The News



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FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP

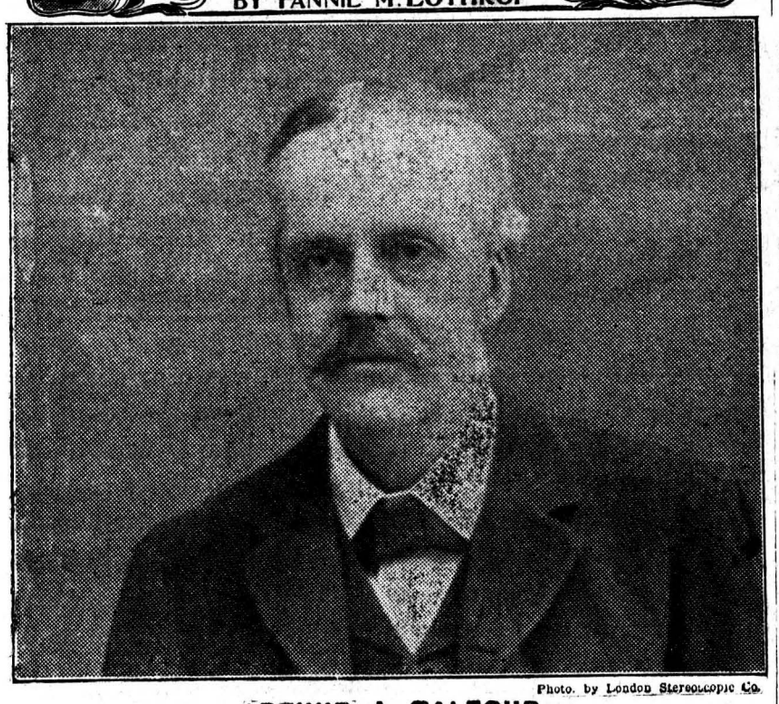

Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.

ARTHUR J. BALFOUR

The Evolution of a Prime Minister

The Prime Minister of Great Britain, Arthur James Balfour, is a strange paradox. A power in politics, he cares nothing for the game; with little or no ambition, he has risen to a position second only to that of the King; of a dreamy, philosophic temperament, he has proved himself a man of instant action in every emergency.

He was born in 1848 in Scotland, the son of a wealthy Scotchman, and Lady Cecil, sister of the late Lord Salisbury. At Eton and Cambridge he won no medals for special brilliancy, and no microscopic examination revealed a germ of future greatness. He was a member of "The Souls," a society of enthusiasts vainly seeking the "ultimate" among the list of life's unattainables. When twenty-six he entered Parliament, and was bored and cynical, taking neither himself nor his work seriously; a spectator of life rather than a struggler. As the weak member of "the Fourth Party," he was the good-natured butt of the House and was usually summed up by his fellows as "clever but hopelessly lazy."

In 1886, to the amazement and amusement of England, Salisbury, his uncle, named him the successor of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chief Secretary for Ireland. This post that had brought the snow of age to the heads of strong men and had even killed some of them in the fierce days of the "Land League," was given to this young, gentle, easy-going individual. The Irish members smiled knowingly and rubbed their hands in the glee of anticipation—but it was all premature. Daniel was surely thrown into the lion's den, but the lions had not reckoned on the marvellous transformation.

The indolent, careless manner of Balfour suddenly fell from him as if it were a magic mantle. He stood before them a man of keen judgment, iron will, vigorous and virile force and a master in executive power. He braved alike their taunts, their threats, their insolence and their abuse until they became tired. They were like fairy bullets that hit him but did not hurt him. His firmness, liberality and good sense at last won his enemies.

From one high position to another he rose without any seeming effort, till his present honors fell at his feet in 1902. Balfour is a man of deep religious spirit, sweet and gentle in nature, serious and serene in temperament, simple and unaffected, seemingly unconscious of his strength, a philosopher turned statesman, and so sensitized to the great realities of life as to be unmindful of many things that absorb the whole life of smaller men.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by W. C. Mack, at the Department of Agriculture.

Farmers

Don't be deceived, as we have the EXCLUSIVE CONTROL OF..... Kant Krack GUARANTEED

Rubbers for Iroquois

And **WE** replace **Free** every pair stamped "Kant Krack" that cracks before 1st April.

50 Pairs "Berlin" Red Wool lined heavy **Rubbers** for over Soxs at **$1.75** per pair.

The largest and best variety of **Beefskin Moccasins** for Men and boys ever shown in town. STRICTLY WATERPROOF.

Seely's is your place for warm feet. TRY HIM.

ZIMRI SEELY

The nicest and Nobbiest line of Ladies' Overshoes and Overgaitors, all leugths, for your special inspection. Z. SEELY.

Savings Bank Department

Capital Paid up and Reserve **$6,000,000**

Get Particulars

Call in anv time

The Molsons Bank Iroquois

Cook's Cotton Root Compound,



The only safe effectual monthly medicine on which women can depend. Sold in two degrees of strength—No. 1, for ordinary cases, $1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger for Special Cases, $3 per box. *Sold by all druggists.* Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound; take no substitute.

The Cook Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

FLOWERS.

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

High School Notes

Form III	French	Grammar	Euclid	Latin Prose	Literature
Clare Coulter		69	87	78	73
Nellie Tallmire	71	78	84		73
Leroy Holmes	76	72	91	72	65
Charlie Wallace	93	80	77	79	33
Maude Coons		69	76	78	49
Chas A. Strader		82	96	40	41
Allan Locke	69	57	96	67	40
Kate Dixon	70	67	35	71	74
Claire Gibbons	63	58	93		37
Adam Harkness	47	79	89	69	27
Jennie Armstrong		70	87	53	37
Clara Armstrong	70	60	36		74
Florence Adams	45	60	87	56	51
Edith Coons	59	68	72		36
Emma Banford	68	70	50	44	61
Harry Bowen	60	44	80		42
John Driscoll	80	58	76		11
Myrtle Corley	62	65	7	68	77
Wm. E. Wright	66	64	18	70	45
Silas Redmond	53	64	52	32	57
May Wallace	60	45	49	56	44
Gladys Lennox	45	72	47		38
George W. Sloan	40	48	62	45	46
James Ault		56	65	56	a
Stanley Rutherford		62	42		28
Willard Holmes	30	55	14	31	38

Cardinal was deserted on Monday from all accounts.

Isn't it about time the Glee Club was being organized to prepare for the annual commencement?

A little dog created quite an excitement in school the other day. For particulars apply to Leizert.

The Kid Combination Athletic Association has again organized and will place the following team in the field against all comers: Goal, Eichner; full backs, Conner, M. Wallace, A. Dixon, Kelly, Gibbons; forwards, Bowen, Tanney, Cooper, Murray, Lennox.

Town Topics

Geo Rourke, of Kingston, spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. John Rourke.

Mrs. A. Smith returned home this week, after spending a few weeks with friends in town.

Seven new machines, mostly wood-working, have been added to the screen factory, and once the looms arrive the company will commence the manufacture of both window and door screens on a large scale.

If you want a neat fitting, comfortable, good wearing pair of handmade shoes, sewed or pegged, call on Wm. Henderson's, the Iroquois shoemaker. Prices right. Repairing a specialty. See advt. in another column.

Capt. Fox will run the str. Algona to the 'Burg and intermediate points every Monday, Thursday and Saturday, leaving Iroquois at 8 a. m., during the remainder of the season, at 50c. for round trip. This arrangement will be appreciated by the travelling public.

THE LATE MRS. GRIFFITHS.—Although her many friends in Iroquois and vicinity had been apprised from time to time of late that Mrs. Griffiths (nee Mary Skinner) of Gananoque, was in a dangerous condition, the news of her death came as a distinct shock. Especially was this true in the case of the older members of St. John's congregation, among whom and with whom she labored so earnestly and so zealously some forty years ago for the erection of that widely admired edifice, which stands to-day a source of charm to all who have seen it, and a lasting monument to the zeal and love of those faithful ones who then formed the congregation. Born of parents whose kindly and charming hospitality made their home a most attractive centre for innumerable friends, and possessed of a bright and attractive personality, Mary Skinner was ever an energetic and successful worker in the various causes that enlisted her support, and especially was this the case in her work for the church. For many years she filled the position of organist in the church, and assisted as she was by the rector, a most accomplished musician, and by a choir of exceptional talent, the musical services in St. John's Church attained a widespread and enviable reputation. One gentleman, who is still a leading member of the choir, when he falls into a reminiscent mood, delights to recall the happy hours spent in choral services in those days. When Miss Skinner went to Gananoque, she carried with her the same love for the church, the same readiness to help in every line of duty. At intervals she revisited with her husband the church of her first love, and it could readily be pardoned Mrs. Griffiths if as she surveyed the lovely edifice something of the "quorum magna pars fui" were to claim a share in her thoughts.



TALKING OF WEALTH

Opening a Savings Account at The Bank of Toronto may be your first step on the

ROAD TO WEALTH

riches and affluence, as the first savings of the first earnings are the foundation upon which is built future prosperity and financial independence. The Bank of Toronto, Cardinal, pays interest at highest current rates from date of deposit on sums ranging from One Dollar to any amount.

The following figures will convince you that your savings will be absolutely safe with us:

Paid up Capital, $3,500,000
Reserve Fund, $3,800,000
Assets, : $31,000,000

The Bank of Toronto

W. F. BELL

BRINSTON'S CORNERS

DEALER IN PIANOS ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES, CARRIAGES, CUTTERS. SLEIGHS, FURNACES, STOVES, HARNESS, CREAM SEPARATORS, MASSEY-HARRIS IMPLEMENTS, ETC

Always Home Saturdays.

LADIES

Ready-to-wear and Untrimmed Felt Hats cleared out at Cost during the next few days.

Come early and get a Bargain.

MISS PICHE

You Can Buy

Fanning Mills,
Scales, Incubators,
Lowdown Wagons,
Wrought iron Wheels made to fit any axle or width of tyre,
Coil Spring Wire,
Fencing—any style,
Feed Boilers, Steel Tanks and Troughs, &c., from

W. M. Merkley, Ireno

The Best Shoes, Shoes that Wear the Longest are

MADE TO ORDER SHOES

They cost a little more but are cheapest in the end.
Only the finest Oak Tanned Leather used. Leave your order at Henderson's.
Special attention given to all kinds of repairing.
Prices Reasonable.

WM. HENDERSON

When You Have a Bad Cold

You want a remedy that will not only give quick relief but effect a permanent cure.

You want a remedy that will relieve the lungs and keep expectoration easy.

You want a remedy that will counteract any tendency towards penumonia.

You want a remedy that is pleasant and safe to take.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy meets all of these requirements and for the speedy and permanent cure of bad colds stands without a peer. For sale by B. F. Smith.

Dundela.

Miss Ida Noland, of Chesterville, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. M. Barkley.....Miss Nina Empey, of Maxville, is visiting at the home of W. A. Hamilton.....Mr. and Mr. Joe Hooke, of Brockville, have returned home after visiting at the home of J. W. Cooper.....We are sorry to report that Mrs. Geo. Morris is very ill.....Mrs. Clinton Hutt and family, of Calgary, are visiting at the home of W. Whitteker.....The Misses Edith and Emma Payne, of Brinston's Corners, spent Sunday with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Hunter.....Miss Laura Larmour, of North Williamsburg, spent Sunday under the parental roof.....Lome Casselman, of Morrisburg, was visiting at the home of Donald Hanes Sunday.....Mr. and Mrs. W. Gallaher, and Dr. and Mrs. P. A. MacIntosh and son spent Sunday at I. Hanson's, Strader's Hill.....We are glad to see Miss Ina Marcellis out again after a severe attack of la grippe.....About thirty young people gathered at the home of Wm. Cook on Friday evening where they spent a very enjoyable evening, returning home in the wee' sma' hours.....Mr. and Mrs. C. E. MacIntosh and the Misses Ida and Aletha MacIntosh spent Sunday with friends at North Williamsburg.....The Misses Sarah and Annie Locheridge, of Morewood, are visiting friends in town.....Orson Soules has returned home from Ramsay, Ont., where he spent the summer.....A ploughing bee was held at Jacob Bouck's on Saturday. Quite a number turned out.

Hainsville

Mrs. J. R. Briggs has returned from Prescott, where she has been treated for lung trouble by Dr. McPherson; we are pleased to learn that her health is somewhat improved.....John Coons is spending a short time with friends in Ottawa.....The Public school have engaged W. R. Pharaoh, of North Williamsburg, as teacher for 1906.....Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. Barkley, on Nov. 10th, a son.....Mrs. Casselman, of North Williamsburg, is staying for a few days with her daughter, Mrs. A. Briggs.....Miss H. Coad, of Smith's Falls, and Miss E. Rilance, of New Ross, were calling on friends here on Saturday.....R. Powell, our local butcher, is making frequent shipments of beef cattle to Prescott and Ottawa markets.....Born to Mr. and Mrs. M. Cross, 5th inst., a daughter.....W. E. Boyd received a letter recently containing some money, and the words, "for the Council," written on a sheet of note paper. Evidently the sender, who withheld his name, desires to reimburse the public treasury and has selected Mr. Boyd as the medium through whom to convey it, as that gentleman was a member of the council for a number of years.....A ten days' convention under the auspices of the "Holiness Movement," is being held at Pittston, Rev. R. C. Horner conducted the services on Sunday and quite a large number from this place were in attendance.

TO CATARRH SUFFERERS

Hyomei Cures by Breathing Medicated Air.

The popularity and increase in the sales of Hyomei are unique in the annals of medicine. Such astonishing cures have been made by this remedy that its sale is steadily increasing every year.

The complete Hyomei outfit costs but $1.00 and consists of an inhaler that can be carried in the vest pocket, a medicine dropper, and a bottle of Hyomei. The inhaler lasts a life-time and if one bottle does not cure an extra bottle of Hyomei can be obtained for 50 cents. It is the most economical of all remedies advertised for the cure of catarrh, and is the only one that follows Nature in her methods of treating diseases of the respiratory organs.

Breathe through the inhaler for a few minutes four times a day, and your catarrh is cured. That's all.

If you cannot obtain Hyomei of your dealer, it will be forwarded by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price. Write today for consultation blank that will entitle you to services of our medical department without charge. The R. T. Booth Company, Hyomei Building, Ithaca, N. Y.

Don't forget the Presbyterian supper and entertainment on Friday, Dec. 8th.

SALE.—A. Redmond, auctioneer, will sell by public auction on east half of lot 10, con. 5, Matilda, on Wednesday, Nov. 22nd, at 1 p.m., the farm stock of Ivan Nesbitt, Dundela P. O. See posters.

County and District

The Week's Events in a Nutshell

Winchester Presbyterian congregation has extended a call to Rev. Geo. Fyke, of Springville, Ont., as successor to Rev. E. S. Logie who resigned in August.

Joseph Bowman, aged 85 years, one of the oldest residents of Ogdensburg, passed away early Sunday morning. He leaves one daughter, Mrs. Joseph B. Reid, of Alexandria Bay, and two sons, Robert and James, in Ogdensburg.

In addition to the gift of late J. R. Booth, of Ottawa, of $5,000 to the endownment fund of Queen's, Inspector Cowley, of Carleton county, has given $1,000. Before going to Ottawa, Rev. Robert Laird, Queen's agent, got subscriptions of $3,500 in Brockville, and Keene congregation gave $1,000. The endownment fund now amounts to $150,000.

In a letter received from Mr. Kimball, manager of the Bank of Toronto, Cardinal Branch, he states that the general inspector of the bank will be in South Mountain this month and the matter of opening a branch in South Mountain will be laid before him. Mr. Kimball was so highly pleased with the good field there for a bank that we feels certain they will decide to open a branch.

Cardinal

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Dodge on November 1, 1905, a son.

...right, energetic correspondent ...d for The News at Cardinal.

...arry Henon was confined to his ...m last week with a sprained ankle.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Arthurs, on November 2, 1905, a daughter.

Wm. Patterson, who has been teller in the Bank of Toronto here for the past two years, has been transferred to Toronto.

The willing workers of the Presbyterian church will hold a sale of fancy work and refreshments on December 1, 1905, in the town hall.

Commencing last Sunday the Rev. Macarthur began a series of sermons on "Beatitudes." The course will continue through the Sermon on the Mount.

Rev. Mr. Macarthur intends taking up a course for training teachers for the Sunday school on Wednesday evenings. A number of young people are taking a deep interest.

Cardinal Council convened on Nov. 6th. Present, Reeve Kavanaugh, and Councillors Vancamp, Brindle and Walker. On motion of Messrs. Vancamp and Brindle, Miss J. Paul's business tax of $3.50 was refunded. The by-law to assess the ratepayers for their share of granolithic walk was read three times. On motion of Messrs. Vancamp and Walker, the following accounts were passed:—Peter Reid, streets and walks, $5.00; Adam Richmire, do, $32.80; John Crawford, do, $1.55; Joseph Coons, do, $13.20; A. T. McLatchie, do, $2.00; Thomas Rans, do, $4.00; Wm. Houston, wood, $9.00; J. Coons, town hall, $7.00. Motion carried.

South Mountain

LOCAL OPTION TURNED DOWN IN MOUNTAIN.—Mountain township council met at Inkerman on Monday of last week and one of the questions dealt with was that of submitting a local option by-law at the January elections. A delegation composed of twenty persons presented a petition containing the names of John McTavish and 438 others, requesting the council to submit such a by-law. The council was addressed by Revs. Burke and Ferguson, of South Mountain; Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Hallville; S. S. Reveler, of Winchester, and Mr. Robinson, of Vancamp, all of whom urged the importance of submitting a local option by-law to a vote of the people and furthermore pledged themselves to provide the means to cover the cost of the same. Councillors Josiah Render and W. H. Millar were in favor of granting the prayers of the petitioners. Councillor Thos. Christie opposed a local option by-law on principle. Councillor Thos. Bailey said that as the present Ontario Government had promised to bring in amendments to the Liquor Act to further restrict the sale of liquor, he was in favor of waiting to see what the effect would be. He further thought it would not be the part of wisdom to pass a local option by-law in Mountain now, as the sale of liquor would be continued on each side of the municipality, which would make it hard to enforce the by-law. It was then moved by Thos. Christie, seconded by Thos. Bailey, that the prayers of the petitioners be not granted. Moved in amendment by Josiah Render, seconded by W. H. Miller, that the petition be received and the request granted, and that a by-law be submitted to the ratepayers on Jan. 1st next, Lost on casting vote of the reeve. Reeve Larue in explaining his opposition to the amendment took the same ground as Councillor Bailey. The number of voters in Mountain is about one thousand.

THE HEIR OF SANTLEIGH

OR

THE STEWARD'S SON

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued).

"You have made all inquiries, I suppose?"

"Yes, my lady. I've sent all over the village. But there's nowhere she could hide away from me in the village, or, for the matter of that, in Ferndale. Becca's too well known."

Norah rose with a sigh. Much as she would have preferred to remain at home on the chance of Cyril's writing or calling, she felt it her duty to help Harman in her trouble.

"Order the pony phaeton, please," she said. "You and I will drive round and see if we can find her; and don't be more worried than you can help. Depend upon it, she is not far off. I expect we shall find her at home by the time we get there."

"Where shall we go first? To her grandfather's cottage, I suppose?" said Norah. "You will see we shall find her there."

They reached the cottage, and Harman got out of the phaeton. She was away scarcely two minutes, and returned shaking her head.

"She's not come home, my lady," she said, in a low voice.

Norah did not know what to do next, and as she sat holding the restless ponies, perplexed and undecided, Guildford Berton turned the corner of the lane in front of them and came toward them.

He was coming along with his eyes downcast as usual, and did not see them until he was almost close upon the ponies; then he started slightly and looked up, and Norah noticed that he looked rather paler than usual, and haggard; but his face cleared and lightened as he recognized her, and he came up with a smile as he raised his hat.

"Good-morniag, Lady Norah," he said brightly. "I am glad to see you out; I was afraid you would be exhausted. What a lovely morning!" and he nodded smilingly to Harman, who dropped a courtesy. "I rode over to Ferndale this morning," he said, "to ask after you. I d ope your headache has vanished!"

"Thank you, yes," replied ah, gravely, and trying to decide w er she should tell him of her quest; it, as if he had divined her indecis n, he said, quietly:

"Is anything the matter, Lady Norah?"

Norah forced a smile, but avoided his eyes.

"Well, yes," she said. We are looking for Becca South, Mr. Berton."

His eyes did not quail, and not a muscle of his face winced, as, still smiling, he said:

"Not a very difficult search, is it? Your maid is very well known, is she not?"

"Yes," said Norah, constrainedly, for she felt that he was thinking of last night, and the scene between Cyril and Becca, "and that makes it difficult. Harman—her aunt—is afraid that she did not return to Santleigh last night."

"No!" he responded, raising his brows. "But there is nothing very alarming in that, is there, Mrs. Harman? She may have stayed at Ferndale."

"Oh, we have thought of that," said Norah, almost impatiently. Guidford Berton's presence made the affair still more distasteful to her, and she began to regret that she had not sent Harman alone to make inquiries.

"Of course," he said, "forgive me; but the last person on the scene always makes suggestions which have occurred to others at the beginning. When did you see her last, Mrs. Harman?"

"When she started for the fete, sir," replied Harman, almost inaudibly.

"Ah, yes," he murmured, glancing at Norah, who sat looking straight in front her. "Of course. You were not there yourself, Mrs. Harman? Well, don't look so anxious; I have no doubt we shall soon find your niece. Let me see——" He seemed to consider for a moment or two. "Why yes, of course, the thing to do is to find out the person who saw her last. No doubt some one left the fete and walked home with her."

He made the suggestion so cheerfully and encouragingly that Harman gave him a grateful look from her anxious eyes.

"I will help you to find her," he said. Then he turned to Norah: "Pray don't trouble about it, Lady Norah. I am sure there is no need for anxiety. I will make some inquiries of the people who were at the fete yesterday. The girl is well known, and I dare say dozens of her friends know where she is."

Norah inclined her head with a constrained "Thank you," and turned the ponies, but walked them slowly and he kept by the side with his hand resting on the phaeton.

The village street, usually so sleepy and inert, was alive with groups who looked at the Court carriage, and discussed the one topic of the day—the disappearance of Becca. They guessed from Harman's accompanying her that Norah was looking for the missing girl, and as they touched their caps and courtesyed one and another expressed their approval.

"Her ladyship's got a tender heart," said one old woman. "She's one o' the first to be after the girl. And there's Mr. Berton, too. I'll be bound he'll find her if any one can!"

Norah looked at the people with the same half absent, half troubled expression. The vague, indefinable fear of presentiment was weighing upon her more heavily each minute. Suddenly she pulled up the ponies.

"There are some girls—those standing outside the inn—whom I saw at the fete. Will you ask them if they know anything, please?" she said.

Berton walked to the knot of girls, the phaeton following.

"Can any of you tell Lady Norah where Becca South is?"

They looked at each other shyly, and shook their heads.

"You were at the fete last night," said Norah. "Did none of you see her when you were coming away?"

The girls looked at one of the party and whispered to her, evidently urging her to speak; and she stepped forward a little and dropped a courtesy. It was the girl who had wished Becca good night as Cyril was writing the letter.

"I saw Becca last of any one, my lady," she said, timidly.

"Yes!" said Norah, gently and encouragingly. "Will you tell us when and where you saw her?"

"It was when I was coming away from the big tent, my lady. Becca was coming away, too. She was standing just a little way from the tent, near the shrubbery."

Norah leaned forward eagerly, and Harman sat with clasped hands and an anxious look on her face, but Berton stood grave and impassively cool.

"She was coming away, coming home?" said Norah. "Why did she not come with you?"

"I don't know, my lady. I did not ask her, but——"

"Was she alone?" asked Guildford Berton.

"No, sir," replied the girl. "There was a gentleman with her."

"A gentleman!" he said. "Who was it? Do you know him?" Then he turned with an encouraging smile to Norah. "We shall find her now."

"It was Mr. Cyril Burne, my lady," she said.

"Are—are you sure?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes, my lady, quite sure. There was a streak of light where they were, and I saw him quite plainly. Oh, I'm quite sure it was the artist gentleman."

Guildford Berton broke it.

"That does not help us much. Mr. Burne may have been helping her with her cloak; he was very attentive to her all the evening."

"Did no one see her after that?" he asked generally.

"No, sir. No, my lady, none of us saw her after that."

"Perhaps we had better ask Mr. Burne?" he said to Norah in the same low voice. "I don't suppose he can give us any information, but we will leave no stone unturned."

Norah inclined her head slightly, and he went up to the inn door. As he did so an elderly man with bushy eyebrows came out. It was Mr. Furlong. He was filling his pipe, and glanced at the group, and then at the phaeton; his eyes rested upon Norah's face with intensity, and he stopped the filling of his pipe. Then he touched his hat, half lifting it in London fashion, and, going to a bench outside the inn, sat down, leisurely lit his pipe, and sat smoking, apparently paying little or no attention to what was going on.

Guildford Berton glanced at him half curiously, and was entering the inn door when Mrs. English appeared.

She looked flurried and upset, and dropped a succession of courtesies to Norah.

"Good morning, Mrs. English," said Guildford Berton. "Is Mr. Burne in?"

"Mr. Burne, sir?" she replied. "Oh, no, sir; he's not here. He hasn't been home all night."

Berton gave a little start, and looked over his shoulder at Norah.

"Not been back to the inn? Is he not staying here?"

"Well, you may say so, sir," she said in a nervous way. "But he's been away—to London, I think—for the last fortnight. He came back all in a hurry, as you say, last evening, and dressed for the ball, and—and—that's the last I've seen of him. Won't you step in, sir, and you, my lady? I'm all in a fluster this morning, what with Becca South going off all of a sudden, and Mr. Cyril not coming back."

"No, thank you, we won't come in, Mrs. English. You expected Mr. Burne to return, then?"

"Why, of course, sir. He've only got on his black dancing clothes, and all his things is here. I can't make out why he didn't come back; but I thought that he'd stayed at Ferndale perhaps——"

"Mr. Burne did not stay at Ferndale Park."

"Then where can he have gone, my lady?" continued Mrs. English. "It's true as he's rather a strange gentleman, a-rushing off, as you may say, without a word of warning; but he wouldn't go up to London in his dancing things, would he, my lady?"

"Just so, Mrs. English; as you say, that is not very likely. But I don't quite see where he could have stayed the night."

"If he'd stayed at the inn at Ferndale—but, Lor', sir, it's a rough place, and Mr. Cyril wouldn't have thought anything of walking home here. No, he wouldn't have stayed there, and if he had come back this morning, if only to change his things."

Guildford Berton went up to the phaeton and leaned on it.

"It is very—curious," he said, thoughtfully. "Really, I think Mr. Burne's disappearance as remarkable as Becca South's."

The group had become considerably augmented by this time, and they listened in eager interest to the proceedings.

"You have not seen Becca South this morning?" asked Berton of Mrs. English, and she seemed quite hurt by the question.

"Lor', no, sir! Beggin' your pardon, I should think I've been asked that at least a hundred times on the best o' days. The last time I saw her, I think"— she paused a moment—"at least so far as I can remember, was the day Mr. Cyril started for London. She came with a message from him to fetch his watch, as he'd left behind."

At this fresh link of connection between Cyril's movements and Becca's Norah's face flushed, and she bent down to hide it, and arranged the fur wrap at her feet.

"This deserves to be called the Santleigh mystery," said Berton to her with a smile. "Really, I don't know what to do next, unless we inquire at the railway station."

Norah gathered the reins in her hand.

"But pray don't trouble to do so," he said, quickly. "I will get my horse and ride over."

"Harman and I will go," said Norah.

"Will you let me go with you?" he said. "I may be able to save you a little trouble."

Norah would have liked to say "No," but she could scarcely do so, and at a sign of assent from her he got in, and the phaeton drove off.

The group at the inn door commenced chattering instantly like a flock of magpies, and Mrs. English gave a start when a rough voice from the bench said:

"What's all the fuss about, mistress?"

Mrs. English turned to him, and, the crowd listening as intently as if they had never heard the story before, related the double disappearance.

The man Furlong did not seem to take much interest.

"Is that all? he said, half contemptuously, when Mrs. English stopped breathlessly. "They can't have got far, either of them; England isn't big enough to lose anybody in. Who was that young lady in the pony chaise?" he inquired after a pause, which the bystanders had filled with indignant glances at the "furriner."

"That? Why, that was Lady Norah, the earl's daughter," replied Mrs. English. "You must be a stranger in these parts not to know that."

"You're right, I am a stranger," retorted Furlong, and he put his legs up on the bench and went on with his pipe as if "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

Norah drove on in silence, Harman crying in a suppressed way by her side, and for a time Guildford Berton did not speak.

Fate was still on his side, and working for him in a persistent fashion that almost alarmed him. Certainly, he thought, he would receive a check presently; at the station, perhaps. It was just possible that Cyril Burne had left some message there, had spoken to some one, and the chain of evidence with which Guildford Berton was connecting his disappearance with Becca would snap.

"Don't cry, Mrs. Harman," he said at last. "We shall be sure to find your niece before many hours have passed. After all, nothing serious can have happened to her."

At that moment the vision of the murdered girl rose before him, and he was forced to pause.

"I mean that the very worst view of the case as that she may have taken it into her head to run away. She was—well, rather a giddy girl, was she not?"

"Yes, sir," said Harman, with difficulty. "Becca was flighty and uncertain, but—but that's the worst that can be said of her, and I can't understand her running away. She was so happy up at the Court with her ladyship, who'd been so kind to her. Besides——"

"You mean that you don't think she would run away alone, and that you don't know of any one with whom she was likely to do so?" he put in, suavely.

"Yes, sir, that's what I meant," assented Harman, with a sob.

Guildford Berton looked sideways at Norah's pale face.

"Of course," he said, cheerfully. "Depend upon it, we shall hear of her presently, and we shall be quite amused with the account of her adventures. Pray don:t give way," he added, in a low tone, but purposely not too low for Norah to hear. "You distress her ladyship."

They reached the station, and he jumped out.

"I will not be long," he said, but Norah, feeling that if her life depended upon it, she could not remain in suspense while he made the inquiries, gave the reins to the groom and rose.

"Please don't get out," he said earnestly. "I will bring the station-master or any one else down to you."

"Harman and I will both come," she said, almost coldly.

They found the station-master, and Guildford Berton put the questions, Norah and Harman standing by in silence.

"Oh, Mr. George," he said, "we want to ask you about the passengers by your early train this morning."

"Yes, sir," said the station-master, respectfully, but evidently with some surprise.

"Do you remember any of them? For instance, did you see"—he paused a scarcely perceptible moment, he could not bring himself to pronounce Becca's name. He fought against the difficulty in that brief second, but was mastered by it—"did you notice whether Mr. Cyril Burne—the artist, you know—traveled by that train?"

"Mr. Burne—the gentleman who was staying at the inn at Santleigh? Yes, he did, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Thank you," said Berton. "You are quite sure, of course?"

"Oh, yes; I noticed him, because I saw him come by the down train last evening, and I thought it rather strange that he should be going back so soon, and by the early train. I suppose he came down for the ball at Ferndale, sir?"

"Yes, he did," assented Berton.

"Ask him if he saw Becca, sir," faltered Harman, fearfully.

"Was Mr. Burne alone?" he asked, in a constrained voice.

"I can't exactly say, sir. You see, it was darkish, and the train being a bit behind time, we hurried the passengers in. I don't know whether any of the men noticed——" He looked round. "Did you see Mr. Burne this morning?" he asked of the booking clerk, who had come out of his den and had stood listening but respectfully remained silent until he was addressed.

"Yes, sir, my lady," he said, promptly. "That is, if he's a good-looking gentleman, in a light overcoat and a silk hat."

"He was in evening dress, and wore a light fawn overcoat?" said the station-master.

Guildford Berton nodded.

"Yes, that was he. And he was alone, I suppose?"

"No, sir. He took two tickets, third class, for London."

"Another gentleman with him, I suppose?" said Berton.

"No, it was a lady, or a young woman, I should say."

"A young woman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did—did you see her?" broke in Harman, as if she could contain herself no longer. "A young woman—dark—with—with black hair?" she faltered, almost hysterically.

"Yes," he said, "that was her, no doubt."

Harman staggered back, and hid her face in her hands.

The station seemed to sway from side to side before Norah's eyes, but her first thought was of the poor woman upon whom the blow had fallen almost as heavily as upon herself.

"Hush!" she whisper, brokenly. "It may not be——"

"Yes, yes, it's her, my lady!" said Harman, in a dry, hoarse voice. "It's Becca, and she's gone off with Mr. Cyril Burne! Oh, God forgive him; God forgive them both!"

Norah tried to echo the prayer, but the response would not come.

Her heart seemed to turn to stone; she could only clutch the woman's trembling hands and stare at her vacantly.

SUGGESTIVE INITIALS.

At "Holmbury," his country place in the Surrey hills, a younger brotner of Lord Granville, the octagenarian, F. Leveson Gower, has a guest-book in which each visitor registers on arrival.

One day, to entertain an irreverent young person of the present generation, Mr. Gower displayed the book, with its hundreds of distinguished autographs, and mentioned that on one memorable occasion he had the three greatest orators of modern times under his roof at the one time, and pointed to their names:

"Gladstone."

"Argyll."

"Bright."

"I suppose they did have the gift of it," the young person remarked, languidly.

Mr. Gower looked puzzled, and she added:

"The initials of their names form the word gab."

POSSIBLE EXPLANATION.

Green—"I've often wondered why more women are not robbed on the street, they carry their purses so openly in their hands."

Brown—"Doubtless the majority of thieves are married men."

Green—"Well, suppose they are?"

Brown—"That being the case, they would know better than to waste their time on a lot of dress-goods samples and cooking recipes."

FOUND AND LOST.

Trotter (who has been abroad)—"Miss Gusherly used to be looking for her ideal. Did she ever find him?"

Miss Homer—"Yes; but she lost him again."

Trotter—"Indeed! How did that happen?"

Miss Homer—"She was married to him."

ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY.

If evil be said of thee, and it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it.

FOR BOTH

One disease of thinness in children is scrofula; in adults, consumption. Both have poor blood; both need more fat. These diseases thrive on leanness. Fat is the best means of overcoming them; cod liver oil makes the best and healthiest fat and

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the easiest and most effective form of cod liver oil. Here's a natural order of things that shows why Scott's Emulsion is of so much value in all cases of scrofula and consumption. More fat, more weight, more nourishment, that's why.

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For Delicious Flavor

"SALADA"

CEYLON GREEN TEA

is absolutely matchless

Sold only in Lead packets. 40c, 50c, and 60c. per pound.
Highest Award St. Louis 1904.

About the Farm

CLOVER AS A FERTILIZER.

In a bulletin from the Central Experiment farm may be found a discussion of the profitableness of growing and turning of clover crops. Extensive experiments in this line have been carried on at that farm for a period of over eight years, and the results gathered therefrom contain a considerable amount of practical information and data. The advantages derived from plowing under clover are briefly seated by the station as follows:

1. There is an enrichment of the soil by the addition of nitrogen obtained from the atmosphere.

2. There is an increase in the store of available mineral plant food, phosphoric acid, potash and lime, in the surface of the soil taken by the clover in part from depths not reached by the shallower root systems of other farm crops.

3. There is a large addition of humus, whereby the soil is made more retentive of moisture, warmer and better aerated. conditions favorable to vigorous crop growth Humas also furnishes the material best adapted for the development of these forms of germ life that act so beneficially in the soil.

4. As an agent for deepening and mellowing soils, no crop gives such satisfaction. in results as clover.

5. Clover serves a useful purpose as a catch crop during the autumn months, when the ground would be otherwise bare, retaining fertilizing material brought down by the rain, and also that formed in the soil during the summer months, much of which would otherwise be lost through the leaching actions of rains.

6. As shown conclusively by the particulars obtained by careful experiments over a number of years with the more important farm crops, the plowing under of the green clover has a most marked effect in increasing the soil productiveness.

POULTRY NOTES.

The nests need fully as much cleaning as the roosts.

A piece of alum in the drinking water will prevent throat and lung diseases.

Remember that the hens that lay the golden eggs are the ones that produce them when they bring the highest price.

The object at this season is to reduce the flocks to a profitable basis as it does not pay to winter useless birds. Sell them now.

Fall hatched chicks require more care than summer ones. They are apt to take cold on frosty mornings and chilly days. Give them a warm place to roost and keep in until after the chill is gone in the morning.

Repair the poultry houses now, if eggs are desired in winter. The first cold weather should find all conditions favorable. New fowls should be purchased. New blood is necessary for flock no matter what the breed is, and their purchase should not be delayed.

Chickens that run with the hens should have a place to eat where they will not be molested by the larger ones. Make a low slat shed and put the feed troughs in the centre. They will soon learn to go into it and will there be protected from sun and rain. It can be made of old boards and narrow strips with spaces between for light.

The posts may be driven into the ground and the bottom strips nailed on two inches or more from the ground. Cover the roof with paper or felt-roofing.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

See that the horse mangers are clean, and that there is no sour or moldy feed in the corners. A horse can easily be gotten "off his feed" in this way, and a loss in condition results.

We have known the most successful egg product to come from hens that had the divided ration of corn and cooked meat, all they would eat of both. Sometimes slaughter refuse or similar cheap meat will enable the grower to feed it as liberally as such a ration requires.

For a good many years some of our best dairymen have proved by experience that under favorable conditions continuous stabling during the winter time gives better results than where cows are turned out part of the time. These men have no ax to grind. My own experience is that it will pay, and pay well for all the extra work, to keep cows stabled continuously during bad weather, no matter whether this means three months of the year or nine months.

The market demand for hogs is not uniform from season to season. In winter there is a greater demand for heavy hogs, while in summer the market demands a lighter hog. The winter season is the packing season, and the hog best adapted to this purpose is the heavy hog; therefore, it is but natural that this kind of hog should be demanded by the market at this season of the year. The hogs slaughtered during the summer months are used principally for the fresh-meat trade, and the lighter hogs are best adapted to this purpose.

FARM NOTES.

It is never advisable to wash the butter too dry, but avoid leaving too much water in it, as it is then more liable to spoil. A good rule is to have dry butter for storage, and fairly moist for immediate use.

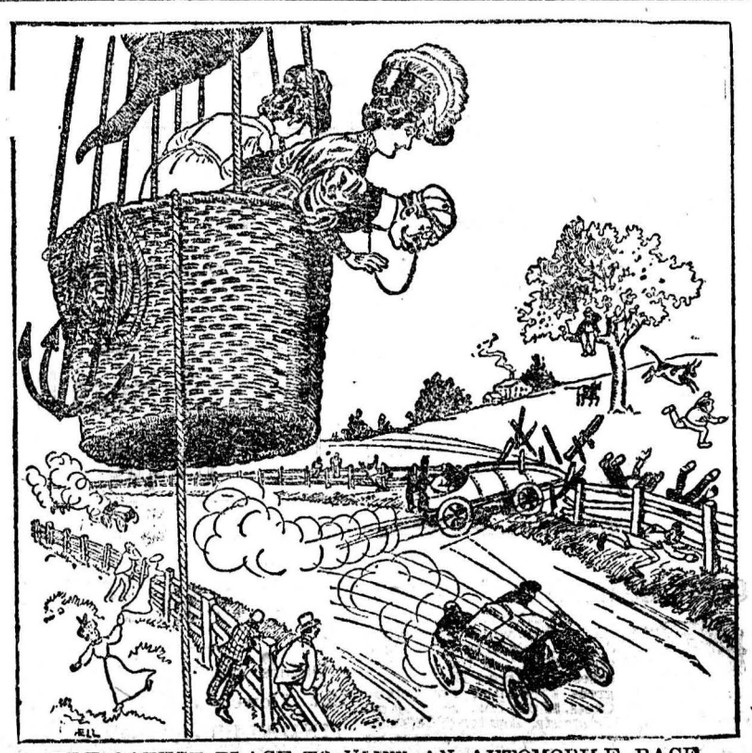
Shingles are probably the best roof one can put on, if good sound ones can be obtained. The lumber from which they are made now is new growth, not matured, or from old trees from which the life is gone; so that in either case they rot quickly. The available timber that is like that of grandfather's days, which would last for 50 years, has gone with him.

Plan to have something for sale from the farm every day in the year, and right here is where the dairy part of the farm comes in. Poultry and eggs are always in demand. In deciding what to plant, plan to have something to turn off early as well as late in the season. Strawberries are about the first thing to be marketed, followed closely by various kinds of early garden truck, and later by onions, cabbage, potatoes, sweet corn, etc.

Chestnut is a very valuable timber, and wherever it will thrive it should be planted quite plentifully. It grows with such rapidty that only a few years are required to grow into fence posts, and the demand for railroad ties is so great that the growing of chestnut for this purpose is a good investment. Wire is no doubt the fencing material of the future, and the question of where are the fence posts coming from is already becoming a serious one with many farmers, and it is evident that somebody must take steps to grow them. The farmer is continually in need of a stick of timber for building material, repairs or something or other.

TO STRETCH WIRE.

When no wire stretcher is available, place a wagon with the rear end next to the end post. Drive a stake in the ground at the end of the tongue and chain it to the stake. Raise one rear wheel with a wagon jack or anything convenient, fasten end of wire to the hub, and then turn the wheel, winding the wire around the hub until tight enough.



THE SAFEST PLACE TO VIEW AN AUTOMOBILE RACE.

Bob Peppercorn's Lesson...

"What—more?" asked Peter Peppercorn, in amazement. "More?"

"Yes, dad."

"Why, that makes——"

"Yes, I know, dad. But one must spend money if one's to get into good society."

"Seems to me gettin' into society is a pretty expensive luxury. Fifteen hundred pounds since——"

"My dear father, gold is the key that opens every portal. Already, thanks to Sir Guillaume, I have made many excellent friends. And he has hinted that a presentation at Court is not altogether impossible."

"County or Bankruptcy?"

"Dad!"

"Well, you've spent no end o' brass since you knowed him, and how much for'arder are you?"

"Why, he has introduced me to no end of first-class people, and if we join the board of his new company I shall be certain to meet with many more. There is a draft of the prospectus, dad," said he, handing the paper to his father. "What do you think of it?"

"Well, I don't know much about prospectuses an' shares an' sich things. Pickles is more in my line."

"Dad, I wish you wouldn't drag the shop up at every turn."

"Don't you despise the shop, my lad. It was the shop as dragged you up—don't forget that."

"That's all very well, dad. Your business was a success, and you have a right to be proud of it. But there is no reason that your mouth should be always full of——"

"Pickles, eh? Ha, ha! Well, p'r'aps not. But it's natural, after all, to think of old friends. I tell you what, lad; if your new friends stand by you as well as my old 'uns have done you won't hurt. But let's look at your prospectus. 'Hyacinths, Limited.' Umph! Sounds pretty well. 'This company is formed to take up concessions for the collection of bulbs from the battlefields of South Africa.'"

"Never mind the preamble, dad. Come to the directors."

"'Managing director, Sir Gullom 'Awksleigh.'"

"Guillaume, dad. Guillaume," corrected Bob.

"Ah, well, it's all the same," said the old man. "That's your fine friend, ain't it? And where's your name?"

"Here at the bottom," said Bob, pointing it out. "'Robert Peppercorn, Esq., Capsicum Lodge, Tooting.' Aren't you proud of that, dad?"

"Oh, yes; it sounds very fine. But is it any good? Will it pay?"

"Sir Guillaume assures me there is money in it."

"Yes; but will it come out? That's the point."

"He tells me that in three months the shares will be at a premium. Oh, it's as safe as the bank."

"Umph! Banks break sometimes—and bulbs may go to pot."

"Well, I've promised to take two thousand shares, dad, and the object of the baronet's visit is to induce you to take up a similar number and join the board."

"Two thousand shares at a pound apiece—that's pretty well for bulbs, ain't it? Bulbs in South Africy, too. If they was onions, now, or even gherkins, I could do something with 'em. But bulbs—no, they ain't in my line."

"Well, dad, you must please yourself. But whichever way you decide, I want you to be especially nice to Sir Guillaume and his daughter."

"You don't mean to say that he's bringing his daughter here?"

"Yes; Alicia has promised to accompany him."

"Is she in the bulb business, too?"

"She is a most charming girl. I want you particularly to make a good impression upon her. I may as well confide to you, dad, that I wish to——"

"Keep company with her as well as her father?"

"Dad, I wish you wouldn't put things so coarsely. Remember, Alicia is a lady. I love her to distraction, and so will you when you see her. She is the most beautiful——"

"Umph! 'Andsome is as 'andsome does.' What about your old sweetheart, Polly?"

"Polly?" said Bob, shifting his chair uneasily. "Why, of course—I like Polly—but—well, she's almost like a sister."

"I'm afraid, Bob, she regards you as something more than a brother. I've noticed as you ain't been quite the same to her lately, an' I've been a-puzzlin' my brain to know why. Lovers' quarrel, says I, but I was mistook. Now the secret's out. You've found out she ain't good enough for you. But I tell you what it is, Bob. She's a girl in a thousand—bless her!—and I won't have her heart broke for all the fine ladies in the land."

"Look here, father, you're a bit unjust. You made your own choice when you married my mother."

"Umph! Well—yes. Have you told her of this engagement?"

"Why—er—no, not yet," said Bob, uneasily. "I have not had a chance."

"You'll have one of my roses, won't you nunky, dear?" said Polly, entering from the garden.

"Bless you, my gal, yes. Pin 'em all over me, till I look like a Jack-in-the-Green, if it pleases you."

"No, I can't spare you more than one," she said, fixing it. "There—isn't it a beauty?"

"Not half so pretty as you, my lass, nor half so sweet."

"Uncle, don't give way to flattery," she said, laughingly, adding, "But what's the secret?"

"Why, the fact is, my dear," said her uncle, with some hesitation, "Bib has something important to say——"

"To me?"

"The cat's comin' out," muttered the old man. "We shall soon see which way it jumps."

"What is it, Bob?" she asked, eagerly, placing her hand on his shoulder.

"Oh, nothing much. Don't maul me about, Polly," shaking off her hand; "I hate it. The fact is, dad is expecting company, and—I dare say he will tell you all about it." And unheeding the pained look upon her face he hurried from the room.

"Whew!" whistled Peter; "the young scapegrace has left me to open the bag after all.

"What is the matter with Bob?" asked Polly, coming to the old man's side. "What is this secret that has so changed him?"

"Why, the fact is, my dear, Bob's rich now—and—what the world calls a gentleman."

"Yes, uncle——"

"And—Polly, do you ever think of Bob?"

"Think of him? Of course."

"Yes—of course. But serious like? Think of him as being nearer to you than he is now? Phew! Now the cat's out!"

"Why do you ask me?" she asked, looking down.

"Because, my gal, I've fancied—perhaps after all it was only my fancy—that—that—— Polly, my gal, do you love him?"

Polly's head dropped, and she answered, sorrowfully, "Don't—don't ask me, uncle."

"Dashed if I didn't think so," cried Peter. "I knew you did; I told him so."

"Don't misjudge me, uncle, dear," she said, twining her arms about his neck and gazing through her tears into his face, "or think me ungrateful. There was a time, perhaps, when I thought Bob might care for me well enough to make me his wife. But"—with a sigh—"circumstances are changed. I know that he has a right to look higher. After all, I am only a poor girl who has been largely dependent on your bounty. I do love him—I love him too well to stand in the way of his prospects. I thought I had kept my secret close. But since you have discovered it I will go away. And some day, perhaps, when he is happily married, you will forgive me"; and, burying her face in her hands, she hurried from the room.

"Umph! I knowed it—I knowed it," repeated the old man, pacing up and down. "Peter Peppercorn, you're a hass—a hass, sir! If you'd stuck to your pickle-tubs an' kept him a-skinin' onions this wouldn't have happened. But, no; out of the softness of your old 'ead you must try to make him a gentleman. A pretty hash you've made of it. You deserve to be kicked, you old fool, you do."

To emphasize his words he sent the footstool flying across the room as Bob entered, accompanied by Sir Guillaume Hawksleigh and his daughter.

"Halloa, dad!" said he, "what's the trouble? Training for a football match or——"

"No," said Peter, still pacing to and fro. "I'm lettin' off steam. I must, or the biler'll bust. I——"

"Hush, dad!" said Bob, soothing him. "You do not see our visitors. Let me introduce you. Alicia—Sir Guillaume—this is my father."

"How d'ye do, miss?" said Peter, shaking hands with his guests. "How are you, Sir G.? Pretty bobbish, eh?"

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Peppercorn," said the baronet. "We have heard a great deal of you, though we have never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"Heard o' me? Well, yes, I s'pose you have. Peppercorn's Pickles is in everyone's mouth."

Bob shot an angry glance at his father, but the old man failed to notice it, for Sir Guillaume, looking round, said, "You have a nice place here, Mr. Peppercorn," adding aside, "Everything in execrable taste."

"Yes, I flatter myself it is," said Peter. "My own taste too."

"Really? It does you credit."

"The pictures are nice, ain't they?" said Peter. "Real ile paintin's, every one of 'em. 'Andpainted, too."

"Is it possible?" queried the baronet, eyeing the paintings quizzically. "You have not gone in for the old school, I see."

"No, thanks; none o' yer shabby old masters for me. Give me somethin' bran' spankin' new. And there you are," he added, proudly, with a sweeping gesture that took in the four walls, "Now, I dessay some o' yer nobs don't boast pictures like them"

"I should imagine not."

"What d'you think o' them dogs an' the cat's-meat barrer? Good ain't it?"

"Ah! 'Jack-in-Office,' after Landseer."

"After what?"

"Landseer."

"Not a bit of it. They're after the cat's-meat. Why, I should ha' thought anyone could ha' seen that," said Peter, half contemptuously, turing aside.

"The old man's a fool."

"Dad," said Bob, coming to his father's side, "Sir Guillaume, I believe, wishes to have a little private chat with you. Sir Guillaume, with your permission Miss Hawksleigh and I are going to stroll round the garden. I have promised to show her our roses."

"Alicia will be delighted," said the baronet. "Will you not, my dear?"

"Very," she answered, coldly.

"By the way, Sir Guillaume," said Bob, "I have already spoken to my father concerning the——"

"Bulbs?"

"Yes," replied Bob.

"Ah!" said Peter. "Talkin' of bulbs, Miss 'Awksleigh, while you're in the garden just you make Bob show you our onions. We've got the nobbiest lot of——"

"Onions," said Alicia, with a shudder. "Malodorous, vulgar abominations. Come, Mr. Robert."

"Odious?" said Peter, under his breath, as the young people quitted the room. "Why, the girl's as big a fool as her father. And a dressed-up doll like that is to take the place o' my Polly!"

* * * * *

"I say, Sir Gullem," said Peter, entering the room, after a brief absence, with a paper in his hand, "I've been a-thinkin' over what you said, an' a-lookin' over the share list, an' I can't find your Hy'cints nowhere."

"Why—er—no," said Sir Guillaume, with some slight hesitation. "You see, bulbs are, so to speak, at present underground. But we are swelling rapidly—growing larger day by day. The little green heads are already——"

"The green heads meaning the shareholders, eh?" said Peter, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Eh? Oh, yes, of course, Ha, ha, Mr. Peppercorn! Very good. Just so. Already the number of private applications for shares is enormous. In a month we shall burst forth—in two we shall be flourishing luxuriantly—and before three have passed we shall be blooming. Booming I mean, booming!"

"Umph!" said Peter. "As you put it things seem pretty flowery. But frosts do come along sometimes and nip things up, don't they?"

"My dear sir, I am certain that with proper management our success will be abnormal. It may require a little pushing at first. But I——"

"Bein' a barrow-knight ought to be a pushin' man, eh? Ha, ha! See it?"

"Ha! Just so. Very good—capital!" said Sir Guillaume, adding under his breath, "The vulgar old ruffian!"

"Of course," said he, resuming his conversational tone, "as you suggest, my title will no doubt give the thing impetus. And if we can but add the names of one or two prominent men—such as yourself, Mr. Peppercorn—our success is assured."

"Halloa, dad!" said Bob, entering hastily; "here you are. Here's a wire for you. But before you open it, dad, congratulate me. Miss Hawksleigh has consented to marry me."

"Has she?" muttered Peter, as Bob turned towards his fiancee. "Poor Polly!"

"You, Sir Guillaume, I am sure will wish me joy," continued Bob. "I cannot tell you how happy Alicia has made me."

"Here, 'old on, Bob," said his father, crossing to him. "P'r'aps afore you say any more you'd better look at this."

"Why, what is it, dad?"

"Read it," said Peter, thrusting the telegram into his hand.

Bob looked at it for a moment, and then read slowly, as though unable to understand its purport: "International suspended payment. Utter collapse. Hope you have withdrawn——"

Looking from one to the other, he asked, "What does it mean?"

Peter, who stood with his head sunken upon his breast and his hands thrust deep into his breeches pockets, answered, slowly, "You see what the telegram says. 'Utter——'"

"Collapse!" gasped Bob.

"That's what it means."

"You have not withdrawn?"

"Not a penny."

With a suppressed oath Bob crushed the telegram in his hand and strode to the mantelpiece, where he stood, his head resting on his hands, the picture of despair.

Sir Guillaume gave his daughter a significant glance, and then, moving to Peter's side, tapped him gently on the shoulder.

"Ahem!" he began. "This is a bad business, Mr. Peppercorn."

"Why, yes; it does look pretty bad, don't it?" said Peter, facing round. "Looks bad for me. But it need make no odds to the young folks. After all, brass ain't everything. Where love is, money don't count."

"Why, sir, you surely cannot think that I should permit my daughter to contract—— Come Alicia, my dear," said he, moving toward the door, "I think we had better withdraw."

"Alicia!" cried Bob, stretching out his hands to her as she swept past; but with a faint inclination of the head she passed out in front of her father, and the door closed upon them.

"Ruined! ruined!" cried Bob, huskily, as he flung himself into a chair. Peter, with his hands still thrust into his pockets, stood with his back towards him, whistling dismally.

"Who's ruined?" asked Polly, entering at that moment. "Why, Bob—uncle—what's the matter?"

"Ask Bob, dear," said Peter.

"Bob, dear, what is it?" she asked, placing her hand affectionately on his shoulder. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," he answered, huskily. "We are beggars—that is all."

"Beggars!" she repeated, in astonishment. "But uncle's fortune——"

"Gone—all gone."

"But I don't understand."

"Read it there," said he, handing her the crumpled telegram.

Slowly she smoothed it out and read the fateful words. Then, brushing the tears from her eyes, she cried, hopefully, "Never mind, Bob. You are young; you can make a fresh start. I have a little money—not much—only the two hundred pounds granny left me; but it is yours if you will take it—every penny."

The young man vouchsafed no answer, and Polly was turning sadly away when Peter, crossing to his son's side, said, "Bob, ain't your eyes open yet?"

"Yes, dad, they are," he cried, springing up. "They are, to my own folly. I have been blinded hitherto—dazzled by outward show. Polly, dear, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you?"

"Yes, dear. I know I do not deserve it, but tell me I may hope to regain your love and I'll thank Fortune for the hard lesson she has taught me."

"I forgive you, Bob, all I have to forgive. There's my hand."

"May I keep it?" he asked, drawing her towards him.

"If you wish it," she answered, nestling to his side. "Oh, Bob, is it wicked to say that I am almost glad you are poor, since I may love you now?"

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Peter, clapping his hands. "That's as it should be. Now that you've come to a proper understandin' we shall have to think—as Polly says—of makin' a fresh start."

"Back to the pickle-tubs—eh, dad?"

"Not a bit of it, my lad. But since Polly's goin' to be mistress in real earnest she must have a better house than this, and——"

"But you forget, dad. The telegram——"

"Oh, that's all right," answered the old man, with a chuckle; "sent it myself."

"Then you had withdrawn——"

"Not a penny, my boy. Never had a copper in the concern."

"You mean that——"

"There, forgive me, Bob. It was a shabby trick, I know, but it was the only way I could think of to show you the truth. It wasn't you or me, Bob, as they wanted. It was our brass. Why, bless you, they was sneering at us all the time. There, give me your hand an' say you forgive."

Bob gripped the old man's hand and wrung it, with a hearty "Thank you, dad."—London Tit-Bits.

About the House

MISCELLANEOUS DISHES.

Fillets of Chicken Breast.—Chop the white meat of a cold roast chicken fine. Season to taste with salt and pepper, a dash of onion juice, and a little minced parsley. To a cup of the minced chicken allow a cup of cream into which a pinch of baking soda is stirred. Rub together a tablespoonful of butter and one of corn starch and stir them into the heated cream. Cook for a minute, add the minced chicken and cook until hot. Take the mixture from the fire and beat in gradually two well beaten eggs. Pour into a bowl and set aside until cold and stiff, shape into cutlets, dip each cutlet first in cracker dust, then in beaten egg, then in more cracker dust. Set in the ice for two hours, then fry in deep boiling fat. Serve with a white sauce.

Chicken and Nut Croquettes.—Into a cupful of cold minced chicken stir a half cup of blanched and chopped English walnuts. Make a white sauce of butter, cornstarch, and cream, and stir the chicken and nut mixture into this. Stir over the fire until hot; add, gradually, the beaten yolks of two eggs, mix well and set aside to cool. Form into croquettes and proceed as with chicken fillets.

Fruit Trifle.—Almost any kind of fruit can be used for this dish, provided the fruit is quite ripe. When fresh fruit is used—bananas, strawberries, raspberries, cherries, apricots, and peaches are most suited. Prepare the fruit and cut the bananas and other large fruit into convenient pieces and place them in a glass dish. Prepare a custard with a quarter of a pint of milk, one ounce of sugar, and two eggs, flavor it with vanilla, and pour over the fruit when quite cold. Stand the dish on the ice till wanted for table. Just before serving whip up a little cream, sweeten it, and pour it in a forcing bag with a fancy tube. Cover the top of the dish with this, and decorate to taste with glace fruit, cherries and angelica

Chicken Gelatine.—Select a good-sized fowl, put it over the fire in cold water, with a bunch of coup herbs. Bring gradually to a boil and cook slowly until the meat is tender. Take it from the fire and let it get cold in the liquor. Cut the meat from the bones, rejecting skin and gristle, and slice the meat neatly. Boil the liquor down to one quart, strain it, and return it to the fire with the white and cracked shell of an egg. Boil up once, remove the scum, add a heaping tablespoonful of gelatine which has been soaked in a little warm water, remove from the fire, and strain. Season with salt to taste, a saltspoonful of celery salt and the same of paprika, a teaspoonful each of lemon juice and of minced parsley. Butter a mold with plain sides, pour in a little of the jelly, arrange a layer of the meat, and then a little more jelly. Put next a layer of thin slices of cold boiled ham or tongue, more jelly, and then the chicken again. In the crevices between the meat place blanched almonds cut in strips, a few pistache nuts, truffles, sliced olives, and a few capers.

Beef Soup.—To make English beef soup take the cracked joints of beef, and after putting the meat in the pot and covering it well with water let it come to a boil, when it should be well skimmed. Set the pot where the meat will simmer slowly until it is thoroughly done, keeping it closely covered all the time. The next day, or when cold, remove the fat which hardens on the top of the soup. Peel, wash and slice three good-sized potatoes and put them into the soup; cut up half a head of white cabbage in shreds and add to this a pint of Shaker corn that has been soaked over night, two onions, one head of celery, and tomatoes if desired. When these are done, and they should simmer slowly, care being taken that they do not burn, strain (or not, as preferred) the soup and serve. The different varieties of beef soup are formed by this method of seasoning, and the different vegetables used in preparing it after the joints have been well boiled. Besides onions, celery, cabbage, tomatoes, and potatoes, many use a few carrots, turnips, beats and force-meat balls, seasoned with spice. Rice or barley will give the soup consistency, and are to be preferred to flour for the purpose. Parsley, thyme, and sage are the favorite herbs for seasoning, but should be used sparingly. To make force-meat balls add to one pound chopped beef one egg, a small lump of butter, a cup or less of bread crumbs; season with salt and pepper and moisten with water from stewed meat; make in balls and fry brown, or make egg-balls by boiling eggs, mashing the yolks with a silver spoon and mixing with one raw yolk and one teaspoonful of flour; season with salt and pepper, make into balls; drop in soup just before serving.

BAKED FRUITS.

To Bake Apples.—Wipe and core sour apples. Put in a baking dish and fill cavities with sugar and spice; allow one-half cup sugar and one-fourth teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg to eight apples. If nutmeg is used, a few drops of lemon juice and few gratings from rind of lemon to each apple is an improvement. Cover bottom of dish with boiling water and bake in a hot oven until soft, basting often with syrup in dish. Serve hot or cold with cream.

To Bake Bananas.—Remove skins from six bananas and cut in halves lengthwise. Put in a shallow granite pan or on an old platter. Mix two tablespoons melted butter, one-third cup sugar, and two tablespoons lemon juice. Baste bananas with one-half the mixture. Bake twenty minutes in a slow oven, basting during baking with remaining mixture.

To Bake Peaches.—Peel, cut in halves, and remove stones from six peaches. Place in a shallow granite pan. Fill each cavity with one teaspoon sugar, one-half teaspoon butter, few drops lemon juice, and a slight grating nutmeg. Cook twenty minutes and serve on circular pieces of buttered dry toast.

To Bake Pears.—Wipe, quarter and core pears. Put in a deep pudding dish, sprinkle with sugar or add a small quantity of molasses, then add water to prevent pears from burning. Cover and cook two or three hours in a slow oven. Small pears may be baked whole. Seckel pears are delicious when baked.

To Bake Quinces.—Wipe, quarter, core and pare eight quinces. Put in a baking dish, sprinkle with three-fourths cup sugar, add one and one-half cups water, cover, and cook until soft in a slow oven. Quinces require a long time for cooking.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If you rub grass strains with molasses they will come out without difficulty in the ordinary wash.

Spots may be removed from gingham by being wet with milk and covered with common salt. Leave for an hour or so, and rinse out in several waters.

You can make a faded dress perfectly white by washing it in boiling cream of tartar water.

Salt dissolved in alcohol will often remove grease spots from clothing.

Mud stains can be removed from silk if the spots are rubbed with a bit of flannel, or, if stubborn, with a piece of linen, wet with alcohol.

If there is a deep-set door that it is desirable to permanently close, have bookshelves fitted in. Curtains can be hung at either side or not, as one pleases. If one does not wish to fill the entire space with books, the upper shelf can be set in lower down than would be wished for books, and china or pewter and brassware placed thereon or a picture hung in the space.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS.

These are the days when chapped hands and lips begin to be in evidence, and, as usual we suppose most people will betake themselves to pure glycerine for a remedy. It is a mistake to presume that glycerine is a cure for such a condition as this; quite on the contrary, it is a distinct aggravant.

One of the best remedies for chaps we know of is quite simple, and any one could compound it in his own home. Take ten grains of tragacanth and place these in three ounces of moderately warm, not hot, water. It must then be allowed to stand for several hours, when one ounce of glycerine should be added. If it is desired to give the preparation a pleasant perfume, this may be obtained by adding a small quantity of oil of roses at the same time. The whole compound should then be mixed thoroughly either by shaking it up well or stirring with a spoon, after which it is ready for use. This remedy is soothing, pleasant, and an almost infallible cure after two or three applications. As a rule, unless the cracks in the skin are very much inflamed, an application of the compound just before retiring at night and another in the morning will generally have the desired result of healing them. It is also a fine preventive, and few will be troubled with chapped hands who rub it on the skin in the morning after washing.

THE PALACE OF HENRY II.

Winchester, England, indeed, holds so much of interest that one can only refer briefly to the great hall of the palace of Henry II., wherein is suspended a curious relic said to be King Arthur's Round Table, the ruins of the mansion which entertained Queen Mary, whither she came to marry her equally unlamented monarch, Philip II., the beautiful town cross and the ancient fortified gate spanning the High street. But in any case, more than a passing word must be given to the Hospice of St. Cross, in the vicinity, as one of the most unique charitable foundations in England, or elsewhere. As far back as 1136 a benevolent individual established the Hospice of St. Cross as a comfortable refuge for thirteen poor, old bachelors of unblemished reputation. Since then, in succession thirteen old bachelors, habited in black gowns, with silver crosses on their breasts, have indeed lodged and fared well on their previous record. To maintain the intentions of their worthy founder the respectable old bachelors foregather on certain festivals to roast a sheep whole, and a horn of ale with a slice of bread is given by them to any wayfarer who rings the hospice bell.

ARE WE BEING POISONED?

ADULTERATION OF FOOD IN ENGLAND.

A British Investigator Presents Some Rather Startling Facts.

In an article "How We Are Being Poisoned," written by Robert H. Sherard in the London Magazine, the writer, after dealing with adulterated cows' milk, says:—

Milk, even when adulterated with 50 per cent. of added water, contains at least some nutriment. Most of the cheap condensed milk which is sold in England contains none at all. This milk comes into the country from Ireland and from Holland. It sells at twopence and twopence-halfpenny a tin, and is usually put up in gaudy and attractive labels. On these labels the purchaser reads with satisfaction that the contents are guaranteed "machine-skimmed."

"MACHINE-SKIMMED" MILK.

Ay, that it is, and with a machine so pitiless that every particle of nourishment is removed. I had an interview with the pioneer of the condensed milk trade in this country. He naturally feels concern at the evil reputation that skimmed milk is getting from the pronouncement of crowners' quests.

"The stuff is practically buttermilk," he said, speaking of the machine-skimmed milk. In the State of New York the sale of it is forbidden It is skimmed milk with sugar added. "The sugar often causes diarrhoea, and helps to finish off the child who has been debilitated by a long period of starvation."

The cost to the manufacturer is nothing more than the cost of the sugar and of the tin. But for the demand for this milk by English mothers, the Dutch, German and Irish farmers would have to throw it away. It is what is not wanted by the Dutch, German, and Irish pigs that is sent into this country for the English children. Its sale should be forbidden in England. It is a dangerous thing. The child who is fed on it dies of starvation. Our poor, who use little other milk, cannot distinguish, and murder their children unconsciously. The borough of Camberwell some years ago placarded the streets with a poster warning the women of the danger.

Provided that the manufacturer marks the stuff as "machine-skimmed," it matters little what he puts into his tins. And that of tins generally. There is little or no inspection of food of this kind.

FAKED FISH.

One reads every day of people who die of ptomaine poisoning from eating things out of tins. Here also all kinds of trickery is practised. There is a brand of tinned lobster on the market which is made by an ingenious Frenchman out of devil-fish. Much of the tinned tunny which is consumed in England is veal. Truffles in bottles are often old kid gloves in a new form. Apropos des bottes, rum has been distilled from old boot-leather, which has the peculiar aroma of this cordial.

But when our children have been hungered with diluted and starved with machine-skimmed milk, the risks that they have incurred in taking a natural food have by no means reached their tale. It is a very disgraceful thing that so miserable is the supervision of things in England that quantities of tuberculosis milk are every day put on the market.

MILK IN FRANCE.

Koch's nonsensical theories have been entirely discredited; and only at the beginning of this year the Permanent Committee of Defence against Tuberculosis, acting under the Ministry of the Interior in France, placarded the whole country with official posters warning mothers that cows are often subject to consumption, that consumption can be transmitted to children in the milk of diseased cows, and that it is dangerous to feed children on milk that has not been thoroughly boiled. How many English mothers know this, and when shall we see such posters on the walls of our English towns?

MEAT INSPECTION.

And this brings me to a part of my subject where I have to draw attention to a veritable scandal. It is this: With the exception of some of the bigger towns, there is in England no inspection whatever of the meat that is sold in the butchers' shops There are qualified meat inspectors in London and in about twelve other boroughs in the kingdom. Elsewhere your butcher is at liberty to sell you the meat of tuberculous animals, the meat of animals which have had anthrax, or septic peritonitis, or actinomycosis, or fever, or any other loathesome disease. In these boroughs the sanitary inspector is supposed to supervise the butchers. But he has neither the technical knowledge necessary nor the time. The very most that he can do is to see that the slaughter-houses are kept fairly clean. How can more be expected of him? Take anthrax, for instance, one of the most dangerous of diseases which affect butchers' meat. It requires the knowledge of a trained veterinary surgeon, with a good knowledge of bacteriology, to detect this disease in a piece of meat.

"When the viscera and offal of an animal which was suffering from anthrax have been destroyed, the disease can only be traced by microscopal investigation."

A BARGAIN.

"But," protested the broker, who had advertised for a confidential clerk, "you want too much salary."

"I've had a great deal of experience in the brokerage business," urged the applicant.

"But you ask too much for it."

"My dear sir, I assure you I'm offering it to you for much less than it cost me."

Merchants Rubbers



MESSRS. LAING & MACNAIR,

Warehouse, 444 Wellington St., Ottawa, Eastern Ontario Agents Merchants' Rubbers. Complete stock ready for quick deliveries. Write, telegraph or telephone to Factory or Ottawa.

OATS--34c.

We will pay 34 cents per bushel for good clean Oats.

Now IS THE TIME TO LAY IN YOUR WINTER'S SUPPLY OF **Flour**

Remember We have the best grades of Flour at Lowest Prices.

BEACH & ROSE

Mason & Risch

The Piano with a Soul.

AS a purely business proposition the choice of a piano resolves itself into three main considerations, viz.: Assertion, Proof and Guarantee.

We assert that the Mason & Risch Piano is more perfect in tone, workmanship, durability and finish than any other piano made. Their tone never becomes metallic, and pianos sold thirty years ago are as tuneful and melodious as the day they were made.

We prove by the diversified distribution of the fifteen thousand Mason & Risch pianos sold to date that they are the choice of artists the world over, and are to be found in the homes of wealth and culture. Conservatories of Music, Institutions of Learning, and in the Palace of His Imperial Majesty, the King, at Windsor.

Many of these people have sent us enconiums of pleasure and satisfaction concerning the Mason & Risch Pianos.

In the past, piano makers sought the praises of professionals almost exclusively, but their testimony is sometimes tinged with commercialism. The Mason & Risch testimonials are too numerous and varied to be doubted.

Some of these letters are printed in our literature, many more are on file, and all can be verified.

Our five years' guarantee is broad and unequivocal, and their immense capital and forty years standing and reputation are back of the Mason & Risch Piano.

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:

GEO. F. SMITH, Principal
Cornwall, Ont.

BRICK

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

For Sale

A first class 2-horse Tread Power for $75.00. Apply to

D. LARMOUR,
6-4* Iroquois, Ont.

AMELL'S LIVERY

First-class rigs and horses to be had at any hour. Special attention given to commercial travellers. Prices moderate. Livery, Front street, east. CARDINAL, ONT.

FRUIT TREES

If you want the very best Fruit Trees in the market, and Portraits executed by the best artists in America at lowest prices, it will more than repay you to call on or write to the undersigned, who is General Agent for these United Counties. Also Agent for the famous Wanzer Lamp.

JOHN STAMP,
Box 119, IROQUOIS.

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.

Town Topics

The Japanese fleet will take part in the British naval manoeuvres of 1906.

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 Iroquois Social Club purpose holding an assembly in the Town Hall, Iroquios, on Friday evening, Nov. 24, 1905. As this will be the last dance before Advent, every effort is being put forth for the evening's enjoyment. Fulford's Orchestra, of Brockville, has been engaged to furnish music. Everyone welcome. Refreshments served.

PRICES OUT WEST.—In a letter received from Rev. R. M. Thompson, of Norwood, Man., formerly pastor of Matilda South circuit, Mr. Thompson speaks well of the great Northwest. "Winnipeg is a great city; everybody doing well. I like it so well I intend remaining all winter and taking my college term here; see quite a few Dundas boys as they pass through here on their way east; all speak well of the country. Good apples sell at $6.00 per barrel; comb honey, 25c. per lb.; potatoes, 60c. per bushel; new laid eggs, 40c. doz; butter, 30c. lb. So you see we pay for what we eat. Board runs from $19 00 to $30.00 per month; wages from $2.00 up to $3.50 per day." The News would be very pleased to hear again from our young friend on subjects of interest to Dundas readers.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.—There was no cheese board meeting here Friday. At Brockville on Saturday, 12½c. was paid for a few lots, the majority of the buyers holding for still higher prices. A. W. Grant, the Montreal cheese exporter, was present, and advised the factorymen to hold their cheese a couple of weeks longer as they have been shipping them too green this fall. M. K. Everetts gave notice of his intention to introduce a resolution at the next meeting favoring the establishment of county dairy associations. Prof. Publow, Chief Dairy Instructor, drew the attention of dairymen to manufacturing cheese too far into the late fall. He urged manufacturers to be particularly careful in making cheese at this season, for there is danger of the goods becoming pasty and inferior in qualtity. While he knew that it would be better for the factories to turn their attention to butter making, he did not wonder at their continuing to make cheese, in view of the remarkably high prices now being paid. Of course he advised them to make butter, even if it is hard advice to take. In regard to the matter of the share that manufacturers should have in the general prosperity of the dairy industry he was of the opinion that patrons should be willing to deal generously with their manufacturers and not hold them down at too close prices At South Finch 12½c. was paid; at Kemptville 12c. was offered, and four lots sold.

THE MOLSONS BANK.—The fiftieth annual statement of the Molsons Bank, presented at the annual meeting of the stockholders at Montreal the other day, must have been gratifying to all connected with this venerable and honored institution. From President William Molson Macpherson's statement we get these interesting figures and facts: Net profits of the year, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, $399,274,-51. Two dividends have been paid the shareholders, making 10 per cent. for the year; the usual contribution was made to bank pension fund; $55,483.-90 written off Bank buildings, and a bonus paid to the officers. Balance left at Profit and Loss account, $31,-417.93. The Molsons Bank has never omitted paying a dividend since it was established, in 1855, and for the whole period of fifty years dividends averaging 8 per cent. per annum have been paid. It has 50 branches in Canada and agents all over the world. James Elliot, the General Manager, enjoys the distinction of having entered the Bank as junior under its first President, William Molson, and through assiduous hard work and good judgment attained the position which he now occupies. General Manager Elliot said: "The staff is a loyal one, and there has been no trouble for years with any of its members, in the way of embezzlement or anything of that sort." The Bank will henceforward pay a quarterly dividend instead of half-yearly, and continue the bonus to all its clerks for faithful and efficient service, which has proven a great stimulus in that direction. Referring to the progress of Canadian banking since 1855, the President remarked that in 1855 Canada's population was 2,650,000; now it is nearing 6,000,000. In 1855 there were 19 banks, with but a small number of branches; now there are 36 banks, with about 1,150 branches. The capital of the banks was then $15,000,-000, it is now $86,000,000. Deposits were $11,000,000, now deposits in banks, Government savings banks, and loaning companies, amount to about $650,-000,000. In 1855 the capital of the Molsons Bank paid up was $308,375; today it has a paid up capital of $3,000,-000, and a $3,000,000 reserve. Such a statement as the above speaks volumes for the judicious and progressive management of this Bank, which, while conservative in its business methods, has a clientage second to none in Canada. It had the good fortune of course to get in on the ground floor, when the country was young and money scarce, with all that means to the banking interests, which accounts in considerable measure for the substantial and continuous dividends it has been in a position to pay. The Iroquois branch has given the utmost satisfaction to the local public. Our great dairying interests in particular are delighted with their treatment from Mr. Barnhart, the local manager, whose uniformly courteous and obliging manner has won him many friends and patrons. He has made the interests of his large and increasing clientage his own. The News extends its hearty congratulations to this old and prosperous institution. May its centenary anniversary be even more glorious than its jubilee.

ALBERTA ELECTIONS.—Final results of the Alberta elections show the Liberals with twenty-three seats, the Conservatives with 1, and one in doubt.

The steamer Cresco, which has been lying on her beam end full of water, in the slip back of the O. C. & T. office at Ogdensburg, was pumped out Saturday.

Need anything in farm implements, a good furnace, stove, piano or organ? If so, don't buy until you see what Wm. Bell, the Brinston's Corners dealer, has to offer. See advt.

Next Monday evening a vote will be taken by the Methodist people respecting the purchase of a new cemetery, the present one at the Point being filled. It is time that a move was made in this direction, and it is to be hoped that the mistake that was made in selecting the old cemetery in a quarry of rocks will not be repeated in the new purchase. The church has several desirable locations in view.

ARM BROKEN.—The Belleville Ontario makes the following reference to an accident which occurred to a son of Mrs. John Rourke, Iroquois, the other day: A serious and painful accident occurred at the G. T. R. station at an early hour yesterday morning, when W. Rourke, of Brockville, a brakeman running between that town and Belleville, was accidentally thrown from a train. He fell heavily to the ground, with the result that his left arm was fractured at the elbow and received other minor bruises. Dr. Gibson was summoned, and after dressing the injury, the man was taken to the General Hospital at Brockville.

FAMOUS PEOPLE.—This great family paper is nothing if not progressive. This week begins a series of cleverly written biographical sketches by that clever story writer, Miss Fannie Lathrop, together with half-tone photo-engravures, of the world's most famous men and women, especially of the Anglo-Saxon world, which should prove a very instructive and attractive feature of The News during the coming year. These sketches while not lengthy are comprehensive, and seek not only to set forth the life-work of the subjects treated but likewise indicate the forces which made them great. These first influences will be found particularly inspiring and helpful to our younger readers, with their life careers before them, and anxious to accomplish something worthy in the realm of human achievement. It is surprising from a study of these lives how much has been accomplished by patient, plodding, persistent cultivation of opportunity rather than by any inherent genius possessed. This week a sketch of Mr. Balfour, Premier of Great Britain, appears.

PATRIOTIC SOCIAL.—The patriotic social given under the auspices of the Epworth League of the Methodist church on the evening of the King's birthday, Nov. 9th, lacked only the presence of His Majesty to make it a complete success, which is saying a good deal for the young people who had to do with the arrangements. The basement of the church was tastefully and appropriately decorated with flags, bunting, and pictures of the King and Queen, etc., which was in keeping with the inspiring program contributed by the following well known and popular local entertainers: Company, "God Save the King;" chorus; duet, Miss Smith and Mr. Jubb; recitation, Miss Kate Dixon; solo, Miss Smith; talk on his recent trip abroad, T. E A. Stanley, B. A.; solo, Miss Munroe: chorus. Mr. Stanley's entertaining talk was of course the chief number, and was listened to with a great deal of interest and profit; while the speaker learned much in his travels, it was easily to be inferred that his previous knowledge of the old world from extensive reading stood him in good stead and disposed of the idea of classing him with Mark Twain's "innocents abroad." The pastor, Rev. Mr. Corrigan, occupied the chair. Refreshments of the most appetizing sort were daintily prepared and served by the ladies, while the proceeds, $21.00, was compensation for their trouble, apart from the social enjoyment furnished which cannot be estimated by the door receipts.

Taylor Coming Again.

We are informed that the committee in charge of the Local Option campaign are trying to arrange with the Rev. B. S. Taylor for another temperance lecture in the Town Hall tonight. If they succeed in making arrangements hand bills will be distributed announcing the fact,

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.

C. & M. MILLS

Great November Sale, 1905

BELOW we give a few of the many Bargains we are offering during this month. We invite inspection of our stock of Dress Goods and Underwear, Boots and Shoes, and Gents' Furnishings, as we are selling at prices much lower than ever before.

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

35c. Ladie's heavy fleeced lined underwear, vests and drawers in all sizes. This underwear is good value at 35c. We will sell while it lasts at.... **24c.**

5.40 Heavy all-wool grey Freize Reefers for men. A short coat which you will find good and warm. Just the thing for a winter working coat.... **3.45**

75c. Cold Blast Lanterns, good and large, warranted perfect. Just the thing for farmers. This month for.. **45c.**

30c. Women's and boys all wool stockings for 24c. Owing to the heavy advance in woolen yarn, the prices af Hosiery has advanced considerably. We have 400 pairs bought direct from a factory, which we will sell during this month for..... **24c.**

90c. Dozen, white semi-porcelain plates and cups and saucers These goods are warranted perfect; best English make, and imported by ourselves. While they last..... **69c.**

35c. Bronco Mittens. The greatest mitts ever turned out. Superior to buckskin. Try them and be convinced..... **29c.**

25c. Tea. We have only a few chests of this tea left. It is as good rnd much superior to most of teas sold for double the price. We sell eight pounds for $1.00..... **12½c.**

Fall Overcoats for Men-- See our stock of Fall Overcoats. 200 have just been received. It will pay you to call and inspect them before buying, as we have the very newest styles and colorings, guaranteed a perfect fit, at one half the price you will pay at your tailor's.

Grocery Bargains for Monday, Nov. 20th.

22½ lbs Redpath best extra granulated Sugar	$1.00
6 Bars Comfort Soap	25c
" 3c clothes pins, good and strong	1c Doz.
5c. Glass Tumblers	3c Each
5c Rice	3 1-2c lb
30c Coffee	22c
Green Tea, worth 25c, for	12 1-2c

Groceries Delivered Promptly to all Parts of the Town.

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FROM

GLASGOW

WITH

CARMAN'S WOLLENS

First Come, First Served.

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DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN

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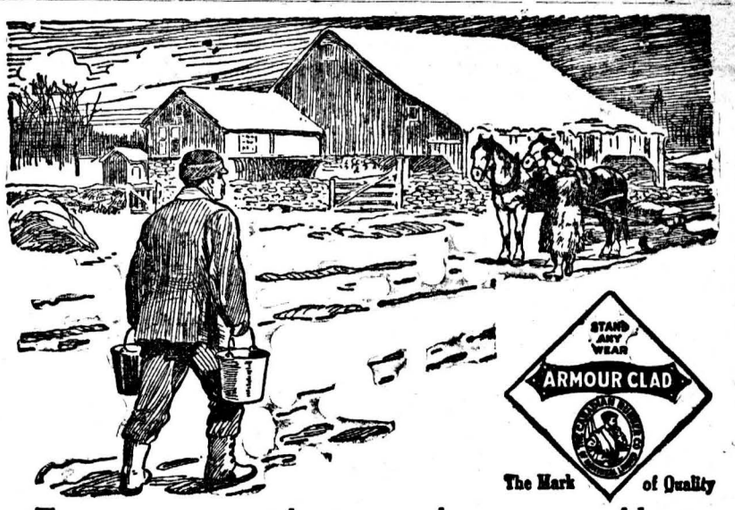

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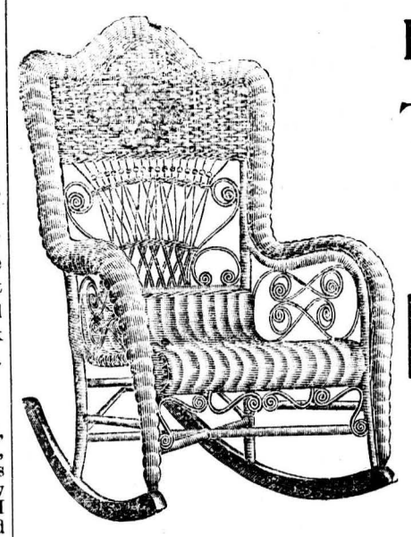

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The News

R. S. Pelton, - Publisher

IROQUOIS, NOV. 17, 1905

No less than one hundred Ontario municipalities will vote on Local Option within the next few weeks.

THE only constituency in the Alberta elections the Conservatives have won is Rosebud. It is to be hoped that Rosebud will bloom even if it wastes its fragrance on the desert air of an ungrateful country.

THE Alberta elections point clearly to the fact that the school question cut no figure compared with the desire for the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and the development of their country under Government patronage. Party prejudices and preferences lose force in a new country with the larger and more vital issues of industrial development at stake.

THE Cornwall Standard is opposed to the chair factory by-law, to be voted on in Cornwall on Nov. 18th, on the ground that the promoters have not given satisfactory evidence of possessing sufficient capital to carry on the undertaking once the by-law is passed. Had the Iroquois people taken this position we would not now have the shoe factory white elephant upon our hands with $12,000 and interest to pay. The Standard's position is well taken.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER took office with a salary of $8,000 and an indemnity of $1,000, or $9,000 a year altogether. He has raised the salary to $12,000, and the indemnity to $2,500, so that he receives $14,500, or an increase of $5,500. In addition he has arranged that when he goes out he shall have a pension of $6,000 a year. Nobody can rise up and say that Sir Wilfrid is not kind to himself.—Mail and Empire.

And nobody can rise up and say that, Sir Wilfrid does not earn all he gets and much more. What is $14,500 a year to the First Minister of this great Dominion?

THROUGH a mistaken interpretation of the License Act, the License Commissioners announced the forfeiture of Herman Montgomery's license. Later they perceived their error and restored the license to him, until May 1st, next. While Mr. Montgomery was fined on two counts for illegal liquor selling, the third fine was for the minor charge of gambling in the Powell House. Had the third fine been imposed for illegal selling of liquor the Commissioners would have been quite justified in cutting off the license. In view of the former decision, The News was led to the conclusion that the Commissioners had taken a lenient view of Montgomery's case. We are pleased to make the correction.

Referring to the cancellation of a license, sub-section 2 of section 93 of the Liquor License Act reads: "After three several convictions for an offence against either of said sections (54 and 55), within a period of two years, whether the offences in respect of which the said convictions were made, were the same or different in character, so long as the convictions were for informations laid and offences committed on different days, and certificates as aforesaid are given with respect to the same license holder, the Board of License Commissioners shall by resolution declare that the license held by him is cancelled and revoked, and thereupon such license shall become inoperative and void, and the licensee shall thereafter for the full period of three years be disqualified from obtaining or holding any further or other license under this Act," etc. Sections 54 and 55 make no reference to gambling, hence the Commissioners were not justified in cancelling Montgomery's license.

In the case of the Flynn license at Chesterville, this was a case of perverting the ends of justice by the former Commissioners allowing two successive charges to be entered in their books as "first" offences, a practice notoriously common with Commissioners all over the Province, and done with a view to favoring licensees at the expense of the letter and spirit of the Liquor Act. When the present Commissioners appealed to the Department they were told that they could do nothing but continue Flynn's license till May 1st, the end of the license term, in the light of these "first" offence entries. Flynn was fined three times for illegal selling and by right forfeited his license, but this false entry let him out. The temperance people will do well to see that this clever trick of dodging the law is not continued by those intrusted with its enforcement. The net result is there are now three hotels in Chesterville, whereas there were previously only two. One of these will be cut off next May of course.

The present License Board are doing all they can, we believe, to properly enforce the License Act, and it is the duty of all good citizens to support them cordially in their task.

When lodging a complaint of infraction of the License Act it is necessary that complainants make specific charges of illegal selling of liquor, and to sign their full names to the letter of complaint sent to Inspector Foster, of Dundela, who will be only too glad to investigate the charges, and have the guilty party punished.

One of the beautiful inconsistencies of the License Act is that it stipulates that bars in city and town hotels shall be closed during prohibited hours, but they may be kept open in incorporated villages and rural districts. Just why the bar can do more harm in a town of 2,000 than it can in a village of 1,500 is not explained by the Act or by its defenders. While The News does not believe in the principle of licensing an evil, since no amount of legal red tape can justify a wrong, we nevertheless would like to see a number of glaring defects in this 1905 Act remedied, and one of the best ways would be for Mr. Whitney to call together a representative from each of the License Boards of the Province at a general meeting to be held in Toronto with a view to getting their opinion as to ways and means of perfecting the Act in the public interest. It stands to reason that these gentlemen having to do with the enforcement of the Act all over the Province are in the best position to know its defects and how to remedy them.

THE NEWS is given credit of possessing considerable courage in discussing local questions, even at the risk of jilting that fair, fickle jade, Popularity, but we cheerfully hand over the belt to Sam Larue, the husky Reeve of Mountain township, after his action last week in turning down 438 local option petitioners. It must be admitted that there are no flies on Sam Larue, even in fly-time. Not in our most reckless moments of disregard of public opinion would we care to have ventured so perilously near the dead-line of British constitutional privilege. We would be afraid of "seein' things at night."

THE temperance people are taking initial steps towards having a Local Option by-law re-submitted to the electors at the forthcoming January elections. A petition will be circulated among the people and the Council approached for permission to submit the by-law. The Temperance Committee's appeal to the electors appears in another column of this issue.

POOR old Russia is having a time of it these days. She dare not trust even her friends out of her sight. If the people only knew what they wanted there would be some satisfaction in prescribing for them, but they do not. There are about as many brands of government asked for as there are provinces in the Empire, and both the Czar and the Government are ready and willing to give them any brand they can agree upon, and here the matter sticks. Neither the Czar, the Government, nor M. Witte now enjoy the confidence of the people, thanks to the vascillating, temporizing and deceptive policy of the Government all these anxious months of national unrest, which almost anywhere except in Russia would have been accepted as the rumbling of a storm that must sweep all before it. The fact of the Government not having awakened to a proper consciousness of the situation while yet there was time to avert it is the most inexcusable and lamentable phase of this whole miserable affair. Only a Napoleon, a Robespiere, now is needed to bring cohesion out of chaos and lead the blood-thirsty hosts in a repetition of the horrible excesses of the French Revolution. And it perhaps might be the best solution of the problem. It would clear the atmosphere, even if it added to the list of Romanoff saints. The nations may find it necessary as a last resort to step in and declare a protectorate until they can put the Czar's house in order; while if half the reports are true that reach the American press, they will find most of the furniture in the back yard, and the piano in the hay-loft.

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.

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Our forests furnish the material for the best quality writing paper. Our factories turn out the highest grade of goods, such as the Japanese brand writing fluid, sold by Geo. R. Sipes.

SAVED AMPUTATION.

A Marvellous Cure Effected by Tuck's Rheumatic Bone Oil.

From the Smith's Falls Record

Among the well authenticated cures that have been effected by Tuck's Rheumatic Bone Oil there is one that stands out as almost marvellous. It is the case of Mr. Foster Chalmers, of Ottawa, the well known commercial traveller, representing in Eastern Ontario the Berlin Rubber Manufacturing Company. When Mr. Chalmers was last in Smith's Falls a RECORD reporter saw him and asked him about his reported cure of an affection of the bone of one of his legs. He told the reporter that it was all true. He said that when he was a lad ten or twelve years old he hurt his right leg at the ankle. It got better and for 25 years it never bothered him. Last spring he was taken with a pain in his ankle which steadily and rapidly grew more and more until in a couple days time his suffering was intense. He called a physician who prescribed for him but he got no relief. He had to quit work and for three weeks he was confined to his home. He could not put his foot to the floor and when he moved at all he was obliged to go with crutches. He consulted a second doctor and tried the X rays but still he got no relief. The pain, he said, was excruciating and

AMPUTATION OF THE LEG

was hinted at. He had heard of TUCK'S BONE OIL and finally one evening in desperation he sent to a drug store for a bottle. He applied it but said he did not feel much if any benefit. Later in the same evening he applied it again rubbing it well and within half an hour the pain was so much relieved that he went to sleep and had his

FIRST NIGHT'S SLEEP

in three weeks. The next morning it was a great deal better. He continued the use of the Bone Oil and the second day he was able to walk down town and before he had finished two bottles he was completely cured. He has never had a twinge of pain in the leg since and he says Tuck's Bone Oil did it. He was a little averse to saying anything about it for publication but he said it made such a difference in his life that he could not refuse to let others know about it.

As it name implies, Tuck's Rheumatic Bone Oil acts directly on the bone and is without an equal for the relief and cure of rheumatism, lame back, neuralgia, &c. In short for any and all kinds of inflammation, whether from rheumatism or from lame back, neuralgia, spraius, coughs, colds, quinsy or bronchitis, Tuck's Bone Oil will give sure and speedy relief. For sale by all medicine dealers at 50c. a bottle or sent prepaid by THE TUCK BONE OIL CO, Limited, Smith's Falls Ont.

Mrs. Stephen Barton, Spencerville, died at her home on Friday, Nov. 3rd, aged 77 years. She had been a resident of the village for over sixty years.

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P. P. EVERETT

THE NEW FAITH AND THE OLD

An Unchangeable Religion Would Not Be a Religion at All

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."—Ex. xiv., 15.

The first impression of any forward movement is that it means a dissolution of all the things to which one can tie. Slowly dawns the truth that the mind of man was not made to tie to anything, that it cannot be fastened to any landmark, that it is a living thing which must either go forward or die. This, true of the body itself, is true of our whole life, of our education, of our emotions, our character, and our civilization. We must needs go forward or perish, even though the movement means facing the desert, and leaving those things which we have been to such pains to establish.

This law holds good in religious thought. The truth of to-day must be the error—or half truth—of to-morrow as certainly as the garments of the child must be discarded by the man, and just as in large measures the science of to-day will be the superstition of to-morrow. If men grow in things how much more shall they grow in thought. Religion being man's attempt to express in deed and word his thought of the highest and best it would belie its name if each new height gained did not show some yet greater height before.

Yet no other thing has so worried many good people as the fear that their religion should change. Just as they once believed that the universe was made, finished, and fixed forever—as though such a thing would ever be true of a universe aglow with life—so they thought of their religion as committed to them complete like a set of

UNCHANGEABLE LAWS.

Therefore their utmost concern is to preserve its precise form, and the great thing in religion became not the spirit of its teaching but the form of its text. Failure to realize the vital and therefore developing nature of religion resulting in the guarding of the letter that kills at the expense of the life giving spirit. And when faith forsook its chrysalis stage, they wept such bitter tears over its broken shell they have not yet seen the fairer glory into which it has grown.

If there be any ground for lament as to the condition of religion it lies in the failure to preserve the old statements and the old customs, not in the unwillingness of the world to-day to shrink itself into yesterday's outworn forms of truth, but in the pitiable sight of a church that tries to keep up the old life with dead formulae, that has so far forgotten its great teacher's revelation as not to know that religion is life and not logic, or laws, or language. The saddest feature to-day is the unwillingness of the church to go forward; instead of being the leader of science and of civilization she is often reluctantly dragged behind these onmoving powers.

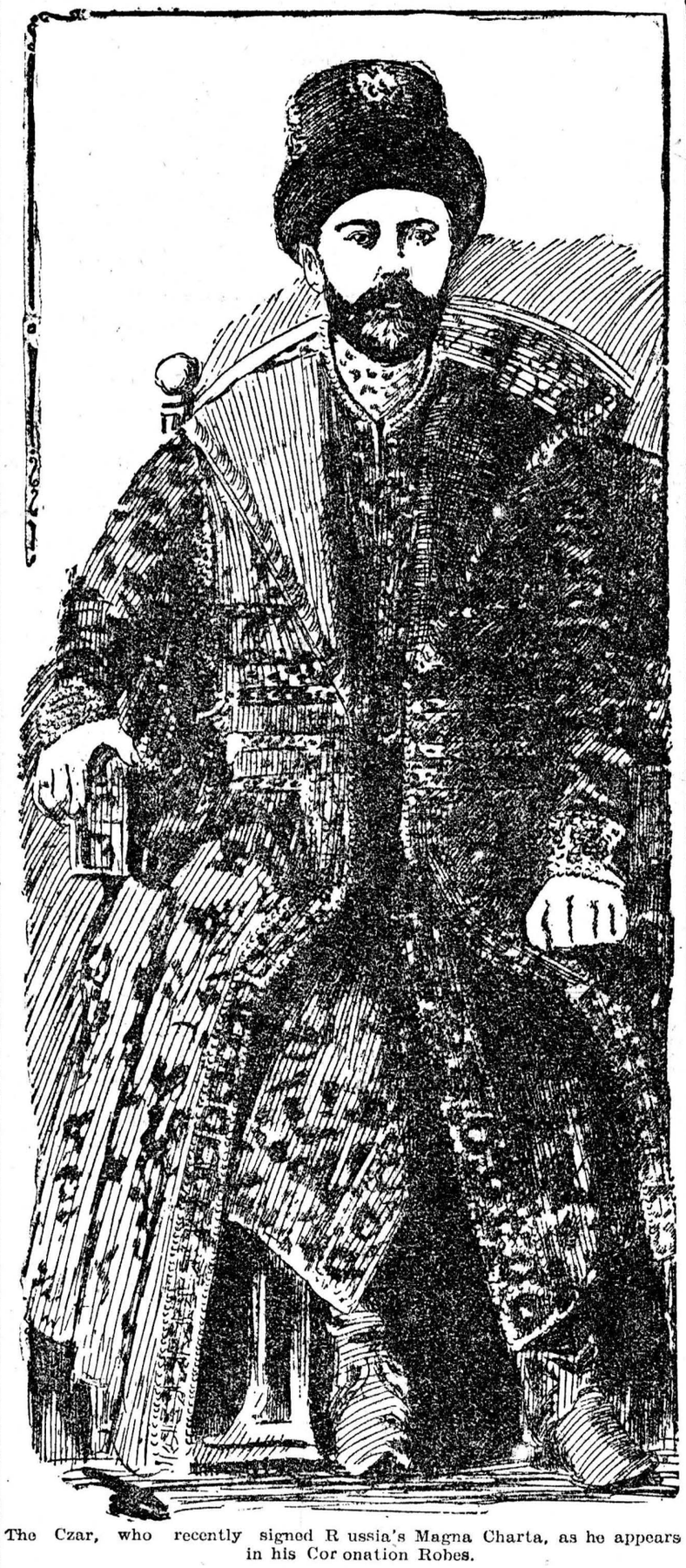
The need now is not to go back to Moses and to Paul, as though these were our goal, but, taking some guidance from them, to go forward into the new truth that is ever dawning. He who steps into the twilight of new truths always

FINDS THE DAY BREAKING.

about him. If he stands perfectly still the full day comes and then the night again. It is only the man who keeps on moving forward who is always in the light. The trouble is that so many are standing fast in truth from which the light has all died out, and they are calling their darkness the only day and denouncing those who prefer the light.

The ancient good ever stands opposed to the new best. It says, better stay in the old Egypt you know than perish in a desert untried. But true souls step forth. They find the desert, and often it is drear; yet God is there, and morns are bright and manna falls by the way.

Then, beyond, the desert there is Canaan; beyond the Alps, Italy; beyond the doubt, the delight of larger clearer truth. Do not fear leaving the old; do not worry over theological unrest Unrest is but the sign of life. Better the child's unrest than the senile placidity of old age. Better the death in the desert than decay in Egypt. Better to die in doubt than to mold away in the empty tomb of truth. Consider him, who for the joy set before him, despised the cross; forget the things behind and press forward to the prize before, the clearer light and larger life.



The Czar, who recently signed Russia's Magna Charta, as he appears in his Coronation Robes.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, NOV. 19.

Lesson VIII. Nehemiah's Prayer. Golden Text, James 5.16.

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

Ezra—Nehemiah.—The books Ezra and Nehemiah together record events of two most important epochs in the history of the Jewish people. The first of these epochs covers the period of the return from captivity and the rebuilding of the temple; the second embraces the period of reform under Ezra and the governorship of Nehemiah. An intervening period of almost sixty years is passed over in silence by both books, except for two brief references to persons and events of this period in Ezra 4. 6 and Neh. 12. 26, respectively.

Verse 1. The first sentence of this first verse forms a title or heading for the entire book.

Words—Or, history (Rev. Ver. Marg). The rendering "words," would seem to point to Nehemiah as the author of the entire narrative which follows; the rendering "history," which with the known composite structure of the book.

Nehemiah, the son of Hacaliah—The father's name is given to distinguish Nehemiah from other men bearing the same name, mentioned in Ezra 2, 2 and Neh. 3. 16.

The month of Chisley—The ninth month of the Jewish calendar year. The names of the months in their order were: Nisan, Iyyar, Sivan, Tammuz, Ab'Elul, Tishri, Marcheshvan, Kisley (or Chisley) Tebeth, Shebeth, Adar.

Shushan—One of the three capitals of the Persian empire. It had formerly been the capital of the kingdom of Elam, whose territory stretched along the shores of the Persia gulf east of the Tigris River. The kingdom of Elam is mentioned in Gen. 14. 1. It was conquered by Assurbani-pal who destroyed the capital city of Shushan. Darius Hystaspes rebuilt the city and made it his royal residence and capital.

2. Hanani, one of my brethren—Probably a near kinsman of Nehemiah, if not actually his real brother.

Certain men out of Judah—Men who had come from Judah to Shushan to communicate in Nehemiah the news which they brought.

Jews that had escaped, that were left of the captivity—Men who had returned from Babylonia to Jerusalem and who were now doubtless well advanced in age.

Concerning Jerusalem—Probably also concerning the temple, though this is not specially mentioned.

3. Great affliction and reproach—This is not a reference merely to the humiliation of being subject to a foreign ruler, but rather to the evil plight in which, on the one hand, the residents of Jerusalem were within the city walls, and to the scornful attitude, on the other hand, of their enemies without.

Broken down—burned—At one time since the captivity, the walls had probably been whole and the city secure. Now the walls were again broken down and the gates of the city destroyed.

Sat down and wept—Indicating the evil news concerning Jerusalem was to Nehemiah unexpected.

Before—Lit. "In the presence of."

God of heaven—A title also frequently found on Persian inscriptions.

5. Verses 5 to 11 contain Nehemiah's prayer. In verse 5 we have the opening address of that prayer; in verses 6 and 7, the humble confession of sin, and in verses 8-10, the petitioner's confident appeal to the divine promise. The prayer closes, verse 11, with an earnest supplication for the people, and especially also for Nehemiah himself as their representative at the royal court.

That keepeth covenant and loving kindness with them that love him and keep his commandments—(Comp. Deut. 7. 9.) The expression "keepeth covenant and loving-kindness" is an abbreviation of "keepeth covenant and showeth kindness." To the Jewish mind the relation of sinful man to God was that of a servant to his master. Devotion on the part of man could be realized, therefore, only in obedience to God's law.

6. While I confess the sins of the children of Israel which we have sinned against thee—To Nehemiah the scattered Jewish nation is still a unit and as such God's people. It is itself responsible for national disaster which has come upon it. We note also the sense of personal responsibility of the individual for the sin of the nation which Nehemiah manifests and which is emphasied in the next clause, Yea, I and my father's house have sinned.

7. We—The pronoun refers again to the nation including, of course, Nehemiah and his father's house.

Commandments, statutes, ordinances—These three words occur together in Deut. 5. 31; 6. 1; 7. 11; 8. 11; 11. 1.

8. If ye trespass, I will scatter you abroad among the peoples—"And ye shall perish among the nations, and the land of your enemies shall eat you up. And they that are left of you shall pine away in iniquity in your enemies' lands; and also in the iniquities of their fathers shall they pine away with them," Lev. 26. 38, 39.

9. But if ye return unto me—The promise referred to in this verse is given in Deut. 30. 1-4, from which it is taken almost verbatim.

The place that I have chosen, to cause my name to dwell there—Referring to Jerusalem and the temple. The Hebrew verb translated "cause to dwell" is the same word from which has come the later Hebrew word Shechinah, applied to the visible manifestation and glory of the divine presence.

11. To fear thy name—Name here stands for nature and attributes, that is, for God himself.

Cupbearer—An office of exceedingly high honor at an ancient Oriental court, though one which might be held by more than one person at the same time.

In the metropolitan area of London there are in use over half a million penny-in-the-slot meters, taking close on a million coppers a day and supplying about four hundred thousand cooking stoves.

A wedding without a ring seems incongruous, but in Cadiz, Spain, no ring is used. After the ceremony the bridegroom moves the flower in his bride's hair from left to right, for in various parts of Spain to wear a rose above your right ear is to proclaim yourself a wife.

HOME.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Sour Milk Pie.—Take 1 cup sour milk, 1 cup chopped raisins, 1 egg, 1 scant cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cloves 1 teaspoon cinnamon, a little nutmeg and pinch of salt; stir all together thoroughly, and bake with two crusts. This is something delicious for a substitute mince pie.

Drop Jumbles.—One pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, four eggs, one-half pound of currants, well washed and dredged, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water; one-half lemon, grated rind and juice, one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Drop from a spoon upon well-buttered paper, lining a baking pan.

Scotch Broth.—To make this requires two pounds of neck mutton, a large slice of turnip, two slices of carrot, one onion, a stock of celery, half a pint of barley, three pints of cold water, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Cut the meat from the bones and remove all the fat. Cut the meat into small pieces and put into the soup pot with the vegetables cut fine, and the water. Simmer gently two hours Put one pint of water on the bones, simmer two hours and strain into the soup. Cook the flour and butter together until smooth; stir into the soup, and season with salt and pepper.

Mock Olives.—Gather plums that are well grown, but which have not begun to ripen. Cover with weak brine and leave thus for twenty-four hours. Lay them in a second supply of brine, adding an even teaspoonful of baking soda to each gallon of the liquid. Set over the fire, bring slowly to a boil, boil just one minute after ebullition begins. Pack the plums into glass jars, cover with the scalding brine, and seal.

Ginger Biscuit.—One cup of sour cream, three eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter or dripping, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in one cup of cold water; one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of ginger, a little salt, and enough flour to roll out without sticking. Cut into thin biscuits. Spread half of them thinly with soft butter, and lay the remaining halves on top. Bake in a moderately hot oven.

Green Walnut Pickles.—The walnuts must be gathered while young and green, and be laid in strong brine. Leave them in this for a week, changing it every other day. Take them out, dry them between two cloths and pierce each with a large neddle. Throw them into cold water, and leave them several hours before packing them in small jars and pouring over scalding hot seasoned vinegar, prepared in the following proportions: Four quarts of vinegar, one cupful of sugar, three dozen whole cloves, three dozen black peppers, eighteen whole allspice, and twelve blades of mace boiled together for five minutes.

Cocoanut Cream Pudding.—Three tablespoonfuls of tapioca, soaked for four or five hours in tepid water. Boil until clear, add one tablespoonful corn starch which has been dissolved in a little milk. Two cups boiling milk, one-half cup sugar, yolks of two eggs. Boil ten minutes. Add three tablespoonfuls cocoanut and boil five minutes longer. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, spread on top and brown lightly in the oven.

Escalloped Eggs.—The ingredients needed are: One dozen hard-boiled eggs, one pint milk, one cup bread crumbs, butter size of an egg, one tablespoonful flour, salt, pepper. Slice eggs and arrange in layers in baking dish, sprinkle with the bread crumbs, thickened with the flour and seasoned with the salt and pepper. Put another layer of the sliced eggs, then bread crumbs as before, on top. Pour over all the milk. Bake in oven twenty minutes.

TO MAKE FRITTERS.

Apple Fritters.—Core, pare, and cut some firm apples crosswise into slices a third of an inch thick. With a biscuit cutter stamp them into cakes of uniform size. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and a little lemon juice. Cover with a napkin, and when they have stood for half an hour, drain. In the meantime make a batter of mixing and sifting together a cupful of flour, a pinch of salt, and a tablespoonful of sugar. Beat well the yolks of two eggs, add half a cupful of milk, and stir gradually into the flour. Beat thoroughly before all the liquid is added, as it is difficult to whip a thin batter smooth. Add one tablespoonful of melted butter or olive oil, beat well and stand aside for an hour. When ready to use fold in the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. If the batter is not sufficiently thick to coat completely the slices of apple, mix in a little more flour. Dip each piece of apple in the mixture, and fry to a golden brown in very hot fat. Lift out with a skimmer, and dry on paper in an open oven until all are fried. Sprinkle with powdered sugar or serve with a melted sugar sauce.

Celery Fritters.—Put half a pint of cold water into a saucepan with an ounce of butter, and as soon as it comes to a boil stir in by degrees four ounces of flour. Continue to stir until a thick paste is formed. Allow this to cook five minutes while still stirring. Remove from the fire, and when the mixture has cooled a little add three eggs, beating one into it before adding another. Season with salt, white pepper, and nutmeg, and stir in two ounces of grated American cheese. Have ready some pieces of cooked celery an inch long; which have been sprinkled with grated cheese. Make small balls of the cheese paste, and place a piece of celery in the centre of each. Dip the balls into beaten egg, cover with very fine breadcrumbs, mixed with an equal portion of grated cheese, and fry in boiling fat. Serve with a wine or melted sugar sauce.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Old felt hats may be made very useful for polishing furniture or varnished floors. To make a polisher, get an old, soft, long-handled brush, make a good thick pad of any odd pieces of woollen material, and cover with an old felt hat. Nail this on to the worn-out head in such a way that no nails stick out. With this one can polish stained boards with very little trouble.

If the ink-bottle happens to be overturned upon household linen, lose no time in placing a blotter beneath the stain, to soak up as much as possible, and press another from above. Then immerse the article in a deep vessel containing sweet milk. Wash well with soap and bleach in the sun.

Moths in the carpet.—These can be killed by spreading a cloth wrung out of water on the infected places and then ironing lightly with a hot iron. Don't press hard enough to injure the pile. It is the steam that kills the moth, not the pressure. Repeat the treatment once or twice at intervals of about a fortnight. Fresh eggs may have been hatched meanwhile.

Ways to Keep Bread.—Bread can always be kept well in a closed tin box. Another good way to keep it is to sprinkle each loaf with flour, and then tie them up in paper bags, which are hung on hooks in the pantry. When ready to use, brush off the flour and rub with a soft cloth wet in cold water, then place in the oven for five minutes.

In kitchens where cockroaches are found borax is invaluable. Powdered borax should be sprinkled round the stove and about all corners and crannies infested by these disgusting insects. When the borax is swept away it should be replaced with more at once, and if this remedy is steadily persisted in the kitchen will be free of the pests in a surprisingly short time. Of course it is wise, even after the house is clear, to occasionally use the borax again, for there is no security against a new colony of cockroaches being brought in with the firewood.

One of the safest and best ways to send a few choice cut flowers to a distance is to cut slits in potatoes and insert the flower stems, taking care that they are firmly fastened in. An ordinary potato will keep most flowers fresh for two weeks in a moderate temperature.

Check to Burglars.—A very simple window fastening can be arranged to give additional security from burglars. About one inch from the frame on the right of every window a small hole may be bored in the overlapping sashes, going entirely through the inner or lower sash and almost through the outer. When the window is shut a 3 inch wire nail must be pushed into this hole until it is buried to the head. This nail should be a fairly snug fit in the hole but capable of being easily withdrawn with the fingers. The ordinary sash lock can be pried open with the burglar's jemmy, but with the addition of the wire nail that trick is impossible.

To air the sick room, cover the patient over while doing it; let down the window at the top, swing door rapidly, but quietly, backwards and forwards for a few minutes; it will quickly pump the bad air out and draw in the fresh from the window.

CANADIAN FINANCES.

Public Debt is a Large One—Our Great Industries.

Canada's net public debt is $260,000,000—$46.55 per head.

Canada's net debt at Confederation, $75,000,000—$22 per head.

Canada pays $11,000,000 annually as interest on her debt.

Britain is Canada's best customer—buying 85 per cent. of Canada's exports

The industries of Canada total $2,349,717,000.

Value of products of industries (1901), $962,987,759, or 41 per cent. of capital invested.

Canada has 12 commercial agents abroad.

Canada's manufacturers have an invested capital of $441,000,000.

$100,000,000 millions of United States capital is invested in Canada.

Canada exported, in 1904, $29,000,000 in manufactures; or $48,000,000 including lumber.

Canada has 11,126 factories, employing 306,000 hands. Wages, 1901 $88,000,000.

Value of manufacturing products, 1901, $452,000,000.

Canadian banks have loaned $416,000,000 to Canadian manufacturers.

The fruits of sacrifice become the roots of love.

When a man really believes God he does not die of worry over the stock market.

It is not always the man who sits up stiffest in church who walks straightest in the world.

A Finchley man, on removal to a lunatic asylum, was found to have £60, chiefly in sovereigns, sewn in the lining of his trousers. He had been out of work for three years, and had lived with a son. He was formerly a carman, and had never earned more than 30s. a week.

Fashion Hints.

THE LATEST HINTS.

Richelieu shoes, with small gold buckles, are much worn for evenings.

More beads are about, though it did seem impossible to create anything new.

The thinnest of embroidered muslin blouses are open at the throat, and a single row of pearls or fine little chain finishes the simple, round neck.

English embroidery made over taffeta silk is the range at present.

Grey gloves unexpectedly became popular. Consequently, they're almost impossible to get.

Real dresses, made of real dressmaking materials, are in fashion again.

For henrietta, which was first made famous by Priestley of Bradford, England, who loved the exquisite beauty of the stuff to so great an extent that, once when he shipped a great quantity of it to a famous dress goods house in this country, he cabled before the shipments arrived: "Send it back; we can do it better now"—and they had done it better, and have been making it better ever since.

In plain silk petticoats there is little that is really new. The crinoline skirts, which have made some prophets plunge into Jeremiads concerning the swift coming of the old-time hoop-skirts, are merely silk skirts with deep flounces formed of narrow bias frills, each shirred on to the hem of the one above.

The general tendency in underwear during the past season has been toward simplicity of outline and intricacy of detail. The big collars, full berthes, and such fluffy features have been practically eliminated from the nightgowns, chemises, and corset covers, and only the petticoats are all frothy and bellowing with lace trimmed frills and flounces.

This, of course, gives increasing fullness toward the bottom without awkward fulness at the top, and the model has been successful ever since our frock skirts took on voluminous folds, but the crinoline note is sounded by the introduction of fine cording or featherbone into the shirrings of several of the narrow frills or bands.

Finest French batiste and nainsook are the materials chosen for the daintiest lingerie, and one sees but little of the sturdier cambric, while the stout muslin underwear is for women with any pretensions to dainty dressing a thing of a past age.

"Don't be content to buy a hat just because it is thoroughly becoming to you as you sit before the milliner's mirror," says a woman noted for the taste that she shows in her hats. "Stand up before the mirror and make sure that the hat is as becoming to you when you stand as when you are seated. Do not stand close before the mirror—walk away from it and get a glimpse of yourself from a distance. Assume a number of different attitudes, characteristic ones that you would naturally take when wearing the hat, and see if the hat suits you in them all.

BLACK HOSIERY GOES.

Very shortly black hosiery will only be asked for in the shops to be worn with mourning or to match an ebon toilette relieved with white or a color, in which case white or a color will also figure in the stockings. This is in response to fashion's decree that the monotony of completely black hosiery shall cease to be.

The newest stockings match the costume with which they are worn. For tweed dresses are woven stockings that repeat the mottled browns, greys and reds of the loom, in silk or wool. Tartan toilettes find their complement in tartan hose, and the elegant velvet and cashmere robes that are now the mode when laid out by the maid for wear by her mistress are accompanied by stockings the exact match, dyed purposely to repeat the hue of the gown.

Few specimens of the latest hosiery appear without the embellishment of sprigged or open-work fronts, a complete reverse of the mode that has prevailed for a long period, during which time patterned stockings have not been in favor, and even "clocks" have been banished from the ankles.

The embroideries that are fashionable are constellations in silk upon silk, tiny sprays of flowerets, fleurs-de-lis wrought infinitesimally small, and lozenges, vandykes, and squares. Mingled with open work, lace-like stripes they look very pretty upon a fine silk, cashmere, or lisle thread back ground.

Especially pretty blue silk stockings are wrought with discs of orange silk, divided by stripes of open-work. In the case of glazier green appearing as a contrasting shade in the toilette scheme, it will be substituted for orange. In all cases the openwork stripe runs upwards from a point eight or ten inches above the ankle, and not round the skirt may be worn with different outside skirts, though, unless the material of the gown is transparent, the lining skirt is replaced by or of the colored petticoats of silk or its imitations, now so generally worn. The flat-lined skirt, as it is called when skirt and lining are made in one, is scarcely ever seen; its return has been rumored, but it seems hardly likely to find much favor, as a skirt of this sort is always heavy. It is true that so much loth and so much lining have stocking.

TORTURING NEURALGIA.

Suffered for Ten Years, Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Neuralgia is the king of torturers. A tingling of the tender skin, a sharp sudden stab from some angry nerve, then piercing paroxysms of pain—that's neuralgia. The cause of the trouble is disordered nerves due to thin watery blood. The cure is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which make new, rich red blood, and thus soothe and strengthen the disordered nerves and cure neuralgia. Among the thousands who have proven that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure neuralgia is Mrs. R. C. Johnson, of Simpson's Corner, N. S. Mrs. Johnson says: "For upwards of ten years I was a sufferer from the awful pains of neuralgia. Over-exertion or the least exposure to a cold wave would set me nearly wild with torture. I doctored with two physicians, but they did not cure me. I then tried several advertised medicines, but found no benefit. The trouble continued at intervals that made life miserable, until six or eight months ago when a relation of mine brought me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and urged me to try them. I used this box and then got a half dozen more, and by the time I had used them all trace of the trouble had disappeared, and as I have not since had the slightest attack I feel safe in saying that the cure is permanent." Mrs. Johnson is one of the best known ladies in the section in which she resides, and is a prominent worker in the Congregational church. Naturally her family and friends are rejoicing over her cure, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made many warm friends in that section as a result of their good work."

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, pure, warm blood that they have such great power to cure disease. They positively cure rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, kidney and liver troubles, anaemia, and the ailments from which women alone suffer. The purchaser must be careful to see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MAD KING'S JEWELS.

Gems of Eccentric Ludwig Pass Beneath Hammer.

The extravagance of Ludwig, the eccentric King of Bavaria, is proverbial, and tangible proof of it was seen at a London auction-room not long since, when the late monarch's valuable collection of jewels came under the hammer.

His two great passions were Wagner and jewellery, and in many of the items sold the Wagnerian influence is strongly marked. One article, for instance, was a superb bracelet composed of five panels, in which are enamels of Wagnerian subjects, and supporting a centre of sapphires in another bracelet are two diamond swans.

A diamond cross with enamelled panels of the Saviour and the Virgin reached a high figure, likewise a huge emerald ring. His favorite stone, however, was the sapphire, one necklace consisting of no fewer than ten clusters, in the centre of which is a single stone, and another of enamelled gold being set with masses of sapphires, pearls and emeralds.

DOUBTFUL.

Stippler—Did Miss Kutts admire your paintings?

Dobber—I don't know.

Stippler—What did she say about them?

Dobber—That she could feel that I put a great deal of myself into my work.

Stippler—Well, that's praise.

Dobber—Is it? The picture I showed her was Calves in a Meadow.

OLD FASHIONED FARE.

Hot Biscuits, Griddle-Cakes, Pies and Puddings.

The food that made the fathers strong is sometimes unfit for the children under the new conditions that our changing civilization is constantly bringing in. One of Mr. Bryan's neighbors in the great state of Nebraska writes:

"I was raised in the South, where hot biscuits, griddle-cakes, pies and puddings are eaten at almost every meal, and by the time I located in Nebraska I found myself a sufferer from indigestion and its attendant ills—distress and pains after meals, an almost constant headache, dull, heavy sleepiness by day and sleeplessness at night, loss of flesh, impaired memory, etc., etc.

"I was rapidly becoming incapacitated for business, when a valued friend suggested a change in my diet, the abandonment of heavy, rich stuff and the use of Grape-Nuts food. I followed the good advice and shall always be thankful that I did so.

"Whatever may be the experience of others, the beneficial effects of the change were apparent in my case almost immediately. My stomach, which had rejected other food for so long, took to Grape-Nuts most kindly; in a day or two my headache was gone, I began to sleep healthfully and before a week was out the scales showed that my lost weight was coming back. My memory was restored with the renewed vigor that I felt in body and mind. For three years now Grape-Nuts food has kept me in prime condition, and I propose it shall for the rest of my days.

"And by the way, my 2½ year old baby is as fond of Grape-Nuts as I am, always insists on having it. It keeps her as healthy and hearty as they make them." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

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

OUR MIGHTY WHEATFIELDS.

Facts and Figures About the Western Granary.

Canada has the largest wheat field in the world, 300x900 miles.

Canada's wheat-growing area in the west is (per Prof. Saunders' estimate) 171 million acres in extent.

Canada has less than five millions of this area under cultivation, or only 3 per cent.

If one-fourth of the 171 million acres were under wheat, it would supply Britain three times over and the home market as well.

By 1915 there will, it is estimated, be ten million acres under wheat, yielding 200 million bushels.

The Canadian west is capable of producing three billion bushels of wheat.

The Canadian west is capable of producing 20 times Britain's annual imports of wheat.

Canada's wheat crop, 1904, 80 million bushels (60 millions in the west).

Canada ranks tenth among the world's wheat-producing countries.

Canada's wheat crop is nearly double that of the United Kingdom.

Canada's grain crop of all kinds reached (1903) 275 million bushels.

Prof. Tanner, the English agricultural chemist, says western Canada has the richest soil in the world.

Canada's wheat yield for the last ten years averaged 18 bushels an acre.

Wheat yield in the United States for same period, 13 bushels per acre.

Manitoba's average wheat yield for ten years, 21 bushels per acre.

Minnesota's yield for same period, 14, Kansas, 12; Missouri, 11.

Canada's western wheat contains 10 per cent. more albuminoids than the best European varieties.

One hundred pounds of Canadian flour makes more bread of high quality than the same weight of any wheat imported into Britain.

BABY'S AWAKENING.

It ought to be a pleasure to look forward to baby's awakening. He should awaken bright, smiling and full of fun, refreshed by sleep and ready for a good time. How many parents dread their child's voice, because they know when he awakes he will cry and fret and keep everyone on the move until he falls asleep again from sheer exhaustion. These crying fits make the life of the inexperienced mother a torment. And yet baby is not crying for the fun of the thing—there is something wrong, though the mother may not see anything ails the child. Try Baby's Own Tablets in cases of this kind, and we venture to say baby will wake up happy and smiling—an altogether different child. Here is proof from Mrs. John S. Sutherland, Blissfield, N.S., who says:—"My baby was terribly cross, and often kept me awake half the night before I got Baby's Own Tablets for her. Since I began giving her the Tablets, she is perfectly well, sleeps soundly all night, and wakes up bright and fresh in the morning." Baby's Own Tablets are a safe medicine for children of all ages. They cannot do anything but good. You can get them from your druggist, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SIGN OF "DOG AND THE POT."

Still Hangs in the Blackfriars Road of London.

Dickens lovers have to thank that tireless authority on "Boz," Percy Fitzgerald, for pointing out that a curious old sign which was an unfailing object of interest to Dickens as a boy, and to which he often referred in later years, still hangs in the Blackfriars road of London. This sign, which advertises a long-established hardware firm, is a typical example of the queer trade emblems which from the sixteenth century distinguished practically every shop of any importance in the metropolis, but of which few specimens now exist. It represents a gold dog apparently licking something out of an overturned crock or pot, and is generally referred to as "The Sign of the Dog and the Pot." Dickens evidently first discovered it in, as Fitzgerald says, "those heartrending blacking days in Warren & Co.'s factory, when the poor lad distracted his cares by noting all the odd things that met his eye." And he quotes the novelist as saying of that time, "My usual way home (that is, to Lant street, where he had a lodging so as to be nearer his family in the Marshalsea prison) was over Blackfriars bridge and down that, turning in the Blackfriars road, which has Rowland Hill's chapel on on one side and the likeness of a golden dog licking a golden pot over a shop door on the other." Fitzgerald adds: "When the little Boz saw it first it must have been about the twenties—1823 or 1824—and the dog has licked on ever since to this year of grace 1905. I should say there is no memorial of this kind at all associated with Boz that gas stood in its place so long and so undisturbed. I always wonder how it can have escaped, for some serious, pragmatical shopkeeper might have thought it a grotesque hindrance to his business." It appears, however, that "ironmongers" who own the sign, far from being "pragmatical," are decidedly proud of it, and perhaps future visitors may find interest in this relic of former days which is so closely associated with Dickens.

BACK AT HER.

Nell—I told Miss Sharpe what you said about her literary club; that you wouldn't join because it was too full of stupid old maids.

Belle—Did you? What did she say?

Nell—She said you were mistaken; that there was always room for one more.

"That's what I call a rough draft," as the builder remarked when he discovered the rough draft of which he was the victim.

BY USE OF ADRENALIN

MAN WAS DEAD FOR HOURS BUT REVIVED.

Victim of Asphyxiation Worked on for Thirty Minutes With No Result.

Dead from asphyxiation, Edward Schilling, living at 112 Weymer street, Cleveland, Ohio, an employe of the East Ohio Gas Company, was restored to life the other night at Mount Sinai Hospital by the use of adrenalin. He was asphyxiated at 5 o'clock and was taken three miles to a hospital. He was dead when he arrived there.

The house physician, believing the case to be hopeless, but ready to take a desperate chance, cut the clothes from the body and, with the aid of nurses, commenced artificial respiration. Fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes elapsed and there was no sign of life; the body was cold, there was no heart action, nor a sign of respiration.

AFTER THREE HOURS LIVES.

Then three physicians gave the body an injection of adrenalin through an incision in the arm. One doctor massaged the heart, while the other two continued with artificial respiration. An hour elapsed before any sign of life was evident through a faint fluctuation of the heart and an almost unnoticeable action of the respiratory muscles.

This process was continued for three hours, during which another injection of adrenalin was given. When natural respiration was set up powerful stimulants were administered. At noon Schilling left his bed and walked about his room.

"Was I dead?" A puzzled look came over Schilling's face, "From the time I fell until this morning, when I woke up, I knew absolutely nothing. The thought gives me a chill."

Informed by a policeman that her husband had been asphyxiated, Mrs. Schilling locked her two babies in the house and hurried to the hospital. Schilling wanted to go home with her, and he was allowed to do so. The next day he returned to work.

CAN'T EXPLAIN MYSTERY.

Dr. Propper, one of the attending physicians, said:

"Schilling was lifeless when he reached the hospital. It was extremely fortunate for him that we were enabled to give him proper attention at the time we did. I always have believed it an impossibility to bring a man back to life after he is dead; that is, after all life has departed from his body.

"There must have been some life in Schilling's body when we undertook to revive him. But there is a question if there does not exist in the bodies of persons we call dead atoms of energy on which new life could be based."

THE ONLY SAFE PLACE.

"Can you lay this carpet so the children won't wear it out?"

"Where shall I put it, madam—on the roof?"

CAN WALK AROUND AND DO HIS WORK

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED W. J. DIXON'S RHEUMATISM.

He Was so Bad He Had to Use a Stick to Walk and Could Not Lace His Shoe.

Barwick, Ont., Nov. 6.—(Special).—These cold, wet fall days are full of Rheumatism and nothing can be more timely than news of an effectual cure of that curse of the Canadian climate. Such a cure William John Dixon of this place is certain he has discovered in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I had an attack of typhoid fever," says Mr. Dixon, "and after I got over it Rheumatism set in. I had pains in my back and in my right hip so bad I had to use a stick to walk and had no comfort in sleeping. I could no more than dress or undress myself for nearly two months, and for three weeks I could not lace my right shoe or put my right leg on my left knee.

"Acting on my brother's advice I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after taking three boxes I was able to walk around and do my work. Now I am well and I recommend anyone who has Rheumatism to try Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Every law which a State enacts indicates a fact in human nature; that is all.

Kidney Cry.—Pain in the back is the cry of the kidneys for help. To neglect the call is to deliver the body over to a disease cruel, ruthless, and finally life destroying. South American Kidney Cure has power akin to miraculous in helping the needy kidneys out of the mire of disease. It relieves in six hours.—38

HIS QUESTION TO THE BISHOP.

A bishop in full robes of office, with his gown reaching to his feet, was teaching a Sunday school class. At the close he said he would be glad to answer any questions.

A little hand went up, and he asked: "Well, my boy?"

"Can I ask?" said the boy.

"Certainly," said the bishop; "what is it?"

"Well," asked the boy, "is dem all you've got on, or do you wear pants under dem?"

Silence is golden—which may account for the lean and hungry appearance of the average married man's purse.



$5,000 REWARD will be paid to any person who proves that Sunlight Soap contains any injurious chemicals or any form of adulteration.

Sunlight Soap

is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way.

Sunlight Soap contains no injurious chemicals.

Sunlight Soap is pure soap, scientifically made. Every step in its manufacture is watched by an expert chemist.

Sunlight Soap saves labor, and the wear of rubbing which common soaps require in washing fabrics.

Your money refunded by the dealer from whom you buy Sunlight Soap if you find any cause for complaint.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

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AND PLENTIFUL.

There are heaps of good things in the world nobody cares for because they are cheap.

Always a Good Friend.—In health and happiness we need no friends, but when pain and prostration come we look for friendly aid from sympathetic hands. These hands can serve us no better than in rubbing in Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, for when the Oil is in the pain is out. It has brought relief to thousands who without it would be indeed friendless.

Even the man who hoots at superstition is apt to refuse a loan of $13 to some of his acquaintances on a Friday.

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

A New York millionaire who began his career as clerk in a cigar store about forty years ago boasts of having risen from the ranks.

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.

THE WAITER'S MISTAKE.

The waiter in the cafe of a certain hotel did not mean to be rude. The mistake was purely a social error.

"What will you have next, lady?" the waiter asked, with the courtesy that becomes a waiter.

"Don't address me as 'lady'!" demanded the guest, with some show of irritation.

"Excuse me, ma'am," replied the waiter, "but all of us is liable to make mistakes."



READING THE TEA LEAVES

means something to the intelligent woman. When they unveil into peafectly formed leaves she knows it is not stale, much handled bulk tea, but **RELIABLE**

Blue Ribbon

in sealed lead packets with its own **Fine Natural Flavor.** Only one **best** tea. **BLUE RIBBON'S IT.**

Lady's or Gent's



As your choice.

FREE TO YOU!

Send us your name and address, and you will receive FREE ON ARRIVAL a parcel containing 12 Rings and 12 Thimbles (Our 1906 patterns) made of Real Aluminium. They are beautifully enamelled in colours, and embossed with the inscriptions "Friends," "Good Luck," etc. They are lighter and tougher than real silver articles sold at 1/6, and never tarnish.

WE TRUST YOU—NO MONEY REQUIRED.

Sell the 24 articles at 6 cents each, making $1.44 altogether, which forward to us, and we will send you at once, as a reward, a Magnificent Lever Watch, guaranteed for 3 years, or other Presents of High-class Jewellery, which you can select from our list.

GOLD & CO., No. 2, *The Watch House*, Delamere Crescent, London, W., England.

NOBLE YOUTH.

Fond Papa—"But look here, you're not able to take care of my daughter properly, if I should give her to you. And I can't support both of you."

Brave Suitor—"Oh, no, sir—I don't ask you to. It will be all right if you'll just support her—I'm used to grubbing for myself."

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

"At last I feel sure of an opening," remarked the unsuccessful man, as he realized that he had appendicitis.

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

The man who brings his wife a bunch of roses is more appreciated than the one who brings home a ton of coal.

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

Watts—"When a man gets down there are few hands extended to him." Potts—"Yes, few hands; but just think of the feet!"

"One Foot in the Grave."—If the thousands of people who rush to so worthy a remedy as South American Nervine as a last resort would get it as a first resort, how much misery and suffering would be spared. If you have any nerve disorder you needn't suffer a minute longer. A thousand testimonies to prove it—36.

THE WAY OF IT.

All things may come
To those who wait.
But when they do
They're out of date.

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

Fifty-cent cotton umbrellas will never become popular so long as a man can borrow a $7 silk one for nothing.

A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are compounded for use in any climate and they will be found to preserve their powers in any latitude. In fever and ague they act upon the secretions and neutralize the poison which has found its way into the blood. They correct the impurities which find entrance into the system through drinking water or food, and if used as a preventive fevers are avoided.

A PREFERABLE ODOR.

To a hungry man a head of cabbage has a sweeter odor than a bunch of violets.

Strong words by a New York Specialist—"After years of testing and comparison I have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the quickest, safest, and surest known to medical science. I use it in my own practice. It relieves the most acute forms of heart ailment inside of thirty minutes and never fails"

It is far better to take people as they are than to waste valuable time in trying to make them as they should be.

Just the Thing That's Wanted.— A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canals, so as to clear them of excreta, the retention of which cannot but be hurtful, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study, and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and an alternative in one.

MONUMENTAL.

"What would you call a monumental liar?" inquired Mrs. Quizz.

"The man who puts praises on tombstones," exclaimed her lord.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

CLASS-ROOM HUMOR.

The surprising answers given by school children have long been a source of merriment to those who examined their papers, but it is doubtful whether they could be any funnier than the little mistakes which occur daily in the class-room.

It happened last week in the composition class of a big city school. Nellie was reading her essay, which at times verged on picturesque description. "At this moment," she read, "a large boy, twelve years of age, burst in the room." What happened to the unfortunate boy after this dreadful tragedy was lost in the shouts of laughter which made Nellie's further remarks on the subject inaudible.

FARMERS!

It is bad policy to lock the stable after the horse is stolen. Indigestion and colic destroy more horses than any other disease. Keep a supply of our

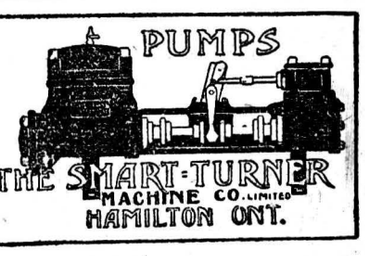
Indigestion and Colic Remedy

on hand and protect your horses. It will keep for years, and if needed will save hundreds of times its cost.

Manufactured by

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

30 Practical Everyday Lessons on **FARM ACCOUNTS** For 75c. post paid.
FARM PUB. HOUSE, Box 425, Chatham, Ont.



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"One half of the world's happiness is solved when a person learns to mind his own business." "Yes, but it's the other half that causes the most trouble." "What's that?" "Getting other people to mind theirs!"

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To the Citizens of Iroquois.

Men, women and children,—we include all because all are interested, and all are affected by the subject we are about to introduce.

Such appeals are often made to the electors only, yet those who have no votes sometimes have as much or even more at stake than those who have the franchise, and their well-being may be benefitted or jeopardized more easily by what is happening than that of the average elector.

We desire to address you in a calm, candid, sensible and reasonable way on the matter before us.

Some people never see or know what is happening around them until it has passed and consequently are always behind. Others are ever on the alert and able to see with almost prophetic vision what is yet far in the distance and quite out of the range of the average individual.

Some people are very short sighted in regard to the operation of the liquor traffic. "A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."

It needs the greatest vigilance on the part of every citizen to keep a proper check on the bar-room.

Who would for one moment think that drinking is on the increase in this country of ours, and yet such is the case, notwithstanding the great moral forces that are at work. We have become so accustomed to the midnight brawl, and home staggering in the early morn, that it gives us little concern. The dear innocent little boys of our village see these things almost daily, and become so accustomed to them by standing around that they too often fall victims to the same habit and go down to drunkards' graves and the drunkards' doom.

"Vice is a monster of such haughty mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft familiar with his face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The temperance people have of late made an honest effort in this province to save the rising generation from the clutches of this awful enemy, that gave us last year 5,000 corpses, and 16,532 prisoners to take care of, besides wasting $150,000,000 of our money.

Our national debt was for 1901 $364,962,512, and if we applied the money wasted on liquor for a little over two years it would wipe off the entire debt.

Our High and Public schools cost us last year $25,225,887, but our alcohol cost us six times as much. Is it any wonder then that the teachers are down on the traffic?

The traffic wastes $400,000 every day in the year.

It would be sufficient to pay $12.50 a month for one million cottages and these would accommodate the whole population of Canada.

It means a loss of $150 annually for each family in the Dominion.

Do you wonder that the wisest and best element of our people are waking up and preparing to meet this wily foe?

Have we any evil in the land approaching it in power and magnitude?

While the temperance people are moving forward the enemy is also pressing on. The liquor association through their organ, The Wine and Spirit Journal, has ordered the hotelkeepers to push the business in the following words:

"Funds must be raised, and come from the forcing of increased liquor sales," &c., &c.

Is this not awful? No matter whose boy suffers, or what husband is induced to spend the money he should take home to feed and clothe his wife and children this cold weather, the trade must be pushed.

This may account for the Sunday carnivals and the Sunday window smashing that we must endure in order that more money may be raised to resist public opinion and defeat the will of the sober, honest electors.

The traffic is after more boys, bright young fellows, smart young men to take the places of the ragged, besotted blear-eyed wrecks that are not able to earn any more money. They do not want the finished product of their own establishment around, but must and will have the boys, and therefore want the present license system continued, and because the liquor party are afraid to have the question of barroom or no bar-room submitted to the electors they have instructed their friends through their journal to approach the Councillors as follows:

"Start right to work to prevent the by-law being introduced and passed by the local Council. A well selected organization can bring strong pressure to bear on each Councillor, and pledges of opposition to the measure in Council, in return for the support of the candidate. His election in most instances can be readily obtained if skillfully handled."

This conduct is in harmony with the worst traditions of the liquor party. They say in effect, bribe the Councillors singly, individually, to set at defiance the will of the people by refusing to submit the by-law. What care they whether the members of the Council act foolishly and make a laughing stock of themselves or not, so long as they gain their point?

They forget that the Councilmen throughout our Province have been brought up under free institutions and love freedom, and do not propose to act as if they were living in Russia instead of Canada.

If a petition with 50 or 100 names of bona fide electors were presented to the Council asking for the submission of any question within reason to the electors, for their approval or rejection, would the Council set up their opinion against five or ten times their number? They might or might not be in favor of the measure but to prevent the electors from using their franchise would be contrary to the constitution under which we live. Iroquois has never had such a board, and in our opinion never will.

The religious organ of the Presbyterian church is publishing a series of articles on Local Option and makes the pertinent remark that Local Option is not a new and untried scheme for dealing with the liquor traffic. "It has been tested for many years under different conditions with almost unvarying success."

Are we, the people of Iroquois, so low and degraded that we cannot also make it a success?

Westmount, Montreal's greatest suburb, has had this system in force since the dawn of its history, and it has contributed largely to its popularity as a residential section. Montreal West has also adopted the same system with great success. In the Province of Quebec one half of the municipalities are under local prohibition, where crime and the consumption of liquor are decreasing. Toronto Junction had in 1903 over 7,000 of a population. Now it has over 9,000 and is more prosperous than at any period in its history. Those who supply the necessaries of life at the Junction told the writer in The Presbyterian that their business had greatly increased. The money formerly wasted in the bar-rooms now went in legitimate channels.

We might multiply instances of the blessings of local option in the United States and in our own Ontario, but we need not do so. It is in the air. You need only pick up a paper and read for yourself.

Ontario is about to submit it to sixty more municipalities. For further evidence we might look nearer home. Matilda has cast out King Alcohol. Williamsburg has abandoned it. Edwardsburg will not permit it within her borders; and last of all, gallant little Cardinal has strangled it, trampled it under foot, and kicked it out. And our poor little village can say like the impotent man at the healing pool, "Another steppeth down before me." And here we are below Cardinal and below par, and what are we going to do about it? Will we listen to the enchantments of the liquor party's agents who by one cry or another plead for the continuance of this curse; or shall we rise in our might and break the shackles that bind us? Have we in our midst men and women who for a day would uphold and defend this death dealing monster? If so, who are they, and what is their defence of this curse?

For convenience we will divide them into three classes:

First—The men who run the business, and stand behind the bar, and must have your money or somebody's money, and who may have been good hearted and well disposed people until their environment has degraded them so that it is not unusual to hear of a tussle between the boozers inside the bar and outside, with the advantage generally in favor of the inside man, who in a pinch can swing a bottle scientifically and effectively. He cares not who suffers so long as he and his own family are provided for. He wants the money and gets it, for which he deals out destruction and death.

Second—The tippler who drinks to excess, or who says that he does not care for it, and can drink or let it alone, seldom doing the latter. By the way, he claims to be a temperance man, and will pretend to be angry if you do not fully agree with him. Just watch the back and side doors of the gin mill. If you happen to be close, he just wants to see a man inside. If you are not near by, so much the better, he sees the man may be two or three times and comes out feeling a little funny, or flushed, or both. He has formed the habit of drinking and likes the liquor and will make all kinds of excuses for supporting that system which is robbing him of his manhood. Another type of the same class less humane, with little love and less reasoning power, will tell you there will be more drinking under Local Option than license. That he saw some men drunk on Sunday who should have been locked up. He tells you that Local Option would ruin our business, and a lot of such balderdash until his breath and nonsense are so offensive that you are sorry you met him.

The third and last class supports the license for purely selfish reasons; some of them will take a glass if others will pay for it, or perhaps take one alone. There is little danger of this class becoming drunkards, they are too selfish and stingy. The curmudgeon is here in the garb of respectability. Many of this class are well to do and the hotels patronize them in their business or send them customers, or favor them in some way for their friendship. They feel no pangs for the suffering victims of the saloon, and for slight favors from the hotel their support is secured.

Among this hard hearted class here may be found men who have lost their fathers and brothers through strong drink; wives who have lost their husbands; daughters who have lost fathers and brothers; mothers who have lost their sons; fathers-in-law who have lost their sons-in-law, &c. We say frankly that we believe the poor victims will be safer in a coming day than those who use their God given franchise to perpetuate this curse id our midst even though they dress "in scarlet and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day."

A Word About the Revenue of the Traffic

In the contest last year the principal cry was, Cardinal is so near that our people will go there for liquor and there do their shopping, and the grass will grow in our streets; many we believe were carried away with that oft repeated plea. You would think last year that if it were not for liquor in Cardinal we would have little or no opposition.

But now that Cardinal has disposed of it, we believe the cry now is the revenue, we want a share of the license fee and cannot get on without it, especially this year. If one did not know he would be inclined to think the town's share of license quite a large amount. I ask in what degree would $280 affect the financis of this village one way or the other? about 28c. a head of the population. While our liquor bill is $25.00 per head of the entire population of the Dominion. We are quite unable to understand the great importance some attach to this particular item of $280 while we have been dealing in thousands.

The liquor party have been freely stating that this amount should be put up by the temperance people. That if they want local option they should be willing to pay for it by paying the town's share ($280) of the license money. The temperance people would be more than safe in doing so, if those who vote for license will pay over to the temperance party the annual loss sustained by the license system. The first item of which is $240 sent to the Governmet; then the amount of about $2,000 more raked and scraped together by the hotelmen, much of it from the poor victims of the bar-rooms that should go to the wife and children, not one dollar of which can be traced back to Iroquois.

There is no doubt but the sending away of these large amounts to further add to the wealth of the rich distillers and brewers brings additional burdens upon our taxpayers. The money is sent where we will never see it, and what we get in return totally destroys the usefulness of some of our very best men in all walks of life. The paltry $280 we get for license cost us over eight times $280 as we have already shown.

The records prove that we would never see a tramp but for the liquor traffic and we must charge those responsible for the license with the damage by fire, and other crimes committed by tramps. We had a sample of his work here quite recently. Councillor Brouse's barn was burnt a few weeks ago, no one was supposed to be near it. There was no lightning that evening; we know the barn was consumed, and the tramp was around. It is not hard to make the connection. We could give you numerous other ways in which we suffer from the traffic, but must stop. Are we men and women taxpayers of Iroquois willing to pay our share to keep up the drunkards death rate, and the grand army of prisoners, and not only pay the taxes but supply the boys as we have done in the past, and that of our very best blood.

Oh the spectres that hover around us as we write—professional men, merchants, tradesmen, mechanics, farmers, agents, laborers and hotelkeepers, all gone down to the bottomless pit within a short time, if we believe the Holy Scriptures (1st Cor., 6-10) and many more well on the way.

If you record your votes in favor of the license you will supply the boys to keep up the dead march willingly or otherwise.

Ministers of the Gospel, shepherds of the flock, teachers in our High and Public schools, and in our Sunday schools, what are you doing to bring about a revulsion of feeling against the common enemy of us all? And you, mothers, who would lay down your lives rather than see your sons reeling home at midnight, what are you doing to save them? Electors of Iroquois, we will be greatly disappointed if you do not rid yourself of this great evil when you cast your ballots, thereby saving extra taxes, besides saving the young men growing up around us from the temptation of the bar-room.

We have not written a word for the purpose of irritating or offending, but rather to arouse and awake our people young and old to the gravity of the situation, and the electors in particular to their responsibility.

By order of

TEMPERANCE COMMITTEE.

George Johnston, the Dominion Statistician, says that Ontario has 267 boy criminals in the million, while the other Provinces have only 130.

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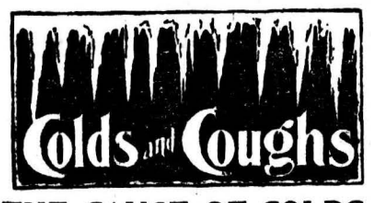

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How Can We Prevent "Taking Cold."

One of the most distressing things that the average human being is subject to is "catching cold." In itself it is not serious. Some people ascribe all kinds of causes, namely, that they went out without their hats, forgot to close the windows, got the feet wet, or some such accidental exposure. The truth is, we could not catch cold if our blood was active and vigorous. The fact is the right reason for taking cold is not very often correctly given. If you are accustomed to leading an active outdoor life and suddenly stay indoors you are liable to bring on a cold. Eating too much, more than is needed to nourish the body, will cause a cold—in fact the stomach plays a very important part. The person who can keep out in the pure air and sunshine, keep his muscular and functional system thoroughly active by exercise, can commit all kinds of indiscretions without taking cold. Perhaps one of the greatest physicians of his day is Dr. R. V. Pierce, founder of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. He says, in his Common Sense Medical Adviser, "at such times you should see that the skin and bowels are active, that you are breathing fresh, pure air, that you are drinking freely of water, and try first to get the blood into circulation by some means or other. You will notice that when you catch cold your feet are usually cold, because the circulation is not vigorous."

After years of experience in an active practice, Dr. Pierce discovered a remedy that suited these conditions in a blood-maker and tissue-builder, which at the same time alleviates the cough. He called it Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—an alterative extract that assists in the assimilation of the food—so that the blood gets what it needs and there is perfect elimination of waste matter.

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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.

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