The News



VOLUME 17 — IROQUOIS, ONT., FRIDAY, OCT. 20, 1905 — NUMBER 3

BUY YOUR FALL BOOTS

AT SEELY'S

The Newest and Best Lines ever shown in town

Heavy Rubbers

"Kant Krack"

Rubber Boots, Guaranteed.

HIGH LACED SHOES, BELLOW TONGUES

SEELY'S SHOE STORE

Savings Bank Department

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

Get Particulars

Call in any time

The Molsons Bank Iroquois

ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY

REPAIRED

AT IROQUOIS FACTORY

BY THE

Dominion Roller Screen Co., Ltd.

Iroquois, Ont.

WEARING OUT MONEY

EVERY step wears something off your soles.

When the first pair of soles are worn out the uppers have become so stretched that re-soling can't restore smart appearance.

The life of a fine shoe may therefore be measured by the wear of its sole.

One kind of sole leather wears through in 40 days—another kind lasts 140 days.



One kind of sole leather becomes water-soaked in a single hour—another kind cannot be water-soaked in less than four hours.

Shoes cost you the same and look alike, no matter which of these sole leathers is used in them.

How can you tell the difference?

Every genuine Slater Shoe has now got a sole of "Quick-Oak" leather which wears like rawhide, and can't be water-soaked in less than fourteen hours' immersion.

This new process brand of leather is controlled in Canada by the Slater Shoe Company, and it can be had only in "The Stater Shoe," at no extra cost, but,—observe, in the genuine Slater Shoe only.

You'll wear out less money if you'll see that the next pair has got the slate-frame trade-mark stamped inside on the lining, with the makers' price—$3.50 or $5.00.

Goodyear Process

THE SLATER SHOE

EDWARD McNULTY

SOLE AGENT, IROQUOIS

County and District

The Week's Events in a Nutshell

Winchester village tax rate this year is 25 mills on the $.

Coal is selling at $6.25 per ton in Morrisburg at present.

Died at Berwick, on Sept. 28, 1905, Robert Meldrum, aged 25 years.

Died at Maple Ridge, on Friday, Oct. 6th, Allan Ball, aged 62 years.

A new and large building for the Kemptville fair is being advocated.

Prescott's rate of taxation this year is 23½ mills, 1½ mills below last year's rate.

Died at Newington, on Sept. 22, 1905, the four-year-old son of John Thompson.

The value of prizes won at Ottawa Exhibition by Hunter & Sons, of Maxville, on their Aryshire herd was $342.

John McCormick has sold his mercantile business and premises at Morewood and will remove to Winchester.

Archibald McIntosh, Finch, is appointed a bailiff of the eighth division court of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry, instead of John A. Munro.

Wm. Shea, of Vancamp, has sold his 165 acre farm to W. J. Riddle, of Oak Valley, for $6,500. In the deal Mr. Shea takes Mr. Riddle's farm of 50 acres.

Senator George T. Fulford, of Brockville, died at Newton, Mass., from the effects of an automobile collision. W. H. Comstock will likely succeed him in the Senate.

A movement is on foot in Winchester village to continue the early closing three nights a week during the winter. The movement is not altogether popular with the public.

Mrs. Wm. Gladstone, wife of a well to do blacksmith of Domville, four miles north of Prescott, committed suicide early Oct. 12th by cutting her throat from ear to ear with her husband's razor.

Edwin Keeler, a well known Maitland farmer, planted four pumpkin seeds last spring and on stripping the vines this week gathered pumpkins the aggregate weight of which was 1,586 pounds. The largest weighed 107½ pounds.

At Prescott last week Archbishop Gauthier dedicated the convent. The building was for years the residence of the late Dr. Buckley. It is situated next to the church, and was bequeathed by that gentleman to the church, of which he was a loyal son.

It is said the Dominion government will pay $10,000 to the widow of Capt. Couillard, Montebello, Que., as compensation for his death by the explosion of a gas buoy in April last, at the government dry dock at Kingston. Small sums will be paid to the friends of other victims.

RACING AT FAIRS.—Brockville Recorder: "To begin with, there are not five fairs in Ontarion without horse races, and such men as those who are writing letters to Mr. Cowan enjoy them immensely under the genteel name of trials of speed. Further, it is a libel on the people of Ontario, and it is not true that their fall exhibitions are periods of drunken orgies. This blather about the wickedness of the fairs is merely playing to the grand stand, and no person who has watched the development of agricultural societies and the growth of the temperance sentiment will venture such criticism as is often read and heard. People do not go to these annual exhibitions to get drunk, but rather to meet friends, interchange thoughts, exhibit the products that are the results of their toil, and enjoy a day or two of relaxation or amusement. Let some of these croakers who are eternally carping at the fairs get busy on a board of directors and they will realize the truth of what is being said."

PRESCOTT STARCH WORKS MAY CLOSE DOWN.—On Saturday last a rumor was in circulation that the Imperial Starch Company had been forced to sell out or close down by a new company being formed to buy up the other industries of similar manufacture, says the Prescott Journal. It was not generally believed until the arrival of a Montreal paper that evening which contained a report showing the whole scheme. Dr. Reid took charge of this company four years ago when it was in a hopeless condition; he put it in operation, and has kept it running constantly since against great odds and hard luck, and it has been a wonderful benefit to our town. As soon as he started operations the Edwardsburg Starch Company, under the management of G. F. Benson, made a vigorous fight against him which has been continued until the Prescott factory has been put out of business. We remember when Mr. Benson took it upon himself to call a meeting of the Imperial Starch Company shareholders at the Hotel Alexandra. He was anxious to do something to help the unfortunate shareholders. Now is his opportunity. In fact we feel sure he will see to it that they receive their money. What about the town? We have $8,000 invested as a bonus. This must be paid with interest. It behooves our town fathers to get busy at once and look into this matter. If this new corporation can injure our town by closing the factory they should certainly pay the ratepayers the money they have taken from them. In the meantime we will await, curiously, further development. The closing down of the factory will make a difference of some $30,000 per year floating around Prescott, which amount was paid out in wages.

Town Topics

Mrs. A. Cronan, of Richfield Springs, Mass., is visiting Mrs. A. J. Osborne.

A diplomat is a man who loves his mother-in-law—if the old lady has money.

Copies of "The Story of Dundas" are on sale at E. McIntosh's, Brinston's Corners. Call and get yours.

On Saturday, Oct. 21st, will be the centenary of the death of Nelson, the immortal hero of the British navy.

FOUND.—Tweed overcoat found on the Carman road. Owner may have same by proving property and paying for this notice.

It is said that binder twine is likely to be dearer next year owing to the fact that a recent typhoon in Manilla did $5,000,000 worth of damage to the hemp growing district.

With increased distribution the popularity of "The Story of Dundas" is constantly growing. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, therefore secure a copy of this excellent volume.

Walter Leverette, Miss Gertrude Reynolds, and Miss Etta Brown, recent graduates of the Brockville Business College, have secured situations. The Brockville Business College is not the largest in the Province but it is one of the best.

CHEESE MARKETS.—The market took a tumble Friday, due it is said to stocks accumulating at Montreal. On the Iroquois Board 957 boxes were offered, and 11c. bid, but no sales, the buyers holding out for better prices. No sales on Kemptville board, which was the rule on many boards last week.

In the opinion of the Municipal World, an owner adjoining a highway is not bound to build fences between his land and the road allowance, and notwithstanding the fact that no such fence has been erected, cattle found trespassing and doing damage on his land are liable to be impounded.

DUNDAS TEACHERS MEET.—The annual meeting of the Dundas Teachers' Institute opened in the Public school building, Winchester, Thursday and Friday of last week, at which a large number of birch wielders were present from all parts of the county, including Principal Bowen and Misses Jennie and Ada Harkness, of Iroquois. A conversazione was held on Thursday evening.

Messrs. B. C. and C. A. Beach, of Winchester, says The Press, have secured a ten years franchise for lighting Haleybury in New Ontario with electricity and supplying the town with water. The firm, which will be known as Beach Bros. & Co., have the choice of three splendid waterpowers. Haleybury is only about five miles from the rich silver mining district of Cobalt. The light has to be installed by next summer and B. C. Beach will move to Haleybury to superintend the work.

"The entrance examination is an unmitigated evil," says Inspector James L. Hughes, of Toronto. "I would rather leave the promotions from the public to the high schools in the hands of the teachers. Of course, some of them would necessarily have a lower standard than others, but that would be found out and corrected before a year was out. It is not a fair test for a pupil to estimate his standing on an examination at the end of the year. I would rely a great deal more on the judgment of the teachers.

INSPECTED CANAL SYSTEM.—Hon. H. R. Emmerson, in company with his new deputy, Mr. Butler, and Collingwood Schreiber, chief consulting engineer of the Government, has just finished the first detailed inspection of Canada's canal system from the Welland down. One point which impressed them as most urgent in connection with the government of traffic by the Great Lakes was the absolute necessity of facilities at Port Colborne for transshipping grain from the upper lake craft to the smaller vessels that ply through the Welland and thence down Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence.

Winchester village Council turned down the Local Option petition presented last week, bearing 149 signatures, by the casting vote of the Reeve. N. W. Beach then rose and asked if the Council would submit the by-law providing the temperance people deposited sufficient money to pay the cost of same, which they were prepared to do then. Mr. Beach also said he wished to refer to a remark previously made regarding the non-enforcement of the local option by-law in 1892. The hotelkeepers had been fined four times, each time paying a fine of $50, which brought in $200 to the town. The Council refused to entertain the proposition. The prospects are that the next municipal election will be run on local option lines, says The Press.

ONTARIO GAME LAWS.—Quail and wild turkeys cannot be killed before November 1st, and then for one month only. Grouse, pheasants, woodcock, black and grey squirrels and hare are now in season till December 15th. The prohibition against sale of partridge, pheasants and prairie fowl expired September 15th this year. Open seasons—Geese, Sept. 15th to May; ducks and water fowl, Sept. 1st to Dec. 15th; snipe, rail, plover, or other shore birds, Sept. 15th to Dec. 15th. The prohibition against sale of snipe expires Sept. 15th of this year. Beaver, otter, sable and marten can be taken Nov. 1st to April 1st; muskrats from Jan. 1st to May 1st. Deer, moose, reindeer and caribou, Nov. 1st to 15th. Residents of the Province must have a license, paying $2 for each season; non-residents must pay $25. Only two deer can be taken by one person in a season.

High School Field Day

Successful Sports held on the Driving Park Tuesday

Whatever was lacking in attendance at the Iroquois High school field day on Tuesday was more than compensated by the genuine enthusiasm of the contestants. The day proved very favorable, and there was not a single hitch in the proceedings. As will be seen by the scores below, some records were bokken this year in the history of local sport.

The judging was done by Rev. Mr. Whalley, W. E. Bowen and R. S Pelton; time-keeper, J. W. Tindale; starter, Nap, Guay; measurers, Rev. Mr. Corrigan and J. F. McGuire; clerk of course, W. G. Anderson; referee, T. E. A. Stanley, while constable Alton Locke preserved order.

The medals will be presented at the commencement exercises, sometime in December next.

Following is a list of the events, viz.:

FORENOON

1. Standing broad jump, sr., 1, Geo. Sloan; 2, Charlie Wallace; 3, Jas. Ault; 4, Allan Locke. Distance, 8 feet 3¾ inches.

2. Running broad jump, jr., 1, Wellington Seeley; 2, Fred McEwan; 3, Adam Harkness; 4, Silas Redmond. Distance, 14 feet 2 inches.

3. Putting shot, sr., 1, C. Strader and J. Ault, tie; 3, C. Wallace; 4, A. Locke. Distance, 28 feet 4½ inches.

4. Putting shot, jr., 1, W. Seeley; 2, S. Redmond; 3, F. McEwan; 4, Jas. Lennox. Distance, 24 feet 3 inches.

5. Running hop-step-jump, sr., 1, C. Strader; 2, Willard Holmes; 3, C. Wallace; 4, A. Locke. Distance, 38 feet 9 inches.

6. Running hop-step-jump, jr., 1, W. Seeley; 2, A. Harkness; 3, S. Redmond; 4, John Goudie. Distance, 33 feet 2¾ inches.

7. High kick, sr., 1 C. Strader; 2, W. Holmes; 3, A. Locke; 4, C. Wallace. Height, 7 feet 6 inches.

8. Running broad jump, sr., 1, C. Strader; 2, A. Locke; 3, W. Holmes; 4, G. Sloan. Distance, 15 feet 6 inches.

9. Pole vault, sr., 1, C. Wallace; 2, W. Holmes; 3, A. Locke; 4, G. Sloan. Height, 7 feet 4 inches.

AETERNOON

1. High jump, jr., 1, W. Seeley; 2, S. Redmond; 3, A. Harkness; 4, F. McEwan. Height, 4 feet 6½ inches.

2. High jump, sr., 1, C. Strader; 2, A. Locke; 3, W. Holmes; 4, G. Sloan. Height, 4 feet 6 inches.

3. 100 metre race, jr., 1, W. Seeley; 2, S. Redmond; 3, F. McEwan; 4, F. Shaver. Time, 14 sec.

4. 100 yards race, sr., 1, C. Strader; 2, C. Wallace; 3, L. Holmes; 4, G. Sloan. Time, 11½ sec.

5. 100 yards race, open, 1, G. A. Hanes; 2, C. Strader; 3, L. Peterson. Time, 11½ sec. Prize, umbrella, donated by Hare & McInnis.

6. 50 yards race, girls, jr., 1, Amelia Edwards; 2, Muriel Whalley; 3, Sadie Goudie; 4, Maggie Johnston. Time, 7½ sec. Prize, half dozen photos donated by I. W. Becksted.

7. Bicycle race, 1 mile, sr., 1, J. Ault; 2, Aden McIntosh; 3, Leroy Holmes. Time, 3 min. 44 sec.

8. 50 yards race, girls, sr., 1, Florence Adams; 2, Lottie Steinburg, 3. Jean Macalister; 4, Eva Holmes. Time, 8 sec. Prize, rink ticket, donated by M. Ryan.

9. Running hop-step-jump, open, 1, C. Strader; 2, A. Hanes. Distance, 38 feet 7½ inches. Prize, pair gloves, donated by Dr. Parlow.

10. 400 metre race, sr., 1, C. Strader; 2, G. Sloan; 3, C. Wallace; 4, A. Locke. Time, 1 min. 2 sec.

11. Bicycle race, half mile, girls, jr., 1, Kate Dixon; 2, Amelia Edwards. Time, 1 min. 56 sec. Prize, book, donated by C. E, Cameron.

12. 200 metre race, jr., 1, W. Seeley; 2, F. McEwan; 3, S. Redmond; 4, F. Shaver. Time, 29 sec.

13. Hurdle race, 100 metres, sr., 1, C. Strader; 2, C. Wallace; 3, W. Holmes; 4, A. Locke. Time, 17 sec.

14. Pole vault, open, 1, G. A. Hanes; 2, N. Guay. Height, 6 feet 11 inches. Prize, "The Story of Dundas," donated by R. S. Pelton.

15 Team race, half mile, 1, form III.; 2, form II.; 3, form I. Time, 2. min. 5 sec.

16. Egg race, 20 yards, girls, sr., 1, Emma Banford; 2, Jean Macalister; 3, Florence Adams. Prize, bank book $1 deposit, donated by R. Barnhart.

17. Kilometre race, open, 1, Harold Hare; 2, Leroy Holmes; 3, A. McIntosh. Time, 3 min. 11 sec. Prizes, 1, wallet, donated by N. Guay; 2, pair mitts, donated by Dr. Haworth.

18. Biscuit race, girls, jr., 1, Sadie Goudie; 2, Kate Dixon; 3, Amy Haworth; 4, Mabel Stamp. Prize, crumb tray, donated by S. Landon.

19. Fatigue race, 50 yards and back, 1, Redmond and W. Holmes; 2, Strader and Ault; 3, L. Wallace and A. Tanney; 4, M. Wallace and A. Dixon.

20. Thread and needle race, girls, sr., 1, Lottie Steinburg; 2, Jean Macalister. Prize, bottle perfume, donated by B. F. Smith.

21. Half mile race, jr., 1, F. McEwan; 2, S. Redmond; 3, M. Wallace; 4, L. Wallace. Time, 3 min.

22. Mile race, sr., 1, A. McIntosh; 2, A. Locke. Time, 7 minutes.

23. Consolation race, 200 metres, 1, John Goudie; 2, C. Liezert. Time, 31 sec. Prize, sweater, donated by McNulty Bros.

SENIOR COMPETITION

1, C. A. Strader, 51 points; 2, C. A. Wallace, 27 points; 3, Allan Locke, 23 points; 4, Willard Holmes, 21 points; 5, Jas. Ault, 15 points; 6, Geo. Sloan, 14 points; 7, A. McIntosh, 10 points; 8, L. Holmes, 6 points. Prizes: 1, championship medal, donated by Society; 2, fountain pen, donated by J. W. Tindale; 3, razor, donated by H. H. Ross; 4, fountain pen, donated by Dr. Johnston.

JUNIOR COMPETITION

1, W. Seeley, 36 points; 2, S Redmond, 24 points; 3, F. McEwan, 19 points; 4, A. Harkness, 8 points; 5, L. Wallace, F. Shaver, M. Wallace, 2 points each; 8, J. Lennox, J. Goudie, A. Tanney, 1 point each. Prizes: 1, championship medal, donated by Society; 2, fountain pen, donated by A. B. Carman; 3, savings bank book $1 deposit, donated by R. Barnhart.

RECORDS BROKEN

Running hop-step-jump, sr., 37 feet 10½ inches, made in 1903 by A. Hanes, broken by Strader, 38 feet 9 inches.

Running broad jump, jr., 12 feet 11 inches, made by C. Wallace in 1904, broken by W. Seeley, 14 feet 2 inches.

Running hop-step-jump, jr., 31 feet 9 inches, made by C. Wallace in 1904, broken by W. Seeley, 33 feet 2¾ inches.

Reply to Mr. Mansell.

To the Editor of The News.

DEAR SIR,—In your last issue you published what purports to be a statement made by F. A. Mansell, President of the Dominion Roller Screen Co., Limited. All I wish to state at the present time is that the blank cheque left with me signed for wages, according to Mr. Mansell's statement, and waiting for the weaving machines being the cause of delay in commencing operations, contain as much truth as the other statement made by Mr. Mansell to the meeting held at Iroquois the evening prior to the vote being taken, also to W. H. Comstock and myself. He stated that he had enough orders on hand to keep the factory busy for two years. Why not make up the large stock of woven wire on hand to fill some of these supposed orders?

Mr. Mansell also omitted to state that Mr. Comstock was simply holding the $1,800 cheque until Mr. Mansell carried out his agreement. Mr. Mansell failed to do so, and Mr, Comstock has issued a writ asking the court to cancel his subscription for stock in the D. R. S. Co., Limited, and voluntarily paid the cheque into court until a decision was given. Mr. Comstock's statement of claim is that his subscription was obtained by fraudulent misrepresentations. Mr. Mansell and McKergow will be asked to explain. I considered it my duty to protect the man who put up the actual cash, and also to keep your Couucil posted as to the actual state of affairs. This I have done and will take all the responsibility for my acts,

I am, yours faithfully,

J. A. MACCULLOUGH.

Ottawa, Oct. 16, 1905.

Cardinal

Birks v. Haines.—This case was tried at High Court, Toronto, this week, before Mr. Justice Clute, Judgment (E. B. B.) in action by Ellen Selina Birks, for declaration that a conveyance of land made by her on 11th July, 1893, to her son James A. Dillon, now deceased, was made in trust for plantiff, and that she is entitled to have the lands reconveyed to her by defendants, his next of kin and heirs-at-law. Judgment that upon defendants Merton and James Van Camp consenting thereto, and upon payment by plaintiff to them of $200 and their costs of this action, they shall convey all their interests in the land in the estate of deceased to plaintiff. Plaintiff to have 30 days to elect, and default of her electing to pay the $200 and costs the action shall be dismissed, with costs to Van Camps. No costs to the other defendants.

BRIEFS.—Messrs. Boyers and Covington were in Iroquois on Sunday... Miss Hattie Byers, of Maynard, spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. J. Byers ..... Harvest Thankgiving services were held in St. Paul's Church Sunday and were well attended. The Rev. Mr. Boyle, of Montreal, officiated at both services.....Mrs. J. Meikle and son are guests of her husband, at Waterdown, Ont .....Mrs. Horne and little daughter, of Prescott, were guests of Mrs. John McGarrell on Sunday.....The exterior of St. Paul's Church is being painted. Three men of Kemptville have the contract..... Seth Burns is home from Niagara Falls....There are so many fall orders coming in at the E. S. Co. for glucose that they have to put on a double shift.....His Lordship Bishop Mills, of Kingston, will be present at St. Paul's Church on Friday evening, and administer the holy right of comfirmation.....What's the matter with Herb? Cheer up. Sunshine grows brighter after dark clouds are past.... Quite a number of Prescott sports Sundayed in the Wigwam City. One decided to tarry at the Island City.... The Iroquois people report unusual kindness shown them at the recent Cardinal assembly.

Insomnia and Indigestion Cured

"Last year I had a very severe attack of indigestion. I could not sleep at night and suffered most excruciating pains for three hours after each meal. I was troubled this way for about three months when I used Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and receive immediate relief," says John Dixon, Tullamore, Ontario, Canada. For sale by B. F. Smith.

Joyce Marlow's Engagement

"Well, Canham, I congratulate you. You are one of the lucky ones."

"Oh, as to that, you know, I think I've got my head screwed on the right way. Of course, Joyce is a very pretty girl and all that, and I've always known that she was fond of me, and when old Marlow made such a pile of money in mining shares I said to myself, 'George, my boy, go in and win.' "

"And you went in and won?"

"Jumped at me, my boy. Welcomed me with open arms and all that sort of thing."

"And when is the wedding to take place?"

"Oh, in a month or two. I'm not going to tie myself up in a hurry. I'm off to Scotland for some shooting first."

There were but half-a-dozen members in the smoking-room of the Rycroft Club, and as they all listened with some amusement to the self-conceit and complacency with which George Canham announced his engagement to Joyce Marlow, there was not one of them who did not feel inclined to kick him.

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of another member.

"Halloa, boys! Heard the news?"

"No; anything startling?"

"Rather; John Marlow has come a cropper."

"What?"

"An absolute smash. Liabilities something like a hundred and fifty thousand. Played for a big coup on a rising market, but the Beckstein gang were against him. Prices fell with a crash and wiped him out."

Amid a painful silence they all looked at George Canham. White to the lips, he had risen from his seat.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Canham; I did not know you were there. This will be rather a knock for you, won't it?"

"By George! I'll see about that. I'm not going to be made a fool of by John Marlow. He'd no right to accept my proposal for his daughter when he knew that he was on the verge of bankruptcy."

"My dear Canham, three days ago Marlow was a rich man, and no more contemplated ruin than the Bank of England."

"I can't help that; if he's gone under I'm going to take jolly care that I'm not dragged down with him. I'm not rich enough to support the whole family.

"Don't do anything rash."

"Rash! What rot! I'm off now to settle it at once. I'll let them see that I'm not going to be fooled with."

In a white heat of righteous indignation at what he termed "Marlow's duplicity,': he entered a hansom and drove to Berkley Square. John Marlow, a strong, handsome-looking man of about forty-five years of age, received him in the library.

"Ah, Canham, I am glad to see you. I was just about to send round to your place."

"But, I say, you know, what's all this in the paper to-night? It isn't true, is it?"

"I am very sorry to say that it is. The Beckstein lot were too much for me, and I'm afraid I lose everything."

"But it's not right, you know; it's precious hard lines, I call it."

"It is the fortune of war, or. rather, the Stock Exchange. Up to-day, down to-morrow.':

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of that. It's rough on me, I mean."

"On you?"

"Yes; you allowed me to be engaged to your daughter, knowing all the time that in a few days you might be a beggar."

"I see; and will that make any difference between you and Joyce? I understood you to say that you had an income of two thousand a year."

"And I mean to keep it, too. No fool speculations for me. But don't you see that while your name is being bandied about in the newspapers——"

"You do not care about marrying my daughter. Is that it?"

"Well, you see——"

"Mr. Canham, you are one of those men who not only reconcile us to our misfortunes, but make us actually welcome them. Had it not been for this trouble you might have married my daughter, and we should have found out your true character when it was too late."

John Marlow touched a bell and a servant appeared.

"Tell Miss Joyce that I would like to see her in the library."

"Oh, I say, I don't want to upset Joyce, you know."

"My wife died a few hours after my daughter was born, and for eighteen years Joyce has been my constant and confidential companion. I think I know how much you will upset her."

At that moment Joyce Marlow entered the room, a fair-haired girl of striking beauty, with wonderful hazel eyes.

"Joyce, my dear, George has come to see us in our trouble."

"Ah, it is kind of you, George. I knew you would not delay in bringing us your sympathy."

"Oh, as to that, you know, Joyce, I——"

"One moment, please; allow me," said Mr. Marlow. "When this gentleman, a few days ago, did us the honor of proposing for your hand, I understood you to say that you loved him."

"Why, of course, I did, dad."

"You thought him honest straightforward, and chivalrous, and I must say that I had a somewhat similar opinion myself: but when trouble visits us we find our friends. Joyce, we have lost our money, and I am sorry to say we have also lost the respect which this gentleman had for it."

"What do you mean, dad?"

"I mean that since our fortune has gone Mr. George Canham declines to associate his name with ours."

For some moments Joyce Marlow stood in silence—like a beautiful pale statue.

"Is—is this true?"

"Well, you know, I don't want to—"

"Deny it! deny it! Let me hear from your own lips that it is untrue. I have always looked upon you as a true man, a man to be proud of, a man to love, and I gave you my love freely and unreservedly. I cherished a regard for you, and placed you first in my heart. Have I been mistaken? Are my father's words true?"

"I always knew that you thought a lot of me, Joyce, and I think we'd have got on capitally together, but——"

"But now that I would be coming to you empty-handed you find that your love for me was merely affection for my gold."

"I don't want you to fret about it, Joyce."

"Fret about you! Had you been taken suddenly from me without this revelation I would have been heart-weary with grief, but if I shed a tear now it will be one of joy. When I think about you in the future, if I ever do, it will be to laugh — to laugh with delight at having escaped the machinations of a fortune-hunting knave."

"Oh, I say, you know—"

"A true friend is a mainstay in the time of trouble, and not an evil thing that comes hot-foot to increase our sorrow. I only ask one thing, and that is that I may never see your face again. Now go."

Mr. George Canham, with ruffled dignity, seemed prepared for argument, but Mr. Marlow inserted his hand down the back of his collar, lifted him to the door, and thrust him, not too gently, into the hall.

For all Joyce's brave words before George Canham, it must not be thought that she did not suffer. She had loved him with all the passion of a first affection, and his sudden appearance in his true colors wounded her deeply, but for all that she put on a brave face before her father.

The next few weeks were full of anxiety and worry; everything had gone in the crash and the house in Berkley Square was sold up. Then an offer of employment came to Mr. Marlow.

"Joyce, my dear, I have had an offer to go out to Australia prospecting for gold. It is a good chance and I think I must take it. The life would be too rough for you, so I think you had better go to your aunt's place at Little Willoway and stay until I can send for you. She writes that she will be glad to have you, and I think it will be better if you take her name for a time."

After further conversation, so it was settled. John Marlow sailed for Australia and Joyce found herself established with Mrs. Birfield, her widowed aunt, at Little Willoway.

Mrs. Birfield, although fairly well off, had found time hanging heavily on her hands, and being of an energetic nature sought to make it fly more rapidly by opening a small general shop, to which in due course the post-office was added; and it was something of an event in the village when Joyce Marlow came to assist in its management. She did not care very much for her occupation, it is true, but it kept her from thinking.

The Principal landowner round Little Willoway was Mr. Godfrey Reid, a wealthy young fellow, just a few years past his majority, who lived with his sister Muriel at Willoway Hall, and the young squire was one of Mrs. Birfield's numerous friends, who liked to drop in occasionally for a cheery chat.

Mrs. Birfield noticed, however, that after his introduction to Joyce his visits were more frequent, and the quantities of fishing tackle he purchased were prodigious.

The trend of his thoughts may be gathered from a conversation he had with his sister one morning during breakfast.

"I say, Muriel, you've often wanted someone to come and stay here as your companion. Why don't you try Mrs. Birfield's niece?"

"Didn't know she had a niece."

"Oh, yes; been staying with her for six or seven weeks."

"Pretty?"

"H'm—well—yes, rather. I say, sis, she's the most beautiful girl I ever saw in my life."

"Ha, ha! I thought so. Now, don't blush, my dear boy, and I'll go and see your paragon to-day, and see whether I ought to encourage you or not."

And the upshot of her visit was that a few days later Joyce found herself installed in very comfortable quarters at Willoway Hall as companion to Muriel Reid.

To Joyce the change was a welcome one from the humdrum shop, and Muriel in a short time fell as much in love with her as her brother had unmistakably done.

In their daily companionship and friendly intercourse it is not to be wondered that Joyce began to find herself taking a more than usual interest in Godfrey Reid, and, although she had made up her mind never to marry until her father had cleared off all his liabilities, she could not help the young squire taking first place in her heart.

Godfrey Reid, however, knew nothing of her resolution until one day he boldly put his fortune to the touch and declared his love. Her refusal was gentle, but firm.

"I am sorry to have to give you pain, Godfrey, but as things stand at present I can never be anything to you."

"But you—you love me, Joyce?"

"I do not wish to deny that. You are the only one in the world I care about, except my father."

"Then why——"

"I will tell you. A few months ago we were very rich, and then misfortune overtook us and my father failed. I have resolved never to marry until all his liabilities are paid off and our fortune is rebuilt."

"But where is your father? I have more money than I know what to do with. Let me——"

"Ah, no; he would never do that, although it is kind of you to suggest it. He is abroad at present, and I have every confidence that he will achieve his object."

"Then if I ask you again when your father returns successful, what will your answer be?"

She looked up at him shyly, her lips half parted in a happy smile, and he read his answer in her eyes. With a laugh of joy he took her in his arms and sealed the compact with a lover's kiss.

As the time went on Godfrey Reid and his sister made preparations for their usual stay in London during the season, and wished Joyce to accompany them, but this she declined to do.

"I do not wish to see London again until my father returns, and I shall be much happier here looking after the house and the servants, if you will allow me."

To Godfrey, of course, her slightest wish was law, and he left her at Little Willoway, reserving to himself the right to run down and see her occasionally.

So Godfrey and Muriel threw themselves into the gaieties of the London season, and were soon surrounded by a number of friends and acquaintances, and amongst the latter Mr. George Canham contrived to make himself particularly agreeable.

And, as the season progressed, the outcome of Mr. Canham's attentions to Muriel was recorded by Godfrey in the postscript of a letter to Joyce:—

"Almost forgot to tell you that Muriel has done it, and fixed it up to marry Mr. George Canham."

Godfrey Reid and Canham were in the Rycroft Club one afternoon, and Canham was reading the "Times.':

"Heard about this new gold-mine they've found at Wallyborro? Seems to be one of the richest ever discovered."

"Heard about it?" answered Godfrey. "I should think so, seeing that I am half owner of it."

"You?"

"Fact. Got a cable to-day to say that everything was fixed up. It happened this way. You remember a man named John Marlow, who went smash some time ago? Well, he'd been very kind to me in many ways after my father died, and helped me with my investments. When he went down I offered to help him, but all he would allow me to do was to send him to Australia prospecting, and if he found anything I was to finance it on half shares."

"And John Marlow?"

"Owns one-half, and is likely to become a very rich man."

George Canham's cupidity was aroused. Why had he been such a fool with regard to Joyce Marlow? He was not much in love with Muriel, and she had no fortune except what her brother chose to give her. It was not too late, and if he could only find Joyce he flattered himself that he could make it all right with her.

His opportunity came sooner than he expected. Muriel and Godfrey suddenly tired of London and resolved to give Joyce a surprise by returning unannounced, taking Canham with them.

When they arrived at the Hall, however, Joyce was absent on a visit to Mrs. Birfield. It was growing dusk when George Canham lit a cigar and went for a solitary stroll in the park, and suddenly he came face to face with Joyce.

"Joyce! Have I found you at last?"

"I do not understand you, Mr. Canham."

"Ah, Joyce, do not turn from me. If you only knew how I have suffered since last we parted. I was mad, a fool then, Joyce, and did not know my own heart, but I have learnt my lesson since then, and I cannot live without you. Let me hear you say you forgive me, Joyce."

"This is an insult, Mr. Canham, not only to me, but to Miss Muriel Reid."

"Ah, you have heard that, but it is all a mistake. It is you I want, Joyce, and you only. Muriel is nothing to me."

"I am glad to hear it, for her sake. Perhaps you will have the manliness to tell her so."

"Pardon me, Miss Birfield but I think the explanation is due to me," said a voice, and looking up saw Godfrey Reid and his sister standing before them.

"Miss Birfield! You are making a mistake, Mr. Ried; this lady is Miss Joyce Marlow, and my betrothed."

"The mistake is yours, Mr. Canham," answered Joyce. "It is quite true, Godfrey, that my name is Marlow and I was once betrothed to Mr. Canham, but when my father lost his money he declined to marry me."

"What, you John Marlow's daughter? Then, Joyce, I have good news for you, and claim your promise. The wheel of fortune has turned again, and your father is on his way home a rich man."

"Oh, Godfrey, at last!"

He drew her towards him and kissed her. Muriel had stolen quietly away amongst the trees, and Canham stood there the picture of baffled rage.

"As for you, sir, you are a contemptible scoundrel, and I advise you to clear out at once, or my servants shall horsewhip you from the place."

Thinking discretion the better part of valor, George Canham took the hint and slunk away.

"Joyce, my love, this is a night of happiness for us, but we must not forget, in our joy, that it is a time of sorrow for Muriel. Run in, dear heart, and let your womanly sympathy comfort her in her trouble."—London Tit-Bits.

THE TAMING OF FISH.

Interesting Experiments of a Swiss Physician.

That fish may be tamed like animals or birds has recently been shown by a Swiss physician who contributes to a recent number of the Appenzeller Zeitung an interesting and curious narrative. He says:

"I have never yet heard nor read that any one has tried to tame fish in water; and I was therefore desiring not a little to test the eventual possibility of doing so, when a very favorable opportunity was offered me. I was taking baths for my health in a private bathing-house on the Lake of Lugano. At the north and south sides of the building there live in a heap of stones a family of loaches (Cavedini), consisting of about six different spawnings—altogether perhaps 100 or 150 fishes. The loaches (the largest of which might be about as long as a full-grown brook-trout) used often to swim over into the bath-house, but would flee when I entered the water. I then sat down (at the time when the warmth of the water permitted doing so) a whole hour, up to my neck in the water, supporting my hands on my knees and holding in each a piece of bread as big as my fist, so that it was thoroughly soaked in the water. A like procedure I repeated in the evening and so on the following days, each forenoon and each evening.

"At first the loaches would have absolutely nothing to do with the toothsome morsel placed at their disposal, but anxiously avoiding the living statue in the water, which probably was not quite as immovable as the marbel ones in the museums. Soon, however, several members of the youngest spawning ventured, with the most extreme caution, to take a nibble at the bread, quickly starting back if my hands moved even a millimeter. Gradually came representatives also of the second youngest generation, and so by degrees from day to day ever older and larger specimens, till finally all alike became tame and whirred and circled round me as soon as I stepped into the water. With true curiosity the whole company would make a dash at the bread that I brought with me. I could move my body and hands as I pleased, could lift both hands with bread and fishes like a shot out of water, and plunge them in again; all this did not disturb them. They would come into my hands, glide through my fingers, and let me stroke them on the head, the back and the sides, the big ones as well as those of medium size and the little ones.

"When one day I had myself photographed with my proteges, it was found that the color of the fishes differed too little from that of the water for a sharp picture to be given. We therefore brought two large white sheets to spread on the bottom of the lake. Our fear that the fishes might be frightened away by the operation proved groundless. They romped so around the white sheets that we had much trouble to lay them down and weigh them with stones, without pressing to death some of the fishes. Four different instantaneous views then succeeded admirably I am glad to have proved by my experiments that even fish in water are tamable."—Translation made for The Literary Digest.

ANIMALS AND TOBACCO.

Some Possess a Positive Love For the Fragrant Weed.

Most animals have an utter abhorrence of tobacco in any shape or form, says the proprietor of a menagerie. I have myself made even a really ferocious dog turn tail simply by puffing smoke in its face, but I do not recommend the means as one to be always relied on.

Dogs, it is well known, can be taught to do almost everything but talk, and in my early days I was connected with a circus which possessed the unique attraction of a terrier which, among other tricks, had been instructed in the art of smoking a clay pipe. The curious point was that the animal actually got to enjoy its pipe, and would insist on having it at the usual time every Sunday, as in the performance on week-days.

The parrot is, perhaps, of all birds the most apt to take up bad habits. A friend of mine has one which is passionately fond of eating and chewing tobacco. If given a sufficient quantity the bird will make itself positively drunk with the nicotine, and will stagger about its cage in exact imitation of the actions of an intoxicated human being. Long practice has made the bird somewhat of a connoisseur respecting its favorite luxury, and it now treats fine-cut tobaccos with contempt. Its particular delight is the rum-soaked plug affected by sailors.

It is among the simian tribe that tobacco-loving quadrupeds are most frequent. This is probably owing to the monkey's overpowering faculty for imitation, which sometimes gets it into trouble. I remember an amusing instance. A man, after puffing at a cigarette for a time, threw it down near a monkey which had been watching the proceedings intently. The animal snatched it up and puffed gravely for a few moments. Then a look of intense bewilderment stole over its face, and throwing the cigarette down it retired into a corner, evidently very ill.

A gentleman in the North of England has a monkey which is addicted to snuff. The animal has been taught to take a pinch from the box of a visitor with all the courtly air so prevalent in the days when snuff-taking was the fashion.

About the House

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Try Cucumber as a Vegetable.—First cut up strips, dredge thickly with flour, and fry till a light-brown color.

Boiled Hominy.—Soak one cupful of hominy over night in cold water. In the morning pour off the water and put the hominy on in a quart of cold water, season with salt, bring to the boil and then cook for five minutes, and serve in the same way as oatmeal porridge.

A Wholesome Salad Dressing should be as simple as possible. One spoonful of vinegar, two of oil, with pepper, salt, and a little made mustard leaves nothing to be desired. On the other hand, very rich dressing, with cream, etc., are very apt to disagree with people.

For Muffins.—To every pound of flour mix one egg, one ounce of butter, and two tablespoonfuls of yeast. Melt the butter in half a pint of milk. Beat the mixture thoroughly, and set it to rise for two hours. Form into cakes, and bake on a griddle. When the bottoms are brown, turn and bake on the other side.

Chili Sauce.—Four quarts of tomatoes, fourteen onions, six long peppers, six large spoonfuls of coarse brown sugar, one of salt, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, ditto cloves and allspice. Skin the tomatoes, chop the onions fine, add to the dry ingredients and boil all gently for about an hour. Bottle while hot and tie over with bladder.

Milk Jelly is an inexpensive and good mould for children. Soak half an ounce of gelatine in water, strain and put into one pint of milk, which must be boiled with half the rind of a lemon, add one ounce of sugar, and let the milk, etc., stand on the side of the stove for ten minutes. Rinse a pint mould in cold water, strain the milk, etc., into it and allow to set.

Curry Toast.—The remains of a fowl or some veal should be used for this dish. Remove all the meat that may be left and chop it finely, add to this a little gravy and cream. Flour the mixture, then season lightly with pepper, salt, and curry powder; warm thoroughly and serve on rounds of fried bread, with a very fine dusting of grated lemon rind scattered over. Curry toast must always be served very hot.

Fried Vegetable Marrow is a good dish. Boil a large fresh marrow in the usual way, but cut it into even pieces about three inches long by two broad. Drain and set aside to get cold. Then brush over each piece with oiled butter and dredge thickly with flour. Let the butter set and then brush over with egg and dip into breadcrumbs. Put into a frying-basket and cook to a golden color in deep fat.

Stewed Mushrooms.—Wash, dry, and peel the mushrooms. Melt two ounces of butter in a stewpan, put the mushrooms in and carefully turn them so as to be covered in butter. Directly the juice begins to flow, draw the pan to the side of the stove, and gently stew for quarter of an hour. Boil a little cream or milk, season with salt, pepper, a pinch of sugar and grated lemon peel, and serve all together on a piece of toast.

Oyster Fritters.—Drain 30 oysters and chop fine. Beat 2 eggs until light; mix with 1 cup milk, 2 cups sifted flour, level teaspoon baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Beat until smooth, add the oysters, mix thoroughly and drop into boiling lard. When done, remove them and serve at once.

Nut Loaf.—This is an acceptable dish for a light luncheon, as the nuts contain a good deal of nutrition, and may take the place of meat. Two cups of nut meats are called for, the choice of nuts being hickory. English walnuts, and almonds. Put the nuts through the food chopper, grinding them fine. Have a loaf of slightly stale bread, and with a fork remove the crumb in flaky pieces. Mix the bread flakes and the nuts, adding a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of mixed herbs, parsley, marjoram, and any other savory herb on hand. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a cupful of milk and pour this over the dry materials. Work with the hands and form into a firm loaf. Place in a buttered pan and bake for an hour in a moderate oven, basting with butter and water. The loaf may be served cold, cut in slices and dressed with mayonnaise, or it may be served hot with a rich tomato sauce.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Salt beef will be a nice color when boiled if a little saltpetre is added to the pickle.

Damp in a new house may be absorbed by placing boxes of lime in the rooms near where the damp threatens to betray itself. Directly the lime is damp, change it. No substance appears to absorb damp more readily than this.

When making a ginger cake or pudding add the grated rind and juice of one large orange.

To take stains off marble Washstand. Rub with a piece of fresh lemon, or any good crystal soap.

To destroy cockroaches, scatter powdered borax freely in their haunts and the pest will shortly vanish.

A dirty silk umbrella will be greatly improved by sponging with a little beer which should be slightly warmed.

Pads for Stair Carpets may be made of shrunken, half-worn bed blankets. These should be laid smoothly under the carpets.

In a baby's bottle use very little sugar, and always add a pinch of salt. This is particularly necessary when condensed milk is used.

Lemonade should never be made in a tin vessel, as the acid of the lemons with the tin forms a poison which is very apt to produce severe sickness.

Prevent syrup from crystalising by adding two or three drachms of citric acid to each gallon of syrup. Those who prefer it may add cream of tartar in the same way.

Punctuality in a household is a most important matter, and the only way of keeping things going smoothly in either large or small families.

Soak bread, custard, and batter puddings in a basin for an hour before cooking. Then beat all together, pour into a dish, and cook at once. Delay will spoil a batter, as it allows time for the flour to sink.

To Clarify Sugar.—Break the sugar into a copper pan, and to each pound allow two gills of water. Place on the stove, and gradually allow it to boil. Carefully remove the scum as it rises; now throw in an additional half-pint of water, and allow it to boil again. Skim very thoroughly, and strain through muslin.

These bathroom hints should be adopted in every well regulated house. Keep all sponges clean and sweet and dry them each day in the sun. For perspiring feet try alum or vinegar in the washing water. Keep large towels in the bathroom, and a small piece of blanket to stand on, both of which should be constantly aired on the line. Use either good yellow or curd soap in the bathroom—not any chance variety.

To give paper the appearance of parchment follow this recipe, and you will have a tough substance. First procure some concentrated sulphuric acid and mix it with half its quantity of water. Pass some good rough paper quickly through this liquid, wash in several waters, and the change is effected. Have a pair of tweezers with which to hold the paper, for such a strong solution would burn your skin and cause great pain.

NAGGING OVER LITTLE THINGS.

"She was always nagging, always nagging about little things." There is a life of misery painted in that one sentence.

We meet the big things in life with smiling faces and brave hearts.

We let the little things fret and worry us until we make ourselves miserable, make every one at home miserable, and too often make our neighbors uneasy and unhappy.

A big misfortune never teases us. A pitcher of milk upset on a clean tablecloth and poof! we are off like a flash of powder.

Willie falls downstairs, breaks his wrist. Mother sends for the doctor, helps to patch the little fellow up, and nurses him tenderly until he is well. The same Willie fires a stone through a six by eight window glass, and he is "jawed" until he wishes he had never been born.

We down the big things. The little things down us.

If the mortgage must be given husband and wife discuss the subject with grace and forbearance until an agreement is reached.

That same husband and wife quarrel until the dust rises over the proper place to hang a certain picture.

Each thinks the thing is too little for the other to hold out about.

Neither happens to think that the thing is too little to hang out about. Neither thinks that the thing is too little to quarrel about.

All through life it is the little things that make the trouble.

All through life we climb the big rough places and fret and sweat because we stub our toes upon the little lumps of clay.

All through life we fuss over little things that don't make a whit's worth of difference one way or the other, that can't be helped by fretting, that cannot be remedied by nagging.

"She was always nagging about little things."

Many another husband could bring the same charge against his wife.

It's a pity. It spoils a woman's happiness and wrecks her husband's life. It eats the peace out of a home as a nasty worm eats out the heart of a rose.

THEY SAID "GUILTY."

Of the queer notions sometimes entertained by the twelve "good men and true" in the jury-box, the following amusing story, recently told on the authority of the counsel who defended in a case of larceny, is let us hope, a unique example. Recognizing in one of the jurymen the nephew of the prisoner, counsel thought "the old man" was safe to secure a verdict of acquittal—more particularly as the prosecution were only able to present an extremely weak case against him.

The judge summed up in the prisoner's favor, but the jury said "Guilty." Meeting the nephew in the street next morning, the lawyer rallied him upon giving a verdict against his uncle—especially as, from the evidence, it did not appear that he was guilty. "Well, no, sir; we didn't think as he was guilty, but we thought as how a little imprisonment wouldn't do the old man no harm!"

COLUMBUS LIKED FRIDAYS.

Most of the principal events in the great voyage of Columbus happened on Fridays. On this day he weighed anchor and set forth upon his quest and on a Friday he saw some tropical birds, the first indication of land ahead. On Friday, October 12th, 1492, he discovered land, and planted the cross on the soil of the New World; and on the 15th of the following April, another Friday, he turned his course homeward. On the same day of the week he made his triumphant entry into Barcelona, and on other Fridays he set sail for Europe, discovered the Azores, was invited to Lisbon by the King of Portugal, and returned to the port from whence he first set sail. Small wonder is it, then that he considered Friday his fortunate day.

AN ARGUMENT.

Mamma—Didn't I tell you, Willie, that you were not to go out in a canoe?

Willie—But, mamma, the man told me that was one of the best ways in the world to learn how to swim.

THE HEIR OF SANTLEIGH

OR

THE STEWARD'S SON

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"Give me a glass of champagne, please," he said to the footman in attendance, and, having got it, he went outside again.

Becca had ceased crying, but she was still shaken by dry little sobs.

"There," said Cyril, "drink that, and then run away and dance. Take my word for it, Becca, there is scarcely anything in the world worth crying over," he added, bitterly, as he thought of his own trouble.

Becca took the wine in both her trembling hands and drank it, then she looked up at Cyril, with a strange expression in her face.

"You're—you're very kind to me, sir," she said.

"Oh, nonsense," said Cyril, rather impatiently; he was anxious to be off. "The man who would turn from a woman in distress,' you know. Are you all right now?"

But it seemed as if there were still something troubling Becca, which the glass of unwonted champagne could not dispel.

"Mr.—Mr. Burne," she faltered, "I —I ought to have told you——" Then she stopped.

"What ought you to have told me,' said Cyril, half absently.

Becca's face grew red, and she looked at his boots and plucked at the flounce of her dress irresolutely and nervously.

"It's—it's something I've found," she said.

"Something of mine, Becca? Well, what is it?" and he smiled. "Don't be so frightened. I don't suppose it's anything of consequence."

"I—I meant to give it to you when I saw you," said poor Becca, faltering for the first time in her life over a fib; "but—but it slipped my mind. Here it is," and she held out the ring, which she had taken from her pocket and held in her hand while he had gone for the champagne.

"Oh, my ring," he said, carelessly. "Why, is that what has been troubling you? or partly, eh? What a silly child you are! Why, I don't care anything about it; see here, Becca, findings are keepings. As you've found it, you shall have it."

He spoke thoughtlessly, and with the carelessness characteristic of him. It did not occur to him that there was any imprudence or indiscretion in giving a twopenny-half-penny ring to a girl who had happened to find it.

"You shall have it if you like, Becca," he said.

"Oh, sir!"

"There you are," said Cyril. "Here hold out your hand, and I'll put it on for you."

Becca, a smile struggling upon her face, held up her hand, and at that moment two persons came to the opening of the marquee and looked out.

They were Guildford Berton and Norah.

"A lovely night, but dark," he said. "I think I did right in advising you to get a breath of fresh air, Lady Norah."

She was about to make some reply when her eyes fell upon Cyril and Becca. Cyril's back was turned toward Norah, and Becca was too intent upon Cyril to see the pair looking at them.

"It fits as if it were made for you," Cyril said, as he slipped the ring on her finger.

Becca's eyes filled with tears as she looked at the ring—stolen property no longer, but her own, her very own. Then she took Cyril's hand and put it to her lips.

Cyril started and almost snatched his hand away, and there flashed upon him for the first time during the transaction the doubt as to its wisdom.

"Oh, come," he said, "don't make a fuss about such a trumpery present, Becca; and let me take you back to the tent."

Guildford Berton had stood looking for Cyril and Becca to Norah with a gleam of gratification in his dark eyes. He felt Norah's arm quiver as if a spasm of pain had shaken her, and saw her face grow, slowly, slowly white; then in a low voice said:

"I'm afraid we are intruding upon a little love scene, and are rather de trop. Let us efface ourselves."

"Will you take me to Lady Ferndale, Mr. Berton?" and in silence he led her to the line of dowagers at the other end of the room, and, with a low, reverential bow, left her.

Meanwhile Cyril had taken Becca's arm, and was hurrying her to the tent; but at the door Becca drew back half shyly.

"I—I don't want to go back just yet," she murmured. "You go and leave me, Mr. Burne. I've given you trouble enough already."

"You'd like to stay in the air a little while longer? Very well, Becca go and sit down again until you feel all right," he said, and with a nod and a smile he left her, feeling, if the truth must be told, greatly relieved. He entered the marquee during an interval in the dances, and at once looked round for Norah.

She was sitting beside Lady Ferndale, still pale but composed, though her heart was aching, her brain burning, with the emotion that threatened to overmaster her.

What did it mean? Could it be possible that Cyril, her hero, her god, whose faith and honor she would have answered for with her life, was false to her?

Had the scene she had witnessed been a trick of her imagination? She had seen him place a ring on Becca's finger, had seen the girl look up into his face with tear-dimmed eyes, and kiss his hand with a passionate devotion! And he had danced with her, and with her alone of all women in the room. He had been walking in the darkness with her, making love to her—a shudder ran through Norah's frame, and her eyes filled with proud and burning tears—while she, she, the woman whose heart he had won, the woman with whom he had exchanged solemn vows of eternal love, had been neglected by him.

It was insult past all comprehension, exceeding all belief. And yet she had seen those two with her own eyes!

A feeling of shame swept over her—shame for him who could be so false, for herself in that she had loved and trusted him.

She longed to plead some excuse and go home, to fly from the heat that seemed to be stifling her, the hideous din of the band, the clatter and laughter which sounded like the voices of so many mocking demons in her ears.

"Are you tired, Norah, dear? It has been a long day."

"No—yes, I think I am a little tired." ...

Then a wave of attraction, repulsion, swept over her, for she saw Cyril approaching them.

Her heart, her soul went out toward him, but her insulted, injured womanhood recoiled. She would have risen and moved away, but her limbs refused to obey her will, and she sat motionless, statuesque, looking straight before her.

"What a handsome man!" said an old lady to Lady Ferndale. "Who is he, my dear? I don't remember seeing him before."

"Oh, a great favorite of mine. He is Mr. Cyril Burne, who is going to be a famous artist; isn't he, Norah?"

Norah did not answer. Cyril was close upon them.

"Well, Mr. Burne," said Lady Ferndale, "you have come to make those excuses you owe me?"

"I have come to ask Lady Norah to be gracious enough to give me the next dance, Lady Ferndale. Will you give me this dance, Lady Norah?

"Thank you, but I am tired."

The icy words fell upon Cyril's heart like so many stabs.

At last, in desperation, he said:

"What a capital ball room this makes, Lady Norah."

Without looking at him she dropped a cold "Yes," and resumed her conversation with Lady Ferndale.

He could not say, "Lady Norah, will you come with me? I have something to say to you:" he could not say this openly, with Lady Ferndale and all these old women sitting by; and yet he must speak with her, and alone.

He saw the people streaming toward the end of the tent into the supper room, but with eyes that noticed nothing; and it was with a start that he found Guildford Berton suddenly before them.

"Will you let me take you in to supper, Lady Norah?"

Cyril's heart felt like lead as she rose and placed her hand on Guildford Berton's arm, and, rising himself, he stood and stared after them, as they walked away, like a man in a dream.

What had he done, he asked himself, that she should treat him with such cold disdain? Ah, if she could only know what he had endured during that fortnight of absence from her!

"I'm afraid you will have to take me or some other old lady, Mr. Burne," said Lady Ferndale, eyeing him with a half smile of amusement.

Cyril started, and offered her his arm, but Lady Ferndale turned to one of the dowagers.

"Lady Tressington, let me introduce Mr. Cyril Burne," and Cyril feeling that he must be dreaming out of his senses, gave his arm to the old lady and led her off.

It was not for the honor and pleasure of taking Countess of Tressington in to supper that he had dashed down from London; and yet it seemed as if it would be his only reward, for when he reached the supper room he found that the only seats vacant were at the end of the long table, and that Norah was far away from him at the upper end.

The meal appeared to Cyril to stretch into eternity; but Lady Tressington rose at last, and he took her back to the ball room.

"Now you have done your duty, Mr. Burne, don't let me keep you," said Lady Tressington, settling herself in the chair she had occupied during the whole of the evening. "Can you tell me the time? I suppose it will not last much longer. I have a young daughter here somewhere, and we must be thinking of going."

Cyril looked at his watch and told her.

"So late!" she said. "It is quite time my girl was in bed. Will you be so good as to find her for me. There she is, the one with the dark rose in her hair."

Cyril went off, thinking with dismay as he went that in a short, a very short time he too must be off; that is, if he meant to catch the market train, which would enable him to keep his appointment with Lord Newall.

He found Lady Tressington's daughter, a young girl just out of the schoolroom, and full to the brim with delight in her first ball, and delivered the message.

"Oh, dear! So soon!" she said, pouting her fresh young lips, and looking at Cyril reproachfully. "Are you sure mamma said we were going? I thought you were going to ask me to dance!" she added, with the naivete of a schoolgirl.

Poor Cyril's heart fell.

"That is what I should like," he said. "Perhaps Lady Tressington will be gracious enough to permit us."

"Let us dance first, and ask mamma afterward," suggested the young lady, demurely, and Cyril, with a laugh of despair that must have sounded rather oddly in Lady Anne's ears, put his arm around her waist.

The dance seemed, like the supper, endless. He saw the minutes racing away, and carrying with them his last opportunity of speaking with Norah. Lady Anne was pretty and charming enough to win the heart of any man, but it is to be feared that Cyril went very near to actually disliking her.

The moment the music ceased he took her to her mother, and, metaphorically, almost threw her at Lady Tressington. Then, pale with excitement and anxiety, he went round in search of Norah.

He could not see her anywhere. He looked at his watch; there was very little more time left than would suffice for him to go back to The Chequers and get his things and catch the train.

At last he saw Lady Ferndale standing by the opening of the tent, and he made his way to her.

"So soon, Mr. Burne?" she said, thinking he was going.

"I am afraid so," said Cyril. "Thank you for so very pleasant an evening——" Then he out with his question with a suddenness that almost startled himself. "Have you seen Lady Norah, Lady Ferndale? I —I want to beg a dance."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Lady Ferndale. "She was tired. It has been a long day, and she has been so good in helping us! She has gone in to the house, and to bed, I hope; but I am really sorry that you should miss your dance."

Cyril stared at her for a moment aghast, then in a bewildered kind of way he made for the cloakroom, and got his hat and coat, and went into the open air.

There he stood with his hands thrust into his pockets, staring vacantly at the stars.

Norah gone! The last chance of seeing and speaking to her lost! And he was going away perhaps for months. And there was no way of communicating with her!

Go! Leave her with nothing to take with him but the remembrance of her strange, inexplicable coldness! Not he! Lord Newall and his picture might go hang! Then he thought of his high resolve, of the chance which luck had given him, of what Jack would say, of what Norah herself would say if he let it slip; and he groaned.

Was there no way of letting her know where he was going and why, no way of telling her how cruelly she had made him suffer that night, and begging her for an explanation?

Even as he asked himself the question he saw Becca South coming from the tent.

She was wrapped in a shawl, and was evidently going home in company with some of the girls of the village who were with her.

Her presence naturally supplied him with an idea. She had carried a message for him once: she should do so again.

Joining the group, he went up to her, and, touching her arm, whispered her name.

She started, and turned her face to him, and its pallor struck him as it had done when he had run against her on his way from the supper room.

"Come with me a minute, Becca," he said in a whisper.

She did not hesitate for a second, but, obeying him as if he had a right to command, took her arm from that of the girl next to her, and said, "Go on, Emily; I'll catch you up directly."

The girl, indeed the whole of the little group, looked at her and at Cyril, and the one she addressed as Emily giggled knowingly, and whispered something which made the rest laugh as they looked over their shoulders.

Cyril was half a dozen yards in the darkness, Becca following. Then he stopped.

"Becca," he said, "will you do something for me?"

She nodded, her black eyes fixed upon his face.

"That's a good girl," he said. "I want you to take a letter to"—he faltered for a moment—"to Lady Norah."

Becca nodded silently again.

"I—I wanted to say something to her," said Cyril, "but could not get a chance to-night. Will you give her a note from me; give it to her when you are alone with her? You took a message from me once, you know—"

"I know. Give me the letter, Mr. Burne."

"It isn't written yet, Becca, and where am I to get—Wait!" he hunted his pockets and found an old letter. "Come this way," he said, quickly.

Becca followed him to the edge of the shubbery, and, kneeling down, Cyril spread out the half sheet of paper on his hat.

"Can you take this matchbox and light a match—one after the other; keep them going till I've finished. There's a good girl, Becca," he said.

She struck a wax match, and held it close to the paper, and lit others in succession as he wrote the following:

"I have been absent on important business. I could not come to you I could not write. Are you angry because of my absence? I have done nothing to deserve your coldness. To-morrow—to-day—I must leave England. I may be away months. I cannot leave you without a word begging you to tell me why you have treated me so cruelly. Norah! Have you forgotten in a short fortnight all that has passed between us? Write me a line, and at once, to 'Lorient, Brittany.' I shall know no happiness until I hear from you, till I know that you still love me.

"Cyril."

"There! You will give it to her, Becca? And soon! And—I've no envelope, Becca!"

"No one shall see it. You can trust me, Mr. Burne."

"Yes," he said gravely, "I can trust you, Becca. Take it, then—and for God's sake take care of it. You can't know how important it is——" His face was pale in the light of the match, and his lips quivered.

"You can trust me!" she repeated.

He watched her intently as she carefully hid the letter away in the bosom of her dress.

"Thank you, Becca," he said. "And goodby for the present. I must go now. Let me see you on your road."

"No, no," she said.

"I understand," he said. "Perhaps we had better go separately—" Even as he spoke a young man and woman passed close to him, and looked curiously at them, and the girl called out:

"Good-night, Becca."

"Go on now, then," said Cyril. "I will wait here until you have got into the road. Good-night, and thank you! I hope your trouble has all gone now, Becca," he added.

"My trouble? Oh, yes, sir. Good-night. You needn't fear about the letter. You can trust me."

Cyril looked after her, anxiously, thinking only of his precious letter; then he set off across the park at a sharp trot.

Once he pulled up, suddenly smitten by one of those unaccountable impulses which fall upon us at times—the impulse to run after Becca, and see her safely to the village.

If he had only done so! But he thrust the impulse from him and hurried on his own way.

(To be Continued.)

FIFTY CENTS

IN some conditions the gain from the use of Scott's Emulsion is very rapid. For this reason we put up a fifty-cent size, which is enough for an ordinary cough or cold or useful as a trial for babies and children. In other conditions the gain is slower—health cannot be built up in a day. In such cases Scott's Emulsion must be taken as nourishment; a food rather than a medicine. It's a food for tired and weak digestions.

Send for free sample

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50c. and $1.00. All druggists

About the Farm

IMPROVING THE HERD.

My earlier memory of cattle was at a time when little care was given them, writes George E. Nichols. They calved mostly in March and April. Those cows that did not freshen in the spring were not bred or allowed to calve until the following spring. Not one in 100 came fresh in the fall. They were dry from November until the following spring. Such cows were fed hay, stalks and straw and no grain, except from the time of becoming fresh till they went to grass. The milk was set in little pans. The butter, after the cows were nicely on grass, was put in 100-pound packages and held until fall and sold to city markets. The farmer who made 200 lbs butter per cow was a wonder; 150 pounds was a good average amount per cow. My own lot averaged about 125 pounds. Pure-bred cattle were not much known or sought in those days. The first thoroughbreds I remember were Shorthorns and Devons.

I became a farmer, I suppose, because I was born on a farm. I became a caretaker of dairy cattle because everyone in this section kept dairy cattle. I became a breeder of registered cattle simply because I liked them. I early realized that cattle must be cared for well if we were to make a living out of them.

I well remember the first wheat bran I ever fed. I went 15 miles after it, our nearby towns not keeping such luxuries for cows. I was not satisfied with the results and disposed of the native cows. Over 30 years ago I got a registered Jersey bull. He was out of a cow giving 40 lbs. milk per day. Too many farmers change their minds about the proper way to grade up a herd. I remember selling a Jersey bull to a party who used him, getting a lot of splendid daughters. He wanted to get more milk and put in a Holstein to breed his herd. When the Guernseys did so well he wanted the breed and got them. As a consequence to-day he has a lot of ring-streaked and speckled animals no better than he started with years ago.

BUILDING UP THE HERD.

I used the registered bull for a few years, but the one-half, three-quarters and seven-eighths grades did not take on the color and shape of Jerseys fast enough to suit me, though they were an improvement on their dams as butter cows. I wanted some registered cows. I lacked the money, but finally I got a couple heifers. I had to be satisfied with cheap ones, but it gave me experience. I studied pedigrees and breeding. I bred some good ones and culled out the poor ones. I always used bulls from good milk and butter families. We had to make our own butter. The Babcock test was not known then. At first little pans, then the large, shallow pans were set in spring water. Then followed the deep cans set in ice water to force the cream separation a little faster. It was perhaps a little cleaner, too, but this was not fast or thorough enough. Then came the separator with a steam engine to run it. With this latter rig, we have been making butter for 14 years.

Our butter product of 200 pounds from the poorly kept native cow gradually grew with experience in feeding and better breeding. With the improvements for getting the cream out of the milk, our butter product soon reached 300 pounds of butter per cow. We have not increased the product much during the last ten years as I don't believe it pays, at least in a breeding herd, to force cows much higher. Better cows and better care called for better barns. I never put water in the stables, because I believed it best for the cattle to be out of doors as much as possible without exposure.

When I fixed over the barn, I put in a silo. For several years I have fed dry cornstalks while they lasted with four to ten pounds hay per cow per day according to her time of freshening and capacity. The grain ration is what is termed a narrow one. I grind what corn and oats we raise, purchase gluten and wheat bran and a little oil meal, to bring the ration about 1 to 5. This may read easy, but to accomplish these results with no money except what was made off the farm, it was hard work. To bring a farm from ten cows to 40 or 50 head, put up good buildings in place of poor ones, look after and school a family of children (and poor indeed is he who has no children), to develop a herd from 125 to 300 pounds butter per cow per year, has taken nerve and perseverance, but it has paid.

The farm has earned it and I have put it back. It has proved a good investment. We can get good milk and butter cows, by having only grades, but we must be sure of the sire. He must be by a proven sire, of a good family. Our sire must be out of a cow equally as good or better than the sire. I believe a lot depends in the line of dams. If we are breeding only grades the sire must be a good one for all the improvement must come through him. While we are trying to improve our farms, herds and flocks, let us not neglect to improve ourselves. Have the house full of good reading matter for all members of the family and see that some sort of entertainment is not lacking. The old saying, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is too true on many a farm.

POULTRY HOUSES.

The greater number of poultry houses have one serious objection, it seems to me, and that is they are not made substantial enough writes L. E. Bartlett. A farmer who owns his farm should endeavor to make all buildings substantial, with good stone foundations—buildings that will last for a generation or longer. They will cost more in the first place, but in the long run will be the cheapest. I built a house recently, that will keep 100 hens comfortable during the winter, and will reduce the work of fighting mites to the minimum in warm weather.

The building is 16x20 feet with 8-foot posts, the longest way from east to west. The foundation walls are of limestone, laid in mortar and extend about 12 inches above the ground. The building is sheathed with cheap lumber and over that tarred paper, then sided with drop siding, and the roof shingled. There is one window in the east side and two on the south side, with a door between. The windows are covered inside with woven wire fencing.

On the inside I lathed and plastered it. The drop siding alone would do very well without the tar paper and sheathing where the house is plastered. Inside of the foundation walls I filled in with earth, packed down solid and laid a cement floor about level with the top of foundation walls, thus insuring a dry floor, where no surface water can run in. I partitioned off 8 feet from one end for sitting hens. The partition is of woven wire and a row of nests extends along under the partition about 2 feet above the floor.

The nests open into either room. By the use of a slide, which can be slipped over the opening to the larger room, when a hen wants to sit she can be shut away from the laying hens, and given an outlet to the smaller room only where feed, water, gravel and a box of dry earth are kept for her use. The roosts are in the larger room with no dropping boards under them. With a cement floor they are unnecessary. If covered with straw, it is easily cleaned. If the hens are kept shut in the house during the cold weather, it should be cleaned at least once a week and fresh straw scattered over it.

The plastered walls and cement floor may seem an unnecessary expense to some, but the advantages are great, The plaster is easily whitewashed and with a woven wire partition, and no dropping boards, there is small chance for insects to harbor. Mites can be easily got rid of and rats cannot get through the floor.

There is a dusting box about 4 feet square and 10 inches deep in the larger room. A couple of barrels filled with dry earth or road dust in the summer will keep the box supplied all winter, and the hens will keep themselves free from lice. A barrel or two of gravel should be laid in before winter also, and a pan of it kept before the hens all of the time. It is surprising how much of it they will consume. If the gravel is run through a coarse screen, so as to take out the larger stones that a hen cannot swallow, it will be better for them.

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"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA for Matchless Quality is far ahead of any other Tea.

Sold only in lead packets. 40c, 50c, and 60c. per lb.

By all Grocers. Black, Mixed or Green.

Highest award, St. Louis, 1904.

HERE AND THERE.

Notes of Interest From the Four Quarters of the Globe.

One-third of the land surface of the globe is covered with trees.

About 1,500,000 persons are employed in the coal-mines of the world.

The purest air in cities is said to be that about 25ft. above the street surface.

A shipyard at Ominato, Japan, still in operation, was established 1,900 years ago.

Gibraltar may fairly be called the land of tunnels, there being over seventy miles of burrowed rock.

The elephant seldom sleeps more than four or five hours a day, in spite of its capacity for hard work.

Nearly every Chinaman can read, but about 90 per cent. of the women are entirely uneducated.

Germany is able to feed about nine-tenths of her nearly 60,000,000 inhabitants on the products of her own soil.

No married man in Vienna is allowed to go up in a balloon without the formal consent of his wife and children.

Pineapples are so plentiful in Natal at certain seasons that they are not worth carting to market, and so are often given to pigs.

Shepherds believe the wool on a sheep's back is an unfailing barometer. The curlier the wool, the finer will be the weather.

In Fiji the coinage consists chiefly of whales' teeth, those of greater value being dyed red. The natives exchange twenty white teeth for one red one, as we change copper and silver.

Many Greenland women are perfectly bald on the sides of the heads, owing to their method of dressing the hair, which is pulled back with painful tightness and held in place by a ribbon.



AFTER PEACH.

The two combatants enter upon a harder struggle than ever.

FLOWERS.

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

PIANO TALK

Summer is almost over and the Season when Pianos are most used is at hand again. Now, if you have not one write us for prices on the world-renowned

MASON & RISCH PIANOS

and also for our list of used instruments. Just now we have exceptional good value in a number of pianos which have just been returned from summer cottages.

If for any reason you do not wish to purchase, then rent one, and if purchased later six months rent will be allowed from price of piano.

Piano and Organs $50.00 up
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A Good Time

TO ENTER THE

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Wood's Phosphodine,
The Great English Remedy.
A positive cure for all forms of Sexual Weakness, Mental and Brain Worry, *Emissions, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency,* Effects of Abuse or Excess, all of which lead to Consumption, Infirmity, Insanity and an early grave. Price $1 per pkg., six for $5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain package on receipt of price. Write for Pamphlet.
BEFORE AND AFTER
The Wood Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

Piano and Violin Lessons

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

PIANOS

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

Also Agent for the

New Williams Sewing Machine

The Best on the market

WESTON, of PITTSTON

Teacher Wanted

Assistant teacher wanted for S. S. No. 11, Matilda (Dixon's Corners), for the year 1906.
JAMES BARTON,
1-4* Secretary-Treasurer.

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

PREMIUM COUPONS

With every Purchase over Five Cents, during the

Month of October

—AT—

TINDALE'S, IROQUOIS

PREMIUMS:

Handsome Pitcher, onyx and gold, hand burnished,

Valued at $5

On Nov. 1st bring your Coupons and have your cash purchases added. To the person buying the most goods will be given either of the above beautiful Premiums. A similar Premium will be given away Every Month.

Watch our standing advertisement.

J. W. TINDALE

This Coupon entitles the holder to a GOOD SQUARE DEAL on every grist ground at our feed mill.

It also entitles him to as fine a job of grinding an he wishes, NO MATTER HOW FINE.

I cannot do free grinding. The SQUARE DEAL and a fine job is all the inducement I will offer.

On these two I have established a reputation which enables me to hold old costomers and gain new ones. Bring this coupon with your next grist.

S. FRAYNE

Town Topics

Mrs. Eliza Wright, of Ogdensburg, is visiting friends in town.

Ex-Mayor Jas. Clapp was a guest of J. D. Bullis during the races.

Thanksgiving Day, Oct. 26th, will be obsesved by a union service in Knox church, at 10.30 a.m. Rev. Mr. Corrigan will conduct the service.

Mrs. J. B. Lent, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. H. Seeley, leaves to-day per str. Alexandria to spend a few days with Picton friends.

F. R. Bullis has just completed a handsome red Swede sarcophagus monument for the late Mrs. W. J. Sharra. It is to be erected in Strader's Hill cemetery this week.

Though no cheese were bought at the Brockville board Saturday, about 2,000 changed hands on the curb, mostly colored goods, at 11 cents. About 200 choice cool cured cheese brought 11¼ cents.

Albert Shaver, of Toronto, who spent two weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. I. Shaver, left Saturday per str. Belleville, accompanied by Mrs. Shaver, who spent the summer with friends and relatives here.

CHEAP FARES.—The G. T. R. will issue single first-class fare tickets, going Oct. 25th and 26th, and returning limit Oct. 30th, 1905. For hunters return tickets will be issued from all stations in Ontario at single first-class fare Oct. 26th to Nov. 7th. Valid to return from destination on or before Dec. 9th, 1905. Sportsmen's guns and 200 lbs. of camping outfit carried free. For future information and tickets apply to J. W. Tindale, Town Ticket Agent.

CONGRATULATIONS.—Married at St. Marys Catholic church, at Marietta, Penn., Friday morning, Oct. 6th, at 9 o'clock, by Rev. Father J. Crane, Hector Proulx, of St, Eugene, Ont., to Miss Edith Roberts, of Iroquois, Ont. The ceremony was witnessed by Mr. and Mrs. Dewyer, of Marietta, after which the wedding party partook of a wedding breakfast at the Cross Keys hotel. The young couple spent their honeymoon at York, Penn. Mr. Proulx is one of the Kerbaugh steam shovel operators at Marietta. Mr. and Mrs. Proulx's Iroquois friends join in wishing them a bon voyage through life.

COUNTY S. S. CONVENTION.—The Dundas County Sabbath School Association held its annual convention at South Mountain on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. The chair was occupied by Rev. J. M. Macalister, President, I. P. McIntosh filled the Secretary's chair. Delegates were present from all parts of the county, but in larger numbers from the rear townships. Mrs. and Miss Cameron and Miss Hilda Robson represented Knox church, and Mrs. W. A Bowen, Miss M. Tindale, and Rev. and Mrs. Corrigan, the Methodist church, Iroquois. The sessions were well attended, the universally expressed opinion was that the convention was a good one. Rev. F. G. Lett, Ottawa, by two interesting addresses contributed largely to the success of the convention. Mr. Macalister was appointed to represent the county at the Provincial convention to be held in London next week. There are 52 Sabbath schools in Dundas Co.; officers and teachers, 530; scholars, 3,352; scholars joining the church during year, 125; contributed to missions, $493.63; contributed to Provincial Association, $45.00.

TAX RATE 29.68 MILLS.—The Council met Monday night in the Clerk's office, and passed the following by-law, levying the rates for the current year, which leaves $3,400 surplus debt unprovided for to carry forward next year, then to be wiped out either by direct taxation after special legislation has made it possible, or by applying the pruning knife to municipal expenditures and adopting such other economic expedients in our municipal service as suggested by The News last week. Here is the by-law:

"Be it enacted a by-law of the corporation of the village of Iroquois: That the sums hereinafter mentioned be levied on the rateable property of the said village of Iroquois for the year 1905, viz: The sum of one thousand six hundred and ninety dollars and ninety cents being the amount required by the Public School Board; the sum of one thousand six hundred and forty-seven dollars and fifty-four cents being the amount required by the High School Board. And whereas it will require the sum of seven thousand and twenty-six dollars and sixteen cents to pay the principal and interest of the accruing debenture debt, of which amount the sum of six hundred and thirty-seven dollars and forty-seven cents are provided by special rate, leaving a balance of six thousand three hundred and eighty-eight dollars and sixty-nine cents being the amount required for debentures. And whereas it is estimated that the net earnings of the Waterworks and Electric Light System together with the other revenues will be sufficient to pay the running expenses of the municipality and ninety-eight dollars and sixty cents of the five hundred and eight dollars and forty-one cents required for county rates, leaving a balance of four hundred and nine dollars and eighty-one cents for county rates. The rate for the Public school money being four and ninety hundredths mills. The rate for the High school money being four and seventy-eight hundredths mills. The rate for debentures being eighteen and seventy-nine hundredths mills. The rate for county tax being one and twenty-one hundredths mills. Making in all a rate of twenty-nine and sixty-eight hundredths mills on the dollar for all purposes, and the sum of ten thousand one hundred and thirty-six dollars and ninety-four cents."

Chas. Lapierre, of Chesterville, spent Saturday and Sunday in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Merkley, of Barkway, Ont., are visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. Wm. Fairfield and two daughters are visiting Mrs. Moses Trotter, of Prescott.

Jas. A. Wright, of Lisbon, N. Y., spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Cornelius Wright.

Auction sale of farm stock and implements, on lot 21, con. 4, Matilda, (the old Collison homestead) on Thursday, Oct. 26, at 1 p.m., sharp. A. Redmond, auctioneer; Jas. Collison, prop.

Miss M. E. Clarke, of Shanly, complains to The News of local busy-bodies and gossippers confounding her name with a certain nurse who was dismissed from the Kingston General Hospital for breaking the rules of the institution by being seen repeatedly walking with one of the young doctors at the hospital during hospital hours, as reported in the Toronto papers. The following note from the Superintendent makes clear that Miss Clarke is not the young lady referred to. The note reads: "Miss Marion E. Clarke is on extended leave from the Training School of the Kingston General Hospital solely on account of ill health. She has not in any way been guilty of breaking the rules of the Training School. (Signed) MISS E. E. GORDON, Supt."

SWING YOUR PARTNER.—The members of the Social Club met on Monday evening in T. A. Doran's barber shop for the purpose of electing officers and making arrangements to begin the fortnightly assemblies during the fall and winter months. The first regular assembly will be held Thursday evening, Oct. 26th, and on every alternate Friday evening thereafter. It was also decided to commence the program at 9 o'clock, sharp. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Hon. Pres., M. S. Cassan; Hon. Vice-Pres., Lee Hogg; President, H. McQuaig; Vice-Pres., G. A. Bouck; Secretary, S. Robson; Treasurer, R. Barnhart. Reception committee—C. Burnside (chairman), N. Guay, H. Hare, C. Short, T. Shaver. Refreshment committee—T. A. Doran (chairman), Fred Coulter, H. McQuaig, Geo. Keeler, Chas. Fisher. Program committee—M. S. Cassan (chairman), C. Burnside, Geo. Bouck, Fred Coulter, N. Guay. Finance committee — T. A. Doran (chairman), Mr. McPhail, G. A. Bouck, Chas. Fisher. Floor managers—C. Burnside, N. Guay, T. A. Doran.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.—A meeting of local temperance reform workers was held in the Council Chamber on Friday evening. The attendance was not large though representative, including two members of the W. C. T. U. T. S. Edwards was voted to the chair, and M. W. Beach, B. A., was appointed Secretary. The chairman, in his opening remarks, said we had laws on our statute books protecting deer, fish, muskrats and other animals for many months in each year, but no protection for our children against the demoralizing drink traffic. The bar had the privileges of "open season" 52 weeks in the year—to start our men and boys on the way to destruction—and this meeting was for the purpose of making an effort to close these places of temptation and thereby protect our young people as well as the fish and rats. He further said that he wished to give every person in the room an opportunity to address the meeting. Among those who responded were S. Landon, A. McInnis, Reeve Cameron, T. A. Thompson, W. G. Anderson, John Stamp, Jas. Collison, Walter Weston, J. A. Rose, R. S. Pelton, Herbert Serviss, Rev. G. Rogers and Rev. R. Corrigan, B. A., B. D. Several speakers pointed out the rocks ahead, and that the temperance people need not expect an easy victory. The Reeve said that he did not think the Council would submit the by-law unless the temperance people themselves put up the cost. The News editor said that in the present shape of the village finances he could not consistently appeal to the people to support the by-law unless the temperance people not only put up the costs in connection with the vote, but also the first year's revenue from the two licenses lost to the corporation of Iroquois through the adoption of the by-law. A cause that was worth winning was worth sacrificing for, and that unless we were willing to meet the financial argument of our opponents and relieve the village treasury to that extent—about $300—we need not hope for victory. As regards the legality of the vote, the speaker submitted the following reply to his enquiry of the License department of the Ontario Government, viz.:

DEAR SIR,—Replying to your letter dated 12th inst., I beg to say that there is nothing in the Liquor License Act to prevent a Local Option by-law being submitted to the electors of the municipality at any time the municipal Council may think fit. Sub-section 2 of section 141 of the Liquor License Act says "that if any repealing by-law upon being submitted to the electors is not approved no other repealing by-law shall be submitted for approval for three years." This however applies only to a repealing by-law. So far as Iroquois is concerned it is precisely in the same position legally as if no Local Option vote had ever been taken.

Your obedient servant,
E. SAUNDERS.

Toronto, Oct. 12, 1905.

Revs. Rogers and Corrigan spoke with force and eloquence upon the moral claims upon our people to support the by-law, and did not think that the financial phase of the issue was worthy to be considered in a traffic fraught with such dangers to the community. A committee was appointed to counsel together as to the proper course to pursue.

Some Seasonable Advice

It may be a piece of superfluous advice to urge people at this season of the year to lay in a supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is almost sure to be needed before winter is over, and much more prompt and satisfactory results are obtained when taken as soon as a cold is contracted and before it has become settled in the system, which can only be done by keeping the remedy at hand. This remedy is so widely known and so altogether good that no one should hesitate about buying it in preference to any other. It is for sale by B. F. Smith.

Business Cards

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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
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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.

"Weak Heart"

—— Palpitation and irregular action of the heart are due largely to a thin, watery condition of the blood. The heart and nerves refuse to perform their proper work for want of support. Pale, weak, or anæmic people should use "PSYCHINE" and avoid heart troubles. "PSYCHINE" makes rich blood, tones the system, regulates the heart action and restores vitality. All weak people should have a bottle handy in case of sudden heart troubles.

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

ALL DRUGGISTS—ONE DOLLAR—TRIAL FREE

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited
179 King St. W., Toronto, Canada

How 50c. Made $100.00

Two men had rheumatism. One paid $100.00 to doctors without results, the other found a permanent cure for 50c. in Tuck's Rheumatic Bone Oil. That rheumatism can be cured with this oil is an established fact. Mrs. Lever, of Montague, found that it cured. She writes:—"I had rheumatism so bad that I was crippled with it. For seven months I doctored and tried everything but my joints only got larger and stiffer and all the time I was suffering dreadfully. For a good deal of those seven months my husband had to lift me in and out of bed and I had to go about finally on crutches. I was advised to try Tuck's Rheumatic Bone Oil and it did me good from the start. It seemed to penetrate right to where the pain was and eased it. Before I had used a bottle my joints relaxed and three bottles cured me completely. I have not used any now for over a year.

Mrs. H. Lever, Montague.

You will find the most convincing proof in a bottle. For sale by all medicine dealers or by The Tuck Bone Oil Co., Limited, Smith's Falls.

C. & M. MILLS
GREAT OCTOBER SALE

We have just opened our New Fall Stock consisting of

Suitings, Waistings and Shirt Waist Suits.

Silk embroidered fronts for shirt waists with each front 2 yards of 36 inch Habutai.

Black and White Lustre Shirt Waists.

Kid Gloves a specialty.

A full line of First-Class Corsets

CROCKERY at a Sacrifice

Having purchased recently a large stock of crockery, much under price we are offering

$12.00 Dinner and Tea Sets, 97 pieces	$10.00
5.00 Toilet Sets, 10 pieces	3.50
3 00 Sets	2.25
Flowered Blue, regular $1.25 Plates per dozen	1.00
Regular $1.25 Cups and Saucers	.75
Regular $1.00 Cups and Saucers, per dozen	.75

Bargains for Monday, Oct. 23rd:

22 lbs. Best Redpath Granulated Sugar	$1.00
7c. Bars Fels Naptha Soap	5c.
5c. Tumblers	3c.
3c. Clothes Pins	1c.
10c. Packages Bird Seed	7½c.
7c. Sardines	4c.

ARRIVED!

IONIAN

FROM

GLASGOW

WITH

CARMAN'S WOLLENS

First Come, First Served.

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

Weak, Nervous, Diseased Men.

Thousands of *Young and Middle Aged Men* are annually swept to a premature grave through early indiscretions and later excesses. Self abuse and Constitutional Blood Diseases have ruined and wrecked the life of many a promising young man. Have you any of the following symptoms: Nervous and Despondent; Tired in Morning; No Ambition; Memory Poor; Easily Fatigued; Excitable and Irritable; Eyes Blur; Pimples on the Face; Dreams and Drains at Night; Restless; Haggard Looking; Blotches; Sore Throat; Hair Loose; Pains in the Body; Sunken Eyes; Lifeless; Distrustful and Lack of Energy and Strength. Our *New Method Treatment* will build you up mentally, physically and sexually. **Cures Guaranteed or no Pay.**



25 YEARS IN DETROIT. BANK SECURITY.
No Names Used Without Written Consent.

A NERVOUS WRECK.—A HAPPY LIFE.

T. P. EMERSON has a Narrow Escape.

"I live on a farm. At school I learned an early habit, which weakened me physically, sexually and mentally. Family Doctors said I was going into "decline" (Consumption). Finally, "The Golden Monitor," edited by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan fell into my hands. I learned the *truth* and *cause*. Self abuse had sapped my vitality. I took the *New Method Treatment* and was cured. My friends think I was cured of Consumption. I have sent them many patients, all of whom were cured. Their New Method Treatment supplies vigor, Vitality and manhood."

Consultation Free. Books Free. Write for Question Blank for Home Treatment.

Drs. Kennedy & Kergan, 148 Shelby Street Detroit, Mich.

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

PLOWS! PLOWS! PLOWS!

Just Received a Shipment of

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

Milch Cows and Heifers For Sale

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

BOUGHT AT TORONTO FAIR!

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

P. P. EVERETT

NATURE POINTS THE WAY.

The showers that bring forth blossoms and make nature more beautiful often cause untold misery to mankind in whose blood the poisons have accumulated. When all nature seems to be glad we sometimes experience our greatest ills. The important thing is to make this life worth while—consider each disappointment and ill-feeling as so much experience and as a temporary lesson set for us to learn. When you catch cold—suffer from indigestion or notice the skin breaking out with pimples let this furnish you a warning that the blood is in disorder. Profit by the experience of others and quickly drive the poisons from the blood and build up the system with a reliable remedy—such as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which has stood the test of time and for over a third of a century has sold more largely than any other blood remedy. Thousands attest to its remedial value as witness the testimonials which have been published for the past thirty-eight years.



"One year ago I wrote you concerning my daughter," writes Mrs. Jennie Smith, of Pinegrove, Md. "She was very weak and nervous, had no appetite, could not sleep, complained of headache, backache, and dizzy spells; was too weak to go to school, took no interest in anything, was inclined to sleep most of the time. I took her to several physicians who said she was going into consumption. My mother advised us to try Dr. Pierce's medicines, and I wrote to you giving the symptoms and you advised us to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription.' We did so, giving her three bottles of each. My daughter began to improve before the first bottle was gone. When she had taken in all six bottles she seemed to be entirely well."

Doctor Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, sent *free* on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume, the cost of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

—$50—

a month and upwards are the salaries paid telegraph operators. The

OTTAWA Business College, OTTAWA.ONT.

makes a specialty of teaching railroad telegraphy Our equipment is unequalled. The teacher in charge has had twenty-two years railroad experience. Write for the catalogue of this splendid school and get full details about all our departments.

Students may enter any time. Our new address is Cor. Bank and Wellington streets

W. E. GOWLING, PRINCIPAL

A Judicious Inquiry

A well known traveling man who visits the drug trade says he has often heard druggists inquire of customers who asked for a cough medicine, whether it was wanted for a child or for an adult, and if for a child they almost invariably recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The reason for this is that they know there is no danger from it and that it always cures. There is not the least danger in giving it, and for coughs, colds and croup it is unsurpassed. For sale by B. F. Smith.

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Affiliated with the Institute of Chartered Accountants.

For 38 years the ONTARIO has maintained the highest standard in Commercial Education. Send for catalogue to the Principal,

J. W. JOHNSON, F. C. A.

FALL AND WINTER

MILLINERY

A beautiful display of the Latest in Fall and Winter Hats, in all the new shapes and shades; Trimmings, Ribbons, Feathers, etc., etc.

A dainty line of Children's Hats and Bonnets.

A cordial invitation to visit our opening days is extended to the ladies of Iroquois and vicinity.

MISS A. PICHE

— WHEN IN —

CARDINAL

Drop in and try a glass of Our

Ice Cream Soda

Served with crushed fruits and pure fruit juices to suit the taste. Over twenty flavors to select from.

Pure Drugs, Sundries, Fancy Stationery, Rubber Goods, Art China, Fancy Goods, Souvenirs of Cardinal

In different forms

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

Mail orders promptly attended to

Birks' Medical Hall

Cardinal, Ont.

The News

R. S. Pelton, = Publisher

IROQUOIS, OCT. 20, 1905

IT is more than likely that the Canadian insurance companies will be investigated by a parliamentary committee at the next session of the Commons as a result of the recent shameful disclosures in the insurance business of the United States.

A Winnipeg lad of two years swallowed 84 sugar-coated pills, thinking they were candies, and the papers say he will recover. We should think so. Three pills are supposed to work a cure according to directions. 84 ought to keep him well the rest of his days, at the same ratio.

SIR WM. MULOCK, the "greater than has been" Postmaster-General of Canada, has been obliged to resign owing to ill health. We quote Sir William's famous jubilee postage stamp phrase as a literal truism of his own career, since he has actually converted a department that was yearly showed a deficit into one that is showing an asset, besides making other improvements for the good of the country, not least among which is the reduction of postage from three to two cents. His successor is A. B. Aylesworth, the noted lawyer.

REEVE CAMERON says the Council may expect from $1,000 to $1,100 surplus revenue from the water and light department this year to apply on the general running expenses of the village, which were not provided for in the rate of 1904. We hope the Reeve's prophetic assurance will come true. In the meantime it would be well for the Commissioners to put a chain around that surplus lest it slip its moorings one of these dark nights and get away. In any event the Reeve's feverish haste this week to extend the waterworks to the several lock-houses and elsewhere augurs badly for the promised surplus.

This everlasting extending of the waterworks to everyone who asks for it regardless of cost to the town may pay in time—after this generation and the generation following have joined the angels—but for this generation it is a mighty doubtful investment, especially when it is remembered that the plant is being operated on a borrowed capital of from $60,000 to $70,000 that is not paying two per cent. interest, and the corporation at the limit of its borrowing powers.

SOME public-spirited citizens of Owen Sound are trying the experiment of conducting a hotel without the sale of liquors. There is a tradition that such a hotel cannot be made to pay. But that tradition was formed at a time when the habit of drinking was much more common than it is to-day; when commercial travellers were expected to treat their customers, and when the offer of a drink was regarded as a necessary act of hospitality. How many of those who use a hotel for food and lodging would regard the absence of a bar as an inconvenience? We think that the percentage is very small. Our legislation proceeds, and is likely to proceed, on the plan of combining the business of liquor selling with that of hotel-keeping. But that is no reason why private enterprise and public spirit should not be devoted to the effort to conduct a hotel without a bar. The notion that there is a fixed demand for intoxicants, which must be met, is disappearing. It is recognized that drinking is a matter of habit, occasion, the offering of facilities and temptations, and that the fewer the opportunities the less will be the consumption.—Toronto News.

Matilda.

VANALLEN—HAMILTON.—On Wednesday evening, Oct. 11th, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hamilton, of Matilda, was the scene of a very pretty and fashionable event, when their youngest daughter, Effie, was married to Herbert J. VanAllen, a prosperous young farmer of Mountain. About 150 guests assembled, and at 6 o'clock p.m., the bride, who was beautifully attired in white Japanese silk over taffeta and carrying a wreath of cream roses, appeared, leaning upon the arm of her father, while Mrs. S. A. VanAllen, of Mountain Station, rendered appropriate music for the occasion in her usual accomplished manner. The bridal party stood under an arch of evergreens and flowers, while Rev. Mr. Tripp performed the ceremony. The bride was assisted by Miss Nellie B. Suffel, and the groom was supported by his brother, Willis VanAllen. Two pretty little girls, Lottie Hamilton and Flo Bouck, dressed in white silk, and each carrying a basket of flowers, performed the duties of flower girls in a most charming manner. The house was prettily decorated with evergreens and roses. After the ceremony all sat down to a sumptuous repast daintily prepared and served. Amid showers of rice and good wishes the bride and groom left on their honeymoon trip to Toronto, Niagara Falls, and other western points, and will return home via Ottawa. On their return they will reside at Vancamp, where a beautiful home awaits them. The bride's travelling suit is green with hat to match. The bride, one of Matilda's popular young ladies, was the recipient of many useful and valuable presents. Congratulatians.

Town Topics

Rev. W. C. Powell, of Metcalfe, was in town last week on business.

Reeve Cameron was in Napanee Tuesday in connection with A. O. U. W. work.

Seaver Robson was visiting friends in Brockville and Spring Valley a few days last week.

R. M. Johnston, of Toronto, has returned home after spending a couple of weeks with his brother-in-law, F. C. Kennedy.

Jack Marshall, the well known hockey player, has received an offer of $35.00 a week to play hockey in Pittsburg, Pa., this winter. He has not yet decided to accept.

At Ogdensburg, vandals damaged the soldiers' monument by breaking off the bronze barrel held by the soldier. The barrel was about 20 inches long.

FOR SALE.—Coal stove, in first-class condition; two buggies and a milk wagon, for sale cheap. Also plow points on hand for Merrickville, Fleury, Wilkinson and Goold plows. J. H. CURRIE,

The waterworks have been extended to the several lock-houses, the Government doing a considerable share of the digging on the street north of the new lock, which runs through its property.

Miss Violet McKnight, of The News staff, left this week to accept a position as nurse in training at the N. Y. State Insane Asylum, Ogdensburg. Violet is a faithful, trustworthy girl, and should do well in any capacity where these important essentials count.

The local horsemen were in hard luck this week. The races had scarcely got under way Wednesday afternoon when a downpour of rain, which kept up intermittently all afternoon, compelled the committee to call the races off indefinitely. Better luck next time.

The W. F. M. S. of Knox church will hold their annual Thank-offering service next Sunday evening, at the usual hour of evening worship. Appropriate music will be rendered by the choir, and brief addresses on missionary subjects will be given. The Thank-offering will be on behalf of the work of the W. F. M. S.

I have a better opinion of the intelligance of the average farmer than to expect to be able to hoodwink him by telling him that I can save him $8.00 per ton on his feed if ground at our mill. But we do grind so fine that his stock will get all the nutriment contained in the grain. We offer no prize packages or premiums of any kind. Only a square deal and good grinding. S. FRAYNE, Iroquois.

WILL CLOSE.—We, the undersigned merchants of Iroquois, do hereby mutually agree to close our respective places of business on Thanksgiving Day, October 26th, 1905: C. & M. Mills, Mrs. G. Serviss, W. N. Abbott, T. A. Thompson, T. A. Doran, W. E. Bowen, Geo. R. Sipes, Ross Bro. & Co., Z. Seely, A. Piche, Mrs. C. E. Harkness, B. F. Smith, T. Landon, N. Guay, E. McNulty, A. B. Carman, A.D. McInnis, Hare & McInnis, C. E. Keeler.

PAID UP

Weekly Bulletin of Renewals for The St. Lawrence News

Thos. Lewis, Pt. Colborne.....Sept. '06
C. Payne, Brinston's Corners...Jan. '06
Wm. Merkley, Barkway, Ont...Jan. '06
Rev. C. S. Shaver, Wilton Ont.....Sept. '06
Miss Winnie Bush, Brockville.....Sept. '06
Wm. Bouck, Irena.....Aug. '06
Miss A. L. Whitney, St. Paul, Minn.....Sept. '06
Geo. Larmour, Iroquois.....Jan. '07
T. B. Hyndman, Vancouver B. C.....Jan. '07
Jacob Taylor, Brinston's Corners.....Oct. '06
Annie Amell, Cardinal.....Aug. '06
Dr. Elliot, Denver, Col.....July '07
Donald Hanes, Dundela.....Jan. '07

Nursery Stock

FOR SALE

50,000 Apple Trees for Sale at Mountain and Dundela Nurseries.

WE have 50,000 Apple Trees of all the leading varieties suitable for this climate, grown and climated here, and therefore sure to grow.

Also Small Fruits, Flowering Shrubs, and Ornamental Trees.

Main Nursery two miles from Mountain Station.

All orders and communications receive prompt attention.

Get the best home grown stock.

McIntosh & Smith,

Dundela and Mountain, Ont.

Henry Irving is to be buried in Westminster Abbey, the spot selected being alongside of the grave of Garrick, under the bust of Shakespeare, and near to the resting place of Dr. Johnson and Dickens.

P. McCrea, County Registrar for Grenville, died at his residence, James street, Prescott, Oct. 17th. Mr. McCrea was an old and highly respected citizen. He had held the position of registrar for about 28 years. In polities he was a staunch Liberal.

A veteran of the South African war, from Brockville, came to town yesterday, to greet some of his battery friends, and when arrested this morning at 3 a m., was picking shamrocks and kissing the blarney stone off the granolithic walk.—Kingston Whig.

It is perhaps known to but two or three that one of the late Senator Fulford's ambitions was to establish on the St. Iawrence, near Brockville, a model farm that would be to Eastern Ontario largely what the Provincial Farm at Guelph is. He had actually given instructions to purchase a farm containing from 400 to 600 acres, with this end in view.

LIBERATED.—Herman Covell, the young man who last spring stole a horse harness and buggy from two farmers residing near North Augusta, was liberated from the Central prison Monday after serving five months of what was to be a one year sentence. A month after he entered the Toronto institution Covell was attacked with typhoid fever and had since been in ill health, which induced the authorities to grant him a pardon. He is out on the ticket-of-leave system and must report to Chief Burke once every month.

Dixon's Corners

Master Charles and Lulu Louden spent Sunday at Morrisburg.

John Munroe visited friends at Elgin and Smith's Falls last week.

Russell Collison spent a few days at North Williamsburg last week.

Ezra Locke bought 18 acres of land from Mrs. G. D. Dixon this week.

Mrs. J. Wallace and son, of Alexandria Bay, were guests of her sister, Mrs. Geo. Cooper, last week.

Mrs. Albert Serviss, of Brockville, spent a few days the guest of her mother, Mrs. Peter Collison.

"The Story of Dundas," the people's book, delivered or sent postpaid to any address for $2, cloth; half-morocco, $3. This is your opportunity.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Dawson, of Dundela; Frank Thompson, of Hainsville, and Guy McLean, of Augusta, were guests at Jos. Clow's on Sunday.

The Thank-offering of the W. F. M. S. of Dixon's Corners will be held on Tuesday evening, Oct. 24th. Rev. Mr. MacDougall, of Spencerville, at one time a missionary to China, will be the speaker of the evening. Mrs. Macalister, President of the Presbyterial W. F. M. S., will also be present.

How to Cure Corns and Bunions

First, soak the corn or bunion in warm water to soften it; then pare it down as closely as possible without drawing blood and apply Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice daily, rubbing vigorously for five minutes at each application. A corn plaster should be worn a few days to protect it from the shoe. As a general liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness and rheumatism, Pain Balm is unequaled. For sale by B. F. Smith.

News of the Week

Sir Henry Irving, the great English actor, died Friday night.

That great family book, "The Story of Dundas," on sale at Tindale's. Call.

Read that chapter on "Bivouac and Camp-fire" in "The Story of Dundas."

The Government returns show a reduction of 160 liquor licenses this year.

The Emperor of Russia and the Emperor of Japan have signed the treaty of peace.

As a result of the war, the yearly interest on Japan's national debt is $75,000,000.

Japan reports state that the blowing up of the flagship Mikasa was due to a mutiny on boaad.

A water tank has been placed in the N. Y. C. yard at Ogdensburg with a capacity of 50,000 gallons.

Winnipeg building permits for the current year aggregate $9,900,000. They are expected to reach $11,000,000.

Prescott has a subterranean novelty in the shape of a well-built, arched conduit leading from near the Revere House to the river. In excavation work its presence was first brought to the notice of the present generation. It is big enough to drive through and it is surmised figured in past years in some smuggling scheme.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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

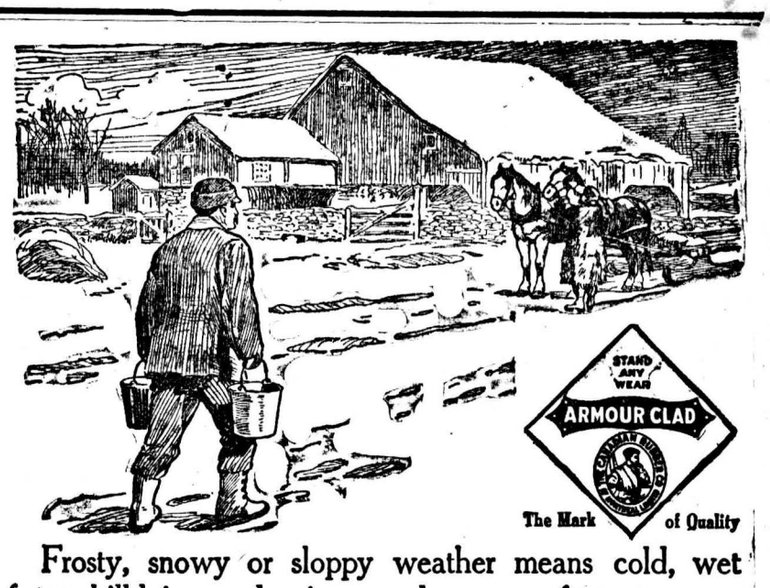
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.



Frosty, snowy or sloppy weather means cold, wet feet, chilblains and misery, unless your feet are protected by ARMOUR CLAD Lumberman's and Boots.

Weather and waterproof, comfortable, and made to stand any wear. All styles.

"The mark of quality" on the genuine

ARMOUR CLAD

600

MARSH'S

GREAT MONEY-SAVING SALE

in all kinds of

FURNITURE

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

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

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

A black Mare for sale, cheap.

W. J. MARSH

The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer, Iroquois

COAL! and WOOD!

Shingles, $1.50, $1.75, $2.35.

B. C. Red Cedar Shingles, $3.25.

Hemlock Plank, Hemlock 2x4x10 to 16 feet long.

Feather-edge clapboards, Pine and Spruce

Dressed Pine, 2 to 12 in. wide.

LATH, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS

All sold at Lowest Prices

T. A. THOMPSON

9c.--TREES--9c.

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN STAMP, (Box 119) Iroquois, Ont.

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

IT'S IN THE BLOOD.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Drive Out Rheumatic Poison.

Rheumatism is rooted in the blood—any doctor will tell you that. Nothing can cure it that does not reach the blood. It is a foolish waste of time and money to try to cure rheumatism with liniments, poultices or anything else that only goes skin deep. Rubbing lotions into the skin only helps the painful poison to circulate more freely. The one cure, and the only cure for rheumatism is to drive the uric acid out of your blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new blood, and the new blood sweeps out the poisonous acids, loosens the stiffened, aching joints, cures the rheumatism and makes the sufferer feel better in many other ways. Mrs. Jos. Perron, Les Eboulements, Que., says: —"I suffered from rheumatism in a chronic form for nearly twenty-five years. I spent much money in liniments and medicines, but without avail, until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Some times I was so stiff I could hardly move. The trouble seemed to be growing worse, and finally seemed to effect my heart, as I used to have pains in the region of the heart, and sometimes a smothering sensation. I grew so weak, and suffered so much that I began to consider my case hopeless, and then one day a little pamphlet, telling of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, fell into my hands, and I learned that they would cure rheumatism. I sent for a supply, and in about three weeks found they were helping me. The trouble which affected my heart soon disappeared, and gradually the pains left me and I could go about with more freedom than I had done for years. I still take the pills occasionally, as I now know it is wise to keep my blood in good condition.'

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood that they cure such troubles as rheumatism, anaemia, indigestion, kidney troubles, backaches, headaches and sideaches, neuralgia, erysipelas, and the special ailments that burden the lives of so many women and growing girls. But only the genuine pills can do this, and these always have the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every 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.

IN CHINESE POLICE COURT.

Fines Imposed and Punishments Are Not Light.

A reporter on the staff of the Shanghai Times tells how justice is dealt out to offenders in the police court of that Chinese city: "Business appeared very dull at the Shanghai slave market yesterday, as Yang Wo Zung and Ng Ah Kung were unsuccessful in their attempt to dispose of two girls whom they offered for the ridiculously low sum of $80, after having kidnapped them from their home in Pootung. This case was a very intricate one, the kidnapers having changed owners several times. After going exhaustively into the evidence, the court announced that accused were convicted upon the charge of having attempted to sell the children and that they were remanded for further inquiries previous to being sentenced. The children were ordered to be sent to the Refuge for Slave Girls.

"Tseu Chong Sung, a runner, was charged with attempting to extort money from Tsung Wong Sze at 80 Park road, on the 20th ult., Tseu will not do any sprinting for a week, as he is to be scientifically touched upon the spot of the official bamboocr 500 times, after which he goes into the cool, calm seclusion of the municipal cloisters for one week.

"Chang Ah Ong was charged with stealing 120 pairs of the upper parts of Chinese silk shoes, valued at $60 Chang gets 200 blows and a month's imprisonment."

A BABY CHANGED.

"One could hardly believe the change Baby's Own Tablets have wrought in my child," says Mrs. Angus Morrison, Port Caldwell, Ont. "He suffered terribly while teething, vomited his food and was weak and puny. One box of Baby's Own Tablets made him a changed child. They eased the pain of teething, strengthened his stomach, and he is now a big, healthy child, growing finely and never sick a day." The experience of Mrs. Morrison is that of thousands of other mothers who have found health for their little ones and comfort for themselves in the use of Baby's Own Tablets. Mothers need not be afraid of this medicine, it is guaranteed not to contain an atom of opiate or strong drug. They could not harm a child of any age, and they are good for them at all ages. Ask your druggist for Baby's Own Tablets or send 25 cents to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get them by mail.

THE FRENCH NAVY.

Recruiting in the French navy is chiefly by a system called "maritime inscription," which applies to the young men of the coast and furnishes a contingent of about 4,700 naval recruits every year. The system actually provides for five years' service, but in point of fact some 1,200 recruits—sons of widows or pupils of the mercantile marine—serve only one year by virtue of dispensations which are granted them. The remaining 3,500 recruits serve for varying periods, which are fixed by the Minister of Marine, but which never exceed four years and two months. At the present time the limit is three years and ten months. In the event of war, however, the men are liable to be called out for the completion of their five years' service. On the other hand, the total of the annual contingent is increased by about 2,000 men who enlist voluntarily for three, four, or five years.

SOME WEDDING STORIES

INTENSELY DRAMATIC SCENE AT THE ALTAR.

The Man Who Yawned at His Wedding—Bridegroom Who Came Late.

That the matrimonial cup may come to grief even at the eleventh hour has often been demonstrated, but seldom under such exciting circumstances as at the recent wedding of a young Belgian named Deneck.

Deneck and his bride, Celeste Voisin, the pretty daughter of a Bethune peasant, were standing before the mayor, with a crowd of attendant relatives and guests, when, just as his worship was about to pronounce the words which would have made them man and wife, the bridegroom yawned. The mayor, surprised and indignant, immediately stopped the service. Deneck yawned again, and, while angry mutterings were heard among the relatives, said, "I have thought better of it, and I don't think I want to be married at all."

But he had reckoned without the Voisin family. As he made for the door Celeste rushed after him and soundly boxed his ears with her dimpled fists, while her three brothers fell on him and pommelled the recalcitrant lover until he began to shriek for mercy and to beg to be allowed to marry the girl. When he was finally rescued by the mayor and his clerk he was in such a sorry plight that it was found necessary to take him to the hospital, where he has had ample leisure to reflect sadly on the indiscretion of yawning at his wedding.

Curiously enough, on the very same day a pretty wedding that was arranged at Nevers, in France, ended in disaster from

A VERY DIFFERENT CAUSE.

The bridal party had for some time been assembled at the church, when the bridegroom made a tardy appearance, to find the bride full of tears and reproaches at his dilatoriness. This stormy reception was so little to his liking that, without a word, he turned on his heels and walked out of the church.

It is but a short time since the curtain was rung down in a West of England church on a drama of love and revenge. A year or so earlier the marriage had been arranged and every preparation made, when on the very eve of the wedding-day the bride-to-be received a curt note from the lover informing her that he loved another better than herself, and had no intention of appearing with her before the altar

The wedding was cancelled; for a time the girl went away to hide her grief and her chagrin, and returned to find her fickle lover had already jilted her successor in his affection and was anxious to return to his former love. The opportunity for revenge had come unsought. She encouraged his advances, became engaged to him, and once more the wedding-day was fixed.

The church was crowded with spectators, and the ceremony had reached the critical point when the priest asks the bride, "Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, etc., so long as ye both shall live?" For several seconds the question remained unanswered; then, turning a look of scorn and contempt on her false lover, the lady answered, in a voice that rang through the church and thrilled the spectators, "Never!" And as, with head erect, she walked down the aisle followed by her bridesmaids there was heard

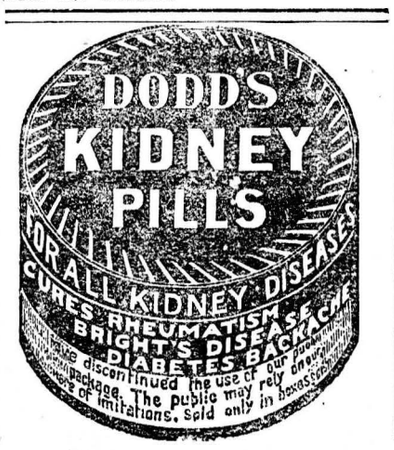
A MURMUR OF APPLAUSE

from the hundreds who knew how richly the man deserved this public humiliation.

There was a touch rather of humor than tragedy in the climax to a recent rustic wedding in the North of England. On their way to the church the bride and bridegroom had had a squabble, begun in jest and ending in earnest, as to which of the two should clean the husband's boots, and the subject rankled in the latter's breast after the service had commenced. Determined to have the matter settled once for all, before answering the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" the man turned to the lady and asked, "Now is ta going to clean my boots or isn't ta?" "Not I," was the defiant answer. "Then I'se off home," said the man, and away he walked; and it was only when the bride followed him and with tears protested she was quite willing to attend to his foot-covering that he consented to return and complete the ceremony.

To give but one more of these stories of weddings that fail, only a few months ago an indiscreet glass of whisky drunk by a man on his wedding morning proved fatal to his matrimonial schemes. It had been a condition of the engagement and marriage that the lover should promise never to touch intoxicants, for which he had a dangerous weakness. Just before starting, for the church on the wedding morning, however, his best man insisted on a "farewell glass together"—an invitation which the bridegroom, after vain protest, accepted.

That one final indulgence was fatal; for the ceremony had barely begun when the bride detected the odor of spirits. She immediately stopped the ceremony, and declaring "I cannot marry a man who drinks or who breaks his word," she left the church with her friends.



SHE WAS IN BED FOR THREE YEARS

PAIN-RACKED WOMAN CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Strong Statement by Mrs. Jas. Hughes of Morley, Ont.—She's Strong and Healthy Once More.

Morley, Ont., Oct. 7.—(Special).—What Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing for the suffering women of Canada will never be fully known. It is only when some courageous woman breaks the secrecy that covers woman and her troubles that a passing glimpse of their great work is given. For this reason a statement made by Mrs. Jas. Hughes of this place, is of more than passing interest.

"I was a great sufferer for four years," says Mrs. Hughes, "I was treated by five doctors and a specialist from the U. S. I tried nearly every kind of medicine I could hear of, but none seemed to do me any good.

"I was in bed for nearly three years. I had pains in my spinal column, in my head, over my eyes, across my back and through my left side. I took fourteen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and now I am strong and able to do a good day's work, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

A SURE CURE.

"I think I've got a remedy for this corpulency," said the fat Mr. Green, as he met an acquaintence the other day.

"So? Been sending for something?

"Yes."

"I'll wager you got bunkoed."

"I don't think so. The advice sounds very reasonable. It's to discharge the hired girl and let my wife do the cooking for two or three weeks."

A Medicine Chest In Itself.—Only the well-to-do can afford to possess a medicine chest, but Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which is a medicine chest in itself being a remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, colds, coughs, catarrh, asthma and a potent healer for wounds, cuts, bruises, sprains, etc., is within the reach of the poorest, owing to its cheapness. It should be in every house.

POSITIVELY BRUTAL.

The honeymoon was bumping the bumps.

"George," she said, "what would you do if I were to die suddenly?"

"Attend your funeral, my dear," answered the matter-of-fact George, without looking up from his paper.

They Are Not Violent in Action.—Some persons, when they wish to cleanse the stomach, resort to Epsom and other purgative salts. These are speedy in their action, but serve no permanent good. Their use produces incipient chills, and if persisted in they injure the stomach. Nor do they act upon the intestines in a beneficial way. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills answer all purposes in this respect, and have no superior.

VAST LAKES OF OIL.

Alberta's Gushers the Result of a Farmer's Enterprise.

The discovery of an oil gusher which now yields 300,000 gallons daily, as well as smaller wells in the immediate vicinity, has shown that there are other resources of Alberta's than wheat.

Great secrecy has been maintained in an attempt to keep the news of the oil fields from the public.

This oil district, under which it is believed the largest lake of oil in the world lies, is in the southwestern portion of the new province of Alberta. The gusher is less than five miles north of the Montana boundary line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Less than a year ago the first well was bored, and at a depth of 500 feet a 12,000 gallon well was struck. Confident that this was not the limit the operators kept on, with the result that several other wells were struck. So hopeful were the prospects that the company sent East for a standard cable drill, capable of boring a twelve inch hole 3,000 feet deep.

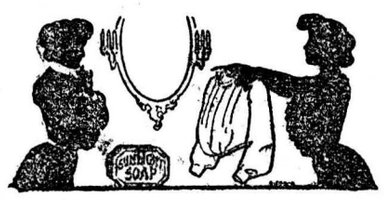
It was not until last spring that this machine was put to work. When it was down about 800 feet a small flow of oil was struck. Going deeper it got into a seam of coal, and when this was passed it struck solid rock. When their hopes were dying out the oil lake was struck, and with a mighty roar a twelve inch stream spouted fifty or more feet into the air, taking with it the drill and other machinery. Before the well could be plugged oil had filled the hollows in the surrounding ground, and in some places was five and six feet deep.

The story of the find reads more like fiction than a story of real life. Several years ago William Aldrich was supplying his Mormon neighbors with as much oil as they could use for lighting purposes. Where he got it, or how, he kept a secret, but it was known that he made two days' journeys twice a week and returned with half a dozen or more barrels of oil.

John Lindham, a wealthy rancher from Okotoks, resolved to look into the matter and discovered that Aldrich was getting his oil from surface seepages. He formed a company, taking in the discoverer, and bought all the land which an Eastern expert said contained oil. This was in 1902, but it was not until last fall that the first well was bored.

The geologist who first looked over the ground describes the pass in which the oil is found as an enormous crevice formed by volcanic eruptions, cross-cutting the formation of the Rocky Mountains and thus making huge basins into which the oil has been oozing for hundreds of years until it has formed vast lakes.

Surveyors have been in the district mapping out lines for the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern railways that these companies may tap the rich district.



Shirt waists and dainty linen are made delightfully clean and fresh with Sunlight Soap. 5B

FULLY QUALIFIED.

Green—"That fellow you were talking with seems to know a lot about women."

Brown—"Of course he does. He was just released from jail last week."

Green—"So? What was he in for?"

Brown—"Bigamy."

That Cutting Acid that arises from the stomach and almost strangles, is caused by fermentation of the food in the stomach. It is a foretaste of indigestion and dyspepsia. Take one of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets immediately after eating, and it will prevent this distress and aid digestion. 60 in a box, 35 cents.—16

Miss Smyth—"No, he didn't like your eyebrows. He said they were too black." Miss Jones—"The idea!" Miss Smyth—"However, I assured him they were not as black as they were painted!"

Lifebuoy Soap — disinfectant — is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases. 22

"All things come to him who waits." "Yes; and when they come he finds that they weren't worth waiting for."

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminato is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

Office Boy—"The baker is downstairs and wants to know why you didn't answer his letter about last month's bill." Editor—"Tell him he forgot to inclose a stamp."

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

She—"If you could have one wish, what would it be?" He—"It would be that—that—oh! if I only dared to tell you what it would be!" She—"Well, go on. Why do you suppose I brought up the wishing subject?"

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

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Slander is but soul suicide.

Love is good logic in any language.

All our yesterdays were once tomorrows.

The mark of a royal man is that he rules himself.

Malice is a terribly deadly gun—at the breech end.

It is a waste of money trying to feed people on bread labels.

The man with time to burn never gave the world any light.

Faith is not a fence about a man; it is a force within him.

We make mistakes; it is the other fellows who commit sins.

The city with the lid off needs the church with the coat off.

You can get the flavor of life's hickory without eating the shell.

Many big sins have a way of getting in with mighty small keys.

Our worst enemies are the friends who have failed to find us profitable.

Withholding affection is one of the most wasteful economies in life.

The Lord is not a refuge for the man who is looking for a soft place to rest.

The church is richer for a cent given with a smile than for a dollar with a frown.

It's the man who hammers the church down who complains most that she does not rise.

There are better ways of showing your sand than throwing grit in the other man's eyes.

People who are carried away on a wave of enthusiasm usually have to walk back dry-shod.

Happy the preacher who can invent a pocketbook that cannot be left at home on Sundays.

"GOLD GOLD."

"Good," He Says, "But Comfort Better."

"Food that fits is better than a gold mine," says a grateful man.

"Before I commenced to use Grape-Nuts food no man on earth ever had a worse infliction from catarrh of the stomach than I had for years.

"I could eat nothing but the very lightest food and even that gave me great distress.

"I went through the catalogue of prepared foods but found them all (except Grape-Nuts) more or less indigestible, generating gas in the stomach (which in turn produced headache and various other pains and aches), and otherwise unavailable for my use.

"Grape-Nuts food I have found easily digested and assimilated, and it has renewed my health and vigor and made me a well man again. The catarrh of the stomach has disappeared entirely with all its attendant ills, thanks to Grape-Nuts, which now is my almost sole food. I want no other." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days' trial tells the story.

There's a reason.

TO LIVE AND DIE

Without ever drinking

Blue Ribbon

Tea is to die Without knowing the full joy of LIVING. Why miss the SATISFACTION of sipping a hot cup of this FRAGRANT, REFRESHING drink?

Only One Best Tea. Blue Ribbon's It.

5325 Miles Through The Great Northwest

The Northern Pacific operates railway lines in Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon—seven states in which are wonderful opportunities for energetic men. Soil, climate, transportation facilities unexcelled. Land is cheap. Northern Pacific service—trains—equipment—time—track—are unexcelled.

See the West via the Great Trans-continental Highway

Northern Pacific Railway

A. M. CLELAND, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Ask C. W. Mott, General Emigration Agent, St. Paul, Minn., about business opportunities, cheap land, the wonderful irrigated districts and low rates for settlers. Special literature, rates and information from the General Passenger Agent, or Wm. G. Mason, District Passenger Agent, 215 Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N. Y.

POSSIBLE EXPLANATION.

Little Willie—"Say, pa, what does this paper mean by saying a woman loved and lost?"

Pa—"It probably means that she lost a few pounds while making a strenuous effort to get engaged, my son."

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

First Stranger—"Excuse me, sir, but I notice that you are looking at me closely. Is there anything about me that is familiar?" Second Stranger—"Yes, there is. My umbrella."

Heart relief in half an hour. — A lady in New York State writing of her cure by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, says: "I feel like one brought back from the dead, so great was my suffering from heart trouble and so almost miraculous my recovery through the agency of this powerful treatment. I owe my life to it."—19

"This shopping business is an awful nuisance." "Why, Henry? You have no reason to complain. I'm doing the shopping. All you do is to carry the parcels."

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it, and see what amount of pain is saved.

While a man's will may be law, in the case of a married man the law is seldom enforced.

ONE OF THE BEST old time remedies for all skin affections, such as Eczema, Ringworm, Scald-head and similar affections is Weaver's Cerate. It is an ointment that has brought relief to thousands.

Old Lady (to grocer's boy)—"Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?" Boy—"That's what the guv'nor told me to do, mum." "Told you to whistle?" "Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."

Eyes and Nose ran Water.—C. G. Archer, of Brewer, Maine, says: "I have had Catarrh for several years. Water would run from my eyes and nose for days at a time. About four months ago I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and since using the wonderful remedy I have not had an attack. It relieves in ten minutes." 50 cents.—17

Wise is the man who declines to take his troubles seriously.

It takes a lot of will power to enable a man to save himself from himself.

An End to Bilious Headache.—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever, and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cure it—cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the Pills operate. There is nothing surer in the treatment of bilious headache.

WOMEN CHAINMAKERS.

The female chainmaker of the Black Country, England, stands long at the forge. She has to work now and again with her child at her breast, or with a sharp eye upon the little one as it crawls about the spark-sprinkled floor. Whether her hands are blistered or her body scorched with flying iron she toils on, and, working twelve hours a day, earns from $2 to $1.25 per week. She needs no larder, for she lives from hand to mouth, and if her children can sit to a feast of bread soaked in hot water and flavored with weak tea they become quite epicurean. The bellows blowers, both children and old men and women, turn the wheels or pull the bellows-beams at the princely rate of 6 cents per day.

WANTED.

Youth or young man who has had experience in a printing office. Apply in writing to STEEP EMBOSSING CO., 56 Church St., Toronto.

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

FARMERS, ATTENTION.

Do you want to sell your farm? If so, send us a description of it and lowest price. We will list it in our next Farm Bulletin, which will be issued soon. If we sell we charge two and one-half per cent. commission. If we do not sell we make no charge.

Do you want to buy a Farm? Before doing so, write us for our Farm Bulletin. There are hundreds of Farms to choose from. We can satisfy you and save you money besides.

RUTHERFORD & RILETT, Hamilton.

FARMERS

ASK YOUR DEALERS TO SECURE OUR

'Specific Remedies'

for you. They are genuine and will give you the best results. The manufacture is under the direct supervision of a Board of Practical Veterinary Surgeons who are Experts, and who can give you

VALUABLE ADVICE FREE

The Veterinary Specialty Co., Limited

556 DUNDAS ST., TORONTO, ONT.

Monkland Herd Yorkshires

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

JAMES WILSON & SONS, Fergus, Ont.

KNEW THE SEX.

He—"Just one kiss, dear—I'll promise not to ask for another."

She—"Oh, that's what all the men tell me. After getting one they proceeded to take the rest without asking."

A LITTLE QUIET is the best of all diet, yet it will not make bone and muscle but "Ferrovim" will. Try it. All drug and general stores. $1 bottles.

BOTH ON A SEARCH.

"What's the difference between a workingman and politician?"

"Dunno."

"One looks for work and the other for a job."

When Rheumatism doubles a man up physician and sufferer alike lose heart and often despair of a cure, but here's the exception. Wm. Pegg, of Norwood, Ont., says:— "I was nearly doubled up with rheumatism. I got three bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure and they cured me. It's the quickest acting medicine I ever saw."—18

"Oh, will he bite?" exclaimed a sweet girl with a look of alarm when she saw a dancing bear in the street the other day. "No," said the escort, "he cannot bite; he is muzzled But he can hug." "Oh," she said, with a distracting smile, "I don't mind that."

Dear Mother

Your little ones are a constant care in Fall and Winter weather. They will catch cold. Do you know about Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, and what it has done for so many? It is said to be the only reliable remedy for all diseases of the air passages in children. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. It is guaranteed to cure or your money is returned. The price is 25c. per bottle, and all dealers in medicine sell 314

SHILOH

This remedy should be in every household.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

God Has Ever Been Seeking to Come Near to Us

And a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.—Isaiah xxxii., 2.

A man needs men more than he needs spirits. You can no more satisfy the human heart with departed souls than you can appease hunger with kitchen odors. People want people to love. No matter how perfect from the pedagogical point of view, your plan of uplifting the masses by ideals may be you will always find that they prefer to take their ideals on two legs and with the light of life in their eyes. They would rather associate with the most mediocre men than with the most highly interesting mummies, and you will find them getting more out of common people on the street than out of the most perfect profiles in the art gallery.

No matter how perfect your church worship may be in its artistic and its intellectual appeal, its sensuous aspects alone will never satisfy that strange hunger of the human heart, that longing that leads men to the place of worship week after week. The church may have much success as a club, as an exposition of style, fashion, and refined sentiments, and yet fail utterly as a church unless it gives men life, unless it somehow comes near to them and opens itself to them so that they feel here are hearts that understand and ears open in sympathy, here are warm handgrasps, here is

THE LIFE GIVING TOUCH.

Ordinary people cannot worship abstractions. The gods built of fancy win only the forms of worship. You might as well call on men to fall before the books of Euclid set on an altar as to expect humanity to worship the hypothetical being whom some call the god of heaven. Still less can men be brought to adore the propositions of theology. For worship is but love, and you can never learn to love a syllogism.

Ideas alone have power as they become personal. Many a man is worshiping the good in his mother, the gentle and sublime in some other woman, or the heroic in some man; and these constitute his religion. These are people, and they satisfy him as postulates and principles and the properties of worship never could. They not only set the good in the glowing frame of life but they touch his life with theirs; there is something other than their goodness, their fine characters; there is that which makes them one with him.

A God far off from man has always meant man far off from God. And yet God has ever been seeking to come near to us. It is more than a figure of speech that the bible uses when it speaks of the most High as a man, a father, a neighbor, a friend; it is an indication of the closeness of God to ourselves, of his reality, of his identity with us. We need not think of him as an overgrown man, sitting on top of the clouds; yet it is better that he should be embodied in some image of the form that has always meant personality to us than that we should lose sight of the possibility of approach and communion with him as friend with friend. Better to think of God as man with us than not to know that the one over us all is in living touch with us all.

THIS IS THE GREAT TRUTH

that Jesus came to give the world. There is no need to define what it may mean that God was manifest in the flesh if we but see in the man of Nazareth the expression of all that God is to man. He walked our ways of earth to remind us that the Father is still living with His family here; He touched the sick and comforted the sad that men might remember the hand of infinite tenderness and power that reaches from heaven for our constant help and consolation.

Men could see the man Jesus; they knew Him as a man; looking in His eyes they felt the thrill of a human life; in a word, He was real, personal, and human to them. The simple hearted and clear eyed amongst them, longing for love, were drawn to Him. By the personal touch He taught them the way of life, and when they came to teach their new found faith to others it simply amounted to telling the story of their friend and to tell of Him as one still near to their lives.

To them it was no strange thing that He should say, If you have seen me you have seen the Father. They had come to know that. God had become more than a theory or an historical omnipotence; somehow they came to see that as was this Jesus to them, the warm, tender, loving, helpful friend, so is God to man, one whom He may love and who must love Him, one whom to know with all love's knowledge, is life eternal.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, OCT. 22.

Lesson IV. Rebuilding the Temple. Golden Text, 1 Cor. 3. 17.

LESSON WORD STUDIES.

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

Intervening Events—Chapter 2 is devoted largely to an enumeration of the principal men and heads of tribes and families, priests, Levites, and others, who accompanied the caravan of returning exiles from Babylonia to Jerusalem. In Ezra 2. 64-66 the number of Israelites returning is stated as 42,360 plus 7,337 servants and maids, making a total of 49,697 persons. Of this number there were 200 "singing men and women," that is, professional singers. This company took with them 8,136 beasts of burden, of which 6,720 were asses, 736 horses, 435 camels, and 245 mules. The first thing necessary after the arrival of the caravan at Jerusalem was the choosing and establishing of homes by the returning exiles. This occupied some months. At last in the seventh month the people reassembled in Jerusalem and at once reinstituted "all the set feasts of Jehovah that were consecrated." The beginning of the actual work of the rebuilding of the temple was not so simple a matter. Cedars of Lebanon and prepared stones were necessary, and it was two years and two months longer before the actual work of the building could be begun. Our lesson story begins with the events accompanying the laying of the foundation of the temple.

Verse 10. They set—That is, those in charge of the building set the priests. Some ancient manuscripts read, "The priests stood."

Their apparel—The dress of the priests consisted of short breeches (Exod. 28. 42) made of fine linen; a long coat with sleeves also made of fine linen; a girdle, woven of the same colors that were in the veil before the Holy Place; a cap of linen. On their feet they wore nothing (comp. Exod. 3. 5; 39. 27-29; Josh. 5. 15).

Sons of Asaph with cymbals—For the assignment of instrumental music to the Levites by David and of the cymbals specially to the sons of Asaph, compare 1 Chron. 25. 1 with 1 Chron. 16. 4, 5 and 25. 6.

11. They sang one to another—Probably, as has been the traditional interpretation, this refers to antiphonal singing in which two choirs sang alternate phrases in response to each other. Such psalms as 136; 21. 7-10; 106; 107· 118 were suited especially to such rendering. Our limited knowledge, however, concerning early Jewish music makes it impossible to speak authoritatively with regard to what music was used and how it was rendered.

"For he is good, for his loving-kindness endureth forever toward Israel"—These words are probably not a quotation from the psalms, but rather a liturgical response used at sacred festivals, upon which the well-known psalm, Psa. 136, was itself based. This verse is a marked fulfillment of the prophecy, Jer. 33. 10, 11, which compare.

12. Old men that had seen the first house—The "first house" refers to Solomon's temple, which had been destroyed in 586 B. C., fifty-one years before. Even sixteen years later the prophet Haggai (2. 3) could still appeal to some who had seen the former temple.

Wept with a loud voice—In their extreme sorrow because of the comparative insignificance of the house being erected to the former temple in its glory.

13. Could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people—A most marked difference of effect which the inauguration of the building had upon the younger people, on the one hand, and the older people, on the other.

Verse 1. The adversaries of Judah and Benjamin—The Samaritans living just to the north, called adversaries by anticipation.

2. Since the days of Esar-haddon, king of Assyria—Essar-haddon was the son and successor of Sennacherib. In the year 677 B. C. Sidon had revolted from the authority of Babylonia, but was promptly captured and destroyed, and another city, called "The City of Asar-haddon," was built in its place. This new city, together with the surrounding country, was colonized with captives from Elam and Babylonia, and of these captives many settled as far south as the region which we know as Samaria. The descendants of these colonists, who had intermarried with the remnant of Jews still dwelling in the country, were a mixed race, adhering partly to the religion of the Jews and partly to that of the land from which the colonists had come. Because of the fact that they were not Jews of pure descent the returned exiles would have nothing to do with them.

4. Weakened the hands of the people of Judah—Put obstacles in their way, hindered them in their enterprise in every manner possible.

5. Hired counselors against them to frustrate their purpose—Men who, for pay, made false representations before the king concerning the purposes and work of the Jews at Jerusalem.

Darius king of Persia—Not to be confused with "Darius the Median" of Dan. 5. 31. The king here referred to was the third ruler after Cyrus and the reorganizer of (second) founder of the Persian empire. He reigned from 522 to 548 B. C.

Grease spots may be quickly removed from clothing with the aid of a small pair of scissors.

HOME.

CAKES AND COOKIES.

Chocolate Cookies.—Beat to a cream one-half cupful of butter and one tablespoonful of lard. Gradually beat into this one cupful of sugar, then add one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and two ounces of chocolate melted. Now add one well beaten egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of milk, and stir in about two and one-half cupfuls of flour. Roll thin and cut into round cakes; bake in a quick oven. Use as little flour as possible.

Peach Puffs.—Crush several large, ripe peaches with a little powdered sugar, cut puff paste into squares, put some of the peaches in the centre of each, then close the paste nearly around it. Bake in a quick oven, and sprinkle with sugar just before serving.

Walnut Cookies.—Cream one cupful of butter with one and one-half cupfuls of sugar; add three beaten eggs; put two cupfuls of chopped walnut meats into one cupful of flour, and add this to the batter. Sift one teaspoonful of baking powder and one and one-half cupfuls of flour together, and add the last thing. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered tins, dust with granulated sugar, and put a whole walnut meat on each one. Bake in a moderate oven.

French Cream Layer Cake.—Cream one-third cupful of butter, add gradually one cupful of sugar, two well beaten eggs, one-half cupful of milk, and one and three-quarters cupfuls of flour, with two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in. Bake in layer cake tins. Filling — Three-fourths cupful of thick cream, one-quarter cupful of milk, one-quarter cupful of powdered sugar, and the white of one egg; flavor with vanilla and beat still with an egg beater.

English Tea Cake.—Take two cupfuls of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted with the flour, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, two of fine sugar, a little candied orange peel chopped fine, a few currants, and chopped raisins, and mix all together. Beat two eggs with two tablespoonfuls of milk, add this to the dough, and bake in rings.

Soft Ginger Bread.—Take one cupful of molasses into which put one teaspoonful of soda; mix with this one cupful of lard, and one cupful of sugar beaten together, one egg, one cupful of sour milk, three cupfuls of flour into which sift one-half teaspoonful of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of ginger. Bake quickly.

Almond Wafers.—Add gradually two cupfuls of granulated sugar to one cupful of almond paste. Dissolve one-half a level teaspoonful of soda in one-half pint of sweet milk; add this and ten drops of bitter almond flavoring; then work in one quart of sifted pastry flour. Turn baking pans upside down, and wipe well the bottoms; brush them lightly with butter, and put the cake mixture over just as thin as possible. Run them into a moderate oven and bake until slightly brown. While still hot cut them down through the middle lengthwise and once across; then loosen quickly with a thin knife, and roll each square over a pencil. To be perfect the mixture must be spread as thin as tissue paper on the pan, and the rolling quickly done.

TO USE THE ORANGE.

Orange Loaf Cake.—Beat the yolks of six eggs to a cream with half a pound of powdered sugar and two ounces of softened butter. Add the grated rind and pulp of three oranges. Take the pulp out with a spoon, saving all the juice and rejecting the core and seeds. Sift together half a pound of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder, and stir it into the cake alternately with the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Pour quickly into well greased tins and bake in a moderate oven.

Orange Icing.—From a 5 cent loaf of baker's bread cut off all the crust and grate or crumble the inside as fine as possible. Pour over it one quart of boiling milk, add a quarter of a pound of butter and the same of sugar. Let it stand until cold. Then add the grated rind of one, and the pulp and juice of two large oranges and six eggs beaten light. Pour into a buttered dish and bake one hour. Serve hot or cold.

Orange Pie.—Grate the yellow rind and squeeze the juice of two large, deep-colored oranges, mix well and save out a tablespoonful. Beat to a cream half a pound of butter and half a pound of powdered sugar. Add the yolks of six eggs beaten light and the orange juice. Now stir in the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth and pour the mixture into pie plates lined with puff paste. Bake in a quick oven. When done spread with a meringue made of the whites of the other two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and the tablespoonful of juice, and stand them in the oven to brown. This quantity will make two pies.

DUSTING.

Certain rules must govern systematic dusting, such as cleaning the highest things first, so that any loose falling dust may be removed from the lower things afterward. Dust should be gathered up and not whisked from place to place. It should be done quickly and also methodically from a given point right around. If the duster is kept in a large flat pad the dust is not scattered and accidents are not so likely to occur to small ornaments. Certain dusters should be provided for respective purposes, and then always used accordingly, and occasionally they should have a shaking in the open air. Two dusters should be used for furniture, as a good worker can use one hand and then the other, and finger marks may be avoided by holding the furniture with a duster. Each week should bring clean ones into play.

Old sheets which have been cut down and mended and are no longer suitable for beds or cots, old print dresses, old aprons, old hangings, old cotton furniture coverings may all be made into suitable sized pieces hemmed and used, but cheesecloth is best for dusting and is satisfactory when used dry for highly polished surfaces, but for the remaining articles it were better to dampen it slightly, roll as for ironing, allow it to remain for a minute or two, then shake out and continue. This will entail several clean cloths during the dusting process. Before they dry they should be rinsed thoroughly and hung up. They may be used again before they are sent to be washed. Mirrors or windows should be washed with alcohol and polished with an old piece of silk.

A stick with a round pointed end is handy for getting the dirt and dust out of the corners of the room or window sash, or on the stairs, and time and pains should be given to this kind of digging.

For the walls and ceilings of the rooms a long handled brush made for the purpose is most satisfactory and should be used every time the room is given a thorough cleaning. The paper will in this way be kept looking fresh. Remove or cover all upholstered furniture and bric-a-brac and before sweeping wet the broom in clean water. Shake hard to remove the loose water before applying to the carpets or rugs. During the course of the sweeping dip the broom in clean water frequently. If care is taken no moisture will be left and it will collect dust that otherwise will fly around the room.

The carpet sweeper should be emptied after each sweeping, and the hair and threads picked from the brush. Sweepings should be burned or put into the garbage, and not thrown out to litter the steps and yard.

SENSIBLE SUGGESTIONS.

To pour drops from a bottle moisten the edge.

Milk used instead of water makes puddings and pastry light.

When baking cakes place a layer of salt under the mold. This prevents burning.

If sherbet is used instead of baking powder when making madeira, seed, or other plain cakes, they will be much lighter and of a delicious flavor.

"Poverty cake."—Mix well one cupful of raisins, half a cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one of flour, one of sour milk, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one egg, a little nutmeg, cinnamon, and ground cloves. Bake in a flat meat tin for half an hour.

Sick people don't like to be stared at—they are morbidly sensitive; and don't stand at the back of the bed to make him turn his eyes round to see you. Always sit at the bedside, for the patient feels more at rest than if you stand up tall before him. Don't whisper, and don't follow the doctor or a caller into the next room; the invalid will be absolutely certain that you are discussing him.

As any schoolgirl can testify, it is a species of high art to make really fine grained, creamy, and successful fudges. If the butter is reserved until after the final test has been made and the syrup has just reached the "soft ball" stage, and then gently incorporated; and if then, the whole mass is turned upon a marble slab and swiftly turned back and forth with a griddle cake turner until it is cool, the desired consistency will never fail.

FOOD FOR INVALIDS.

A nutritious and palatable dish for the ill is scraped beef. Take a good piece of raw steak; lay it on a meat board, and with a knife scrape into fine bits. After removing all hard and gristly parts put it into a pan over the fire and let it remain just long enough to become thoroughly heated through, stirring it up from the bottom occasionally. Season with a little salt.

For cracker gruel pour one cup of boiling water over four tablespoonfuls of powdered crackers and stir until smooth. Add one cup of milk and return it to the fire. Let it boil until it thickens. Season with salt and serve immediately.

Onion gruel is excellent for cold and many invalids are fond of it. Slice down a few onions and boil them in a pint of new milk, stir in a sprinkle of oat meal and a little salt; boil till the onions are quite tender. Sup rapidly and go to bed.

A refreshing repast is egg gruel. Beat the yolk of one egg until light, with one teaspoonful of sugar and a sprinkle of salt. Add a little flavoring of nutmeg or cinnamon. Then stir in the white, which has been beaten until foaming. Pour over it the hot milk and serve at once.

WHAT ARE ICE FLOWERS?

We have all seen upon our window-panes glistening pictures in frost of trees, leaves, and flowers; but it is not easy to decide how they assume such lovely forms and weave such delicate patterns upon the glass. There seem to be two distinct classes of these ice flowers, resulting from different causes. The one resembles hoar-frost, and forms pretty pictures as of trees upon the panes; and these are seen when the air contains but little watery vapor, which settles upon the cold surface of glass in rooms not heated. The other and more usual form appears when the air is full of moisture, which settles and freezes on the window-frames like long, fairy needles. These form with great rapidity, and those that shape themselves first influence the position and direction of the rest.

YOUNG FOLKS

BOBBY BOY'S NEST.

"Mother," said Bobby Boy, when she kissed him good-night, "I wish I was a little bird and lived in a little nest."

"Isn't this bed a nice little nest?" asked Bobby Boy's mother. She knelt on the floor beside him, and put her head on his white pillow. "Isn't this nice soft little bed, and pretty blue comfort, and plump white pillows nicer than sticks and straws and leaves and paper, woven together as the robin in the lilac bush makes its little house?"

"Not quite, mother," said Bobby Boy. "I want to sleep just one night in a nest."

Bobby Boy's mother laughed and kissed him good-night again and cuddled the blue comfort about him and smoothed the white pillows and patted the yellow curls and told him to go to sleep. He lay thinking about how nice it was for little birds who didn't go to kindergarten, and had nothing to do but build nests in lilac bushes. When he did go to sleep at last, he dreamed about nests with little blue comforts in them, and little brass knobs all round the edge of them and funny pillows made of moss.

Next day Bobby Boy was very busy. His mother found him building a bird's nest in the closet. It was bigger than the nest in the lilac bush, for Bobby Boy was five years old. It was made of pine branches he had brought in from the woods, and the feathers he had picked from an old duster, and bits of moss and paper and string.

Night came again, and Bobby Boy's mother tucked in the blue comfort and patted the white pillow and smoothed the yellow hair and kissed Bobby Boy good-night after she had sung a little 'go-to-sleep' song to him.

Bobby Boy did not go to sleep. He lay very wide awake, watching a big white moon shining through the apple tree. Bobby Boy was waiting till the house grew still, then he meant to go out and build a nest in the apple tree. When the house grew still, Bobby Boy crawled out of bed. He put on his little trousers and stockings, then he pulled the blue comfort off the little bed and tied it into a bundle. There were sticks in the bundle, and moss and paper and the feathers from the feather duster. Bobby Boy opened the window and crept out on a little piazza.

"Cheep, weep, cheep weep,' went a frightened little bird in the tree; then it flew away and screamed, for it had never before seen a little boy looking down into its tree when the moon was shining. The apple tree threw one big branch up on the piazza.

There was the nicest place where five big limbs branched out. It was just big enough to hold a little boy's nest, and Bobby Boy had been thinking about it for a long, long time. He climbed up on the branch and put his legs around it, exactly as he did when he slid down on the banisters. He held the rope that was tied to his bundle, then he slid down the big branch into the heart of the apple tree. Once or twice the little twigs whipped him in the face, the tree creaked and groaned, and the blue bundle stuck among the branches. At last he was down in the little nest, and he stood there for a minute, breathing very hard. He pulled the bundle after him, and it came with a whack that almost knocked him down. It was a good thing there were nice, firm branches like a wall all around him, or Bobby Boy would have tumbled to the ground. He waited for a minute to get his breath back, then he began to build his nest. It was not as easy to build a nest as in the closet, because things tumbled to the ground. All the sticks fell, and a puff of wind carried the paper and feathers away. The moss wouldn't stay put, and nothing seemed to want to be made into a nest but the blue comfort. Bobby Boy again began to feel cold, so he spread it round him and crouched down in his nest. It was very lonely and quiet. The little bird came back and flew into the top of the tree and said, "Cheep weep, cheep weep," as if it were sleepy and tired.

The moon grew bigger and whiter and brighter, and stared boldly at Bobby Boy through the branches. Bobby Boy didn't feel comfortable in his nest; a scraggy old branch kept pushing his head out of its way so he turned around and tried to curl up in a new way, but another branch wouldn't let him. It poked into his back. It began to grow very cold, and the wind whistled through the branches, and the moon stared at him and said: "Bobby Boy, you're a little goose. Climb up the tree and go to bed."

"I don't believe I like sleeping in the tree to-night," said Bobby Boy to the moon. "It's too cold. It will be lovely, though, when it grows warmer, and I can eat apples all night.

"You're a goose," said the moon again. "Go to bed."

"All right, sir, I will," said Bobby Boy. He began to crawl up the branch that led to his room. When he was half-way up, he slipped right back, and slid away down into the heart of the tree. He would have fallen to the ground if it had not been for his shirt catching in a sharp branch. Bobby Boy was frightened. The blue comfort had tumbled to the ground, and his hands were so cold he could hardly hold on to the old tree.

"Father! Mother!" he screamed. "Come and get me! Come and get me!"

He could see the lamp in his little room, and he heard his mother give such a cry it nearly made him fall from the tree.

"Bobby Boy!" cried his father. "Bobby Boy, where are you?"

"Here, in my nest," called Bobby Boy. Then father and mother climbed out on the piazza. His mother was crying, and his father was bending down into the apple tree, but he could not reach Bobby Boy. Then everybody in the house waked up, and a long ladder went up to the very heart of the old apple tree, and Bobby Boy crept into his father's arms. He went to sleep in his own little bed, with a hot water bottle at his feet and a hot, woolly blanket wrapped about him and soft white pillows under his head; and the last thing he remembered was the big moon looking at him through the apple tree and saying: "Bobby Boy, you're a goose. Isn't that lovely bed better than a nest in the apple tree?"

"I believe it is, sir," said Bobby Boy sleepily.

FORESTRY CONVENTION.

The Premier Names Jan. 10, 11, and 12, 1906, as the Date.

To the Public of the Dominion of Canada:

Canada possesses one of the largest areas of virgin forest of any country in the world and is ranked by European experts first, or among the first, of the important sources of the world's timber supply for the future.

The preservation of the streams in perennial and constant flow, which is largely controlled by the forests on the watersheds, will have an important influence on the industrial and agricultural development of the Dominion. The expansion of our electrical and mechanical industries will be regulated to a great extent by water, which forms the greatest source of power in all countries, and some of our western districts are dependent on irrigation to ensure the success of agricultural operations.

In all the older provinces the clearing of the soil has been carried to such an extent that the ill effects on the water supply and on agriculture are clearly marked, while on the western prairies the need of sheltering trees for houses and fields is seriously felt by the settlers.

The early construction of the Transcontinental Railway, and of other railways, through our northern forested districts and the consequent opening of those districts to general traffic, will increase the danger from fire which has already been a most active agent of destruction.

These conditions are not new; they have from time to time received public attention, and during the Session just closed Parliament authorized the summoning of a convention for the more thorough discussion of the same.

I therefore hereby call a public convention to meet in the City of Ottawa on the 10th, 11th and 12th of January, 1906, under the auspices of the Canadian Forestry Association, and to this convention are specially invited:

Members of the Senate and House of Commons.

Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces.

Members of Legislative Councils and Legislative Assemblies of the Provinces.

Dominion and Provincial Forest Officials.

Members of the Canadian Forestry Association.

Representatives of Lumbermen's Associations.

Representatives of Boards of Trade.

Representatives of Universities.

Representatives of Agricultural Colleges.

Representatives of Farmers' Institutes.

Representatives of Railway Companies.

Representatives of the Canadian Mining Institute.

Representatives of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers.

Representatives of Associations of Land Surveyors.

Representatives of Fish and Game Associations and all others who take an interest in Forestry.

An invitation is also extended to the Bureau of Forestry of the United States, the American Forestry Association and the State Forestry Bureaus and Associations to send representatives to this Convention.

WILFRID LAURIER.

Ottawa, 21st August, 1905.

The subjects to be considered at the Convention will be discussed under the following divisions:—

1. The Nation and the Forest.
2. Forestry in relation to Agriculture and Irrigation.
3. The Forest and the Lumber and Pulp Industries.
4. The Relation of our Forests to our other industries: Railways; Water Powers; Mining; Building Trades; Wood Working Manufactures.
5. Scientific Forestry and Forestry Education.

By the kindness of the Canadian Railway Companies a single fare rate over their roads on the certificate plan will probably be allowed delegates, regardless of the number in attendance.

"I don't see how Mrs. Gay can afford to wear so many tips in her hat. There is a row of them all the way round the brim." "Afford it? I wonder that she hasn't the whole hat made of tips. Her husband is a waiter in a big restaurant, you know."

There was a young lady at Bingham
Who knew many songs, and could sing 'em;
But she couldn't mend hose,
And she wouldn't wash clothes,
Or help her old mother to wring 'em.

Little Willie (who has an inquiring mind)—"Papa, is there any such thing as a sea-serpent?" Mr. Meeks—"Not unless your mother says so, Willie; I do not recall ever having heard her express her opinion on the subject."

A short man always likes to stand on his dignity.

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WATERLOO

The Famous Battle that Changed the Map of Europe.

The field of Waterloo is within easy reach of Brussels. On the eve of Waterloo,

"There was a sound of revelry by night, [then
And Belgium's capital had gathered
Her Beauty and her Chivalry."

And it is no mere poetic license of Byron's when he describes the "terror dumb", and the "white lips," of the revellers, for the all-conquering monarch was within a day's march of the city, and the inhabitants had no expectation that Wellington's army or any other power could save them from his clutches.

A short ride by railway takes the traveller past the village of Waterloo to Braine l'Alleud, which is perhaps a mile and a half west of the centre of the battle ground. A large drag is in waiting and rattles the party over the granite blocks with which the road is paved. Boys and girls follow the wagon its whole course and beg for pennies. The boys turn cart-wheels as a variation in the program, but the regular order of procedure is to run forward a way, and stand on their heads while the wagon passes them. In this feat the girls are just as proficient as the boys and take their turns with conscientious regularity.

At the cross roads, close by the monumental mound erected in commemoration of the victory, is a museum containing very numerous relics of great interest. A small fee admits to this. Meanwhile Sergeant Little, who is to be our guide on this occasion, is laboriously mounting the steps of the mound, to be followed soon after by the party. Vendors of picture post cards, spurious relics, and other articles are quite numerous, and women, some young, some not so young, worry the tourist with their wares. One will come up and in the most broken English, but with the most insinuating smile, will inform the visitor that she wants to sell cards to her countrymen. In the laugh that follows she takes part with the utmost good nature and her presistency is generally rewarded by a purchase.

At the top of the mound the positions of the two armies are clearly pointed out, for the old sergeant is a big burly Irish soldier who has mastered his explanations thoroughly. He has served his time in the British army and incidentally has acquired a taste for "good liquor" that it is just possible he indulges to a greater extent than would conform to the views of some of our stricter temperance advocates. Coming down from the mound, other points of interest are visited, and on taking leave of the old gentleman, in a burst of the strictest confidence, he mentions to the party that if they have appreciated their guide–but he doesn't have to finish. Everybody understands, and the Belgium nickles drop in profusion in his hat, which in leave-taking he has politely lifted from his head,and he goes on his way rejoicing though an exile. Doubtless such violent manual exercise and so much talking have made him "dry," and the thirsty may find the wherewithal to quench their thirst even on the field of Waterloo.

"Waterloo is not a battle; but a transformation of the universe," is the verdict of Victor Hugo. It is at any rate the pivotal point of modern history. Napoleon victorious at Waterloo meant Napoleon master of the world, and probably the death blow to modern civilization. The battle-field is doubtless in much the same condition now as it was eighty years ago, but not as it was at the time of the battle. Hougomont is there; La Haye Sainte is there; Ohaine is there; so also are La Belle Alliance, Braine l'Alleud, the Brussels road, the Nivelle road and the wheat fields with their yearly burdens. The hill, or plateau, of Mont St. Jean however is changed. It must be a matter for regret to every student of history that visits the field, that the Belgian government did not find a plan for commemorating the great battle without destroying the face of the ground that formed the centre of the British position. Millions of tons of earth, no doubt with the bones of thousands of men and horses, French, English and Hanoverians, have been gathered in wheel-barrows and piled in a gigantic conical mound in the centre of the field. This is crowned by the massive figure of a lion, weighing some twenty tons, cast out of captured French cannon. As a monument it may be unique, but no monument can atone for the disfiguration of the battlefield necessitated by the building of a pile of earth a third of a mile in circumference at its base, and so high that the stone stairway leading to its summit has some 225 steps. The top of the "Lion of Waterloo" must be 200 feet above the level of the surrounding country.

According to our guide, and historical accounts of the battle, the two armies stretched from east to west for a distance of possibly a couple of miles, and with not more than half a mile between them on the morning of the battle. Such positions with modern weapons would mean short work of one side or the other, but it must be remembered that ninety years ago muskets were loaded from the muzzle, and their fire was ineffective at 100 yards, while artillery projectiles would not carry more than three or four times that distance. The British army faced south. A little west of their right wing was the village of Braine 'Alleud and just east of their left wing the village of Ohaine. Connecting these two places is a road. This road was just at the rear of the British lines. Midway between the two villages mentioned it is intersected at right angels by the road running south from Brussels. This Brussels road ran through the centre position of both armies. The intersection is on the top of a considerable eminence, Mont St. Jean. Just north of the intersection is the village of St. Jean, the headquarters of Wellington the day of the battle.

Opposite Mont St. Jean, the centre of the French army occupied another eminence of about the same height. Between the two positions is a gentle fruitful valley. In the valley, but quite close to the British position, is the farm house of La Haye Sainte. La Belle Alliance, another farm,was within the French lines. From here Napoleon directed his operations. St. Jean, La Haye Sainte, and La Belle Alliance are all on the Brussels road. Another road intersects the battlefield. It runs south-west from St. Jean past Hougomont, an enclosure that included within its brick walls a chateau, previous to the battle, but ever since simply the farm buildings. This was an advanced position held by the British right wing. La Haye Sainte, St. Jean, Hougomont: these are names almost as familiar as that of Waterloo itself, which had little right to be used to designate the battle. These places are all plainly visible from the top of the mound.

La Haye Sainte is now composed of a dwelling and some brick barns surrounded by a brick wall. Much of the masonry is whitewashed. The enclosure seems to stand apart from everything else, for not even a hedge or fence leads away from it in any direction. This was the objective point of many a fierce onset during the day,and it was taken by the French only when its plucky defenders had burnt their last flask of power. "The battle had two bases for Wellington, Hougomont and La Haye Sainte. Hougomont still held out though on fire while La Haye Sainte was lost. Of the German Battalion that defended it, forty-two men only survived, all the officers but five were killed or taken prisoners. Three thousand combatants had been massacred in that focus."—(Hugo).

Our party was taken through the yards, orchard and dwelling at Hougomont. It resembles La Haye Sainte somewhat but has not the whitewash. Many of the loopholes made by the British on the night before the battle are still to be seen in the walls of the buildings. Marks of cannon balls are plainly visible both on the buildings and on the walls surrounding the yard and orchard. Nothing could be more peaceful looking, except for these reminders, than this farm in its present condition. The farmer and his family welcome the tourist even into their home. Of course he receives a fee for his hospitality. An inner door, pierced by a musket ball is pointed out as the same as did service on the day of the battle. Whether it is or not,it might easily be, for at one time the orchard adjoining the yard was held by the French, and they even forced their way into the buildings, some of which they set on fire during the engagement. Of some five hundred French who succeeded in scaling the walls not one returned to tell the tale.

Near the middle of the yard is a little chapel, perhaps about ten by fifteen feet. A small wooden image of Ste Anne is still there, but in a very dilapidated condition. Not half the features remain. A large wooden crucifix has had the feet renewed. The fire that consumed the adjoining buildings injured some of the interior of the chapel, but is said to have been miraculously stopped when it reached the feet of the image of Christ. Near the chapel a piece of an old wall stands. It was formerly part of the chateau. Close beside it is an old well surrounded by a few poles. Motherwort and nettles hide its mouth. It is said 300 were buried here the night of the battle, and tradition says some of the living were entombed with the dead. We were curious to look into its dark recess but the frail guards made it risky to crowd too close, else more of the living might perchance mingle with the dead. The present occupant of the farm is a direct descendant of thepeasant farmer who lived there in 1815, and who was compelled by the British to draw water from this well for the thirsty soldiers.

Through a gateway we were conducted into the orchard. Here the carnage was greatest. No more suitable souvenir of the visit need be asked for than a few of the little yellow flowers that blossom in the grass which grows over the graves of the fallen. Fifteen hundred mem were killed here in one hour. The whole orchard is a sepulchre. "The English were admirable here," says Hugo, "Cook's four companies of guards resisted at this spot for seven hours the obstinate attack of an army," and again "Bauduin killed; Foy wounded; arson, massacre, carnage, a stream composed of English,French, and German blood furiously mingled; a well filled with corpses; the Nassau regiment and the Brunswick regiment destroyed, Duplat killed; the English guards mutilated; twenty French battalions of the forty composing Reille's corps decimated; three thousand men in that chateau of Hougomont alone, sabred, gashed, butchered, shot and burnt–all this that a peasant may say to a traveller at the present day, if you like to give me three francs, sir, I will tell you all about the battle of Waterloo.' "

An extract from the Duke of Wellington's despatch sent immediately after the battle reads thus: "In front of the right centre . . . we occupied the house and gardens of Hougomont which covered the return of that flank ; and in front of the left centre we occupied the farm of La Haye Sainte . . . . The enemy collected his army . . . on a range of heights in our front, in the course of the night of the 17th, [June] and yesterday morning; and about 10 o'clock he commenced a furious attack upon our post at Hougomont ; I had occupied that post with a detachment from General Byng's brigade of guards, which was in position in its rear . . . and I am happy to add that it was maintained throughout the day with the utmost gallantry by these brave troops, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of large bodies of the enemy to obtain possession of it. . . In one of these [attacks] the enemy carried the farm house of La Haye Sainte, as the detachment of the light battalion of the German legion which occupied it had expended all its ammunition, and the enemy occupied the only communication there was with them."

The critical position of the British towards the close of the day may be judged from the fact that La Haye Sainte, which the French occupied, was practically within the British lines, but, "the French masters of La Haye Sainte, could never advance further into our position. . . . The bold stratagems, whose success the experience of a life had proved, were here found powerless. He might launch his avalanche of grape-shot–he might pour down his crashing columns of cavalry—he might send forth the iron storm of his brave infantry; but still were others found to fill the fallen ranks and feed with their heart's blood the unslaked thirst for slaughter. Well might the gallant leader of this gallant host, as he looked upon the unflinching few, who, bearing the proud badge of Britain, alone sustained the fight, well might he exclaim,"night or Blucher"(Lever).

As to the sunken road, that, according to Hugo, swallowed up so many of the dashing French cavalry in their murderous charge upon the British squares, it is there still. It is the Braine l'Alleud-Ohaine road, but it is not sunken. It is level with the fields by its sides. But before the mound was built on the centre of the field, this road may have been cut through the brow of the hill so as to form such a trap as he describes.

Posterity has had ample time to judge of the abilities of the opposing generals. Napoleon had done prodigies previous to this, but he had never met such a foe as confronted him here. He represents brilliancy, intuition, audacity; while Wellington represents the calculating, scientific, plodder. Napoleon's was the genius,that,neglecting details, dazzles and sweeps all before it by the boldness of its self-confidence and complacency, and Wellington's the genius that studies carefully a possible scene of conflict, grasps its points of strength and weakness, and neglecting no detail, makes provision for every contingency that may possibly be anticipated. He had taken every precaution at Waterloo; batteries masked, walls loop-holed beforehand, points of vantage occupied in the darkness. When the conffict came, for every move of Napoleon he was ready with a counter-move. Almost everything favored the French. "In point of mere numbers the strength of the opposing armies cannot be said to have differed widely. But if the composition of the corps be taken into account, the preponderance on the side of the French was terrible. Napoleon's soldiers were enthusiastically attached to their leader . . . Wellington's army was made up of raw levies gathered from five or six separate sources. Even his British troops were not the men whom he had trained to fight in the Peninsula; and as for the rest they were all in a state of discipline which rendered it perilous, not to say impossible, to manoeuvre with them under fire." (French history).

It is an old contest, that between the brilliant genius who relies on his brilliancy, and the scientific calculator, but the result is inevitable. The former may distance the latter for a while, as a flaming meteor outshines Ursa Major, but there comes a time, as surely as the world moves, when the plodder takes the lead, and he becomes as "invincible" as the Iron Duke.

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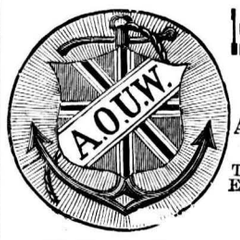

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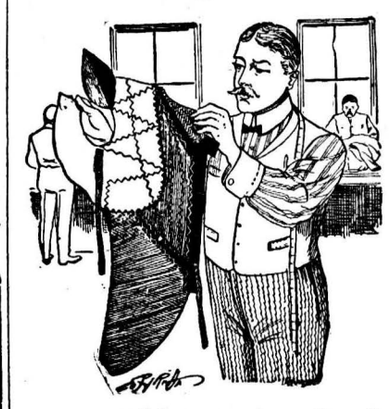

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