The St. Lawrence News



VOLUME 17 — IROQUOIS, ONT., FRIDAY, NOV. 3, 1905 — NUMBER 5

Why Red Rose Tea is Economical

RED Rose Tea has all the good points of two good teas and none of the weaknesses of any. You never drank a cup of straight Ceylon or Indian tea that could compare in strength, richness, delicacy and fragrance with the "rich fruity flavor" of Red Rose Tea.

Yet Red Rose Tea goes further and costs no more than either Indian or Ceylon teas alone.

Red Rose Tea is better than either Indian or Ceylon tea and is more economical because it goes further.

Red Rose Tea is good Tea

T. H. Estabrooks
St. John, N.B., Toronto, Winnipeg

Ladies !

The most comfortable line of Winter Shoes ever shown in town is now open for your iuspection. We have

Elastic and Button all Felt Shoes,
Kid and Fleece-lined Shoes, Grain and Wool Fleece-lined Shoes, Leather-lined Shoes, prices same to all

Gents ! Our line of

Kant Krack
GUARANTEED
Heavy Rubbers

are now in, the best and largest selection ever shown in town. Our Guarantee holds good. HEAVY BEEFSKIN MOCCASINS, Men's, Boys' and Youths'. Nothing better ever offered to you. Sample our stock, it has satisfied others, it it will satisfy you.

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A MILD WINTER.—Following three very hard winters in succession, it is in order to expect a mild one and many "signs" point that way. Old fishermen of the Lake Superior region noted for the correctness of their diagnosis are sanguine of "open water" the coming winter. The Grand Marais Herald, of Cook Co., Minn, says: "An old-timer predicts that we will have a very short season of closed navigation this winter, and that the boats may not have to stop running along the north shore. Owing to the extreme heat of the past summer, he says, the water in Lake Superior is warmer than it has been in years before, and it cannot freeze over very early, if at all."

No Poison in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

From Napier, New Zealand, Herald: Two years ago the Pharmacy Board of New South Wales, Australia, had an analysis made of all the cough medicines that were sold in that market. Out of the entire list they found only one that they declared was entirely free from all poisons. This exception was Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, made by the Chamberlain Medicine Company, Des Moines, Iowa, U. S. A. The absence of all narcotics make this remedy the safest and best that can be had; and it is with a feeling of security that any mother can give it to her little ones. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is especially recommended by its makers for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. This remedy is for sale by B. F. Smith.

Rowena

Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, of Louisville, N. Y., are guests at the residence of E. C. Shaver.....The Misses Maude and Ida Gilson are in Canton, N. Y., this week, attending the marriage of their brother, Jesse Gilson, of that town....Our popular teacher, Geo Casselman, has sent in his resignation and during the coming year will wield the rod at Dundela. His successor, Miss Laura Larmour, an ex-pupil of the school, comes highly recommended.....Sacramental service will be conducted in the church here on Sunday next. The pastor, Rev. J. B. Howe, will officate..... Alfred Shaver returned home on Saturday evening after a two months' visit of the Canadian West. He brings back a gilt edge report of the prairie country.....John Casselman has been employed for some time on the Government work at Robertson's.

Brinston's Corners

Miss Ida Gilson is attending the marriage of her brother at Canton, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Wallace took advantage of the cheap rates and spent Thanksgiving with Toronto friends. During their absence Miss Cassie Wallace, of Haddo, did the honors of hostess of the Wallace home.

Our little village was startled last week to learn by telegram of the death of a former resident, Reuben Bigford, who learned the blacksmithing here with Reuben Cooper some eight years ago. He was married to Miss Priscilla Collison, daughter of Geo. Collison, and have resided in Cleveland for the past four or five years. His death was due to an attack of quinsey. The body was brought here for burial. Since Mr. Bigford's death Mrs. Bigford has received another sad blow in the death of their son and child, about one year old, from diphtheria. We extend the community's heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Bigford in this her hour of sore trial and bereavement.

Cardinal

WEEDMARK—ARMSTRONG,—An exceedingly prerty social event took place at the home of Mrs. Anson Armstrong on Wednesday, Oct. 25th, when her daughter, Margaret, was married to George Weedmark, the popular Principal of the Cardinal Public school. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Humphrey in the presence of immediate relatives of the contracting parties, at 7 o'clock in the evening. Mrs. J.E. Armstrong, the bride's sister-in-law, played Mendelsohn's Wedding March as a pleasing and inspiring prelude to the ceremony. The room was very prettily decorated for the occasion. The bride was gowned in soft white silk, trimmed with chiffon and lace, and wore the time-honored veil, white carnations and maiden hair fern, and carried an exquisite bouquet of white crysanthemums. The couple were unattended. Mr. and Mrs. Weedmark were driven to Prescott where they took the eastbound express to Ottawa and Montreal for their honeymoon. The young couple are highly esteemed in the community and were the recipients of many tangible evidences of it, among which was a handsome oak chair, the gift of the girl pupils of the Public school, and a silk umbrella from the boys ; a china syrup jug with silver mountings and a china and silver salad set from his assistant teachers, and a silver cheese salver from the bride's girl friends. The groom's gift to bride was a beautiful sunburst pearl brooch. Congratulations.

South Mountain

OBIT.—It is our sad duty this week to record the death of one of Mountain's most respected residents in the person of Mrs. John Kahala, who passed peacefully away Oct. 27th, 1905. She had been ailing for some time, but hopes were entertained of her recovery until the last few days. Through all her illness she bore her suffering with true Christian fortitude and was fully resigned to the Divine will. Mrs. Kahala was born in Brockville on July 7th, 1833, and was married to John Kahala in 1858. She was a grand daughter of the late Edmund Doran and a relative of the late Henry Ward Beecher. She with her husband moved to Vinegar Hill, one mile west of Inkerman, shortly after their marriage, where they resided until two years ago when they retired to South Mountain where they were very comfortably settled. She leaves behind a husband and five sons, viz., Charles W., of Avonmore ; Austin, of Inkerman ; George, of Minneapolis, Minn. ; John, of the P. O. Dept., Montreal ; Dr. Arthur, of Minneapolis, and one daughter, Mary, wife of Thos. Mulloy, Inkerman ; also an adopted daughter, Katie Strader, whom she reared from childhood. The funeral, which was very largely attended, was conducted by the Rev. Father Conley in St. Daniel's shurch, South Mountain, on Saturday, Oct. 28th. Interment was made in the South Mountain burying ground, her sons acting as bearers. Mrs. Kahala by her earnest Christian life enjoyed the esteem and respect of all who knew her, and her loss will be greatly felt by the community.

Herb W. Edwards Injured.

Herb W. Edwards, of Des Moines, Iowa, got a fall on an icy walk last winter, spraining his wrist and bruising his knees. "The next day," he says, "they were so sore and stiff I was afraid I would have to stay in bed, but I rubbed them well with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and after a few applications all soreness had disappeared." For sale By B. F. Smith.

High School Notes

High school commencement will be held on Dec. 21st this year. Owing to the fact that the Education Department no longer furnishes High School Boards with diplomas for their graduating classes it now rests with the Boards themselves as to what will be given in place of the old certificates. The Iroquois High School Board has instructed the Principal to co-operate with the editor of The St. Lawrence News in evolving something that will not only be artistic but also typical both of the school and the town.

The following results of the last Departmental and University exams. were not published in August when the other results were given out. Leroy Holmes is allowed pass matriculation. Aden McIntosh completes pass matriculation. Milton Leizert is allowed full senior teachers' certificate on his standing on honor matriculation. W. J. Armstrong is allowed honor matriculation with third class honors in English, Latin, French, Physics aud Chemistry, in his senior teachers' examination. H. E. Reilley is allowed honor matriculation with second class honors in English and third class honors in Mathematics, Latin, French and German on his senior teachers' examination. Jean Macalister is allowed honor matriculation with third class honors in Latin, French and German, on her Part II teachers' examination.

Form I

	History	Grammar	Arithmetic	Geography
Lula Mulholland,	84	80	89	85
Dora Liezert,	90	59	79	93
Kenneth Feader,	69	67	100	72
Mabel Locke,	56	62	84	72
Thomas McInnis,	81	40	70	79
Luella Burnside,	53	66	60	87
Arlie Locke,	59	60	76	69
Arnold Suffel,	82	48	67	66
Ethel Ault,	54	40	76	89
Ansel Tanney,	60	58	67	73
Dudley Kelly,	81	61	24	89
Willie Murray,	85	58	36	74
John Eichner,	70	55	56	70
Myrtle Ellis,	83	30	56	77
Earl McKercher,	72	28	76	70
Verna McIvor,	56	53	66	64
Maurice Wallace,	88	43	48	60
Percy Connor,	48	52	60	77
Leonard Bell,	70	44	59	62
Lula Harkness,	65	39	55	74
Maggie Johnston,	68	51	26	86
May Seely,	66	40	41	84
Grace Bowen,	78	44	37	67
Maggie Armstrong,	68	64	30	58
Frank Shaver,	39	62	68	51
Wellington Seeley,	42	21	80	73
Ivy Monteith,	49	39	67	58
John Goudie,	73	17	46	71
Jas. Milligan,	44	45	73	45
John McGee,	84	58	a	61
Mary McGinn,	56	43	37	62
Ralph Barton,	61	28	53	46
Hilda Robson,	40	28	52	67
Harold Smyth,	44	29	32	74
Sadie Goudie,	42	46	23	64
Ralph Carman,	54	18	26	66
Nellie Armstrong,	33	51	26	51
Jennie Harper,	36	26	54	41
Leo Gibbons,	22	22	56	55
Hattie Wallace,	27	31	41	54
Clara Robertson,	55	31	36	27
Stanley Hess,	53	29	14	50
Charlotte Ross,	60	41	0	41
Mabel Stamp,	43	30	0	68
Annie McEwan,	35	19	18	68
Muriel Whalley,	36	33	24	39
Beatrice Wells,	a	27	33	52
Clayton Raney,	24	35	29	a

North Williamsburg

L. M. Brown is in Montreal this week.

Frank Harrison, of Chesterville, was in town this week.

Miss Nina Empey, of Maxville, is visiting her grandparents.

Mrs. Alfred Briggs, of Hainsville, is the guest of her mother.

Chas. Winegard, of Montreal, spent Thanksgiving with his parents,

Mrs. (Dr.) I. J. Lane and Mrs. W. Purvis spent Thanksgiving in Montreal,

Mrs. Walter Merkley, of East Orange, N.Y., is visiting at the home of J. H. Merkley.

Mes. Wm. Wells and children, of Aultsville, are visiting at the home of Mr. Casselman.

Miss Edith Brown, of the M. C. I., spent Thanksgiving at her brother's, L. M. Brown.

Miss Grace Willard, of Riverside, is visiting at the home of her uncle, Clarence Deeks.

Mrs. A. Empey has returned home after spending a few months with her son in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Dickey and family, of Newington, spent Thanksgiving week with friends here.

Communion service will be held in the Presbyterian and Methodist churches next Sunday morning.

Mrs. Geo. Casselman and daughter Ella and Mrs. F. Hanson spent Thanksgiving at the home of D. L. Hamilton.

Albert Casselman has returned home after spending the summer months with his daughter at Wentworth, South Dakota.

Much sympathy is felt for Mrs. I. J. Pitts in the death of her brother, Lennie Kane, of Stampville, which occurred Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Whitteker and children, of Berwick, and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Casselman, of Cardinal, were visiting the former's parents recently.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Aden Casselman, of Berwick, was held at the Lutheran church, here, on Tuesday afternoon, and was very largely attended. Much sympathy is extended to the many friends and relatives of deceased in this vicinity.

Society, Love and Religion

LECTURE IN THE METHODIST CHURCH

On Monday evening, Nov. 6, the Rev. Ernest Thomas and Mrs. Thomas, of Lachute, P. Q, will give an illustrated lecture in the Methodist church.

The following is an outline of the lecture on "Society, Love and Religion," by Rev. Mr. Thomas:

Society, the primary fact in life.

Tennyson as artist, his criticism of society, "The Idyls of the King," a study in social forces.

Selection, "The coming of Arthur"—Mrs. Thomas.

Arthur's origin—the rise of the spirit.

Arthur's rule—the authority of the spirit.

Arthur's forces—love and religion.

Selection, "Lancelot and Guiniver"—Mrs. Thomas.

Love—the power which none escapes

The undying demand for fellowship.

Is lawless love free love? Its effect on society.

Selection, "The Holy Grail"—Mrs. Thomas.

Two ideals of religion.

The impulse of action—Arthur's sword.

The indulgence of sentiment—the Holy Cup.

The failure of religion.

Selection, "Arthur and Guinivere"—Mrs. Thomas.

Arthur's ideal of religion.

Religion as redemptive.

Religion as life's background.

The social ideal and outlook.

Dixon's Corners

Born on Thursday, Oct, 26th, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cooper, a daughter..... Mrs. A. Dawson, of Dundela, was visiting friends in town last week..... Wm. Sellers and family, of Irena, have moved to town. Welcome..... Miss Edith Barkley spent a few days at Iroquois last week.....Miss Linda and Edward Thompson arrived home last week from Brandon, Man..... Floyd Locke, of Morrisburg, spent Thanksgiving at his home here..... Miss Steacy, of the I. H. S., Sundayed with Miss Belle Munroe.....James Hamilton, of Dundela, was the guest of Jos. Louden Sunday.

What People are Saying.

That Beach & Rose are grinding grain so fine they are wearing out their machine. Probably that's what they got it for.

That if you have a grist to grind its worth having it done right. Beach & Rose will do it right for you and thereby give you a real bargain any day in the week.

That Beach & Rose are selling the best grades of Flour lower than anyone else. Buy from them.

That Beach & Rose have pure Buckwheat Flour. Better try some.

Town Topics

Bring along your October coupons to Tindale's and get the prize. 10t

Misses A. Davy and Deltra Bagg visited Toronto friends last week.

Mrs. S. Lennox, of Lisbon, was the guest of Mrs. H. Tisdale and Mrs. Herbert Serviss.

The lucky coupon holder for November will get half dozen Rogers' (1847) silver knives and forks, says Mr. Tindale. See advt.

R. H. Tanney, of Beaconsfield, who has been the guest of his parents for the past ten days, left on Wednesday for New Liskeard, Ont., to visit his brother Jack.

Don't miss the Temperance lecture by the great agitator, Rev. B. S. Taylor, in the Town Hall Saturday evening. This is the opportunity of a life time to hear this noted speaker. 6t

When you want a present physic try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are easy to take and produce no griping or other unpleasant effects. Sold by B. F. Smith.

The Foreign Missionary Society, of Knox church, held a very successful Thank-offering service Sunday, Oct. 22. A pleasant feature of the meeting was an interesting address on foreign mission work, by the President, Mrs. J. M. Macalister. Collection, $20.30.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.—On the local cheese board Friday 869 colored cheese were offered, and while no sales were made on board the curb price of 11¼c. was pretty generally accepted. At Kingston 11¼c. was paid ; at Kemptville, only 45 boxes out of 880 offered were sold, for 11 3-8c. ; South Finch, 11 3-8c. paid for 750 boxes white and colored ; Ottawa, 11 1-8c. for white, and 11¼c. for colored offered ; no sales.

THE APPLE SITUATION.—P. B. Macnamara, commercial agent at Manchester, reports to the Department of Canadian Trade and Commerce on the apple situation in England. He says that up to the 7th Oct. 95,528 barrels of Canadian apples had arrived in England, as compared with 127,650 for the corresponding period last year. Prices are vastly in advance of 1904. Mr. Macnamara attended a recent auction sale of Canadian apples in Manchester and says that the buyers were well pleased with the quality. The packing and grading of those open for inspection were found to be excellent.

Honor roll of S. S. No. 4, Matilda, for October, names in order of merit : Class III—Susie Werte, Lillian Hanes, May Strader, Allan Binion, Marian Hanes. Class II—Mary Werte.

Two more employees have been added to the staff of the Dominion Roller Screen Co., Limited, this week, and two new machines, a wood planer and a circular saw, pulleys, etc. Glad to observe these substantial evidences of progress.

LICENSE RENEWED.—The License Commissioners have renewed J. H. Montgomery's license till May 1st, 1906. This license was to have expired Oct. 31st, because Montgomery had three times violated the License Act. However, as he was unsuccessful in selling his hotel furniture and other chattels, the Commissioners were evidently disposed to take a lenient view of the matter and gave him another trial. It will now be up to J. H. to be good, and conduct the Powell House strictly within the limits of the Act. It is certainly to his interests to do so.

The Old Time Parlor

IT HAS SEEN ITS DAY AND IS NOT FOUND IN MODERN HOMES.

The old fashioned parlor has seen its day and is not to be found in modern homes. So the fine old institution is going, is it ? Maybe it is just as well that it should go. It was usually a place of silence and gloom to the children of the household ; a forbidden place, like the secret room in Bluebeard's castle. Nevertheless it was the pride of mamma and the bete noir of papa, who couldn't smoke there, and always leaving the blinds open so that the sun would shine in and fade the beautiful red carpet.

How vividly the picture of the old fashioned parlor comes back to the mind ! There was the mohair covered sofa, the mohair covered rocking chairs, and likewise the mohair covered standing chairs, all very shiny, very slick and very uncomfortable. The chair stood as straight as if their perpendicular had been determined with a plumb line and their seats were springy and bulbous. The small boy who attempted to sit on one of them found himself perpetually sliding off and then crawling back on again. In one corner was the what-not, an ornate affair, on which were gathered cups and saucers bearing such legends as "For a Good Boy," "For a Good Girl," "To Our Mother," and the like, in addition to a hundred gewgaws and jimcracks defying description. In the centre of the room was the centre table, usually round with a marble top. On this was the family album and the family Bible, the former containing the faded pictures of Uncle Ned in ill fitting clothes and Aunt Fanny in hoop skirts, frills and curls, and the latter preserving a record of the births and deaths for several generations. The family album was an indispensable feature of every old fashioned parlor. A family might get along without the stuffed birds or the wax flowers under the glass case, but an album was a necessity. Visitors always found it a source of interest, and its was usually well thumbed.

The very atmosphere of the old parlor was different from that found anywhere else in the house or out of doors. There was a sort of "parlor smell" about it that, once sniffed, may never be forgotten. This was due, of course, to the fact that the room was kept shut tight nearly all the time. A parlor is, or used to be, the only room that didn't need ventilation. The luxury of it had to be kept shut up for purposes of preservation, It didn't matter if it was a bit musty in smell. Wasn't it the parlor, and didn't everybody else's parlor smell the same way?

And so the old parlor is passing. Maybe it is all right for it to go, but we shall ever remember it with tenderest feelings. It was in the old parlor that we courted our sweethearts, married our wives, christened our babies and took our last views of loved ones as they lay with hands folded upon their breasts. Modern modes of living may abolish the parlor as it used to be, but they can never abolish from the minds of those who knew the dear old institution at its best the love and veneration they feel for it.

The Mutual binder twine plant, Brandon, that cost $65,000. sold for $15,500.

There will be a Farmers' Institute meeting in the town Hall, Kemptville, on December 6th.

Wm. Smith has sold his 55 acre farm a half mile east of Winchester to W. J. Holmes, who is giving up the tinware business to engage in farming.

By mutual consent the merchants of Winchester have agreed to continue the early closing all the year round, except the month of December.

Jas. Stewart, J. P., of Kenmore, age 60 years, had two ribs broken and sustained other severe injuries through being attacked by a bull, which knocked him down and rendered him unconscious. He would probably have been killed had not two women seen the attack and driven the animal away.

ABOVE OUR COMPREHENSION

The Eyes of God Are Ever On the "Builders of Time."

the eyes of god are ever on the "Builders of time."

What house will you build me?—Acts vii. 20.

In the olden days of art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part
For the gods see everywhere.

This stanza from "The Builders," by Longfellow, is strikingly suggestive. In the conception of the poet the feeling that the eyes of their gods were ever resting upon them led ancient "builders" working upon the "walls of time" to do their work with greatest care.

The thought may be applied to modern "builders"; modern theology teaches and modern faith accepts the doctrine of the omnipresent God, not many gods. As beautifully expressed by a young Christian girl in answer to the question by an infidel: "How large is your God?" "So large," she replied, "that the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, and yet so condescendingly kind as to dwell in my little heart."

The divine presence fills immensity, not only reaching beyond the limits of the material universe, but in infinite condescension dwelling in human hearts. In a marvelous presentation of the animalculae kingdom, using the most powerful glasses, Dr. Eliphalet Nott of Union College said: "There is no place too small for God to work in." With equal correctness it may be said there is no place too small for God to dwell in.

The laws governing spiritual existence are above human comprehension. They are fundamentally different from those governing.

THE MATERIAL KINGDOM,

where the presence of one substance excludes the presence of all others. The omnipresence of God admits of the presence of the material heavens and also of unnumbered spiritual existences. Without the God-given faculty of faith, how wonderfully circumscribed would be the realm of human knowledge!

Could all modern "builders" working upon the "walls of time" have an abiding consciousness that it was utterly impossible to escape the divine presence, would not this have a powerful influence in determining the character of their "building"? Many heavy bolted doors may conceal the gambler from the eyes of men, but they cannot conceal him from the eyes of God. Should all human building that is done under the cover of darkness be uncovered to the observation of men the world would stand aghast. Yet, as the royal psalmist truthfully tells us: "Even the darkness hideth not from Thee."

What a scene it must have been upon which the eye of God was looking when He "so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." What emphasis this thought gives to the words of the loving disciple, "We love Him because He first loved us."

It seems purely impossible that such love should fall powerless upon human hearts. "Thou God seest me" is a truth that cannot be too strongly emphasized, especially in all religious teaching. It could appropriately be written in the vestibule of every church. It were well if it had a prominent place over the entrance to

EVERY PLACE OF BUSINESS.

Could it be emblazoned along all the thoroughfares of human existence it would prove an effective guide to better "building" and a nobler destiny. No better motto could be hung upon the walls of the living-room of every home. It would be impossible to impress it too deeply upon the mind and heart of every child.

Birth, not death, is the entrance of every soul to the Divine presence. God dwells in heaven no more than He dwells on earth. Here, as well as there, the hand of faith can lay hold upon His blessings. He sends His angel to care for the helpless infants; He looks to the parents to guide the unfolding child; when the years of accountability are reached He holds each individual responsible for his own "building" and all relatively responsible for each.

When He comes and calls each must be in readiness to answer the question: "Where is thy brother?" The eye of an omnipresent God is resting upon every "builder." Are we like the ancient builders, building "with greatest care each minute an unseen part"? Will our final reward be "well done"?

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, NOV. 5.

Lesson VI. Esther Pleading for Her People. Golden Text, Psa. 145. 20.

LESSON WORD STUDIES.

Note.—These Word Studies are based on the text of the Revised Version.

Queen Esther.—The name "Esther" is derived from "Istar," the name of the great Babylonian goddess, and was given to the heroine of our lesson story probably on her becoming the wife of the Persian king. Her proper Hebrew name was Hadassah (comp. Esth. 2. 7). She was the daughter of Abihail, a Benjamite, and cousin to Mordecai (Esth. 2. 15). Her ancestor, Kish, had been among the captives led away from Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. Left an orphan, Esther was brought up by her cousin, Mordecai, who held an office at Shushan in the palace of the king (Esth. 2. 5-7). King Ahasuerus, the well-known Xerxes of profane history, having divorced his wife because of her failing to comply with his commands, caused search to be made for the most beautiful maiden of the realm to become her successor. The choice fell upon Esther, "for the king loved Esther above all the women, and she obtained grace and favor in his sight more than all the virgins; so that he set the royal crown upon her head, and made her queen instead of Vashti." At the counsel of Mordecai, Esther did not make known her parentage and race to the king at first (Esth. 2. 10), but Mordecai himself at heart was a loyal Hebrew and worshipper of Jehovah. As such, he refused to do reverence to Haman, the Agagite, who was second to the king in authority and to whom all subordinates did obeisance. This independence of Mordecai, the Jew, so enraged Haman that he planned, not only the death of his enemy, but the destruction of the entire Jewish people to whom Mordecai belonged. That his murderous purpose was not successfully carried out was due to the intervention of Queen Esther, who, at the risk of her own life, appeared in the royal judgment chamber of the king, interceded for her people, and brought about the downfall of Haman and the deliverance of the Jews. The details of the beautiful story of Queen Esther's intercession for her people form the topic of to-day's lesson.

Verse 10. Then—After Esther had learned from messengers of Mordecai that the king had signed a decree authorizing the extermination of the Jews in all parts of his dominion.

Hathach—One of the king's chamberlains whom he had appointed to attend upon Esther, the queen.

Mordecai—The cousin (or possibly, as some have thought, the uncle) and former guardian of Queen Esther.

11. The king—Ahasuerus, the Xerxes of profane history, king of Persia from 485 to 465 B. C.

The inner court—The royal throne chamber and principal audience hall of the king.

There is one law for him, that he be put to death—Literally, one is his law, to put to death. That is, the king's law or custom in this matter is one and unchangeable. Every intruder into the royal presence, whoever he be, regardless of rank or station, was put to death.

The golden scepter—A long tapering staff, the emblem of royalty.

I have not been called—these thirty days—There seemed, therefore, little probability of Esther having an early opportunity to present her plea to the king without risking her life by coming unbidden into his presence. We have here a glimpse of female life in the harem of the Persian king.

12. They—That is, Hathach and others.

13. Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape—Esther had not at first made known her nationality to the king, but this being known to others, if not also to the king by this time, would make her escape impossible since even a member of the king's harem would be subject to a decree such as had been issued.

14. Then will relief and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place—It has been pointed out that the name of God does not occur in the book of Esther; still this and other passages in the book indicate the faith of Mordecai and others in Jehovah (comp. 3, 2-4).

16. Shushan—One of the three capitals of Persia, situated in the southwestern part of the empire. Its Greek name was Susa. Its modern name is Sus or Shush (comp. 1. 2-7).

Fast ye for me—This fasting was certainly a religious observance, and the purpose of the fast in this case may be assumed to have been prayer and supplication to Jehovah for deliverance of the Jews.

Three days, night or day—Compare note on verse 1, below.

Not according to the law—The law referred to in verse 11, above.

1. The third day—Counting from the day of the agreement between Mordecai and the queen (v. 14), the first day being that on which the agreement to fast was made. The fast, therefore, lasted probably about forty-five hours.

Put on her royal apparel—In chapter 2, verse 17, we are told of Esther's becoming queen and receiving the royal crown.

3. It shall be given thee even to the half of the kingdom—An example of Oriental hyperbole, the simple meaning of which was, "Thou shalt have anything thou wilt ask."

TROUBLE ALL ROUND.

"Johnny, what's baby crying for?"

"He swallered a dime."

"Mercy, but what are you crying for?"

"It was my dime."

HOME.

TESTED RECIPES.

Pickled Beet Salad.—One quart boiled beets, 1 pint celery, 1 pint raw cabbage, 2 cups sugar, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 teaspoon black pepper, ½ teaspoon red pepper, 1 cup grated horse radish. Cover with cole vinegar, and keep from the air.

Baked Broiled Chicken.—Really young fowls are necessary for this dish. Split down the back when you have cleaned and washed them. Lay them flat on the grating of your roaster, skin side down, and put into a very hot oven, covered. Have ready half a cupful of melted butter, and after five minutes baste the chickens well with this. Turn them as soon as the inside has colored slightly; baste again with butter, when nearly done dredge thickly with flour, and wash again with butter. When they are brown and the flesh is tender in the joints they are done. Thirty minutes should be sufficient.

Olive Oil pickles.—Cover four quarts of sliced cucumbers with boiling hot water, and when cold drain. Cover with a weak brine and let stand over night. In the morning drain. Add one-half teaspoonful each cloves, allspice, and celery salt, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one-half cup of olive oil, one-half cup each of sugar and mustard seed, and one dozen onions. Cover thoroughly with cold vinegar. Mix well and can.

Western Corn Cob Syrup.—Get half a dozen clean cobs from which the corn has been shelled, from any miller or farmer. White ones are best, as the syrup is lighter in color than when made from the red. Boil them in about three pints of water for fifteen or twenty minutes, and use these to make a syrup, with granulated or coffee sugar.

Boiled Icing.—A very fine icing, and one successfully made by the inexperienced is made with one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of water, whites of two eggs, and one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Put sugar and water in a saucepan and stir, to prevent the sugar from adhering to the bottom of the pan; heat to the boiling point, and boil until syrup will thread when dropped from a spoon. Have eggs ready and break only with fork; gradually add syrup, then lemon juice and beat until of right constituency to spread.

A Rich Ice Cream.—Peach ice cream is one of the most delicious of fruit creams, and is not at all hard to make. The peaches must be quite ripe, and of some rather soft variety. Peel and mash the fruit, and sweeten it well. Whip a quart of cream and partially freeze it before adding the peaches. When the cream is frozen to a soft mush, stir in the fruit, mix thoroughly, and finish the freezing. This makes a very rich cream.

Timbales of Pumpkin.—The big yellow pumpkin makes a good variant to the other autumn vegetables. Here is one way of serving it Stew and put through a fine colander one pint of pumpkin. Add one tablespoonful of butter, four beaten eggs, half a cupful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of butter, four beaten eggs, half a cupful of sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of ginger, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and half a pint of milk. Pour into buttered moulds, and set these in a pan of water in a moderate oven until firm. The timbales can be served hot, or cold with whipped cream.

To bake pumpkin, cut in half and remove the seeds from one side, leaving the other for some future use. Lay it in a pan the rind side down, and bake for three-quarters of an hour. Care should be taken that the oven is not hot enough to discolor the skin. Cut in small pieces and serve with butter, salt and pepper.

Mushroom Sauce. — Mushroom brown sauce is one of the most delicious sauces known, and is made as follows: For a pint and a half of sauce use a quart of rich consomme, ½ pound of fresh mushrooms, a baked sour apple, 6 tablespoonfuls of butter, 5 of flour, a slight grating of nutmeg, 2 level teaspoonfuls of salt and ½ teaspoonful of pepper. Put the butter into a stewpan and place it on the fire; and when it begins to brown add the flour and stir until the mixture is dark brown. Draw the stewpan back to a cool place, stir until the contents are slightly cooled, and then gradually add the stock; stir until it boils, put in the seasoning, the baked apple, and ¼ cupful of chopped mushrooms, and set back where the sauce will just bubble at one side of the stewpan for two hours. At the end of that time skim off the butter, and strain the sauce into another stewpan. Add the remainder of the mushrooms and 3 tablespoonfuls of consomme. The mushrooms should be nicely pared and cut into small pieces, and they should simmer for ten minutes in the hot sauce.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

While the "natural cook," like the poet, is "born, not made," anyone with common sense and an inclination to use it can achieve success. Not in a single bound, however. There is an a, b, c, d in cooking, as in every other art, but, the rudiments mastered, the "frills" will follow.

The born cook seems to tell by intuition when to put in and when to withhold. She knows the proper combination of flavors, and the golden moment which marks just the difference between underdone, perfect or overdone. The "made cook," and that describes the majority of us, must go by "rule of thumb," until experience makes perfect. Here, for instance, is a "table" that should be memorized or else written out and hung up in the kitchen for easy reference:

Three even tablespoonfuls dry material makes one even tablespoonful.

Sixteen tablespoonfuls liquid make one cupful.

Twelve tablespoonfuls dry material make one cupful.

Two cupfuls make one pint.

Four cupfuls make one quart.

One dozen eggs should weigh one and one-half pounds.

Use one teaspoonful soda to one cupful molasses.

One teaspoonful soda to one pint sour milk.

Three teaspoonfuls baking powder to one quart of milk.

One-half cupful of yeast or one-quarter cake compressed yeast to one pint liquid.

One teaspoonful extract to one loaf plain cake.

One teaspoonful salt in two quarts of flour.

One teaspoonful salt to one quart of soup.

One scant cupful of liquid to two full cupfuls of flour for bread.

One scant cupful of liquid to two full cupfuls of flour for muffins.

One scant cupful of liquid to two full cupfuls of flour for batters.

One quart of water to each pound of meat and bone for soup stock.

Four peppercorns, four cloves, one teaspoonful mixed herbs to each quart of water for soup stock.

One quarter pound clear salt pork to a pint of beans, for "Boston baked beans."

To raise the nap on cloth soak it in cold water for half an hour, then put it on a board and rub the threadbare parts with teasel or with emery.

WASHING FLANNELS.

A rather stiff brush about four and a half inches long, without counting the length of the handle, and two or three inches wide, is a convenient article in the laundry outfit. Corsets and flannels are much more easily scrubbed clean with a brush than rubbed clean on a board. Flannel or pure wool, which are not rubbed but scrubbed with a brush, using water softened with ammonia or borax, and a white non-resinous soap, will not shrink and grow hard if they are dried on a firm wooden frame. Rubbing all-wool flannel on a board causes the ultimate spinal fibres of the wool to become entangled and shrink.

This can not happen when a flannel is scrubbed with a brush. The dirt is also more easily removed from the interstices of the cloth by using the brush. Hard water and resinous brown soaps cause flannel to be hard. Stockinet garments of wool should always be dried on wooden frames of their exact shape and size when new. These wooden frames are used at stockinet factories, where the goods are washed, and can be obtained at a comparatively low price.

TWENTY YEARS IN PRISON.

When Couple Meet After Separation Both Are Aged.

A romantic incident and its tragic sequel are told in connection with the capture of Sakhalin by the Japanese. The first thing they did was to liberate Russian political prisoners who were on the island. A Russian, now in London, interviewed by The Evening News, said that as far as was known there were about a dozen such prisoners together with a number of Poles.

"The saddest case," he says, "was perhaps, Madame Walckenstein, the young wife of a doctor who was concerned in the political movement of 1879-80, called the 'People's Will.' Seized one night by the police, she disappeared into the gloomy jaws of the Schlusselburg, that dread fortress of the Neva. Once inside all trace was lost by the friends of the prisoner. No inquiries of the heart-broken relatives were answered. The young husband's frantic appeals for news of his wife were scorned.

"Stifling his patience as best he might, the young doctor waited for a year, for once a year the rules of the Schlusselburg permitted the prisoner to write one open letter. The letter never came. The privilege had been withdrawn by the governor for some trivial offence. Try as they might to keep the rules there was always something that allowed the jailers to report the prisoners for insubordination, and to preserve the silence of death that enveloped the fortress. But we have means of getting intelligence, and every few years we learn who have been executed or died, and who stilled dragged out the fearful existence in the cells of silence of that ghastly prison. Twenty years passed.

"In 1900 we heard that Madame Walckenstein, Tregoni, Piroffski, Jabaloff, and about eight others were being sent to Sakhalin for the rest of their lives, if life it could be called, each one suffering from incurable illness caused by the miasma of the Schlusselburg. Dr. Walckenstein journeyed across that weary waste, thousands of miles on roads ill-made—there was no railway then—and saw his wife, the wife he had loved all these years.

What a meeting—young and beautiful when they parted—grey, middle aged, and wrecked with disease when they met—a meeting of tears. The husband, believing his wife to be free, and that he could take her to some part of the world where Russia's tyranny does not reach, journeyed again to Sakhalin, only to find that just before the investment of the island by the Japanese his wife was removed to Valdivostock. The poor woman was smuggled out of the island by means of a Japanese coasting vessel, and is being kept in the prison at Valdivostock, where the military authorities will not allow any non-combatants, and her devoted husband may not even see her. By strange misfortune she was the only prisoner sent away, all the others being left on the island."

The Thanksgiving Tramp...

Hallie Woodburn stood on the broad, homey steps of Merriwold taking a sweeping inventory of the darkening October sky.

"And to-morrow is Thanksgiving again!" she said, in a troubled way, looking across at Thad, the chore man, who was busy tying down the rose-vines for their winter's rest.

"Yes," he answered, glancing up, "time flies as if it had angels' wings."

"But time goes dreadfully slow, sometimes, for some people," she replied, with a shiver, turning away.

"It's too mortal mean that those friends of hers couldn't have come to eat Thanksgivin' with her, when they promised," Thad concluded to himself as he covered the last refractory cane. Then he went around to the kitchen to speak to Genie.

"The mistress is dreadfully put out about those visitors," said he confidentially, "or else—she has something on her mind; it can't be she's getting kind o' 'fraid like now, since the father and mother are laid away?"

"O, I duano!" she answered, mysteriously. "If I was judgin' I'd say she was grievin' over sendin' her lover off without much of a reason, as near as I can find out."

"Her—lover?" and Thad stared at the prophetic Genie with wide-open eyes.

"Why yes; Ned Vickers. You know I told you," she answered, reproachfully.

"O, but that was a good while ago," put in Thad.

"Yes, I know," went on Genie, wisely, "but she had her home ones all along until lately, and now it's different. And Thad," turning toward him suddenly, "it's about this time o' year that she shut the doors of Merriwold against him and—it hasn't been Merriwold since! And Thad—cross your heart now, this is a dead secret—"

"Cross my heart," repeated Thad, solemnly.

Then Genie leaned nearer her attentive auditor and whispered: "I saw her cryin' as if her heart would break only yesterday over a picture of Ned Vickers. So I think she is grievin' over him."

Thad drew his breath in sharply. "I—didn't—know," he said, softly. Then he stumbled along into the milk-room for the pails, leaving the perplexed maid wondering "what it was to Thad—this bit of gossip."

But when the chore man sat down by crumply horn in the dusky stables he murmured. "I said I didn't know; but I do. I know more than anyone at Merriwold knows about it."

With the deepening twilight came a storm of snow, sweeping the countryside. The curtains were drawn at Merriwold and a ruddy blaze illuminated the library hearth. The lamp on a side-table was turned low, for Miss Woodburn was not reading; she was looking into the fire and listening to the "click" of the icy snow against the panes.

"Ten years ago to-night it stormed just this way.. O, how I remember it!"

Perhaps she breathed a prayer, for her lips moved inaudibly; then she went into the adjoining room, where Genie was braiding her long, beautiful hair before the mirror and humming: "Douglas, Tender and True."

"Don't sing that to-night, Genie," she said, almost sharply. Then she asked where Thad was.

"I dunno, ma'am, unless he is in his room," answered the maid, in a sympathetic tone; "but I am sorry, Miss Hallie, if I disturbed you with my singing."

"No matter, now," replied Miss Woodburn, hastily. "I guess I am a little nervous. Would you go up to Thad's room and see if he is there?"

Genie flew upstairs and along the corridor to the west wing; but Thad was not in his room.

"Ugh!" ejaculated she, as the storm beat on the closed shutters. "I wonder a little myself where the lad is."

"He isn't there," she said, returning to where her mistress was waiting; "but that's nothing, he's somewhere around and will be in by and by. It is scarcely dark yet."

As Genie said, by and by Thad came in, with the snowflakes thickly sifted in his curly hair.

"Why! where have you been?" cried Miss Woodburn, in an excited, yet relieved, tone.

"To the village, ma'am," came the answer, reluctantly.

"On such a night as this?" and she held up her hands in astonishment.

"Y—es," he said. "The harness gave out and I had to get it mended."

Then he went up to his room chuckling to himself. "My! I've told more lies tonight than for a long time." A comprehensive smile lighted up his face as he sat down to warm his toes.

An hour passed and the great watch-dog rattled his chain and barked furiously. In a moment the bell in Thad's room tinkled jerkily.

"I knew she'd call me," he laughed obeying the summons with alacrity.

"See what disturbs Bijou so," said Miss Woodburn, from over her book.

The chore man went out quickly, letting in a flurry of icy snow behind him.

Presently he came back, bringing a flurry in with him.

"It's a man who has lost his way," he said, "and he'd like a cup of coffee and a bit of warmth before he goes further. And it's an awful night!" emphasized Thad

"A tramp?" and Miss Woodburn's face was a study. "It is hardly safe for—us—to—"

"If he's a tramp he's an awfully nice one," interrupted Thad, forgetting his manners, "but whoever he is, he is almost froze!"

A vision of Ned Vickers going out into that other storm rose up. And he had "gone to the bad," people said. Maybe he, too, was a tramp by this time!

"Bring him into the dining-room, then," she said, kindly.

"A nice tramp!" huffed Genie, poking the kitchen grate and rattling the cups with a savage spitefulness. "Whoever heard of a nice tramp."

She stood "afar off" with her hands folded in the white dimity apron while Thad ushered in the stranger.

"I think I am a little faint," he said, sinking into the comfortable seat near the fire and letting his head rest on his hand, while a dilapidated cap dropped to the floor.

Hallie Woodburn was on the other side of the heavy portiere, but the voice startled her and she peeped through. When she saw the strangers attitude, however, she came into the room.

"Are you ill?" she asked, "or only faint from hunger?"

"It is hunger, madam," he answered, without looking up.

"Hurry, Genie!" said Miss Woodburn, solicitously, "the stranger is nearly famished." Then she went for a reviving draught. "Here!" she said, "drink this; you will feel better."

But he did not take the proffered cup; he looked up instead. "I am hungry of heart," he said, with a pitiful intonation; "ten years of soul famine, Hallie!"

With a glad cry of recognition Miss Woodburn threw her arms around the nice tramp's neck.

"O, Ned Vickers; it is you!" she said, joyously.

"It is what is left of me," he answered, brokenly. "I have come back to be forgiven."

"There is nothing to forgive!" exclaimed Miss Woodburn, "and you must not go away again, Ned, dear, kissing his forehead where the snow-damp hair waved just as it used to do.

"But, Hallie, you don't want me if I've gone to the bad. No; I only came back to be forgiven, though I do love you as of old!"

Miss Woodburn hid her face on the shabby coat and Thad hurried away to the kitchen, closing the doors softly after him.

"What is it, now?" asked Genie, ungraciously, not understanding the look on his face.

"Why, it's Ned Vickers!" answered Thad, triumphantly, "and I came away to let them get acquainted all over again."

After awhile Thad slid quietly into the dining-room with the mollified Genie in his wake.

"Thad," said Miss Woodburn, smiling happily, "this is an old friend of mine. He will be our guest to-morrow and we will have Thanksgiving after all. Show him to the south guest chamber and when he is ready bring him down at once; the coffee will be waiting."

"He is my dear old love," she explained to Genie later; "but I presume you don't quite understand?"

"O, yes, ma'am!" answered the maid, flitting about like a butterfly and blushing like a peony.

"How, Genie? You have no lover?"

"O yes, ma'am, I have," came the answer, shyly.

"Thad, ma'am," simpered the girl, in confusion.

"Well, Genie," and Miss Woodburn took the girl's face between her palms, "don't ever send him away, then."

"That I won't ma'am!" exclaimed she. "I won't be such a—"

"An idiot," finished Miss Hallie. "Well, heaven has been better to me than I deserve, Genie, and I will begin my thanksgiving to-night."

When the nice tramp came down for his coffee Miss Woodburn exclaimed, in surprise: "Why, Ned Vickers, you have deceived me!"

And hadn't he! As he stood there laughing, dressed in the latest style, with a gleam of gold in his attire!

"Forgive me, Hallie," he said, and he stooped to kiss her, as in the olden days. "I wanted to surprise you; then, too, I wondered if you could love me in trampish apparel."

"Well, you've found out," she answered, gayly. Then she looked lovingly at him over the coffee-urn and said, softly: "To-morrow will, indeed be a real Thanksgiving."

SHOULD LIVE 100 YEARS.

"It is a good working hypothesis to regard the natural life of a man as 100 years," said Sir James Crichton-Browne at the last meeting of the Public Health Congress. The subject of his address was "Senility," and he said among other things: "Every man is entitled to a century of life, and every woman to a century and a little more, for women live longer than men. Every child should be brought up impressed with the obligation of living to 100, and taught to avoid the irregularities of living which tend to prevent the attainment of this ambition."

NO MIDDLE GROUND.

The proprietor of the dry goods store had proposed to the milliner who owned the establishment across the way.

"But, Mr. Wrappemup," she said, "I'm not sure I like you well enough to marry you. Let us be merely friends, as heretofore."

"We can't, Miss Wribbens," he answered, through his set teeth. "There is no friendship in trade. You will like me well enough to marry me or I'll add a millinery department to my stock!"

A NEW INTERPRETATION.

Time—The Sabbath Day.

The Elder—Tammas, d'you ken the meanin' o' a work o' necessity?

Tammas—Ay fine that.

The Elder—Wis shootin' that hare a work o' necessity?

Tammas—It wis that.

The Elder—Hoo d'you mak' that out?

Tammas—Weel, ye see, if I'd waitet till the morn, the hare wuld hae been awa'!

THE HEIR OF SANTLEIGH

OR THE STEWARD'S SON

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued).

Perhaps, he thought, he might offer her money, but there was not much encouragement in the idea. Becca was not the kind of girl to be bought off; but still, he might try it.

He put her out of his mind after a few minutes, and walked on slowly, smoking his cigar—a very good one—and building castles in the air.

What a fortune and a career lay before him! As the husband of Lady Norah and the owner of the Arrowdale wealth he would be almost the most important person in the country—he, who had been looked down upon by the swells. He would pay them back in some way when his day came!

He would show them that the steward's son could be as good and as grand a gentleman as any of them.

He was enjoying himself in this fashion when he reached the small door in the high wall of his cheerless cottage, and had inserted the key in the lock, when he felt a touch upon his arm, and a voice said:

"Guildford!"

He turned and saw Becca standing in the shadow beside him; and with difficulty repressed the oath of impatience and annoyance which rose to his lips.

The touch and voice of the girl he had deceived knocked down his castles in the air like a house of cards, but his voice was as composed and suave as usual as he said in a tone of pleasant surprise:

"Ah, is that you, Becca?"

"Yes, it's me. I—I want to speak to you, Mr. Berton."

"All right, Miss South. Why Becca why am I 'Mister Berton,' instead of 'Guildford,' eh?" and he tried to take her hand and draw her to him, but Becca put her hand behind her and drew back. "What! In one of your tantrums again, Becca?" he said, smiling. "What's the matter now? Are you offended because I didn't dance with you to-night?"

"No!" replied Becca.

"Well, I'm glad of that, because it would have been unreasonable. You know how careful we have to be, Becca. We don't want all the world in our confidence, do we? We don't want all Santleigh and Parkham chattering about our little affairs, eh?"

Becca looked at him with a mixture of distrust and anxiety. Her face was pale, and her eyes were swollen with crying, but there was an expression of determination in them which Guildford Berton did not fail to notice.

"What is it you want to say to me, Becca?" he asked after a moment's pause, during which he was wondering how he could get rid of her.

"I want to speak to you, to ask you a question."

"Ask me anything you like, Becca," he said, pleasantly, "But don't let us stand here; it's rather cool. Come inside."

"I'm not cold," she said, curtly.

"But I am. Come, don't be disagreeable. You may as well come in and talk comfortably as stand outside here, you silly girl."

He unlocked and opened the door as he spoke, and walked into the garden, and Becca, after a momentary hesitation, followed him.

Then the door closed with a clang which should have found an answering echo in Becca's heart.

He led the way to the house, and struck a match.

"Sit down, Becca," he said, and he set the lantern on the table and closed the shutters, yawning as he did so.

"Are you very tired, Becca? I am. It has been a confoundedly long day, and I've wished it over hours ago."

Becca did not sit down, but stood by the table, upon which she leaned with one hand.

"Now, what is it? But I wish you'd sit down. Here"—he rose, and went to the sideboard—"let me give you a glass of wine."

"I don't want any," she said in a low voice.

"Nonsense! Well, if you won't," as she repeated the gesture, "I will. You don't mind my smoking?" He lit another cigar. "Now, Becca, let's hear what's the matter," and he seated himself at the table near her, and looked at her with a smile. "But I know what it is before you tell me. You've taken it into that foolish little head of yours to be jealous. That's it, isn't it? Oh, I know you, Becca, you see. You think I ought to have paid you a little attention to-night, and you're riled because I didn't choose to let everybody know how fond I am of my pretty little Becca!"

"I—I want to ask you a question, I want to ask you if you have forgotten what you promised me?"

"What a question to ask a man at this time of night!" he said, with a laugh. "Have I forgotten what, you silly child?"

"That you promised to marry me."

"Have I forgotten it? What a question! Is it likely that a man would forget such a thing, my dear Becca? Of course I promised! But what makes you come and ask me on this of all nights?"

"Because—because I can't trust you. I haven't trusted you for weeks past. You've changed to me."

"Oh, nonsense," he broke in lightly. "You've altered since—since—she came."

"She? Who? Oh, you mean Lady Norah, I suppose! Don't be absurd, Becca."

"Since she came you've kept out of my way, and—and put me off. It's not my fancy; I'm not blind." Her voice grew more hurried and excited, but she still spoke in a low tone. "I've seen it, and—and others have seen it, and—and to-night more than ever!"

"There, I told you you were jealous! My dear Becca, if you knew a little more of the world you'd understand that I am obliged to be attentive to the daughter of my best friend. Of course I danced with her and—and talked to her. Why, Becca, you don't want me to lose all my friends when I marry you?"

"No. I understand quite well, though I am only a poor, ignorant girl. It's not me you want, but Lady Norah!"

"Tut, tut! I don't want to marry Lady Norah, I want to marry you, and I mean to."

"When?"

"When?" he repeated, but she stopped him with a gesture.

"You needn't trouble to tell me any more lies. I don't believe them. I've been a fool to believe them before, You won't marry me, and I know it. It's Lady Norah——"

"Now, be sensible, Becca. You think you are very sharp, but you don't seem to see all that goes on under your eyes nevertheless. My dear child, if I wanted to marry Lady Norah ever so badly I haven't a chance. There's some one else before me. I'm not the favored individual. Lady Norah doesn't give a thought to me. It's Cyril Burne—who, by the way, seems a special favorite of yours."

"Mr. Burne's nothing to me, and I know he'd like to marry her, and he ought. Yes, I know that, and you are trying to come between them."

"Nonsense!"

"Yes, I'm not blind now, if I was before. But—but he's a gentleman and he shall have her. I know you've been trying to do all the day—to come between him and her, and you think you've done it!" Her voice grew louder, and the old spirit of defiance gleamed in her black eyes. "But you shan't! You think because he's gone that you'll be able to poison her against him and have it all your own way. You forget he could write——"

"Oh, so he has written to Lady Norah? and you are carrying the letter to her, eh, Becca?"

Becca could not keep her hand from straying to her bosom, and the involuntary action revealed the presence of the hidden letter to him as plainly as if he had seen it.

"Well, Becca," he said, "you are perfectly at liberty to act as postman for Mr. Cyril Burne if you like, and I wish him every success in his wooing."

"You'd like him to marry her! You'd—— But I don't want to talk about Mr. Burne. I want an answer to my question. When—when are you going to marry me, Mr. Berton?' and she eyed him with a curious look, half determined.

"You're in a great hurry, Becca, and so am I, but for both our sakes I should have liked to put it off a little longer; but as you are in such a hurry——"

"That's enough! Don't trouble to tell me any more lies! You don't mean to marry me, Mr. Berton, and if you did I wouldn't marry you!"

He was startled out of his affected composure.

"No! I might have done so once. I'd have done so now if you'd met me fair and honest to-night; but you ain't fair or honest. I know what you are now! You speak against Mr. Cyril! You! He's a gentleman, while you—you are only a sham! I know you now, and—and I wouldn't marry you if you went down on your knees to me!"

Her voice broke and she pressed her clinched hand against her bosom to still the beating of her heart, and he watched her with close attention, as a keeper watches some furious animal.

But you shan't marry Lady Norah, you shan't come between her Cyril and her! You shan't do that!"

"What will you do, my little Becca?"

"What will I do?" she repeated. "I'll go to her to-morrow—yes, to-morrow—and I'll tell her how you've served me. Perhaps she thinks you are honest and straight like Mr. Cyril; she shall know what sort of a man you are! You thought you would serve me as you liked and treat me like dirt, and get rid of me when you pleased, and that I'd hear it, and do nothing!" she laughed, harshly. "But you can't, Mr. Berton! Lady Norah—ah, and his lordship—and everybody shall know how you've treated me, and to-morrow, if I'm alive!"

She drew her shawl around her with shaking hands, and moved toward the door.

Guildford Berton's face had gradually gone paler and paler during her passionate outburst; but the smile still remained—a ghastly mockery of a smile—on his tightly compressed lips. With a laugh he got up from the table, and stretched himself, still watching her from beneath his half-closed lids.

"Well, you've worked yourself into a nice temper, Becca," he said. "You silly child, you'll be sorry for it long before you get home. Come now—let us make friends and talk sensibly. We'll be married as soon as you like; we'll go away together to-morrow to some pretty place, and be married on the quiet——"

"It's too late," she said sullenly. "I don't want to marry you. I wouldn't if you went down on your knees and begged me to."

"And you'll cry the whole business over the place to-morrow?" he asked with a smile. "Oh, Becca!"

"Yes," she responded, doggedly, "I'll tell Lady Norah everything the moment I see her."

"You mean it, Becca? You mean to make a scandal of our little love affair——"

She put her hand upon the door, and vouchsafed no reply.

"Well," he said, "I don't know why I should care. After all, perhaps"—he went on talking incoherently to gain time as he approached her—"after all—here, you have dropped your handkerchief, Becca."

She turned, and saw that he had wound his handkerchief over his own mouth, and as she stood wondering, half fearfully, at his action, he sprang upon her, clipped her arms with one hand, and held the phial to her face.

One cry, and that only a faint, gasping one, rose from her lips, then her head fell forward, and she slipped limp and helpless to the ground.

Guildford Berton, after a glance at her, let her lie as she had fallen, until he had carefully recorked the phial and put it in his pocket; then he slowly removed the handkerchief from his mouth and bent over her.

"Almost instantaneous," he muttered, with a grim smile; "a wonderful discovery. Now, my good Becca, just let us have Mr. Cyril Burne's letter."

He took it from her dress, and, leaving her lying on the ground as if she were no consideration whatsoever, he carried the letter to the lantern and read it.

"Gone for months, perhaps!" he muttered. "What a chance for me! Leaves the field open for months. What could I not do in that time if—if—I could keep her from hearing from him, and silence this silly little fool! Heaven and earth, what a chance!"

He stood with the letter in his hand for a minute or two, staring before him, then he put it in his pocket, and almost with a start, as if he had forgotten the presence of the unconscious girl, turned and knelt beside her.

"Almost time she came to," he muttered; "and when she does? The little fool is like a wild cat, and will carry out her threats. Good-by, then to all my hopes and ambitions! Oh, Guildford, my friend, what an insensate ass you were to be led away by a fancy for a pretty face! What shall I do to persuade her to hold her tongue? If I could only keep her quiet for, say, six or eight weeks, while this fellow was out of the way——"

While he was muttering and musing he was fanning the face of the unconscious girl, and suddenly a change swept over the moody expression of his face, and he bent lower and placed his ear to her lips. Then he started to his feet, and, snatching the lantern from the table, knelt down and held the light close to her face.

He peered into it keenly for a couple of minutes; then, with an inarticulate cry, shrank back, and, still staring down at her, with horror imprinted on every feature, gasped:

"My God! She's dead!

(To be Continued).

Guest—"I say, my man, how long have you been a waiter in this cafe?" Waiter—"About six months, sir." Guest—"Oh! Then it can't be you that I gave my order to."

Little Pet (on her knees, before retiring)—Mamma, may I pray for rain? Mamma—Y-e-s, if you want to; but why? "Susie Stuckup didn't invite me to her picnic."

Doctor—When can you pay me my bill for curing you of "insomnia"? Patient—I don't know, Doc.—I sleep so soundly now that my wife goes through my pockets most every night, and takes everything.

Officer—"What is the complaint here?" Orderly (offering basin)—"Taste that, sir." Officer (tasting)—"Well, I hink it's excellent soup." Orderly—"Yes, sir; that's the trouble; they want to persuade us it's tea."

"I should like to see somebody abduct me," said Mrs. Hymen at the breakfast-table the other morning. "H'm! so should I, my dear—so should I," said Mr. Hymen, with exceeding earnestness.

Throat Coughs

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

Scott's Emulsion

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

Send for free sample

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists
Toronto, Ont.
50c. and $1.00. All druggists

About the Farm

SHEEP NOTES.

It is very difficult to fatten a poor sheep in cold weather.

Get the sheep in good condition before winter sets in.

If you value the wool product, an even condition must be kept up.

A poor sheep will eat as much and require as much labor in securing its fleece as a good one.

Horsemen who divide their stock up into small flocks are recognized as the most successful shepherds and have the healthiest and best developed sheep.

It is a mistake to ignore the mutton side of flock returns when the outcome of the business is being estimated.

The shepherd who has a lot of good fat sheep each winter, will find his feeding pays quite as well as the average.

Only the very best sheep, animals which are true to their specific varieties of breeds and full of promise, should be selected for breeding purposes.

In a majority of cases size is only a secondary consideration, provided only that the animal is fat, smooth and trim.

Not only does it cost less to make a pound of young flesh, but the former is worth more in market.

The man who makes his sheep as good as he can before sending to market, need have no fear of his place in market.

A thrifty animal, full of robust health and vigorous strength, is more capable of resisting the poison of contagious diseases successfully than the unthrifty animal.

If there are any sick or unthrifty sheep in the flock, separate them and if possible, market them in some way. It will not pay to winter them.

In buying sheep to feed this winter, buy good ones. The value of the feed is the same whether fed to good sheep or poor ones; the difference in the profits will be with the former.

With the sheep selected for breeding, the natural growth and character of the wool of the animals to be mated should be a matter of first class importance.

The best interests of sheep husbandry does not so much call for extraordinary weights as they do for the production of muttons of moderate weight and choice quality.

Valuable as blood is in breeding, it has a very necessary adjunct and that is, individual merit. Pedigree is of little value in itself unless backed by individual merit.

However well grounded the position of the wool grower may be at any time, he is short-sighted if he neglects to look after the mutton side of his business. But at the same time, he should neglect the quality of wool and the interests of wool production.

Sheep increases so rapidly and mature at such an early age and their flesh is so wholesome for food that on the majority of farms a flock can readily be made profitable.

It is claimed that one sheep for each cow can be kept with very little if any additional expense as the sheep consumes much that the cow will refuse.

Lambs intended as next year's ewes should not be bred at this season as it is better to give them plenty of time to mature well.

Wool is a product from feeding just the same as fat or flesh, and the flock should be fed and managed with a view to wool growth and that of fine quality.

While there is a great advantage in securing good blooded stock, the profits of the herd or flock depend equally as much upon the care as on the blood.

No sheep should be allowed to die from old age, but all should be fattened and sent to the butcher before their vitality has impaired to such an extent as to impair their fattening qualities or depreciate their value.

While there is an abundance of good pasturage is one of the best times to fatten sheep that have passed their prime.

INFLUENCE IN MILKING.

Any unusual method of milking not only causes a diminished yield from milk, but also causes the milk which is obtained to be of poorer quality, as shown by the per cent. of fat. The variations in quality are usually much greater than those in the yield. Experiments in which one teat at a time was milked caused a falling off from one to two per cent. of fat in the milk obtained. Slow milking gave, on the average, 0.4 per cent. less than fast milking, and with some cows more than one per cent. The difference in yield of fat from nine cows experimented upon was more than one pound of butter per day. A change of milkers also had a marked effect, but in this case the individuality of the milker seemed to be the chief factor, as certain milkers always obtained better milk than others, and this was the case when both the milkers were thought to be expert. The cows were clean milked in every case. In a test with four cows, which was continued over periods of one week with each milker, the milk obtained by one of these milkers contained nearly one-half per cent of fat more than the other. This was repeated in every case in favor of the same milker. The most marked effect was found when cows were milked with milking tubes, the quality of milk being invariably poorer when the tubes used than when the cows were milked by hand.

FARM NOTES.

A good way to ascertain whether you are feeding your cows too much is to watch the mangers after the animals have finished eating. A lot of hay left over shows over-feeding.

Farmers should not only breed pure bred bulls but they should raise more calves and have more cattle on the farm and not depend upon buying feeders that they should raise upon the farm.

The improved breeds of pedigree stock add a new prosperity to the farm and a young farmer can make more money in ten years with pedigree stock than his father has in a lifetime with common or scrub stock The day of the scrub has gone.

If old brindle should get the start of you and reach the orchard don't get excited if she does happen to choke even if she is bloating when you find her. Get a stick about two inches or a little more in diameter put it into her mouth like a bit and fasten it there with a rope made fast at each end and looped over her horns. Probably she will not like the treatment but the chances are against the apple; and this method also tends to keep the bloat down.

ITS SUPERIORITY IS GUARANTEED.

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea has a deliciousness all its own

Sold only sealed in lead packets at 40c, 50c, and 60c per lb. By all grocers.

Highest Award, - - St. Louis, 1904.

A CHESS VILLAGE.

A Place in Germany Where the Children Learn the Game.

In a plain of the Harz Mountains, a few miles distant from the quaint old town of Halberstadt, Germany, lies the village of Strobeck. The history of Strobeck and its people has for hundreds of years been associated with the game of chess. It is a veritable chess village, a nursery garden for that ancient game.

From earliest childhood the boys and girls are made familiar with board and men. At school chess is treated as an obligatory subject, and is taught systematically. As soon as pupils have mastered the moves and the rules of the game, they are encouraged to undertake the solution of chess problems and to invent new ones, just as an English schoolboy is set to making Latin verse.

At Easter there are chess examinations and tournaments among the school children. Three awards of honor in the shape of chess-boards bearing the inscription, "The Reward of Industry," are given by the village community. These tournaments are attended by lovers of chess from far and near. During the last half-century several chess congresses of wide interest have also been held at Strobeck.

From a very early time the Strobeckers have had the privilege of challenging to a game of chess any prince or nobleman or exalted personage who happens to pass through their village. In the year 1651 the "Great Elector" of Brandenburg was challenged in this way, and in memory of the event presented to the villagers a carved board and a set of silver chessmen, still preserved.

How chess became the ruling passion of Strobeck has never been ascertained, but the legend most generally believed sets forth that in the eleventh century a famous political prisoner was confined in an ancient tower which still stands in the centre of the village. Time hung heavy on his hands, and being a lover of chess, he begged for a set of men. None was to be had. Then the prisoner carved a set for himself.

But he must have antagonists. One by one his warders learned the game. The peasants of the village were taking turns to guard him. Soon they all knew how to play, and all became enthusiasts.

She—"Your dog was trying to bite me, sir!" He (touching his hat—"Yes, madam; he has a sweet tooth."

EARLY ANATOMISTS.

Dissection Was Practised in City of Alexandria.

Dr. William Williams Keen tells some interesting facts regarding the early history of dissection. The first human anatomists were in Alexandria three centuries before Christ, and they and their successors for 2,000 years were commonly reported to have indulged in antemortem dissection. Says Dr. Keen: "Vesalius was shipwrecked and died while fleeing for his life on such a charge. The Edinburgh act of 1505, giving the surgeons the body of one criminal annually 'to make an anatomie of,' was guarded by the proviso 'after he be deid.' Even poetry has lent its aid to perpetuate the legend of the 'invisible girl,' whose ghost was believed to haunt Sir Charles Bell's anatomical rooms, where she had been dissected alive on the night preceding that appointed for her marriage."

For a long time Alexandria was the only medical centre of the world, and the physician Galen (born about 130 A. D.) had to journey from Rome to the African city even to see a skeleton. He sent his students to the German battlefields to dissect the bodies of the national enemies, while he himself used apes as most resembling human beings. Human dissection was revived in Bologna in the fourteenth century, where Madonna Manzolina later was professor of anatomy, undoubtedly one of the first women doctors, if not the very first. Leonard da Vinci, painter of "The Lord's Supper," was a great anatomist, but dissection had fallen into disuse when Vesalius finally revived it about the middle of the sixteenth century.

Even in comparatively modern times anatomists have been the objects of attacks by the populace. In 1765 Dr. John Shippen of Philadelphia was mobbed as a grave robber. Doctors' riots in New York occurred twenty-three years later and were due to the belief that the medical students robbed graves continually. It was the lack of opportunity that led to the practice of grave robbing and originated what Dr. Keen calls "a set of the lowest possible villains—the resurrectionists."

UNQUESTIONABLY.

"Have you a modern street railway system in your town?" wrote the Eastern capitalist.

"Our street railway system," wrote the Western real estate agent and town boomer, in reply, "is strictly up-to-date. Forty-seven persons here have been run over by the cars or knocked off the track in the last six months alone."

BENEATH HIS NOTICE.

"No," said Pompus, "I shall not notice his comment at all."

"But," protested the friend, "he called you a blithering idiot."

"Exactly, and there is no such word as blithering in the English language."

OF COURSE.

Singleton—Have you decided what you are going to call the baby, old man?

Wedderton—Certainly. I'm going to call him whatever my wife names him.

"Bragg tells me he got mixed up in a scrap yesterday." "Did he get the best of it?" "Of course; otherwise he wouldn't have said anything about it."

Perhaps a man is sometimes dubbed a "bad egg" because it is disagreeable to have him strike you when he is broke.



THE CZAR'S NEXT STEP.
Clear Out!

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Orders taken for Floral Designs, Cut Flowers and Plants, at **J. W. TINDALE'S**, Iroquois, Agent for R. B. Heather, Brockville.

THANKSGIVING DAY BARGAINS

One Entirely New

MORRIS PIANO

STYLE 10

Just received from factory on Saturday.

Piano is in walnut case, and of the very highest grade of Canadian Pianos. Regular price $375.00, marked down to

$290.00

Be sure and write to

Cordingley, Bros.

Brockville, Ont.

A Good Time

TO ENTER THE

Cornwall Commercial College

Cornwall, Ont.

is just now. An excellent school with a strong staff of teachers. Finest equipment throughout. Catalogue free. Address:

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Cornwall, Ont.

PIANOS

NOW is the time to get that Piano you have been talking about. Before buying see WESTON, sole agent for the Dominion Piano.

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New Williams Sewing Machine

The Best on the market

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Lumber Shingles

PRICES RIGHT

Several brands of Shingles just in, also lumber, with large shipments on the way. Call and get prices.

L. Cameron, Iroquois

Town Topics

Mrs. A. Smith, of Montreal, is the guest of Mrs. C. Wright this week.

Miss Vera J. Parlow spent Thanksgiving week in Montreal, visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fisher spent a few days last week with their daughter in Ottawa.

Whitteker, the Optician, will be at Iroquois on Nov. 6th, and at Brinston's Corners on Nov. 7th.

Lawyer Bradfield, Mr. Graham, of the Bank of Ottawa, and Dr. Casselman, of Morrisburg, favored The News with a pleasant call on Thanksgiving day.

Mr. Jordan, of Matilda, has caused a writ for $1,000 damages to be issued against Chas. McCarthy, also of Matilda, as a sequel to a fistic encounter indulged in by the two gentlemen last spring. It is alleged McCarthy used implements of warfare not permitted by Queensbury rules. Mr. Hilliard has charge of Jordan's case.

One of the worst cases of asthma ever known was Mr. Sim, of Leamington. He suffered from asthma and bronchitis for 28 years, but has been completely cured by a new treatment and will send particulars and recipe to anyone troubled with asthma or bronchitis. Write E. Sim, Box 144, Leamington, Ontario.

Silas Redmond had a bad fall on Saturday. He was in the loft throwing down hay to the cows when a board gave way and he was precipitated to the floor beneath. He managed to reach the house unaided, and it was thought that he was only badly shaken up, but when a doctor was called in it was found that he had a rib broken as well. It was a serious accident to one of Mr. Redmond's advanced years.

Rev. Mr. Thomas delivered the annual lecture before the Theological Union of Montreal Methodist Conference, held recently at Ottawa. He has literary culture and power and intellectual penetration which fit him eminently to give to our townspeople a real treat on Monday night next. Mrs. Thomas also is very highly spoken of. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas are coming under the auspices of the young people of the Methodist church of the town, who are to be commended for their enterprise in bringing them here. In order that all may hear them, no admission fee will be charged but a silver collection will be taken. We bespeak for Rev. and Mrs. Thomas a full house on Monday night.

WEIGHT SOCIAL.—Apart from the unfavorable weather, which mitigated somewhat against the attendance, the "weight" social given in the Hall Tuesday eve, under the auspices of the Girls' Friendly Society of St. John's Church, was a success. The hall was prettily decorated with bunting and flags and a pretty booth was placed in the centre, where tea and coffee were served. The ladies brought dainty lunch baskets, the price of which was regulated by the weight of the fair owners. The difference of weight between the gentleman and lady was taxed half a cent a pound, which the gentleman paid. As a rule, however, there was not much disparity between the respective weights of most couples, and consequently the price was very reasonable. This with 5c. a cup for coffee or tea and a nominal admission fee of 10c. brought the price up to about 30c. for gentlemen and 10c. for the ladies. It worked very well, affording lots of speculation and amusement. After luncheon the following program was rendered: Piano solo, Miss Hattie Robertson; vocal solo, Miss Nora Serviss; recitation, Miss Kate Dixon; vocal solos, Miss Florence Fisher, and Miss Nellie Collison, all of whom acquitted themselves most creditably, and were heartily encored. We did not learn the receipts of the evening, but judging from the attendance there must have been a snug residue after paying expenses. The ladies of St. John's Church usually put on a good entertainment and spare no trouble to make it a success, and Tuesday evening's social was no exception to the rule.

Miss Maggie McMurray has recovered from her serious illness of typhoid fever.

Mrs. John Doran, Mrs. A. Harkness and son Adam, attended the funeral of the late Mrs. John Kahala, at South Mountain, last week.

Mrs. Barnhart, of Owen Sound, was the guest of her son, R. Barnhart, the popular local manager of the Molsons Bank, last week. She was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Barnhart. They enjoyed their short stay here and at Morrisburg. We presume our good friend Barnhart has had the shingle nails supporting his pantaloons replaced by buttons, his office coat mended, and presented with a new stock of collar-buttons, as a result of the paternal supervision of his wardrobe.

MAN AND WOMAN.—Comparing man with woman, Prof. Chamberlain, of Clark University, says: He is more gifted in art; has greater business capacity; has greater business intelligence; is more industrious in business affairs; has more genius; is more intellectual; is more logical; is more gifted in invention; has more originality; has greater power in oratory.—Chicago Record-Herald. Yes, and we might add that he drinks more whisky; uses more tobacco; possesses a larger assortment of "cuss" words; stays out later at nights; yells louder when he is hurt; makes a bigger fuss when he is sick; is more eager to kill things; is more likely to be crazed by love; bets more on horse races; and gets in jail oftener.

COMMENDABLE ENTERPRISE.—That this is an advertising age is clearly illustrated by the up-to-date methods employed by enterprising firms to bring their goods prominently before the consuming public. We had a demonstration of this in town last week when every house received a dainty little 2 oz. lead packet of the famous Salada Ceylon tea, the object being to insure everybody having an opportunity to test for themselves this delightful beverage. This was scarcely necessary in the case of Salada black tea, which has for many years been a favorite in Iroquois, but everybody does not drink black tea. Some prefer green, and have always used Japan, or other artificially colored green tea. Many were not aware that for the same money they could buy an unadulterated green tea like Salada. Some have had the impression that a tea that did not look green in the dry leaf was not green tea at all. They have now learned through the sample that the green effect is due solely to artificial coloring matter from which Salada natural leaf Ceylon geeen tea is absolutely free. This erroneous idea exploded, the pure tea will undoubtedly have the call in future. The Salada people are to be commended for the trouble they have taken to give green tea drinkers this valuable piece of information. Salada (either black or green) cannot be had in bulk, a fact worth remembering. It is always packed in sealed lead packets to preserve its delicate flavor and to protect it from being contaminated by foreign oders to which all bulk teas are more or less exposed. All grocers sell Salada.

THE GROWING OF RAPE.—Prof. C. A. Zavitz, of the Ontario Agricultural College, says: Upwards of forty-five thousand acres of land were used for growing rape in Ontario in 1905. It is a crop easy of cultivation, abundant in growth, and rich fattening properties. Owing to its broad spreading leaves, rape has a wonderful power of smothering out weeds and is thus one of the best crops obtainable for cleaning the land. No less than eleven varieties of rape have been growing in the experimental grounds of the Ontario Agricultural College in each of the past three years. In 1905 the yields varied from 4 to 21 tons per acre, the lightest yielder being the German variety, and the heaviest the large seeded Umbrella rape. In the average of three years experiments, the large seeded common, large seeded Umbrella, Buckbee's Wonderful Dwarf Bonanza, Dwarf Essex and Dwarf Victoria varieties have given the greatest yields of green crop per acre. The dwarf Essex is one of the most reliable varieties. The German Summer (bird seed rape) should never be sown for agricultural purposes, as it seeds the same season as sown, thus furnishing a poor crop for feeding and introducing a plant which is difficult to eradicate. This point should be carefully observed, as serious trouble has sometimes resulted from sowing large areas of this variety. The suitable soils for rape are fairly moist loams, rich in vegetable matter. Land should be prepared for rape similar to that for root crops. Soils deficient in vegetable matter should receive a coating of stable manure. A dressing of eighty pounds of nitrate of soda per acre when the rape was about two inches high increased the yield of the crop about two tons per acre in the average results of the co-operative experiments conducted over Ontario for a period of five years. About the month of June, large plump seed should be sown at the rate of one and one-half pounds per acre in rows about thirty inches apart and to a depth of one-half to one inch. A thorough stirring of the first two inches of the ground between the rows every ten days or so increases the growth of the rape wonderfully. Flat cultivation is generally preferable. Rape makes an excellent late summer and autumn pasture crop for fattening cattle, sheep and lambs. In one season upwards of six hundred lambs were pastured and fatted on the Experimental Farm at Guelph. It is grown regularly as one of the crops in the short rotation. When rape is pastured by hogs there is more waste than when pastured by sheep. Several varieties of rape were fed to milch cows and all produced a taint in the milk, there being but little difference between the varieties in this respect. Animals should never be turned on rape when hungry or when the rape is wet or frosted. There is not much danger of animals bloating if they are turned on gradually at first, allowed free access to an old grass field, and furnished with plenty of salt. There is practically nothing gained by feeding grain to animals when on rape. Lambs gain in weight from eight to twelve pounds per month on rape alone. If rape is cut and placed in piles in the field, it will remain in good condition several weeks. Usually it can be hauled to the stable and fed to cattle, sheep and pigs until Christmas time with excellent satisfaction.

November.

A few more weeks and—Christmas!

Rev. Mr. Corrigan preached a vigorous temperance sermon Sunday evening to a large congregation.

President Roosevelt was 47 years old last week, and is as strenuous as ever for a clean government and a prosperous commonwealth.

According to The Herald, Thanksgiving day was spent by South Mountaineers by hunting, horse racing, attending a concert, and winding up with a dance. Alas!

The great Dakota cyclone, Rev. B. S. Taylor, who has been stirring up the people of Prescott and Winchester, will speak in the Town Hall Saturday evening, Nov. 4th, at at 7.30, on the Temperance question.

TIT FOR TAT.—"Men," she said, "are continually asking in the newspapers the questions: Why does a woman always want to know if her hat is on straight? Why does she sharpen pencils with her husband's razor? Why will she ruin a $50 gown in a struggle to save two cents at a bargain counter? I think it is about time we women should retaliate on the men with some questions like these: Why does a man when he finishes a newspaper always throw it in a heap on the floor, instead of folding it up neatly? Why, when to look for something in bureau or closet, does he always return and say it isn't there? Why, when a pretty girl praises another man's looks, does he sneer and say the girl is soft? Why is his Sunday morning headache always due to what he ate, not to what he drank, on Saturday night? Why, as he laughs at women, does he fail to perceive that women find much of the ludicrous in him?"—Ex.

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A Trip to Hot Springs Arkansas Free.

How such a statement would interest every sufferer from Rheumatism, yet the far-famed Springs of Arkansas do not cure over 40 per cent. of the cases under its jurisdiction. Tuck's Rheumatic Bone Oil never falls to cure even the most advanced cases of Rheumatism. Neuralgia, Sciatica, etc., and is a much less costly experiment than the trip to Arkansas. Its method of procedure is sure and scientific. It drives the Uric Acid from the joints and allays inflammation. As its name indicates, it penetrates to the bone or joint the seat of the disease and effects a speedy cure. S. M. Barnes, ex-Mayor of Smith's Falls, writes:—"I have used your Rheumatic Bone Oil in my house since 1888 and can testify that it does cure Rheumatism." This is the unsolicited testimony of a man who was of sufficient standing in the town in which he lived to be elected its Mayor. It is a sample of hundreds of other testimonials to the good results from the use of Tuck's Bone Oil for rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, headache, toothache, sprains, bruises, etc. Ask your medicine dealer for it or send 50c. for a trial bottle to The TUCK BONE OIL CO., LIMITED, Smith's Falls.

C. & M. MILLS

Great November Sale, 1905

$1.25 Ladies' Alexandre's Best Gloves, black and white and all the New Fall Shades, blue, grey, brown, etc., for November..... **98c.**

30c. Women's all wool stockings for 24 cents. Owing to the heavy advance in woolen yarn, the prices af Hosiery has advanced considerably. We have 400 pairs bought direct from a factory. We will dispose of them while they last. Women's and boys extra all wool for..... **24c.**

35c. Ladies' heavy union fleece-lined Underclothing, 24 cents. Vests and Drawers, they are all sizes at 35 cents and are good value. Sold for this month for..... **24c.**

Crockery

90c. Dozen, white semi-porcelain plates and cups and saucers for 69 cents per dozen. Perfect goods, best English make, imported direct from maker, regular price 90 cents for..... **69c.**

Bronco Mittens

35c. Bronco mittens, wear equal to buckskin, are soft and warm, while they last for..... **25c.**

Green Tea

25c. Fine green tea. This is a fine flavored tea. We purchased a large quantity. 8 pounds for $1.00. It is not a tea dust — it will please you. Per pound for..... **12½c.**

Bargains for Monday, Nov. 6

22 lbs. Best Redpath Granulated Sugar..... **$1.00**
3c. Clothes Pins..... **1c.**
7 Bars best Laundry Soap..... **25c.**
5c. Tumblers..... **3c.**
10c. Corn Starch..... **7c.**
7c. Sardines..... **4c.**
30c. Finest Coffee..... **22c.**

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DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN

The Leading Specialists of America. 25 Years in Detroit. Bank Security.

Nine out of every ten men have been guilty of transgression against nature in their youth. Nature never excuses, no matter how young, thoughtless or ignorant he may be. The punishment and suffering corresponds with the crime. The only escape from its ruinous results is proper scientific treatment to counteract its effects.

The DRAINS, either by nightly losses, or secretly through the urine, must be stopped—the NERVES must be built up and invigorated, the blood must be purified, the SEXUAL ORGANS must be vitalized and developed, the BRAIN must be nourished. Our New Method Treatment provides all these requirements. Under its influence the brain becomes active; the **blood** purified so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear; the **nerves** become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and sexual systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The The various organs become natural and manly. We invite all the afflicted to call and consult us confidentially and free of charge. **Cures Guaranteed or no Pay.** We treat and cure: **Varicocele, Blood Diseases, Stricture, Gleet, Emissions, Urinary Drains, Spermatorrhoea, Unnatural Discharges, Kidney and Bladder Diseases.**

CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE.

If unable to call, write for a QUESTION BLANK for Home Treatment.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN,
148 SHELBY ST., DETROIT, MICH.

K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K

PLOWS! PLOWS! PLOWS!

Just Received a Shipment of

Percival Sulky Plows!
Perrin Sulky Plows!
Merrickville No. 7. Walking Plows!

Milch Cows and Heifers For Sale

A nice stock of Milch Cows to dispose of. Also a number of 2 and 3 year old Heifers, including five almost Pure Bred Holsteins, that will be choice Dairy cows next season.

BOUGHT AT TORONTO FAIR!

A select lot of Pianos, Organs, Farm Implements, Wagons, Harness, etc., bought on the Fair Grounds for my home customers. This stock is extra fine, much of it made for Exhibition. Call or write me.

P. P. EVERETT

The News

R. S. Pelton, = Publisher

IROQUOIS, NOV. 3, 1905

THE Toronto Globe, commenting upon Canadian life insurance business, says "that life insurance as conducted by our home companies is costing too much. That a third of the fifteen million dollars contributed by Canadians for life insurance last year was swallowed up in general expenses proves that there is need for retrenchment, a more careful supervision of expenditures, and above all, a reduction of the excessive amounts now allowed to agents."

THE victims of consumption, and they are legion, will hail with delight the announcement of a cure by Prof. Behring, who discovered the serum treatment for diphtheria, and who is one of the most famous of the Pasteur Institute experts. He says that the method involves the use of neither serum nor vaccine, but that it is a preventive as well as a curative remedy. He will hold the secret some time, as he did in the case of his diphtheria serum. He will explain the methods to Drs. Roux and Mentchikoff and leave the application of it to medical practitioners without revealing the nature of the remedy, because he thinks he has a right to reserve temporarily the profits of the discovery to enable him to prosecute other researches. Prof. Behring adds:

"From to-day onward the victims of tuberculosis may hope again. There has been some exaggeration about this matter. In treating the disease the new method has been successful with all the animals we have tried, but experiments with human beings must yet be made. This is one of the reasons for delaying a full explanation of the cure. I will say frankly, however, that I am firmly convinced that I have found the long sought cure, which is not a serum, but is in powder form. I don't say it is the only cure, but I do say that it is, in my opinion, completely effective in almost any but the last stages of phthisis."

Prof. Behring hinted that the basis of the cure rests upon recognition of the facts that the digestive organs are the road which the bacillus takes more frequently than the respiratory system. No further indication as to the nature of the cure can be had for the moment. Prof. Behring says that the result of the present tuberculosis congress has been the complete downfall of Koch's theory as to the non-transmission of bovine tuberculosis to man. It marks the entire triumph of the French school, which was always on the other side, holding as an axiom, "theorize all you please, but sterilize your milk."

THE Counties' Council sessions last week were among the most notable held for many years in these counties by reason of the importance of the new business, chief of which was the scheme to improve the counties' leading roads, at an approximate cost of $100,000, and the building of a House of Refuge for the united counties of Dundas, Stormont and Glengarry. Both propositions met with the hearty approval of the Council, with certain modifications of detail.

As will be observed by reference to the minutes, the good roads scheme for these counties has taken a larger scope than was originally anticipated, and for that reason, and with a view to meeting the requirements of the Provincial Act, it has been thought best to issue debentures to cover the cost of the whole work, after an approximate estimate has been made, instead of by a yearly levy. Of course the debentures need not be disposed of en bloc, they may be sold in part from year to year as the work is completed, inspected, and taken over by the Council, and as the money is required. This plan will be carried out, we understand, which will obviate paying interest on a large amount of money not required for immediate disbursement, besides transferring a share of the burden to the next generation, which is quite proper.

Another wise provision is embodied in the memorial to the Government, requesting that the "Act be amended so as to provide that each county be liable only for the roads within its boundaries." In other words, Dundas will be liable for the construction and maintenance of some 22 miles of road, about one-third of the whole. The work of construction can be spread over as many years as local conditions warrant.

The News, however, objects to the incorporated towns and villages contributing to the improvement of these counties' roads, burdened as they are with local taxation for the keeping up of their streets and sidewalks, besides the heavy end of the burden of education as regards High schools. Our county rates are already high, and the streets of these municipalities are what the concession roads are to the rural municipalities, and each should bear their own burden. We trust that this matter will receive immediate attention by the Iroquois Council, and a memorial drafted and presented to the Ontario Government at its next session, asking that the towns and villages be exempted from taxation under the amended Public Highways Improvement Act. We trust the county papers will take this matter up and enlist the support of all the councils interested as it is advisable that the Government be moved to act before the counties' by-law comes up for provisional adoption, in June next.

The Counties' Council are to be congratulated that they have decided to act next year in the matter of a Refuge, however tardy they have been in reaching a conclusion. Every county in Ontario with the exception of nine have now erected similar institutions, and we are pleased that our counties will also fall into line, and put up a structure creditable to them.

Town Topics

Seaver Robson spent Sunday with friends in Cardinal.

Fresh and salted pork only 10c. per pound at W. A. Fisher's.

Mrs. John Servise spent a few days in Aultsville last week.

Miss Mabelle Errington left for Midland City, Michigan, Wednesday evening.

A. A. Logan has been elected reeve of Morrisburg in place of E. Duffy, resigned.

Appropriate sermons were delivered in the churches Thanksgiving day to appreciative congregations.

The tinsmiths are the most popular fellows in town. All sorts of people are inviting them to their houses.

About fifty ministers have made application for the vacant pastorate of St. Paul's Presbyterian church, Winchester, says The Press.

Over fifty couples attended the dance in the Hall Thanksgiving evening. As usual the young people had a most enjoyable time.

M. S. Cassan and J. W. Tindale left Wednesday eve for two weeks deer shooting in Hastings county, Mr. Cassan's favorite resort.

Mr. Myers' barn, across the river, was destroyed by fire Saturday afternoon together with contents. It will be a serious loss at this season of the year.

Cardinal Gibbons says: "The dread of exposure in the public press keeps many a man sticking close to the paths of rectitude, who would otherwise stray off into the by-ways of graft."

The Third Company of Canadian Engineers, of the Canadian Militia at Ottawa, will shortly establish a headquarters for a rural company of the corps in some small town at a convenient distance from Ottawa.

HOUSE TO RENT.—The undersigned offers to rent her desirable residence, on College street, containing 7 rooms and a good cellar and town water. Terms reasonable. Apply to MRS. JOHN CARSON, Iroquois, Ont.

The long distance telephone line of the Bell Company running from Cardinal to Shanly has lately been extended to Spencerville. Over this line which starts at Cardinal it is now possible to get connection with the villages of Pittston, Brouseville, Shanly, Ventnor, and Spencerville.

Advertising fakirs are here to-day and gone to-morrow, and their schemes bloom for an hour, vanish and are forgotten, but the money expended for this class of publicity looms large in the expense sheet and the returns are small indeed. The local newspaper goes into the homes every week and business announcements therein are scanned by every member of the family. Publicity is the secret of business success, and every student of advertising places the newspaper as the very best means of reaching the purchasing public.

A HANDSOME SOUVENIR.—The Grand Trunk Railway System have issued a beautiful set of playing cards which contain fifty-two views of scenes on their lines, reproduced in half-tone engravings—an illustration on the face of each card. The stock of which the cards are made is the best that can be obtained for the purpose, prepared by a waterproof process by the well known English firm of Goodall & Son, London. The back contains a handsome design beautifully lithographed in eight colors. The cards have gold edges and are neatly boxed. They are for sale by news agents on the Grand Trunk trains, and at the news stands, and make an interesting souvenir not only for one's home but to send to distant friends.

The Exact Thing Required for Constipation.

"As a certain purgative and stomach purifier Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets seem to be the exact thing required, strong enough for the most robust, yet mild enough and safe for children and without that terrible griping so common to most purgatives" say R. S. Webster & Co., Udora, Ontario, Canada. For sale by B. F. Smith.

Liberty Dawns

Old Order in Russia Ceases to Exist

SURRENDER OF CZAR—COUNT WITTE COMES INTO POWER AS MINISTER PRESIDENT

St. Petersburg, October 30.—The Russian autocracy is at an end. Nicholas, under the unanimous advice of his ministers and under the pressure of the passive revolt of his whole empire, has surrendered his autocratic powers and granted a constitutional government, thus disappearing the last absolute monarchy among civilized peoples, and thus popular liberty wins its culminating victory in the history of mankind. The concession comes unwillingly. It is in fact the last desperate effort to save the crown itself for the Romanoff dynasty. Whether it will suffice in the present supreme crisis of national rebellion cannot yet be said. It is complete enough in promises. All ordinary political liberties and genuine representative government by a national legislature are granted. A constitution itself is not formulated, but the power to draft one is delegated to a Douma to be elected by the suffrage of all classes. This should restore peace throughout the Empire. The only danger is that popular passion is so inflamed and the perception of the complete paralysis of the government so widespread that the masses may rush into grave excesses and demand the complete sweeping away of the existing regime. The novel sense of power suddenly seizing a populace long held under the heel of repression brought terrible consequences to France under remarkably similar circumstances. The intelligent leaders of the reform movement in all classes may be depended upon to use every effort to save Russia from the scenes of the French revolution.

A few hours more will determine the turn of events. Meantime to-night's great news is not yet known to the Russian people. It will be some time before the tidings can reach the distant parts of the empire. Every large city except St. Petersburg is now isolated from its neighbors and cut off from the world at large. The problem of the moment is: "Does liberty come too late, or will anarchy reign until the old order of things is completely swept away."

The manifesto is as follows:

THE IMPERIAL MANIFESTO

"We, Nicholas, the Second, by the Grace of God, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, Grand Duke of Finland, etc., declare to all our faithful subjects that the trouble and agitation in our capitals and in numerous other places fill our hearts with excessive pain and sorrow.

The happiness of the Russian sovereign is indissolubly bound up with the happiness of our people, and the sorrow of our people is the sorrow of the sovereign.

From the present disorders may arise great national disruption.

They menace the integrity and unity of the Empire.

The supreme duty imposed upon us by our sovereign office requires us to efface ourselves and use all the force and reason at our command to hasten in securing the unity and co-ordination of the power of the central Government, and to assure the success of measures for pacification in all circles of public life which are essential to the well being of our people.

"We, therefore, direct our Government to carry out our inflexible will in the following manner:

First—To extend to the population the immutable foundation of civil liberty, based on the real inviolability of person, freedom of conscience, speech, union and association.

"Second—Without suspending the already ordered elections to the State Douma, we invite to participate in the Douma so far as the limited time before the convocation of the Douma will permit, those classes of the population now completely deprived of electoral rights, leaving the ultimate development of the principle of the electoral right in general to the new established legislative order of things.

"Third—To establish as an unchangeable rule that no law shall be enforceable without the approval of the state Douma, and that it shall be possible for the elected of the people to exercise real participation in the supervision of the legality of the acts of the authorities appointed by us.

"We appeal to all faithful sons of Russia to remember their duty toward the fatherland, to aid in terminating these unprecedented troubles and to apply all their forces, in co-operation with us, to restoration of calm and peace upon our natal soil. "NICHOLAS."

Matilda

COUNCIL MEETING.—The regular meeting of Matilda Council was held in Cooper's Hall, Brinston's Corners, on Oct. 21, 1905. Members all present. The following accounts were passed, viz.:

Reuben Crowder, building sluice	$2 50
Charles Tuttle, work on road as per grant	34 00
Archie Johnston, plank	50
Ed. McNulty, support Mrs. Shaver for Oct.,	4 00
Herbert Houlahan, 146 rods wire fence	17 52
Jay Merkley, wire fence	4 56
Adam Lewis, support Mrs. Lewis	9 00
Geo. Keeler, charity	3 00
R. L. Wallace, burial expenses Mrs. Sypes	12 00
Thos. Wickwire, working on road	3 00
Jas. Casselman, 26 loads stone $6.50, labor $4.00	10 50
Russel McCaslin, work on Carman road	54 00
Charles Corley, for gravel	4 00
Andrew Sypes, support Wm. Sypes	3 00
Mrs. Mary Dick Lewis, charity	1 50
Mrs. McAphee, charity	1 50
T. A. Thompson, lumber	8 10
Reeve, Assessor and Clerk, selecting jurors	12 00
Henry Strader, work on grader	50 25
Allan Driscoll, wire fence	1 44
R. Cooper, hall rent	2 00

The Council was served with a note by Charles Tuttle to have the Devlin drain cleaned out immediately. On motion of Cooper and Hunter, the Council adjourned to meet in Gilson's Hall, Thursday 14th December.

PAID UP

Weekly Bulletin of Renewals for The St. Lawrence News

Geo. Binion, Iroquois	Jan. '06
Alton Locke, Iroquois	Feb. '06
W. A Adams, South Mountain	Jan. '07
Almon Casselman, North Williamsburg	Jan. '06
tewart, Iroquois,	Sept. '05

An Early Winter is Expected

But it will not interfere with the popularity already gained by the "Japanese" brand writing ink. Sold by Geo. R. Sipes.

The philosophers of olden times recognized and understood nearly every elementary principle of mechanics with which we are familiar to-day. That these principles are as old as the human body is shown by the fact that in our frames the bodily motions of every day life utilize the lever, pulley and tackle, hinge, pivot, and many others. The bones furnish support, and the power is applied through the agency of the muscles. There are 527 muscles in the human body, 261 pairs and five single ones. Their power and strength is incredible, for it can be readily demonstrated by simple calculation that the muscles which work the elbow joint exert a force of 200 pounds in raising a ten pound weight! The total capacity of a man's muscular system is about ⅓ horse power. To supply the energy for such a working capacity a man requires food and water, and these must first be transformed into blood before they can be utilized by the tissues. The blood serves to supply the muscles with the food they use for their work, as well as material to repair damage and breakage from overwork and abuse. If the blood is pure and rich the repair is made promptly and well, but if it becomes thin and weak, the results are poor, breakdowns occur, rheumatism and neuralgia get a foothold, and the machinery of the system cannot work properly. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes pure blood; helps you to put on flesh and muscle. Dr. Pierce guarantees that the "Discovery" contains no alcohol or narcotic, that it is made entirely from roots and herbs, it is nature's tonic and alterative—assists the stomach to take from the food the elements required to make rich red blood and thus cures Indigestion and Dyspepsia.



The "Golden Medical Discovery" has restored the health of thousands of those who were utterly hopeless, giving them back natural appetite, physical vigor, healthful sleep and mental strength.

A BOOK THAT NO FARMER CAN AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT.

The Farmer's Manual and Veterinary Guide

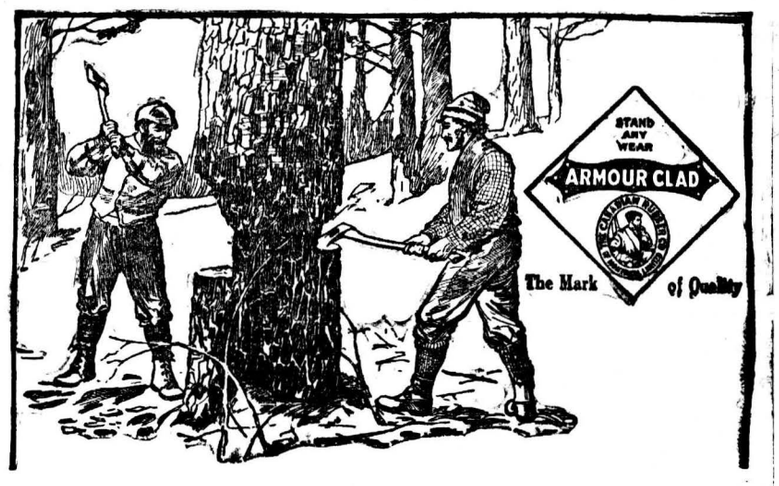
Compiled by the Agricultural editors of the Family Herald and Weekly Star, of Montreal, at the Request of hundreds of Readers.

It can be had FREE.

The most complete Farmer's Handbook and Veterinary Guide ever issued—Simple and practical information of the greatest value to every Farmer.

Three hundred and fifty-eight subjects dealt with; every one of interest and many of them illustrated.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER:—We offer a full year's subscription to the St. Lawrence News, a full year's subscription to that greatest of all Weeklies, the Family Herald and Weekly Star, of Montreal, including their beautiful picture, "Queen Alexandra, Her Grandchildren and Dogs," and a copy of "The Farmer's Manual and Veterinary Guide," all for $1.80. A sample copy of the picture and book can be seen at this office.



Lumberman's and Boots are the best thing you ever put a foot into. Comfortable, strong and durable; weather-proof, waterproof, snag proof.

You'll know them by "the mark of quality" on all styles.

ARMOUR CLAD

MARSH'S

GREAT MONEY-SAVING SALE

in all kinds of

FURNITURE

During next month we will give the people better than Eaton's Prices.

10 Bedroom Suites	reduced from	15 to	11
Iron Beds	"	"	$4 to $3
Springs	"	"	$3 to $2
Mattresses	"	"	$4.50 to $3
Extension Tables	"	"	$7 to $5

Parlor Suites and Chairs of all kinds in endless variety at prices to suit. Call and see us.

A black Mare for sale, cheap.

W. J. MARSH

The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer,

COAL! and WOOD!

Shingles, $1.50, $1.75, $2.35.

B. C. Red Cedar Shingles, $3.25.

Hemlock Plank, Hemlock 2x4x10 to 16 feet long.

Feather-edge clapboards, Pine and Spruce

Dressed Pine, 2 to 12 in. wide.

LATH, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS

All sold at Lowest Prices

T. A. THOMPSON

9c.--TREES--9c.

Just think of buying A 1 Apple Trees for only 9 cents. This offer holds good for October, affording a great opportunity for getting rich with a small investment.

Reader, have you a few acres of good orchard land for planting out with such fruit as the apple buyers are looking for to supply the ever growing markets of England, Germany and Sweeden and our great Northwest? If so, write or call on Stamp, the agent, Iroquois, for a list of the best trees grown and in present demand.

Experienced buyers and growers tell us that for soil and climate there is no section of Canada better adapted for apple growing than these united counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry. And this being true, the more apples we grow the more buyers will be attracted to these counties and better prices realized. Don't put off planting an orchard, but order of Stamp the varieties you want. The nursery I represent covers 876 acres, and has been in business for the past 53 years.

All 3 and 4 year old trees are insured by being replaced if they die by new trees without a cent of extra cost to the purchaser. Wholesale orders of $25 and over are shipped direct to purchaser, freight prepaid, which does away with the delivery man and his profit.

If you want apple trees under the most satisfactory terms you ever heard of, just write me, giving address, No. of lot, concession, and township, and I will call and prove the above assertions, together with a number of testimonals from experienced orchardists stating that my trees are the best they ever planted.

JOHN STAMP, Box 119, Iroquois, Ont.

P. S.—I am still in the Portrait business, giving my customers perfect satisfaction as usual. For a short time will give 15 per cent. discount from former prices; Now is the time to get a Wanzer Lamp. Only $7.00 for lamp and cooking rings combined.

BLOOD DISEASES.

Can all be Cured by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

More than half the disease in the world is caused by bad blood—weak blood, blood poisoned by impurities. Bad blood is the one cause of all the headaches and backaches, the lumbago and rheumatism, the neuralgia and sciatica, the debility and biliousness and indigestion, the paleness and pimples and all the disfiguring skin diseases like eczema, that show how impure the blood actually is. It is no use trying a different medicine for each disease, because they all spring from the one cause—bad blood. To cure disease you must get right down to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do. They make new rich, blood. Common medicines only touch the symptoms of disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills root out the cause. That is why these pills cure when doctors and common medicines fail. Here is positive proof:—"I suffered agony from indigestion," says Mr. Fred. Fillis, of Grand Desert, N.B. "I had no appetite for my meals and no energy for my work; my stomach caused me constant distress, and everything I ate lay like lead on my chest. At times I felt my life a burden. I was always doctoring, but it did me no good. Then a little book came into my hands, and I read that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would cure indigestion. I got them and began taking them, and I soon found they were helping me. My appetite began to improve, and my food to digest better. I used the pills for a couple of months and I was well. Now I am always ready for my meals and I can eat anything, and all the credit is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I keep the pills in the house all the time, and I occasionally take a few as a precaution. I can honestly advise all dyspeptics to use this medicine, as I am sure it will cure them as it did me."

Give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and they will cure you, simply because they make that rich, strong blood that disease cannot resist. See that you get the genuine pills, with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. You can get them from your medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PEARL IN THIS TOOTH.

Successful Trick Played on a Paris Dentist.

A variation of the pearl in the oyster trick has been successfully played on a prominent dentist of Paris.

A man who said a hard substance had sunk in a decayed tooth while eating an oyster called on him. The dentist extracted the substance, and found it to be a large pearl. The patient then declared that he had left his purse at home, and begged the dentist to accept the pearl as his fee.

The dentist was too honest to take so valuable a jewel, and gave the man $10 for it. When the client had gone he discovered that the pearl was not genuine. He gave chase and captured the man.

At the police station the man confessed that he had played the same trick eight times successfully that day.

SMILING BABIES.

The well baby is never a cross baby. When baby cries or is fretful, it is taking the only way it can to let mother know that there is something wrong. That something is probably some derangement of the stomach or bowels, or perhaps the pain of teething. These troubles are speedily removed and cured by Baby's Own Tablets, and baby smiles again—in fact there's a smile in every dose. Mrs. Mary E. Adams, Lake George, N.B., says:—"I have found Baby's Own Tablets so good for the ills of little ones that I would not like to be without them." That is the experience of all mothers who have tried the tablets; and they know this medicine is safe, for it is guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Equally good for the child just born or well advanced in years. Sold by all druggists or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A BISHOP'S STORY.

It would indeed be a queer bishop who could not tell a good story on himself. The late Bishop Dudley of Kentucky was wont to relate with much relish an interesting experience which he once had in connection with waffles.

At a fine old Virginia homestead where he was a frequent guest the waffles were always remarkably good.

One morning, as breakfast drew near an end, the tidy little linen-coated black boy who served at table approached Bishop Dudley and asked in a low voice:

"Bishop, won't y' have 'n'er waffle?"

"Yes," said the genial bishop, "I believe I will."

"Dey ain' no mo'," then said the nice little black boy.

"Well," exclaimed the surprised reverend gentleman, "if there aren't any more waffles, what made you ask me if I wanted another one?"

"Bishop," explained the little black boy, "you's done et ten already, an' I t'ought y' wouldn't want no mo'."

THE DEEPEST HAUL.

Near the Tonga Islands, in the Pacific, some time ago, a fish net was sunk 23,000 feet below the surface. That is the deepest haul ever made. It took a whole day to sink the net and raise it. Life was found even at that depth, over four miles, where the temperature was just above freezing and the pressure 9,000 lbs. to the square inch.

MAN OF FALLEN FORTUNES.

He Discourses on the Importance of Wearing Good Clothes.

"I would recommend," said the man of fallen fortunes, "that every man keep where he can see it a photograph of himself as he looked at his best, in good clothes, as an incentive to him to keep up appearances.

"Next to a stout heart nothing helps a man so much in the world as a good appearance, and it often happens that unless a man present a trim and sightly exterior he can't even get past the barriers that hedge in the strong man he wants to reach the man of intelligence, as well as of power and authority, who is able to judge a man independently of his clothes. And then good clothes promote their wearer's confidence in his own strength, and so are an aid to him.

"The fact is that, while we may lack initiative, the most of us discover strength if we are put to it, and good clothes give a man confidence in himself and so help him to develop his own strength. They help to make him feel that he is as good as anybody, which is a great help. They help to make him not afraid and they also tend, in every healthy minded man, to make him feel that he must keep his end up among his fellows, that he must make good, just as shabby clothes make a man shy of his fellows, and shy or slothful in the exercise of his own abilities, and content with the path which, with his clothes, he naturally travels, which is outside the fence.

"All of which is brought to me by the finding of a picture of myself taken twenty years ago, when I wore good clothes, trim garments and faultless linen and perfectly kept shoes. Homely details these, but the picture, come upon suddenly, brought to me for the first time strikingly the difference in myself between that time and this; now not unkempt, perhaps not untidy, but still approaching to shabbiness, wearing abroad now garments in which I then would never have dreamed of appearing and content—and here is the dreadful trouble—content to appear in them.

"For we do not realize the gradations by which we descend; we don't realize what we have come to look like; we are satisfied with ourselves as we are. And we may have constant friends upon whom, as upon ourselves, the change in us has come gradually, who may give little thought to it. But even they do insensibly realize it, and it has its effect upon them, you may be sure; while upon the stranger—highly important is it for you to get this firmly fixed in your mind—upon the stranger the impression you produce is of what you are to-day. He doesn't know what you once were—how could he?—he assesses you for what you appear to be to him. And he wouldn't be far wrong.

"It is good business to wear good clothes. As old man Polonius said to son Laertes:

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

"It is true, and I think I'll have to get some new clothes myself and buck up."

NOT BUILT FOR TWO.

When Michael Burke joined his brother James in this country, the money he brought over, added to James's savings, enabled them to go into the ice business. In course of time their custom increased, and it became necessary for them to have an office. In this James soon installed a nice roll-top desk.

"The one desk will do for the two of us," he explained, the day it was set up. "And here are two keys; one for you, Micky, and one for me."

Michael accepted the key, but seemed to be studying the desk.

"That's all right," he said. "But where is my keyhole?"

The real conquerers of the world are the thinkers.

THE SECRET OF YOUTH.

De Soto looked for the secret of youth in a spring of gushing, life-giving waters, which he was sure he would find in the New World. Alchemists and sages (thousands of them), have spent their lives in quest for it, but it is only found by those happy people who can digest and assimilate the right food which keeps the physical body perfect that peace and comfort are the sure results.

A remarkable man of 94 says: "For many long years I suffered more or less with chronic costiveness and painful indigestion. This condition made life a great burden to me, as you may well imagine.

"Two years ago I began to use Grape-Nuts as food, and am thankful that I did. It has been a blessing to me in every way. I first noticed that it had restored my digestion. This was a great gain, but was nothing to compare in importance with the fact that in a short time my bowels were restored to free and normal action.

"The cure seemed to be complete; for two years I have had none of the old trouble. I use the Grape-Nuts food every morning for breakfast and frequently eat nothing else. The use has made me comfortable and happy, and although I will be 94 years old next fall, I have become strong and supple again, erect in figure and can walk with anybody, and enjoy it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in every pkg.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Wash oilcloths and linoleums with warm water and Sunlight Soap, rinse clean and wipe dry. The colors will be preserved and the surface unharmed.

Common soaps fade the colors and injure the surface. Sunlight Soap cleans, freshens and preserves oilcloths and linoleums.

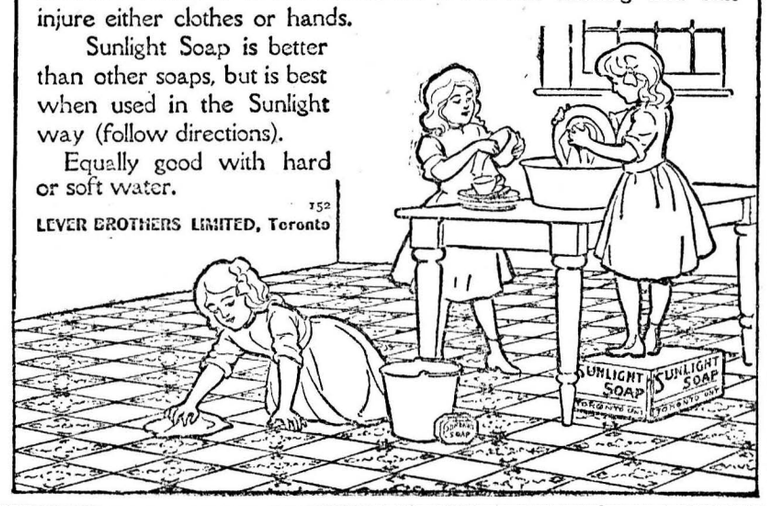
Sunlight Soap washes clothes white without injury to the most delicate fabrics, or to the hands, for it contains nothing that can injure either clothes or hands.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way (follow directions).

Equally good with hard or soft water.

152

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, Toronto



IS YOUR SURNAME HERE?

Origin of Many Common Names is Easily Found.

Nearly all the surnames originally had a meaning. They were descriptive of their owners. In a word, they were nicknames, like "Skinny," or "Shorty," or "Pud."

Peel is a surname that shows the original Peel to have been bald. Grace means fat—from the French "gras." Grant, from "grand," means big.

An Oliphant should be a clumsy and unwieldy person. This surname was "elephant" originally.

The Parkers were keepers of noblemen's parks. The Warmers were warreners, or rabbit tenders. The Barkers prepared bark for tanning. The Laboucheres were butchers.

Bell meant handsome. Cameron meant crook-nose. Curtis meant polite. And Forster meant a forester; Napier, a servant in charge of the table linen; Palmer a pilgrim; Wainwright, a waggon builder; Waller, a wall builder; Webster, a weaver; Wright, a carpenter.

HE OWES A DUTY TO THE PUBLIC

TELLS OF BENEFIT DERIVED FROM DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Cures of Rheumatism and Dropsy by Canada's Great Kidney Remedy.

Yellow Grass, Assa., N. W. T., Oct. 23—(Special).—"I think I should let the public know the benefit I derived from Dodd's Kidney Pills." The speaker was Mr. John White, well-known here, and he voices the sentiments of many a man on those western prairies who has been relieved of his pains and misery by the great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

"I have been afflicted with Rheumatism for years," Mr. White continued. "I tried doctors and medicines, but never got anything to do me much good till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. What they did for me was wonderful.

"I also know the Harris family, and I saw their little girl, Edith, who was cured of Dropsy by Dodd's Kidney Pills. I know that to be true. I tell you I feel like recommending Dodd's Kidney Pills even stronger than I talk."

There is no Kidney Disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills cannot cure.

TOO POINTED.

When somebody asked Graham Saunders why he did not go to visit the squire's family any more, he hesitated for a moment before he ventured to put his reason into words.

"I'm not one that's looking for slights," he drawled at last, "and I never paid much attention when they spoke about folks that generally came at meal-times, nor any of their remarks about large appetites. Nor I never applied any o' their statements in regard to not waiting for invitations or outstaying your welcome to myself. I considered such talk wasn't worth noticing.

"But when squire come out to me at about four thutty one afternoon, when I could smell baked beans cooking as easy as I'm sitting here, and said he'd count it a favor if I'd note down where the glass stood on our north porch at six o'clock that night and at eight in the morning, twelve thutty at noon and six p. m. for the three days, and then let him know at the post-office so's he could compare it with theirs—I called it pretty considerable like a hint for a man that claims to have good manners, given to one that's got a sensitive streak, same as I have, though I try to keep it out o' sight."

NOT SO FAR WRONG.

"A typographical error," said a physician, "nearly caused me once to sue a Chicago paper for libel. I was called to Chicago to consult on a serious case. A number of reporters were handling the case, and one of them were about me:

"'The doctor felt the patient's pulse and then prescribed for him.'

"But the compositor made this harmless sentence read:

"'The doctor felt the patient's purse and then prescribed for him.'"

WORTHLESS FELLOW.

"I don't know anyone so slipshod as my husband; his buttons are forever coming off," complained Mrs. Gaddie.

"But," suggested Mrs. Goode, "perhaps they are not sewed on properly."

"That's just it. He's awfully careless about his sewing."

AN UGLY FAMILY of skin diseases is the one generally described by the word Eczema. In all its forms it resists ordinary treatment, but is completely cured by Weaver's Cerate used in connection with Weaver's Syrup.

Mrs. Stubb—"It is remarkable how many things that patent medicine pedlar claimed his remedy would cure." Mr. Stubb—"Yes; he was about to tell me it would cure a ham, and I set Towser on him."

Why go limping and whining about your corns when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial and you will not regret it.

Nervous Youth (to charming girl, who has been trying to set him at his ease)—"He, he! I always—er—feel rather shy with pretty girls, you know, but I'm quite at home with you."

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fail to effect a cure.

A RARE QUALITY.

Many men have ability, few have genius, but fewer still have character. Character is the rarest thing in England.—John Oliver Hobbes.

Her Heart like a Polluted Spring.—Mrs. James Srigley, Pelee Island, Ont., says: "I was for five years afflicted with dyspepsia, constipation, heart disease and nervous prostration. I cured the heart trouble with Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and the other ailments vanished like mist. Had relief in half an hour after the first dose."—27

MERE CHILD'S PLAY.

Piggmus—Here's an advertisement that guarantees to make antique furniture right out of the factory and make it look one hundred years old.

Dismukes—That's nothing. My two children can beat that, and not half try. They've already done it with the parlor set.

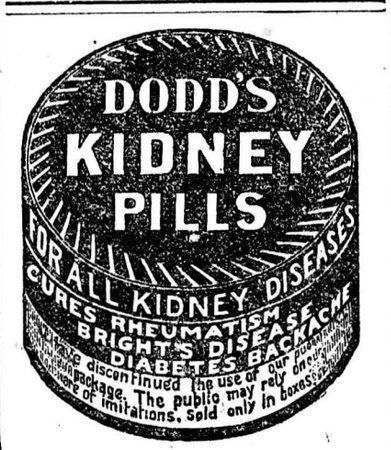
Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take: sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

If we succeed in giving the love of learning, the learning itself is sure to follow.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Buy Sunlight Soap and follow directions.

ALUMINUM BRASS.

Experiments aimed at developing the resistance of brass to the action of sea-water, with a view to its employment for constructing submarines in France, have shown some remarkable results from the addition of aluminum. The internal structure of the alloy is strikingly changed by a very small percentage of aluminum, and the color changes are surprising. From half of one per cent. up to five per cent. of aluminum gives the brass a deep golden color. If the quantity of aluminum is increased beyond five per cent. a "superb rose-color" results, which reaches its maximum when the aluminum amounts to seven per cent. With ten per cent. of aluminum the color turns to a silvery white.



The Refreshing Fragrance

of a hot cup of steaming

Blue Ribbon

TEA is the comfort of all the women who have tried it. TIRED NERVES are soothed and tired muscles INVIGORATED. THE FLAVOR IS MOST DELICIOUS.

ONLY ONE BEST TEA. BLUE RIBBON'S IT.

INSURANCE POSTCARD.

"Commercial de Rouen," a photographic institute at Zurich, has conceived the idea of an insurance postcard. This card, which costs only twenty centimes (4 cents), will insure the person to whom it is sent against accident or death during a period of thirty days. Moreover, it is permissible to address the card to oneself. In case of death $200 is paid the next-of-kin, and in case of non-fatal accidents $1.75 per week during such time as the holder may be unable to work.

FERROVIM, WHAT IS IT? It is the name of the *best tonic*. It builds up the system, gives new life, makes people well and strong. Be sure you get the genuine "Ferrovim."

The true glory of a nation does not consist in the extent of its dominion, in the fertility of the soil, or the beauty of Nature, but rather in the moral and intellectual eminence of the people

It is an Elixir of Life.—Since forgotten time, men have been seeking for the Elixir of Life, which tradition says once existed. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is an Elixir, before which pain cannot live. It is made up of six essential oils, carefully blended so that their curative properties are concentrated in one. It has no equal in the treatment of lumbago, rheumatism, and all bodily pains.

George—"Women are still pushing their way into all the industries. Jack—"That's so. I have just been discharged to make way for a woman." "You have? Well! well! What are you going to do now?" "I am trying to marry the woman."

Helpless as a Baby.—South American Rheumatic Cure strikes the root of the ailment and strikes it quick. R. W. Wright, of Daniel street, Brockville, Ont., for twelve years a great sufferer from rheumatism, couldn't wash himself, feed himself or dress himself. After using six bottles was able to go to work, and says: "I think pain has left me forever."—26

"Why does Amelia hate Charlie so?" "Why, when she told him she could never learn to love him, he insisted that one was never too old to learn.

RHEUMATISM AND PARALYSIS.

Their complete home cure. Post free to readers of this paper. For limited period only.

A handsome illustrated treatise, giving full description of Rheumatism and Paralysis, with instructions for a complete home cure, describing the most successful treatment in the world, recommended by the Ministry and endorsed by medical men. This highly instructive book was written by W. H. Veno, a gentleman who has made a study of these diseases. The preface is by a graduate of the University of Wurtzburg. Send postal to-day and you will receive the book free by return.—Address, The Veno Drug Co., 24 King St, West, Toronto

Customer—"You say, then, that this material is the latest?" Shopman—"The very latest, madam." "But will it fade in the sun?" "Why, it has been lying in the window for two years, and look how well it has stood."

A Tonic for the Debilitated.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body as a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthful action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailments which they were used to allay.

Doctor—Your husband needs a rest, madam. Mrs. Gabbie—Yes, Doctor, but he won't listen to me. Doctor—Don't make it necessary for him to listen to you, madam. That's the sort of rest he needs most.

A Veteran's Story.—George Lewis, of Shamokin, Pa., writes: "I am eighty years of age. I have been troubled with Catarrh for fifty years, and in my time have used a great many catarrh cures, but never had any relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. One box cured me completely." 50 cents.—25

WAS TOO OLD FOR THAT.

A young lawyer, whose love of flowers and all things green and growing compelled him to establish his home in one of the suburban towns, invited his old chum Brown, also of the Bar, to spend Sunday on the farm.

Brown was received with appropriate honors, and all the attractions were duly displayed to his polite but not over-keen gaze, for he was somewhat deficient in that primal passion for a garden which has come down through the generations from Adam.

At each meal he listened courteously to eulogies of "our own make" "lettuce from that frame you saw," "peas off the vine," and so on. But at last it got to this:—

"Harry, I can recommend this chicken especially. I raised it myself."

Then the worm turned—after the first mouthful of chicken—and with a sad smile he remarked:—

"No, Will, I can't believe that. You've only been here a little over two years."

NOT ANY.

Doctor (to Mrs. Perkins, whose husband is ill)—Has he had any lucid intervals?

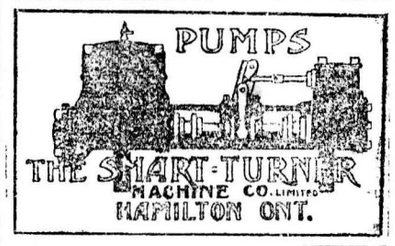
Mrs. Perkins (with dignity)—'E's 'ad nothing except what you ordered, doctor.

Monkland Herd Yorkshires

Good breeding stock (all ages) for sale at reasonable prices.

JAMES WILSON & SONS,
Fergus, Ont.

30 Practical Everyday Lessons on **FARM ACCOUNTS** For 75c. post paid. FARM PUB. HOUSE, Box 475, Chatham, Ont.



D. H. BASTEDO & CO.

FUR MANUFACTURERS

77 King East, Toronto

LADIES' AND MEN'S FUR AND FUR-LINED COATS of every kind. Everything in Furs at close prices. THE TRADE SUPPLIED. Send for catalog.

RAW FURS WANTED. SEND FOR PRICE LIST

FARMERS!

Now is the time to tone up your horses and cattle; they are going into dry winter feeding, and if not kept in prime condition will depreciate in value hundreds of dollars. A very little attention and a small investment in our **Tonic and Blood Purifier** will bring them out in the spring sleek as eels, and you will have one quarter of your feed to sell. If any have spavins, etc., use our remedy and cure them. No doubt about results.

If your dealer does not have our goods send direct and we will supply you.

The VETERINARY SPECIALTY CO., Limited
553 DUNDAS ST., TORONTO.

Willie to the circus went.
He thought it was immense;
His little heart went pitter-pat,
For the excitement was in tents.

Undo the Nerve Lash.—The torture and torment of the victim of nervous prostration and nervous debility no one can rightly estimate who has not been under the ruthless lash of these relentless human foes. M. Williams, of Fordwich, Ont., was for four years a nervous wreck. Six bottles of South American Nervine worked a miracle, and his doctor confirmed it.—28

Stern Parent—"Now, Georgie, I'd like to put in a whole day without once scolding or punishing you." Georgie—"Well, you have my consent."

WELCOME AS SUNSHINE after storm is the relief when an obstinate, pitiless cough has been driven away by Allen's Lung Balsam. No opium in it. The good effect lasts.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Pessimism usually comes from a "bad liver."

To prevent it Better Than to Repent. A little medicine in the shape of the wonderful pellets which are known as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, administered at the proper time and with the directions adhered to often prevent a serious attack of sickness and save money which would go to the doctor. In all irregularities of the digestive organs they are an invaluable corrective and by cleansing the blood they clear the skin of imperfections.

The very process of acquiring knowledge is a privilege and a blessing. It used to be said that there was no royal road to learning; it would be more true to say that the avenues leading to it are all royal.

MAKE A NOTE OF IT, "The D & L" Menthol Plaster is guaranteed to cure the worst case of backache, headache, stitches. Avoid substitutes. Get the genuine mape by Davis & Lawrence Co.

SUFFICIENTLY REPRESENTED.

"What does your wife think of woman's suffrage?"

"Not much," answered Mr. Meekton. "She believes that a woman who can't make at least one man vote the way she wants him to doesn't deserve to have any influence in affairs."

Cash or Cure

If Shiloh's Consumption Cure fails to cure your Cold or Cough, you get back all you paid for it. You are sure of a Cure or the Cash.

If it wasn't a sure cure, this offer would not be made.

Can anything be fairer?

If you have a Cold, Cough, or any disease of the Throat, Lungs or Air Passages, try

SHILOH

313

25c. per bottle. All dealers guarantee it.

A REGRETFUL DISTINCTION.

"What a beautiful home you have," said the old-time friend.

"You mustn't let mother and the girls hear you speak of it so patronizingly," answered Mr. Cumrox. "This ain't a home. This is a residence."

HELP WANTED.

Persons of either sex desiring to make $15 to $25 per week at home in whole or spare time during the fall and winter months, in an entirely new and highly profitable business that will bear thorough investigation. Send stamp for illustrated booklet and full particulars.

MONTREAL SUPPLY CO., Montreal

Conscience Makes Cowards

I.

It was bitterly cold. Gladys Kennet shivered in the damp of the early morning as she paced up and down the empty street. A white mist lay over London. Under it the houses were for the most part silent still, with close-shut doors and windows.

But some of them were beginning to stir. Milkmen's carts were busy rattling up and down the streets now and workmen were hurrying to catch trains and trams. Life was commencing again after the sleep of the night, and presently the great wide doors of the prison would open to let out into life again some who had been almost as good as dead.

Gladys stopped and peered down the courtyard. A little, strange-looking group was beginning to collect—ragged women they were for the most part, all shivering in the damp cold of the morning—women very different to her, even though she was plainly dressed—women to whom there was nothing strange in waiting outside prison doors!

Something that was more than the mist struck her with a cold chill. She was like them—like these wretched women who waited! She too was waiting for a criminal to come out—she too—Gladys Kennet, of Grangelands Court, waiting just as they were!

She was plainly dressed, yet her navy-blue coat and her red hat bore an unmistakable impress.

She walked slowly up the street and then back. When she reached the gates again the little crowd seemed larger. She would not be a coward! She would not shrink now! The time was over; she had come thus far; she had waited in silence and patience for this morning, and now she must be true and brave!

The doors were thrown open suddenly and a small crowd of men came out, straggling in ones and twos and threes—men with hang-dog airs, with bent heads, or else with bold faces and defiant eyes, and head carried high.

There was a rush towards them. Gladys hung back for just a moment and then she too darted forward.

One had come out very differently to the rest. He stood against the gateway for a moment looking out with strange, dazed eyes at a world he seemed scarcely to recognise. He passed his hand across his face and looked again, and at that moment Gladys caught his arm.

He looked down with a great start of surprise.

"Gladys—you!"

Her breath was choking in her throat.

"Oh, Eric! Oh, thank Heaven, Eric—at last!"

He looked down at her hungrily for a moment, and then, as if realizing where and what he was, he began to unloosen her fingers from his arm.

"What brings you here?" he asked. "You ought not to have come—you ought never to have come. It only makes things worse——"

"Eric—Eric, don't say those things to me," she cried. "Oh, my dearest, you knew I should wait—I told you so—I told them all so, and I do not mean to desert you now. And you can't desert me after I have waited so, Eric!"

She had forgotten everything but him. She was looking up wildly into his white, changed face and her heart was beating for him just as it had beaten nearly three years ago before they had taken him away. The little crowd had dispersed. They were out in the broad road, walking down slowly towards the noisy thoroughfare and the open shops.

"Eric, you could not believe I should ever let you go?" she was saying. "Oh, you know I believed you innocent, and always shall."

"Yes—oh, my darling, I was found guilty, and it doesn't matter what anybody believes now. I have been punished. I have done my three years just as if I had been guilty. Oh, Gladys, they called me guilty, and what does it matter even what you believe now? They have branded me—shut me up with thieves and criminals. Oh, Gladys, nothing matters but that."

She tightened her fingers on his arm.

"It does matter," she said, in a low voice. "Eric, dear, it matters everything. I believe you innocent; I know you never committed the forgery, and I am going to marry you."

He started.

"Gladys——"

Her small face was white and set.

"I know what it will mean, dear," she said; "but I am prepared. You know I have some money that my mother left me. It will be enough for us to start in business with somewhere, and uncle can do what he likes. He was cruel to you—oh, he was horribly hard on us both, and I am going to marry you—at once, Eric, darling."

He stood still in the middle of the road and looked down at her.

"But—" he stammered. "I thought—Sydney said—that you and he—".

She stamped her foot.

"It is not true—it is not true," she cried, passionately. "I would not marry him to save my life. I would not marry him for a fortune."

"But, Gladys, it would be better. He is getting on. Your uncle thinks the world of him. He is his right hand, and I——"

"Eric, don't—don't! It has all been dinned into my ears for three years, and it has made no difference. I can't marry Sydney. Uncle has bribed me with everything he can think of. He is going to make him a partner and goodness knows what else. But it is you I love—you I love, and you I am going to marry—and soon, Eric, dear."

II.

The great business house of Sir William Kennet and Co. was humming like a hive. The morning was in full swing. Clerks were rushing to and fro, bells ringing, lifts rattling up and down. In the outer offices an army of clerks was hard at work. Sir William himself was in the thick of business, and amongst all those five or six hundred people only one man sat inert and listless.

He was a young man with a dark, keen face, that just now looked drawn and haggard. He was bending over his desk, doing nothing except stare at a sheet of note-paper which he held in his hand. Round him, on ever side, were letters waiting to be attended to. Twice a clerk had come to him with note-book and pencil, and twice Sydney Devereux had sent him away to wait.

He could not dictate letters yet. He could do nothing. He wanted to think.

He stared at the paper and read the words over again:—

"Eric Chesterton was released this morning. Was met by a pretty girl in navy-blue clothes and red hat. They drove away together in a hansom."

Sydney's brows contracted. A very ugly look darkened his rather handsome face.

"Bah! If he is out, what then? And the girl—it could not have been Gladys—it could not have been."

He got up hastily and, crossing the room, opened a door which led into Sir William's private room. Sir William was alone, and looked up sharply as Sydney came in.

"Ah, Sydney!" he said. "Anything urgent?"

Sydney hesitated.

"I think I must have left a memorandum behind in your safe at your house last night," he said, a little huskily, at last. "I had better go and get it before I do anything else, for, you remember, there is a meeting at twelve."

"To be sure." Sir William pulled his keys from his pocket. "You are sure you put it back in my safe?" he asked. "Well, it ought to teach us not to do business out of office hours my boy. Gladys is always grumbling at me about it— says I ought not to go into accounts with my dessert, and insists on sitting with me while I eat my nuts, just to see I don't do it. When she is your wife, Sydney, you must let her keep that up. It's a bad thing to carry business home. Well, go and get the paper."

He handed the keys to Sydney, who turned and crossed the room slowly.

"By the way, Sydney," Sir Williem said, suddenly, "you'll see Gladys, no doubt. Tell her to expect you to dinner to-night. If you can come I'll take someone home with me to make a fourth, and then—then, perhaps, Sydney, my boy, you and she can settle things. I want you married. Speak to her and arrange it to-night. She knows my wishes, and you ought to have no difficulty now.'

Sydney's throat was dry.

"Did you know," he asked, abruptly, "that Eric Chesterton was to come out this morning?"

Sir William looked up with a little start.

"Why, no," he cried. "Are you sure of it?"

Sydney nodded, and Sir William sank back in his seat with a frown between his brows, which cleared quickly after a minute.

"Well, she won't be such a fool as to think of that fellow now," he said, sharply. "She must have had her lesson, and I was emphatic enough. A forger! Good heavens, Sydney, I can't understand women. How could she make excuses and stick to a man who had sullied his honor as Eric Chesterton had done? Why do women stick to blackguards as they do, Sydney? I can't understand them. I'd give Eric twenty years if I could, just as I'd give twenty years to any man who stole in the shameful way he did."

"But"—Sydney's voice came strained and husky—"but who knows what temptation he may have had?" he said.

"Bah!" broke in Sir William. "I've heard you say that before, but temptation is no excuse for a man. It is no excuse for thieving as Chesterton did. Gladys calls me hard, but of all sins a man can commit forgery is to me least worthy of forgiveness. It is the coldest-blooded of crimes. A man may do something desperate in a moment of passion—something for which he may not be quite responsible—but in order to forge he has to sit down and think and plan and wait. It is a deliberate, cold-blooded, crime, and how anyone could forgive it I don't understand, and Gladys least of all. She believed him innocent, of course; but—speak to her again to-night. Her obstinacy is beginning to try my temper, and I'll guarantee that she says 'yes' to you when you ask her to become your wife."

His mind was made up about Eric Chesterton, who had forged his name to a cheque three years ago; and about Sydney Devereux, who, he was convinced, was the best husband possible for his niece Gladys. That she did not fall in love to his order and throw up the thief and forger, Eric Chesterton, was so astonishing that all his mind and will were bent on securing his wish. He resolved to spare nothing to make her yield. It was the first time that anyone had opposed him for years, and it roused all his fierce determination. She should marry Sydney Devereux or suffer for it.

At the door Sydney looked back for an instant and then slowly went out—back to his own office. He rang a bell, gave some orders as to what was to be done during his absence, and then, slipping into an overcoat, went out into the yard behind the great building where Sir William's motor stood. The chauffeur was nowhere to be seen. Sydney looked round, and then suddenly got into the car. He would drive himself. He could not stay—could not wait.

Sydney shot out into the open street. It was thick with traffic. The morning was in full swing by now, and the city was full—throbbing with business life.

Sydney ran away from it all—down from the city, through the crowded streets, out into the open. Hyde Park Corner ran past him, and the park, green and bright lay on his right. He looked towards it dully, remembering in a queer way the morning rides he had had with Gladys during the past two or three years. He had done wonderful things in that time. His luck had been fabulous. He had got on by tremendous strides, and had risen from being an insignificant nobody into Sir William's personal friend.

His car turned the corner of Queens Gate sharply and ran down the wide street. He drew up before Sir William's house and got down. The man who opened the door knew him well enough, and Sydney ran in.

"Ask Miss Gladys if she will see me for a few minutes before I go," he said, as he turned into the library. "I shall not be long here."

"Miss Gladys is out, sir," said the man.

Sydney turned sharply. His face grew a little grey, and the words on the sheet of note-paper in his pocket grew suddenly clear before his eyes.

"Met by a girl in navy-blue—"

"Do you know where she is?" he asked, sharply.

The man shook his head.

"She left no message," he said.

"And when did she go out?" Sydney asked, huskily.

"That I can't say, sir. Before breakfast, I think, sir."

Sydney turned away. In the library before him he fumbled for a minute with Sir William's keys. What need to go through the farce of examining the safe? There was nothing there he wanted.

The butler met him in the hall.

"Any message for Miss Gladys, sir?" he asked.

Sydney shook his head. "No," he said.

III.

Once more his hand was on the wheel of the car, and once more it was throbbing under him. At the top of the road he turned into Kensington Gardens and shot forward between lines of smooth green grass.

He sat staring straight ahead. He shot past the Albert Memorial, out through the gates, across the road, and into the park.

The gardens had been full, but the road seemed empty now. The long line of Rotten Row was deserted. On his left the Serpentine lay like a broad streak of silver between the trees. He slackened speed a little, and crawled along the road trying to steady his thoughts and the beat of his heart. Why was there that uncomfortable feeling upon him—that queer, cold fear that had nearly undone three years ago?

He looked round at the great park. There was no one in sight that morning. His car approached the corner, and there suddenly a small splash of color against the brown of the road caught his eye.

On a chair under the trees was a girl with a red hat!

The car shot forward sharply under his nervous grasp and then slowed down again. His hard grey eyes stared blindly at the girl under the trees, and then his heart gave a throb.

He might have known. He might have understood the meaning of the cold fear that was upon him if he had not been a fool. He might have known after all those years that Gladys was loyal and faithful and true to the man she loved.

And she was with him now! The second figure under the trees grew suddenly clear to him. They were looking into each other's faces; both were alight, both were blind to everything and everyone else.

But suddenly Gladys caught sight him and sprang to her feet.

"Eric—Eric—here is Sydney!" she cried. "Let us tell him now."

She ran out waving her hand. Sydney stopped the car mechanically.

"Sydney—Sydney, here is Eric!" she cried, breathlessly. "He has come home. Come and speak to him."

For a moment Sydney struggled. The last drop of blood died from his face. Speak to him—to the thief, the forger, the man who had just finished "serving time"—how could he speak to him?

His attitude was strange for an honest, worthy, upright man, as Sir William had called him. Guilt, shame, and bitter hatred drew his face into hard lines. Gladys's happy eyes beamed upon him. If she knew—Heaven help him! If she could see into his heart, what would her eyes look like then?

His shaking hand turned the driving-wheel. The car shot forward sharply. He pulled the speed-lever, sounded the horn, and dashed abruptly away up the road out into the wide, open space about Hyde Park Corner.

What happened there he did not know. The traffic was busy; cabs and carriages, 'buses, wagons rolled past him, but he saw none of them. There was a confused noise in his ears, but above all he heard Gladys's clear voice, with the glad sound in it, "Eric has come home," and he saw nothing—nothing but her bright, happy eyes beneath her red hat.

The warning shout he did not hear. The running policemen he did not see. The broad gateway seemed to have vanished into air as he dashed towards it. Hyde Park Corner seemed empty—empty—desolate as his own life.

He turned the lever sharply. The car, like a living thing, sprang forward. As it dashed into the stonework he threw up his hands with a cry.

* * * * * *

"An hour at most," said the doctor. "He cannot live longer than that. If there is anyone he ought to see they should be fetched at once."

Gladys put up her hand to her shaking lips and then turned to Eric who stood beside her. They had seen the car dash forward and had followed it; and it was Eric who went now and fetched Sir William—Eric the forger!

Sydney lay very still. The hard, keen look had gone from his face. He had forgotten Gladys and the happiness in her eyes; but suddenly it came back. She was sitting beside him—there, close to him, and she was crying.

He stared at her and then all remembrance came back. His face changed abruptly. He drew a painful breath and tried to turn.

At the same instant Sir William Kennet came in. Sydney was looking at Gladys.

"Forgive—if you can," he said, in a feeble voice. "I loved you so—from the very first; and I hated Eric because of you—that was why I planned his ruin—why I forged the cheque."

"You!" The word came like a cry from Gladys's and Sir William's lips.

"You!" Sir William repeated. "The son of my old friend!"

The dying man did not move.

"That was why," he went on, slowly. "I put it in Eric's desk—the cheque—where it would be found—it got him out of the way—it got him out of the way—but it was no good—she did not care—you, I mean, did not care—I might have known—ah, Gladys, forgive!"

She rose to her feet. Forgive? Forgive the shame and disgrace? Eric's bitter pain? Forgive the deed that had branded him a forger and a thief? How could she?

She turned away. The face of Eric on the other side of the room met her eyes. She went up to him and put out her hands with a sob.

Eric's whisper was heard only by her.

"We must forgive him—he is dying," he said.

* * * * * *

A day or two later on every wall in Sir William Kennet's business house was posted the following announcement:—

"Sir William Kennet, having received proofs of the innocence of Eric Chesterton of the forgery with which he was charged, has decided to appoint him manager in place of the late Sydney Devereux, which position he would have occupied had it not been for this most unfortunate mistake. Sir William feels that the regrets and congratulations of the whole house will be with Mr. Chesterton on his return."

And when Sir William drove up in his motor-car with Eric at his side, the five or six hundred employes were crowding doors and passages to welcome him.

Both Eric and Sir William were a little white when they reached their rooms, and Sir William held out his hand.

"Now for a fresh start," he said.—London Tit-Bits.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Gossip About Some Prominent People.

President Loubet, of France, was born with a passion for music. He has composed several oratorios, and is an excellent performer on the piano.

One of the wealthiest peers in the kingdom is Earl Fitzwilliam, who is the fortunate possessor of some 115,000 acres of land in England and Ireland. Under the recent land-purchase measure, however, he has disposed of some of his Wicklow property. Some twenty years ago the Fitzwilliam estates were put at about 92,000 acres in Ireland, worth $250,000 per annum; and about 24,000 acres in England, worth about $440,000 a year.

An early incident in Lord Wolseley's career was characteristic of the spirit of the man. At the end of 1851, in recognition of his services in the Crimean War, he was gazetted captain. When it was discovered, however, that Wolseley was little more than twenty-one years old, the captaincy was cancelled. But the young man protested so vigorously against this injustice that the cancellation itself was cancelled and the captaincy restored.

The Empress Eugenie is devoted to flowers and personally superintends her garden, both at Farnborough at the Villa Cyrnos, her house near Cap Martin, which is famed for its roses. Armed with a pair of scissors, her hands protected by garden gloves, the Empress busies herself about her rose trees, pruning undesirable shoots and getting rid of withered leaves. Her Majesty is very popular in the neighborhood of Farnborough, where her great kindness has endeared her to everyone.

Herr Wilhelm Backhaus, the young German pianist, has won the Rubinstein prize of 5,000 fr., founded to proclaim "the finest pianist in the world." The competition took place in Paris, and there were thirty-six competitors from all parts of Europe. When Backhaus finished playing the Rubinstein Concerto both orchestra and listeners—in defiance of the traditions of such competitions—burst into a tumult of applause. He is just over twenty-one—five years below the age limit for the Rubinstein prize.

A good story concerning the King of the Belgians is told by a French contemporary. A few years ago King Leopold noticed at an art exhibition a small painting representing a flock of sheep in a field at sunset time. When the King expressed a wish to buy the picture and asked the price, the artist put on a guileless look and said:— "Supposing your Majesty paid for my sheep at the butcher's value, 50 fr. apiece?" The King glanced at the canvas, muttered, "Ten or twelve sheep . . . for 500 fr. to 600fr. . . . not too much for the picture," and the bargain was concluded. Three days later the painter took his canvas to the castle at Laeken. When the counting of the sheep began the artist pointed to a number of white dots in the background, and said, gravely, "Don't forget those. There are at least a thousand." "But isn't that just dust?" King Leopold asked anxiously. "No, sire; those are sheep." "On your word of honor?" "On my word of honor." And thus the King of the Belgians, whose leaning towards strict economy is well known, paid 50,000 fr. for a painting which would have been well paid for by 15,000 fr.

About the House

VEGETARIAN DINNER.

Cream of potato soup.
Macaroni with tomato and cheese.
String beans.
Cauliflower with mayonnaise.
Wafers. Cheese.
Strawberry shortcake.
Coffee.

Cauliflower is richer even than cabbage in proteid, the nutriment value of cabbage being one part proteid to four of carbohydrate, so that cauliflower served on entire wheat bread, toasted and enriched with a white sauce to which the yolks of two or more eggs have been added, would seem to provide the full measure of needful proteid, and in a form that even the most pronounced opponent of the vegetarian might consider satisfactory.

If properly taken care of after the meal cold vegetables dressed as salads are most appetizing at this season. The chief desiderata are tenderness of the vegetables, just enough dressing and no more, and a chilled state when served. Cheese combines well with many vegetables, as it does also with grains and macaroni. When delicately cooked and diluted with appropriate ingredients it may be used, but more sparingly, than in the season when the function of digestion is more vigorous.

Tomatoes with Macaroni.—Cook one-half pound macaroni in rapidly boiling salted water until tender. scald one pint cream over hot water; add half pound cheese cut into thin shavings, and stir until the cheese is melted; add one-fourth cup butter and a dash of salt and paprica. Have ready, baked in a serving dish, five or six tomatoes with the skin and core removed before baking; dispose the macaroni in a wreath around the tomatoes, pour the cheese mixture over the whole, and serve hot.

Cream of Potato Soup.—Boil five potatoes and an onion five minutes; drain, add two quarts of boiling water, and cook until tender, then pass them with the liquid through a sieve. Season with salt and pepper, and stir in the yolks of two eggs beaten with a cup of rich cream. Do not allow the soup to boil, but stir and cook until the egg becomes slightly cooked. Have ready a small turnip and half a carrot, cut in straws and cook until tender, separately in boiling salted water. Add these to the soup together with one or two tablespoons cooked peas or string beans cut small.

WITH LAMB LEFT OVERS.

Lamb Croquettes—Two cups finely chopped cooked lamb, one cup boiled rice, one tablespoon chopped parsley, one tablespoon lemon juice, two tablespoons flour, one cup cream, one tablespoon butter, salt and pepper to taste. Scald the milk; rub the butter and flour together until smooth, add to the scalded milk, and stir until it thickens. Mix the meat, rice, parsley, and seasoning well together. Mix with the thickened milk and cool. When cool, form into cone shaped croquetted, cover with egg and bread crumbs, and fry in smoking hot fat.

Curry of Lamb—Two cups chopped cooked lamb, two tablespoons flour, two cups stock, one tablespoon orange juice, one-half teaspoon chopped mint, two tablespoons butter, one teaspoon curry powder, salt and pepper to taste. Brown the butter, add the curry powder, meat and mint, and cook ten minutes or until the meat is well heated and seasoned. Add the flour, stir until brown, add the stock and stir until the sauce has thickened. Season and serve in a rice boiler. In place of a rice boiler, one cup boiled rice and one of meat may be used, following the directions given above.

Pilaff of Lamb—One-half cup rice, two cups cold chopped lamb, two tablespoons butter. Boil the rice in plenty of boiling, salted water twenty minutes or until tender. Drain and mix with the finely chopped meat, which should be seasoned with salt and pepper and a few drops celery extract. Add the butter, melted, and when the meat is heated, turn the rice and meat into a greased tin mold. Place in the oven a few minutes, or until the pilaff keeps its form when turned out of the mold.

Mutton Scallop.—Two cups finely chopped cooked meat, one cup tomato sauce, one-half cup bread crumbs, one tablespoon butter. Melt the butter, add the bread crumbs, and stir until they are thoroughly greased; season the meat with salt, pepper, a drop or two of onion juice or other suitable seasoning. Fill a greased baking dish with alternate layers of the meat, sauce and bread crumbs, covering the top with the crumbs. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven and serve.

SPINACH.

In cooking spinach in a large quantity of water, which must be drained from it, the potash salts, its most valuable constituents, are lost. Tender spinach will cook in fifteen or twenty minutes; if attention can be given to the process use a little more water and less heat.

Spinach Balls—Melt two tablespoons of flour and half teaspoon of sugar. When blended add one tablespoon cream and three-quarters of a cup cooked spinach, chopped fine. Beat well, remove from fire, add two eggs, one at a time. Season with salt and pepper to taste, and a few grains of mace. Butter one tablespoon and fill with the spinach mixture, making it level with the edge of the spoon, and poach in a saucepan of boiling water four or five minutes or until firm. The water must not boil hard, but simply simmer gently at the sides. Six or more balls may be cooked at one time. Let drain in a colander while making a cream sauce; reheat the balls in the sauce and serve.

French Spinach—The French stew spinach in a little milk or stock, or in a little water to which a piece of butter has been added. The broth is served with the spinach. It may be needless to add that spinach must be thoroughly washed.

HINTS FOR HOME LIFE.

A little salt rubbed on earthenware pudding dishes will take away brown spots.

A new clothesline if boiled for half an hour will become tougher, last longer, and will not tangle.

A slice of raw tomato rubbed on to ink stains on a white cloth or the hands will remove the stains.

The smell of tobacco in a room will be gone in the morning if a basin of water be placed there over night.

Save scraps of ham, tongue or pressed beef for they help to season forcemeat and make excellent relishes.

Cut off the flap of sirloin of beef and sprinkle salt over it if the weather be warm, then boil and serve cold.

All herbs used for medicine should be gathered on a fine day and be well dried in the sun, spread out on paper.

In making buttonholes, if the cotton is passed through beeswax it will prevent its knotting and be much stronger.

Chamois gloves are useful wear for a railway journey, for they can be washed overnight ready for the next morning.

Make tea with soft water as often as possible, for it softens and opens the tea leaves more thoroughly than hard water.

Milk is not so likely to turn sour if kept in a low, wide pan, but it turns very quickly if kept in a long, narrow vessel.

Patent leather can be revived and brightened by rubbing with a linen rag soaked with milk. Then polish with a soft, dry duster.

After frying do not pour off the fat until it has cooled a little, and then be careful to keep back the sediment, which throw into the pig-tub.

Soap suds should never be wasted, as they prove a very valuable manure. No one who is lucky enough to have a garden should ever throw away soap suds.

The clear juice of one lemon, taken without sugar, in a wineglassful of cold water, is a thorough remedy for muddy complexions and erruptions on the skin.

A felt hat may be stiffened by placing a wet cloth on the brim, and passing a hot iron over this till it is dry. Pulling away the cloth will raise the nap.

Physicians assert that baked potatoes are more nutritious than those cooked in any other way, and that fried ones are the most difficult to digest.

Piano keys can be cleaned as can any old ivory by being rubbed with muslin dipped in alcohol. If very yellow use a piece of flannel moistened with cologne water.

If new tinware be rubbed over with fresh lard and thoroughly heated in the oven before it is used it will never rust afterwards, no matter how much it is put in water.

Braid for trimming washing frocks should be dipped in cold water and pressed dry on the wrong side with a rather hot iron before being used, to avoid shrinkage afterwards.

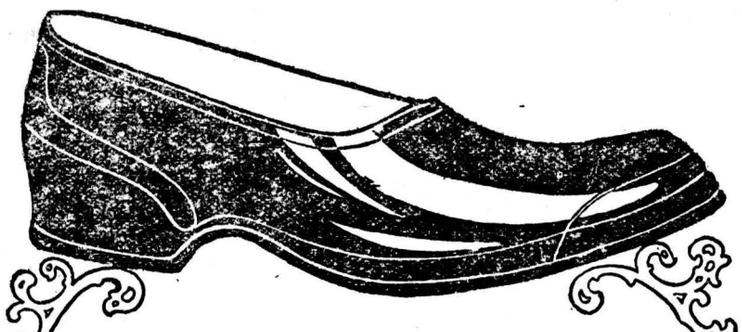
DOCTOR IN THE SCHOOL.

The schools of the city of Brussels are divided into six groups, and each group has its medical officer. He must examine the pupils from the physical and intellectual point of view, and endeavor to foresee and to check any abnormal development or tendency to disease. What is qualified as "preventive medicine" (prophylactic), such as cod-liver oil, may then be prescribed at the public expense. A remarkable feature of this medical service is that the medical officers have to give lessons on hygiene to the senior classes.

Mr. Arthur Burrows, barrister-at-law, of Lincoln's Inn, London, has recently completed his ninety-third year, having been born on August 26th, 1812. He is the oldest practising barrister in the kingdom, and has held the appointment as one of the conveyancing counsel to the Chancery Division since 1877.

The Kaiser puts in twelve hours of work a day; he knows something about engineering and electricity; he can paint a picture and make a caricature; he can cook as well as cat; he leads in prayer and conducts a choir; he changes his dress twelve times a day and has $500,000 worth of clothes; he bears a hundred titles and is an Admiral in three of the biggest navies; he does a hundred different things and does each one nearly as well as does the expert in that particular line—certainly a Royal Jack of all trades.

The young Crown Princess of Germany is rapidly becoming the leader of fashion in Berlin. She has set a new custom, which is becoming extremely popular. While walking she almost invariably carries a dainty, rather long, walking-stick with a gold top and ornamented with a silken bow. Her Royal Highness has a large collection of sticks, from which she is able to select one to suit any costume that she may be wearing. One very handsome mauve colored stick is finished off at the top with a flat crystal button, and bears her initials in rubies.



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Miss F. A. C. Myers, organist of St. Paul's Church, Waddington, N. Y., teacher of piano violin, and pipe organ, will receive pupils in Iroquois every Monday and Thursday. Teaches the National grade of seven systems of piano music, in vogue in all the conservatories in New York and Philadelphia. Sight reading taught. For particulars and terms apply at The News office.

County and District

The Week's Events in a Nutshell

Judge Johnston is down with typhoid fever at Vankleek Hill.

Robt. Stewart, Justice of the Peace at Kenmore, was nearly gored to death by a bull.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ogilvie, of Pleasant Valley on Sunday, October 22nd, a daughter.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William Mulholland, of South Monutain, on Thursday, Oct. 26th, a son.

It is not always safe to conclude because a man has a black eye he has been in a row. He may have been putting up stove pipes.

A farmer in this section put 30 bushels of potatoes away a couple of weeks ago, and when he inspected them recently he could not get one bushel of sound ones among them.—Kemptville Advance.

Gordon Robinson, blacksmith, of Chesterville, grew a wonder in his garden this summer in the form of a squash. It measures 6 feet and 3 inches in circumference and weighs 104 pounds.

The local Agricultural Society directors will shortly hold a meeting to consider the advisability of erecting a new fair building and covered rink combined, on Riverside Park, Kemptville.

Mrs. A. Sweet, organist and choir leader of the Methodist church, Winchester, was presented with an address and a handsome hall seat in recognition of her services. Miss Della Earl has been appointed organist of the Methodist church in succession to Mrs. Sweet, resigned.

Brockville, Ont., October 31.—The opening of the new Public school in Athens has been fixed to take place early in December, and Hon. J. P. Whitney, Premier of Ontario, and Hon. Dr. Pyne, the Provincial Minister of Education, have been invited by the citizens of the village to take part in the exercises.

A verdict for the plaintiff for five hundred dollars and costs was given by the jury in the high court at Ottawa on Monday evening of last week in the famous Moose Creek libel action, Watt vs. Munroe. This was an action for $5,000 damages for libel by Dr. J. E. Watts, of Moose Creek, against Alex. Munroe, of the same place. The action arose out of the following notice which was posted up in the village: Notice—Asthma cured in 24 hours. Coffins for sale cheap. Apply to E. J. Watts, M. D. and D. B." This action had already been tried three times, and each time the jury had disagreed.

SENATOR FULFORD'S WILL.—The Toronto General Trusts Corporation, of Toronto, are applying for probate of the will of the late Senator Fulford, they having been named executors and trustees in the will. The estate is valued in the aggregate at $4,820,019.74, of which $74,610 is in real estate, the balance being.

Bonds and debentures	$1,907,578
Stocks	2,633,727
Mortgages	26,820
Insurances	100,000
Promissory notes	15,000
Household furniture and other personal effects	58,500

The sum of $25,000 is also left direct to the Brockville General Hospital, and the will further provides that in default finally of all descendants that the estate shall revert to the Brockville General Hospital. $400,000 is set aside to provide a home for indigent Protestant Old Women residents of Canada. The widow is given the use of Fulford Place and all contents, together with $25,000 per annum during her life. Each of the daughters is to receive $12,000 a year until the age of 25 years, and each shall be provided with a house if she shall so desire, not exceeding in cost $50,000, and to be settled on them and their children. The executors are directed to continue the business of G. T. Fulford & Co., by converting it into a joint stock company as soon as possible. In the codicil, made October 13th, last, at Newton, an annuity of $10,000 per annum was made to the widow for the maintenance of the "Magedoma," Senator Fulford's yacht, which annuity shall also be paid to the son, should he desire to keep her in commission in later years. It is directed that A. C. Hardy, a son-in-law, shall receive an amount up to $50,000 as a loan should he desire to go into business, and the same amount is to be loaned George A. Shirreff, in case he should desire to go into business. Mrs. A. C. Hardy, a daughter, is left "Thornton Cliffe," the property adjoining Fulford Place. The executors have filed with the Successions Duties Department a bond for $500,000, to cover the amount of the duties.

R. L. Joynt, ex-M. L. A., is prominently mentioned in connection with the vacant Registrarship for Grenville county.

The directors of the Renfrew Fair attribute the great success of their annual exhibition this year to the liberal use of printer's ink.

Keith Merkley, son of A. H. Merkley, Morrisburg, who has been in Bulawayo, South Africa, for three years, arrived home last week.

Cornwall will vote on a by-law Nov. 18th to give $20,000 loan and exemption from taxation to a joint stock company to be formed by Thos. McGill, of Kearney, Algoma, to build and operate a chair factory in Cornwall.

The blacksmiths of Kemptville, Merrickville, Oxford Mills, and the surrounding districts, have formed a union, and have drawn up a scale of prices for standard work, such as horse-shoeing, tire-setting etc. For new shoes they will charge 30 cents, setting shoes 15 cents, setting tires 50 cents.

PROVINCIAL W. C. T. U. — The Provincial W. C. T. U. convention, held at Brockville last week, was largely attended by delegates. In the matter of flowers, fruits and delicacies, counties were heard from The receipts of this department were $871.60, and the expenditures 770,53. The report on purity and mother's meetings was prepared by Mrs. I. P. Ferrier, of Midland. There are 28 counties reporting to this department, with 26 local superintendents. There are 51 local unions in existence. Five hundred leaflets and pamphlets were distributed. In a subsequent discussion it was suggested that at all times the members of the W.C.T.U. should invoke the Criminal Code in order to suppress all forms of impurity. The question of obscene postcards and literature passing through the mails was objected to. It was also suggested that at times the different unions would endeavor to secure physicians to give lectures on such subjects as relate to the moral and sanitary aspect of the work. A splendid report on juvenile work was read by Miss Kate Marjerson, the superintendent. The report stated that a decrease had taken place in the number of the juvenile societies reporting, but the work is now being done by Sunday schools and junior societies of the church. It was suggested that every county should appoint a county superintendent. Talks on temperance should be given in the Public schools. It was also recommended that juvenile work should be discussed at county conventions. For the work of temperance among lumbernen the sum of $1,408.26 was raised. Mrs. Dr. Yeomans offered up prayer, after which the tellers reported 87 officers and members eligible to vote. The results were: President, S. G. E. McGee, Barrie; Vice-President, Mrs. May R. Thornley, London; Cor. Sec'y, Mrs. S. R. Wright, London; Rec. Sec'y, Mrs. H. E. Irwin, Weston; Treas., Mrs. B. O. Britton, Gananoque; "Y" Sec'y, Miss Dunlop, Pembroke. The organization report showed Miss Charlotte E. Wiggins had visited 34 places, giving 104 addresses and securing 145 new members. Many resolutions presented by the Committee on Resolutions were concurred in. These included endorsation of the local option movement as affording some relief from the evils of which the W. C. T. U. complain; woman's franchise was strongly advocated also the teaching of scientific temperance in the schools and the use of graded text books; condemnation of the opium traffic and the British Government for perpetuating this curse to humanity; discouragement of the use of alcoholic flavoring extracts in foods and drinks, and eulogizing the teaching of manual training in the public schools; protest against the nefarious combination of the business of supplying household necessities with the sale of strong drink, and calling upon housekeepers to boycott merchants so engaged; codemnation of the public house trusts scheme; deploring the widespread use of tobacco and the manufacture and sale of cigarettes; protest against suggestive pictures on cigarette packages and "Midway" attractions at fall fairs, characterized as "shools for moral corruption"; the widespread use of patent medicines containing alcohol was deprecated, and legal restraint of the distribution of certain medicine leaflets from house to house was advocated.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

THE MOLSONS BANK

Established Over 50 Years

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL

Current accounts solicited and money loaned to municipalities, farmers, merchants and bankers.

Deposits received from One Dollar up. Full interest allowed from date of deposit to date of withdrawal.

Interest compounded at regular intervals. Depositors can get their money and interest any day without notice.

Customers of this Bank afforded the best terms.

New accounts invited.

R. BARNHART

AGENT

IROQUOIS BRANCH

The Making of a Coat



means something more to us than the mere putting together of the cloth that forms the outside of the garment. It means also the careful cutting and adjustment of the inside linings—the "vitals" of the garment.

This is a part of the secret why our

Made-to-measure Clothing

fits well from the first and always retains its shape.

Suits to order.....$10 25

Trousers.....$2.50 to $6

A. D. McINNIS

Iroquois, Ont.

The New Bakery

Leave Your Order with

J. MYERS

FRESH BREAD

DELIVERED DAILY

Buns, Cakes, Pies, Rolls, etc., etc.

1881—1905

Who Bakes Your Bread?

For the past 24 years we have furnished the majority of the people of Iroquois and vicinity with bread, while the remainder have been supplied by over ten different bakers, who held forth for a time and quit. Thanks for such continued patronage. Our bread may not have been always perfect but we did our best, and we believe we have been appreciated for we are here still and better prepared than ever to give satisfaction.

The wagon goes out daily, and all orders for bread, groceries, etc., will be promptly attended to.

Remember the old standby, and give us your orders.

Coulter's Bakery