

THE EQUITY.

No. 50, 28TH YEAR.

SHAWVILLE, PONTIAC COUNTY, QUE., THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1911.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874.

Deposits - 30 November 1910 - \$32,418,445
Assets - 30 November 1910 - \$45,654,932

Every banking facility offered to
FARMERS
SALE NOTES DISCOUNTED
CHEESE CHEQUES CASHED.

Fort Coulonge - J. T. BROCK, Manager.
Campbells Bay - A. M. PINARD, Acting Manager.

To ADVERTISERS.—Matter for change of advertisements must be in our hands not later than ten o'clock Monday morning to insure publication current week.

For the amateur I sell the best line of Cameras and supplies that can be procured. "Ensign"—that's "R" with a capital I. H. IMISON.

A good stock on hand of the leading separator—The De Laval—so customers can be supplied on short notice. R. J. HAMILTON.

Mr. John Kelly of North Bristol had a stallion killed by lightning on Monday of last week.

Have a good day's fun by attending the Farmers' Club picnic at Ladysmith, June 14.

The Methodist church at North Bristol, had all the windows on one side broken by one of the hailstorms last week.

HORSES WANTED for Western market and also for the lumber trade. Parties having any of either class to dispose of are requested to see me or write as early as possible. G. A. HOWARD.

Rev. Mr. Reid, of Greermount will administer Holy Communion in St. Paul's at 10.30, a.m., and H. Trinity, Radford, at 8, p.m., on Sunday, June 4th. This will be the last celebration until the Bishop's visit.

A box social will be held at the home of Mr. John A. Telford, Radford, on June 14th in aid of St. John's Church, Clarke's. Ladies are invited to bring boxes. The sale of boxes will take place at 6 o'clock, p. m.

Victoria Day.

The celebration held on the exhibition grounds last Wednesday, under the auspices of the Agricultural Society was not as successful, perhaps, in point of attendance as its promoters had hoped for, but when all the circumstances are considered, there should not be much room left for dissatisfaction.

In the first place the weather was in an unsettled condition, and doubtless on this account many people were chary about leaving their homes, lest a thunderstorm overtake them on the way here, or before their return. Then again, there were many who had not finished with their spring's work and were loth to take a day off which could be employed to advantage at home. Lastly, there was the effect of a long established custom among villagers and townspeople to spend the 24th somewhere closer to the heart of nature,—the first Spring holiday,—long consecrated by a certain element to a ramble in the country, or, with rod and line to exact tribute from some meandering stream or limpid pool.

These several considerations doubtless contributed in some degree in cutting the attendance down to a comparatively small number, if we take into review the crowds which seldom fail to materialize at exhibition times. Still as picnics go the attendance was not disappointing, and if the program had only included a few more items of an amusing nature, with a good ball game as a central attraction, there would have been little cause for complaint.

The non-existence of a baseball league in the county this year interfered with the plans of the committee in that behalf, rendering it impossible to have a contest between county teams, Shawville being the only place, it seems, which can boast of a club this year. The best that could be done under the circumstances was to choose up scratch teams from the material on hand, which included the local outfit and a few outsiders. By doing this the boys managed to give the spectators a short but spicy exhibition.

The speeding contests—as they always do—afforded considerable interest, but in the other equine events the entries were too few in number to make competition keen.

FOR SALE—One year old colt and several work horses. R. J. HAMILTON.

Let us demonstrate our skill by making you the best portrait you ever had. H. IMISON, Artist in Portraiture.

Several second hand buggies in good repair, and on easy terms. Great snaps. R. J. HAMILTON.

High class ready made clothing and summer wash vests for sale by A. E. BOURKE.

Census Commissioner Roland Millar, and the several enumerators for this end of the county met at the Pontiac House on Saturday afternoon last to prepare for the work of taking the census this month.

Deaths.

The Stoughton (Sask) Times of May 18th, records the death of Vavina Gladys Richardson, aged 5 years and 9 months, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Richardson, formerly of Clarendon.

Intelligence was received by his relatives here on Saturday evening of the death at Morthach, Sask., of Mr. Robinson Hodgins, late of Murrell's section who removed to the West a few months ago. At this writing the immediate cause of death is not known; but from letters received a short time ago, it was learned that deceased was suffering from some form of stomach trouble. The deceased—who leaves a young widow and one child—is the second son of Mr. Adam Hodgins of this locality. The remains are being brought east for burial and will arrive on Wednesday. Funeral on Thursday.

As the whole program had to be crowded into the afternoon, several items were not reached before the time came to disperse. This was not the fault of the committee, but was rather due to the delay of competitors in making their entries.

The existence of a grand stand and free access to it, made things very pleasant for spectators, especially when an unwelcome shower broke over the scene about 5 o'clock in the evening, compelling a stay in proceedings for a few minutes. Mr. John Hughes, of Ladysmith—who from long experience is regarded as an adept at such things—superintended the carrying out of the program.

The list of prize winners will be found on 8th page.

At the concert in the main building in the evening there was a very good attendance, and had some little attention been given to decorating the hall and particularly the stage, this feature of the celebration would have been more pleasing. The entertainment was given by Mr. Gordon Rogers, of Ottawa, and his work throughout was, with the exception of one number, perhaps, highly appreciated. Mr. Rogers specializes in song and character sketching and has certainly some "good stuff" in his collection. He was ably assisted in the program by Mme H. Boudreau of Ottawa, and Miss Lillian Meservey, of Boston, Mass. Both ladies are pianists, but Madam Boudreau performed the part of accompanist as well as contributing to the vocal part of the program in a rich voice.

Miss Meservey—who it may be remarked is a soloist in one of the Boston churches, and has during her visit to Ottawa sung in two of the churches there—delighted the audience with several choice selections in which she displayed vocal powers of wide compass, striking expressiveness and charming sweetness of tone. Owing to the imperfect acoustic properties of the hall, this lady was not heard to as good advantage as her rare talents justified. Those among the audience, however, who have a taste for high-class music fully appreciated the situation, and rendered the lady due credit for the part she took in an all-through good entertainment.

The Merchants Bank of Canada.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

CAPITAL PAID-UP, \$6,000,000 RESERVE FUND AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$4,602,571

President SIR H. MONTAGU ALLAN, Vice-President, JONATHAN HODGSON, Esq.

E. F. HEBDEN General Manager

The Bank has 155 Branches and Agencies distributed throughout Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba and other North-West Provinces.

Open a Joint Savings Bank Account. Either can attend to the banking. Deposits received from \$1.00 upwards and interest paid.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

Farmers Business Solicited: Money loaned on Note for Grass and Stall-Feeding Cattle, etc.

R. L. WHITMAN, Manager, Shawville.

DENTISTRY.—DR. COLEMAN, Dentist, will be at his office in Shawville from 15th to the end of the month.

LOST—At Shawville on May 23rd, small black pass book. Finder will be suitably rewarded by returning same to A. E. POSELWHITE.

FOR SALE, CHEAP—Good, new two seated home-made express. Splendid farmer's rig. Apply to DONALD McRAE, Shawville.

The difference between the ordinary photograph and the kind we make is due to our skill and high-grade equipment. We have some neat designs in folders and mountings. H. IMISON.

The supplementary estimates voted in the House shortly before adjournment include a sum of \$5,900 toward the Chapeau bridge.

Births

At Shawville, on May 20, to Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Kelley a daughter.

At Caldwell, Que., on Thursday May 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Caldwell, a son.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. J. A. Smith of Ottawa, visited friends here last week.

Mr. J. Y. Caldwell, Ottawa, was in town this week.

Mrs. H. Cole Ottawa, visited relatives in town last week.

Miss Laura Thomson and her guest Miss Bradley of Ottawa, were in town Saturday afternoon.

Mr. G. M. Donaldson left on Tuesday for Montreal river, expecting to be away for ten days.

Mrs. A. N. Golden and children, of St. John, Que., have been visiting her relatives here.

Great Clearing Sale.

Look out for a great clearing sale at W. J. Stark's furniture store, Shawville, commencing Monday, June 5th. As he intends making a change in business, it is necessary to cut down stock, hence great bargains will be given. At present he is selling barb wire at \$2.05 per 100 lbs. and coil No. 9 wire at \$2.75. Buggies at almost cost—in fact some are going below cost.

Templars Show Sympathy.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Sly, recently bereaved by the death of their son, Willard, have received the following expressions of sympathy from members of Temperance lodges of which the deceased was a member:

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

No Surrender Lodge, No. 135, I.O.G.T.

Moved by Bro. Clarence Carson, seconded by Bro. George Palmer. That as Providence has removed from our Temple on earth to His Holy Temple in Heaven our dear brother Willard Sly, we, his brother and sister Templars, would extend our sincere sympathy to his loved ones in their sad affliction. May the Almighty be with you to aid and succor you and those dear to you on earth; and remember dear brother and sister, that His will, not ours, be done. Kindly accept this our sorrowful ovation, and believe us always to be—Yours in Faith, Hope, Charity. Signed in behalf of No Surrender Lodge ELSIE CARSON, Sec. HAROLD CARSON, C. T. McCagg, May 16, 1911.

Mrs. SLY, Supt. Juvenile Temple, Clarendon Front, Que.

Our Dear Superintendent: We, the officers and members of Unity Temple, No. 12, join in wishing you to accept our sincerest sympathies in your bereavement.

We feel deeply the loss of our dear brother; but the thought that he has gone to One whose great love we cannot fathom is ever before us, and we feel that "we loved him—yes, we loved him, but Jesus loved him more," and took him home to live with Him in glory. The loss of such a son as yours is indeed an affliction, but we would have you remember the words of the poet—"When God afflicts thee, think He hews a rugged stone, Which must be shaped, or else aside as useless thrown." On behalf of the Juvenile Temple, MADEE McCAGG, Sec. MILDRED THOMSON, C. T.

WILLIS COLLEGE

OTTAWA.

Canada's Premier College of Business

will be open all through the Summer.

Instruction being individual, students may begin at any time and complete the course without interruption.

Ask for catalogue giving full particulars.

S. T. WILLIS, PRINCIPAL, Corner Bank and Albert Streets, OTTAWA, ONT.

There's a Reason why the attendance at THE

GOWLING Business College, OTTAWA, ONT.

Has increased 112% over last year. Personal instruction in all departments by the Principal. Honorable business dealing. Thoroughness of instruction. This is the ONLY school in this district whose graduates have to stand an independent examination—that of the Business Educators' Association of Canada. For catalogue write, W. E. GOWLING, PRINCIPAL, 174 Wellington St., Ottawa



Swimming Against the Stream

Is like trying to do a successful business without advertising. And it is not expensive to gain desirable publicity by the use of printers' ink. Our Classified Want Ads, cost little and are read by nearly everyone. Try them as a system, tonic for your business.

WANTED—A carload of cattle and hogs. Loading at Shawville, Monday, June 5th. G. A. HOWARD.

FOR SALE—Brand new Bennett Type Writer. A snap at \$22. G. A. HOWARD.

GIRL WANTED.—A girl to do general house work, for small family. Apply to Mrs. Jos. METCALFE, at C. P. R. Station.

GIRL WANTED.—Apply at the Misses Wilsons' Confectionery Store, Shawville.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs. A. J. McRAE, Shawville.

MAN WANTED.—A man wanted to learn painting, paper hanging and house decoration. Apply to R. E. McRAE, Painter.

FOR SALE—One lot with good brick house and woodshed adjoining, also good stable. Situated on Centre street, a few doors south of Orange hall. For full particulars apply to Wm. EADES, Radford, Que.

CONCRETE CULVERTS, PIPES AND curbing for wells sold at works. We will contract with municipalities to manufacture pipes, H. T. McDOWELL & Son, Shawville Que.

THE HARDWARE STORE

Fight the Flies

The great disease-germ carrier.

It seems impossible to extinguish the fly, so the best thing to do is to shut it out, and the only means to do this is by using Screens. We have them.

Screen Doors

Stock sizes — 2 feet 8 inches x 6 feet 8 inches.
2 " 10 " x 6 " 10 "
3 " x 7 "

Window Screens

To fit windows from 20 to 44 inches in width.

Green Screen Wire Cloth, Spring Hinges, Door Pulls, Door Springs

Paris Green and Cow Ease now in stock.

Our Goods are always reliable and prices reasonable.

J. H. SHAW.

W. A. HODGINS

SHAWVILLE

Special June Bargains

Lace Curtains—Nice patterns, 3 yards long, 48 in. wide, special price, 59 cents.

Curtain Effects—Scrims, Nets, etc., 7½ to 25c. yard

Col'd Organdies—A very pretty line at 15c per yd.

Voiles and Mulls—All colors, the special hot weather dress materials, at 25c. per yard.

Lawn Waists—Cool and dainty, 75c to \$2.00 each.

Little Girls' White Cashmere Dresses—(1, 2 and 3 years), beautifully made, tucked and embroidered waist band, \$1.25 each.

Wash Goods—Large line of new wash collars, Tabs, Fishus and Embroidered Belts.

Dr. Williams' Fly Exterminator for cattle and Horses, positively guaranteed; 35c, 65c and \$1.00 per can.

Berger's English Paris Green, in safety tin cans at 28 cents.

Tanglefoot, Fly Pyramids, Wilson's Fly Pads, Chloride of Lime, Insect Powder.

Canned Goods! Canned Goods!

Fresh Canned Goods for hot weather—Salmon, Sardines, Cod Steak, Tomatoes, Peas, Corn, Pumpkins, Strawberries, etc.

W. A. HODGINS.

THE UNQUENCHABLE FIRE:

Or, The Tragedy of the Wild.

CHAPTER XII—(Cont'd)

It was the chance of his lifetime, he told himself, as he hastened to deposit the chest in the sled. Now he set about obtaining his blankets and provisions. His journey would be an arduous one, and nobody knew better than he the barrenness of that north-western land while the icy grip of winter still clings. A large quantity of the foodstuffs, which had only arrived that day, was returned to the sled, and some of the new blankets. Then he shipped a rifle and ammunition.

Now was the trader to be seen in his true light. Here was emergency, when all veneer fell from him as the green coat of summer falls from the trees at the first breath of winter. His haste was not the swift movement of a man whose nerve is steady. He knew that he had at least twelve hours before any one of the three men was likely to awaken from his drunken stupor. And yet he feared. Nor did he know what he feared. And his nerves made him savage as he handled the dogs. They were living creatures and could feel, so he wantonly belted them with a club lest they should hesitate to obey their new master. The great wolfish creatures had more courage than he had; they took the unjust treatment without open complaint, as is the way of the husky, tacitly resenting it, and eyeing with fierce, contemptuous eyes the cowardly wretch who so treated them. They slunk, and with down-drooped tails and bristling manes, into their places in the traces, and stood ready for the word to pull. Victor surveyed them with little satisfaction, for now that all was ready to march he was beset with moral apprehensions.

He could not throw off his dread. It may have been that he feared that bleak four-hundred-mile journey. It may have been the loneliness which he contemplated. It may have been that he recollected the time when those whom he had robbed had saved him from the storm away back there in the heart of the mountains. He shivered, and started at every night sound that broke the stillness.

The lead dog lay down in the sloppy snow. Victor flew into a passion, and, running forward, dealt the poor brute a kick that would have been sufficient to break an ordinary dog's ribs. With a wicked snarl the beast rose solemnly to its feet. Suddenly its wolf-ears pricked, and it stared out keenly ahead. The man looked too. It seemed to him that he had heard the sound of some one walking. He gazed long and earnestly into the darkness, but all seemed quite still. He looked at the dog again. Its ears were still pricked, but they were twitching uncertainly, as though not sure of the direction when the sound had come.

Victor cursed the brute, and moved back to the sled. The word "Mush" was hovering on his lips. Suddenly his eyes glanced upon the slumbering form of old Pierre lying in a heap where he had fallen in the doorway. It is impossible to say what made him pause to give a second thought to those he was leaving behind. He had known Pierre for years, and had always been as friendly as his selfish, cruel nature would permit. Perhaps some such feeling now made him hesitate. It might even have been his knowledge of the Wild that made him view the helpless figure with some concern. The vagaries of human nature are remarkable. Something held him, then he turned quickly from the sled, and stepping up to the old man's side stooped, and putting his arms about him, dragged him bodily into the store. Pierre did not rouse, but remained quite still where Victor left him. Then the trader went out again. His back was turned as he reached to close the door. It would not quite shut, and he pulled it hard. Then, as it still resisted his efforts, he turned away. And as he turned he reeled back with a great cry.

Something large and dark faced him. A great figure. And, even in the darkness, he could make out a shining ring of metal close in front of his face.

Victor's horror-stricken cry was the only sound that came. In the twinkling of an eye the metal ring disappeared. Victor felt two bony hands seize him by the throat. The next instant he was hurled to the ground, and a knee was upon his chest. A weight compressed his lungs and he could scarcely breathe. Then he felt the revolver belt dragged from about his waist, and his long sheath knife withdrawn from its sheath. Then, and not till then, the pressure on his chest relaxed,

and the hand that had gripped his throat released its hold. The next moment he was lifted to his feet as though he were a mere puppet, and the voice of Jean Leblaud broke harshly upon his ears.

"Guess your bluff wa'n't wuth a cent, Victor Gagnon. I see'd this comin' the munit you pass'd me the drink. I 'lows ye ken mostly tell a skunk by the stink. I rec'ised you awbiles back. Guess you ain't lightin' out o' here this night. Come right along."

The trader had no choice. Jean had him foul, gripping him with a clutch that was vice-like. The giant's great strength was irresistible when put forth in the deadly earnestness of passion, and just now he could hardly hold his hand from breaking the neck which was so slight beneath his sinewy fingers.

Just for one instant Victor made a faint struggle. As well attempt to resist Doom. Jean shook him like a rat, and thrust him before him in the direction of the woods behind the store.

"You'll pay for this," the trader said between his teeth.

But Jean gave no heed to his impotent rage. He pushed him along in silence, nor did he pause till the secret huts were reached. He opened the door of one and dragged his captive in. There was no light within. But this seemed no embarrassment to the purposeful man. He strode straight over to one corner of the room and took a long plaited lariat from the wall. In three minutes Victor was trussed and laid upon the ground bound up like a mummy.

Now Jean lighted a lamp and looked down at his victim; there was not the faintest sign of drink about him, and as Victor beheld the spectacle he cursed himself bitterly.

There was an impressive silence. Then Jean's words came slowly.

"You'll wait right here till Davi' gets back. She's goin' to git her ears full o' you, I guess. Say, she was sweet on you—mighty sweet. But she's that sensible as it don't worry any. Say, you ain't goin' to marry that gal; ye never meant to. You're a skunk, an' I'd as lief choke the life out o' ye as not. But I'm goin' to pay ye sorer than that. Savvy! Ye'll bide here till Davi' comes. I'll jest fix this wedge in your mouth till I've cleared them drivers out o' the store. I don't fancy to hear your lungs exercisin' when I'm busy."

With consummate deftness Jean gagged his prisoner. Then he glanced round the windowless shack to see if there were any weapon or other thing about that could possibly assist the trader to free himself. Having assured himself that all was safe, he put out the light and passed out, securing the door behind him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Noon, the following day, saw the dog-train depart on its homeward journey. And the way of it was curious, and said much for the simplicity of these "old hands" of the northland trail. They were giants of learning in all pertaining to their calling; infants in everything that had to do with the world of men.

Thus Jean Leblaud's task was one of no great difficulty. It was necessary that he should throw dust in their eyes. And such a dust storm he raised about their simple heads that they struck the trail utterly blinded to the events of the previous night.

While they yet slumbered Jean had freed the dogs from their traces, and unloaded the sled which bore the treasure chest. He had restored everything to its proper place; and so he awaited the coming of the morning. He did not sleep; he watched, ready for every emergency.

When, at last, the two men stirred he was at hand. Rolling Pierre over, he shook him violently till the old man sat up, staring about him in a daze. A beaker of rum was thrust against his parched lips, and he drank greedily. The generous spirit warmed the Frenchman's chilled body and roused him. Then Jean performed the same merciful operation upon Ambrose, and the two unrepentant sinners were on their legs again, with racking heads and feeling very ill.

But Jean cared nothing for their sufferings; he wanted to be rid of them. He gave them no chance to question him; not that they had any desire to do so—in fact, it was doubtful if they fully realized anything that was happening. And he launched into his careful considered story.

"Victor's gone up to the hills 'way back ther'," he said. "Ther's been a herd o' moose come down

from the moose-yard further north, an' he's after their pelts. Say, he left word for you to git right on loading the furs, and when ye hit the trail, ye're to take three bottles o' the Rye an' some o' the rum. He says he ain't like to be back fer nigh on three days."

And while he was speaking the two men sipped their coffee, and, as they moistened their parched and burning throats, they nodded assent to all Jean had to say. At that moment Victor or any one else might go hang. All they thought of was the awful thirst that assailed them.

Breakfast over, the work of loading the sleds proceeded with the utmost despatch. Thus it was that at noon, without question, without the smallest suspicion of the night's doings, they set out for the weary "long trail."

Jean saw them go. He stood at the door of the store and watched them until they disappeared behind the rising ground of the great divide. Then his solemn eyes turned away indifferently, and he gazed out into the hazy distance. His gaunt face showed nothing of what was passing in the brain behind it. He rarely displayed emotion of any sort. The Indian blood in his veins preponderated, and much of the stolid calm of the Redskin was his. Now he could wait undisturbed for the return of Davia. He felt that he had mastered the situation. He could not make Victor marry the sister he had wronged, but at least he could pay off the wrong in his own way, and to his entire satisfaction. Two years he had waited for the adjustment of these matters. He was glad that he had exercised patience. He might have slain Victor a hundred times over, but he had refrained, vainly hoping to see his sister righted. Besides, he knew that Davia had loved Victor, and women are peculiar. Who might say but that she would have fled from the murderer of her lover? Jean felt well satisfied on the whole. So he stood thinking and waiting with a calm mind.

But the tragedy was working itself out in a manner little suspected, little expected, by him. And so he was soon to find.

The grey spring snow spread itself out on every hand; only was the woodlined hill, which stretched away to the right and left of him, and behind the hut, bare of the wintry pall. The sky was brilliant in contrast with the greyness of the world beneath it, and the sun shone high in the blue vault. Everywhere was the deadly calm of the silent North. The presence of any moving forest beast in that brooding picture, however distant, must surely have caught the eye. There was not a living thing to be seen. These woful wastes have much to do with the rugged nature of those who dwell in the North.

Suddenly the whole prospect seemed to be electrified with a thrill of life. The change came with a swift movement of the man's quiet eyes. Nothing had really altered in the picture, nothing had appeared, and yet that swift flash of the eyes had brought a suggestion of something which broke up the solitude as though it had never been.

A while, and his attention became fixed upon the long line of woods to the right. Then his ears caught a slight but distinct sound. He stood away from the doorway, and, shading his eyes from the sunlight, looked keenly along the dark shadow of the woods. No wolf or fox could have keener instinct than had this man. A sound of breaking brush, but so slight that probably it would have passed unheeded by any other, had told him that some one approached through these woods.

He waited. Suddenly there was a movement in the shadow. The next moment a figure stepped out into the open. A figure dressed in beaded buckskin and blanket clothing. It was Davia.

She came in haste, yet wearily. She looked slight and drooping in her mannish garments, while the pallor of her drawn face was intense. She came up to where Jean stood and would have fallen but for his support. Her journey had been rapid and long, and she was utterly weary of body.

"Quick, let's git inside," she cried, in a choking voice. Then she added hysterically: "He's on the trail!"

Without a word Jean led her into the house, and she flung herself into a seat. A little whisky put new life into her, and the color came back to her face. She was strong, and a woman bred to hardship and toil.

(To be continued.)

Mamma—"Yes, dear, the angels can hear everything; they heard your prayers last night." Effie—"That's funny; I didn't say them."

Algy—"Myrtle, what are your objections to marrying me?" Myrtle—"I have only one objection. Algy, I'd have to live with you."

"There is nothing perfect on this earth." "You forget Gilv." "Well, what about Giley?" "He's a perfect idiot."

ALL ABOUT THE KOREANS

INHABITANTS OF THE JAP'S NEW COLONY.

They Are a Quiet, Peaceful, Unprogressive, Yet Intelligent Race.

Beyond the swift, though narrow, River Yalu, which rushes from an inland sea between the two peaks of the Ever White Mountain, lies Manchuria and the "Great Nation," as the people have always called China.

Southward of this torrent is the peninsula on which Japan has so long cast longing eyes.

The natural impression of many is that this little territory, of the size of Great Britain, is peopled like the rest of the mainland. This is not so. The Korean differs from the Chinaman, and from his traditional foe across the 100 miles of sea to the southward, as much as does the Italian from the German or the Pole.

He differs in language, in custom, in dress, and in innumerable other ways, from either.

Beyond the Yalu, the Chinaman, in blue smock and flowing pig tail, guides his wooden plough, and exhorts his mule team; while, just across the river, oxen, even-tempered and slow, drag a steel-shod plough, behind which stalks the solemn faced Korean, wearing his hair in a top knot, his body swathed in

SPOTLESS WHITE GARMENTS.

Korea, now that it has become a province of the progressive Japanese, will be forced to abandon its old customs and beliefs. The old will give place to the new ideas in agriculture. The mechanical devices of the West will supersede the means of transport and traction considered by the indolent native to be quite good enough for hundreds of years.

The rich rice fields and rye fields of the valleys, planted generation after generation by father and son, will, in many cases, own new masters. Mines will develop the hidden treasures of the mountains. The silence in which the monks of Buddha have so long rejoiced in their mountain retreats will be shattered by the noise of stamps and other machinery. Amongst the bleak and barren hills, perhaps, townships will spring up. But will this strange, silent people take kindly to the new conditions?

To the present time, the uneventful life of the Korean has been the strangest contrast to the hustle of life as we know it.

As a child he may not have such a profusion of toys as may be found in an English nursery; but he has his kites, and his tops, and his own particular games, which

HE PLAYS WITH REAL ZEST.

The missionaries of the English Church have introduced football, which is played with a vigor and contempt of rules which would break the heart of a referee.

At six or seven the boy goes to school—that is to say, he attends at a place where knowledge is expected to be acquired, the knowledge consisting of learning to write with "real writing"—i.e., in Chinese characters. This having been, to some extent, mastered, together with a certain amount of

YOUR HOUSE!



We want to help you to make it bright and prettier. Let us tell you how. The greatest beautifier and preserver for house and home is paint. We mean

RAMSAYS PAINTS

You should learn all about these great paints, how they brighten, how safe they are, how good, how easy, how cheap, comparing quality with the others. We shall send you the prettiest and most useful Booklet ever issued, telling you all about painting your home, if you will write us for Booklet ABCDE. You should have a copy. It is free.

A. RAMEY & SON CO.,
THE PAINT
MAKERS
Montreal,
Que'd. 1942.

ability to read, he proceeds to study the classics of Confucius.

He works now from dawn to evening, week in, week out, with no rest on Saturdays or Sundays, and with only such holidays as fall to his lot because of the occurrence of some festival or religious feast.

The monotony of his existence is relieved by the prospect of marriage. This may happen at any age from twelve to twenty, according as his parents may decree. A gentleman whose profession is to arrange these social contracts is

consulted. The marriage broker is a man of considerable genius. He plans the alliance, and settles the terms, and saves the families immense trouble, and probably not a few unpleasant incidents.

The wedding day of a Korean boy is the one occasion when he is important. His pigtail is no longer at large. It becomes a sedate "bun" on the top of his head. He assumes a wonderful garment and headdress, similar to those worn by Court officials. Accompanied by his father, and mounted on a horse of diminutive size, he proceeds to the abode of his bride—whom he has never yet seen—and

DEMANDS HER SURRENDER.

Poor child, her life is now to begin. And such a life! Her face, for this great occasion, is hidden beneath a coat of paint and powder, her eyes are sealed by a kind of wax, and her eyebrows are pencilled.

The broker presents the parties to each other, and the bride is hurried into a litter.

Nothing is permitted to obstruct this cavalcade. Everyone makes way as for Royalty.

On reaching the house of the bridegroom's parents, the bride's party are presented, with much formality. Profound bows are made, a cup of wine is sipped by each, obsequiousness is made to the tablets of the family forefathers, and the marriage feast begins.

From this moment the child-bride is the slave of her mother-in-law. That is the great day to which a Korean mother looks—the wedding-day of her first son. It means for her an end of work; for she has now a daughter-in-law, whom she may beat and scold and put upon, just as she herself was served before her?

The bridegroom cannot assert himself to protect her. He eats the meals his child-wife cooks in solemn state alone; while she may take away what he leaves as her portion.

All old customs and traditions die hard, and the elder women of

Korea, will, no doubt, sigh before long for the good old days when daughters-in-law knew their place.—London Answers.

HOW IT STARTED.

"Prisoner," said the police court magistrate, "you are charged with creating a public disturbance."

"I deny it, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Well, what is your side of the story?"

"It was my birthday, sir, and I goes into a tavern as gentle as a kitten and says to the barman, says I—

"Will you present me wid a glass of beer on this happy occasion?"

"I won't," says he.

"For whi'?" says I.

"'Cause I'm not in the present business," says he.

"You are cold-hearted," says I.

"Yah!" says he.

"And an anarchist," says I.

"G'wan," says he.

"And an assassin," says I.

"Skate out!" says he.

"And then, your worship—then when I gently taps on the bar and softly says that if justice was done him he'd be hung up by a mob, he comes out and grabs me by the neck and yanks me out-doors and flings me off the kerbstone. Disturbing the peace, is it? Why, your worship, even when I got up and smashed in one of the windows the noise couldn't have been heard twenty feet away. I am no foghorn to go bellowing around and make folks wonder what's broke loose."

"Five dollars or fourteen days."

"What is experience, Uncle Tom?"

"Experience! It is what we learn from wanting everything we don't get, and getting everything we don't want."

Here's a Home Dye

That ANYONE Can Use.

HOME DYEING has always been more or less of a difficult undertaking—Not so when you use

DYOLA
ONE FOR ALL KINDS OF WOOL

JUST THINK OF IT!
With DYOLA you can color either Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye. No chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods you have to color.



\$3,600

in Cash Prizes for Farmers

Your Photograph May Win a Prize

AMONG the prizes we are offering in our big Prize Contest is one of \$100.00 (Prize "C") for the farmer in each Province who furnishes us with a photograph showing the best of any particular kind of work done on his farm during 1911 with "CANADA" Cement. For this prize, work of every description is included.

Now just as soon as you finish that new silo, barn, feeding floor or dairy, that you've been thinking of building, why not photograph it and send the picture to us? The photograph doesn't necessarily have to be taken by a professional or an expert. In fact, your son's or your daughter's camera will do nicely. Or, failing this, you might use the kodak of your neighbor's son nearby. In any event, don't let the idea of having a photograph made deter you from entering the competition. Particularly as we have requested your local dealer to help in cases where it is not convenient for the farmer to procure a camera in the

neighborhood. By this means you are placed on an equal footing with every other contestant. Get the circular, which gives you full particulars of the conditions and of the other three prizes. Every dealer who sells "CANADA" Cement will have on hand a supply of these circulars—and he'll give you one if you just ask for it. Or if you prefer, you can use the attached coupon—or a postcard will do—send it to us and you'll receive the complete details of the contest by return mail.

If you haven't received your copy of "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete," write for that, too. It's a finely illustrated book of 160 pages full of useful and practical information of the uses of concrete.

Write us to-night, and you'll receive the book and the circular promptly. Do not delay—sit right down—take your pen or pencil, and fill out the coupon NOW.

Canada Cement Company, Limited,
National Bank Building, Montreal

Please send Contest Circular and book.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

INDIGESTION RIGHTLY CURED STAYS CURED

Not by Treating the Symptoms but by Tuning up the Stomach to do Nature's Work

Indigestion should not be neglected, for by depriving the body of its proper nourishment it grows steadily weaker. Neither stimulating medicines, which ruin the already weak stomach by making it work beyond its strength, should be used, nor predigested foods, which do not excite a flow of the digestive fluids, and by disuse cause the stomach to grow weaker. Nowhere is the tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills more clearly useful. Its principle is to enable the stomach to do its own work by building up the blood and giving tone to the nerves. When these are once more restored to their normal health indigestion disappears and the cure is permanent. In proof of these statements we give the experience of Mrs. Paul Gannon, Star City, Sask., who says: "For more than a year I suffered with all the terrible pains of indigestion, and my life was one of the greatest misery. It did not seem to make any difference whether I ate or not, the pains were always there, often accompanied by a severe bloating and a belching of wind. I did not even get relief at night, and sometimes hardly got a bit of sleep in my misery. I tried many remedies said to cure indigestion, but they did me not one particle of good and I fully expected that I would always be afflicted in this way. At this time my brother came home on a visit and he urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got six boxes for me. By the time I had taken four boxes I began to improve and could eat with some relish. I was greatly cheered, and continued taking the Pills until all traces of the trouble had disappeared and I could once more eat all kinds of food without the smallest inconvenience. We have since used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in our family for other troubles. I am so firmly convinced of their virtue as a family medicine that I have no hesitation in recommending them to all weak, ailing people."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE FRENCHMAN'S "CASTLE"

Another World is the Boulevardier's Household.

Little by little the old superficial judgments are passing away, in this age of better acquaintance and of larger sympathy among nations. Laurence Jerrold, himself an Englishman, an inhabitant of "the land of homes," in "The Real France," pays tribute to the home life of Paris.

Only in Paris life sparkles like this, free from extinguishing cares, responsibilities, conventions, prejudices and commonplaces; it dazzles for months, then the amazing discovery begins—the finding of a solid Paris, a Paris of the old earth, with roots in deep custom, a Paris of rock-like consistency and iron faithfulness, a simple, straight, ordered, long-headed, and earnest Paris.

Cross some boulevardier's real threshold,—but it often takes years to pass them,—and the boulevard world disappears. This is another world.

Let us make the wild supposition that the foreigner, after six months, has crossed the boulevardier's threshold,—it would really take him ten years to do it,—and imagine his amazement.

He is now immeasurably miles from the boulevards. He is in a tiny castle, battlemented and guarded against boulevardism. The daily scandals of journalism, the hourly intrigues of politicians, the machinations of actors and critics, the frantic jealousies and elbowings of the men of letters who are getting on—that is what he called Parisian life.

In the tiny castle, papa, who is a famous journalist outdoors, lifts gently the curtain of the cot where the little crumpled-faced, black-haired baby sleeps, and looks with a great tenderness and without a shadow of the Englishman's mauve honte.

Parisianism sweeps round that tiny castle in furious gusts, but only a few filtered breaths of it are

ever let in. Moralizing playwrights are perpetually discovering that the father and mother and the child are a sacred trinity. The foreigner who was trying to be "Parisian" in boulevard cafes finds across the boulevardier's threshold no more subtlety and complication than that.

It is the Frenchman's flat that is his tiny castle, and will remain the last refuge of simplicity in a complicated world.

HOGBACK TOMBSTONES.

Only a Few in England and Doctors Disagree About Meaning.

What is a hogback tombstone? Ninety-nine out of every hundred people, on being asked this question would jump to the conclusion that the answer is a very simple one and reply, "Why, a tombstone shaped like a hog's back, of course."

So far so good, says the Wide World. If one demands more ample particulars, however, even the learned are placed in a dilemma, for the hogback tombstones, which number but half a dozen or so in the whole of England, constitute one of the mysteries which archaeologists are ever attempting to solve.

More thought perhaps has been expended on the hog back at Heysham, for instance, than on any other one tombstone in Christendom; and the problem involved is by no means elucidated. J. Holme Nicholson, president of the historical section of the Archaeological Institute, thinks that the basso-relievo sculpture on this singular tombstone, which was unearthed in the Heysham churchyard near Morecambe some eighty or ninety years ago, refers to Scandinavian legends.

Basing his judgment on the researches of Mr. Calverley and Dr. Colley-March, the rude carving represents the Crack of Doom—the Scandinavian Ragnarok. The Powers of Evil have been let loose; war is raging between these and the gods, and Whorl, the great sea serpent who lives at the bottom of the sea and is the cause of all the tempests which the world experiences, has broken loose.

Another scientist holds that the figures represent an animal hunt, probably owing to the fact that one of the sculptured beasts is a stag. One learned gentleman imagined that he had found a clue to the meaning of the carvings in the legends of the saints in the apocryphal Gospels. The stone represented the despatch of Seth to get oil of grace for Adam when he was lying on his deathbed.

"But on hearing this a fourth savant stated that in his opinion religion had nothing whatever to do with it—the tomb was merely that of an ancient huntsman, as the hounds' heads at the ends clearly showed."

THE ONLY MEDICINE FOR THE BABY

The only medicine a mother should give her little ones is one she can give and feel absolutely safe that not the slightest harm will result—a medicine that is guaranteed strictly free from injurious drugs. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets—every box is sold under such a guarantee and the mother may feel perfectly safe in giving them to even the new-born babe. Concerning them Mrs. Albert E. Wood, London, Ont., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets all that is claimed for them. My baby has had them from birth and will take them eagerly. I am sure there is no better medicine for little ones." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A MERITED REBUKE.

An Incident of the Late King Edward's Kindness.

The irreproachable politeness of the late King Edward VII. of England was not only individual and relative to persons; it was human and general as well. Once at Marlborough his Majesty and a few friends were having tea in a restaurant in the pine woods near the town. At a table close by, states the author of "The People's King," sat another party, the host of which was a well-known German prince.

The work of attending to the guests at both tables devolved upon a young English waitress, and the king did not fail to notice the rude, blustering manner of the royal German, who threatened to report the terrified girl every time she had occasion to answer his summons. Annoyed by this most unjustifiable behavior, the King said to Sir Stanley Clarke: "You are to convey my thanks to the proprietor for the prompt and admirable manner in which my party has been served at this restaurant."

The command was instantly obeyed, much to the disgust of the adjoining table, a disgust which was intensified when the King gave the timid young waitress a gold piece.

ONE MORE OF THE PIONEER WOMEN

TELLS HER SUFFERING SISTERS TO FIND RELIEF IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mrs. Forrester had Rheumatism and other Kidney Diseases for two years, but Dodd's Kidney Pills made her well.

Dinamore, Sask., May 22 (Special)—One more of the pioneer women of Saskatchewan, relieved of pain and suffering by Dodd's Kidney Pills, has given her statement for publication in order that other suffering women may profit by her experience. This time it is Mrs. John Forrester, well known and highly respected in this neighborhood.

"My trouble started from a severe cold," Mrs. Forrester states. "My sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I perspired freely at the slightest exertion. I had pains in my back and Rheumatism developed, from which I suffered for two years.

"I do not need to tell you that I was far from being a well woman when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. But now I am thankful to say my troubles are gone. I recommend all suffering women to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Suffering women can learn from the experience of others that the one sure way to health is to cure their kidneys, and Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the Kidneys.

VALUABLE DISCOVERIES.

Happy Thoughts That Made Some Men Rich.

Many a fortune has been made by some sudden "happy thought" or discovery.

A fallen leaf was the first cause of a fortunate investment. The father of the Hon. James Dunsmuir was a miner on Vancouver Island. One day he was wandering through the woods, when his eye was attracted by a pretty leaf shining in the sunlight. He stooped to pick it up, when his hand uncovered a part of the ground and revealed a seam of coal. Mr. Dunsmuir said nothing, but set to work to obtain capital to buy the land and exploit it. Fortune came to him swiftly, for the ground was a rich mine of coal. He built the only railway on Vancouver Island and died a millionaire. All through a leaf, in the first place!

Thirty years ago a young Post Office clerk named Thomas gave all his evening leisure to experiments. At last he found out how to make steel by a process in which phosphorus could be got rid of in the course of manufacture. It was an epoch making discovery, which made phosphoretic ores available for the manufacture of steel all over the world.

The guests at a ball given at the Tuileries, Paris, were once distressed by something in the air which irritated everybody. The most famous chemist of the day was consulted as to the mysterious cause. His son-in-law, Dumas, had the happy thought that perhaps the irritating particles in the air came from the wax candles. He found on analysis that these candles had been bleached by chlorin. Immediately they were lighted a comely pound was added to the air that irritated throat and noses. This chance discovery led Dumas to study the whole effect of chlorin, with far-reaching results in chemistry.

THE OIL FOR THE ATHLETE.

The Oil for the Athlete.—In rubbing down, the athlete can find nothing finer than Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It renders the muscles and sinews pliable, takes the soreness out of them and strengthens them for strains that may be put upon them. It stands pre-eminent for this purpose, and athletes who for years have been using it can testify to its value as a lubricant.

Maud—"How pretty and careless Mabel's hair always looks." Gertie—"Yes, and it takes her two hours to make it look that way."

Warts are unsightly blemishes, and corns are painful growths. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them.

How easy it is to spend the money earned by somebody else!

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed old Mr. Flatiron, who was reading about a man's height. "Nonsense! Why, they might as well tell me that the man has six heads in his hat."

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will drive worms from the system without injury to the child, because its action, while fully effective, is mild.

Few men give as cheerfully as they receive.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

TRUTH BEFORE ALL.

There are occasional doubts in the minds of the elders of the Morse family as to the quickness of Bobby's wits, but there has never been any doubt that a lesson once learned by him, however slowly, is for ever afterwards remembered.

"Won't you shake hands with me, Bobby?" asked one of his sister's admirers, but Bobby hung back.

"I don't care to," he said, with terrible distinctness.

"Don't you like me?" asked the unwelcome visitor.

"No, I don't," replied Bobby, and then there was a shocked chorus from the family.

"Bobby," said his aunt, reproachfully, as she withdrew him from the public gaze, "why did you say such a rude thing to Mr. Brown?"

"Because, aunty," said her wriggling charge, "I got spanked last week for not telling the truth, and I shan't never take any risks again."

NOT A CONTORTIONIST.

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"Well," said one kindly-disposed friend, "for my part I think Henry is very bright and capable. I'm sure he will succeed."

"Perhaps you're right," said another friend. "Henry is undoubtedly a clever fellow, but, take it from me, old man, he hasn't got the head to fill his father's shoes."

ZAM-BUK HEALED BABY'S SORES.

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Zam-Buk Soap, 25c. tablet, is best for baby's bath and for delicate skins.

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We will send you Catalogue free. Ask for it.

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WELL, HARDLY.

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A THOROUGH PILL.

To clear the stomach and bowels of impurities and irritants is necessary when their action is irregular. The pills that will do this work thoroughly are Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are mild in action but mighty in results. They purge painlessly and effectively, and work a permanent cure. They can be used without fear by the most delicately constituted, as there are no painful effects preceding their gentle operation.

"I have a great joke on my wife," said William. "I think she must be getting a bit near-sighted. She was out for ten minutes this morning, calling to the scarecrow to come to breakfast. What do you think of that?" "Well, if I were you," said Henry, "I'd either get a new suit of clothes or a younger wife."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED.

Yarmouth, N.S.

Gentlemen,—In January last, Francis Leclair, one of the men employed by me, working in the lumber woods, had a tree fall on him, crushing him fearfully. He was, when found, placed on a sled and taken home, where grave fears were entertained for his recovery. His hips being badly bruised and his body turned black from his ribs to his feet. We used MINARD'S LINIMENT on him freely to deaden the pain and with the use of three bottles he was completely cured and able to return to his work.

SAUVEUR DUVAL, Elgin Road, Lislet Co., Que.

YOUR HUSBAND IS OF A STUDIOUS TURN OF MIND, ISN'T HE?

"Yes, indeed. Whenever we have hash he isn't satisfied unless he knows everything that is in it."

VERY MANY PERSONS DIE ANNUALLY FROM CHOLERA AND KINDRED SUMMER COMPLAINTS, WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAVED IF PROPER REMEDIES HAD BEEN USED.

If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

MOTHER—"WHY SHOULD WE MAKE WILLIE A DOCTOR WHEN THERE ARE SO MANY NEW DOCTORS EVERY YEAR?"

Father—"But think of all the new ailments!"

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS.

"It is easier to be good than great," remarked the moralizer.

"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "one has less opposition."

THE NEXT TIME YOU FEEL THAT SWALLOWING SENSATION GARGLE HAMLINS WIZARD OIL IMMEDIATELY WITH THREE PARTS WATER.

It will save you days and perhaps weeks of misery from sore throat.

"Has your father ever given you any idea what he thinks of me?" "No, I really don't believe father thinks of you at all. He has so many important things to fill his mind."

REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.

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"Don't wait up for me, dear," he said to his wife. "I may be rather late, but it can't be helped."

At breakfast next morning he was stonily silent, so was the breakfast-room clock.

"Maria, dear, there must be something wrong with the clock. I am sure I wound it up last night," he ventured at last.

"No," answered his wife. "You wound up Freddy's musical-box instead, and it played 'Home, Sweet Home' till three in the morning, and the hall clock has stopped."

"So you want to marry my daughter; what are your prospects?" "That is for you to say, sir; I am not a mind reader."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

RHEUMATISM, BRONCHITIS, DIABETES, BACKACHE

WARRANTED 23 THE PROVERB

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NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

stop the meanest, nastiest, most persistent headaches in half an hour or less. We guarantee that they contain no opium, morphine or other poisonous drugs. 25c. a box at your druggist's, or by mail from

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

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"I have a great joke on my wife," said William. "I think she must be getting a bit near-sighted. She was out for ten minutes this morning, calling to the scarecrow to come to breakfast. What do you think of that?" "Well, if I were you," said Henry, "I'd either get a new suit of clothes or a younger wife."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED.

Yarmouth, N.S.

Gentlemen,—In January last, Francis Leclair, one of the men employed by me, working in the lumber woods, had a tree fall on him, crushing him fearfully. He was, when found, placed on a sled and taken home, where grave fears were entertained for his recovery. His hips being badly bruised and his body turned black from his ribs to his feet. We used MINARD'S LINIMENT on him freely to deaden the pain and with the use of three bottles he was completely cured and able to return to his work.

SAUVEUR DUVAL, Elgin Road, Lislet Co., Que.

YOUR HUSBAND IS OF A STUDIOUS TURN OF MIND, ISN'T HE?

"Yes, indeed. Whenever we have hash he isn't satisfied unless he knows everything that is in it."

VERY MANY PERSONS DIE ANNUALLY FROM CHOLERA AND KINDRED SUMMER COMPLAINTS, WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAVED IF PROPER REMEDIES HAD BEEN USED.

If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

MOTHER—"WHY SHOULD WE MAKE WILLIE A DOCTOR WHEN THERE ARE SO MANY NEW DOCTORS EVERY YEAR?"

Father—"But think of all the new ailments!"

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS.

"It is easier to be good than great," remarked the moralizer.

"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "one has less opposition."

THE NEXT TIME YOU FEEL THAT SWALLOWING SENSATION GARGLE HAMLINS WIZARD OIL IMMEDIATELY WITH THREE PARTS WATER.

It will save you days and perhaps weeks of misery from sore throat.

"Has your father ever given you any idea what he thinks of me?" "No, I really don't believe father thinks of you at all. He has so many important things to fill his mind."

REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.

"MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP HAS BEEN USED FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHILE TEething, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, AND IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHŒA. IT IS ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS. BE SURE AND ASK FOR 'MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,' AND TAKE NO OTHER KIND. TWENTY-CENTS A BOTTLE."

JONES' NIGHT OUT.

Jones "dined out" with an old acquaintance the other evening.

"Don't wait up for me, dear," he said to his wife. "I may be rather late, but it can't be helped."

At breakfast next morning he was stonily silent, so was the breakfast-room clock.

"Maria, dear, there must be something wrong with the clock. I am sure I wound it up last night," he ventured at last.

"No," answered his wife. "You wound up Freddy's musical-box instead, and it played 'Home, Sweet Home' till three in the morning, and the hall clock has stopped."

"So you want to marry my daughter; what are your prospects?" "That is for you to say, sir; I am not a mind reader."

FARMS FOR SALE AND TO RENT.

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

If you want to purchase Alberta, Saskatchewan or Manitoba Lands in quarter, half or whole sections, or in large plots, I can supply you.

FRUIT FARMS.—Ten, fifteen, twenty, or fifty acre farms, with good buildings and well planted. Some genuine bargains.

I HAVE several first-class Hundred Acre Farms in Halton, Peel and York. Also large farms. Prices reasonable.

H. W. DAWSON, Ninety Colborne Street, Toronto, or nights and holidays, Two Hundred and Seventy Two Wigham Avenue. Phones Main 6590 and Parkdale 527.

OAK BANK, Burlington, residence of late Maitland Young, with beautiful grounds terraced down to Lake Ontario; this property is well situated in heart of growing Burlington; three minutes from cars; thirty from Hamilton, one hour from Toronto, three from Buffalo, containing large well situated dining rooms, parlor, seven bedrooms, bath room, stable, coachhouse, bathroom and dock, etc., safe bathing, electric light, furnace, ample cellars, good water supply, large grounds. For particulars and inspection apply James Harrison, Burlington, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED.

START TEA ROUTE TO-DAY. Send postal for circulars or 10c for samples and terms. Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED.—A study of other Agency propositions convinces us that none can equal ours. You will always receive. If you don't apply for particulars to Travellers' Dept., 223 Albert St., Ottawa.

AGENTS, SALESMEN AND MANAGERS wanted; stop right here; something new; sell on sight; automatic razor sharpener, for old style; Mill supply; guarantee with each machine; 400,000 sold in four months; agents making big money; territory going fast; write or wire; never fail Company, Box 533, St. John, N.B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED.—Ontario Veteran Lapda, located. A. N. Hett, Berlin, Ont.

FARM SCALES, special price. Wilson's Scale Works, 9 Esplanade, Toronto.

BERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE. The Greatest Beef Breed. Unparalleled for crossing purposes. For Bulls, write James Bowman, Elm Park, Guelph.

HEAVY IMPORTED CLYDESDALE Stallion for sale, 9 years old, price \$250. O. Sorby, Guelph.

SAWMILL MACHINERY. Portable or heavy. Lath Mills, Shingle Mills, Engines and Boilers, Mill supplies. The Long Manufacturing Co., Ltd., West Street, Orillia, Ontario.

BRANDON, Manitoba, offers excellent investments in Real Estate. Write for particulars of Fifty Dollar to Seventy-Five Dollar lots. Six hundred sold locally. O. L. Harwood, Brandon, Man.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS mailed postpaid, two dozen, twenty cents; hundred, seventy cents; three hundred, two dollars. Mailed postpaid. E. Hartley, Milton, Ont.

ONE SECOND HAND 21-INCH HEAVY Iron Frame Veneer Machine, 1 Chipper, 2 Cranes, 1 Drag Saw, 1 Skinning Machine, 1 Planer, 1 Jointer, 1 Planer, 1 The Rider and Kitchener Co., Limited, Lindsay.

LEARN THE BARBER TRADE—NEW system—constant practice—careful instruction—a few weeks' complete course—tools free. Graduates earn twelve to eighteen dollars weekly. Write for catalogue. Moler Barber College, 221 Queen East, Toronto.

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

5 TON SCALE, special price. Wilson's Scale Works, Esplanade, Toronto.

WOMEN WANTED to take orders in spare time, no experience necessary. Our lines especially used by mothers and girls. Apply Dept. A, British Canadian Industrial Company, 223 Albert St., Ottawa.

SPECIALISTS' ADVICE FREE. Consult us in regard to any disease. Lowest prices in drugs of all kinds. Trusses fitted by mail. Send measurement. Glasses fitted by age. Write to-day for anything sold in first-class drug stores to Dr. Bellman, Collingwood, Ont.

MOTTLED ANCONAS, Greatest Layer. Fertile Eggs, \$2 for thirty. E. W. Wardle, Coriath, Ont.

WE pay the express in Ontario. Forty, 8 weeks Yorkshires, registered, tea dollars each. Write for what you want. Thos. N. Havens & Son, Aldboro P.O., Ont.

CHEAP LANDS in Saskatchewan Valley. Good openings for tradesmen and farmers. English speaking settlement. Write for illustrated pamphlet to Secretary, Board of Trade, Marshall, Sask.

HIS BUSINESS.

"You say the officer arrested you while you were quietly minding your own business?"

"Yes, your honor. He caught me suddenly by the coat collar and threatened to truncheon me unless I accompanied him quietly to the station."

"You were peaceably attending to your own business, making no noise or disturbance of any kind?"

"None whatever, sir."

"It seems very strange. What is your business?"

"I'm a burglar."

Borated Vaseline

A Valuable

THE EQUITY,

A Weekly Journal devoted to Local Interests
Published every Thursday
At Shawville, County Pontiac, Que.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
All arrears must be paid up before
any paper is discontinued.

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Legal advertising, 10 cents per line for
1st insertion and 5 cents per line for each
subsequent insertion.

Business cards not exceeding one inch
inserted at \$5.00 per year.

Local announcements inserted at the
rate of 8 cents per line for first insertion
and 5 cents for subsequent insertions.

Commercial advertising by the month
or for longer periods inserted at low rates
which will be given on application.

Advertisements received without in-
structions accompanying them will be in-
serted until forbidden and charged for
accordingly.

Birth, marriage and death notices pub-
lished free of charge. Obituary poetry
declined.

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A kinds of Job Printing neatly and
cheaply executed. Orders by mail
promptly attended to.

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Professional Cards.

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Medallist Royal College of Dental Sur-
geons of Ontario; Doctor of Dental Sur-
gery, University of Michigan (Ann Arbor)
D. D. S. and L. D. S., Quebec.
Office and residence—Over J. H. SHAW'S
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SURGEON DENTIST
CAMPBELLS BAY - QUE.
Doctor of Medicine and Master of Surgery
McGill University.
Doctor of Dental Surgery, University of
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Licentiate of Dental Surgery, Quebec.
Office—Mousseau's Block—over Post
Office. Will be at Campbells Bay all the
time.

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Shawville - - - Que.
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Street.

ALEXANDRE DUFORT,

Notary Public,
BRYSON - QUE.
Visits Shawville every Saturday.
Money to loan on good security.

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UNDERTAKER
Embalmer and Funeral Director
Main Street, Shawville.
Personal attention. Open all hours.

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Shawville and Surrounding Country

The reliability, healthy condition of our
stock as well as trueeness to name must
be appreciated by the public or they
would not have helped us to increase our
business yearly since 1837, the date of our
establishment.

Our firm's name lends prestige to our
representatives.
**Complete Line of Nursery
Stock for 1911.**

Write for full particulars.
STONE & WELLINGTON,
FONTHILL NURSERIES,
Toronto, Ontario.

Hot Weather Requisites.

Ladies' Summer Underwear.

Fine ribbed Cotton Vests, long sleeves,
short sleeves, no sleeves, in many pat-
terns, and in prices ranging from 10 to 50
cents a garment.

Children's in all sizes.

Men's Balbriggan Underwear.

Fine natural shade, two thread Egyptian
Shirts, trimmed at the neck, Drawers
with satin facings, at 50 cents per gar-
ment.

Big Value in Corset Cover Emb'y.

100 yards of Corset Cover Embroidery,
full 18 inches wide, 10 patterns to select
from; regular value 25 and 35 cents; to
clear at 15 cents per yard.

Glassy Net Blouses.

Another lot of those classy Net Blouses
which we were showing before Easter.
One line in particular is extra value at
\$1.90.

A Clearance of White Canvas Shoes.

We are offering children's White Canvas
Shoes from 6 to 11 at 25 cents. The
Misses' in sizes 11½ to 2 for 40 cents per
pair.

Women's white and tan Canvas Shoes,
formerly \$1.25 and \$1.50, to clear at
\$1.00.

G. F. HODGINS.

Strictly Business.
"To whom do you wish to make
your beneficiary certificate payable?"
asked the officer of the fraternal or-
der.
"To my sweetheart," said the candi-
date for initiation.
"According to the laws of our order,
you'll have to marry her first."
"Say, hold up this initiation about
fifteen minutes and I'll go and attend
to that."—Chicago Tribune.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER

And the Romance It Warmed
Into Happy Realization.

By VIRGINIA L. WENTZ.

It was that most gracious season of
all the year perhaps—St. Martin's
summer—when the spirit of ripeness
which seems to have sed once more
holds the land with its intoxicating
breath. The fields were studded with
tiny Michaelmas daisies, and the
hedgerows were brilliant with early
goldenrod, but somehow you fancied
you smelled the scent of the roses and
mignonette as well.

There was quite a group of people
out on the small hotel veranda, and
most of them were gossiping. Spin-
ning up the poplar shaded country
road was a smart little trap. Across
the tennis courts the occupants were
plainly visible. They were James
Walsh and Mrs. John Burgess.

"I say, girls," cried one of the group
on the veranda, "it's a crying shame
to let that elderly person cut us out
with the richest man we have up here—
crying shame, that's what it is! And
I don't think any of us has an atom
of 'grip' or 'go' or we'd take the wind
out of Mrs. Burgess' sails!"

"Why, she must be all of a hun-
dred!" exclaimed another.

"They say that Mr. Walsh knew her
years ago. Wonder where he picked
her up. In the ark, I guess."

"Oh, my dear, long before that,"
drawled another mockingly. "Long
before Noah's time women had ceased
to do their hair in that absurd fash-
ion."

Then the quiet girl with the embro-
idery on her lap spoke softly:
"She has a lot of hair anyhow, and
it's beautiful, and the way she dresses
it suits her features. She reminds me
of Albert Durer's 'Madonna.'"

"Who's that, Miss Tyson?" in-
terrupted a young fellow in tennis fan-

neis, suddenly appearing in the door-
way. "Who's like Durer's 'Madonna?'"
"We were speaking of Mrs. Burgess,"
answered Miss Tyson without even
looking up from her embroidery.
"Madonna? Forder!" cried the
other girls in concert. "She's a plain,
quiet poke of a woman and a design-
ing one at that. She's encouraging
him fearfully."

"You see, Miss Tyson," observed
Billy, the young chap in flannels, "we
get only one or two big matrimonial
catches a season up here. It's a waste
of time nowadays to listen to the im-
pugnacious ardors of early youth. Con-
sequently—"

Billy's words were ambiguous
enough, but the comprehensive little
sweep which he made with his glance
and sun browned hand, including ve-
randa, girls and all, was immitably
droll. Miss Tyson's gray eyes laughed
appreciatively.

They were such nice understanding
gray eyes, thought Billy. 'Twas a
shame that embroidery should engross
so much of their attention. Even now
she showed signs of taking it up again,
and to avoid such a catastrophe Billy
proposed a game of tennis.

"All right," said Miss Tyson cheer-
fully, folding the bit of linen about the
tiny hoop and stowing it away in a
tiny bag.

The fancied likeness between Mrs.
John Burgess and the "Madonna" of
Durer was not without some basis.
There was, indeed, a similarity in the
weary features, more interesting than
beautiful, and in the dolorous, some-
what constrained grace of the stately
figure.

Mrs. Burgess was a woman of forty-
five. Her manner, her aspect, was that
of one who had long since ceased
wishing to attract. In point of fact,
the wish had never been pronounced.
Since her husband's death, which had
occurred ten years previously, she had
never worn a color. It is to be sup-
posed that Mr. Burgess had loved her.
His had been her first and only offer
of marriage, but in her girlhood her
heart had been given to another.

Most people who knew Mrs. John
Burgess thought of her as the mother
of her children. She had a son in the
west who was making great ventures
in cattle and horses, and she had a
married daughter in Paris who was
writing her constantly of her social tri-
umphs and prosperity. Yes, her chil-
dren were full of their own plans and
projects, and once or twice lately Mrs.
Burgess had been a bit surprised to
find herself feeling a little lonely and
forgotten—a chill presage of the au-
tumn winds of life. Her summer, in-
deed, had flown.

Then, just at the correct psychologi-
cal moment, he came—the man to
whom as a girl she had given her heart.

As, where were the chill autumn
winds now? It was St. Martin's sum-
mer instead.

James Walsh was a middle aged,
portly, rich man and a widower. He
had married somewhat early in his car-
eer a noted beauty. A fortnight of
wedlock had convinced him that he
and his bride had not a single taste
in common, but, being a businesslike
man, on his return from his tour de
noce he'd sized up the matter in this
practical fashion:

"'Twas the pink chiffon dress at the
Van Duyers' ball which was respon-
sible. Only why wasn't it?— But the
"why wasn't it" in this case hadn't
worn a pink chiffon dress, nor had she
been at the Van Duyers' ball.

Mr. Walsh had been a widower now
for three years, and he still sighed
with a half abashed sense of relief.

"No more matrimonial ventures for
me," he'd say to himself, with a laugh,
although he had reason to believe that
he could lay successful siege to several
feminine hearts; that he was still quite
capable of victory.

He had been spending August alone
up in the mountains, and he had en-
joyed a month of fishing, tramping and
dreaming to his heart's content. On
his way home he'd stop for a week or
two at a certain little hotel reported to
have good cuisine and rest a strained
wrist before going back to business.

Glancing casually over the hotel reg-
ister, he saw the name of Mrs. John
Burgess. There arose in the man's
breast a curious sensation, but he pul-
led himself together.

"How absurd!" he upbraided himself
as he walked away from the desk. "As
if there were not hundreds of John
Burgesses. Why, I might even have
coaxed myself into believing that I re-
membered her handwriting."

An hour or so later, however, he
met her on the lawn. Their eyes un-
expectedly encountered one another.

"Can it be?" cried he, with boyish
incredulity. She extended her hand.

"I think it can," she answered, with
that little half smile on the corner of
her pure lip which he remembered so
well.

Mrs. Burgess had escaped the half
kittenish challenge of the middle aged
woman who will not abjure conquest.
She did not move to the shade of the
trees nor even open her parasol. She
stayed precisely where she was, with
a streak of harshly revealing sunlight
playing havoc with such loveliness as
time had left to her. After awhile
the warmth of the sun or some other
warmth she knew not of brought into
her pale cheeks that glow which
James Walsh's first roses had brought,
oh, so many years ago.

That night time and again Mr. Walsh
drove away the memory of the wom-
an's fleeting half smile, yet it returned
to haunt him with all its old sweet
allurement. Finally he fell asleep and
dreamed of her.

The doorbell of the Vanitys' house
rang at about 8 o'clock one night, and
Mrs. Vanity said excitedly to her hus-
band:
"There, Charles, I know that's the
furniture van coming with the new
bedroom suit we bought today, and if
it is I just won't receive it, that's all."
"Why not?" asked Mr. Vanity.
"Why not?" replied Mrs. Vanity.
"Do you think I'm going to pay \$100
for a suit and then have it sent out
here after dark so that none of the
neighbors can see it when it's brought
in? Not if I know it."—London Tele-
graph.

THE - HAMILTON - BLOCK SHAWVILLE

Just Arrived!

Two Cars of the up-to-date

McLaughlin and Gray Carriages.

Rubber tires? Well, yes, and Trapy Open Buggies with
stick seats, all to suit intending purchasers.

House-cleaning time—Don't forget to buy your wife a
Kitchen Cabinet.

nion and Willis Pianos and Organs.

A good stock of the leading Separator, The De Laval.

R. J. HAMILTON - - Main St., SHAWVILLE.



DOMINION ABRASIVE WHEELS.

Made in grades for all classes of grinding.
Fast cutting and durable. Fully guaranteed.
J. R. BAXTER & CO., - - - MONTREAL.
Sole Agents for Quebec Province.

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Practical Jeweller

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quest. Marion & Marton, Reg'd., New York Life
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Love of Display.

The doorbell of the Vanitys' house
rang at about 8 o'clock one night, and
Mrs. Vanity said excitedly to her hus-
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for a suit and then have it sent out
here after dark so that none of the
neighbors can see it when it's brought
in? Not if I know it."—London Tele-
graph.

TOWNS MADE TO ORDER.

The Canadian West is Now Engaged
In a Serious Job.

A hundred and seventy new towns
are to go up along the railway lines
of Western Canada this year. The
probability is that these towns will
look as much alike as peas in a pod.
Western towns don't grow when they
begin. They are made to order.

In a majority of cases there is no
particular reason why a certain West-
ern town should be built, except that
it's ten miles to the next; and ten
miles between towns along a Western
railroad is supposed to be far enough.
So every ten miles along the new lines
of the three transcontinentals the
traveler sees a town; a water tank and
a red elevator; a big hotel at the
front-door corner, a livery barn, a
lumber yard, an implement yard, fire
hall, town hall, and a church.

The entire civic scheme is planned
in a single summer. There is no time
for mere growth, which comes when
the new buildings begin to settle down
and the streets begin to pack. Then
bye-and-bye one town boasts another
by knocking it, when there's really
little or no difference between one and
another, except in the people that
make the town.

But if people are to make a town,
they should see to it early in the
race of town-building that the town
gets some character more than it ever
gets from a red elevator. They will
need to look after such points as archi-
tecture, the width of streets, and the
laying out of parks.

It is but natural that in the race to
prosperity these towns should give
less heed than they otherwise would
to points that make an attractive
town. Growth is the keynote, and so,
unless care is exercised, they are
likely to run into difficulties which
will be somewhat like those of the
slower-grown cities of Eastern Canada.
Could the men behind the Western
towns realize how great a problem
Toronto is facing in the oft-proposed
widening of Yonge street, and what
great difficulties many cities are hav-
ing through not making provision ear-
ly for enough park space, the Western-
ers would probably strive hard to pre-
vent repeating in their cities the
problems facing the cities of Eastern
Canada.—Canadian Courier.

BEE-KEEPERS' SUPPLIES.

I am agent for the
Ham & Mott Co. of Brantford, Ont.,
Manufacturers of Bee Supplies.

Your order will receive prompt atten-
tion. Write for catalogue.

H. STEWART
MURRELLS P. O., - - - QUE.

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Envelopes,

Bill Heads,

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Letter Heads,

Anything in fact,

printed with your name
and occupation, and
then it looks business-
like, too:

We shall be pleased to supply you

THE EQUITY

CHANGES IN BRITISH FLEET

SIR FRANCIS BRIDGEMAN IS A STRONG AND SILENT MAN

Home Fleet is Greatest in the World and Comprises 400 Vessels of Every Type.

Sir Francis Bridgeman, it may be remembered, was appointed first Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet when it was created (in its present form) at the beginning of 1907. He held the command for two years, says The Illustrated London Graphic, spending a large proportion of the time in a "stone frigate"—otherwise an office building—at Sheerness. Under his command, however, the Home Fleet assumed a very different aspect from that which it wore when he first hoisted his flag. From being merely and admittedly a reserve force, it developed in size, in modernity and in readiness for war so rapidly that it became plain that it was not destined for long to hold a secondary place in our first line of defence; and when Sir Francis hauled down his flag in March, 1909, it occasioned no surprise when the Admiralty announced that the Home Fleet would absorb the historic Channel Fleet, which until then had been the head and front of our naval defence. It is well known that the Admiralty were not over-much in love with the appellation "Home Fleet"; it was altogether too tethering a name. But it had been necessary to swing around the strategic front of the fleet, so that not only did "Channel Fleet" become a misnomer, but "North Sea Fleet" also became the obvious alternative. For political reasons, however, this was to be shunned; and after referring in two or three official papers to the "Main Fleet," "Home Fleet" became, and remains, the title of the greatest naval force the world has ever seen.

SIR WILLIAM MAY.

When Sir Francis Bridgeman hauled down his flag, Sir William May succeeded him. He also succeeded Lord Charles Beresford, who for two years had commanded the Channel Fleet. Sir Francis Bridgeman took the post of Second Sea Lord which Admiral May had vacated, and now, after two years, he returns to command the fleet whose inception he superintended four years ago. On April 1st Admiral William May hoisted his flag in a shore billet—as Commander-in-chief at Plymouth; but if rumor is taken correctly he will hold this post for twelve months, being already assigned to fill the shoes of Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson, the First Lord, when that officer reaches his time limit on March 4 of next year.

BRIDGEMAN THE SILENT.

Vice-Admiral Sir Francis Bridgeman, although he is a step lower in status than the officer whom to-day he supersedes, is seven months his senior in age, and attained his sixty-second birthday on December 7 last. He entered the navy in 1862, the year after the completion of the first armored ship ever built for the British Navy, and within the next six months he will have under his command the first ships carrying the new 13.5-inch gun, and, shortly after, the first sea-going warship propelled by internal-combustion engines. He is not a popular officer, in the sense that he is neither a Fisher nor a Beresford. He does not talk delightfully comprehensible "shop," as did Lord Fisher, nor does he pertain to the "bluff-and-beardy" type which finds its highest modern expression in Lord Charles. His personality is more that of Sir Arthur Wilson—a man adored (in secret) by the navy, and to all intents and purposes unknown to the general public. Reference books tell nothing about him, probably because he does not contribute autobiographical notes to them; but, like Sir Arthur Wilson, those who know him (professionally) the best, like him (professionally) the most. His work as Second Sea Lord has gone straight to the heart of the men of the fleet, whose position has improved in innumerable ways during his two years of office; while the fact that he returns with the acting rank of Admiral to the command of the fleet to which he was appointed while a Rear-Admiral, is sufficient evidence that those in whose discretion these appointments lie have the fullest confidence in his ability.

IN THE HOME FLEET.

Another important change occurred on March 25 in the Home Fleet, Vice-Admiral H.S.H. Prince Louis of Battenberg succeeding Vice-Admiral Sir George Neville in command of the third and fourth divisions. These divisions constitute the reserve line of our naval defence. Ships in the third division are manned with three-fifths or four-fifths of their full crews, and those in the fourth division with one-fifth or two-fifths, according to the age and type of the ship. Prince Louis of Battenberg is one of the most able and popular officers in

the fleet, and only recently vacated the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet. He will be fifty-seven years of age in May next, and entered the navy at the age of fourteen. He served with the Naval Brigade during the Egyptian War of 1882, but his professional reputation has been made both ashore as an administrator and afloat as a commander. He has served in the following important offices ashore: Naval Adviser to the Inspector-General of Fortifications, member of the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers Works Committee, member of the War Office Torpedo and Landing Places Committees, and Director of Naval Intelligence. As a flag officer afloat he has been Commander of the Second Cruiser Squadron, second in command of the Mediterranean Fleet, and Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet.

PRINCE LOUIS.

The significance of Prince Louis' new appointment lies in the fact that he is senior to the officer whom he succeeds, and that, in the ordinary course of events, he will have attained the rank of full Admiral by the time his two years in the appointment have expired. Sir George was seventeenth on the list of Vice-Admirals when he received his appointment, Prince Louis is only eighth.

The Home Fleet, of which Sir Francis Bridgeman assumes command, is far and away the greatest naval force in the world. It comprises, to the total number of over 400, every type of warship that exists to-day—battleships, armored cruisers, protected cruisers, unarmored cruisers, scouts, torpedo-boats, destroyers, torpedo-gunboats and mine-layers. It comprises, also, a number of auxiliaries, such as repair ships, a hospital ship, depot ships for destroyers and submarines, a distilling ship, oil-carrying ships and mine-sweepers. Its main strength, active and reserve, consists of 40 battleships, 19 armored cruisers, 25 smaller cruisers, 11 scouts, 175 destroyers, 65 torpedo boats, 60 submarines, 7 mine-layers and 6 torpedo-gunboats. No small force for one man to handle, particularly with the semi-independent Atlantic Fleet, consisting of ten armored and four smaller ships, thrown in.

NEGROES' PROGRESS.

Remarkable Change in Their Condition Since They Were Freed.

Forty-eight years ago President Lincoln signed a document which liberated 3,500,000 black slaves in the Southern States. These negroes and their ancestors had been kept in slavery during 244 years. At the liberation the negroes were without money, without an inch of land, without knowledge of any kind, and without any moral or religious education.

A remarkable change has taken place during these forty-eight years. Without the assistance of immigration, they have increased considerably. The knowledge of reading and writing has increased to 55 per cent. Three hundred universities, colleges, academies, high schools, and seminaries are possessed by the negroes. They possess, and manage, forty-eight banks of a total capital of \$2,500,000. They control 700,000 farms, and possess 230,000. They pay taxes on property valued at \$975,000,000. More than 236,000 negroes are teachers in public and private schools, and 800,000 children in the schools are black. The negroes have erected 25,000 churches, and there are 35,000 negro priests and bishops. Two hundred thousand negroes are medical doctors, 3,000 are lawyers, and 80,000 tradesmen.

TOBACCO CREED OF EXPERT.

Claimed for it That it is An Aid to Digestion.

Just now a man may either smoke or not smoke and still have at his back the most eminent medical authorities. Anyone who has studied the old physiologies in the public schools will remember what a horror of tobacco and its deleterious effects was inculcated in the minds of impressionable youth, and many of the medical fraternity still oppose the use of tobacco in theory.

The Slavic expert, Pawlow, has recently made a statement of his tobacco creed in which smoking at least is exonerated from most of the charges made against it. He claims that it does not injure or hamper digestion, but actually aids it.

He claims that the pungent products of combustion start with a flow of saliva and that as all the glands work in a sort of harmony when saliva flows gastric juice also becomes active. Smoking after a meal is especially beneficial to persons of a hypopeptic tendency because it is certain to set up an increased flow of gastric juices.

"Elsie says there was only one drawback to her wedding," "What was that?" "She says her father looked too cheerful when he gave her away."

HOW DO THEY COME BY' EM?

NATIONS THAT BELIEVE THEIR REPUTATIONS.

An Englishman Writes About the Traits of the Various Peoples.

Races are often given credit for fine qualities they don't possess, just as individuals are. We, the English, for example, are supposed by guileless strangers who don't know us, to be a stony, inexorable, unbending, unflinching, Spartan kind of race. We are alleged to be laconic and steel-like and stoical, writes Bart Kennedy in London Answers.

As a matter of fact we are no such thing. We are a gay, sporty, lively people—that is, when the Egyptian darkness of our climate lifts, and you get us at the right moment. Our stoicalness is simply because of the weather. For in England we have days that would make even angels stoical.

No; get to know us, and you will find that we possess none of the Spartan-cum-Roman virtues. And I am very pleased that we don't. Life on the fateful, immense, Greek tragedy lines must have something of a contract. You were always doing impossibly tragic things, just because the high gods thought it was good for you.

THE EFFUSIVE ENGLISHMAN.

We English are simply a common-sense, shrewd, exceedingly wide-awake people, whom Fate has ordained to live in a country where the sun shirks his duty. We are a democracy under a monarchical disguise. We are all right—when you know us. We are experts in the art of giving other nations the glad hand, and getting them to do what we like. And what we don't know about the "fake" that is called the art of governing could be written on a postage stamp. We are a very good people to know—when you agree with us. And, though you may not credit it, my dear stranger, we have a sense of humor. We are certainly not built on immense, Greek tragedy lines.

The Americans are another race who are credited with qualities they do not possess. They are supposed to be as sharp and keen as mustard. They are reckoned to be the most up-to-date and wide-awake people who have ever happened. They are up, not only to snuff, but to all things. They are alleged to be the sharpest, cleverest, shrewdest, and most slap-bang people going.

THE GULLIBLE Y.-NK.

This is their reputation—with people who don't know them. How they got this reputation was partly owing to themselves. They ran hurriedly hither and thither up and down Europe, saying these things about themselves, and in time people believed them. For, if you will tell people how great you are for a sufficient number of times, they will wind up by believing you. Such is frail human nature.

As a matter of fact, the Americans are an innocent and gullible people. They are, in effect, local and provincial. And when an American is allowed out in London or Paris without his guardian he is apt to make a present of all his money to the first confidence who comes along. They are an interesting people; but—if one may be permitted to borrow a phrase from the vocabulary of the confidence man—"they are easy." Still, it is impossible not to like them. They are so naive and amusing.

The Irish are supposed to possess a sense of humor. But, as a matter of fact, they are the most serious people going. In proof of this, I have but to mention the fact that they are

SERIOUS POLITICIANS.

They seem to think that the talk-shop by the Thames really exercises a potent influence in the affairs of human beings.

How the Irish got the name of possessing a sense of humor I don't know. Perhaps they had such a sense in the days of the bards. But they certainly haven't got it now. Indeed, they are the most serious people in the world.

You have to be a bit careful about making a joke in Ireland. For, if you don't mind, you will—to use an Irish fighting phrase—"get your head in your fist."

The Irish are a polite people, which is altogether a different thing from being a humorous people.

Yes; they are very polite indeed. And they are very clever with it. They know by instinct what you want to hear, and they tell you that, and nothing more. And they like you to be polite, too. Though, if you are not, they will put up with it.

But they won't put up with jokes. I remember, when I was travelling in Ireland, I tried now and then to crack a joke. But I nearly got my head cracked for it two or three times. And I had to "give over," as they say in Lancashire.

THE HUMOROUS SCOT.

I don't deny that they are witty. But wit has in it a sharpness and

a something that is sub-acid. It is pleasant, but it is altogether different from humor. Humor is essentially slow and deep and genial.

The Scot possesses it.

I could go on at length enumerating races who are given credit for qualities that they don't possess at all. Some are called brave, others are called honest, others are called truthful, others polite, and so forth.

These mythical race qualities cause the confiding traveller a lot of bother. You go to a country of which you have heard that the people are politeness itself. You say to yourself: "Oh, now I will have a good time! I won't be put to any bother. Everything will go on beautifully oiled wheels. For these people are not like our people. They are so polite."

And what do you find? Why, you find that these people with the polite reputation are the rudest people unhung. At every hand's turn you are met with rudeness of the double-barrelled order. People bump into you, and knock into you, without so much as saying "By your leave!" And you feel in the end that you are looked upon as a person beneath consideration as a human being, just because you are a stranger. These are the people whom you heard of as being so polite!

"TRUTHFUL" LIARS.

I know whereof I speak, for I have had this kind of interesting experience myself. I have travelled amongst people who had the reputation of being truthful, and I have found them to be bigger liars than novelists. I have met people of alleged politeness whom I would have brained for their rudeness, if there had been a club lying around handy. I have travelled amongst honest people who would steal the eye out of your head if you gave them half a chance. Indeed, I have been forced to the conclusion that the reputation that a race gets as a race is always wrong. And, further, I have come to the conclusion that these reputations have, in the main, no better foundation than that afforded by the individual views and yarns and lies of the travellers of old.

It's an odd world, my confiding traveller! And the only safe way, when you are going around in it, is to go by your own eyes.

Yes, use your own eyes, and don't mind the yarns you hear about the people you are going to visit. Go with an open mind, prepare to be surprised at nothing, and all will be well.

ROMANTIC 3,700 MILE TRIP.

First White Woman to Penetrate Interior of Africa.

Miss Olive MacLeod, daughter of the late Sir Reginald MacLeod, the first white woman who has ever penetrated anywhere in the interior of Africa, arrived at Plymouth, England, recently, on her return journey. She accomplished the trip of 3,700 miles for a romantic object. Her sweetheart, Lieut. Boyd Alexander, the famous explorer, was murdered by natives in Central Africa in May, 1910, and she determined to make the journey in order to place a memorial cross on his grave.

Miss MacLeod in her journey traversed Southern and Northern Nigeria and found the Falls of May Kobo, which had never actually been seen before, although Commandant Lemfant had penetrated that section for a short distance. In future the Falls will be known as Les Chutes MacLeod, in honor of the young woman.

GERMAN INSURANCE LAW.

Facts and Figures As To How It Is Worked.

The following figures show the working of the German workmen's insurance law in 1909 are of interest. Of a total population of 63,879,000 people 9,928,478 males and 3,459,812 females were insured against the consequences of illness. They were insured in 23,449 insurance offices in all parts of the empire.

Against accident were insured 14,854,000 males and 8,913,000 females. Against complete invalidity, or inability to work, were insured 10,707,100 males and 4,737,200 females. There were 5,540,825 cases of illness dealt with, 1,021,168 cases of accident and 115,264 fresh pensions for invalidity in addition to the existing 983,354 pensions. Old age pensions numbered in all 130,643.

The income from insurance was 591,598,900 marks (four marks equal roughly \$1), of which 413,497,700 marks were contributed by the employers and 342,076,300 by the workmen. The imperial contribution was 51,500,200 marks. The total expenditure was 598,924,200 marks.

CAB SARCASM.

Stranger—Say, cabby, where are we?"

Cabby—"Nowhere. Jist one of de suburbs."

Assistant—"Mrs. Jones complains that her photographs don't look like her." Photographer—"Complains! She ought to be grateful!"

MOUNDS MARK BOUNDARIES

HOW COUNTRIES MARK AND GUARD THEIR FRONTIERS.

Canada and United States Boundary is Delimited By Posts and Stone Cairns.

Happy is the country which possesses natural boundaries. We are better off in this respect than almost any other nation, for the whole of our 2,755 miles of frontier is guarded by the sea. Next comes Italy with 2,472 miles of coast-line, and the Alps like a wall across her northern boundary, says Pearson's Weekly.

Contrast these cases with those of Germany and Austria. The latter country has a frontier line of about 3,800 miles, of which 2,096 is land, every mile of which must be guarded against the encroachments of her neighbors. Germany is almost equally badly off, for her sea coast line is only 744 miles, while 2,255 miles of land frontier border upon Russia, Austria, Switzerland, France, Holland, and Belgium, and far the larger portion of this great distance is not protected by mountains, rivers, or any other natural boundary.

The Germans guard their frontiers with unceasing vigilance, especially that which faces France along the southern border of Elsass-Lothringen, and France is by no means behind in her precautions.

As soon as the war of 1871 was over France began to build a huge chain of fortresses all the way from Belfort to Longwy. The steep Vosges mountains guard a portion of this frontier, but the rest is flat country, and the boundary line runs through

FORESTS AND FIELDS.

Where the line runs through woods a broad belt has been cleared, and is kept free of all undergrowth. Along the centre, at distances of about a quarter of a mile, are erected stone posts very like our ordinary mile stones. Whenever a road runs along the frontier it is marked by tall wooden posts painted on one side with the French and upon the other with the German colors. Custom houses stand not only on the railways, but upon all the main lines of traffic, and are well guarded by police and troops.

Rows are of constant occurrence. Quite recently an Alsatian, who as a boy of eighteen had fought in the war of 1870, and had subsequently settled on the French side of the border, was drinking at an inn on the German side when a German frontier guard saw him and chased him.

The Alsatian, although nearly sixty years old, won the race, but when he got about a hundred yards across the line the German fired at him twice. Out swarmed the French guards, and if an officer had not luckily been at hand a fight would have been the result.

A FRENCHMAN SHOT.

Some years ago a tragic incident occurred not far from Belfort. A French officer hunting a deer, in the excitement of the chase, galloped across the frontier. A German challenged, and, as the Frenchman did not stop, fired, and killed him on the spot. The French Government sent a pretty sharp note to Berlin, and we believe that compensation was paid by the German Government.

The Russo-German frontier is marked in a similar fashion, and here troubles are of frequent occurrence, for the hungry, ill-paid Cossacks are constantly raiding over the border in search of poultry and pigs.

The oldest frontier line in Europe is that which marks the boundary between Hanover and Holland, where it crosses the line. A row of pontoons lies all across the river, chained bow and stern, the eastern halves of the boats are painted in German colors, and the western in Dutch. The result is, to say the least of it, striking.

While the boundary between the United States and Canada follows for many hundreds of miles the River St. Lawrence and the great lakes, there is a vast distance of prairie land beyond with no natural demarcation. This is artificially delimited by

PILLARS OF IRON AND WOOD

placed a mile apart. These are supplied alternately by the Canadian and United States Governments, and run from Lake of the Woods to the Red River Valley. Beyond, mounds of earth and cairns of stone are used as marks. The pillars are hollow castings, eight feet high, eight inches square at the base, four at the top. Inside are well seasoned cedar posts. Each pillar is inscribed in raised letters on the north, "Convention of London," on the south, "Oct. 20th, 1818." The stone cairns are seven feet high, eight feet at the base, and shaped like a pyramid. Earth is used where stone is not available.

The most famous of all boundary marks in song and story is the "Pillar of Farewell," which marks the line between Russia and Siberia. It stands between Ekaterinburg in Russia and Tiumen in Siberia, and is on the main road along

which tens of thousands of exiles have passed. It is an obelisk of brick about sixteen feet in height. On the west side it bears in Russian characters the word "Europe," and on the other "Asia."

A STUPENDOUS FEAT.

Polish Woman Danced for Thirty-four Hours.

The most enthusiastic dancers in the world are Poles, and at Polish weddings it is the custom for the bride to dance with every guest at the ceremony who asks her. There is a large Polish section in St. Louis, and it was recently reported from that city that a Polish bride danced for thirty-four hours. The custom is for the man who wishes to dance with a bride to toss a silver dollar into the plate, the coins forming a sort of silver dower for the bride, and a Polish ceremony lasts as long as the energy of the bride and her male guests.

The bride who performed the stupendous feat of dancing for thirty-four hours was Mrs. Fred Zapowa, who was married on a Wednesday morning at nine o'clock, and was willing and able to continue dancing thirty-four hours later, when all the men dancers were played out and fell on chairs and the floor in utter exhaustion. It is not suggested, of course, that Mrs. Zapowa danced for thirty-four hours without a rest. The intervals, however, were only short, and she did not go to bed during that time.

The record of Mrs. Zapowa is not an unusual one for Polish women, who accomplish stupendous feats of dancing at their weddings, and it has been placed on record that another St. Louis woman danced almost continuously for three days and nights.

Three years ago an Italian living in Paris offered \$50 to any person who could dance longer than himself. Five competitors entered the lists against him, but one by one they dropped out, whilst the nimble Italian fantastically footed it for fourteen hours at the rate of eighteen waltzes an hour without turning a hair.

As a matter of fact, dancing competitions are very popular in Paris, and at one of the halls a short time ago eighty couples competed for a prize of \$20. It was won by a couple who danced for three-quarters of an hour. In this case, however, correct dancing and deportment as well as endurance were taken into consideration.

At another waltz tournament a couple waltzed for 6h. 45min. on end without even a momentary rest, the previous record of the kind being 6h. 15min. Altogether a dozen couples entered for the tournament, but only two lasted over six hours, and all the winners received for their tremendous exertion was a prize valued at \$10.

POWER FROM POTATOES.

Make Alcohol From Them and Run Farm Machinery With It.

Culled potatoes will be furnishing the power for the gang plough and the engine on the farm before many years go by. A bushel of culled potatoes is worth 50 cents. Turned into denatured alcohol they would be worth 72 cents. The process of extracting the alcohol is not one that every farmer can carry on, but the alcohol is there all right.

Alcohol is produced by the fermentation of sugar. Potatoes contain starch that may be converted into starch by the addition of malt and then fermented. The potatoes are steamed until the starch is cooked thoroughly. Then the malt is added. When the starch has been converted into sugar a yeast mash is added and the sugar fermented. What is left from the potato mash can be fed to cattle. Experiments have proved that the mash has a high feeding value.

Denatured alcohol is used for heating and lighting, in chemicals, in varnishes, in explosives and as a fuel for engines. For some years the tax laws were such that alcohol was too expensive as fuel for engines. For this reason machinery has not been adapted for using denatured alcohol. But it is coming into use.

The United States Department of Agriculture has issued a bulletin recently on this subject. Denatured alcohol is being extracted from potatoes in other countries with success.

A distillery for this sort of work might be conducted by a farmers' cooperative association or as a private enterprise. A plant with a daily capacity of 8,000 pounds of potatoes would cost approximately \$12,000. This is larger considerably than would be practicable for a cooperative enterprise. The plant would have to be in a potato growing country with good railroad facilities.

OLD CENSUS TAKING.

There is a record of a census in China as far back as the year 2043 B.C., and of one in Japan in the last century before Christ. Under the constitution of Solon, the citizens of Athens were divided and registered in four classes, according to the amount of their taxable property.

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DEATH IS A PAINLESS STEP

THE FACT REALIZED BY ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS.

Imagination Assists in Making Mankind Dread the Last Great Event.

It is not death, but the fear of death, that creates universal apprehension.

This is an assertion amplified by "Nomla" in The Brooklyn Times. The writer, believing that death is a natural event such as birth, holds that Nature prepares the way for it and that, though common belief runs to the contrary, the majority of deaths are painless.

Cover death as we may with our faith and philosophy, states the writer, it has always been, as it always will be, the king of terrors. The transition from life to lifelessness is so silent and subtle, the change of the body from animation to the colorless gruesomeness of death, awes even those most familiar with it, and makes the voice speak in whispers even though hearing has gone from the inanimate clay that lies in all its silent mystery in our presence.

It is hard to conceive that life can go out without some agonizing wrenching or that such wreckage could come without storm and turbulence. But the observation and experience teach that nature with kindly hand unlocks every door of exit and smooths the way, so that life goes out with silent and painless steps. Those who have passed out of life and have been resuscitated and brought back tell us that death comes as painlessly as sleep, for Mother Nature touches every nerve and faculty with its anodyne of quietude and lulls into oblivious unconsciousness the body, so that it sinks to rest without jar or tumult as easily as the sun sinks into twilight and darkness behind the Western hills.

AGONY ONLY ILLUSORY.

There may perhaps be the outward signs of pain, but these are illusory, the wrenching muscular activities, whose nerves of sensation have been deadened, that they convey no messages of pain. The story of the death struggles is fiction, the inaccurate observation of those who have no power of interpretation, and where death comes in its normal way, through the kindly processes of disease, it comes as painlessly as sleep, for sickness is preparatory, the blessed anesthetic which makes one oblivious of pain, lulls one through pleasant dreamings into that land of mystery from which there is no return.

Only in rarest cases, and those abnormal, does one fear to die. In full tide of health or even before disease has accomplished its full work of preparation, there may be dread, but this is the lingering shadow of old traditions, the work of false imaginations, the valorous defenses of the guards which nature sets; that inner instinctive love of life, which guards life's citadels and prevents life from fleeing from the ills it has to those it knows not of. But before the final moment comes, the guards don their armor, lay down their arms, unbar the gates, and the sentinels of life become its emancipators. When death comes by decree of men, instead of nature, and life is taken in full tide of health and strength, there is fear and apprehension, because life is wrenched, not coaxed away. Imagination is abnormally alert, and has not been dulled by nature's processes, and it is from these cases which are outside the realm of nature's orderly procedures that we look upon death as the king of terrors, instead of the angel of deliverance.

POWER OF FEAR OF DEATH.

It is not death, but the fear of death, men dread. When the other day, in Long Island City, Glatz, "The Twinkler," as he was called, shot himself, it was through the fear of death which through long years he knew was sure to come. He was a reformed criminal, had betrayed his pals and been threatened with their vengeance. "Tell the Twinkler for me that when I serve me bit he'll get his." It was at first laughed at, but the threat came again and again, until at last Glatz succumbed. Courage and nerve gave way, and he escaped fear by ending life. Long ago the pagan philosopher wrote, "The fear of death is more to be dreaded than

death itself." When the ancient witch pleaded with the magician for the elixir of immortality, he wondered that one so forlorn should wish to prolong life, and she replied: "Oh, mighty Arbaces, it is not the love of life, but the fear of death that prompts my request." It was the certainty of the mysterious doom that was impending, inevitable, not to be hastened, not to be delayed.

NIGHT BREEDS TERRORS.

It is the impenetrable curtain that hides the unseen, that awakens dread; the mystery of darkness that causes apprehension. We shudder at shadows, not realities, and darkness is the mother of shadows. When Abraham slept and the great horror of darkness came upon him, then fear stood over him as a spectre. When Jacob slept at Bethel and dreamed of Jehovah coming out of the mystery and descending upon the ladder, he arose startled, "How dreadful is this place!" The exhilarant faith of Job, which bore great calamities untrifled, gave way only in the visions of the night, when the mystery of darkness enfolded him. Poe, in his story of "The Pit and the Pendulum," pictured in vivid imagery the agony of a descending doom less endurable than the swift mercy of execution, while Eugene Sue told of the man who followed the tiger tamer over the country, always sitting in the front seats, patiently waiting to win the wager that the beast would kill its keeper, until the iron nerve of the tamer broke down and he met his predicted fate.

When Dr. Coolidge was in Cambridge jail, awaiting execution, he asked the warden that he might be removed to another cell, for he said, "the man in the next cell is constantly knocking on the wall and crying out, 'You are a murderer.'" And there was no one in the next cell!

The books tell of the prisoner whom the scientists experimented upon. They told him he was to be bled to death. The surgeon stood over the blinded man and caused a little current of lukewarm water to trickle from his neck. The prisoner grew weaker, moment by moment and at last died as surely as if his blood had ebbed.

IMAGINATION ALSO WORKS.

We are creatures of the imagination. "We are the stuff of which dreams are made." Happy the man who has this gift of turning "airy nothings" into realities. Who has the picture-making faculty which is the prerogative of childhood; who can make his castles in Spain and live in the gardens of Hesperides and sail his phantom argosies around the island of Atlantis; who can see the nymphs by his fountains and the Naiads in his woods, for whom the fairies dance in the moonlight, and can "hear the voices which in the glasses talk" who can illuminate the darkness in which he walks with "the lights never seen on sea or land," and can by the necromancy of the imagination transform the drudgery of toil into the lights of pleasure.

But the imagination has its shadow-making power, and can people the solitudes with spectres, change the palaces of Kings into prisons and make the proudest monarch mourn that the prizes men envied were but vanity of vanities. It can make strong men shudder with imaginary terrors, make them flee from ghosts, which are but phantoms of the mind, and haunt them with the avenging Nemesis which is only a figment of the brain. Brutus in his tent slept; not because of the vision of Philip, and the King on the eve of the battle cried, "The ghosts of those whom I have murdered came to my tent and threatened to-morrow's vengeance for the head of Richard!"

The fear of death is in the black shadow which the distempered imagination casts over the minds of men that makes them dread that which is as natural as birth—and as merciful.

BUT A STEP IN PROGRESS.

When the race was young, and before Christian faith interpreted the mystery of death and freed men who through fear of death were all their lives subject unto bondage, the ancient sage declared that there was "a time to be born and a time to die," and he who had appointed birth and death had made all things "beautiful in their time," while Cicero, the pagan orator, uttered the wise words: "It is not possible that an event so universal as death can be evil."

Life is a thing of a progressive

OUT OF THE LAW'S CLUTCHES

CRIMINAL CASES WHICH HAVE TURNED ON TRIFLES.

Marks of Identity Have Sent Men to the Scaffold or Saved One From It.

On September 11th, 1875, a man, who carried two parcels wrapped in American cloth, was arrested in the Borough, London. One parcel was found to contain the trunk, and the other held the remaining parts of a human body.

The doctors set to work, and found that the victim was a woman of about twenty-five years, measuring 4ft. 11 1/2-in., of slender build, with small hands and feet, and with light colored hair. She might be any one of a million people, says London Answers.

But a tooth was missing from the right upper jaw, and a scar from a burn was found on the leg below the knee.

This was the famous Wainwright case.

Relatives of Harriet Lane came forward. A year previously she had been seen going into Wainwright's premises, and never seen again. They said her age was twenty-four, her height 5ft. 0 1/4-in. and that she was generally as the doctors described. The features were quite unrecognizable; but they testified to the missing tooth, and the scar on the leg, caused by a poker. It was these two trifles which proved the identity, and

CONVICTED THE PRISONER.

Some years ago near the village of Ringstead, in Northamptonshire, a laborer, digging in a lane, found the skeleton of a woman. The doctors said she must have been of middle age, was buried between twelve and twenty years before the discovery, and had lost the first grinder tooth of the left lower jaw.

Then it was recalled that fourteen years previously the wife of a man living in the neighborhood had suddenly disappeared. Some witnesses swore that on the evening of the disappearance the husband and wife went quarrelling into their orchard, and she was heard to say, "I believe you mean killing me to-night." Everyone thought him guilty at the time, but there was no legal evidence.

The wife was of middle age, about the same height as the skeleton and had disappeared about the time the doctors said the body was buried. Then a dentist came forward, saw the jaw, and swore that he had drawn just such a tooth—a tooth rarely drawn—from the missing woman two weeks before she had disappeared.

This seemed conclusive evidence. But a certain fact led the Court to order another digging of the ground, and eighteen inches deeper they came upon

ANOTHER SKELETON.

Both bodies had been buried without clothing, the feet were placed in a peculiar manner, close together, and the second body was found exactly under the first, and lying in the same direction. This could not be a coincidence. The conclusion was that the place was a gipsy grave, and the man was saved by the skin of his teeth.

A very close shave was that of a man who lived on rather bad terms with his brother. One winter's night the younger man disappeared, and was never seen again. He had, said the brother, let himself down from the window by a rope, and next day his footsteps were traced for a considerable distance in the snow. Later on the elder brother left the farm, and when the new tenant came to make some alterations in the grounds a skeleton was dug up.

Everybody said it was murder. An inquest was held, and owing to some carelessness, the skeleton was taken for that of the missing man. But a keen-eyed doctor who happened to be present asked permission to examine it. And, instead of being the remains of a tall young man, he found it to be the skeleton of an old and very small woman. On further investigation it was shown that the remains came from an old gravel pit used by the gipsies as a burying place.

In London, some years ago, a woman was found dead in the morning. Her skull was fractured, and two dents in the bone corresponded exactly with the claws of a hammer found in the house. As she was known to have frequent quarrels with her husband, he was arrested, and charged with murder.

THE DENTED BONNET.

In defence, he produced witnesses who swore that the woman had fallen in the street the night be-

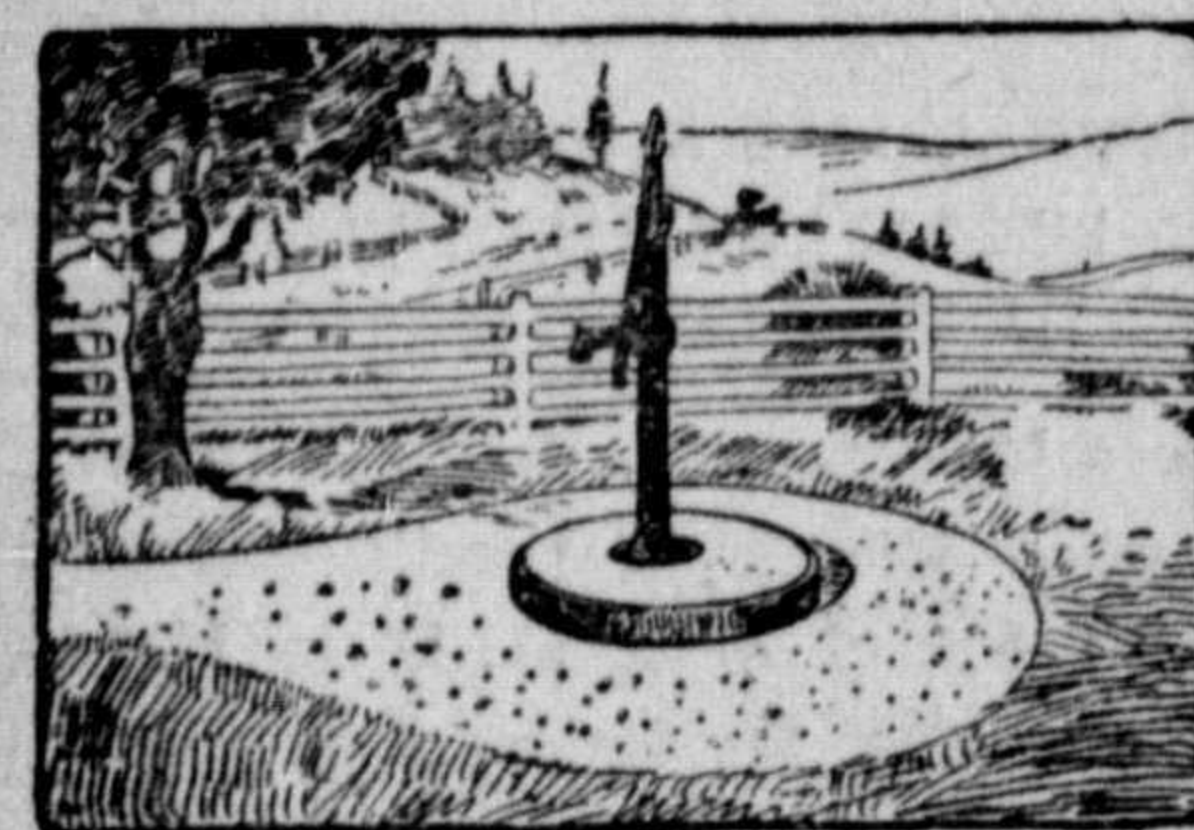
fore. But this would have served him little, if someone had not thought of examining her bonnet. The bonnet was found, and there, too, were the two dents. Moreover these dents were filled with street mud, and by this trifle the innocent man was saved from the scaffold.

On the other hand, a hammer with blood and hairs was found under the bed of a man charged with murder, and he would have stood little chance of escape but that a doctor proved that the hairs were those of a goat.

MANY USES OF CONCRETE.

Makes Clean Walks to Barns and About Buildings.

The average barnyard—there are many worse, some better—consists of a stack of hay or straw, a manure pile, a watering trough, and a spongy, oozy mass of mud, dirt, and filth, in between and all around. Most farmers will recognize this type as being familiar, even those whose farms are models in other respects. Until recently it has seemed almost impossible to avoid this objectionable condition in a barnyard. Owing to the stamping of cattle and the rooting and scratching of the smaller stock, the ground seems to be kept constantly worked up into its oozy state. Into this, and through it, the farmer is compelled to make his way several times a day while doing his chores. Despite his best efforts, a certain amount remains upon his shoes and clothing. If he escapes the germs that are sure to exist in the stagnant wallow, and does not catch a cold from wetting his feet in it, he always runs the risk of carrying some small particles into the house on his shoes, where they dry into fine dust and are stirred up by the next sweeping, filling the atmosphere that has to be breathed.



CONCRETE WELL CURB AND PLATFORM.

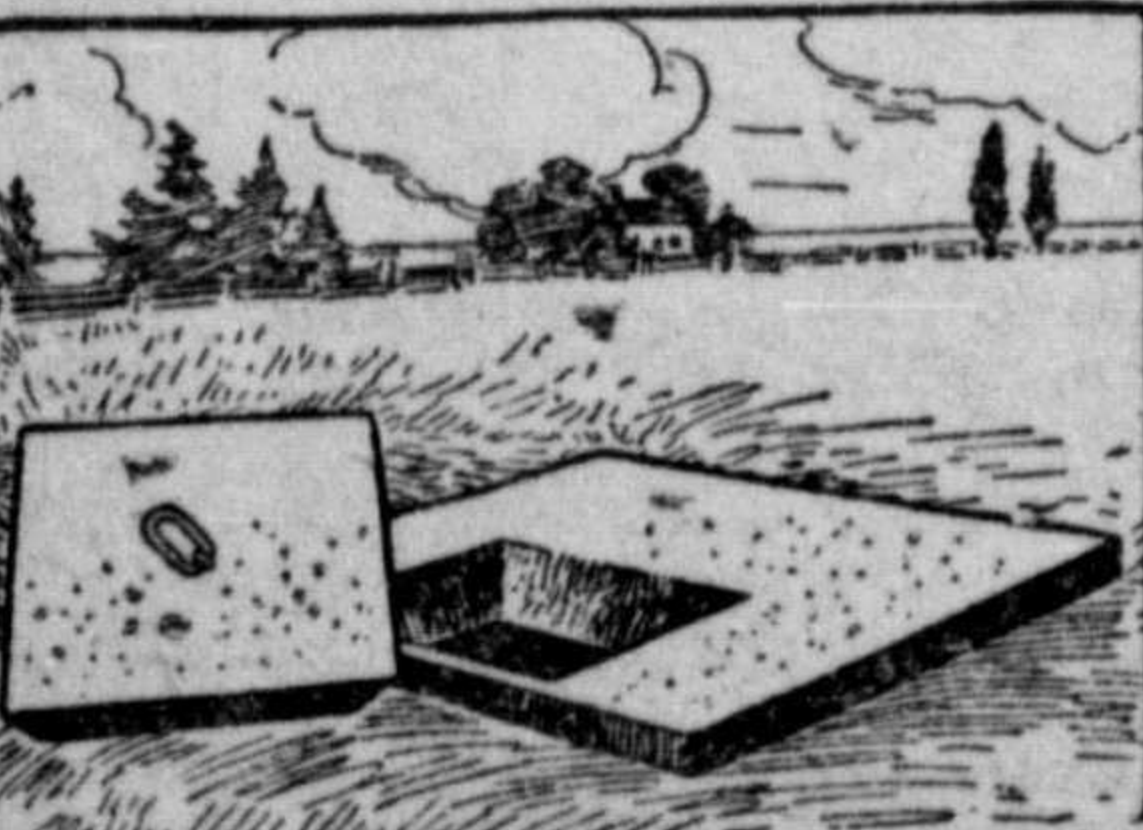
To avoid this altogether would be impossible, but the farmer has found a way in which much can be done to alleviate the barnyard troubles.

Instead of wading through mud, the farmer and his family walk dryshod to the barns and amongst the buildings on concrete walks and drive-ways. Instead of standing in a muddy hole, while he waters the stock, he stands on a concrete platform on which is set a concrete drinking pool. This serves a double purpose of not only providing cleaner water for the horses and cattle, but also does not harbor the germs of contagious diseases which so often lurk in old wooden drinking troughs.

His small stock and poultry, instead of rooting in the mud and filth for their food, take it from a concrete feeding floor laid in a convenient spot in the barnyard. This may be swept down or washed off and prevents a waste of feed.

The use of concrete as drainage material and in forming gutters under eaves makes it possible for farmers' wives and daughters to visit the barns without danger of contracting colds and without many other unpleasantnesses.

With water pressure secured from a concrete cistern built above ground, and the use of concrete in the building of closets, many of the objectionable features are removed



SOLID CONCRETE CISTERN.

and with proper drainage, much can be done to make such buildings perfectly sanitary.

Aside from its advantages as a germ-proof material, concrete finds favor with the farmer of to-day because he can use it himself as easily as he could use wood. All that is required is a quantity of broken stone, sand, and Portland cement. The moulds are easily constructed and can be made of odd pieces of lumber handy. With the exception of the cement, the materials can be found on almost any farm and should cost little or nothing.

To cut brick butter for table use, tear strip of oiled paper wrapping, place on butter the desired thickness, and cut through. Butter in squares does not break or stick to the knife.

GILLETT'S
THE Standard Article
Ready for use in any quantity.
Useful for five hundred purposes.
A can equals 20 lbs. SAL SODA.
Use only the Best.

SOLD EVERYWHERE
For Making Soap.
For Softening Water.
For Removing Paint.
For Disinfecting Sinks, Closets, Drains, etc.

LYE

The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

STRAWBERRIES.

Cleaning Berries.—Now that the strawberry season is here, an excellent way to cleanse the berries and destroy all germs is to place them in a collander, rinse in cold water, hulk and then pour over boiling water, drain, and follow immediately by cold water, which leaves the berries bright, firm and plump, free from all objectionable matter. Try this and you will never eat them prepared in any other way.

Strawberry Russe.—1 pint whipped cream, powdered sugar, to sweeten, one box of strawberries; crush and mix with cream and beat together. Serve in charlotte russe paper cups with lady fingers. Top off with strawberries.

Strawberry Shortcake.—Make a good biscuit crust, roll it out about a quarter of an inch thick, cut into two cakes the same size and shape, spread one over lightly with melted butter, lay the other over it, and bake in a hot oven. When done they will fall apart. Butter them well, mix the berries with plenty of sugar, and set in a warm place until needed. Spread the berries and cakes in alternate layers, berries on top, and over all spread whipped cream or charlotte russe. The juices that has run from the fruit can be sent to the table in a tureen and served with the cake as it is cut.

Jelly and Butter.—Jelly.—Cap and wash two quarts of strawberries. Cut up three stalks (large) of rhubarb into small pieces. Place in a granite or porcelain vessel with one pint of cold water. Place over fire. When cooked, pour in sieve and drain. Measure juice and place over fire. To each pint of juice allow one pint of sugar. Put sugar in jar and place in oven to heat. Stir often to prevent burning. When hot add sugar to boiling juice and cook rapidly until done. Test by dropping some in a cold saucer. Put in glasses and cover.

Butter.—Mix strawberries and rhubarb from which jelly was made and rub through sieve. To each pint of fruit add one pint of sugar. Place over fire, cook until thick; stir constantly to prevent burning. Put up same as jelly.

CHEESE.

Cheese Balls.—To one cup mild cheese add one-half cup grated bread crumbs, five drops Worcestershire sauce, and one egg well beaten; mix well and roll into small balls; place in wire basket and fry in hot lard to a delicate brown.

Cheese Ramekins.—Four tablespoons grated cheese, four tablespoons butter, one-half cup of cream, three eggs, pepper and salt. Cook cheese, cream, butter, and seasoning until smooth. Add eggs, well beaten. Fill the ramekins three-fourths full and bake six minutes. Serve hot.

As Seasoning.—Let the left over pieces of cheese get hard, grate, and keep in covered dish, and use with spaghetti or macaroni, with potatoes au gratin, or any dish which will be improved by a sprinkling of cheese.

Cheese Delight.—Toast and butter four pieces of bread and lay in baking dish (casserole), cover with a half pound of grated cheese, then make a cream sauce of butter, one tablespoon, one tablespoon flour, one and one-half cups of rich milk, salt, pepper and dash of red pepper; pour over the toast and cheese and bake about fifteen minutes.

COOKIES.

Molasses Cookies.—Two and one half cups sugar, two cups molasses one tablespoon ginger, one table spoon cloves, one tablespoon cinnamon. Let this come to a boil. When cool stir in four eggs and one tablespoon soda, and flour enough to roll out next day. Moderate oven.

Spice Cookies.—Cream together two and one-half cups of sugar, one half cup of butter; add to this two eggs, one cup seeded raisins chop ped fine, one-half teaspoon soda one teaspoon ginger, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon allspice, one teaspoon cinnamon, two cups flour. Bake in moderate oven.

CORNMEAL.

New Use for Cornmeal.—To keep your hands smooth and white, do not buy lotions and cold cream, but try plain cornmeal, mixed with a small quantity of salt. You will find it is most effective.

Gasoline and Cornmeal.—Dip a stiff brush in gasoline, then in cornmeal, and rub over any soiled worsted garment. You will be surprised to see how beautifully it will clean and freshen it. It also removes spots from rugs and draperies.

ASPARAGUS ON TOAST.

In preparing asparagus wash first, then each piece must be handled separately to test it and take off the tough end where the stalk will break easily, but do not cut it. The tender parts may be left whole or cut into half inch pieces and boiled in salted water until tender. The tips will soften in ten or fifteen minutes, so it is best not to put them in the boiling water until the rest has been boiling for twenty minutes. In another pan heat some milk or cream, and into this drain the liquid from the asparagus. Thicken with butter and flour. Cut square pieces of toasted bread, dip them into the cream gravy, and lay them on a hot platter. Add the asparagus to the remainder of the gravy and pour over the toast. The tough ends can be used for soup, or they can be boiled for a half an hour, skimmed out, and thrown away and the water used for boiling the rest of it.

NOVEL HINTS.

Powdered magnesia will effectually remove grease stains.

When cooking spinach cook in a cheese-cloth bag, easily lifted and drained dry.

Pad the ironing board on both sides. Use one side for white goods; the other for colored.

A teaspoonful of glycerine added to the rinse water makes woolen blankets come out like new.

Clean the rust off the wire clothes line with a woolen cloth dipped first in kerosene, then in sand soap.

To insure finely flavored coffee beat the dry ground coffee before adding boiling water.

A soft finish will be given your chamois cloths after washing by running them through the clothes wringer.

When preparing meringue add one-half teaspoon of baking powder to each, beaten white of egg. Will be wonderfully improved.

When shortening a long coat of dark color use a white dress skirt when trying on. The contrast is a help in obtaining a well defined line.

Do not discard your artificial pink and red roses, but use them for dyeing the rinse water used when washing faded pink stockings, ribbons, or dresses.

Hint for opening fruit jars. Instead of prying open with a knife, just hold jar top in warm water for a minute; you will be surprised how easy lid will come off and besides will avoid cutting your hands, as oftentimes has happened.

The Shawville Boot and Shoe Store

WE SELL THE BEST SHOES

In the World for the Money.

We do not confine ourselves to one line but select only the best out of the best lines . . . in the country . . .

If better Shoes were made we would have them.

We sell only the kind of goods we can stand back of and say: "Your money back if you want it."

Come and see for Yourself.

P. E. SMILEY

Child portraits by us are childlike, just as our portraits of adults possess strength and character.

Local and District.

Quite a number of young people, formerly residents of Shawville, attended the celebration here on Victoria Day.

Last Sunday was a top-notch in the heat line. The mercury climbed to 93 in the shade during the afternoon.

Thousands of dollars' damage was done in the township of Torbolton by the thunder storm of May 22nd.

Mr. W. N. Dauley has succeeded in forming a strong company to develop his recently discovered marble deposits near Portage du Fort.

Parties who owe for job work executed at this office are requested to settle up without delay. We wish to put our jobbing business on the pay-as-you-enter plan.

The storm of Sunday afternoon destroyed buildings belonging to two farmers in Upper Litchfield, whose names we did not learn. The destruction was caused by lightning.

Calumet Island and Campbells Bay experienced a heavy hail-storm on Tuesday of last week. Fortunately there was not much wind at the time, or considerable damage would have resulted.

The annual Bible Society meeting will be held in the Methodist church on Sunday next June 4th at 10.30 a. m. All are invited to attend and "help on this essential inter-denominational enterprise." A liberal collection is expected. See posters.

We understand that Ramsay's Paints have been made in Canada for seventy years and in that time have been brought to the highest state of perfection for Canadian houses. When we paint, let us have the best for our town and country homes. Ask W. A. Hodgins to show you Ramsay's Paints.

WORTH KNOWING.—I can supply you with good-fitting, stylish clothing, made to order of the best materials, by the Crown Tailoring Co., of Toronto, at 20 per cent below local prices. A trial order will convince you of this fact. I will be at the Pontiac House, Shawville, every Saturday till June 24th, with fine line of samples, and prepared to take orders.

Mr. George McCord, of North Clarendon suffered the loss of four milch cows and three yearling heifers, from lightning on Sunday afternoon, during a heavy thunder-storm which swept over that section about three o'clock. The cattle were huddled together in a corner of the pasture when the bolt struck them. He discovered the dead animals some time later. We sympathise with Mr. McCord in his loss, which is at this particular season is a heavy one.

It is said that the plans for the construction of the Georgian Bay canal proposes the construction of a power dam at Schneaux Rapids 40 feet in height, the effect of which will be to deaden the water for some distance above the village of Portage du Fort, and hence neutralize the water power at that place. This is said to be the reason why the C. N. R. people have abandoned the idea of crossing the river at Consineau's Point, and are now looking for a crossing above the village.

It was remarked in last week's issue that after the storm of Monday evening, (which destroyed the farm buildings of Mr. Bert Hodgins of Yarm) that a bright reflection was seen in the east, indicating that a big fire was in progress in that quarter. Intelligence reached here on Tuesday of the destruction by lightning of the R. C. Church, presbytery and convent at Masham, and it was the reflection from that fire that our citizens noted, although many miles distant.

Parish of Thorne and Leslie.

SUNDAY SERVICES,
St. James, Leslie, 10.30 a. m.
St. Stephen's Greermount, 4 p. m.
St. George's Thorne Centre, 10.30 a. m.
St. Matthew's North Clarendon, 3 p. m.
MR. R. B. STEVENSON,
Student Lay Reader.
REV. CHARLES REID,
Incumbent.

Clarendon Parish.

Hours of Service,
ST. PAUL'S, SHAWVILLE:—
Thursday, May 25th (Ascension Day),
7.30 p. m. Address by Rev. Mr. Seaman.
Sunday School 9.30 a. m.
Morning Prayer 10.30 a. m.
Evening Prayer 7.30 p. m.
Holy Communion 1st and 3rd Sunday
in each month.
HOLY TRINITY, RADFORD:—
Sunday, 3 p. m., except last Sunday in
month.
YARM:—
Evening Prayer 3 p. m., last Sunday in
each month.
WM. J. ELLIS.

The 24th Celebration.

The Prize Winners.

Boys' foot race,—1 Anson Horner, 2 Vivian Gough, 3 Hilton Findlay.
Fat man's race,—1 John Hughes, Wm. Hodgins and F. W. Thomas, divid second money.
Sack race,—1 Selsley Dale, 2 Frank Alexander, 3 Gerald Hodgins.
High jump,—Milton McGuire, 4ft 4in; Henry Howard and Harry Horner divide second money, 4ft. 3in.
High pole leap,—1 Hiram Smiley, 6ft. 4in.; 2 Lorne Armstrong, 6ft.; 1 a saw-off for 3rd place F. A. Horner jumps 6ft. 8in.
Running broad jump,—1 F. A. Horner, 16ft. 1in.; 2 Milton McGuire, 15ft. 11in.; 4 A. H. Horner, 15 ft. 7in.
Hop step and leap,—1 Milton McGuire, 35ft. 11in.; 2 Herman Lester, 35ft. 7in.; 3 F. A. Horner, 35ft. 4in.
Saddle horse,—1 Lawrence Hynes.
Gentleman's outfit,—1 R. L. Whitman, 2 R. J. Hamilton.
Farmers' race,—1 Lorne Armstrong, 2 Joe Kilgour, 3 Chas. Chamberlain.
Free for all—1 B. Conn, 2 C. Caldwell, 3 Alf Howard.
Mile foot race,—1 James Turcotte, 2 Henry Howard, 3 Claude Shaw.
Throwing the discs,—1 Lorne Armstrong, 67ft. 3in.; 2 Norval Kilgour, 58ft. 6in.; 3 Milton McGuire, 56ft. 2in.
Boys' race,—1 Bert Horner, 2 Kenneth Armstrong, 3 Ervin Hamilton.
Girls' foot race,—1 Lillian Hodgins, 2 Marjorie Hodgins, 3 Emma Hammond.
Putting 16lb. shot,—1 Norval Kilgour, 29ft. 10in.; 2 James Turcotte, 29ft. 5in.; 3 Garet Walsh, 29ft. 5in.
Throwing 56lb. weight,—1 James Turcotte, 21ft. 3in.; 2 Norval Kilgour, 19ft. 10in.; 3 Thos. Argue, 19ft. 3in.
Best single roadster,—R. L. Whitman.
Best single carriage,—R. J. Hamilton.

For Service:

Pure bred Holstein bull. Service fee \$1.00. Also a Chesterwhite hog. Service fee \$1.00.
A. McKnight, Radford.

Hot Weather Suits

A very nice selection of GREY SUITINGS in stock now.—Nothing to beat them for Summer wear. They are cool and comfortable and do not shew the dust.

A. E. BOURKE - MERCHANT TAILOR.

Parisian Sage—An Ideal Hair Tonic.

Parisian Sage is compounded on the most advanced scientific principles, and nothing on the market today can compare with it. It accomplishes so much more than the ordinary tonics and does it so quickly that users are astonished.

Parisian Sage kills the dandruff germs and eradicates dandruff, stops falling hair, itching of the scalp and splitting hairs in two weeks or we will refund your money.

Parisian Sage gives a fascinating lustre to women's hair and makes it beautiful. It makes the hair grow luxuriantly; it is the daintiest and most refreshing hair dressing that science has produced, and has not a particle of grease or stickiness in it. Parisian Sage costs 50 cents at your druggist or postpaid from the proprietors, the Giroux Mfg. Co., Fort Erie, Ont. The girl with the Auburn hair is on every package.

The Habit.
Boy—Got any pickles?
Grocer—No, but I've got something just as good.
Boy—What is it?
Grocer—Some good rubber hose.—
Boston Herald.

HELPING THE SLEUTHS

MONTREAL HAS A FINE MEDICO-LEGAL LABORATORY.

Doctors McTaggart and Dugas of the Quebec Attorney-General's Department Spend Most of Their Time Unravelling Mysteries, Examining Bloodstains and Making Analysis For Poison—Solved Pope Riddle.

There are few cities ahead of Montreal in the completeness of the medico-legal departments connected with the detection of crime and pursuit of the criminal. This department is a part of the Attorney-General's office, but all the work is done in Montreal, and the great majority of the cases come from the city.

A little of the interior workings of this department, the heads of which are Dr. McTaggart and Dr. Dugas, were revealed by the investigation into the Pope case, Pope being the merchant of Bromptonville who disappeared leaving a coat and hat covered with blood. It was the medico-legal department which showed that the man had not been murdered. After a series of long and difficult experiments it was shown that the blood which had flowed so profusely was not that of a man, but one of the lower animals.

Few people appreciate the real value of this department. Few know what it is, how the work is done and what an aid it is to the detectives. All the stories of detectives which have of late years flooded the market have been of the Central Office man or the private sleuth who tracks down his man in various impossible ways. The modern criminal has more than his detective office to fear. He has to pit himself against the research and investigation of years by some of the cleverest scientists who have made seemingly impossible things possible. Many of these men are never heard of, outside the select circle who watch their work.

Ten years ago, a group of such scientists in Germany, headed by one, Wasserman, ended a series of experiments which made it absolutely possible to distinguish human bloodstains. Hitherto there had been tests but they had never made the result a certainty. The serum test, as it is known, is the last word. It is absolute.

The experiments which are usually made to discover whether stains are of human blood number six. They are:
1. Gross examination.
2. Microscopical examination.
3. Gylac test.
4. Haemin test.
5. Spectroscopic test.
6. Serum test.

The gross examination requires an intimate knowledge of the manner in which it coagulates and the changes in appearance which are visible to the naked eye, such as changes in color. Iron rust very frequently resembles dried blood, but it seldom presents a dark red and glazed appearance. Knives used to cut acid fruits may present dark reddish stains, but these contain vegetable cells colored with iron salts. By the microscope, which is the second test the absence of red blood cells is noted. This entails a knowledge of the comparative morphology of cells and the process of staining them properly for examination.

A. E. RICHARDSON, B.S.C.

Licensed Auctioneer
For the Co. of Pontiac
SHAWVILLE - - - QUE.

Auctions conducted in any part of the county on reasonable terms.

NOTICE.

Annual Picnic

The annual Picnic of the Farmers' Club of Thorne will be held in

Bretzloff's Grove
at Ladysmith, on
Wednesday, June 14th.

Posters will be issued later.
All cordially invited,
THOS. J. MCKEE,
Secretary.

House and Lot for Sale.

One two-story frame building, (new) with one acre of good land on the outskirts of Fort Coulonge. Price \$400 as follows \$200 cash and \$200 on easy terms. Write or apply to DAVID FROST, Fort Coulonge, Que.

A portion is scraped off with a clean knife. This substance is transferred to a glass slide. To this should be added one or two drops of a fluid which will isolate the coherent cells and tend to restore their original form. The specimen then is covered with a cover-glass.

There are various fluids used to isolate the coherent cells. When they are isolated the cells are measured. At one time this measurement was the one way in which human blood cells were distinguished from those of other mammals. The determination of the size of these cells was for long one of the most essential as well as difficult problems of the medico-legal department. This test, however, has been reduced to a secondary position since the introduction of the serum test, as being much less certain. In extremely minute stains, however, it is the only practicable test.

By the gross and microscopical examination the investigator should be fairly certain whether the stain is that of blood or not. To make certainly surer, however, there is the gylacum test. The substance under examination is treated with gylacum and old oil of turpentine. If it gives a blue color it is quite safe to assume that it is blood.

There is still a further test and this is a standard one, the haemin test. It depends on the formation of certain characteristic crystals of haemin. These crystals cannot be mistaken for any other object in nature occurring under the same conditions. The method followed is to take a small portion of the substance, supposed to be blood and place it on a glass slide. It is then moistened with a drop of 8 per cent solution of common salt or a dilute solution of iodide of potassium. By a gentle heat the mixture is dried. A cover glass is then put on and a drop of glacial acetic acid is run under the glass. The specimen is then gently heated until bubbles of acid appear, at which temperature it is held until the acid is slowly and completely evaporated. By this procedure the blood pigment is dissolved by the acid, and combined by the chlorine of the salt to form the hydrochloride or the anhydride of haemetin which crystallizes on evaporation.

But it is not only in the testing of blood that Dr. McTaggart performs interesting experiments. The examination of the tissues and contents of the stomach for poison entail many intricate and delicate experiments.

William Henry Harrison.
President William Henry Harrison's inauguration day was dark and foreboding. The new president rode on horseback in a two hour procession through the streets of the city, after which he stood for another exposed, without cloak or overcoat, to a keen, chilling wind while delivering his inaugural address. When night came he was very much exhausted, but he seemed to recover from the effect of this exposure, and the new administration was launched with Daniel Webster at the helm as secretary of state. The president was besieged with office seekers, and he overworked and was soon stricken with a chill which speedily developed into pneumonia. On the 4th of April, half an hour after midnight, Harrison was dead, his last words being, "May the principles of government be carried out."

T. W. WILSON & CO. SPECIALS:

D and A Corsets (Directoire) Garters attached
Regular \$1.00 and \$1.25, this week 90c
Regular 75c and 85c, this week 65c

Men's Fine Negligee Shirts, nice patterns
Regular \$1.00 for 85c; regular 75c for 65c
A good, strong Work Shirt for . . . 50c

Men's Tweed Pants, regular \$1.85 for . . . \$1.50

Save from \$2.00 to \$4.00 on that new Spring Suit by buying here.

Expenses Low. Low Prices.

T. W. WILSON & CO.

P. S. - Dress Goods our Special Line.

G. W. DALE

PRACTICAL TINSMITH

SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT

We are now prepared to supply customers with the following articles:—

Sap Cans, Sap Pans,
Sap Rollers, 1 gal. Syrup Cans,
Factory Milk Cans.

An experienced mechanic employed to do all kinds of roofing, pipe fitting, etc. Clearing out Sale at Half Price of all Old Stock.

CENTRE ST., - - SHAWVILLE.

AN ACCOMMODATING PLACE

NEARLY EVERYTHING YOU NEED AT HOWARD'S

Just run Your Eye over this List:

- Carriages by five different manufacturers,
- Farm Implements of all kinds,
- Daisy and Favorite Churns,
- Bluebell Cream Separators,
- Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines,
- Washers, (several makes), Wringers,
- Harness and Horse Furnishings,
- A variety of Small Wares.

A chance to supply you with anything in above will be appreciated.

Agent for Steam Threshers and Autocars.
Buying and selling Horses a specialty.

G. A. HOWARD

Corner of Main and Centre Streets, Shawville

The People's SASH AND DOOR FACTORY

SHAWVILLE, QUE.

H. T. ARGUE - - - PROPRIETOR

(Successor to McDowell, Wilson & Dale)

Manufacturer of all kinds of

Doors, Sash, Mouldings, Turnings,
Rough and Dressed Lumber, &c.

Custom and Shingle Sawing.

Good Logs of all kinds taken

Stylish Clothing Just Received!

A full Stock of . . .

Men's and Boy's Suits,
Spring and Fall Overcoats.

Latest Patterns,
Stylish Make,
Well Tailored,
AT LOWEST PRICES.

Before you buy your Suits call and see this up-to-date Clothing.

LOUIS HERMAN, Main St., SHAWVILLE