

The Stanstead Journal.

VOL. LVII—No. 38.

ROCK ISLAND, (STANSTEAD) P. Q., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1902.

WHOLE No. 2953.

New Silk Waists, New Wool Waists, New Coats, New
Capes, New Suits, New Skirts, New Hats,
New Dress Goods, New Waist
Materials.

Are here for inspection and for sale. We don't know of another store this
side of the City of Montreal that gives you such a choice Stock to choose
from. Not only that, but we can save you money.
If you've any floor coverings to buy, it will surely pay you to see our stock.
The new fall carpets are here.

GILMAN & COMPANY, Newport.

Sorosis Shoes \$3.50. Boardman Shoes \$2.50

A. G. CLOUGH COMBINATION

Ayer's Flat - North Hatley - Sherbrooke.

Car Sugar arrived at Sherbrooke on Tuesday—sold entire Car one day except
the reserve for our RETAIL STORES

28 - 28 - 28 lbs for \$1.00.

Car Corn 75c. Bushel. 10 Bushels, 73c. Bushel. Corn Meal \$1.39. By Ton, \$1.35.

ROYAL PATENT AND DUPLEX ARE THE FLOURS.

2nd Case of 32-inch Flannelette in. 3,000 yds. more, regular 10c. for 7c. Nar-
row one 4 1/2c.

Unpacking new Dress Goods \$1.25, \$1.00, 75c., 50c., 35c. They are the STYLE.
STYLISH PEOPLE will wear them THIS SEASON.

Departmental Store Catalogues matched in price on any line.

The new Table Linen \$1.25, 75c., 50c., 40c. a yard. Napkins, \$2.50, \$1.25 and
\$1.00 a dozen.

FREE, FREE with purchase--absolutely FREE.

FLANNELETTE, TOWELLING, GINGHAMS, CANNED SALMON, ETC.

TOWN TOPICS.

Mrs. S. Ray went last week to visit
friends in Montreal.

Mrs. Read and children are spending
a few days in Montreal.

Dr. and Mrs. J. E. C. Tomkins were
in Montreal a few days this week.

Try Abbey's 18 cent coffee and 25
cent tea. They will surely suit you.

Mr. J. B. Goodhue is away duck
shooting in the vicinity of D'Israeli.

Mrs. Geo. W. Bixby is spending a
few days with her sister, Mrs. C. O.
Brigham.

Mrs. W. A. Bond of Toronto is the
guest of her daughter, Miss Florence
McKelvie.

Messrs. A. O. Norton and W. L.
Shurtleff of Coaticook were in Stan-
stead on business yesterday.

Miss Mamie Lunt has gone, with a
party from Newport, on a few days'
trip to Burlington and Sheldon Springs.

Sidewalks were among the things
"Broadbrim" found to admire at Rock
Island. The reason why is easy—he
lives in Montreal.

Miss Gertrude Billings returned
yesterday from Massachusetts where
she has been visiting relatives for the
past two months.

It is announced that the marriage
of Miss Florence McKelvie of this
place and Mr. W. R. Watts of Toronto
will take place in the Congregational
Church next Wednesday.

Mrs. John G. Foster arrived home
from Halifax on Monday, coming via
New Bedford, Mass., where she was
the guest of her sister, Mrs. (Capt.) A.
G. Berry for several days.

Hon. M. F. Hackett will be the can-
didate of the Conservative party in
the forthcoming election. Mr. Hack-
ett has publicly expressed his inten-
tion of accepting the nomination of
the party which will, of course, be
tendered to him again.

Mrs. Maxime Malouin an old resident
of Stanstead, died Sunday night at
the home of her son, Henry Malouin. Her
death was due to cancer, which had
caused her much suffering. The funeral
took place at the R. C. Church yester-
day. Deceased was 68 years of age
and leaves six sons and one daughter,
her husband having died some ten
years ago.

The contract for the new R. C. Boys'
High School building has not yet been
awarded. A number of bids were re-
ceived at such widely different prices
that the committee is taking a little
time to ascertain the cause for such a
difference, and the plans are again be-
ing gone over. It is expected how-
ever that the contract will be let this
week and that the building will yet be
ready for occupancy at the time set.

"Building Lots for Sale!" Nobody
ever expected to see such a sign in
that place. The location is on the
main street directly opposite the Col-
lege grounds. A few years ago a man
would have been paralyzed by the
sight of such a sign. It is a hard blow
to those who claimed that no amount
of money would buy a desirable lot at
this end of the Plain. The property
in question is a part of "Sunnyside"
farm which was sold by the Messrs.
Butters to Mr. Montie a few years ago
and now Mr. Montie is willing to turn
a few lots into cash.

TOWN TOPICS.

Dr. A. R. Douglas returned to Mont-
real today.

Fresh fruit and vegetables arriving
daily at Abbey's store.

Mr. H. C. Hunter of New York was
in Stanstead last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O'Rourke were
in Montreal over Sunday.

Mr. L. S. Channell of the *Sherbrooke
Daily Record* was in town on Tuesday.

A new line of handsome Ladies'
Flannelette Wrappers at Abbey's
Store.

Mrs. Wm. Jondro, Mrs. Pulsifer and
the Misses West are away on a visit
to Danville, Vt.

Miss Annie B. Allard returned yester-
day from Boston with a new line of
fall hats. Call and see them.

Miss Hattie McDuffee has been en-
gaged to teach the district school at
Stanstead Plain which re-opened last
week.

Messrs. Isaac and Wm. Malouin of
Laconia, N. H., Nelson Malouin of Bos-
ton and Mrs. Emma Morrell of Kings-
ley are in Stanstead, having been called
here by the death of their mother, Mrs.
Maxime Malouin.

Mr. L. A. Lanctot, the pioneer Rock
Island barber, has returned from his
vacation with all the latest wrinkles in
the tonsorial art. He has also received
the largest and best line of picture
frame mouldings ever brought to this
place.

Services in the Congregational
Church next Sunday morning and
evening. Special attention is drawn
to the hour of service in the evening,
viz: 7 o'clock. Topic for morning ser-
vice: "The Illuminating Influence of
the Christian Disciple"; for the even-
ing: "What is Life?" Sunday School
at the close of the morning services.
All cordially welcome.

Yesterday evening a quiet wedding
took place at the home of Mrs. Clarke
P. Nason, the contracting parties be-
ing her brother, Mr. Herbert W.
Rogers, formerly of Fitch Bay, and
Miss Hattie Esterbrooks of Wakefield,
Mass. The ceremony was performed
by the Rev. G. Ellery Read. Mr. and
Mrs. Rogers intend leaving shortly
for New Glasgow, N. S., where Mr.
Rogers will engage in business.

The Stewart-Haskell Memorial Li-
brary will not be opened this winter.
This decision was reached by the
donors only a few days ago. While
there has been some delay in con-
struction work the building might be
rushed through and completed, but
with unseasoned wood in the walls
plastering would not likely dry sat-
isfactorily, and besides the season
of short days and poor light is not the
best time for doing the frescoing and
putting on other finishing touches.
These considerations have influenced
the donors to a certain extent but
the knowledge that there is little
prospect of getting electric light from
Charleston this season and the fact
that no coal is to be had were of still
more importance. Slate is now be-
ing laid on the roof and it is expected
that the exterior of the building will
be completed within the next six
weeks. The grounds will also be
properly graded this fall.

TOWN TOPICS.

Station Agent H. A. Beerworth and
family, left on Tuesday morning for
Montreal. Before returning they will
visit friends in Clarenceville and
Burlington remaining two weeks.
Mr. W. A. Lynn now has charge of
the Rock Island and Derby Line sta-
tion, while Mr. Marshall, formerly of
the Smith's Mills station, is acting as
assistant.

Mr. Leon Norris and Miss Nellie
Bushnell of this place were married at
the R. C. Church on Monday morning,
Rev. Father Cordeau performing the
ceremony. Miss Gertrude Wheeler
acted as bridesmaid while Mr. John
Bushnell officiated as "best man".
The happy couple left on the morn-
ing train for bath, N. H., and will also
visit the groom's former home in Sut-
ton, Que., before returning. The
groom has been in the employ of But-
terfield & Co., for several years, and
is well known here. The bride is the
youngest daughter of Mr. Eli Bushnell
an old resident of this place.

"Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, president of
the Woman's Republican Association
of the United States, who was sent on
the part of the government as a dele-
gate to the international Red Cross
Congress, held at St. Petersburg, has
just returned after a summer abroad,
rich in unique experience," says a
Washington paper. Mrs. Foster, who
is a sister of Mrs. C. W. Pierce of Stan-
stead, had the pleasure of an audience
with the czar, zarina and dowager
empress, and met many noble person-
ages not only in Russia, but in
Italy, Switzerland, France and Eng-
land, in which countries she has been
traveling since last April. Mrs. Foster
had but a few days in Washington,
being compelled to start for Idaho on
Friday to make a speaking tour of that
state.

Mr. S. L. Jones, who has been man-
ager of the Dominion Bank here since
the opening of the Stanstead Branch a
little over a year ago, has been re-
moved. We understand that the re-
moval is in the nature of a promotion
and that he is going to a larger place,
but just where has not yet been an-
nounced. Mr. P. B. Tucker, formerly
teller at the Stanstead branch, has
been promoted to the post of manager
while Mr. B. K. Thompson has been
advanced to Mr. Tucker's place. Mr.
L. T. Merriman, formerly of the cus-
toms service and a well-known resi-
dent of Stanstead, has entered the
bank, succeeding Mr. Thompson. Mr.
Jones was a capable and popular of-
ficial whose departure will be univer-
sally regretted. His successor is,
however, in every way worthy of the
additional trust, and not only the pat-
rons of the bank but the citizens gen-
erally are pleased by his promotion.

GEORGEVILLE.

Mount Orford Lodge No. 48, A. F. &
A. M., attended service at the Epis-
copal Church last Sunday. A. M.
Brethren from Magog and Stanstead
were present. Rev. Mr. Forsythe of
Middlebury, Vt., a member of the or-
der, preached the sermon. Music was
furnished by the Fitch Bay Brass
Band.

Mr. A. W. Bullock is taking his va-
cation. He has gone to Boston and
will visit New York and various other
places of interest before his return.

Mrs. Chas. Mosher and son of Con-
cord, Mass., were visiting at the home
of her father, Mr. John Camber re-
cently. Her sister, Miss Blanche
Camber, accompanied her on her re-
turn.

Mrs. James McGowan of Providence
R. I., and her sister, Miss Thompson
of Lyndonville, Vt., were here a few
days ago visiting friends.

The members of the St. Francis
Medical Association, among whom
was Dr. Fournier, called here last
Wednesday on their trip from Magog
to Owl's Head and return. Mr. J. P.
Talbot's launch, the "Clipper," took
them on the excursion.

There was a slight frost last Mon-
day morning which did no damage
here but in low lands it was quite se-
vere as was the one some ten days
ago.

Mr. George W. Clark of Somerville,
Mass., is here on a visit and is also
making some repairs on the house
where Mrs. Clark lives.

HEATHTON.

Mr. E. W. Horne and daughter of
Sherbrooke were the guests of Mr.
and Mrs. W. W. Heath the first of the
week.

Miss Auger of Stanstead was the
guest of Miss Mary Heath recently.
Miss E. E. Locke is quite ill at
present. She is attended by Dr. Wal-
dron.

Another new stock of ladies' and
children's boots and shoes at Abbey's
store.

BEEBE PLAIN.

Mr. E. J. Tinker of Island Pond
spent two or three days in the place
the first of the week, the guest of re-
latives and friends.

Daniel Bissell was in Sherbrooke
Tuesday on business. Mr. Bissell is a
frequent visitor to the above city
where we believe he has business in-
terests.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Bodwell were
in Knowlton for a couple of days the
first of the week visiting relatives and
friends.

Miss Grace House, daughter of Geo.
House, left on Wednesday for Boston
where she intends remaining for a few
weeks, the guest of relatives and
friends.

Mrs. Harry Jenkins is staying at the
farm, assisting in caring for Harry's
mother, who, we regret to say, re-
mains seriously ill but very little
change being noticed from week to
week.

Mrs. Luther House is reported quite
seriously sick at this writing.

The new sheds at the Methodist
Church are completed and present a
very fine appearance. They certainly
will be a great convenience.

Mr. and Mrs. Coburn have returned
from their bridal trip and are stay-
ing at Mrs. Coburn's father's, Mr. Ash-
man's.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Woodward and
child are spending a few days with
relatives and friends at Fitch Bay and
vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Bayley went to
Coventry on Saturday last to attend
the funeral of Mr. Bayley's uncle, Mr.
Luke Day. Mr. Day was a prominent
and highly respected man in the town
in which he has lived for many years.
He had many friends in Stanstead
who will regret to hear of his death.

Mrs. Hearle and little Bruce are
spending the week at North Hatley,
guests at the Valley House.

Charlie Whitcher of Sherbrooke
spent Sunday at his home here. He
is very much pleased with his work in
Sherbrooke.

Mrs. Hearley of Lowell, Mass., has
been spending a few days in the place,
the guest of relatives and friends.
Mrs. Hearley who was Jennie Morris-
sette, lived in the village for several
years and has many friends here who
are always glad to see her.

John Tylor, section foreman on the
Smith's Mills section, has moved from
J. W. Elder's Martin house on Rock
Island St., into a tenement of Harry
House's at Stanstead Junction.

Mrs. Moses Blake who spent last
week at her brother's, Mr. Moses
Blount's, Griffin, returned to her home
at her daughter's, Mrs. E. G. Bod-
well's, on Saturday. We regret to re-
port Mrs. Blake in very poor health.

Mr. Francis Pocock is spending a
few days at his home here.

Miss Annie Tinker, youngest daugh-
ter of Mr. E. J. Tinker, who has been
spending the summer with relatives
and friends in the place, returned to
her home in East Milton, Mass., on
Wednesday last.

Mr. C. H. McClintock was in Sher-
brooke Tuesday last on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Bissett of Holyoke,
Mass., are guests of Mr. and Mrs.
Harley Holbrook for a few days at
present.

Mrs. R. S. Brown and Mrs. C. H.
McClintock spent Tuesday with Mrs.
Hearle at the Valley House, North
Hatley.

Mr. B. F. Knight and daughter Ruth
who spent a week or ten days in To-
ronto visiting relatives and taking in
the great fair, returned home on Sat-
urday last. Mr. Knight speaks very
enthusiastically of the exhibition. He
says without doubt it is the most ex-
tensive and finest on the continent.
It should be more liberally patronized
by Eastern Townships people, as the
display of livestock and products of
the earth and factories are doubtless
far superior to anything ever wit-
nessed by many of them. The ex-
pense is no barrier, as Mr. Knight in-
forms us a round trip ticket costs but
eight dollars and the charges at hotels
and boarding houses are very moder-
ate.

SOUTH BARNSTON.

The Ladies Aid will be entertained
Saturday of this week by Mrs. Byron
Kezar.

The annual meeting of the A. C.
church will be held on Saturday, the
7th, at 2.30 P. M. for the election of
officers and other business.

FITCH BAY.

Evangelist S. Clarke will preach at
the Advent Church next Saturday at
7.45 P. M., also on Sunday at 10.30 A.
M. and 7.15 P. M. All are cordially
invited. There was a large attend-
ance at the services last Sunday, both
morning and evening.

W. W. TRUE.

E. C. BLANCHARD.

J. R. AKIN.



Elegant stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware always. We
want your Trade.

TRUE & BLANCHARD CO.

MASSAWIPPI.

Miss I. Kezar is home from N. York,
(where she is in training for a nurse)
to take a two or three weeks rest.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Pierce, who reside
in the West, are visiting relatives
about here. They are at Mr. Badger's
at present.

Mr. Wm. Hurd is under the care of
Dr. Brown. He is not confined to his
bed all of the time and seems improv-
ing today. (Tuesday).

Mr. H. Colt and wife were at Ascot
over Sunday.

Mrs. Louis Hovey is now caring for
Mrs. S. Bean who is very ill.

The many friends and relatives of
Mrs. George LeBaron Ayer, will learn
with sorrow of her death in Sherbrooke
on Monday, at the residence of her
daughter, Mrs. R. Bradley. She had
been in poor health of late years, and
especially during this summer. Her
age was sixty-seven. She leaves a
husband and two daughters, and five
grandchildren to mourn for a true
wife and loving mother, besides many
near relatives; also two brothers, Mr.
Nelson LeBaron of Barnston and Mr.
Russell LeBaron of Holyoke, Mass.
She was a daughter of James LeBaron
and Cynthia Bowen, and was born and
brought up in Barnston; married Mr.
George Ayer some forty years ago; re-
sided in Italy several years, then in
Birchton, Eaton, and for several years
past in Sherbrooke, where the funeral
took place on Wednesday at 2 o'clock.

The marriage of Miss G. Robinson to
Mr. Willie Hunting, took place at her
parents' here on Wednesday of last
week and was like many home wed-
dings, quiet and pretty. Flowers were
seen in profusion; a bell covered with
them hung over the happy couple who
were united by the Rev. Murray of
Hatley, surrounded by members of both
families and guests to the number of
thirty-five. The bride was sweet-
dressed in white, and her bridesmaid,
Miss B. St. Dizier, was in pink. Each
carried bouquets to match. Mrs. B.
Kezar rendered the Wedding March in
true wedding style, brightly and
cheerfully. After the ceremony, a
sumptuous repast was served, and
then the newly married couple hid
them away for a week's trip to Lake
Willoughby and vicinity. They will re-
side for the present in the Mill House.

Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, and Mr. and
Mrs. Fred Elliott have been guests at
Mr. Sam'l Robinson's for several days
past.

Mr. James Harvey and wife have
lately visited his parents here.

Miss Victoria Ives of Stanstead vis-
ited Miss A. Hitchcock over Sunday.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs.
Lyford Call, on Wednesday Sept. 24th,
and remain by her invitation to tea.

Miss Eunice Edson returned from
West Derby on Wednesday.

COMPTON.

Our esteemed station agent, Mr. W.
E. Ladd, is out of town enjoying his
annual holiday.

King's Hall has reopened after the
mid-summer holidays with an in-
creased attendance and it is expected
that the school is upon the threshold
of a most successful year. The model
school under the principalship of Mr.
Lewis Sayer, has also a large attend-
ance and good results are anticipated
from this year's work.

Mr. Wharram is seriously ill with
typhoid fever.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Craig are spend-
ing a few days in St. Johnsbury with
friends.

Mr. Rollo Cray is expected home on
Saturday.

Mr. Q. Bliss Henderson of Toronto,
has arrived in Compton on a visit to
his grandparents.

The R. C. school has reopened with
Miss Bureau in charge.

Mr. Lewis St. Laurent has entered
a law office in Quebec.

Fresh confectionary of the choicest
kinds from Ganong Bros. at Abbey's
store.

If Exact Time

Is what you require of your watch
you had better get your repair
work done at

True & Blanchard Co.'s,
NEWPORT, VT.

Repair work done there is not
expensive but it is done right.
Expensive knowledge and skill are
put to the best possible use on all
Watch, Clock and Jewelry repair-
ing entrusted to their care. Every
piece of work guaranteed.

Elegant stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware always. We
want your Trade.

TRUE & BLANCHARD CO.

MAGOG.

Mr. Oscar Drew, of Boston is visiting
friends in town.

Mr. B. Verity has returned home
from his vacation.

Miss Grace M. Horner is visiting
friends in Danville for a couple of
weeks.

Mr. Jas. Fish is spending a month
with friends in Montreal.

Miss Ruth Whitehead left last week
for Sylvester, Beauce Co., where she
will teach school the present year.

Quite a number from here attended
the Exhibition at Toronto last week.
A very pleasant meeting of the
W.C.T.U. was held at the home of Miss
Bachelard on Tuesday.

The Harvest Home services will be
held in the Methodist Church on Sun-
day and Monday next. The Rev. Mr.
Howitt of Stanstead is expected to be
present. Supper will be served in the
basement on Monday evening.

Another sad drowning accident oc-
curred here on Wednesday of last week,
when Mrs. M. S. Graham, a widow
lady, who has been stopping at the
Fairview Hotel, was drowned in the
river. She came from Montreal and
being in poor health was tenderly
cared for by her two daughters. About
noon the deceased went out and her
absence was not noticed for a time.
Upon a search being made her dead
body was found in the river close to
the shore in the rear of the D.C.M.
cottages, Main st. A coroner's inquest
was held by Dr. Bowen and a verdict
of accidental drowning was rendered.
The body was taken to Montreal for
burial.

CASSVILLE.

Mr. Nelson Bartlett of Boston,
Mass., made a short visit amongst his
friends here last week.

Eva Thompson left for Somerville
with Miss Gladys Libbey a few days
ago.

Mrs. F. W. Locke has sold her farm
during her stay here this summer.
Trust that we shall not lose sight of
her although her interest be some-
what lessened here through the trans-
action.

Mr. John Cass is boarding at Mr. L.
J. Bang's.

We were the pleased recipients of
some rare rose bushes from the gar-
den of Mrs. E. B. Gustin, last week.
They are not only noted for their
beauty, but for their antiquity, hav-
ing been brought from the States in
1800, by the ancestors of that family,
making them over one hundred years
old. We prize them, not only for
their rareness, but also for the sake of
the giver, our honored school teacher,
Mr. E. B. Gustin. Of those school
days we shall ever retain fragrant
memories. May his life's pathway as
well as that of his estimable compan-
ion be strewn with roses.

(From another correspondent.)

Our summer visitors are returning
to their homes, among the departed
are: Mrs. D. Cass and son, Miss Ivie
Smith, Mr. Charles and Misses Nina
and Olive Libbey, Miss Ethel Bartlett
and Miss Emma Morrill.

Mrs. T. Locke has sold her farm to
Frank McVay of Franklin, N. H.

We wish Mr. and Mrs. George Cur-
tis much happiness in their new home.

Miss Mabel Young from Cambridge,
Mass., is visiting her cousin, Clarence
Schoolcraft.

Misses Edna Libbey, Maria Cass and
Ruth Libbey are attending Stanstead
College.

We are sorry to part with our old
friends: Mrs. Mattie Heath, Mrs. T.
H. Locke and Miss Mary E. Thompson
who are soon to return to their city
homes.

Hark! Listen! hear the distant
chimes of wedding bells.

According to a despatch from Rome
the Vatican has definitely decided to
send Mgr. Falconio, apostolic delegate
for Canada, to Washington, as Papal
delegate to the United States.

THE THREE VILLAGES.

Their Industries, Churches, Schools and Residences.

A MONTREALER'S VIEWS.

"Broadbrim's" latest contribution to the *News*, is very complimentary, if not flattering to the "Three Villages." If we are not misinformed regarding the identity of "Broadbrim" he is a native of Stanstead County and a former student of Stanstead College—now a well-known professional man in the city of Montreal. In any case he is a gifted writer who has a happy faculty of saying pleasant things about people. The following extract is taken from Broadbrim's article:

"The Three Villages, as Stanstead Plain, Rock Island and Derby Line, Vt., are universally designated, along the south-eastern frontier, present a triune completeness of perfection to the surrounding world which it would be difficult to discover in any other communities similarly placed. The Tomfobia river, after leaving the highlands of Holland and Barnston, when just upon the point of entering the great Memphremagog Valley, makes an abrupt descent in a series of rapids, which terminate just as the boundary line is reached, after which the stream turns abruptly northward and continues a more peaceful journey through Canadian territory which it leaves only at the sharp turn at the foot of the rapids. Rock Island stretches on both sides of the stream, clinging to banks and hillsides wherever a house can be planted, and utilizing the water power to turn the wheels of its factories, although the latter have now become so extensive that steam power is preface added to supplement the original source of power. The factories of Rock Island owe their origin to the National Policy for up to the inauguration of the protective tariff, the Tomfobia had been accustomed to propel little else than the wheels of the village grist mill. The factories now are only moderately extensive but they represent a steady growth and natural development. The variety of the industries in operation is also an encouraging indication pointing to the future prosperity and growth of the town.

A tap and die factory, a whip factory, two or three boot and shoe factories were institutions which I observed in full operation, supporting a large number of operatives whose skill and intelligence are plainly of the finest rank. The factory buildings are in every case large and commodious, well painted, sufficiently lighted, and with all sanitary appointments complete and suitable. These are the features of Rock Island which at once strike the eye of a casual observer, though other and less conspicuous details of village economy might be enumerated, such as stone sidewalks, electric lights and water-works, the two latter systems being common to the three villages. The ascent from Rock Island to the village of Stanstead Plain, though short, is sufficiently arduous, and not soon to be forgotten by man or beast. But as soon as the famous "Plain Hill" is once conquered, what a panorama in full view! The whole valley of the Memphremagog opens before the eye, hemmed in at the west by the range of mountains, of which Owl's Head and Orford are conspicuous members, and rising more gently towards the east, in terraces and extensive undulations to the highlands of Barnston and Hatley. A man who has stood upon the steps of Stanstead College, which is just at the right as you reach the summit of the "Plain Hill" and has seen the sun sink beneath Owl's Head, has something to remember to the end of his days. Although familiarity may have somewhat blunted the perceptions of the local residents with regard to the beauties of their environment, there is no visitor who can fail to accord a full and spontaneous meed of praise.

Educational institutions, churches, private houses, are what one notices as the conspicuous features of the place. The Pierce Castle, the artistic Carrolcroft, the Butters mansion, Mr. S. S. S. beautiful villa, the Holmes' residence strike the eye at a glance; but the Methodist church, built of Stanstead granite upon faultless lines of architecture, is a revelation and a surprise. I have seen it many times and it grows upon me upon every and each occasion. I believe it is at least to some extent, a memorial church, but however that may be, it is sufficient to excite the amazement of city church builders.

Stanstead College, with its group of buildings, including the Bugbee Commercial, the Pierce Music Hall, and the Holmes Graded School, dominate the Plain. One discerns without difficulty that here is an educational centre, and a point for the dissemination of culture and refinement. It is a matter for profound amazement that the institution which stands here does not receive permission to train elementary teachers, and that in the surrounding townships the schools are conducted by untrained teachers, in very many instances without diplomas. The Roman Catholic church and convent are fine examples, in brick and stone of ecclesiastical architecture,

and the Anglican church, built in 1858, possesses an air of quaintness and unobtrusive dignity, which is so characteristic of edifices belonging to that communion.

Derby Line is at the right of Rock Island as you ascend the Tomfobia, as Stanstead Plain is at the left. The mission of Derby Line, apparently is to show in full flower, all that New England has been able to develop in respect to domestic architecture and home building. In this connection the names of Haskell, Butterfield, Goodhue, Caswell, Flint, Bugbee, Jondro, Foster, and a score of others come to mind. The taste and refinement which is revealed in these Derby Line homes is a sure reflection from the minds of the occupants. Mrs. Haskell, of Derby Line, is erecting a public library as a memorial to her husband and father. I understand it will be called the Stewart-Haskell Memorial. It is already half completed and the pleasing lines of the design are already evident. It will be when completed in every way worthy of the three villages which it is designed to serve. It stands apparently just upon the international boundary, a pledge of international amity and friendship; for the fortunes of Derby Line, the Vermont municipality, are wholly bound up with those of the two Canadian villages, whose features I have sketched. Derby Line occupies also a plain, and its long level Mainstreet bordered with maples and elms rivals in beauty that of Stanstead, which is plainly visible across the chasm which the Tomfobia has carved out in the course of ages in its passage towards Lake Massawippi.

The social atmosphere of the three villages is refined and stimulating. The lines of demarcation are those which must inevitably exist in the presence of intelligence, culture and refinement, and among a population, where mechanical skill is carried to a high point on the one hand and where education, music, art and scholarship are cherished on the other.

I have jotted down these observations concerning the three villages, not for the purpose of booming the towns, nor to advertise their educational institutions; much less to flatter the inhabitants, but because the existence of the three towns and their relations with each other are interesting facts, worthy of note. The influence of New England ideas and ideals is plainly perceptible in the institutions of the Canadian side, and the reflex action of the latter upon Yankee thought, may be noticed in the town at the south of the line of 45. At Stanstead Plain may be found strong churches belonging to the Roman Catholic, Anglican and Methodist communions. Rock Island possesses a fine Congregational church, while Derby Line has an edifice belonging to the Universalist denomination. The Eastern Townships Bank, established for many years upon Stanstead Plain, has recently moved down to Rock Island, where the bulk of the business now centres. Derby Line supports a National Bank, and the Dominion Bank has recently established a branch at Stanstead. I believe the college buildings are in the municipality of Rock Island, although belonging geographically to the Plain.

THE LATE JOHN W. POPE.

Mr. John W. Pope, a native of Barnston Township, died in Florence, Colorado, recently. The *Florence Citizen* says:

Mr. Pope was born in Quebec Province, Canada, November 14, 1857. At the age of 19 he came to the States and located in Nevada for some eleven years, when he returned for a time to his former home. His marriage to Mrs. Mary Cole occurred at Tuscorora, Nevada, Aug. 16, 1891. Five years ago this fall the family came to Florence and Mr. Pope entered the livery business in a partnership with his stepson Albert Cole, which continued till the death of the latter last March.

Mr. Pope was a thorough gentleman respected and trusted by all who knew him. Kindly disposed, correct in his business affairs he was just such a citizen as a community values and can ill spare. Said a merchant who has had large dealings with the deceased: "It would be hard to find a man more upright in his daily conduct or faithful to his trusts."

With the news of his death under circumstances so trying a feeling of sorrow and loss has pervaded the entire community. We have each lost a friend, and our sympathy for the dear ones stricken again and so soon is deep and tender.

Besides a wife and stepson, Frank Cole, of Crestone, Mr. Pope leaves an aged mother in Canada, three sisters and four brothers.

The funeral was held under the direction of the Woodmen of the World of which the deceased was a member.

A Sad Disappointment.

Ineffective liver medicine is a disappointment, but you don't want to purge, strain and break the glands of the stomach and bowels. DeWitt's Little Early Risers never disappoint. They cleanse the system of all poison and putrid matter and do so gently that one enjoys the pleasant effects. They are a tonic to the liver. Cure biliousness, torpid liver and prevent fever. Bigelow Pharmacy, Newport. Bishop's Pharmacy, West Derby.

GRANBY'S DEAD HONORED.

In the park at Granby, says a late despatch, is now being placed a soldier's monument, contributed by the people and costing over \$2,000. It consists of a statue of a Transvaal soldier, six feet six inches in height, on a pedestal eleven feet six inches, making the entire height of the monument eighteen feet. It bears the following inscription:

"To the memory of Bombadier William Latimer, sergeant-major of the 15th Shefford Field Battery, R.C.F.A.; killed in action at Faber Putts, South Africa, May 30, 1900, aged 24 years; also of Gunner Walter E. Price, died of enteric fever at Netley Hants, England, July 23, 1900, aged 21 years; both members of Shefford Field Battery, R.C.F.A. Enlisted for service in the Boer War, 1899. This monument was erected by public subscription at the Battery headquarters by their fellow-countrymen and others, both as an abiding mark of appreciation of their loyal devotion to duty in cause of Queen and country, and also an incentive to the young men of Shefford to be ready to emulate their noble example of patriotic self-sacrifice whenever, in the cause of right and justice, they may be called upon to serve His Most Gracious Majesty the King."

The monument will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on Saturday, the 20th inst.

A RARE BIRD.

British army pets are of necessity limited in number by regulation; otherwise each regiment would be cumbered with a menagerie. But when Tommy Atkins wants a new pet very much, he generally finds a way round rules even if it involves a little cutting of red tape, and he is often assisted by his official superiors, if they are kind-hearted.

A troop-ship lately put in at Malta for a few hours, and one of the sergeants went on shore to pay a visit to a soldier son who was stationed there. When he returned he carried a small woolly dog under one arm. It was an engaging young thing, but the quartermaster steered his heart and shook his head.

"Official number of dogs already on ship," said he uncompromisingly.

The sergeant tried palaver, but it availed nothing, so after looking perplexed for a space he reentered the boat in which he had come off to the ship, and returned to shore. When he came back he carried a bird-cage containing a strange-looking creature. It was covered with gay features, but it had four legs.

"Can't pass that dog on board ship," said the sentry, and the quartermaster bore out this verdict.

"Dog, sir?" echoed the sergeant, in surprise and disgust. "Can't you tell a Maltese bird of paradise from a dog? And you that up in feathers that per-fessors consult with ye!"

"Pass John Smith and one Maltese bird of paradise!" sang out the quartermaster, with a broad grin.

"There isn't any order against taking birds on board as I know on," remarked John Smith, as he came over the side. And his expression of triumph did not fade even when, in the course of a few days, the feathers on rare bird came off in the wash.

"DAGOOES."

"It is an elementary and not a particularly brilliant joke to refer to all foreigners of the Latin race as 'dagooes,'" says the *Youth's Companion*. "But how many of us who thus advertise our own narrowness know where the word dagoo originally came from?"

In early days, as the *New York Times* reminds us, the hewers of wood and drawers of water in California were Portuguese. They cultivated thrifty little gardens and carried on a fishing trade along the shores and up the creeks near San Francisco. The most common name among them was Diego, — pronounced Decayo, — and the transposition from Decayo to Dago was natural. The epithet was transplanted to the Atlantic coast, and the American hoodlums there, as everywhere, found it a convenient term to express his crude intolerance.

One day, at a railway-station, two Italian laborers were talking volubly in their native tongue, and two American laborers were regarding them superciliously, yet with some pity, as one might view the efforts of a chimpanzee to make himself understood. Presently one of the Americans, who certainly thought that he belonged to a superior race, said to his companion: "That ain't no language them fellers are talkin'. It's nothin' but a jabber."

The male spider is a dwarf, the female is a giant. It is the female which invites the fly to walk into her parlor. A Chicago anthropologist has recently been prophesying that the human race will soon resemble the arachnids, for the women are growing larger and the men smaller. What will the poor men do if his prophecy should come true? They find it hard enough even now to get their rights, so few are left after the women have got what they want. — *Youth's Companion*.

GIVES STRENGTH AND VIGOR.

Malt Breakfast Food

Builds Up the System and Keeps You In Good Health.

The Right Food For Young and Old, For The Strong and Weak.

Malt Breakfast Food, a combination in proper proportions of the purest Malt and the choicest Wheat, partially cooked and predigested, is the great health-giver for young and old. Mrs. S. Price, Random South, Trinity Bay, Nfld., says:

"I consider it a pleasure to write of my experience with your splendid Malt Breakfast Food. It is, without doubt, the best of all grain foods for imparting strength to those who are weak and rundown. It has quite met my expectations in every particular. I may add, that your food is relished by every member of my family." All Grocers sell Malt Breakfast Food.

STANDING OF ACADEMIES.

The final report of the examinations conducted by the university and Quebec authorities in June last in the various academies of the province have been received. The following is the order of standing: Lachute, 67.38 points; Waterloo, 61.66; Sherbrooke, 61.52; Coaticook, 60.49; Cookshire, 58.89; Huntingdon, 57.95; Granby, 56.66; Dunham, 54.59; Knowlton, 54.41; Inverness, 53.39; Stanstead, 52.67; Valleyfield, 51.95; Ormstown, 50.60; Shawville, 50.01; Sutton, 48.74; Danville, 48.04; Aylmer, 45.91; Lennoxville, 42.54; Richmond, 40.55; Three Rivers, 40.22; Cowansville, 45.19; Bedford, 34.38.

We Wish to Convince You.

If you have doubts regarding our facilities for the conducting of a truly modern and first-class Drug business, we solicit a call in order that we may have a chance to convince you that we are fully equipped for the accurate filling of physicians' prescriptions. Our drugs and medicines are imported from the most reliable manufacturers; everything fresh and pure.

THE MEDICINE THAT CURES.

Let us draw your attention to Paine's Celery Compound, the medicine that makes sick people well. If you are weak, rundown, dyspeptic, sleepless, have neuralgia or rheumatism, try Paine's Celery Compound. No other medicine has such a world-wide reputation. Our stock is pure and fresh. J. T. Flint, Druggist, Rock Island, P. Q.

AUDACIOUS ROBBERY.

An audacious robbery was recently perpetrated at St. Albert de Warwick. It appears that the fabric of that parish borrowed \$800 for repairing purposes. The next Sunday the parish priest announced that he was to cash the check for the amount, and desired those who had any claims against the Fabric to come, and he would pay them on the evening of the day on which he had the cheque cashed. Robbers came into the priest's house, and took the box containing the \$800 and another small amount, which was in the case. They brought the box to the sacristy, where they opened it, and ran away with the money. A detective was asked to look into the matter, and last Friday Detective Pardy was in the neighborhood, but as yet no sufficient proof has been found to warrant an arrest. A certain person is suspected.

There is some excitement in Granby over the disappearance of Mr. George Bergen, who left his home September 3rd, and has not since been heard from. The missing man is 30 years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. in height. When he disappeared he was wearing a heavy blue serge coat with gray trousers. The missing man is a son of Mr. Moise Bergen.

John Flynn, for many years caretaker of the Coaticook branch of the Eastern Townships Bank and one of the oldest residents of that town died on the 5th inst.

Beware of the Knife.

No profession has advanced more rapidly of late than surgery, but it should not be used except where absolutely necessary. In cases of piles for example, it is seldom needed. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures quickly and permanently. Unequalled for cuts, burns, bruises, wounds, skin diseases. Accept no counterfeits. "I was so troubled with bleeding piles that I lost much blood and strength," says J. C. Phillips, Paris, Ill. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me in a short time." Soothes and heals. Bigelow Pharmacy, Newport. Bishop's Pharmacy, West Derby.

Hats and Caps.

JUST RECEIVED

A Large Consignment of

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

Hats, Caps, Shirts, Underwear and the best Assortment of Ties in the Townships . . . all to be sold at . . .

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

My line of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Patent Medicines, Furniture and Clothing . . . is complete . . .

FRESH FRUIT AND VEGETABLES ARRIVE EVERY FRIDAY.

LIBERAL DISCOUNT FOR CASH ON ALL GOODS.

F. W. D. MELLOON.

Spring and Summer Goods

HAVING JUST RECEIVED OUR SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR STOCK OF

Ladies' Spring Suits & Jackets,

LADIES' SUITS RANGING IN PRICE FROM \$4.00 TO \$8.00.

A Large Stock of Summer Goods

— COMPRISING —

Muslins, Dimities, Albatros, Scotch Ginghams, Precalcs & Prints, Latest Designs.

— ALSO —

Linens, Duckings, and Piques' for Skirts.

— JUST RECEIVED —

A New Line of Ladies' Silk & Satin Waists, all Shades & Sizes at Reasonable Prices.

— ALSO —

Nunn's Veiling Waists, Latest Styles.

— A NEW LOT —

of Golf Skirts in Brown, Green, Black & Blue, All Lengths, from \$3.00 to \$6.00.

— LARGE ASSORTMENT —

Mercerised Sateens for Linings, all Shades.

— ALSO —

Underskirts from 50 cts. to \$3.00.

— YOU MISS IT IF YOU DON'T —

Call and See Our New Goods.

C. H. KATHAN.

Rock Island, Que., March 13th.

Bargains! Bargains!

FOR CASH ONLY.

IF BOOKED EXTRA CHARGE WILL BE MADE.

Best Hungarian Patent Flour, - - \$2.25
6 Bars Surprise Soap, - - - .25
7 Bars Fine Laundry Soap, - - - .25
13 lbs. Baking Soda, - - - .25
Best large Red Salmon, - - 7c. per lb.
Extra good 40 in. Cotton, by Web, 7½c. per yd.
Good Wash Prints, - 5 and 6c. per yd.

That Car of Furniture is in.

Extra nice Bedroom Suites, \$10.

We can easily save you 20 per cent. on Furniture. Don't fail to see us before buying, if you want to save money.

The Flour mentioned above is second to none Made in Canada.

PARKER & KNIGHT.

Hatley, June 10, 1902.

Things We Like Best

Often Disagree With Us

Because we overeat of them. Indigestion follows. But there's a way to escape such consequences. A dose of a good digestant like Kodol will relieve you at once. Your stomach is simply too weak to digest what you eat. That's all indigestion is. Kodol digests the food without the stomach's aid. Thus the stomach rests while the body is strengthened by wholesome food. Digesting is unnecessary. Kodol digests any kind of food. Strengthens and invigorates.

Kodol Makes Rich Red Blood.

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The 81 bottle contains 2 1/2 times the 50c. size.

LUMBER FOR SALE.

45,000 ft. 1 inch Spruce and Hemlock Boards, 12 feet long; also quantity Hemlock Plank, 2 inch x 6 inch.

R. K. MERRILL.
Residence, Brown's Hill.
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QUEBEC CENTRAL RAILWAY

SUMMER TIME TABLE

Quebec and New York Express Trains in effect June 23rd—all other trains in effect Monday, June 16th, 1902.

LEAVING SHERBROOKE.

NEW YORK EXPRESS. Leave Sherbrooke at 8:30 a.m.; arrive New York 1:15 p.m.; Pullman Palace cars New York to Quebec, daily, except Monday.

BOSTON EXPRESS. Leave Sherbrooke 7:00 a.m.; arrive Boston 12:00 noon; arrive Quebec 12:05 p.m.; Pullman cars Boston to Quebec, daily, except Sunday.

PASSENGER. Leave Sherbrooke 3:50 p.m.; arrive New York 8:00 a.m.; arrive Quebec 9:00 p.m.; Pullman cars Portland to Quebec, daily, except Sunday.

ACCOMMODATION. Leave Sherbrooke 11:45 a.m.; arrive New York 4:00 p.m.; arrive Quebec 4:45 a.m., daily, except Sunday.

Also connecting trains on Megantic Division.

ARRIVING AT SHERBROOKE.

NEW YORK EXPRESS. Leave Quebec 1:45 p.m.; arrive Sherbrooke 2:05 p.m.; arrive New York 4:40 p.m.; Pullman Palace cars Quebec to New York, daily, except Saturday.

BOSTON EXPRESS. Leave Quebec 8:30 p.m.; arrive Boston 1:30 p.m.; arrive Sherbrooke 9:20 p.m.; Pullman cars Quebec to Boston, daily, except Sunday.

PASSENGER. Leave Quebec 7:30 a.m.; arrive Sherbrooke 8:00 a.m.; arrive Portland 1:15 p.m.; Pullman cars Quebec to Portland, daily, except Sunday.

ACCOMMODATION. Leave Quebec 7:00 p.m.; arrive Sherbrooke 7:30 p.m.; arrive New York 4:00 p.m.; arrive Quebec 4:45 a.m., daily, except Sunday.

For time tables, tickets, or any other information apply to any of the Company's Agents.

FRANK GRUNDY, Gen'l Manager. J. H. WALSH, Gen'l Freight and Pass. Ag't.

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD.

Stanstead & Derby Line Branch.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

In effect June 23rd, 1902.

TRAINS LEAVE STANSTEAD:

For North—5:10 a.m. and 7:15 a.m.; 1:30 and 9:32 p.m.

For South—6:10 a.m., 12:25, 3:20 and 10:20 p.m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT STANSTEAD:

From North—5:37, 8:25 a.m., 1:57, 7:34, 10:02 p.m.

From North—6:57 a.m., 12:52, 7:34, 10:57 p.m.

TRAINS LEAVE ROCK ISLAND AND DERBY LINE.

5:14 a.m. for Sherbrooke, Montreal (G. T.) Quebec (G. T. & C.).

6:14 a.m. for Boston and New York, for Montreal (G. T.).

7:30 a.m. (freight station 7:30) for Sherbrooke (mixed).

12:30 p.m. for South.

1:34 p.m. for Sherbrooke, Island Pond and Montreal (G. T.).

3:31 p.m. for South (accommodation) and Montreal (G. T.).

9:30 p.m. for Montreal (G. T.) Quebec (G. T. and C.).

10:30 p.m. for Boston and New York.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ROCK ISLAND AND DERBY LINE.

From South—5:33, 8:22 a.m., 1:53, 7:30, 9:53 p.m.

From North—6:57 a.m., 12:52, 7:34, 9:51 p.m.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

J. G. MERRIMAN,

Stock Broker.

Quotations received every 10 minutes. New York Stocks, Wheat, Corn, Cotton, etc. Direct wire from Farnham to Stanstead.

Prompt Service; Liberal Treatment.

No. 8 Depot Street, Farnham, P. Q.

The Frontier Lumber Co.

Dealers in Hard and Soft Wood Lumber of all kinds—Manufacturers of the Challenge Extension Ladder.

For Fire Departments, Painters, Carpenters and general use, Common Ladders, Self Supporting Ladders, Splice Ladders, Step Ladders, Ladder Hooks, Moulding Boards, Lawn Settees, Ironing Boards, Wash Benches, Ironing Tables, Folding Benches, Double Runners, etc., etc.

Hangers, Plant Stands, Wagon Jacks, Snow Shovels, Camp Chairs and Stools, Swings, Boys' Clipper Sleds, Outside Clothing, etc., etc.

Wholesale and Retail. Particular attention paid to the manufacture of Fire Ladders.

In connection we shall run a general office and repair shop with a first class man in charge.

Prices moderate, satisfaction guaranteed.

Rock Island, Que., and Derby Line, Vt.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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Kuhn & Co., 301 Broadway, New York.

Branch Office, 25 F St., Washington, D. C.

The Wife of Potiphar.

The country of the Nile was beautiful with verdure. The sky was a dream of light and changing glory; the long caravans of the merchants diverged towards the city of the Pharaohs, bearing purple cloth from Tyre, and rare gems and metal work from Damascus, and carved woods and perfumes from the Isles of the Sea.

A train of dusky men and dusty camels loomed up in silhouette over a ridge, and for a few moments formed a huge picture against a fathomless horizon. On one of the camels was a quaint canopied erection with curtains of silk, and within the curtains sat uneasily a girl of some sixteen years. She had all the beauty of the young Semite, large soft dark eyes, an oval face, somewhat over-full lips of deep red, and nostrils sensitive and distended.

From time to time she plucked aside a curtain with a long slim hand and looked anxiously out. "God of Abraham, thy handmaid crieth unto thee!" she said softly in a voice broken with distress and strenuously pitched. "If help come not soon from above, may death release me!"

Two of the Egyptian traders looked up as some murmur of her vibrant tones reached them where they walked. "The Hebrew maid speaks," said the younger. The elder waved his hand. "I do not listen," he said, briefly.

"But she may be ill," suggested the younger, glancing at the parting of the curtains and the four small brown fingers. "Bring up the other captive who speaks her tongue and let him enquire," said the elder merchant.

The younger man stood still, and one by one the others passed him, came laden and men walking. Near the end of the line marched a beautiful boy just emerging into manhood. The young trader called to him kindly, and the youth came to his side.

"I fear for the health of the maiden," he said, briefly. "Come thou and question her."

The eyes of the youth flashed a proud glance at the trader, and then he drew away from him, and a certain far-away look, as of one who sees something enthralling in the distance, crept into his lately flashing eyes.

"The Jewish maiden travels to high honor. Wherefore should she sicken before it meets her? It is her mind that travails in fear of the birth of some new horror," he said, briefly.

"The lamb cries for its dam, the young nestling for its mother and its nest. What need for questions? When the maid sits among the mighty ones in a strange land she will learn to forget her sorrow."

"You say wisely, boy," said the trader. "We hope to sell her for much gold to a noble captain of Pharaoh's guard. He has lost his wife, and there is no war in progress. In times of peace warriors are prone to look upon such fair women."

The two had hastened and were now abreast of the silk-curtained canopy, which swayed to the rolling gait of the camel.

"Speak to the maid," commanded the trader.

"Daughter of my people, is all well with thee?" called the youth, his young cheek reddening as he obeyed. The curtains parted.

"Art thou, too, a Hebrew?" cried the girl, with amazement and delight in every tone.

"I am, and like thee, a captive, foully sold into bondage by my brethren," said the youth, with deep, hoarse anger.

"Alas! then can you tell what it is to be our fate?" asked the girl with great tears in her eyes.

"Slavery for me, for thee high honor, riches, luxury, and the captain of Pharaoh's Guard to be thy husband," said the youth, slowly and dreamily.

The Hebrew maiden looked at him in staring dismay.

"What have you said to her?" asked the trader, frowning the arm of the youth. Again the proud eyes flashed, and again grew quickly calm and gentle.

"I have told her that she is to be the wife of the captain of Pharaoh's Guard, and she liketh not my saying," he said, meekly.

The trader laughed. "She liketh not!" he said scornfully, quoting the youth. "When she seeth Potiphar she will fall at his feet. That is our finest and wisest warrior. Tell her what I say." The youth obeyed.

"But I am a Hebrew, and may not mate with a heathen and idolatrous man," gasped the girl wildly.

The youth sighed. "The hand of our God be upon thee," he said, and fell back to his place in the rear.

The captain of the Guard sat in his chamber, absorbed upon a beautiful carved stand a heap of exquisite gems. There were ear-rings, nose-rings, armlets and anklets, long pear-shaped pearls, strings of round pearls, rings set with great royal rubies, and emeralds deeply and gloriously green. He suddenly sat up and smote his palms together, and a Nubian parted a curtain and came in.

"Take these gifts to the Hebrew maiden, and bid her women prepare her my coming," said the warrior, pushing aside a pile of jewelry and taking an end of his scarlet sash and carefully placed the select jewels within the improvised bag. Then, speechless, he backed out between the curtains. The warrior leaned back with a smile.

"Rachel will wear those gauds well," he said, softly stroking his short beard and crossing his legs. "I have given her only the new ornaments and the jewels of my mother. The gems my wife would bring her misfortune. I am full of the fancies of women to talk thus! This comes of loitering at home when one should be abroad conquering provinces and fighting one's way about."

A great yawn heaved the warrior's deep chest. He swept the remaining jewels into a coffer, of which he drew a small golden key from his bosom. Then he clasped his hands twice, and again the curtains parted and forth between them stepped the Hebrew youth. He was dressed in rich and costly garb, and his bearing was distinctly distinguished. He bowed ceremoniously and stood before the warrior. Potiphar laughed easily and good-naturedly.

"Hast no word, Joseph?" he enquired. "All words are good, noble captain. Thy house is well ordered, thy goods are well cared. The land hath peace."

with the setting sun," said Potiphar, yawning again.

"Thy wedding eve, noble captain," said the Hebrew quickly.

"True, and I must make ready," assented Potiphar. "Send a slave for my casket and put it in the corner store-places. It contains precious jewels."

The Hebrew bowed and turned away. Just as he lifted the curtain to leave the chamber a hurried step was heard. A messenger met him on the threshold and handed him a rolled paper.

"Pharaoh desires the captain of the Guard," whispered the messenger, as he deferentially presented the roll, and the overseer turned back to his master and repeated the message.

"My chariot!" cried the captain, leaping from his seat. "Hebrew, I have my wish. It is war, and in the south where there be tough fighters, Pharaoh's king, desires me to take men this day and meet them half-way. This stirs my sleeping blood! This suits me better than brides and bridegrooms! But, stay! the Hebrew maiden. Go to her; tell her privately of this, for the king must be the first to tell the people. I do not think many tears will fall because the nuptial rites be delayed. Tell the maiden, who is also thy country-woman, that for this postponement I will, when I return, give her thy freedom. And guard her, Hebrew, till that day, be it far or near!"

The overseer bowed and went upon his errand. On his proud face was a look of awe and triumph.

"Lo! the God of Abraham hath compassed the maiden!" he said slowly. And the slaves and soldiers eyed him as he strode away, and whispered: "The Hebrew has seen a vision! The light of the unknown is upon his face."

The war dragged slowly, news came fitfully, and week by week the bride of Potiphar and the overseer of his household were drawn by the triple cord of nationality, religion and youthful ardor nearer and nearer. The Hebrew maiden lived secluded from the city and from the court. She passed many hours in converse day by day with the overseer, and together they kept alive the religion of their fathers in their hearts. The maiden lifted her beautiful head in hope as she listened to the voice of Joseph, encouraging and buoying her frightened soul. The inevitable happened at last, and an unguarded word, a look too much confessed the love that was as natural as it was pure, and the two faced the problem in mingled terror and rapture. Escape from Egypt was impossible; a happy consummation of their love was equally out of the question. The city was even then being decked for the triumphant return of the captain of the Guard.

The day of his entry dawned, and the heart of the overseer was of lead, while the anguished bride-elect of the victorious warrior had now added to the horror of union with an idolatrous man the torture of love for another.

While the house of the captain of the Guard was being wreathed with flowers, and the singing maidens stood waiting at the gates with lotus crowns and strung instruments garlanded with wreaths of green, the overseer, in his sumptuous festival garments, sought the Hebrew girl. She sat amid her maidens in silent despair. The overseer bowed low before her.

"Dismiss the maidens," he said, in their own speech, and made cunning by his extremity, she rose hurriedly. "Is it indeed true that the lord of the household is near?" she said in Egyptian, misreading them. "Then to the first of my maidens who sees the shining of his armor will I give this ring of rubies. Run, now, to the upper windows and watch."

The Egyptian girls dropped their work and hurried up the short stair to the flat roof, round which was a high wall, pierced by small openings. The overseer stood moodily looking upon the ground. The Hebrew girl drew near timidly and clasping her hands upon her fluttering bosom, where jewels flashed with her panting breath, looked up into his young and clouded face.

"Is there no escape for me?" she asked in trembling tones. "Must it be either the knife or the marriage-bed of the idolator?" The overseer started violently.

"I have said it, and I am not afraid," said the girl, her great eyes darkening and her nostrils rounding tensely.

"The overseer paused a moment. "There is no escape," he said slowly. The girl gave a small, stifled groan. "It will not be so very bad," she said, quivering. "Just a little pain, and safety, and thou, some day, wilt tell my people of me? That I was true."

And then, before the overseer could anticipate her movement or guard her from herself, she threw herself into his arms, clung about him and sobbing: "Farewell!"

There was a burst of song from the gates, a cry from the maidens, the overseer wrenched the thin clinging fingers from his neck and tried to tear them from his rich garment. They had a vice-like, frantic grip.

There was a rush of the maidens, a tramp of a heavy foot beyond the curtain, in vain the overseer whispered, "The captain of the Guard is here."

With one frenzied wrench he slipped from the gorgeous robe and dashed through the inner entrance, just as the stone steps to claim their reward, and the parted curtains gave admission to the captain of the Guard.

The girl stood in the center of the chamber, her face white and drawn, in her hands the brilliant robe of the overseer, in her eyes a horror unspeakable. The captain of the Guard advanced with a quick glance about him.

"He was here?" he said. "This is his robe?"

The girl suddenly dropped it with a faint cry. She began to see horror and danger ahead.

"You are not hurt?" said the captain of the Guard, gently, touching her shoulder. She shook her head. Then he turned to the maidens.

"Go to the dance!" he said, sternly, "and send me here four of my soldiers who wait without."

The moment the curtain fell the Hebrew girl awoke from her trance of terror. In a few and stumbling Egyptian phrases she tried to tell the truth, asking for swift death, and handing her pitiful little dagger to the captain of the Guard. He pushed it aside.

"Peace, girl!" he said shortly. "Thy pleasant and joyous home-coming. Then, as the soldiers noisily entered, he said grimly: 'Take this robe to him who was overseer. This well he fled before I entered to slay him; 'tis better that the maiden is brave and strong;

but 'tis best of all that the Hebrew be safely put away, so that he affront not lesser women as he hath stricken with terror the bride of your captain. Therefore, lay him safe in the prison, and your lives be forfeit if aught befall him without my word! Do all quickly and quietly, so that the rejoicings be not interrupted."

The soldiers gathered up the rich robe and retired, and the captain of the Guard turned to the Hebrew maiden. "Come, let us go to the feast," he said simply. But she made no response.

She looked blankly at him one instant with a curious frown across her brow, and an audible sucking in of her breath. Then she swayed and fell. When he lifted her up very gently but without concern, only the little golden hilt of the dagger showed outside the pinched-in drapery just below her left breast. The blade was piercing the point of her startled heart!

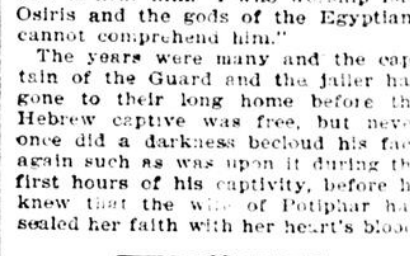
The wailing and chanting of passing mourners pierced the dungeon window place, where the overseer sat with his head in his hands. "What is the wailing?" he asked his jailer. "They mourn the dead, that was to have been the bride of Potiphar, the warrior whom thou hast angered," said the jailer.

"When did death deliver the maiden?" cried the prisoner.

"At the very hour of thy coming here," replied the jailer. Then he stared with amazement at the prisoner. He saw, he felt, his despair vanishing like a cloud.

"Praise and glory and honor and power to Jehovah, the God of my fathers!" he said, reverently, in Hebrew, and with fixed eyes he stood as if he saw a bright vision. The jailer shook his head and went softly to his place. "The Hebrew hath eyes that see the unseen," he muttered. "His God is near him. I who worship Isis, Osiris and the gods of the Egyptians cannot comprehend him."

The young man and the captain of the Guard and the overseer had gone to their long home before the Hebrew captive was free, but never once did a darkness becloud his face again such as was upon it during the first hours of his captivity, before he knew that the wife of Potiphar had sealed her faith with her heart's blood.



An old settler.—From N. Y. "Life."

Testing It For Herself.

He watched her arranging the violets in the big Kakri bowl.

She looked so very pretty, and yet she must be told.

Lighting a cigarette, he braced himself for the telling. As he tossed the match in the direction of the blazing fire, she came toward him, holding in her hand a few of the purple flowers.

"For you," she said, simply, and pressed close to his side as she put them in his buttonhole.

After that she bent and kissed him, slowly and deliberately. He sat transfixed. In all their plot his lips had never before touched hers.

Ere he could recover himself she kissed him again.

Neither a word nor a caress accompanied either kiss. They stood out against a background of utter incomprehensibility.

Then she walked over by the fire. He looked anxiously after her.

She faced about, and he saw that her lips were moving slightly, while her eyes had a far-off gaze.

"At last she spoke."

"You can marry her?"

There was a pause—she seemed to be indulging in further meditation—and then:

"Yes, you can marry her. I don't care at all. You see, I kissed you on purpose. I did it twice to make sure, and I didn't feel even the faintest quiver either time. I was very careful, and tasted each kiss thoroughly, and I know now that—that you can marry her."

He rose, his form and his face towering together. What man could be calm on learning that his lips possess no power to thrill?

"Good-bye," he said, putting out his hand.

"Good-bye," she answered, smiling. He went out, and the door closed behind him.

She stood where he left her, banding her clasped fingers across her eyes. The sunlight streamed in between the window arches and shot a ray of glory over the violets, the woman and the woman's yellow hair. It caused the diamonds on her hand to sparkle brilliantly, and something on her cheek shone too.

"Dear heaven!" she murmured, softly, "what must it be to have him do the kissing!"

The Foretelling of the Future.

Maurice Maeterlinck has an article in the "Fortnightly Review" on the foretelling of the future, from which the following passages are clipped:

The seer in question is one of the most famous in Paris. She claims to incarnate, in her hypnotic state, the spirit of an unknown little girl called Julia. Having made me sit down at a table that stood between us, she begged me to tut-tut Julia and to speak to her gently, as one speaks to a child of seven or eight years.

Thereupon her features, her eyes, her hands, her whole body, were for some seconds unpleasantly convulsed; her hair came untied, and the expression of her face changed completely and became artless, pure. The voice, shrill and clear, of a small child, next came from that great ripe woman's body, and asked with a little lip:

"What do you want? Are you worried? Is it for your-a or someone else that you have come to see me?"

"For myself."

"Very well, will you help me a little? Lead me in thought to the place where your worries are."

I concentrated my attention on the project with which I was engrossed and on the different actors in the as yet hidden little drama. Then, gradually, after some preliminary gropings, and without my helping her with a word or gesture, she really penetrated into my thoughts, read them, so to speak, as a slightly veiled book, placed the situation of the scene most accurately, recognized the principal characters and described them summarily, with hopping and childish but quaintly correct and precise little touches.

"That's very good, Julia," I then said, "but I know all that; what you ought to tell me is what is going to happen later on."

"What is going to happen, what is going to happen . . . you want to know what is going to happen; but it's very difficult."

"But still! How will the business end? Shall I win?"

"Yes, yes, I see; don't be afraid, I'll help you; you will be pleased."

"But the enemy of whom you told me, the one who is resisting me and who wishes me ill?"

"No, no, he wishes you no ill; it's because of someone else . . . I can't see why. . . . He hates him. . . . Oh, he hates him, he hates him. . . . And it is because you like the other one so much that he does not want you to do for him what you want to do."

What she said was true.

"But tell me," I insisted, "will he go on to the end, will he not yield?"

"Oh, do not fear him. . . . I see, he is ill; he will not live long."

"You are mistaken, Julia: I saw him two days ago; he is quite well."

"No, no, he is ill. . . . It doesn't show, but he is very ill. . . . He must die."

"But how, in that case, and why?"

"There is blood upon him, around him, everywhere."

"Blood? Is it a duel?" (I had thought, for a moment, that I might be called upon to fight my adversary.) "An accident, a murder, a revenge?" (He was an unjust and unscrupulous man, who had done much harm to many people.)

"No, no, ask me no more, I am very tired. . . . Let me go."

"Not before I know."

"No, I can tell you nothing more. . . . I am too tired. . . . Let me go."

"Be good, I will help you."

The same attack as at the start then convulsed the body, in which the little voice had ceased; and the mask of forty years again covered the face of the woman, who seemed to be waking from a long sleep.

Is it necessary to add that we had never seen each other before this meeting, and that we knew as little of one another as though we had been born on different planets?

In so far as I am concerned, Julia's prophecy was realized in part—that is to say, although I did not triumph in respect of the main point, the affair was nevertheless arranged in a satisfactory manner. As for the death of my adversary, it has not yet occurred, and gladly do I dispense the future from keeping the promise which it made me by the innocent mouth of the child of an unknown world.

What I would like to unravel in Julia's predictions is the unknown part foreign to myself. Did she go beyond what I knew? I do not think so. When she spoke to me of the fortunate issue of the affair, this was, upon the whole, the selfish and unwavering part of my instinct desired more keenly than the complete triumph which another and more generous sentiment in me it incumbent on me to pursue and hope for, although I knew it to be, in its essence, impossible. When she foretold the death of my adversary, she was, but revealing a secret wish of that same instinct, of those dastardly and shameful wishes which he hide from ourselves, a wish which never rise to the surface of our thought. There would be no real prophecy in this, except if, against all expectation, against all likelihood, that death should occur suddenly within a short time hence. But, even if it were shortly to occur, it would not, I think, be the Python that would have fathomed the future, but I, my instinct, my unconscious being that would

The Stanstead Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

THE JOURNAL PRINTING CO.

Rock Island, Que.

One year (advance payment) \$1.00
If paid in six months, 1.25
At the end of the year, 1.50

ADVERTISING RATES.

Transient advertising 10 cents a line for the first insertion and 5 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. 12 lines to the inch. No advertisement received for less than 50 cents.

Another election contest is on in Stanstead County. No serious charges are made against the Quebec Government, but the Conservatives on the one hand claim that the next best thing to a good government is a strong opposition; they argue that with no effective opposition the party in power is liable to become reckless and extravagant. The Parent Government, they say, has altogether too large a majority and that the interests of the Province are endangered thereby. For this reason they want a Conservative returned. On the other hand the Liberals argue that it would be unjust and unwise for the electors of Stanstead County to give a good government a "black eye" for the purpose of strengthening the opposition. They argue that such action would tend to discourage any efforts at good government. They also claim that, as the government stands practically the same now as it did before election, they are entitled to the seat rendered vacant by the death of one of their party. Between these claims, the independent electors may take their choice. Political "bigots" and party slaves on both sides will vote as they always have done.

The Free Press of Winnipeg has been sending out miniature bags of wheat attached to a card upon which is printed photographic reproductions of two wheat field scenes in the "Prairie Province." The card also contains some interesting facts about Western Canada and the city of Winnipeg. It is a novel way of calling attention to Manitoba and incidentally to the Free Press. The country will likely reap the largest harvest it has ever had. The wheat yield has been placed at 75,000,000 bushels and the estimate is not likely to be too large. Now that Americans are rushing to the country, the sluggish Eastern Canadians are waking up to the fact that there must be "something in it." Western Canada offers abundant opportunities for young men of thrift and push. The average man who goes there and works will likely have much more to show for his labor ten years hence than the one who goes to an American city unless he be a genius.

President Roosevelt got more than he bargained for at Christ Episcopal Church, Oyster Bay, N. Y., Sunday. He had asked the rector, Rev. Henry H. Washburn to hold a McKinley memorial sermon. The first part of the rector's sermon was devoted to a eulogy upon the life and character of the martyred President, and to this the President listened attentively. But when in the second part of the sermon, Mr. Washburn took occasion to speak of the possibility of danger coming through certain trusts, and to laud the President, Mr. Roosevelt became restive. His face colored, and he plainly showed signs of disapproval of the rector's utterances. However desirous of restricting the operations of trusts Mr. Roosevelt may be, he is powerless. The trusts, not the President, run the country.

WOMEN IN CHURCH COURTS.

Methodist General Conference Decides Against the Innovation.

The question of admitting women to the church courts received a quietus from the Methodist General Conference in Winnipeg last week, when a motion to that effect was defeated on a tie vote, the constitution requiring a three-fourths majority. The memorial came from half a dozen Annual Conferences, and very nearly met its fate without any exposition of opinion whatever. There was a good deal of latent animation throughout the Conference, however, and once a chance was made there was an exhibition of debating energy sufficient to last all day. Both sides had a number of strong supporters, but it was a noteworthy fact that when the vote came the heads of the church were nearly all ranged against the innovation. It was noteworthy that the discussion was immediately preceded by an exceptionally able address of greeting by Mrs. Chisholm, of Winnipeg, on behalf of the W. C. T. U. This example served as a text for speakers who favored extending privileges to women. The Conference decided, at a later stage, to admit the Presidents of women missionary societies to Quarterly Boards, but deferred action in the case of Presidents of Ladies' Aid Societies. An important step was taken in asking the Mission Committee to report on the proposal to devise a scheme of cooperation with the Presbyterian Church in mission work in the west.

IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

Canada will Take Over the Garrison Duty at Halifax and Vancouver.

An Ottawa correspondent writes:—At the approaching session the government will invite Parliament's concurrence in a scheme by which Canada will practically assume the duty of defending her own borders. This will be the Dominion's contribution towards Imperial defence. The information comes from a quarter whose reliability is not open to question. This is about what Australia has already consented to do for herself. Ahh details are yet to be worked out, but it is not unlikely that they will include the taking over of the garrison duty now done on the east and west coast by Imperial troops. The Third Royal Canadian Regiment at Halifax is not yet disbanded and possibly a start will be made by continuing it as a permanent unit of Canada's small regular force. It has now had the training of a regiment of British regulars for a year and a half.

A skeleton force, large enough to attend to what garrison service is requisite, to serve as a stiffening for the militia, and for instructive work, an organized headquarters staff, capable of attending to all the needs of the soldier on active service, an army of Canadians trained in the use of the rifle, this is what the Dominion will be asked to undertake. Much of it is already accomplished, and the spirit is here to perfect what is lacking. In the words of Sir John Forrest, the Australian Minister of Militia, "what Canada will do in the matter of defence is left by the Conference for Canada to decide." We are left to settle matters for ourselves. England dictates nothing. But the guarding of our own coasts and frontiers, and an ability to deal ourselves with any trouble within, is what will likely be accepted as our part.

The Canadian farmer, artisan, laborer, professional man, and manufacturer, all have an interest in this matter, and a very little serious reflection will show that the interests of all alike will be furthered by the country shouldering this much of the Imperial burden, if you choose to so term it. Our farmers, and probably other classes of the population as well, might look with displeasure, or might at least be unprepared for a decision to saddle a contribution of four or five million dollars yearly upon the Canadian Confederation toward the general defence of the Empire. But no reasonable individual, in the face of all that Britain has already done for us, can conceive it worthy for us to leave the cost of defending our own shores to be borne by the people of Great Britain. The Dominion is a young country yet, but she can afford to take that much of the actual expense of defence off the Motherland. The bill cannot be a very heavy one, and even from a material point of view it could not fail to reap us a return in increased sales of our farm produce in exactly the same way as occurred by the adoption of the preferential tariff on British goods. In dollars and cents the recompense would be ours. But from the higher standpoint of what is just and right it is our plain duty to do this much towards defence and nothing less.

FOLLOWS MOTHER CHURCH.

Church of England in Canada Prohibits Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister.

The Church of England in Canada will follow the traditional policy of the mother church in prohibiting marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

The decision was reached by the General Synod in Montreal last week, when a resolution was received from the Upper House on marriage; the first three sections of which ordered the adoption of the table of prohibited degrees usually annexed to the Prayer Book, and the posting of copies in the vestry room and near the entrance of every church.

The Bond-Blaine Convention.

Premier Bond of Newfoundland has received authority to reopen negotiations with the United States for a treaty of reciprocity of the sort which was embodied in the Bond-Blaine convention. This convention, which was negotiated in 1890, but the operation of which was suspended at the instance of Canada, provided for free bait for American fishermen on the Grand Banks in exchange for the free admission of Newfoundland fish into American markets.

Take Care of the Stomach.

The man or woman whose digestion is perfect and whose stomach performs its every function is never sick. Kodol cleanses, purifies and sweetens the stomach and cures positively and permanently all stomach troubles, indigestion and dyspepsia. It is the wonderful reconstructive tonic that is making so many sick people well and weak people strong by conveying to their bodies all of the nourishment in the food they eat. Rev. J. H. Holladay, of Holladay, Miss., writes: "Kodol has cured me. I consider it the best remedy I have ever used for dyspepsia and stomach troubles. I was given up by physicians. Kodol saved my life. Take it after meals. Bigelow Pharmacy, Newport. Bishop's Pharmacy, West Derby."

A KINDLY LIGHT.

For centuries the "light in the window" has been a natural emblem of friendly direction and outreaching love. Writers, from Shakespeare to the humblest paragrapher, have made moral and spiritual use of it. Its aptness gives it perennial value.

A schooner on its way from Boston to Nova Scotia was driven by a winter storm on the "Bantam" rocks on Maine coast and it went to pieces so quickly that the crew had barely time to launch their dory and push off.

Nothing ever seemed less likely than that they would escape. Blinded by the flying snow, the men had been unable to steer their ship, and now, at night, cast to the wind and waves in a frail boat, their lives hung upon the chance of a miracle. They rowed at random, for they could only guess which way to head for shelter. It was impossible to find by seeking any of the coves that would give them shelter on that rugged coast.

When they were nearly exhausted, suddenly a strange eddy in the wind showed them a light through the smothering storm. They turned about and pulled toward it, and presently felt the terrible power of the waves begin to abate, and in a little while they knew where they were.

Between Cape Newagen at the lower end of Southport Island there is a small but safe harbor. In one of the houses of the little fishermen's village a woman awake late at night, caring for her invalid husband, had looked out into the storm, and seeing unbroken darkness along the miles of coast, set her lamp in the window. She knew the perils of the ocean, and the simple act was her prayer of pity for drifting souls. It was that little lamp which, later in the night, guided the five shipwrecked sailors to the refuge of her home.

There are lives that are as truly a beacon and a blessing as that woman's lamp. They make no heroic rescues, but their influence saves many from danger. It is what the sublime Teacher meant when He said, "Let your light so shine."

The Farmer's Success Depends Upon His Freedom From Disease and Suffering

Paine's Celery Compound

Is the Medicine That Has Made Thousands of Country Toilers Well and Strong.

There are thousands of farmers in our land who are rich in broad acres and gold, yet lack that true wealth known as good health.

It is a melancholy fact that men and women in the country districts, breathing the purest air and drinking from God's bubbling fountains and limpid springs, are liable to the same diseases and ailments that come thick and fast to city people. We find rheumatism, neuralgia, debility, dyspepsia, kidney and liver troubles and blood disease almost as common in the farmer's family as they are in city homes.

Paine's Celery Compound, Heaven's best blessing to the farming community has done more for the banishment of dread disease and the building up of health than all other combined medicines. Mr. G. J. Smye, a well known farmer of Sheffield, Ont., says:

It is with great pleasure that I testify to the value of your great medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. For nearly two years I suffered from indigestion, kidney and liver troubles. After trying several medicines that did not effect a cure, I decided to try your Compound. Before using it I was so low in health that I could not eat or sleep. I could not lie in bed owing to pain in my back; it was only by resting on elbows and knees I was enabled to obtain a slight degree of ease. Before I had fully taken one bottle of your medicine I began to improve. I have now taken in all fourteen bottles with grand results. I am a farmer and am now working every day. Anyone may refer to me in regard to these statements, or to any of my neighbors around Sheffield, where I am well known. I am a living witness to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound.

The World's Coal.

The mechanics of civilization are at present so firmly based on coal that statistics of the production of the precious black fuel always possess an absorbing interest. According to the latest official figures, the United States and the British Empire are running a close race in coal production. During the year 1900 the former produced 244,901,839 metric tons, and the latter 247,938,725 metric tons. Of the British production, all but 19,143,806 metric tons were won from the rocks of the United Kingdom. The production of the entire world in 1900 was 767,636,204 metric tons.

MUNICIPAL CORRUPTION.

Just now St. Louis leads the continent in municipal corruption. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of nineteen members of the House of Delegates, as the common council is known. Some of them have been arrested and others have left the city. In the St. Louis Council there existed a regular combine organized for the purpose of levying toll on those who sought legislation from the city. Some months ago the fact was disclosed that this combine of grafters had held up the suburban street railway for \$5,000. Indictments were secured against a number of the street railway magnates, including some of the most prominent capitalists of St. Louis, for the alleged bribery of members of the House of Delegates. A certain safety vault in the Lincoln Trust Company's bank contained \$75,000, which was intended to be divided up amongst the members of the combine when the legislation desired by the street railway company was passed. Of the two keys required to obtain access to this vault, one was held by the lobbyist of the company and the other by the agent of the combine. The latter fled to Mexico, but returned the other day prepared to tell all he knew. He has made a confession to the circuit attorney, the most remarkable disclosure of which is the oath with which this combine of men, already sworn to preserve to the best of their ability the interests of the citizens, was cemented together. The document is as follows:—"I do solemnly swear before the Almighty God that in associating myself and becoming a member of this combine I will vote and act with the combine whenever and wherever I may be ordered to do so. And I further solemnly swear that I will not, at any place or time, reveal the fact that there is a combine, and that I will not communicate to any person or persons anything that may take place at any meeting of the combine. And I do solemnly agree that, in case I should reveal the fact that any person in this combine has received money, I hereby permit and authorize other members of this combine to take the forfeit of my life in such manner as they may deem proper, and that my throat may be cut, my tongue torn out and my body cast into the Mississippi River. And all of this I do solemnly swear, so help me God." That each and every one of the men arrested has at once offered to tell all he knows of the operation of the combine if immunity is only extended him, is not surprising.

"THE FUTURE OF WAR."

M. Jean de Bloch, who died early in 1902, was a Polish banker of the first importance, a man to whom the Russian government turned for advice and help in its financial operations. He was a man of thought, and therefore studied the social and economic conditions which make it necessary for governments to raise large sums of money. His studies led him to the conclusion that the maintenance of great standing armies is at the root of the matter, and that in the natural progress of events these armies will bring about their own destruction.

His argument is that the immense improvement in the implements and methods of warfare, the withdrawal of a constantly greater element of the population from productive labor, and the ruinous drain upon national finances for equipping an armament and keeping it "up to date," will make it impossible for the civilized nations to continue the present military system.

It is not a sentimental argument, but the conclusion of a hard-headed man of business. His book is such a storehouse of well-arranged facts that the Russian experts commanded by the tsar to examine it advise the study of it by every staff officer.

Bloch's last work was to begin the organization of a "War and Peace Institution" at Lucerne, a museum which by means of pictures, models, charts and other legitimate devices, should exhibit the complete horrors of war. His large-minded plan was to open similar institutions in all the great centres of travel and population.—Youth's Companion.

THE PEARY EXPEDITION.

A despatch has been received in New York from Lieut. R. E. Peary, the Arctic explorer, dated Chateau Bay, Labrador, stating that he is on his way home on the relief ship Windward, and that all on board are well.

Beyond that contained in the despatch no information has been received as to the movements of the explorer, who sailed with his expedition to the North Pole July 4, 1898. The relief ship Windward left New York in July last to find the Peary expedition, and has evidently been successful.

A British team won the Palma trophy at the international school in Ottawa Monday. The British score was 1,459, 12 points higher than the U. S. team and 86 points ahead of the Canadians.

MANITOBA HARVEST.

A press despatch from Winnipeg says: Ideal harvesting weather still prevails throughout Manitoba and the Territories; there is every indication that it will continue. The Canadian Pacific has made immense preparations for the handling of the present crop. Its equipment of box cars west of Fort William is 33 per cent. greater than it was at this time last year, while the motive power is over 35 per cent. greater, and additions are being made every day. It so happens, however that the marketing is proceeding much more slowly this year than last, notwithstanding that the present crop is fully equal in volume to that of 1901. Down to Saturday last, only 375,000 bushels of the new crop had been marketed, whereas, at the same time last year, nearly 1,600,000 bushels had been marketed. While the vast equipment of cars and locomotives has been left idle since threshing began, there is sure to be a tremendous rush before the end of the season. As a rule, vessel shipments from Fort William close before the middle of November, nevertheless the railway officials say that they will be able to carry all the export wheat from Manitoba to Fort William before the close of navigation, together with the bulk of a very large crop in the Territories, provided, of course, farmers and elevator men make an effort to co-operate with them. The wheat is threshing out remarkably well. The price of No. 1 hard, f. o. b., at Fort William to-day is 71c. At this date last year the price was 70c.

ENDED HONEYMOON.

A despatch from Saginaw, Mich., says: Charles B. Robson, of Atlin, B.C., a rich mine owner, ended two days' honeymoon by going insane and jumping into the river after forcing his bride to walk through the streets with him at 2.45 A. M. in her night robes. The bride was formerly Miss Phoebe Stephens of Saginaw.

CARD OF THANKS.

The sons and daughters of the late Mrs. Maxine Malouin wish to extend their sincere thanks to their neighbors and friends for the kindly assistance rendered them during their late bereavement. They desire particularly to thank Mrs. C. C. Colby, Mrs. R. W. Moore, Hon. M. F. Haskett, Rev. C. R. Flanders and Mr. N. C. Knight for their valued help.

A breach of kindness on one side never justifies a breach of trust on the other.

BORN.

SPENCER—At Graniteville, Que., Sept. 10th, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Spencer.

MARRIED.

HARMAN-LARUE—At the residence of Lewis Blair, Fitch Bay, Township of Stanstead, Joseph Harman, of Fitch Bay, to Nellie May Larue, daughter of William Henry Larue of Fitch Bay, on Sept. 9th, 1902.

DIED.

SPENCER—At Graniteville, Que., Sept. 10, Mrs. Frank Spencer.

For Over Sixty Years.

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 diarrhoea. It will relieve the poorest little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

A meeting of the School Commissioners of the Township of Stanstead, will be held in A. J. Tave's Hall, Smith's Mills, on Thursday, Sept. 25th at 2 o'clock P. M.

C. A. JENKINS, Secy-Treas.

Smith Mills, Sept. 15, 1902.

FOR SALE.

I have sold my horse and decided to give up keeping a team. I offer 1 two-seated canopy top Carriage, 1 top Buggy, 1 Backboard, 1 Sleigh, 1 Pump, 2 good Harnesses, 1 set Robes, Blankets, &c., at low prices for cash.

L. A. LANCOT.

OPERA HOUSE

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

TUESDAY EVE., SEPT. 23.

Thos. P. Kelly's

BIG LADY MINSTRELS

30--PEOPLE--30

Funny Comedians. Pretty Girls.

PRICES--25c., 35c.

Seats on sale now at Channel's Store.

LOST.

A yellow Scotch Collie Puppy, four white feet, white tip on tail, answers to the name of Rover. Left the premises of the undersigned August 30th. Finder will be suitably rewarded by notifying A. J. Johnson, Nelson Farm, Fitch Bay Road, Smith's Mills.

CHANGE OF FIRM.

The business heretofore carried on by Parker & Knight after Oct. 1, be carried on by C. I. Knight alone. All accounts and notes due Parker and Knight, must be paid within 60 days from date of this notice.

L. E. PARKER, C. I. KNIGHT.

Gilmore's Shoe Store

FALL and WINTER 1902 and 1903.

All the Latest Styles in Ladies', Misses' and Children's SHOES and OXFORDS.

OUR LINE OF LADIES' SHOES

Is by far the biggest and best we ever had. \$3.00 will buy a Guaranteed Patent or Enamel Leather Shoe. We give a new pair if not good wear.

\$2.00 IS THE POPULAR PRICE

For Ladies' Shoes. We have them in Fifteen or Twenty Different Styles.

IN THE MORNING STAR

And BOSTON SCHOOL SHOE you will find the best shoe you ever saw at the price. Also Boston School Shoe, spring heel, for Ladies, sizes 1 1/2 to 4 1/2.

Yours for Seasonable Shoes

Reasonable Prices.

GILMORE'S.

FOR SALE.

Two Horse Power Threshing Machine made by A. W. Gray & Sons, Middleton Springs, Vt. Almost new Thresher, only used twelve times. Cost \$325. Will be sold cheap. Apply to 51w2 GEO. W. A. REBURN, Massachusetts.

FRUIT.

GRAPES, PLUMS, PEARS, PEACHES.

These Goods are received fresh every day. Don't forget we have got the best line of Biscuits in town. A No. 1 line of...

Groceries, Cigars and Tobacco.

We don't want all your trade just a little corner. Come in and

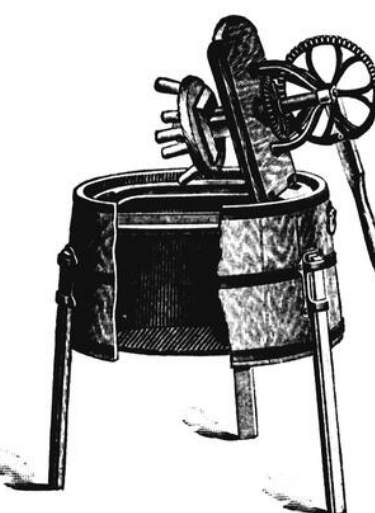
GIVE US A CALL

We like to visit with you... if you don't buy...

Respectfully yours,

J. A. HUNT, Derby Line.

ONLY \$3.50.



WASHING MACHINE ON EARTH.

WRINGERS AT \$1.75

WHICH CAN'T BE BEAT.

CLEARING

SUMMER DRY GOODS

QUICK SALE PRICES.

CASWELL & O'ROURKE.

THE DOMINION BANK.

CAPITAL \$2,500,000.

RESERVE FUND, 2,500,000.

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO.

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W. D. MATTHEWS, Vice-President.

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T. G. BROUGH, Gen. Mgr.

H. J. BETHUNE, Inspector.

Savings Bank Department.

Interest allowed on deposits of \$1.00 and upwards at highest current rates. No unnecessary delay in withdrawing.

Drafts on Canadian, American and foreign points cashed and issued.

We have exceptional facilities for making collections upon all points.

Current accounts of business men and others received upon favorable terms.

A General Banking Business transacted.

STANSTEAD BRANCH,

S. L. JONES,

Manager.

Business and Professional Cards.

R. H. BURKE, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
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Office and Residence at J. E. St. Pierre's.

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Physician and Surgeon,
Fitch Bay, Que.
At Mr. O. N. Clifford's. People's Phone.

DR. H. P. STOCKWELL,
Office at Derby Line Hotel.
Office Hours: 8 to 9 A.M., 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 P.M.
People's Telephone.

DR. R. O. ROSS, B.A., M.D., C.M.,
Office and Residence, P.O. Block, Derby Line.
People's Telephone.

DR. C. L. BROWN, B.A.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Ayer's Flat, Que.
Office at E. Fish's. Residence Chas. Vaughan's.
People's Telephone.

RALPH M. CANFIELD,
M.D., L.R.C.P. (London) Etc.
41 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston.
Office hours: 1 to 3 P.M., 7 to 8 P.M.

DR. J. E. C. TOMKINS,
Stanstead Plain, Que.
Office Hours: 8 to 9 A.M., 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 P.M.
Bell and People's Telephones.

H. C. RUGG, M.D., C.M.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office opposite residence of Hon. M. F. Hackett.
Stanstead Plain, Que. Bell Telephone No. 34.

T. D. WHITCHER, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Beebe Plain, P.Q.
Office at Residence. Bell and People's Phone.

C. I. MOULTON, L.D.S.,
Dentist,
Stanstead Plain, Que.

MISS I. E. MOORE,
Trained Nurse.
Graduate of General Hospital, Toronto, and
late Associate of Johns Hopkins Hospital,
Baltimore.
Stanstead, Que.
Telephones: Bell 5; People's 10.

ERASTUS P. BALL,
Veterinary Surgeon.
Graduate of Montreal Veterinary College.
Office at Lee Farm, Rock Island, Que.
U.S.P.O. address Derby Line, Vermont.

CHAS. H. MANSUR,
Advocate,
Rock Island, P.Q.
Office over Pike Bros' Store.

M. F. HACKETT,
Advocate, Solicitor, &c.,
Stanstead Plain, Que.
Will attend all courts in the District. Collec-
tions a specialty.

H. M. HOVEY,
Advocate,
Rock Island, Que.
U.S.P.O. address, Derby Line, Vt.

EDWARD AUDINWOOD,
Undertaker & Embalmer,
Derby Line, Vt., and Rock Island, P.Q.

MACK'S MILLS.
Mr. Perley Kimpton, son of Aymer
Kimpton, spent Friday night and Satur-
day at The Refuge.

Messrs. Charles Rutter, John Reed
and George Longeway are on the sick
list.

Berty Stolkier of Worcester, spent
Saturday and Sunday at Woodbine
Homestead.

Mr. Fred Gervah and bride of West
Derby, spent Saturday with Mrs. John
Reed.

Guy Longeway planted one potato
in eight hills, in the spring, from
which he got over half a bushel of fine
potatoes.

Mr. George Soutiere has returned
from his trip.

Mrs. George Soutiere is teaching a
school of 31 scholars.

Mr. and Mrs. James O'Leary are
visiting their parents.

We hear that our cheese inspector
has been very ill. He came near hav-
ing lock jaw from having some teeth
extracted but is better at present.

Mrs. Osman Reed and daughter,
spent Monday at Mrs. John Reed's.

Mr. and Mrs. Lunderville from Rock
Island, spent Sunday and Monday
with their son Joseph.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brevoort spent
Sunday with their son Wallace.

Herb Davis is working at Massa-
wippi this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gay of Beebe Plain,
spent Thursday at Woodbine Home-
stead.

James Longeway is at home farm-
ing at present.

Wedding bells, how they ring.
Mr. and Mrs. John Tilton are stop-
ping at Leadville.

GRANITEVILLE.

The Ladies' Aid will hold their an-
nual Harvest Home Festival at the
home of Mr. D. W. Moir on Tuesday
eve., Sept. 23. The ladies of the con-
gregation will furnish supper in their
usual style and a good program will
be furnished in the church. A cordial
invitation is extended to all. Supper
from 6 to 8. Come early to avoid a
crowd. Admission 25 cts.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Robinson of
Marshfield, Vt., are spending a few
days with their niece, Mrs. Myron
Morse.

Mr. P. H. Armitage, of Coaticook,
wool merchant, was through here on
Thursday and says business was
never better.

Miss Edith Batchelder, of Stanstead
is spending a few days with Mrs. Geo.
Moir.

Mr. Henry Munderlot, of Montreal,
was here the first of the week on busi-
ness and called on a few of his friends.
It is needless to say they were pleased
to see him.

Capt. J. O. Bullis has been in Bolton
at his farm for the past week making
some repairs on his buildings.

Miss Lottie Waite who has been the
guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Tryon for
the past few weeks, returned to her
home in Worcester, Mass., on Satur-
day last.

Mrs. (Col.) Woods is spending a few
weeks in Montreal with her daughters,
Mrs. S. S. Bain, Mrs. Chas. Fessenden
and Mrs. Thomas Fessenden.

Mr. and Mrs. James O'Leary of Bos-
ton were visiting his brother, J.
O'Leary, the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Leary and Mrs.
D'Etchegey went to St. Johnsbury
on Tuesday to visit their sister, Mrs.
Simpson, and take in the fair.

Mrs. Colby Blair and two children
visited at Mrs. M. Tilton's on Tuesday.

Mrs. Chas. Monroe of Stanstead
spent Wednesday with her sister, Mrs.
E. P. Davis at Lineboro.

APPLE GROVE.
Miss Mary Bissell is spending a few
weeks at Beebe Plain.

Mrs. J. Kimpton has been visiting
her son Mr. Alonzo Kimpton.

Last week Mr. and Mrs. Charles
Quebec entertained Mr. and Mrs. T.
Bissett, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dragon, from
Holyoke, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. J.
Racine from Barnston, Mr. and Mrs.
H. Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. M. Bullis
from Griffin and Rev. Mr. Bradford
from Georgeville.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunt of Rock
Island, were guests at A. B. Harvey's
on Sunday.

Mrs. Charles Gordon, of Stanstead,
Junction spent Sunday at Mr. Hiram
Brevoort's.

Mrs. W. Taylor is a guest at Lake-
side farm.

Mrs. A. B. Harvey spent several
days in Sherbrooke last week.

Mr. Alex. Simpson returned to his
home in Lawrence, Mass., Wednes-
day.

Mrs. Austin Bodwell, of Beebe Plain,
Mrs. Johnston and Master Loris
Smith, of Lowell, Mass., spent Friday
at "Bay View."

McCONNELL.
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Howe of Hat-
ley visited their cousin, Mrs. Parnell,
on Tuesday of last week, and Thurs-
day Mrs. E. L. Parker of Hatley and
Miss Howe of Barnston were guests
at the same place.

Mrs. E. A. Watson of Northwood,
N.H., is expected to-day (Tuesday)
to visit her old home at Glenbrook
Farm.

We hear rumors of wedding bells in
the air.

Not much damage has been done
here as yet by frost although there
have been slight frosts several morn-
ings.

Potatoes are rotting considerably.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Spendlove have
gone to St. Johnsbury to visit his
aunt, Mrs. Bundy.

SOFT CORE
Like the running brook, the
red blood that flows through
the veins has to come from
somewhere.

The springs of red blood are
found in the soft core of the
bones called the marrow and
some say red blood also comes
from the spleen. Healthy bone
marrow and healthy spleen
are full of fat.

Scott's Emulsion makes new
blood by feeding the bone
marrow and the spleen with
the richest of all fats, the pure
cod liver oil.

For pale school girls and
invalids and for all whose
blood is thin and pale, Scott's
Emulsion is a pleasant and rich
blood food. It not only feeds
the blood-making organs but
gives them strength to do
their proper work.

BARNSTON.

The Rev. William Adams of Len-
noxville occupied the pulpit at the
Methodist Church on Sunday the 14th.
Miss Minnie F. Osgood of Caswell's
Mills is in town for a few days, the
guest of Mrs. E. S. Buckland.

Mrs. Lizzie Smith of Coaticook is
visiting friends in town.

Miss Clara Wilkinson is attending
school at Stanstead College.

William and Felix Walker of Here-
ford have bought the Walter Morgan
farm and will take possession in the
spring.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Buckland of
Derby, Vt., were in town over Sunday.

We are very sorry to hear of the se-
rious illness of Mrs. Ernest Parker.
She is attended by Dr. Hethrington
and is some better at this time. The
doctor is kept quite busy with his
many patients.

Mr. C. H. Remick returned from the
Toronto fair on Monday, accompanied
by Mrs. C. N. Remick who has been
spending the summer with her daugh-
ter in Ontario.

The Methodist Ladies' Aid met with
Mrs. J. Oscar Oliver on Tuesday, the
16th.

Mr. Michael Martin having sold his
farm has taken up residence at the
Corner.

Mr. Henry Worth of Stanstead and
Mr. Austin Smith of New Boston were
in town on Tuesday, the 16th, on busi-
ness.

UP TO DATE MINSTRELS.
One newspaper, in speaking of Thos.
P. Kelley's Big Lady Minstrels, which
come to the Opera House on Tuesday
evening, Sept. 23, says: "They gave a
good performance and are deserving
of recognition by theatre goers
throughout the country."

This is further seconded by the St.
Louis Globe in a notice which says:
"Thos. P. Kelley's Big American Lady
Minstrels opened at the Gillis last
night to the biggest audience in the
history of the house. The show was
one long, loud, continuous laugh from
the rise to the fall of the curtain. The
costumes were gorgeous, the ladies
handsome, the comedians uproarious-
ly funny, while the big olio of special-
ty artists were ahead of anything seen
here this season. Not one dull min-
ute or one wait in the entire perform-
ance."

The Minstrels come to the Opera
House for one performance.

ABBOTT'S CORNER.
Mrs. Stephen Dunton nee Alice Le-
Baron and son of Minnesota are here,
after a two years' absence, visiting
relatives at the old homestead. Mr.
C. O. LeBaron, Jr., of Detroit, Mich.,
accompanied his sister on her home
journey thus completing the family
circle.

Mrs. H. McArthur was at H. J. Call's
Sunday.

Mr. Geo. B. Worthen of Ayer's Flat
called on friends here of Thursday
last week.

Mr. D. M. Bean and daughters,
Misses Eva and Sylvia, of Waterville
were here Sunday.

Cards are out for a wedding to take
place on the 24th inst. The contract-
ing parties are Miss Alice Bissell and
Mr. Augustus Colt.

Mr. and Mrs. George Drew visited
friends in Montreal last week.

Mrs. P. H. Ward of Sherbrooke has
been making a pleasant visit at the
home of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. House.

Mrs. W. H. Chandler and daughter
of Boston, Mass., have been making
an extended visit to Mr. and Mrs. L.
J. House.

Mrs. Almer Astbury of Graniteville
has been stopping at the home of Mr.
Richard Astbury of late.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. House have been
spending a few days with friends in
Gorham, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Astbury left Sat-
urday for Boston, Mass., where they
intend to reside in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Drew attended
the St. Johnsbury fair this week.

The genial profile of Mr. Stephen
House of Richmond, was seen on our
streets for the first time in three years
last week. Steve is an old Hatley boy
and his many friends are always glad
to see him. We trust, however, he
may in the future visit the old home-
stead and old friends oftener and so
perpetuate the friendships so pleas-
antly renewed.

BOYNTON.
The friends of this village met with
the bereaved family of Mr. George
Griffin, Monday the 15th, at the home
of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Merrill, to pay
the last tribute of love to little Bertha
Alice, who died on the 13th, sister and
twin of little Burton Albert Griffin.
They have been the constant care and
anxiety of Mrs. Merrill since the
death of their mother, two months
ago. All learned to love them. Rev.
Mr. Bradford of Georgeville spoke
comforting words. The little lifeless
form was taken to the Boynton ceme-
tery and softly laid at rest in roses be-
side the peaceful mother and we
think the angels whispered "of such
is the kingdom of heaven."

Mrs. Jessie Boynton we are glad to
hear is gaining slowly.

We are sorry to say that Mr. David
Sloan, our old neighbor, is failing.

Ladies' heavy undervests and pants
at 25 cents each, at Abbey's store.

CURRIERS.

Mr. Carmi Porter has been quite in-
disposed for a few days but is improv-
ing under Dr. Bowen's treatment.

Mrs. Casavant and daughter from
Natick, Mass., are visiting her sisters,
Mrs. F. Viens and Mrs. M. Longe.

Mrs. Dow from Ayer's Flat visited
Mrs. A. Stone last week.

Mrs. R. Seale and Mrs. J. Seale of
Granby spent a few days with rela-
tives here and in Bolton recently.

Mrs. E. H. Bullard from Montreal
spent two days with Mrs. Manning
last week.

Miss Trotter from Montreal is
spending a few days with her aunt,
Mrs. Demars.

The Magog Ladies' Aid which was
held at Mrs. Henry Shonyo's in the
Shonyo neighborhood, last Wednes-
day, was well attended both afternoon
and evening by old and young people.
All had a pleasant time.

Misses Marcia Patneade and Emma
Longe attended the Brome fair last
week.

The school house has been repaired
and is greatly improved in appearance
with its new coat of light paint.

Teachers are scarce. No teacher
hired for this school yet.

Carpenters commenced work on Mr.
A. Stone's new house two weeks ago
and are progressing finely.

Mr. P. W. Kimpton and sister Min-
nie from Somerville, Mass., visited
their aunt, Mrs. Manning last Thurs-
day. They were accompanied by Miss
Jennie Colburn of Magog.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Elliot were in
the place last Thursday.

Mrs. Blake of Stukely visited at Mr.
A. F. Channell's last week.

AUCKLAND.
Farmers are glad to see this fine
harvest weather which they are im-
proving every day by getting their
harvesting done.

We hear a large bear was killed at
one of Mr. Pope's camps last week.

Deer hunters claim that deer are
quite numerous this fall.

Mrs. Malanson and little daughter,
Mary Ellen, visited at C. D. Dyke's
one day last week.

Mrs. A. Hebert has been very sick,
but we are glad to say she is a little
better at this writing.

Mr. Joseph Parras is raising a big
barn today.

CASWELL'S MILLS.
The King's Daughters will meet
with Mrs. Judson Page Sept. 25th.

There will be no preaching at the
Church next Sunday.

Mr. F. T. Caswell of Derby Line was
in town last Friday.

Mr. Thomas Maxwell was in town
last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Moulton and
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moulton attended a
picnic at Way's Mills last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Forbes of New
York are visiting relatives in town.

Mr. J. A. Bradford was in Coaticook
recently.

Miss M. F. Osgood is in Barnston
visiting friends.

The King's Daughters met with Miss
Jennie Nurse last Thursday.

AYER'S FLAT.
Elder G. W. Chapman will preach
in the Union Church next Sunday at
2.30 P. M.

BAD EYES . .

Are what we are looking for. It
is to be regretted that there
are so many of that sort at this
day and age, but they must be
cared for and we are fully equip-
ped to do it. No matter what
you think the trouble is, do not
do a thing till you come to us.

It will cost you nothing to know
and it is your duty to your eyes.

R. C. PARSONS,
ROCK ISLAND, P. Q.
DERBY LINE, VT.

LOST.
Between Rock Island and Wm. Pomroy's
Stanstead, Sept. 1, a black Summer Overcoat
marked with initials J. W. A. on lining. Find-
er will please return same to Journal Office or
to W. L. Pomroy, Stanstead.

APPLES FOR SALE.
Winter keeping varieties—mostly Fameuse.
Ready about the last of September. Relec-
tions made to large purchasers.

MRS. A. MOLSON, Fern Hill,
Near Georgeville.

PUBLIC NOTICE
Is hereby given that my wife, Rose R. Fre-
gan (Watson) having left my bed and board
without just cause or provocation, all persons
are forbidden to harbor or trust her on my
account.

J. A. WILDER,
Georgeville, P.Q., Aug. 25th, 1902.

1840—DERBY ACADEMY—1902.
Derby, Vermont.
Fall term opens Tuesday, September 2, 1902.
Expenses within reach of all. Full corps of
teachers; five courses of study; prepares
for college; gives a thorough education for
practical life; vocal and instrumental music;
attention. Send for Catalogue. E. Edgecomb,
Principal.
Derby, Aug. 14, 1902.

THE STANSTEAD GRANITE QUARRIES
CO. Limited.
NOTICE.

The fourth annual meeting of the Sharehold-
ers of the Stanstead Granite Quarries Com-
pany, Limited, will be held at No. 19 Wellington
street, west, Toronto, on Tuesday, Septem-
ber 30th, 1902, at 2 o'clock P.M.

F. W. HEARLE,
Secy-Treas.

WANTED.
Twelve men wanted to work on the new fac-
tory being erected for Butterfield & Co. at
Derby Line, Vt. Apply to H. O. Smith on the
grounds of Butterfield & Co.

MACHINE WORK.
The undersigned have purchased
from H. L. BACHELDER the Grandy
Machine Shop and Foundry at West
Derby, and are prepared to do all
kinds of Machine Work and Casting in
a first-class manner.

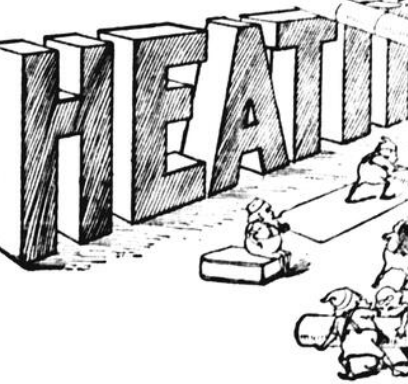
Brass and Iron Casting.
Engine and Boiler Work
a Specialty.

We have a first-class man for out-
side work, such as Mill Engine and
Boiler Installation and Repairs.

SUITOR & SON,
P.O. Address: Newport, Vt.

TO LET.
Furnished Cottage at Lake Park. For terms
and particulars address Dr. Whitcher or H. B.
Stewart, Lake Park.

ROCK ISLAND HARDWARE CO.
HEATING



Hilborn Wood Furnaces
AND Heeler Coal Furnaces

Are the best Furnaces Made for the Money.
ORDER EARLY.

DON'T PUT IT OFF UNTIL COLD WEATHER.

ROCK ISLAND HARDWARE CO.,
WATERMAN & HUNT, Mgrs.

BLANK BOOKS.

We carry the most complete line of Blank Books
in Southern Quebec. Account Books of all sizes and
for all purposes. Special Books to order.

JOURNAL PRINTING CO.,
Rock Island, Que.

PRICES THAT TELL

... AT ...
P. A. Bissonnet's
CLEARING SALE.

A few more pieces of print at 4¢ a yd.
Brown Cotton at 5¢ a yd.
Bleached Cotton at 6¢ a yd.
Flannel at 6¢ a yd.
Gingham at 6¢ a yd.
Wool Plaid at 10¢ and 20¢ a yd.
Heavy Costume Cloths at 20¢ a yd.
Shirt Waists at 20¢ and 30¢ each.
Wrappers at 60¢ each.
Black, plain and figured Skirts at \$1.75 each.
Few Ladies' Costumes left at \$4.00 each.
Fall Jackets at \$3.00 and \$5.00 each.
3-button Kid gloves at 50¢ a pair.
A full Basket of Remnants 1/2 price.
A pair of good Blankets for 40¢.
Ladies' Slippers at 20¢ a pair.
Children's Shoes at 25¢ a pair.
Men's Lace Boots at \$1.25 a pair.
Misses' and Ladies' Rubbers at 20¢ a pair.
Boys' Pants at 40¢ a pair.
Men's Wool Pants at 10¢ and \$1.25 a pair.
Boys' Suits at \$1.50.
Boys' Reefers at \$2.50.
Men's Suits at \$3.50.
Men's Overcoats at \$5.00.
3 lbs. good Raisins for 25¢.
3 Cans good Salmon for 25¢.
5 lbs. Tea for \$1.00.
2 lbs. Coffee for 50¢.
1 lb. 5 Roses Flour \$1.50.

LOST.
On August 30th, between Rock Island Drug
Store and Spaulding's store, a small Grey Purse
containing about \$8. Any one returning same
to Journal Office will be suitably rewarded.

STITCHERS WANTED.
Steady employment with good pay will be
given girls willing to work in my Shirt and
Overall Factory. Apply to Mr. Duncuff.
J. B. GOODHUE,
Rock Island, P.Q.

SHINGLES FOR SALE.
500 M. All kinds. All prices. If you want
any, call, write or telephone.
Cash cheerfully accepted at all times.
J. A. TILTON,
Smith's Mills.

EASTERN TOWNSHIPS BANK.
Established 1859.
Capital Authorized \$2,000,000
Capital paid up \$1,955,225
Reserve Fund \$1,500,000

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S. E. MOORE, Local Manager.
S. E. MOORE, Inspector of Branches.

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Cowansville, H. F. Williams, Mgr.;
Coaticook, E. N. Robinson, Mgr.;
Richmond, W. L. Ball, Mgr.;

THE FRIENDSHIP OF CHRIST.

BY ANDREW F. UNDERHILL,
St. John's Rectory, Yonkers,
N. Y.

A friend of publicans and sinners.—Matt., vi., part of 19th verse.

Generally speaking, when a man is a friend of another, the assumption is that the two are somewhat alike, at least in their pursuits and ideas of life. So when the Pharisees spoke of Jesus as "a friend of publicans and sinners" they meant to include Him in the same category—to make Him out to be a man of similar motives and acts. But it is only necessary to search the Scriptures to see how absurd was their position. Criminals were never known to be anything but selfish; and where is the man, follower or opponent of Christ, who can point to one thought of self throughout the whole of that life of marvellous excellence? Criminals are proverbially cruel; but who can find, search he ever so minutely, the slightest trace of a nature that was hard through the gentleness of that Divine pity which gave Him of His own free will to suffer for our sins?

Was He, then, the friend of publicans and sinners? Yes; but he was not in the sense the Pharisees meant to include Him. He was the friend in the sense that He was the helper, not the boon companion, not the friend to please Himself, but for the good He could do them—a friend who neither shared their philosophy of life nor was contaminated by their vices; yet was He friend indeed! Yes, the friend of publicans and sinners—the friend of all mankind, even to the worst.

Behind the words of the text lies one of the fundamental ideas of the Christian religion—that of the universal brotherhood of man. There was no one precept Christ so often reiterated as the teaching that the weak, the lowest, the lost are to be befriended, raised up, regenerated and rejoiced over when saved; and it is at just this point that our Christianity of to-day is the most unsatisfactory, for in our community, where the class and mass distinctions are becoming more marked, the tendency of our corporate Christianity has been to remember the classes and to forget the masses. The selfishness of the world has gotten in. The oligarchies in our churches survive and flourish. The more blessed in this world's favors continue to look down on those who have not had the fortune to possess equal opportunities, and practically ostracise them. They say: "We will do what we can for you, but you mustn't come too near to us. We will give you our money or our prayers, but you cannot expect us to give you any of our time or companionship." Thus the world, even in the organized church, whispers to us its hard cynicism, and we listen and give utterance to such sentiments after thinking such thoughts. We are willing to do good when it is of no special inconvenience to us, but when some one asks: "Are you a friend of publicans and sinners?" we become faint-hearted and weak-kneed, because we are afraid of what the Pharisees may say.

Was that the way Jesus Christ did? Was there ever any force of public opinion, was there ever any self-interest that could swerve Him for one moment from the labor of uplifting He had set Himself to do? What worldly distinction ever came between Him and the all-moving pity of His Divine love? The poor, the maimed, the halt and the blind were equally His care, and the wretched and forlorn of all classes came to Him for consolation. Christ's Christianity did not declare that all men were equal, but that all men should be entitled to equal consideration, and that each soul, strong and weak alike, ought to have an equal sympathy from man and God.

The danger that menaces our Christianity and our churches to-day is that we are allowing these churches to become merely the focal points in which the recognized social elements of the community meet, because the church is a sort of guarantee of respectability to any one who attends. We do not show sufficient interest in the souls of others. We simply look after ourselves and let the publicans and sinners drift. Many go to church because it looks well, because their neighbor goes, because they wish to see others there or because they like to be at the head of something. Some go to hear a good sermon and others to criticize a poor one. Some are interested in others and their best welfare and some are not. But what we all need is to be told and to realize what Christianity really is. And when we know this and practise it the great world that is without the church will be brought in, and only then.

The true church is not a holiday, sunny season pavilion. It was built for stormy weather and every-day use, and we who profess to be Christians need not fear to open wide the doors. All are brothers, equal in Christ; and let us not forget that in the day to come the last shall be first and the first last. If the great Son of God could stoop from His lofty height to the lowest and vilest sinner, should not we go forward in the bonds of broadest brotherhood, rejoicing to fulfil the Master's work? He was the friend of publican and sinner. He was the friend of all, and if we pretend to follow Him we must be truly inspired with the feeling His life has illustrated.

Every man and woman or child who reads these words, in addition to knowing of himself, knows of someone else to whom Christ's salvation may be brought. There are many who are not so very low in sin, but are simply careless and unconscious of the motives of the higher life which might be shown to them, could we who profess to be Christians illustrate to them the practical living of the precepts of the Master. There are many who have gone far astray and perhaps are persisting in their iniquity—and these are missing the

blessedness of the friendship of Christ because they have not found some earthly friend to interest himself in their soul's welfare in a way that will influence them. The preaching of the pulpit and the appeal of the printed page reach some, but the love and kindness of the friendly human heart touch more. Let me ask, then, bearing this in mind, "Do you not know some publican or sinner, be he ever so respectable as the world goes, or ever so wretched and fallen, of whom you shall be able to say with Christ, 'I am his friend?'"

He Wanted Enough.

A correspondent of The London Post, who has witnessed a pilgrimage to Mecca, records the following prayer, which he heard delivered there by an Arab pilgrim:—

"O Almighty God!" he cried, "now I am sure you will not send me to hell. A place in paradise is surely reserved for me. You know I was not rich, being only a poor barber, but through my economy and perseverance I had by me money. My first intention was to buy a wife with my savings, but being, as you know, a sensible man, I thought it more advisable to make use of them to come to Your house, first of all, to insure myself a hour in paradise, and remember, O my Lord, that I want a palace as well. I do not want to be a shaver in the next world. We read in the traditions that those who hold high positions here will be miserable hereafter, whereas the wretched in this life will be rich in heaven. So I implore You, in the name of Mahomet our Prophet, who was created before this world was made, and who will sit on your right hand on the day of judgment and plead on behalf of his people, to listen to my requests. When I return home I have nothing to live on. Therefore, I want a comfortable living to begin with. And since it may be long before I meet the hour, you are reserving for me in paradise, I want to have a nice little house. You know the kind of woman I like. Nothing is hidden from You. I am not greedy, and so I shall not ask you for many. But, O Lord may I ask you for two? For, as you know full well it is not in the nature of a man to be contented with one."

Saved Her Husband.

An English newspaper is responsible for the statement that a prominent business man of Vienna two years ago was on the brink of ruin. His wife, a young and beautiful woman of twenty-four, found a way out of the difficulty.

She left a purposely overheated room one night and walked up and down a stone-floored passage barefooted and scantily clad till she caught a serious chill, which she aggravated by a series of reckless acts. Inflammation of the lungs set in; she died and her husband received the large sum for which her life was insured. This enabled him to pull through the crisis successfully, and within a very short time he was a rich man again. He married a second time within two months of his first wife's death. Now a servant in his employ at the time has informed the police of the facts of the case, stating that she overheard the conversation in which the heroic wife told her husband of her intention to die for his sake. The insurance company contends that it was a case of suicide, and demands the return of the money from the husband, who may also have to answer to the charge of having been an accessory to the crime.

An Irishman's Brother.

A correspondent of The Spectator quotes an account of the proceedings of an Achill islander on active service in the Connaught Rangers, as narrated by his brother, one of the Achill car-drivers at Achill Sound. The car-driver, Patrick Scanlon, said, following his own words as nearly as memory enables the correspondent to do:—

"Me brother went through the whole of the Boer war, Colinsan all, and was wid General Hart whin he was at the takin' of Pretoria by Lord Roberts. Whin the army was near the town Lord Roberts called out to General Hart, 'Hart,' says he, 'take five or six of yer boys on ahead and ax Mrs. Kruger for the keys of the town, and whither she knows where her husband is.' So Hart kem back to the Rangers, and says he, 'Boys, I want a few of yez to go on in front wid me. You come for one, Scanlon,' says he to me brother, 'and bring four or five of yer comrades wid yez,' says he. So Hart and me brother and his comrades went on in front till they kem to Mrs. Kruger's house, and thin Hart says, 'Scanlon,' says he, 'go knock at the door an' ax her for the keys of the town and ax her whither she knows where her husband is.' So me brother went to the door, and through the windy near the door he could see Mrs. Kruger lyin' on a sofa ferennt the four carin' and cryin'. Whin he knocked at the door a young woman opened it, and says me brother, 'Can ye speak English?' 'Why not?' says she, 'because I cum from Oireland,' says she. 'From what parts?' says me brother. 'From Vaxford,' says she. 'Thin Mary, me dear,' says me brother, 'I'll ye go in to herself an' ax her for the keys of the town for Lord Roberts, an' tell her we want to know if she can tell Lord Roberts where her husband is.' So Mary went in, and me brother ed see Mrs. Kruger tarin' and cryin' worse than ivir while Mary was spakin' to her. Well, whin Mary kem out to me brother says, 'Well, Mary alannah, what does she say?' 'She says,' says she, 'that she mivir had the keys of the town, and that she says she, 'she knows no more than Lord Roberts or General Hart where her husband is, but that he was a man who to have her the way he did without manes or money, but dependant on the generosity of his inmates.' 'Well, Mary, me dear,' says me brother, 'let nayther you nor yer misthress be afraid that ye will want for anythin' as long as the Connaught Rangers is to the fore.' An' while they were in Pretoria he saw Mary ivir day, an' they got yerv thick. Whin they g't marchin' orthers he thried if Mary wud be goin' back to Oireland, but she said she would hold on to her misthress as long as she wanted her. Well, whin me brother heard tell of the death of the old lady he thried to find out about Mary, but he thried a bit could he hear of where she went or where she was."

Curious Bits of News.

All princes are not dukes. Duke Karl Theodor of Bavaria recently performed his four-thousandth operation for catarract at his clinic in Munich. His wife acted as his assistant.

The English stockholders in Marconi's wireless telegraph company include the inventor's life as highly at this critical period of his experimentation that they have had him insured for \$750,000.

The sale of oleomargarine in the United States is increasing rapidly, and one of the causes of the growing sales is said to be the large amount of free advertising that it has received from the debates in Congress and the State legislatures and the newspapers, in consequence of the efforts made to suppress it.

A much-valued distinction has been conferred upon the proprietors of a large cigar factory at Havana. The firm have received an order from England to furnish the cigars for the royal banquet which is to be held after the coronation of King Edward. The order includes three sizes and amounts to several thousand cigars. A unique feature is that there is no stipulation whatever as to the price, this matter being left entirely to the judgment of the manufacturers.

Court etiquette and religious scruples have had an amusing tussle at The Hague. The trouble arose when the daughters of Dr. Kuypers, the Premier, were invited to the first court ball of the season. Low-necked dresses were forbidden, but the Misses Kuypers decided that décolleté dresses were inconsistent with their religious principles. They applied for a dispensation, but received a curt reply from the mistress of the ceremonies, who declared that time-honored customs of the Dutch court must be adhered to. Dr. Kuypers made direct representations to the subject to Queen Wilhelmina, with the result that a compromise was arranged. The Misses Kuypers will stay away from the ball, but will take tea with their sovereign in high-necked dresses the same afternoon.

The Millionaire and the Pie.

One time a millionaire found himself at nightfall in a small town that was ministered to by no railroad. And he had in his pocket a one-hundred-dollar bill and in his stomach a sense of hunger.

And he went to the only store in the town to buy food for himself. Now the keeper of the store was a man of much caution and narrow mind. "I am as hungry as my stomach knows how to be," said the millionaire affably. "Sell me that veal pie."

As he spoke he laid down the hundred-dollar bill. The cautious storekeeper picked it up and looked at it with doubt mingled with distrust and accompanied with dubiety. Then he said: "My veal pie is worth ten cents to me, but I never heard of such a bill as that. Give me one with another picture on it, for this one is not worth a real pie, I am sure."

And the millionaire said: "My friend, it so happens that this evening finds me with no other picture bills upon my person nor yet any coin. The bill is surely worth a hundred of the ordinary, every-day kind. But that is neither here nor there."

But the storekeeper shook his head sorrowfully.

"Nothing will recompense me for the veal pie but money that I can understand. There may be hundred-dollar bills, but I never saw one before. I know the worth of my veal pie, and if you have ten cents you can eat it, but if you haven't you can't."

"But I have not ten cents," said the millionaire; "so let us put it on another basis. Give me the veal pie out of charity, for my stomach is not used to being put off."

"Now we're on familiar ground," said the storekeeper, as he sliced a piece of cheese and ate it. "I have seen beggars many times, and as I never saw one so well dressed as you are I doubt you. You cannot be a beggar. Your clothes betray you, and even if you were one I would not help you as I do not believe in encouraging mendicancy."

"You are difficult beyond a doubt," said the millionaire, raising his eyebrows and shaking his head. "I have seen beggars many times, and as I never saw one so well dressed as you are I doubt you. You cannot be a beggar. Your clothes betray you, and even if you were one I would not help you as I do not believe in encouraging mendicancy."

Said the storekeeper, looking at the clock: "I have never insulted the frame that the Lord gave me by calling in others to do that which I can do myself. My boxes are unpacked and my goods are shelved. If you have ten cents, for it is the hour of closing."

Then the millionaire felt in his vest pockets and found a counterfeit dime which he had received in change the day before. And rendered desperate by his hunger he gave the storekeeper the dime and received in exchange the veal pie. For to the near-sighted storekeeper the coin looked good.

As for the millionaire, he ate the pie like a shipwrecked mariner. And the near-sighted storekeeper dropped the counterfeit into his till with contentment.—Charles Battell Loomis in "Saturday Evening Post."

Scene: A collapsed building. "Kape alive, Mike! We're rescuin' ye." Voice from the debris—Is big Clancy up there wid ye? "Sure he is." "Ast him wud he be so kind as t' step aft the pole? I've enough on t' top av me widout him."—Brooklyn "Life."

Milk as a Means of Suicide.

It is remarkable that so mild and intrinsically harmless a beverage as milk should be so frequently chosen as a means of exit into the other world. Yet at this summer season the ethical effects of milk seem to be much underrated. For example, we read in the despatches from California that a prominent young man of Calaveras County died here to-day as a result of eating cherries and drinking milk. This is a slight variant from the usual combination. Probably the most deadly is pickles and milk. Strawberries and milk are only mildly toxic; with young and sturdy stomachs, they are often partially digested; with older ones they frequently cause nothing more than cruetative dyspepsia, or, at worst, hives, nettle-rash, urticaria, or summer complaint, therefore those who are fond of this combination rarely abstain in the face of these comparatively trifling ailments.

Next to pickles and milk, probably the most deadly form in which the innocent fluid can be made to figure is the cheap ice cream combination. Despite the toughness of certain diets, it would be in the ice cream form, if judiciously administered, has been known to lay out in intestinal kinks many scores of children on Sunday school picnics. With their elders, the combination is not infrequently fatal. Of course it requires much care to make milk so deadly. In fact, with careless mixing this kind of ice cream may be taken with comparative impunity, or only a slight illness. When it is prepared with attention to the proper septic and toxic conditions, however, milk in cream form may be looked upon as practically certain death; it would be invaluable as an apparently innocent means of hurrying off rich uncles, tardy spinster aunts, and other rich persons who linger superfluous on life's stage. In its most potent form, when the innocent milk has become merely a culture-bed for billions of ice cream ptomaines, the doctors call the mixture "tyro-toxin." This name is imposing and scientific sounding, and doubtless gives a certain chastened satisfaction to the mourners.

More than would plain milk—it is extraordinary what pains people take to render deadly this harmless leverage. Even if the cow be sound, they will expose the milk to all manner of impurities—including typhoid germs—before they put it inside of them. Even if it be perfectly pure they take it at temperatures and under conditions that are unwise, if not dangerous. To take a glass of milk by itself is a sensible proceeding; to take it on top of a hearty meal composed of proteins, carbohydrates, and hydro-carbons, is most unwise to take it with acids, as in dyspepsia. Yet the latter method is the one most preferred, for cream is used as a mechanical lubricant with all manner of acid fruits.

As to temperature—in the summer season people prefer it ice cold, and some lunatics even put ice into it. If they take it at the temperature of the air, without accompanying solid food, it is probably speedily absorbed without going through the complex processes of gastric and hepatic digestion. If, on the other hand, it be taken ice cold, it at once coagulates and the stomach cannot in it sometimes requires hours for digestion; this latter is invariably the case when it is accompanied with solid food.

Many a man and woman has died through drinking freely of feed milk on a hot summer's day. Adelaide Nielson, the beautiful actress, went into a Paris restaurant on the way to the Bois de Boulogne one summer day—one of those broiling, blistering, steaming days of which in Paris they have so many, and of which we hear so little. She ordered a glass of feed milk; she did not sip it—against the advice of her companion, she drank it rapidly, and followed it with another. In a few moments she was dead.

Elen! She was a fine actress and a very beautiful woman. They show you the room in which she died. They even point out to you the lounge on which she yielded up her last breath. "Yes, monsieur. Yes, madame. Voilà—that is the place where the beautiful actress Angliss have die. She was very beautiful, very gentle. Oh, yes. It was a grand pity. Oh, yes. She drank a glass of the milk—cold, very cold. Thank you, monsieur. Thank you, a thousand times. Good day, madame; good-day, monsieur."

No Better off Than Before.

A small town in Posen near the Silesian frontier still keeps that relic of other centuries, the night-watchman who calls the hours. One night—the London "Telegraph" tells this remarkable story—one of these watchmen, an old worthy long in service, failed to blow his whistle when the clock struck the hour.

The burgomaster summoned the delinquent to account for his negligence. After some hesitation he declared that his last tooth had dropped out, and that he could not hold in his mouth the official flat tin whistle.

A council was called, and the subject was gravely discussed. Finally one of the members said that he had heard of a dentist at Breslau who supplied artificial teeth. After long debate the council appropriated money to send the watchman to Breslau to get a set of new teeth.

In due time the watchman reported that his teeth had arrived. That night he called up to hear the result. To his astonishment there was no whistle at ten, at eleven, or at midnight. The next morning he summoned the watchman.

"You have got your teeth," he said, indignantly. "Why do you not whistle as before?"

"Yes, I've got a new set of teeth," replied the old man, "but the doctor told me to put them in water at night."

Gives Him Pain in the Purse.

"I'm really worried about Charlie," said young Mrs. Torkins.

"What's the trouble?" asked her mother.

"All my care seems to have been in vain. I wouldn't let him play golf for fear he'd get the golf elbow, nor ping-pong for fear he'd get ping-pong ankle."

"Well, he has escaped so far!"

"Yes. But I haven't the heart to ask him to stop playing cards, even if it does lead to his becoming deficient."

"What do you mean?"

"He admitted to me that the poker hands he is getting are extremely painful."

Anecdotal.

In one of the Philadelphia colleges a professor of chemistry asked a student the other day: "Now, suppose you were called to a patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid, what would you administer?" "I would administer the sacrament," replied the student, who, by the way, is said to be studying for the ministry, and takes chemistry because it is obligatory.

It is reported that Innocent IV. and Thomas Aquinas were standing together as the bags of treasure were being carried in through the gates of the Lateran. "You see," observed the Pope, with a smile, "the day is past when the Church could say, 'Silver and gold have I none.'" "Yes, holy father," was the saint's reply, "and the day is past also when the Church could say to the lame man, 'Rise and walk.'"

W. J. Bryan told a good story at his own expense in New York recently: "I spoke during the campaign in a little Illinois town. In front of me sat a man rigidly attentive. He drank in every word I said; I think he had drunk in something else besides. When I finished he came up and wrung my hand. 'Mr. Bryan,' he said, 'you are wonderful, wonderful. You are the first man I ever saw whose back teeth I could see all the time he was speaking.'"

President Roosevelt is fond of telling any story at his own expense. That which he enjoys most is the following: Former Governor Wise had told the President that it was the general opinion, so far as he had heard, that he would go down to posterity as a Washington. The President replied that he was delighted to hear that. "But," added Wise, in a serious manner, "whether it will be as a George or a Booker T. I don't know." The President is said to have laughed so heartily over this that Wise became alarmed.

Dr. Rixey, who for some years was the private physician in the McKinley household, says that when the late President's mother sat down to the first time to a White House dinner what seemed to impress her most was the prodigious supply of cream. She commented on its abundance, and then added: "Well, William, at last I know what they mean when they speak of the Cream of Society." The President laughed. "I admit," said he, "that there seems to be an extravagant array of cream on the table, but you know, mother, we can afford to keep a cow, now."

An amusing story is being told of Sir Henry Howarth, who, besides being the author of many scientific works, has written an elaborate historical book entitled "The Story of the Mongols." It seems that the other day Sir Henry found himself at a dinner party next to a lady who determinedly talked dogs to him from the dinner table. Rather bored, Sir Henry at last remarked that though his friends somewhat unkindly declared that he could chatter on any subject, he was obliged to own that he was utterly at sea on the topic of dogs. The lady looked astounded. "Why, are you not Sir Henry Howarth?" I understood from our host that you were the author of a learned book on Mongrels, and I was so delighted, as I am so interested in all kinds of dogs."

A story is told of a certain English bishop well known for his verbosity who rose to address the House of Lords on a very important occasion. "I will divide my speech under twelve heads," he said, to the discomfort of his audience. The Marquis of Salisbury begged to be allowed to interpose with a little anecdote. "A friend of mine was returning home late one night," he said, "when opposite St. Paul's he saw an intoxicated man trying to ascertain the time on the big clock there. Just then it began to strike and slowly tolled out twelve. The man listened, looked hard at the clock, and said, 'Confound you, why couldn't you have said that all at once?'" The bishop heartily joined in the laughter which followed, and took the hint contained in the story.

Dr. John Kerr, the well-known Scottish school inspector, was once faced in a Banffshire manse by this question put to him by the lady of the house on behalf of her inquisitive son. "Mr. Kerr, is it true that the devil goes about like a roaring lion?" "It must be true," he replied, "for it is in the Bible." A shrill voice came from the corner: "Then who keeps his fire in when he's gaun about?" Dr. Kerr also tells an anecdote of a woman who had lost her husband, and the minister sitting in front of a large bowl of porridge. "Terrible loss, terrible loss," signed the minister. "Aye," was the reply, "it's a terrible loss to me. I've just been greetin' a' night, and as sure as I finish this wee drap porridge, I'm just gaun to begin again."

A Real Help.

The Woman's Aid Society in New York has done great work in helping the poor. Like all charitable organizations, it has to contend with ingratitude, stupidity, and wilful improvidence. The "Commercial Advertiser" relates one instance that is amusing to read of, but must have been a trifle discouraging to the society.

To a poor woman whose husband was in jail they gave some clothing and ten dollars in money, thinking that she would know best what she wanted, and so spend the money more wisely than they.

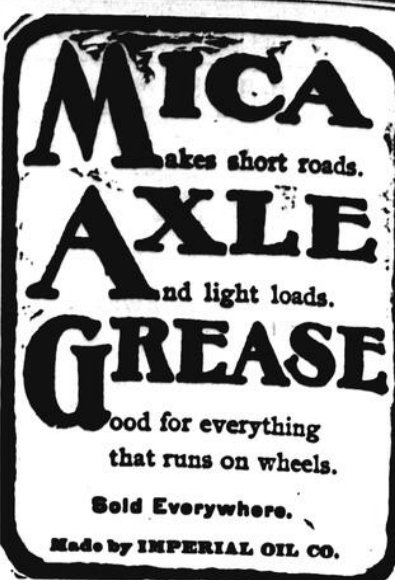
A week after the gift had been made a deputation of members called at the squallid home to see the results of their assistance. They found no improvement in the condition of the family.

"Well, Mrs. Nolan," asked one of them, "how are you getting along?"

"Fine," said Mrs. Nolan, "and did you find a use for the money?"

"Sure, the clothes fitted fine, an' the childer looked so nice I had all their pictures took wid the money ye gave me, an' I'm going to have me own took this week to send to the old folks in Ireland."

Alky—Pooh Gussie's condition is very serious, indeed. He can't even move his head from the pillow. Percy—Great heavens! What's the matter? Alky—The foolish fellow lost his head in a game of ping-pong last evening, and played steadily for nearly fifteen minutes.



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"The University of Birmingham is going to undertake what has never before been undertaken in England—the teaching of commercial methods as a science. I advise parents to watch very carefully the proposals of the university with a view to considering whether it would pay them to place their sons in the university previous to starting on a business career. I am perfectly certain that if a course of commerce is taught as it ought to be taught, and as it might be taught, three years at a university would be of the utmost value to a business man."

Thus spoke Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, one of the ablest and most successful men of the Midlands, recently, addressing the shareholders of one of his many companies, writes Mr. N. Murrell Maris in a recent London newspaper.

On Saturday at the degree convocation of Birmingham University, Prof. Ashley, Dean of the commercial faculty of Birmingham University, who has had a wide experience of the methods of commercial education instituted by our two great competitors, America and Germany, was created first master of commerce—M. Co. He has now organized the commercial work of the university, and work begins in October. In view of the pessimistic prophecies of the decay of our supremacy which have been constantly made of late, it seemed worth while to ascertain Prof. Ashley's opinion as to the practical results to be looked for if our business men receive thorough training in commerce.

"What are the uninitiated to understand by a faculty of commerce, Prof. Ashley?"

"Well, we think the education of the man meant for business life has never yet been sufficiently provided for, and just as there is a faculty of medicine for the doctor, and of law for the lawyer, so there ought to be a faculty of commerce for the commercial man."

"For whom do you intend this education?"

"I am glad you ask me that question. There has been far too much talk of commercial education, as if it concerned only clerks and subordinates. We want to train people who will ultimately be in positions of command and responsibility, directing in one way or the other the industry of the country, either in business for themselves, or as the directors, secretaries or managers of companies."

"You don't want schoolboys, then?"

"Certainly not. We want young men who are beginning to have some notion as to what they are to do in the world. Eighteen is the age we want; seventeen, if unusually mature and sensible."

"What class of student do you expect to get?"

"The well-educated middle-class; sons of business men, destined for a business career. But we also offer what has never been presented to the sons of professional men. We furnish them with an opening into the upper ranks of business life."

"How long will this training take, and what will be the total cost to the man who equips his son as a Bachelor of Commerce?"

"The complete course will last three years. The fee for instruction is £21 a year. To this must, of course, be added board and lodging for about 30 weeks each year for those students not living at home, with, perhaps, £2 a year for books and £1 or so for extras. Expenditure will naturally depend upon the standard of comfort to which the young man is accustomed, and the amount he is ready to pay for board and lodging. We reserve the right to postpone the admission of students who appear insufficiently mature and boys who reach the matriculation standard by the age of sixteen or seventeen may be advised to go into a workshop for a year or eighteen months to get some practical experience before coming to the university. This course might be recommended when the boy is destined for some particular business in which the sort of manual dexterity is desirable which is most easily acquired in youth. On the other hand, in some cases, it may be wiser to put a year of this workshop practice between the first and second or the second and third year of the course."

"What subjects do you propose to teach?"

"First of all, accounting—not accountancy. By this we mean a great deal more than bookkeeping. Sensible bookkeeping is, of course, the foundation, but our main purpose is to enable men to interpret accounts so as to gauge the earning capacities of a business, and to put their fingers on those points in its management which are open to criticism."

"Then, next, we place business policy, which is even more important for men who have it in them to be leaders. We recognize that there is at present no textbook on this subject, but we believe that a good deal of material has been recorded, and a good deal more could be recorded, if people would take the trouble, which ought to be brought together and presented in an interesting fashion."

"To what kind of material do you allude, and where should it be looked for at the present time?"

"Well, there are all sorts of subjects. For example, capitalization, reserve funds, policy as to payment of dividends, circumstances in which apparently very profitable orders might wisely be accepted, or the extent to which different industries or branches of industry may profitably be combined under one management. We do not want to give the student a set of definite rules, but to induce him to think about things in a certain way. Many business men don't see that at one time in their career they ought to have weighed cer-

tain circumstances and have taken certain considerations into account before coming to a decision.

"A man wants to know the experience of others who have found themselves in similar circumstances. It is not students only who want this information. Recently the head of a great company said to me: 'I am very much interested in the question of hours of labor; I don't want sentiment, I simply want to know whether as a business man it will pay me to reduce them in my works. I should like to have a brief account of the chief leading experiments in the reduction of hours of labor—the apparent conclusion to which they led and the chief arguments based upon those experiments. Not that I suppose them to afford a definite and immediate answer, but they would give me the material upon which to exercise my own judgment.'"

"And you think this can be done?"

"Certainly. The modern economist ought to do this kind of work. These matters and many more will be treated of in the third year course, and it is this teaching of business policy in its main principles, as indicated by industrial and commercial experience, to which I attach the great importance."

"You expect to do a good deal with modern languages?"

"We do. But you must remember, as someone has tersely put it, 'business men have no more use for a man who makes bad bargains than for a man who makes bad bargains in one.' However, we fully recognize the necessity for a sound knowledge of those languages in which the rest of the world is trading."

"Is anything on these lines being done for commercial education by any other country?"

"Yes. Most remarkable experiments are being made both in America and in Germany in this direction, on a scale of which we English have no conception. In America the universities are in much closer touch with the great body of the business community than here. In the New England States you will hardly find a thriving manufacturer or even a shopkeeper who did not send one or more of his sons to the university. And that is coming to be the case throughout the Union."

"One cause of this is that for years the universities have directed attention to concrete problems of modern commercial life, such as questions of transport, railway organization and rates, which have never been tackled in any English university. But even this does not exhaust the practical genius of the American people. For three or four years they have been creating departments of commerce in their great universities."

"This is especially true of the great State universities of the middle States—Wisconsin and Michigan—where thousands of students are in residence, and where hundreds are already at work in these special departments."

"In Germany the movement has largely taken the form of the establishment of separate institutions of university rank. Of these the most interesting is at Cologne, which already, in the first year of its existence, has 150 regular day students, giving their whole time to commercial studies, besides hundreds of persons who attend for single courses and for the evening lectures. The magnitude of the scale upon which these new German colleges are started is very striking. Take Cologne, for example: they have begun with eight professors permanently engaged; while we in England should plume ourselves on establishing one professorship and two or three beggarly lectureships. Why, this Cologne Commercial School starts with an income from endowment, irrespective of fees, of £2,500 per annum; while we in Birmingham have a poor £1,400 for salaries, equipment and working expenses in this department."

"But you are appointing a professor of accounting?"

"We are; we have now thirty candidates from the whole of England, and the appointment will be announced shortly. We have also secured supplementary lectures from outside experts on leading industries of the country. And, judging from the correspondence I have had, we have most encouraging prospects concerning the number of students we start work with next October. Scholarships will be offered by various Chambers of Commerce, and Dudley has already come forward in this direction. It may interest intending students to hear that the degrees will be M. Co. and B. Co. Our hood will be bronze—a useful color."

Mr. MacAdam's Story.

Mr. MacAdam is safe again in his own London and has improved his liberty to insert the following in his great big journal:—"Owing to a railroad smashup I got left in a little Nebraska town one night a year ago," said the drummer, "and the way I came in contact with a trust made my hair stand up. It was a wretched town and a still worse hotel. My room was small and the bed was as hard as a board. I got up feeling mad, and after a miserable breakfast I was ready to boil over. The hotel-keeper came when the landlord presented me with a bill of \$1. 'Is this correct?' I asked as I looked at the figures. 'Entirely so,' he replied. 'Then you are a damned old highway robber.' The landlord had three sons, and when they came to mix in I turned on them and gave 'em some red-hot talk. When I stopped for breath, 'the old man, who turned out to be a Justice of the Peace, sat down in a chair and calmly announced: 'Hear ye! hear ye! I now declare this court duly opened. James, have you any business?' 'I have,' replied his eldest son, who announced to me that he was a constable and that I was under arrest. He then made a charge against me, one of the other brothers testified as to my language, and his Honor fined me \$10. As the third brother hadn't taken any part, I turned to him and sarcastically asked: 'Where do you come?' 'Me?' he replied. 'Oh, I'm the town marshal, and as you are evidently a desperate character, I shall lock you up for a couple of days and then run you out of town.' It was a nice little family trust, you see, and I couldn't beat it. I was locked up for 48 hours, but I had to pay the hotel bill and the fine, and when I was set at liberty and got my money open to say something else the jailer laid a hand on my arm and said: 'Don't do it. I am the old man's son-in-law, and if you kick against my jail make your next stop twenty days.'"

Mainly About People.

A good story is told of twin brothers, one of whom was a clergyman and the other a doctor. A short-sighted woman congratulated the latter on his admirable sermon. "Excuse me, madam," was his reply, "over there is my brother, who preaches; I only practice."

A friend tells me, says "M. A. P." that he met Mr. Balfour one evening at a dinner party, when the conversation turned on the importance in life of self-confidence. My friend repeated the saying, "God give us a guide conceit of ourselves." Mr. Balfour heard it, and, bending across, added: "And that, sir, is the only prayer the gods always answer!"

A little girl had listened during the last few weeks while her parents discussed the high price of meats and vegetables. It had been the customary topic at the table, and the child had been heard to speak about the high price with her playmates while "playing house" with them. Recently the mother presented the family with a bouncing baby boy, and the other child was well pleased. In telling about her new brother to a neighbor one night she exclaimed: "The doctor brought him this morning. He's awful big. Wasn't mamma good to buy such a big baby when meat is so high?"

In Pickaway County, Ohio, there is a certain crossroads, where a patient traveler struggles daily with the development of the young idea. One morning she was giving the school a lesson in geography. "What is a catanant?" she asked. There was absolute silence in response, and she explained the meaning of the word. "What is a cape?" This was better. One of the children knew it was a point of land jutting out into the water. "What is a strait?" Over in the corner a hand went up. "I know, teacher," said a small boy. "Well, what is it?" "It beats three of a kind," was the triumphant answer.

One day, in the summer of 1857, Abraham Lincoln was sitting in his office when he was visited by one of his neighbors, an excellent farmer, but one inclined to increase the size of his crops every year. On one occasion he had given, on this particular morning, a skillfully padded account of the hay he had put in. "I've been cutting hay, too," remarked Mr. Lincoln. "Why, Abe, are you farming?" "Yes." "What you raise?" "Just hay." "Good crop this year?" "Excellent." "How many tons?" "Well, I don't know just how many tons, Simpson, but my men stacked all they could outdoors, and then stored the rest in the barn."

Commenting on the tipping habit abroad, a traveler says: "From Americans the cabmen expect much liberality, and in case of disappointment are prepared to be sarcastic and otherwise disagreeable. On one occasion I took a hansom in London for a distance well within the four-mile limit. I gave the cabman half a crown. He looked at me with much impudence, and said: 'You have made a mistake, sir. I reached for the coin, and putting it in my pocket, said: 'So I have. Much obliged to you.' Then I handed him one shilling, his exact fare. He was as angry as a cabman permits himself to be in a country where the police will take the word of him who seems to be a gentleman against that of a cabman every time."

When William Jennings Bryan visited Milwaukee during his stupendous tour of 1896, the compressed Andrew Jackson voter was introduced to him. "Mr. Bryan," said the chairman of the committee, "we desire to introduce, sir, Mr. Amos Jones of our city, who cast his first vote for Andrew Jackson, has voted the Democratic ticket at every national election since then, and intends to vote for you, sir, on the third day of November next. Mr. Bryan, Mr. Jones; Mr. Jones, Mr. Bryan." "I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Jones," said the candidate. "Glad to meet you," responded Mr. Jones; and then, with his hand behind his ear, "What name, please?" It is said that Bryan saw the humor of the situation, while the committeemen were thrown into a state of consternation.

A certain Yankee naval officer, noted among his friends and colleagues for his bumptious egotism, has an old manly cook, who was brought up in her master's family and understands all of his idiosyncrasies. Lately the ice left at his house has not been up to the standard, and Mammy Jane complained to the man who delivered it, saying that "Mar's George" could not have such ice, and there must be something wrong. "Well, mammy," replied the ice-man, "I don't know what to do about it. God Almighty made this ice, and the ice God Almighty makes ought to be good enough for anybody." "Yes, honey," replied the old negress; "yes, honey. De ice de Lord makes is good 'nuf for anybody. Leastwise it's good 'nuf for me, an' it's good 'nuf for you, an' it's good 'nuf for Miss Sallie an' de child'en, but Mar's George he won't think it's good 'nuf for Mar's George."

Bachelors of Commerce.

The University of London talks of establishing a new university degree—that of Bachelor of Commerce. Such a degree has, it is said, already been established at Leipzig, Germany. In this technical school there, but in England the proposition has only been discussed by various educational bodies. The idea is that commercial matters have of late assumed such a prominent part in all the great accomplishments of the past decade, that young men should be especially educated to take their places by the side of the great "Captains of Industry." The candidate for such a degree would give special attention to economics, to banking, exchanges, insurance, and the general machinery of business, to commercial, industrial and international law, to transport and communications, to trusts, trade unions, commercial and social ethics, and so on. There would naturally be in his course of study a larger share of modern languages, since they are the instruments of international trade; while mathematics and science would also be very essential to the completion of such a course. In these days when practical matters are of so much more moment than theoretical, the suggestion of a degree of commerce is not surprising. Commerce interests fully nine-tenths of all the male population of a civilized country, and the policy of preparing young men for life by holding from them any but the meager details of commercial matters seems a little like a farce. It may be open to question whether a degree of Bachelor of Commerce is desirable, but there can be little doubt of one thing, that the ordinary college or university course would be better and better if compulsory knowledge of business matters were crowded into it.

Morality in Fiction.

Trials of novelists in criminal courts on the charge of corrupting the public and undermining morality and religion are not common occurrences. Flaubert was thus arraigned and tried by a jury for his "Madame Bovary," and that trial (which ended in an acquittal) is one of the most interesting events in the history of literary sensations. The critics now regard "Madame Bovary" as a highly moral book, while as literature it has become a classic.

Some years ago Belgium had a literary "affair" which attracted attention in all artistic circles, even beyond the border. Two leading novelists, Camille Lemonnier and Georges Ekhuud, were indicted and tried at Bruges, a quiet ancient, conservative, and even puritanical town, for writing immoral, licentious, and pernicious fiction. The novels which had furnished the basis of the prosecution were "L'Homme en Amour" and "Escal-Vigor." Lemonnier made an eloquent and extraordinary speech to the jury, and he was ably defended. Both authors were acquitted.

Now Lemonnier has told the whole story, in disguised and changed form, naturally, in a "novel with a purpose," a work whose hero represents the author himself. Most of Lemonnier's personal troubles and experiences connected with his literary tendency and artistic creed are made to befall the hero, a man of letters named Wildman, but certain domestic details and the final catastrophe of the novel, which is entitled "Les Deux Conscience" (The Two Consciences), are invented.

The novel is a plea and an apology—a plea for freedom in art, for toleration, for candid criticism of the existing social creeds (religious, social, and artistic), for honest treatment of nature; an apology for the author's own philosophy of life, which is a sort of neo-paganism. The plot of the novel may be briefly summarized as follows:

Wildman, a novelist residing in Portmonde, an unprogressive Belgian city, has excited the hostility of his townsmen by the ideas and methods of his literary work. He is a neo-Hellenist; he shares the ancient Greek conception of harmonious development of body and mind; he believes in the purity of nature and the essential elasticity of passion. He does not believe that the flesh is at war with the spirit and needs mortification and resistance. He holds this doctrine of the fullness of the body to be unnatural, blasphemous, and superstitious, and he delights in the simple, natural, rude, but healthy, life of the plain people, attached to the soil and unconsciously realizing their oneness with universal life.

Wildman is engaged in writing a novel describing the gradual evolution of human ideals, the decline of the present conception of duty and morality, and the return, in a modified form, to the religion of nature. He pictures the passing of mankind into terra libera where the will to live and the joy of life are the ruling principles of conduct, and he delights in the simple, natural, rude, but healthy, life of the plain people, attached to the soil and unconsciously realizing their oneness with universal life. Wildman is engaged in writing a novel describing the gradual evolution of human ideals, the decline of the present conception of duty and morality, and the return, in a modified form, to the religion of nature. He pictures the passing of mankind into terra libera where the will to live and the joy of life are the ruling principles of conduct, and he delights in the simple, natural, rude, but healthy, life of the plain people, attached to the soil and unconsciously realizing their oneness with universal life.

At this time, a novel of his called "Terre Libre" is published, and the hostility of the conservative town becomes so acute that the authorities bring criminal proceedings against him as a corrupter of youth and advocate of vice and license. He is wounded to the quick by this charge, for he protests that not a line or word of his book is open to the charge of immorality. He becomes despondent and discouraged, though the authors of Belgium and France send him messages of sympathy and appreciation. He determines to defend himself before the jury of his townsmen, not for his own sake, but for the sake of his ideas and of the truth which is dear to him.

A preliminary investigation takes place and Wildman finds the examining magistrate stern, strenuous, resolute, though intelligent enough to comprehend that he is dealing, not with a wanton or mercenary offender, but with a sincere representative of another philosophy, another conscience. The prosecution is vigorous, prompted by a sense of duty, but the jury nevertheless acquits Wildman.

But while the jury is deliberating Wildman learns that his wife has resolved to educate their son for the priesthood. He consults aside in a fit of despair, no longer caring about the outcome of the trial.

"The old society has just committed another crime," says Wildman's attorney to the court and jury when the verdict of not guilty is brought in. "The man whom you have acquitted of wrongdoing has been driven by persecution and bigotry to suicide."

The novel, "realistic" in a peculiar sense and even autobiographical and controversial, is declared by critics in the French press to be artistic and original, besides claiming attention as an impassioned appeal for "freedom of teaching" in fiction and for a wider view of morality than the conventional one.

He Got the Promotion.

An incident in connection with Sir John Macdonald, which has never appeared in print, is related by Ottawa "Events," which vouches for its truth. The Prime Minister had come into the Kingston post-office to see his old friend and supporter, then postmaster, Mr. Robert Shannon. On coming out, the caretaker, a man named Dunbar, stood ready to open the outside door. Stopping in the lobby just within, the Premier put his hand on his forehead and said to himself aloud: "There's something I've forgotten."

"Yes, sir, you've forgotten to raise my pay."

Now Dunbar had been petitioning the member and minister for Sir John was both during several months for an increase of pay, but without realizing his desire. No one could better appreciate the ready wit of the answer that flew out on the heels of his own remark than Sir John Macdonald, who, with a merry twinkle in his eye, smiled and said: "Dunbar, you shall get it."

And he did get it a few weeks after he had, in this way if in no other, earned it.

What to do With the Jews

Almost as tenacious and inexplicable as the racial peculiarities and general characteristics of the Jewish people themselves are the prejudices and antagonisms with respect to them cherished and often manifested by other people in various parts of the civilized world. One might think that in our day of tolerant and enlightened thought, when the contributions which the Jews have made and are making to science, literature and art, to industrial wealth and financial progress, are coming to be recognized at their full value, that at this time the blind and unreasonable hatred of the race which formerly obtained would lessen and vanish away. And so it has, in a great measure, in most enlightened communities; in others, it seems to remain in full force.

Just now a new anti-Jewish movement seems to be sweeping over parts of Europe, more especially in the East. Fifty thousand Jews have, it is stated, been ordered to quit the mining province of Russia, and to reside within the pale after sacrificing their occupations and their property. In Roumania, also, they are being forced to emigrate by a series of laws which practically deprive them of all means of subsistence. They have absolutely no rights, and live at the mercy of a population which hates them to such a degree that their Parliament has declared all Jews to be foreigners, although they have been residents for centuries. Neither Germany nor Austria will do anything for them, and it seems impossible for Western Europe, which is more tolerant, either to protect them or to find them a new habitat.

The problem, then, what to do with the Jews, appears, from a European point of view at least, to be almost as insoluble as the problem of the colored race in America. One thing seems clear, that it is not to be solved by wholesale emigration or colonization, such as the Zionists propose, any more than the negro difficulty can be cleared away by a like process. The only rational solution now presenting itself in either case, thinks "Leslie's Weekly," is that lying through education of the right kind, through development to a higher, broader, more tolerant and humane plane of life and thought for all classes concerned; a slow process, it is true, but apparently the only one that holds out any promise of success.

Ungenerous Winners and Bad Losers.

Gentle reader, as the old-school editor used to address you—have you ever played checkers with an opponent who, when he had gained a slight advantage over you in the number of pieces, traded one for one, mercilessly, until he had brought your ratio of strength to a point where your defeat was inevitable. His play was strictly according to Hoyle. You could not frame a non-detractable complaint against him. And yet you rage inwardly against his policy and called it unparliamentary.

Well, there are people who play the game of life in that same way. Many of them are very respectable people, too, go to church every Sunday, treat their families kindly and obey the law. They are very companionable, jolly fellows, often, but beware of them in any little game of business or politics. Don't let them crowd you into a corner or get the better of you by one piece or obtain a chance through your negligence to slip a king into the square between two of your pieces. Don't endorse any little notes for them or go on their bonds or make oral contracts with them or work with them or for them without having had a definite understanding. "Business is business," they will say. "There is the letter of the bond." There can be no withdrawing a move once made when they are in the game.

This policy is very exasperating to the losing player, whether the game be checkers, business, politics, high finance, diplomacy or anything else, but, after all, it is perfectly fair. It is nature's own way of playing the game of existence. Readers of Huxley recollect his famous illustration of the struggle of existence as that of a man playing chess against an automaton which never makes a mis-play and never overlooks one committed by its opponent. If we look without prejudice we see that Shylock was in the right. Whatever generous impulses we may have, we have no right to grumble because another holds us fast to the terms of our contract or the rules of the game.

Meaner than the checker-player who trades one for one, who he has used and then discards, is the man who always asks odds, who whines for mercy, who will not take his medicine like a man, who is willing enough to play, but weak-hearted when the game goes against him. We like to see a man generous in victory, but we admire far more the man who is game and patient in defeat. Men despise an exacting, hogish winner, but a whimpering loser disgusts them.

A Philanthropic Miscarriage.

A man died recently in America and left half a million dollars to establish a home for indigent women, he is alleged to have meant, but he wrote, instead, "indignant" women. Now the lawyers are vigorously fighting the will on the ground that its essential provision cannot be carried out legally. But why? Surely they cannot prove that there are no indigent women to advantage by the help of Mrs. N. I will say any sane and honest man content that it would not be a good thing to provide a home where such might foregather, as occasion arose, to give vent to their indignation. Now that the lawyers have hold of the estate, it is useless, of course, to ponder its eventual disposition; but the probabilities are that the deviser had in mind, and really intended, as a boon to his fellow-men, a retreat for indignant ladies. If he had meant "indignant" he might have said so.

"I saw Johnson going home with my new book under his arm."

"Yes. Just built him a house and his wife wanted some brass-brace in red and gold to scatter around."

Interesting Items.

Captain F. C. Ishoy, a Dane, has invented a steamship which he thinks will be both speedier and steadier than the existing type. He makes the hull considerably more flat than in the ordinary model, thus decreasing the draft. But his most novel device is placing the screw under the bottom of the vessel instead of at the stern. Not only will such a ship be particularly seaworthy, says the inventor, but, with the same speed, it will save 20 per cent. in consumption of coal.

A new form of litter for carrying the wounded has been devised by Mrs. Chadwick, wife of the captain who commanded the flagship "New York" in the Spanish war. It is a simple arrangement of straps and slings supporting a broad canvas seat, and weighs only three and a half pounds. The New York "Sun" says of this invention: "It is no small thing for a woman to have solved the problem which has puzzled army officers and surgeons the world over. The litter for carrying the wounded which Mrs. Chadwick has devised is being praised as the simplest, lightest and most easily carried device of the kind yet invented."

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company are sending an electro-gasoline motor car to Banff, where it will be at the disposal of tourists who wish to examine minutely the grand scenery of the Canadian Rockies. Formerly visitors had to occupy observation cars attached as "trailers" to the regular express trains. The car will be able to make little trips to Field, etc., and a new pleasure is thus opened up by the enterprise of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. There is accommodation for 14 people on the car, and five gallons of the gasoline enables it to run about 100 miles.

The state railway administration in Prussia has just settled upon a system of electric lighting for trains, which is attracting much attention in Germany. The axle-driven dynamo having been found objectionable because it borrows too much power from the locomotive, and the system of storage-batteries being undesirable for other reasons, the plan adopted is to place on the locomotive a steam-driven dynamo, which supplies a current to a small regulating battery in each car. Thus every car in a vestibuled train has a separate lighting system fed from its own accumulator, although the general supply comes from the generator on the locomotive. Each car is provided with ceiling lamps and reading lamps.

The recent outbreak of volcanoes in the Antilles gives peculiar interest to a novel and rather startling theory propounded by the German geologists Paul and Fritz Sarasin. Says the Berlin "Gartenlaube" (newspaper): "Many theories have been proposed to account for the glacial epoch—or, rather, epochs—but none seems quite satisfactory. Now the Sarasins have calculated that a reduction of the average annual temperature by 7 degrees or 8 degrees F. would suffice to produce all the phenomena of glaciation. Such a reduction, they hold, may very well have been caused by volcanic eruptions. In the unparalleled eruption of Krakatoa in 1881 immense quantities of dust were lifted to a great height in the air. This dust remained suspended in the atmosphere for years, during which it was the cause of singular sunset effects and nocturnal 'silver clouds' observed in various parts of the world. Now, if we imagine the simultaneous eruption of a great many volcanoes, it is evident that the dust and smoke might impede the sun's rays sufficiently to bring about the small variation of annual temperature mentioned. A pleasing corollary of this ingenious theory is that, if we accept it, we must also accept the possibility of a new ice-age at any time."



Jones—Yes, Smith, old man, I'm going to economize on car fares, and walk home from the office every day. By the way, let's go and have something. It's a long way home.

An Unfortunate Figure.

"Dearie, I didn't know that wheat could be harvested in the winter time, and yet I see in this newspaper something about the price of January wheat. When I was a girl on the farm the wheat always ripened in July or August, and her face wore a troubled look as she laid down the paper in which she had happened to glance at the market reports while looking for the society gossip."

"Wheat doesn't ripen in January now any more than it did when we were young, my love," replied her husband. "The terms you refer to do not mean that the wheat ripened in January, but that it was sold for delivery in that month. It was harvested in July, just as it used to be, stored in elevators, and kept for use at some future time. The supply thus accumulated is then sold to various buyers, some of whom want it delivered in one month and others in other months. Sales thus made are called 'futures,' and form the basis of much of the gambling that takes place on 'Change.'"

"How interesting! Now tell me what, squeezing the shorts means."

He hesitated a moment, and then realizing the impossibility of properly explaining the term in his limited time, said:

"You are much shorter than I, you know. Well, when I put my arms around you I squeeze a slice off you."

"With, indeed. Well, if that's what you mean to do, to 'squeeze,' it accounts for your being so short."

He realized that he had made a mistake.

THE MAINE DISASTER.

Suicide of Ship's Electrician Adds a New Phase to the Affair.

A press despatch from Kansas City says: "The news that Lieut. John R. Morris had committed suicide on board the Olympia was not received with great surprise by his friends. They have known that Morris had a weight of some kind on his mind ever since the blowing up of the Maine at Havana, and it is the impression that suicide was the indirect result of that disaster. Morris was an electrician on the Maine. When he visited her after his escape at Havana he was very averse to talking about the matter, but friends at the Kansas City Club and elsewhere gathered the impression that he knew the cause of the explosion and that it was not due to the Spanish or a torpedo. They have always believed from Morris's account of the explosion that it was due to defective electric wiring."

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS.

Coaticook's outlay upon roads and bridges this year is expected to reach \$5,000.

Examine Abbey's stock and samples before purchasing suits, dresses or blouse waists elsewhere.

Wm. McCurdy, an old resident of "Spring Road" near Lennoxville, died Sunday evening, in his 86th year.

The chair factory at Waterloo recently received an order for 25,000 chairs for shipment to England, the filling of which will require a year's time.

Windsor Mills is to be lighted by electricity. The old company holding the charter for lighting the town having surrendered its rights, the town has decided to put in a plant of its own.

Mrs. E. R. Johnson has sold "Sunnyside," her handsome residence in Magog, to A. J. Whitehead for \$3,000, and is about to leave the place. It is possible that she may make Massachussets her future home.

George P. Pelman of West Charleston, Vt., died after a long illness at his home Sunday evening, Sept. 14th. Obituary services were held Tuesday at 2 o'clock. Rev. E. E. Marggraf of Derby Line was the officiating clergyman.

On the 10th inst. the body of Mrs. Graham, Montreal, was found floating in the river at Magog, in front of the Fairview Hotel. The deceased had been in a melancholy state of mind for some time, and it is supposed she committed suicide.

On Tuesday evening a large barn belonging to Mr. Beland in the Suffield District was burned. The barn was filled with hay, mowing machine and farm implements, etc., all being a total loss. The fire is believed to have been set by tramps.

Luther Day, a well-known citizen of Coventry, Vt., died at his home Thursday morning, Sept. 11th, of heart failure. Funeral service at his late home Saturday afternoon, Sept. 13th at 2 o'clock. Rev. E. E. Marggraf of Derby Line officiated.

One feature of the big plant of the Brompton Pulp and Paper Co. at Brompton Falls, will be the 65x130 ft. boiler house with its 125 ft. chimney. The latter will be 12 feet in diameter at its base and all will be constructed of brick and steel, D. G. Loomis & Son of Sherbrooke having the contract.

Benjamin Blanchard, an old resident of Waterloo, died under sad circumstances on the 8th inst. At about 4 P. M. he was seen driving on the streets in a very unsteady condition. On the way to his home he fell from his wagon being discovered shortly afterwards and carried home where he died at 7 o'clock without regaining consciousness.

Joseph Poitras was the victim of an unfortunate hunting accident at Victoriaville, Sunday, Sept. 7th. He was out with two other men, one Dubuc and Tancrede Poitras. In crossing a barbed wire fence the latter's rifle was accidentally discharged, the ball shattering Joseph Poitras's arm, rendering amputation of the injured limb necessary.

Mr. L. E. Charbonnel, L. L. B., of Cookshire, editor and proprietor of the Compton County Chronicle, and Mrs. Harriet A. Planché, were married on the 6th inst., in the Church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal, the ceremony being performed by Rev. H. A. Brooke. Mr. and Mrs. Charbonnel are spending their honeymoon in the West and will return at the end of the month. The JOURNAL extends congratulations.

Writes have been issued for the election in this county to fill the vacancy in the Quebec Legislature caused by the death of the late Moody B. Lovell. Nomination will take place Sept. 26, and polling a week later. The returning officer is Otis Shurtleff of Coaticook. Mr. T. Byron Rider, ex-M. P., will be the candidate of the Liberal party, he having been chosen at a party convention last spring. Shortly afterwards the Conservative delegates met in convention and offered the nomination to Hon. M. F. Hackett, who persistently refused the honor. It is believed, however, that Mr. Hackett will now accept the nomination.

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS.

Go to Abbey's September sale of "Importation of Coronation" dress goods.

A Conservative convention will be held at Ayer's Flat Saturday when the nomination will be offered to Hon. M. F. Hackett.

There were some "big things" at the Granby fair. A squash weighing more than a barrel of flour was shown in the Vegetable department.

The rate of municipal assessment in Coaticook is 11 1/2 mills. The town's real estate is valued at \$595,855 of which \$87,000 is exempt.

Thomas Leadbeater's barns at Inverness were burned on the night of the 4th inst. 25 tons of hay, 2 horses, 3 calves, lumber wagon, harnesses, etc., were burned. There was no insurance.

The E. T. Bank has decided to offer a series of medals extending over a period of years to the following Academies: Sutton, Knowlton, Waterloo, Granby, Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Richmond, Danville, Coaticook, Cowansville and Bedford. Each Academy will be given a silver medal for the pupil receiving the highest average. Besides there will be a gold medal to be competed for among the eleven academies.

The Jenckes Machine Company contemplates the enlargement of its plant in Sherbrooke and is asking the city to change the by-law in regard to the amount paid out in wages. The by-law requires the company to "pay out in wages not less than \$60,000 annually." The company has been paying out a larger sum annually and wants the excess credited against future account in order to discharge its obligation to the city at an earlier date.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Paper Mill Co., held at East Angus on the 10th inst., the following were elected directors:—George Van Dyke, Boston, Mass.; Hon. J. W. Drew, Lancaster, N.H.; Judge Page, Portsmouth, N.H.; C. C. Springer, Holyoke, Mass.; G. G. Foster, Montreal; C. C. Cleveland, Danville; R. H. Pope, M. P., Cookshire; F. P. Buck, Sherbrooke; R. Westgate, East Angus; L. J. Frechette, Black Lake. At a subsequent meeting of the directors, F. P. Buck was elected president and general manager; R. H. Pope, M. P., vice-president; W. H. Learned, assistant manager, and G. E. Palmer secretary. The reports submitted showed the company to be in a very flourishing condition.

The regular bi-monthly meeting of the St. Francis Medical Association was held in Magog on the 10th inst., Dr. W. D. Smith, vice-president, presiding. Dr. Alfred Johnson of Cookshire, was elected a member of the Association. Dr. Camirand contributed an interesting paper on "chronic inflammation of the bladder" which was followed by discussion. At the next meeting papers will be read by Doctors Bachand, Lynch, Edgar and Beique. The following officers were elected: President, Dr. W. D. Smith; First Vice-President, Dr. Goyette; Second Vice-President, Dr. Bowen; Secretary, Dr. F. A. Gadois; Assistant Secretary, Dr. Foss; Council, Drs. Bachand, Austin and Camirand. The next meeting will be held in Sherbrooke the second Wednesday in November.

The gang of thieves who have been committing thefts and petty burglaries in Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Windsor Mills and Richmond are likely to be brought to justice. Recently A. Barter, a leading Marbleton merchant, bought the C. A. Miller stock at Windsor Mills and leased the store for a few months in order to close out the goods. A little later he missed some money from his till but there was no sign that anyone had broken in. The next few nights passed with no unusual occurrence so Mr. Barter went to Marbleton to look after his business there, leaving his brother-in-law, Mr. Westman, in charge at Windsor Mills. On the 1st inst. Mr. Barter was summoned to Windsor Mills by wire, and upon arriving there found that a considerable amount of goods had been stolen. On the quiet Mr. Barter did some clever detective work, as a result of which several arrests have been made.

YASAI ZUTOO TABLETS (Japanese Headache Cure) do their work harmlessly and effectually. No HEADACHE, No PAIN, no aches of any kind after the first dose.

"Danish newspapers are urging the sale to the United States of Greenland, along with the Danish West Indies," says the Youth's Companion. "If the United States should not want Greenland, they propose that it be sold to England and annexed to Canada. There will have to be considerable more discussion of this subject, both in Denmark and elsewhere, before the title to 'Greenland's icy mountains' is transferred. But would it not be interesting if England should get the 'icy mountains' to go along with 'India's coral strand,' which she already possesses?"

Most of the engagements end in marriage, but a few end happily.

VERMONT ITEMS.

Mrs. Sarah Chapman, Bethel's second centenarian, celebrated her 100th birthday Sept. 6th.

The Vermont Marble company will soon erect at their own expense a complete Young Men's Christian Association building at Procter.

Rev. Mr. Bernard of Phillipsburg, P. Q., has been secured as rector of Holy Trinity Parish in Swanton and will assume his rectorship the first of the month.

Orlando Warren, a farmer living in Pomfret, was killed last week while chopping in the woods by the falling of a tree upon him. He was crushed into the loose earth so that use of shovels was necessary to extricate him. He was dead when taken out.

The stores of H. B. Nichols and Charles Ward in Middlesex were burglarized last Wednesday night. Mr. Nichols's store is used as a pay station by the telephone company and that of Mr. Ward contains the post office. Entrance was gained to the stores by cutting out a pane of glass in a window in the rear of each building. At Mr. Nichols's store between \$5 and \$6 of telephone money, and half a dozen razors and several other articles were taken and at the post office the burglars took all the stamps, several dollars in money and some small wares.

Much excitement has been caused in Florence, a village in the town of Pittsford, by the disappearance of Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Hall. The couple left there nearly three weeks ago, saying that they would be gone only a day or two. They left their two little children with Mrs. Hall's father, with whom they had been residing, but they left no money to pay for the care of the children and the old man is in such poor circumstances that he cannot afford to care for them without pay. The town must assist the old man if some trace of the parents is not soon found.

Willard F. May, aged 43, of Winchester, N. H., was killed last week by a bull on Representative F. L. Houghton's farm in Putney. He had probably been dead an hour when the body was found by another employee of the farm. There were no marks of horns on the body, but the chest was crushed and ribs broken. The body was taken from the yard but great difficulty was experienced in getting the bull back into the barn, a force of men working with ropes and other appliances several hours. The animal was a thoroughbred Holstein, weighing over a ton, and had never been considered vicious.

The charity Organization Society has a case in which certain Vermont people sent a weak-minded woman likely to be a public charge, to Montreal in order to get rid of her. It has long been the practice of the frugal-minded and callous hearted of other parts of this province to ship their undesirables to this city to be provided for out of the abundance of local charity. It is rather tough though, when foreigners fall into such a way of evading their responsibilities. The keen Vermonter may also be a very mean Vermonter.—Montreal Gazette.

At the Methodist General Conference held in Winnipeg last week the length of the pastoral term was discussed at considerable length. Some were in favor of having the limit placed at five years. On a vote the report of the committee on Itinerancy and Transfers, making the term four years without restrictions, was carried by a large majority.

The 8 year-old son of John Fitter of Topping, near Stratford, Ont., was bitten by a snake while playing in a field where his father was hauling oats, and died in great agony. No antidote had any effect.

Gas in the Big Four mine of the Algoma Coal and Coke Co., North Fork, W. Va., caught fire Monday causing a terrific explosion and entombing fifteen colored miners.

Massachusetts courts declare that Capt. Andrews is dead. He sailed, with his bride, for Europe in a fifteen foot boat on Oct. 6th last from Atlantic City.

Some men who meet their bills never pay them.

LINGERING SUMMER COLDS.

Don't let a cold run at this season. Summer colds are the hardest kind to cure and if neglected may linger along for months. A long siege like this will pull down the strongest constitution. One Minute Cough Cure will break up the attack at once. Safe, sure, acts at once. Cures coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, all throat and lung troubles. The children like it. Bigelow's Pharmacy, Newport. Bishop's Pharmacy, West Derby.

GOOD-BY, SUMMER.

Songless the birds assemble,
Keen for the southward flight:
The gold and red leaves tremble
In wonder at the sight.
A music all of sorrow—
The wind sings down the world;
Night falls, and on the morrow
The garden's flags are furled.
The smiling sun grows colder,
And in their house of sky
Even the stars look older:
Summer, good-by!—good-by!

AUTUMN
1902.

J. W. ABBEY'S

AUTUMN
1902.

Special Importation of

CORONATION DRESS GOODS.

This large consignment embraces all the most popular weaves and colors known to the leaders of Fashion. Without discussion we give first place to the new Zibelim in rich, delf shades by far the smartest Costume Goods of the season and at prices that suit almost every purse. Costume Beavers, 54 inches wide and bright finish. Home-spuns. Friezes in the best shades of Gray, Blue and Black. Home-spun Cheviots, Colored Amazons, Black and Colored Granite. Plain and Twill Meltons, the ever reliable Black Mohairs and Lustres, French Cashmeres in pure wool and select shades. Our French Opera Flannels deserve very special mention, the embroidered spots are a way ahead of the procession in the many lines that are shown for the dressy Blouse, Shirt Waist or Wrappers.

TRIMMING DEPARTMENT.

Black Peau-de-Soie Silk for Strapping, etc., rich Black Sateens, softer makes to be had in Japanese Ponge and China.

Ready-to-Wear
.. SKIRTS ..
NEW FLOUNCE.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's
.. KNITTED UNDERWEAR ..
ASSORTED SIZES. .. CHEAP AND GOOD.
LONG AND SHORT SLEEVES.

HOSIERY
.. FOR ..
Men, Women and Children.
In CASHMERE and WOOL.
DOUBLE KNEE AND SPLACED SOLES.

Our 25c. Hose, all sizes,
should interest you.

STAPLE DEPARTMENT.

Ask to see our
8 Corsets.

In this department we offer you the very best Goods that the mills of our Country can produce. Our Gray Cottons and steam looms speak for themselves. Plain and Circular Pillow Cottons, bleached and unbleached Sheetings in both twill and plain

FLANNELETTES.

The Motor in our Colored Cottons are trade winners in every point. Here you get the lowest, the medium and the best for your money.

EXTRA WEIGHT DOMETS,
Same on both Sides,
SOFT FLEECY FINISH.

PLAIN AND FANCY STRIPES,
TWO TONES AND CHECKS.

WRAPPERETTES,
Checks, Stripes and Fancys

LADIES' HATS.

One of the attractions of this Store is the beautiful line of . . . Ladies' Fall Hats of Parisian make . . .

LADIES' FELT HATS, LADIES' TAM O'SHANTERS,
LADIES' BEAVER HATS, MISSES' HATS,
LADIES' WOOL HATS, MISSES' TAMS,
LADIES' WALKING HATS, CHILDREN'S TURKISH TUQUES.

CALL AND EXAMINE MY LARGE LINE OF SAMPLES FOR

Ladies' Suits,
Ladies' Dresses,
Ladies' Blouse Waists.

These represent the finest and best Goods on the Market.

Samples of Dress Goods Mailed on Request.

In introducing to our Customers the many Fall Attractions we beg to remind them that the very newest things in Dress Goods are to be had from this Store. where first-class treatment will be accorded all.

JAS. W. ABBEY,
OLD POST-OFFICE BLOCK,
Stanstead Plain.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION.