranger had quietly entered the pulpit, and with his head bowed upon the Bible cushion, was silently praying.

A tall, fine-looking, reverable man he seemed with a reverend white head and beard. And when at length he lifted his head, Miss Cavendish discovered that he was no stranger, and recognized the Rev. Dr. Jones, who had brought Electra to Mount Ascension.

He gave out his text and preached with much earnestness and eloquence, and was listened to with attention and reverence.

At the end of the sermon he pronounced the benediction with much feeling.

While the congregation was leaving the young man who had come unbidden into the Cavendish pew arose and stood before Miss Cavendish, and respectfully apologized for his intrusion, explaining that the crowded state of the church, and his belief that the family from Blue Cliffs would not attend divine service that day, had induced him to seat himself in their pew.

Emma replied pleasantly that there was plenty of room in the pew, and that he was very welcome then, or at any other time, to occupy a seat in it.

Then Emma turned to the widow, who stood staring at the young man, and said:

"Mrs. Grey, permit me to present to you Mr. Craven Kyte, of Wendover, once a ward of my father."

Mr. Kyte bowed very low and fixed a look of involuntary and unbounded admiration on the face of the beauty.

She held out her dainty hand and smiled on him deliciously, as she murmured:

"I am very happy to know the ward of my dear and honored friend now in heaven." And she, too, bowed gracefully. And when she raised her eyes again, she saw that she had smitten this young victim also to the heart.

"Shall I have the pleasure of seeing you to your carriage, Miss Cavendish?" inquired the young man.

"With thanks," answered Emma.

And Craven Kyte attended the two ladies down the aisle and out from the church, and handed them into the coach.

He seated Mrs. Grey first. And as he relinquished her hand, she fired from her dark eyes another arrow that quivered in his heart.

"We should be very glad to see you at the Hall, Mr. Kyte. I hope you will feel at liberty to come to us as often as you used to do when your guardian, my dear father, was with us."

"I thank you very much, Miss Cavendish. I was really anxious to come, but fearful of intruding. I shall avail myself of your leave and come with much pleasure now," answered the young man, modestly and respectfully, as he bowed and closed the carriage door.

The horse started; Mrs. Grey lolled back in her seat and mused.

"Here be a godsend!" she had the impiety to say to herself; "a splendid young man, the very image of Alden Lytton without Alden Lytton's intolerable priggishness. And the ward of the late Governor Cavendish, too, and with the freedom of Blue Cliffs."

No doubt she thought he would be a frequent visitor. And, oh! what a fine time she would have with him! What a glorious flirtation she would get up!

She could easily blind the eyes of two such simple women as old Mrs. Cavendish and Emma, and flirt with the handsome fellow to her heart's content.

And perhaps this might go further than flirtation—if he should be wealthy enough to make it worth her while.

And then she wondered if he were wealthy. As the ward of the late Governor Cavendish, he must of course have had some property, else he would not have had such a prominent man for a guardian. If he should be wealthy, the proposed flirtation should proceed much further, even to matrimony. To be sure, he might already be engaged to some one else. But circumstance would not trouble her at all. She had come between other couples and broken their betrothal only for the gratification of her own vanity. And she certainly would not hesitate to do the same thing now, especially if she meant serious business.

True, her proceeding to such extremities might—indeed would—shock old Mrs. Cavendish and Emma. But if she could secure a handsome and wealthy young man for a husband, she could afford to alienate them.

So the first mile or two of the ride homeward was passed in silence, until Mrs. Grey, longing for some more definite information about her intended victim, exclaimed:

"Emma, my dear, what on earth are you thinking about? You have not opened your mouth once since we started."

"I was thinking of the sermon we have heard. It was an unusually fine one," answered the young lady.

"What an intolerable prig this girl is, to be sure," said Mrs. Grey to herself; but to Emma she observed:

"Ah, yes, I was very deeply impressed by it. So also was that interesting young friend of yours, Mr.-er-er—"

"Kyte," said Emma.

"Oh, yes, Kyte—Mr. Kyte. Who is he?"

"He was a ward of my father."

"So you told me; but that gives little information, my dear. In the words of the immortal some one:

" 'Who was his father?
Who was his mother?
Has he a sister?
Has he a brother?' "

"I suppose his father and mother must have been a Mr. and Mrs. Kyte, though I never heard of either of them, or if they had other children who were his sisters and brothers," answered Emma, smiling.

"That's queer, too! Does he never talk of his parents?"

He does not remember them, I presume. I believe he was my father's ward from his earliest childhood. I know that when I could first notice and remember, he was a lad of about eight or nine years old."

"Was there much property?"

"Property! Indeed, I don't know. I never once thought of that."

"Was he brought up in your father's house?"

"Yes, until he was sent to school."

"Hem! How very much like the Lytton's he looks. Don't you think so?"

"There is a superficial resemblance. But Alden Lytton has a much finer, more intellectual and spiritual face than Craven Kyte."

"Is there any relationship between them?"

"Not the slightest, I believe. The resemblance is altogether accidental."

"Is the young man married?"

"Married? Why, no!" replied Emma, lifting her brows.

"Is he engaged then?"

"In business? Yes."

"I don't mean that. I mean, is he engaged to be married?"

"My dear Mrs. Grey, you are surely interviewing me for some enterprising paper," laughed Emma.

"I beg your pardon. I have been asking a good many questions, sure enough. But then, my dear Emma, we have been secluded so long that everything is news to me. You need not answer if you don't like," said Mrs. Grey, pouting a little.

"Oh, I have no objection to answer. I was but jesting, my dear friend. Let me see. What was it you asked me? Whether he was engaged? Yes, my dear, he is engaged: to a very fine girl, a bright, brave girl—Mabel Taylor, of the Perch Point lighthouse. He made my father acquainted with that engagement a year ago," answered Emma.

And Mrs. Grey asked no more questions. She did not at all regret the circumstance of her intended victim's engagement. It was pleasant to conquer a new admirer; but it was most delightful to supplant another woman.

The carriage rolled into the avenue leading up to the front of Blue Cliff Hall, and soon drew up before the door.

The two ladies alighted and went in.

"Let us go up to grandma's room and tell whom we saw at church, who preached, and all about it, as she would say," Emma proposed, as they laid off their hats on the hall table.

And they went upstairs and entered the old lady's room, and drew chairs and seated themselves at her fire.

"Well, my deare, did you get to church in time?" inquired Mrs. Cavendish.

"Not in very good time, grandma. The first prayer was nearly over."

"Ah, that was a pity. What was the text?"

" 'God Is Love.' That was the text. But a stranger occupied our pulpit this morning, grandma. And it must have been known beforehand to others, though not to us; for the church was crowded—crammed."

"A stranger! It is very seldom a stranger preaches in our church. Who was he, my dear?"

"The Rev. Dr. Jones."

"Jones? Jones?—Jones is a very common name. Did you hear any other, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Cavendish, with more curiosity and interest than Emma could account for.

"Yes, a very uncommon one, grandma. I heard one of the old vestrymen speak of him as Dr. Beresford Jones."

Emma was struck dumb by the effect of these words had upon the old lady.

"So he has come back after all these long years!" she murmured, in a low tone, as she clasped her hands and closed her eyes, and sank back in her chair.

"Grandma!" cried Emma, in alarm, after watching her for a few moments in silence, and seeing that she did not move.

"Don't speak to me yet a while, dear. Give me a little camphor," murmured the old lady, in a tone so low as to be almost inaudible.

Emma went to a Japan cabinet, took from it a small cut-glass vial, from which she poured a little camphor cordial into a tiny wineglass, which she brought to the old lady who took it with a trembling hand and slowly sipped it.

"Do you feel better now, dear grandma?" inquired Emma, as she took the empty glass from the old lady's hand.

"I was not feeling ill, my dear; only you brought me unexpected news," replied Mrs. Cavendish.

Still Emma looked in some uneasiness at the pale, trembling, fragile old lady before her.

"There, my dear, do you and Mary go now and get ready for your dinner. I have had mine. There, leave me to myself. I suppose that man will be coming here to-morrow, and I must be prepared to meet him. Go, now."

Emma Cavendish and Mary Grey left the room together.

When they had closed the door and found themselves in the passage outside, they turned and looked at each other in silent astonishment. But Miss Cavendish would not, and Mrs. Grey durst not make any comment on what they had witnessed.

They saw no more of the old lady until they were called to tea, which was always served in her room. They found her looking paler than usual, and during the meal they noticed that she spoke but very little, and when she did her voice trembled as her hands also did when she moved them.

After tea she dismissed the two young women earlier than usual.

On going down into the drawing-room, Miss Cavendish found that the evening duties of the hall footman had not been attended to. The shutters were not closed, the lamps were not lighted, nor the fire replenished.

In some surprise at all this unwonted neglect, she put forth her hand and rang the bell.

A little negro answered it.

"Where is Jerome, and why has he not seen to these rooms?" inquired the young lady.

"Please'm, Uncle 'Rome's gone to Wendober to carry a letter for de ole mist'ess. He had to go off in a hurry 'fore ever he could fasten up de house," said the boy, pulling at his woolly forelocks and bobbing his head by way of respectful abeisance.

"Go and tell Peter to come and attend to Jerome's duties then," said Miss Cavendish.

The ebony lad pulled his wool, bobbed his head and backed out.

Emma stood in the dusk before the smouldering fire in a thoughtful attitude, until the second footman came in and closed the windows and lighted the lamps.

Then in the glare of light she turned and met the eyes of Mrs. Grey fixed upon her with a surprised and inquiring expression.

But Emma merely took up a book and sat down to read.

CHAPTER XLVI.

The next morning Mrs. Grey and Miss Cavendish went to the old lady's room as usual, for morning prayers.

They found her up and dressed with unusual care, as if to receive a visitor; but she seemed not to have been rested or refreshed by her night's sleep; she was even paler and more tremulous than on the preceding evening.

And instead of conducting the service herself, as she usually did, she turned over that duty to her granddaughter.

As soon as prayers were over she dismissed her two companions to their breakfast, telling them that she wished to be alone all the morning, and that she would send for them when she should be able to receive them.

Emma Cavendish and Mary Grey went away much mystified.

On their way down they met old Jerome, with a letter in his hand.

"Whom is that for?" inquired Miss Cavendish.

"For de old madam. It was so late when I fotch it, which I was kept so long waitin' for it at Wen-over, as I didn't like to wake up de fam'ly at that onlawful hour of the night; so I jes' kep' it till this morning to fetch up to de madam."

And with this explanation the old negro passed upstairs, on his way to the old lady's room.

The two young women went down to the breakfast room in silence.

The day was very bright and beautiful. And the morning sunshine, streaming through the windows between the heavy folds of the rich crimson damask curtains, struck sparks of fire from the silver service on the table as they sat down.

Both felt that something unusual was about to happen—Emma with painful interest; Mary Grey with acute, intolerable curiosity.

And something rather unusual for that house did happen.

They had scarcely finished breakfast, and were still loitering over their chocolate, when the sound of wheels was heard on the avenue leading up to the house.

Emma Cavendish raised her head and listened, but did not leave her seat.

Mary Grey got up and went to the window and looked between the folds of the crimson curtains.

(To be continued.)

WHERE NERVE COUNTS.

An Exciting Incident of an Elephant Hunt in Africa.

"We had just stopped by a tree that had been pulled down," says Capt. C. H. Stigand, in "Hunting the Elephant in Africa," "and we were feeling the leaves that had dropped to see how dry they were. I had determined to abandon the hunt. At that moment one of the men who had gone forward a little, whistled, and immediately everyone got out of the way. The elephants were returning on their tracks. A young bull was leading; behind him I could see the ears of another.

"I did not want to shoot the young bull, so I got behind a tree as he came trotting up, but he pulled up ten yards from my tree and turned on me. The only thing to do was to shoot him, so I reluctantly fired at his head. I went up to him, but he was not dead, and tried to get up again. I put another shot in his forehead, but it did not reach the brain, and the next moment it was I who was being chased.

"I dodged sharply to my right, thinking that the elephant would pass, and I would get a side shot as he went by; but I tripped over a fallen tree and went sprawling. I dropped my rifle, and just managed to seize it by the nuzzle as the bull was about to tread on it. I then dived head foremost into the branches of the fallen tree.

"I made a frantic effort to crawl through, but a stout branch resisted by progress, and at the same moment the bull charged in after me. The impetus he gave me bent aside the stubborn branch, and the next moment I found myself on the other side, while the elephant was stamping the ground five yards from where I stood, evidently under the impression that I was on the ground under his feet.

"I quickly turned round and discharged my rifle into him. It was the last cartridge in the magazine. The rifle was taken out of my hands, and I found Matola, my gun bearer, who had counted the shots, standing beside me, and offering the second rifle as a waiter might serve a dish. By some oversight the second rifle had not been loaded, and I had given strict orders that none of my men were ever to load or unload my rifles. Being a good soldier, Matola had not disobeyed this order even under these extreme circumstances, but had gone as near to loading it as he could. The breach was open, and he was holding the clip in position with his thumb just over the magazine. All I had to do was to press it down, as I took hold of the rifle, and I was ready to fire. The elephant was turning round, and I shot him in the brain.

"The story has taken a long time to tell, but of course it all happened in a moment. I think, as an example of a combination of pluck, discipline, and presence of mind in an emergency, the behavior of Private Matola would be difficult to beat."

PROFESSOR JAMES MAVOR.

At the University They Call Him the "Jimmy Saga."

James Mavor (not James Mavor M.A., LL.D., Ph.D., B.S., but plain James Mavor, professor of economics at the University of Toronto, and soon to deliver a course of lectures in India) is the one man at the university who most nearly approaches the popular idea of a college professor. His one drawback is the noticeable lack of alphabetic ornamentation at the end of his name. He appears in the list of members of the faculty of the university as plain James Mavor. In spite of this drawback, Prof Mavor measures up to specifications in other respects. He sails along the streets with his head in the clouds and his hair streaming in the wind behind him. He has written many ponderous books (the latest of them is 400,000 words long, and contains a great many facts about Russia that even the Russians were not aware of); he is to be seen walking the streets with all sorts of people varying from anarchists to millionaires; he is apt to reply to a simple question in Russian or Chinese. The professor of economice is, in short, a very striking, a very remarkable member of the university.

A whole cycle of legends has grown up at the university with "Jimmy," as he is irreverently



Professor James Mavor.

known, as the hero of them. The authenticity of some of the episodes of the "Jimmy saga," as one student called it, is not beyond question, but people who know the professor will say that all the incidents related of him might conceivably be true.

Tale of the Trousers.

There is, for instance the tale of the trousers. Prof. Mavor, like a good many other men of deen learning, is an illustration of the theory that men are well dressed or not in inverse ratio to their mental capacity. One day he happened to finish the solution of a different problem when just opposite a tailor's shop. He came out of his abstraction for a moment saw "Exclusive Trouserings" advertised, looked down at his own nether garments, saw that they were beginning to exhibit signs of antiquity and walked in to the tailor's shop to order a new pair. In due time the new trousers arrived home. The next morning the professor donned the new garments, and left the old ones over the chair. He departed to deliver a lecture at college. A member of the family came into the professor's room and observed the garments. A hurried rush to the phone ensued, and the following conversation took place:

"Hello! Is that the main building of the university? Could you please hurry and find Prof Mavor?"

"Is anything wrong at his house?" came the reply.

"Oh no! But hurry! Is his appearance unusual?"

"Haven't heard of it. Why?"

"Because his pants are here, and we are afriad that—"

Not at Home.

On another occasion so the legend runs, Prof. Mavor was having a long discussion with Prof. Fletcher at the latter's house. He walked home in the early hours of the morning, and found that he had, as usual, forgotten his latchkey. He pounded on the door for several minutes. A head was thrust out from an upstairs window. "Prof. Mavor is out," came the call. "Jimmy" turned solemnly around and went back to Prof. Fletcher's.

Prof. Mavor has traveled much in Russia and China, and an ancient "shuba," a sheepskin coat, was for many years one of the sights of the campus. His economic lectures were once described as a student as "around the world in 80 minutes."

Bagpipes Under Other Names.

Bagpipes are among the oldest of musical instruments, for in slightly different forms they were known to the Chinese Assyrians, Greeks and Romans, centuries before Christ. They figure upon a coin of Nero. In modern times no country can claim a monopoly of the instrument, for the Breton "bignon," the German "sachpfelfe" and the French "cornemeure" are all bagpipes under another name.

It's a poor rule that can't be worked in a dozen ways.



HONESTY IN THE FAR NORTH.

Remarkable Incidents of the Probity of the Eskimo.

An interesting example of painstaking honesty in the distant north is given in "A Summer and Winter in Hudson's Bay," by Mr. C. K. Leith and Mr. A. T. Leith. When the authors' geological expedition was wrecked in a terrific storm at Whale River, nearly a hundred miles from the nearest source of food supply, it was necessary for them to abandon a large part of their outfit. Nearly fifteen months later they received a letter from the Hudson's Bay House in London, announcing that a case of goods for them had been forwarded by freight and inclosing a bill for three shillings and sixpence.

In due time they got the box packed exactly as they had left it after the wreck. Besides some very valuable specimens, it contained two watersoaked cameras, some dip needles, compasses, geological hammers, maps and geological reports, pencils, one glass bottle of drawing ink, and so forth. This was the itinerary of the box:

Propped on poles to escape the ravages of foxes, it had remained until the following winter, when Eskimos, passing on their winter hunt, took the box along on a toboggan and returned with it in the spring to the post at Great Whale River. When Hudson's Bay opened in the summer, the box went out on the post's sailboat on the annual trip to the central supply department of the Hudson's Bay Company on Charlton Island, some four hundred miles distant. On the arrival of the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer Discovery from London, the box was put on board, and carried to London. It reached Mr. Leith in Madison, Wisconsin, in January, 1911, after traveling seventy-five hundred miles in at least five different kinds of conveyance, at a cost of $1.20.

On another occasion, a pocketbook containing 20 cents was dropped on a portage, picked up, carried two hundred miles, and returned. Where else, asks Mr. Leith would such a thing be possible?

HELPING THE UNFORTUNATE.

A Chicago Institution Which Is Doing a Good Work.

"A Ladder for the Down and Out." That is what a building in Chicago is often called, although it is actually named the Rufus F. Dawes Hotel, after the man to whom its erection is due. It was founded to carry out the desire of Mr. Dawes's deceased son to give men who are "down and out" a lift. He had often spoken of the need of an institution that should give a helping hand to the man who earnestly desired work, but who could not afford to pay for food and shelter while seeking it.

The building is the father's memorial to his son. It cost $100,000 to build it, and on the opening night three hundred down-and-outs straggled in from a snowstorm that raged outside. Some of them sat down before the broad open fireplace in the spacious lobby, which soon assumed the appearance of a clubroom. Others, who had a few coppers, bought strings of tickets, which entitled the holder to soup at two cents, coffee, at the same price, rolls and doughnuts at a cent each, and pie for three cents.

The men were desired to use the bathrooms, and then each man received a night shirt and a pair of bath slippers, and was shown to his sleeping quarters.

The charge for beds is five cents. They are in dormitories that are equipped with an exhaust fan system of ventilation. Each bed has two sheets, a pillow slip and a blanket. For those who prefer to sleep alone, there are ninety-five "cubicle" rooms on the third floor. These rooms are rented for ten cents a night.

The hotel is not intended to provide permanent lodgings. Men are accommodated while they are looking for work, but the professional idler will not be welcome. The managers of the hotel endeavor, without charge, to find employment for men in hard luck. The institution is not endowed, and is not expected to be self-supporting. The founders will look out for the deficits.



PALE AND SICKLY BOYS AND GIRLS

Need All the Strength That Good Red Blood Can Give

Youth is the time to lay the foundation for health. Every boy and girl should have plenty of pure, red blood and strong nerves. With thin, impure blood they start life with a handicap too great to win success and happiness. Pure, red blood means healthful growth, strong nerves, a clear brain and a good digestion. In a word, pure blood is the foundation of health.

The signs of thin, impure blood are many and unmistakable. The pale, irritable boy or girl, who has no oppetite or ambition, is always tired out, melancholy, short of breath, and who does not grow strong, is the victim of anaemia, or bloodlessness—the greatest enemy of youth.

There is just one thing to do for these boys and girls—build up the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. You can't afford to experiment with other remedies for there must be no guesswork in the treatment of anaemia. Through neglect or wrong treatment anaemia gradually develops into the pernicious form which is practically incurable. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills work directly on the blood, giving it just the elements which it lacks. In this way these Pills build up every organ and nerve in the body, thus developing strong, rugged boys and girls. Miss Anna Loseke, Grand Forks, B.C., says: "I think that before taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was one of the most miserable girls alive. I was hardly ever free from awful headaches, was as pale as a ghost, and could not go upstairs without stopping to rest. Now since taking the Pills the headaches have gone, my appetite is good and I am equal to almost any exertion, and you may be sure I will always recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

JOHN REDMOND.

By Nature the Irish Leader Is Reserved and Even Shy.

One of the dominant and most powerful members of the British House of Commons to-day is John Redmond, the leader of the Irish nationalist party. For four sessions now, since the general election of December, 1910, Mr. John Redmond has enjoyed this position of unusual power and pre-eminence in public life—or perhaps he has disliked it, for he is a reserved and somewhat shy man—as holder of the balance of political power in the votes of his party, over whom he wields undisputed sway. But, anyway, he would still be a commanding personality in the chamber by reason of his character and ability.

An English political writer recently said:

"Mr. John Redmond must be given place among the first twelve men of the House of Commons, his compeers, in my opinion, being Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Churchill, Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Lord Robert Cecil, and Mr. Philip Snowden."

In the House of Commons, as in all bodies of men, looks and appearances tell in making lasting and true impressions. As the Nationalist leader rises to speak from the corner of the top bench below the gangway on the Opposition side, he is seen to be of a portly habit, with an impresaive air of dignity, suavity, and strength.

Mr. John Redmond may perhaps, be described as the only orator in the House of Commons. His style of speech is far removed from the flowery and ornate, which is associated with the popular idea of Irish rhetoric. On the other hand, it is not stiff or formal or severe, like so much of the oratory of the British school. Mr. Redmond's speeches are models of consecutive and lucid statement and of terse and cogent reasoning, embellished with passages most eloquently expressive of feeling and emotion. He is also a perfect elocutionist, and there is not in the House a voice more melodious or persuasive than his.

From Wexford.

Mr. Redmond comes of a county family of good standing in Wexford His father sat in the House of Commons for the borough of Wexford in the seventies, and his mother was a daughter of General Hoey. He was educated at Clongowes, the great school of the Jesuits in Ireland. "All I am I owe to the Jesuit Fathers," he proudly declared at the St. Patrick's Day banquet of 1908, held at the Hotel Cecil. At school he distinguished himself as an actor, appearing as Hamlet and as Macbeth, and also shone as a speaker in the Clongowes Debating Society. Mr. Redmond was good, too, at games, especially cricket.

For a time the choice of a profession was a matter of doubt. Mr. Redmond thought of becoming a priest and joining the Jesuit order; he thought also of the army, with which his family was connected on both sides. The matter decided while he was a student at Trinity College, Dublin, and 22 years of age He was appointed a clerk to the House of Commone.

The appointment was decisive of Mr. Redmond's fate. The clerks of the House of Commons have the privilege of standing near the bar, or sitting in a section of the members' galleries, during a debate. Young Redmond was to be seen in the gallery every night, watching with interest and sympathy the development of the policy of obstruction which Parnell had initiated, the policy of speaking on any subject, or at any time, that at all tended to interrupt and delay the regular movement of business.

Took Seat in 1881.

Consequently Mr. Redmond was not new to parliamentary life when on Feb. 2, 1881, he took his seat as a Parnellite for New Ross, a Wexford borough extinguished by Mr. Gladstone's redistribution scheme of 1885. He was then in his twenty-fifth year. It was a memorable day that Feb. 2, 1881, in the annals of Parliament. At 9 o'clock that Wednesday morning Mr. Speaker Brand had terminated a sitting which had lasted continuously over forty hours, debating the motion for leave to introduce the measure of the Gladstonian Government for the better protection of person and property in Ireland, by refusing to alloww any more of the obstructing Nationalist members to speak, and thereupon peremptorily putting the question. There was then no rule, written or unwritten, to justify this unprecedented proceeding on the part of the Speaker; but that it was "in accordance with the evident sense of the House."

The House met again at 4 o'clock, seething with excitement, and after Mr. John Redmond was introduced as a new recruit of the Parnell-



Mr. John Redmond, the Nationalist Leader.

ites, a scene of unparalleled confusion and disorder took place. Gladston rose to give notice of a resolution investing the Speaker with a power of closure, the power which Mr. Brand had that morning exercised arbitrarily on his own responsibility. All the Nationalist members refused to obey the order of the Speaker to sit down and each was compelled to withdraw by the sergeant-at-arms.

Among those who were thus suspended was Mr. John Redmond, a couple of hours after taking his seat "As I regard the whole of these proceedings as unmitigated despotism," said he, in the first words he spoke in the House, 'I beg respectfully to decline to withdraw." "Mr. Redmond," said Hansard, "was by direction of Mr. Speaker removed by the sergeant-at-arms.

A BARGAIN IN CHEESE.

An Incident in a Spanish Market Place.

At early morning the market place of Medina is a rare sight, says Mr. C. Bogue Luffmann in his "Quiet Days in Spain." It is thronged with hundreds of tilted carts and pack animals, loaded with all the materials that the population requires. So universal is the practice of buying in the market square, that there are very few shops, and those are both small and old fashioned.

At a stall in the market place a bright-eyed dapper little woman was offering tiny cheeses of goat's milk. A countryman examined one carefully, tucked it in his pocket, and put down a real. I thought the cheese a bargain, and said to the little woman, "I'll have one," and gave her a peseta, which is four reals. She beamed, and gave back two reals. I remarked, "The price of the cheese is one real."

"Ah," said she, with a winning smile, "but you are a caballero."

I enjoyed her audacity so much that I had to laugh and say, "You are a little rogue"; and she, seeing that she had beaten me, curtsied and laughed as she cried, "Ah, great senor mine, you are many times a caballero!"

I do not complain. Such incidents and compliments are cheap at the price.

Plenty of Time to Reform.

"George, do you know that you haven't got home before 12 o'clock any night this week?"

"Well, whatch complainin' about? This is only Thursday."

Joints Quit Aching
Nerviline Drives Soreness Away

NO MORE STIFFNESS, PAIN OR MISERY IN YOUR BACK OR SIDE OR LIMBS!

Wonderful "Nerviline" is the Remedy.

A marvelous pain reliever.

Not an ordinary liniment—just about five times more powerful, more penetrating, more pain-subduing than any thick, oily or ammonia liniment. Nerviline fairly eats up the pain and stiffness in chronic rheumatic joints, gives quick relief to those throbbing pains, and never burns or even stains the skin.

"Rheumatism kept my joints swollen and sore for ten years. My right knee joint was often too painful to allow me to walk. In this crippled tortured condition I found Nerviline a blessing. Its warm, soothing action brought relief I had given up hoping for. I rubbed on quantities of Nerviline and improved steadily. I also took Ferrozone at mealtime in order to purify and enrich my blood. I am to-day well and can recommend my treatment most conscientiously.

(Signed) C. PARKS,
Prince Albert.

Not an ache or pain in the muscles or joints that Nerviline won't cure. It's wonderful for lumbago and sciatica; for neuralgia, stiff neck, earache and toothache. Nerviline is simply a wonder. Best family liniment known and largely used for the past forty years. Sold by dealers everywhere, large family size bottle 50c., small trial size 25c. Refuse a substitute, take only "Nerviline."

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

"Is the Brain Necessary to Human Existence?"

Can a man live with faculties unimpaired after a large portion of his brain has been removed, or with no brain at all? Several recent cases are leading scientists to answer the question in the affirmative, however much such an answer would have been scouted a little while ago.

There is now in the service of Dr. Daniel Moliere, surgeon in the Hotel Dieu Hospital, Lyons, a capable little fellow of 12 years, who is apparently in perfect health. Some time ago, in sliding down the balusters, he fell and fractured his skull upon a chandelier below. As a bowl full of brain matter oozed from the wound, no hope was entertained for his recovery. He lay in a coma for ten days, in fact, but upon awakening began to improve and is at present apparently sound in mind and body.

The famous surgeon, M. Destot, comes forward with an incident as striking. It is the case of a stone mason, who in mounting a large cornice was so seriously wounded that he lost the left frontal bone and the left frontal lobe of the brain. After twelve days of unconsciousness he began to recover, and, according to the surgeon, is not only well, but in the possession of all his senses.

When in Algiers some time ago, Dr. Bruch treated an Arab for an ugly wound about the left eye, which had been caused by the blow of a hammer. The patient remained in the hospital service fully two months and during that time did not show the slightest evidence of cerebral trouble. At the end of that period he became unconscious and died in a few days. The post mortem examination developed the astounding fact that he was totally destitute of brains.

The anatomist and the psychologist alike are studying these cases with tremendous interest, but no explanation that harmonizes with our previous knowledge seems to be forthcoming.

NEW IDEA.

Helped Western Couple.

It doesn't pay to stick too closely to old notions of things. New ideas often lead to better health, success and happiness.

This couple examined an idea new to them and stepped up several rounds on the health ladder. The husband writes:

"Several years ago we suffered from coffee drinking, were sleepless, nervous, sallow, weak, and irritable. My wife and I both loved coffee and thought it was a bracer." (Delusion—and tea is just as harmful as coffee, because they both contain the drug, caffeine).

"Finally, after years of suffering, we read of Postum and the harmfulness of coffee, and believing that to grow we should give some attention to new ideas, we decided to test Postum.

"When we made it right we liked it and were free of ills caused by coffee. Our friends noticed the change—fresher skin, sturdier nerves, better temper, etc.

"These changes were not sudden, but increased as we continued to drink and enjoy Postum, and we lost the desire for coffee.

"Many of our friends did not like Postum at first, because they did not make it right. But when they made Postum according to directions on pkg., they liked it better than coffee and were benefited by the change."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum now comes in two forms: **Regular Postum**—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. Made in the cup with hot water—no boiling. 30c. and 50c. tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. —sold by Grocers.

ECZEMA ON FACE, SCALP AND HANDS

Came Off in Scales. Itched Badly. Had to Tie Hands. Little Watery Pimples. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Completely Cured.

1307 Davenport Road, Toronto, Ont.—"My eczema first started when I was a baby, on my face and scalp. It seemed dry and when I scratched it, it came off in scales. It itched very badly and I was obliged to have my hands tied up so as to prevent scratching my face. Little white watery pimples came on my hands and face and I had to stay home from school for nearly two weeks. It caused my face and hands to look badly. The eczema took a very bad form, appearing on my face in little watery ulcers so bad that I could hardly bear to be touched. My hair being naturally very thick I found to be getting thinner and wondered what could cause it to fall out.

"My mother tried ——— and ——— and spent no end of money trying to get me better but it did no good. At last a friend recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment and my mother used them. We applied the Cuticura Ointment to my face, head and hands and washed with the Cuticura Soap and the eczema began to disappear. Before six months had passed I was completely cured." (Signed) Miss Constance Jane, May 26, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough skins, itching, scaly scalps, dandruff, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and shapeless nails, that it is almost criminal not to use them. A single set is often sufficient. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post-card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A.

A FLY'S PROGENY.

The Complete Insect Emerges in Ten to Twelve Days.

The three kinds of flies commonly found in dwelling houses have similar or identical histories. The female deposits from 120 to 150 eggs at a time and may repeat this performance as often as four times in a season; a prolificity which, if unchecked, would leave little room for other forms of life upon the earth. The eggs are deposited by choice in horse-dung, but when that is not available, in any description of excremental or decaying refuse in which the larvae bury themselves as soon as hatched and on which they feed until they assume the pupa stage. The complete insect emerges in ten to twelve days, more or less according to temperature and other external conditions, and requires about ten days more in order to become sexually mature.

Dr. Howard gives a calculation of prolificity based upon the hypothesis that all the eggs are hatched and all the larvae come to maturity and shows that under these conditions a female surviving the winter and depositing 120 eggs on April 5 might occasion the issue of the tenth of the following September of 5,598,720,000,000 of adult flies, of which one half would be females.

CITY COUNCIL DOINGS

To put through the license reduction will require some tall hustling. Meantime lots of corns will be tramped on. The cure is "Putnam's," the old reliable corn extractor that has been curing corns and warts for years. "Putnam's" never fails. 25c. at all dealers.

Life Jackets for Children.

The international conference on safety at sea, held in London during January last, drew up provisions covering every conceivable point in the plan to render sea travel as free from disaster and death as human care and ingenuity can make it. In working out the big details the little essentials did not escape the painstaking attention that marked the treatment of the entire subject. "Even the question of special life-jackets for children was dealt with," says a London periodical, in commenting on the thoroughness of the work. The jacket has been put to most rigorous tests and the London Board of Trade has given a certificate that it will keep a child afloat and head above water. It is not a cumbersome or a complicated arrangement, and is very readily donned.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

A Real Disappointment.

A young farm girl asked to have Saturday off in order to go and see a man hanged. Permission was given her, and she set out before daybreak, having twenty miles to walk. When she returned that evening she was in tears. "Why, Milly, what's the matter?" asked her mistress. "Oh, dear!" sobbed the girl. "Oh, dear! The man's been reprieved."

The average man might just as well fall in love, for he has to make some kind of a fool of himself.



HOW TO BECOME OLD.

Metchnikoff Eats No Raw Food of Any Kind.

Professor Metchnikoff, is seventy years old. According to the professor the phenomena of old age are the result of contamination of the blood by intestinal poisons. Among these one of the chief is Indol.

This poison can be eliminated by careful attention to diet along the lines indicated in his books and articles. The object of the diet is to introduce good microbes into the system. These are of two kinds, the one producing sugar and the other lactic acid. To an interviewer he said:

"For 17 years I have eaten nothing except what has been cooked; no raw food of any kind, in the form of fruit or otherwise. I find my sugar in dates surrounded with Bulgarian bacilli; the lactic acid comes from the well-known preparation of soured milk. This I take in the early morning at my first breakfast. I begin with a plate full of vegetable bouillon. After my pot of soured milk I drink a cup of weak tea—not black, as you have it in England."

Professor Metchnikoff is notoriously vigorous for his years, and seems to find no need for holidays. He is absenting himself from the Pasteur Institute during the month of July, and has taken up his residence in the forest of Rambouillet, where he is devoting himself more ardently than ever to scientific research.

Professor Metchnikoff says that he persists in his regime because in his own case it has given such good results. He comes from a short-lived family; he is the only one remaining, and he attributes this fact to his system of diet. Many savants of his generation are unable to continue their labors, whilst he supports with ease the close and exacting labor of the laboratory. He takes meat and vegetables at his two principal meals in the day, lunch and dinner, but his consumption of meat is very restricted, though he does not insist that it shall be white. Compote of fruit forms a part of each repast.

Death Nearly Claimed New Brunswick Lady

Was Restored to Her Anxious Family When Hope Had Gone.

St. John, N.B., Dec. 15th.—At one time it was feared that Mrs. J. Grant, of 3 White St., would succumb to the deadly ravages of advanced kidney trouble. "My first attacks of backache and kidney trouble began years ago. For six years that dull gnawing pain has been present. When I exerted myself it was terribly intensified. If I caught cold the pain was unendurable. I used most everything, but nothing gave that certain grateful relief that came from Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Instead of being bowed down with pain, to-day I am strong, enjoy splendid appetite, sleep soundly. Lost properties have been instilled into my blood—cheeks are rosy with color, and I thank that day that I heard of so grand a medicine as Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

Every woman should use these Pills regularly because good health pays, and it's good, vigorous health that comes to all who use Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake and Butternut Pills.

His Anniversary.

The palm for absent-mindedness is probably taken by a learned German. One day the professor noticed his wife placing a large bouquet on his desk. "What does this mean?" he asked. "Why," she exclaimed, "don't you know that this is the anniversary of your marriage?" "Ah, indeed, is it?" said the professor politely. "Kindly let me know when yours comes round, and I will reciprocate the favor."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—In June, 98, I had my hand and wrist bitten and badly mangled by a vicious horse. I suffered greatly for several days and the tooth cuts refused to heal until your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I began using. The effect was magical; in five hours the pain had ceased and in two weeks the wounds had completely healed and my hand and arm were as well as ever.

Yours truly,
A. B. ROY,
Carriage Maker.

St. Antoine, P.Q.

Deeply Absorbed.

"You are charged with resisting arrest."

"It's all a mistake, your honor."

"What do you mean?"

"I got into an argument with a man and didn't notice his place had been taken by a policeman until I was half-way to the station house."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

A Timely Remark.

At the point of his gun Slippery Jim relieved the passerby of his watch. "My time is yours," was the victim's only comment.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Quite So!

Judge—What is your occupation, my man?

Prisoner—I am a bus-driver, my lord.

Judge—You mean you are the driver of horses attached thereto?

Prisoner—Yes, sir.

Judge—You are charged with hitting this man on the face. Did you do it?

Prisoner—Certainly not!

Judge—What did you do, then?

Prisoner—I hit him on the nasal organ attached thereto.

If it is true the good die young, will the oldest inhabitant please offer an explanation?





FARMS FOR SALE.

H. W. DAWSON, Ninety Colborne Street, Toronto.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL A Fruit, Stock, Grain or Dairy Farm, write H. W. Dawson, Brampton, or 90 Colborne St., Toronto.

H. W. DAWSON, Colborne St., Toronto.

NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE.

GOOD WEEKLY IN LIVE TOWN IN York County. Stationery and Book Business in connection. Price only $4,000. Terms liberal. Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—TEN PAIRS BREEDING Foxes. Correspondence solicited. Reid Bros. Bothwell, Ont.

CANCER, TUMORS, LUMPS, ETC., internal and external, cured without pain by our home treatment. Write us before too late. Dr. Bellman Medical Co., Limited, Collingwood, Ont.

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The Best Ever
issued: Guns, Rifles, Ammunition, Fishing, Tackle, Baseball, Golf, Tennis, Lacrosse, Camping Outfits, all Summer and Winter Sports. We want
Every Man
who Hunts, Fishes, or plays any Outdoor Game to get our large free Catalogue. Prices right, satisfaction guaranteed. Immense stock, prompt shipment
You save money by getting Catalogue to-day.
T. W. Boyd & Son,
27 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal

Ready for Him.

"How much are your four-dollar shoes?" asked the facetious customer.

"Two dollars a foot," replied the salesman, wearily.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

A Timely Warning.

Willie (to visitor)—You'd better eat your pie slowly; ma never gives more'n one piece.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Of Course Not.

"I'll tell you a great secret, but you must promise not to give it away." "Of course not." "I believe Miss Birdie M'Ginnis is gone on me. I've almost made up my mind to pop the question." "What did she say to you?" "She didn't say anything to me precisely, but on Tuesday she patted my dog on the head. Isn't that an encouraging sign?" "Yes; that's the next thing to patting you on the head. Your turn will come next."

Zam-Buk
is the best remedy known for sunburn, heat rashes, eczema, sore feet, stings and blisters. A skin food!
All Druggists and Stores—50c.

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WAR!
WAR!

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Full Stock of everything on hand

GOD SAVE THE KING!

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During the month of August we will give extra good discounts for Cash on all our lines of Footwear, also a large assortment of of Ready-made Clothing, Gents Furnishings, etc.

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Extra Special Values in Boys Suits Suits made to order.

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Terms to suit Purchasers.

W. M. SCOTT, Prop.

The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of It and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Ring and the Man," "The Island of Regeneration," "The Better Man," "Hearts and the Highway," "As the Sparks Fly Upward."

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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CHAPTER XIV

Ah, yes, life and the world were both beautiful to her then, in night, in day, by sunlight, by moonlight, in



She Loved to Stand In the Full Fury of the Gale.

calm and storm. Yet it made no difference what was spread before the woman's eyes, what glorious picture was exhibited to her gaze, she could not look at it more than a moment without thinking of the man, with the most fascinating panorama that the earth's surface could spread before human vision to engage her attention, she looked into her own heart and saw there this man!

Oh, she had fought against it at first, but lately she had luxuriated in it. She loved him, she loved him! And why not? What is it that women love in men! Strength of body? She could remember yet how he had carried her over the mountains in the midst of the storm, how she had been so bravely upborne by his arms to his heart. She realized later what a task that had been, what a feat of strength. The uprooting of that sapling and the overturning of that huge Grizzly were child's play to the long portage up the almost impassable canon and mountain side which had brought her to this dear haven.

Was it strength of character she sought, resolution, determination? This man had deliberately withdrawn from the world, buried himself in this mountain, and had stayed there deaf to the alluring call of man or woman; he had had the courage to do that.

Was it strength of mind she admired? Enid Maitland was no mean judge of the mental powers of her acquaintance. She was just as full of life and spirit and the joy of them as any young woman should be, but she had not been trained by and thrown with the best for nothing. Noblesse oblige! That his was a mind well stored with knowledge of the most, varied sort she easily and at once perceived. Of course the popular books of the last five years had passed him by, and of such he knew nothing, but he could talk intelligently, interestingly, entertainingly upon the great classics. Keats and Shakespeare were his most thumbed volumes. He had graduated from Harvard as a civil engineer with the highest honors of his class and school and the youngest man to get his sheepskin! Enid Maitland herself was a woman of broad culture and wide reading and she deliberately set herself to fathom this man's capabilities. Not infrequently, much to her surprise, sometimes to her dismay, but generally to her satisfaction, she found that she had no plummet with which to sound his greater depths.

Did she seek in him that fine flower of good breeding, gentleness and consideration? Where could she find these qualities better displayed? She was absolutely alone with this man, entirely in his power, shut off from the world and its interference as effectually as if they had both been abandoned in an ice floe at the North Pole or cast away on some lonely island in the South Seas, yet she felt as safe as if she had been in her own house, or her uncle's, with every protection that human power could give. He had never presumed upon the situation in the least degree, he never referred to the circumstances of their meeting in the remotest way, he never even discussed her rescue from the flood, he never told her how he had borne her through the rain to the lonely shelter of the hills, and in no way did he say anything that the most keenly scrutinizing mind would torture into an allusion to the pool and the bear and the woman. The fineness of his breeding was never so well exhibited as in this reticence. More often than not it is what he does not rather than what he does that indicates the man.

It would be folly to deny that he never thought of these things. Had he forgotten them there would be no merit in his silence; but to remember them and to keep still—aye, that showed the man! He would close his eyes in that little room on the other side of the door and see again the dark pool, her white shoulders, her graceful arms, the lovely face with its crown of sunny hair rising above the rushing water. He had listened to the roar of the wind through the long nights, when she thought him asleep if she thought of him at all, and heard again the scream of the storm that had brought her to his arms. No snow drop that touched his cheek when he was abroad but reminded him of that night in the cold rain when he had held her close and carried her on. He could not sit and mend her boot without remembering that white foot before which he would fain have prostrated himself and upon which he would have pressed passionate kisses if he had given way to his desires. But he kept all these things in his heart, pondered them and made no sign.

Did she ask beauty in her lover? Ah, there at last he failed. According to the canons of perfection he did not measure up to the standard. His features were irregular, his chin a trifle too square, his mouth a thought too firm, his brow wrinkled a little; but he was good to look at for he looked strong, he looked clean and he looked true. There was about him, too, that stamp of practical efficiency that men who can do things always have. You looked at him and you felt sure that what he undertook that he would accomplish, that decision and capability were incarnate in him.

But after all the things are said love goes where it is sent, and I, at least, am not the sender. This woman loved this man neither because nor in spite of these qualities. That they were might account for her affection, but if they had not been, it may be that that affection, that that passion, would have inhabitated her heart still. No one can say, no one can tell how or why those things are. She had loved him while she raged against him and hated him. She did neither the one nor the other of those two last things, now, and she loved him the more.

Mystery is a great mover; there is nothing so attractive as a problem we cannot solve. The very situation of the man, how he came there, what he did there, why he remained there, questions to which she had yet no answer, stimulated her profoundly. Because she did not know she questioned in secret; interest was aroused and the transition to love was easy.

Propinquity, too, is responsible for many an affection. "The ivy clings to the first met tree." Given a man and woman heart free and throw them together and let there be decent kindness on both sides, and it is almost inevitable that each shall love the other. Isolate them from the world, let them see no other companions but the one man and the one woman, and the result becomes more inevitable.

Yes, this woman loved this man. She said in her heart—and I am not one to dispute her conclusions—that she would have loved him had he been one among millions to stand before her, and it was true. He was the complement of her nature. They differed in temperament as much as in complexion, and yet in those differences as must always be to make perfect love and perfect union, there were striking resemblances, necessary points of contact.

There was no reason whatever why Enid Maitland should not love this man. The only possible check upon her feelings would have been her rather anomalous relation to Armstrong, but she reflected that she had promised him definitely nothing. When she had met him she had been heart whole, he had made some impression upon her fancy, and might have made more with greater opportunity, but unfortunately for him, luckily for her, he had not enjoyed that privilege. She scarcely thought of him longer.

(To be continued.)

Potato Dumplings

Take one egg well beaten, one pint of sweet milk, a cupful of mashed potatoes, hot and seasoned, a small lump of butter, and enough flour to make a stiff batter. When nearly all the flour is used, add two scant teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and work in as lightly as possible. Drop in small lumps into boiling gravy, and cook for twenty minutes. These will help out nicely a dinner that threatens to be rather scanty.

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