THE EQUITY.

No. 5, 29TH YEAR. SHAWVILLE, PONTIAC COUNTY, QUE., THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1911. $1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874.

Capital Authorized - - - - - -	$5,000,000
Capital Paid Up - - - - - -	$3,500,000
Rest and Undivided Profits - - -	$4,017,938

Money may be remitted cheaply and safely by

BANK MONEY ORDERS

Payable at par at any Chartered Bank in Canada (Yukon excepted).

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

The Merchants Bank of Canada.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

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

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

E. F. HEBDEN General Manage

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

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

A General Banking Business Transacted.

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

R. L. WHITMAN, Manager, Shawville.

THE HARDWARE STORE

Binder Twine.

There is no article used on the farm where quality counts so much as in Binder Twine. Cutting the harvest is always a rush time; a farmer cannot afford to take any chances by using inferior twine.

It's wise to buy the best.

We are selling PLYMOUTH and DEERING, and there is none better made. All at lowest market prices.

Machine Oils,
Harvesting Tools,
Fruit Jars—glass and stone,
High-grade Vinegar.

J. H. SHAW.

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

Take anvantage of our big discount sale of "Slater Shoes"—we are giving 15 per cent off "Slaters" for the remainder of July. P. E. SMILEY.

Hay weather has not been as favorable as farmers in general would like to see it, in view of the extra heavy crop.

DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE.—Flannel Shirts, in different colors, worth from $1.50 to $2.00—all going at one dollar each. Those who come first get the pick of the lot. Don't delay if you want something extra good at a price that can't be touched elsewhere—the greatest snap yet offered. L. HERMAN, Shawville.

Mr. J. J. Turner, left on Wednesday morning last for North Temiscamingue, where he will be engaged on inspection work on the conservation dam which the government are constructing near that point.

LAST CHANCE.—As I intend removing from my present stand to the Hamilton Block on Aug. 15, I have decided to offer all goods at the recently advertised reductions, from Aug. 1st to 15th in order to reduce stock. Intending purchasers will do well to take advantage of this great reduction, as another such chance may not occur in a long while. W. J. STARK.

A "Travel Night" will be given by the Literary Society at No. 1 School, Clarendon Front, on Tuesday evening August 1st at 8 o'clock. Miss Grace McKechnie will tell of her travels in Germany, Switzerland, Austria and Italy. Refreshments will be served. An admission fee will be charged.

Apple Trees Badly Blighted.

The apple orchards throughout this district are threatened with extinction by a blight which has struck the trees this year with marked severity. The appearance is that as if the trees had been scorched by fire, the tips of nearly all the branches on some trees being burned red. Mr. Baird, of the McDonald College staff, who is making observations for the Conservation Commission, is of opinion that the affection is what is known as "fire blight," the only remedy for which is to cut off and burn the branches and in doing so to cut where the wood is sound above the affected part. A pail of disinfectant solution should be at hand and the clippers used immersed therein after each branch is cut off, to prevent the disease from spreading. Mr. Baird says the disease is caused by a form of bacteria, and acts something like skin disease in the animal kingdom.

Bryson Flour Mill Burnt.

Bryson suffered the loss of one of its two industries on Saturday—the grist mill—which was destroyed by fire during the afternoon, also the miller's residence adjoining. This building has had rather an unfortunate record. It was built and completed during the years 1872-3 by the late Dr. Purvis. It was not long in operation till fire, starting in adjoining saw mill, quickly enveloped the new mill and reduced it to ruins. The walls however, being of substantial masonry, withstood the heat and remained intact. The structure was refitted, and shortly was again in operation. The high water of 1875 demolished the dam from the main land to the island, which supplied the mill with power. This exposed the end wall to a great force of water and a stream of sawlogs which kept pounding against the masonry till it finally gave way and once more left the mill a ruin. After some delay the damage was repaired, new machinery installed and the mill again put in operation. Since then several changes and improvements have been made to keep abreast of the times in the line of equipment.

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

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

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

Mr. Frank Cahill is erecting a summer cottage on the river front at Campbells Bay.

A stage load of the town ladies went to Bryson Friday to spend the afternoon at the Calumet Slides. "Jimmie" was chaperone.

Mr. G. A. Howard has sold his clydesdale stallion "Diadem" to Mr. Geo. Nesbitt of Rupert, Que., also a car load of work horses.

It is reported that Mr. D. A. Jones, proprietor of the Eganville Star-Enterprise, which was destroyed in the recent fire, will not reestablish that newspaper, and has purchased the Pembroke Observer.

As will be seen by advertisement in another column the Department of Public Works are calling for tenders for the construction of a steel high-way bridge at Chapeau. Would anyone have the nerve to suggest that the move is indicative of the nigh approach of an election. Eh, what?

A Meeting of Conservatives.

The executive of the Conservative party of the county have issued posters requesting the attendance of all Conservatives at a meeting to be held at Campbells Bay on Thursday week—August 3rd. The object of the meeting is to reorganize the Conservative Association, appoint officers and deal with other matters of vital interest to the party in the county. Several members of the House of Commons will likely be present to address the gathering after business. A good representative attendance is hoped for.

Picnic at McCorriston's Grove.

The Orange demonstration held by L. O. L. No. 46, Bristol, was a complete success. The day was beautiful, and by the hour of ten a. m., fully 1300 people had assembled in the grove.

The following lodges were present:—
Stark's No. 1350.
Radford No. 29.
Yarm No. 750.
Knox's No. 34.
North Onslow No. 38.
Steele's No. 1696.
Upper Eardley No. 70.
Bristol No. 46.

Dinner being over about 12.30 a procession was formed, led by Bro. Wm. Henderson, D. C. of L. O. L. No. 46. When the usual cheers had been given, the procession returned to the grove, where a good staff of speakers awaited the return of the several lodges.

Bro. John McCorriston, W. M. of No. 46, who had been appointed chairman, called the assembly to order, after expressing a few words of welcome to the visiting brethren, and then called on Rev. Mr. Nichol to sing a hymn, which was sung with great zeal, after which one of the rev. gentlemen led in prayer.

Addresses were then given by the following rev. gentlemen in the order named: Revds. Schaffter, Bristol; Dustin, Yarm; Nichol, Starks Corners; Ward, Quyon.

Mr. G. F. Hodgins, M. P., was then called to the platform and made a short speech.

The closing address was by Rev. Mr. McLean, of Bristol.

All the addresses were well received and excellent order prevailed. The meeting closed with a hymn by Rev. Mr. Niceol, and prayer by Rev. Mr. McLean.

—COM.

Birth

At Shawville, on July 7th, to Mr. and Mrs. John G. McGuire, a son.

At Espanola, Ont., on July 23rd, to Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Kilgour a son. Both well.

A superior Green Tea, worth 30 cents, selling for 18 cents at L. HERMAN'S.

15 per cent off Slater Shoes for the balance of July at P. E. SMILEY'S.

Personal Mention.

Miss Mildred Prendergast has been spending a few days with friends in Eardley.

Miss Gertrude McDowell, left on Tuesday to visit her brothers in Sask.

Mrs. Alex. Kilgour and neice Miss Minnie McDonald, left for Vancouver, B. C.

Mrs. W. W. McCuaig, and daughter Jean have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Smiley.

Mrs. Jones, of Ottawa, (formerly Miss Taggart) has been visiting her relatives in town.

Mrs. W. B. Ralph of Ottawa, is the guest of her neice, Mrs. Armstrong.

Mr. R. A. Drapeau, advocate, has removed from Shawville to Ville Marie.

Mrs. A. G. Brough, baby, and sister, Miss Irene Shaw, arrived last week from Haileybury, Ont.

Mrs. R. J. Hamilton left on Tuesday to visit her relatives in Vancouver, B. C.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Skelton of Weston, Ont., who have been visiting here returned home Tuesday.

Mr. Gilbert and Mrs. Adamson of Ottawa spent Sunday in town the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Wainman.

Mrs. Alex. Smart and youngest son, who have been visiting relatives in this section for the past three months, left for Edmonton on Tuesday.

Mrs. John N. Condie and children who have been visiting friends here for the past three months, left for Edmonton on Tuesday.

Mrs. Goodman, daughter and baby Montreal, have been visiting her step, daughter, Mrs. L. Herman. Mr. C. Herman, of Chalk River, has also been visiting his son Louis.

It is expected now that the list of victims in the Porcupine fire will not exceed eighty.

With commendable enterprise the week following the disastrous fire the Eganville Leader was issued from the presses of the Renfrew Mercury.

A good many farmers of this county will be sorry to learn that Howard's clydesdale stallion Diadem has left the county, regarding him as one of the finest animals that has ever been brought into the county.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex D. Grant, Vancouver, B. C., formerly of Portage du Fort announce the engagement of their daughter, Bertha May, to Mr. David John Will, only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Will, of Huntingdon, Que. The marriage will take place at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. James Edson Mullin, Minneapolis, Minn., on August 9th.

Mr. Eddie Lawn of Campbells Bay returned last Wednesday from Porcupine whither he had gone immediately after the fire was reported, through anxiety to learn the fate of his two brothers, who were located in the fire zone. He found them both safe and sound as well as several others from around home. Joe Lawn who was burnt out at Campbells Bay on Christmas morning, was established in store keeping at South Porcupine, and again lost his property, in the total destruction of that village.

SHAWVILLE
Commercial Institute

(Affiliated With Renfrew Business College)

Opens Sept. 4th.

Thorough individual instruction in Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting, and all commercial subjects. Full particulars as to courses, terms, etc., by addressing

G. HAROLD CHARLES, Principal,
RENFREW, Ont.

WILLIS COLLEGE

OTTAWA.

Canada's Premier College of Business

will be open all through the Summer.

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

Ask for catalogue giving full particulars.

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

There's a Reason why the attendance at THE GOWLING Business College OTTAWA, ONT.

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

W. E. GOWLING. PRINCIPAL.
174 Wellington St., Ottawa

FOR SALE—Single Buggy—Mikado style with canopy top. Almost as good as new Will be sold cheap. J. H. SHAW.

FOR SALE—Holstein Bull "Glenorcky Romeo" No. 6509—three years old. An excellent stock producer. JOHN SMILEY, Starks Corners.

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

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

FOR SALE.—12 H. P. gasoline engine and Columbia hay press; also Maple Leaf sawing machine and provender grinder. All in good condition, and will be sold at an extra good bargain, if disposed of altogether. Terms to suit purchaser. J. C. JAMIESON, Elmside.

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

Organ Bargains.

Nice Doherty 5-octave Organ with mirror top, 10 stops, in good shape. Cost price $100; sale price $45.

Dominion piano-cased Organ in a beautiful, figured walnut case. Patent mouse proof. Cost price, $140.00; will now be sold for $90.00. Easy terms, or will exchange for good pressed hay. WM. CHISNELL, Shawville.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE, Aug. 1 - 5.

This Summer Sale is always the most remarkable shopping event of the year. Largest list of real bargains ever offered our customers.

A few good things from each dept. Scores of others equally good which we have not space to enumerate.

Dry Goods.

10c	White Cottons	8c
12½	" "	10
10	Pure Linen Towelling	8
50	Dress Goods	25
35	" "	19
15	Fancy Muslins	9
25	Voiles and Dragonals	12½
25	Poplins	17
25	Linens	18
25	Mulls	18
12	Fancy Ginghams	8
12½	Oxford	9
15	Sateens	10
13	English Prints	11
9	Canadian "	6
12½	Cotton Dress Goods	8
25	Belt Suspenders	13
25	Talcum Powder	13
25	Gloves	19
15	Wash Belts	10
1.00	Underskirts	75
1.25	Lawn Blouses	89

Men's Dept.

75	Shirts	49
45	Boy's wearing Shirts	25
75	Overalls	49
$8-9	Suits	5.49
7.00	Boy's Suits	4.95
1.50	Men's Hats	1.00
1.00	" "	75

Groceries.

1	lb. Tin Baking Powder	10
12½	Biscuits	10
25	Japan Tea	22½
30	" "	27
30	Black "	27
4	lb. Corn Starch	25
4	" Tapicoa	25
4	" Sago	25
7	" Rice	25
11	Bars Soap	25
1	Good Broom	25

Extraordinary Boot Bargains.

Girls' Strap Slippers—Sizes 11 to 2	49 cts. pair
25 cents a pair off all regular Boots from	1.50 to 2.00
35 " " " " " "	2.25 to 3.00
50 " " " " " "	3.25 to 4.00

Remember the dates---August 1 to 5.

Prices only good for these dates.

W. A. HODGINS.

THE REWARD OF SUSAN

The baby was dying.

He lay in his cot, with the blue of his eyes showing through the closed, heavy lids, with a waxen pallor on his cheeks, drawing wheezing breaths which stabbed the heart of his mother, who bent over him.

Sue Giles went to the cottage window in despair. Before her stretched the moor—wild, rugged, almost purple against the flaring western sky. Then she glanced at the clock. It wanted half an hour before the six-forty stopped at Barleycombe, and it took Ben, her husband, twenty full minutes to trudge the mile to the lonely cottage down the line.

There were no neighbors nearer than Barleycombe. Yet the doctor ought to be summoned. And Dr. Kent lived two and a half miles down the line, in the opposite direction to Barleycombe, nearer Lakehampton. The railway ran past his garden, half a mile after Archer's tunnel and the cutting, and it was the nearest route. Sue had often trudged there and back.

But to go meant to leave the baby alone. To stay meant——. She glanced at the child once more, shaking her head and repressing a sob.

Ben was Barleycombe's solitary porter, and his lantern, ready-trimmed for the nine-fifteen, stood in the corner. Sue lit it, scribbling a note to her husband, and laying it on the dresser. "Gorn fur doctor. Biby's queer. Mind 'im," were her simple directions.

Then she kissed the baby, very lightly, for he seemed asleep, and slipped to the door.

It seemed terrible to leave the child alone. But she comforted herself as she hurried on, that he was beginning to walk, that the fire was safely guarded, and that before long Ben would take her place.

It was weary walking, plodding over the heavy ballast beside the permanent way. She dared not run, for she was not strong; but she pressed on, mutely praying, passed the signal, her face to the glowing, fiery sunset. She reached the stunted bushes round Wolf's Hollow, left them behind, and crossed the trestle bridge over the babbling Axe.

Now she passed Highwayman's Oak—a landmark to stragglers lost on the moor—and now the mouth of Archer's tunnel, black and grim, was before her. She had always feared its depths and its darkness, had usually climbed the hill and plunged into Archer's Wood, to descend the steep sides by the jaws of the cutting a quarter of a mile on, in preference to the more direct route which the tunnel's grimy slimy, reverberating hollows afforded.

But she could not think of herself now. The tunnel was the quickest, and therefore the only way, and she chose it, without pause or hesitation.

It was long, and the lantern's feeble rays seemed swallowed up, mocked at, in the gloom. The light from its mouth faded. Pitch darkness settled down before and behind her. But she had forgotten herself; she was only counting her steps, hoping to reach the doctor's garden, praying to find him in.

A dim light began to pervade the blackness; it grew stronger, and the air sweeter. She trudged on round the curve of the line, and presently the arched opening of the tunnel's mouth showed more like a hole taken out of a huge slice of black bread.

Only the cutting now, she rejoiced, quickening her steps; only the cutting, half a mile of level road, and her journey was done! Dr. Kent would get out his trap, the old grey cob would be coaxed into his ambling canter, and——

She tripped, stumbled a few paces, regained her balance, the lantern swinging. Without stopping, she looked over her shoulder. Once more her feet found an obstruction; she turned the lantern forward, with a scream of horror.

For fifteen yeards ahead of her, rails, sleepers, the ballast-path she trod, were obliterated in a pile of rock, on which the ferns and wild flowers still grew. One glance told her what had happened. She remembered such an occurrence before. The face of the cutting had slipped. Stress of storm, beating rain, and the constant vibration of passing trains had loosened its foundations, letting down tons of red rock, of red earth and loose stones, in piled confusion on the rails.

But though she had stopped, the delay was but momentary. The subsidence was an obstacle, no more. Nothing short of the will of Heaven should prevent her reaching Dr. Kent. She clambered up the fallen rock, sending a volley of stones which turned beneath her feet down the steep sides of the mass, catching at ferns and roots to aid her ascent, crawling almost on her hands and knees over the litter, which stood seven or eight feet high at its summit.

The thought of her baby—only that. Only that till the summit was reached, the descent before her, the difficulties surmounted.

And then she thought of the six-forty. The six-forty! It stabbed her to think of it; it set her trembling, shaking, her lips quivering, her forehead damp—this sudden remembrance.

The six-forty with its five mile run before it, its clear road, its passengers, its huge speed, its tearing whistle as it slid into the tunnel, the roar of it as it shot into the open of the cutting.

She saw the end—saw the engine rolled over, with a shriek of escaping steam; saw the coaches piled one upon another, heard the screams, the groaning and the moaning of the passengers; saw red fire creeping over the ruins, quaked at the thought of imprisoned men, women and children—babies like her own!—being roasted as the debris of the wrecked train fed the flames.

And in fifteen minues—fifteen minutes at the most—it would be due!

She could save it—might save it—if she turned her back on her own errand, faced the tunnel once more, chanced meeting it there and her death.

But even if she won through, even if her lantern brought the train to a standstill, a precious half-hour would be lost. It meant death to her baby. She could not doubt that. She had seen Death come to a little brother, to the babies of others innumerable, and she knew his approach.

Her baby!

She began to clamber down the steep sides of the fall. The mother in her kept her on. What matter if the whole world perished, if her baby lived? She had come so far to save her child——

She paused. Why, she could come back. Suppose she ran to Dr. Kent! There would be time. She would come back! She would stop the train when her errand was done.

But as she struggled on, the hot argument of her heart died down. She began to feel chill. She knew there would not be time. It was one or the other; she knew that.

But still she kept on her way. Her baby—her baby! Why did Heaven ask this thing of her? And as she reached the level ground on the other side of the fallen mass, she fell on her knees, shaking with sobs, crying out:

"Ah, them people! Ah, them people!"

She sank down, throwing out her arms, letting her head fall on them, weeping piteously, moaning.

When she struggled to her feet, she stared dismally down the cutting, and her lips moved.

"Oh, Heaven, save my baby! I can't!"

She turned her back on her destination, feverishly began to retrace her steps, fought her way over the slipping debris with fierce energy of a mind made up.

Down the other side she scrambled with a slither of pattering stones, along the littered pavement way to the ballast, free from the fall, nearer the tunnel.

Then she darted into the darkness, running, panting, her heart burning and her breast torn with each wuild breath. She passed the middle of the tunnel, where the walls ran water, and drip-drip it fell in melancholy cadence from the roof. She was nearing the other end when first the rails began to hum, and she knew the six-forty was upon her!

Out of the night came the rumble, the roar, the clatter of the onrushing train. She rounded the curve again, catching sight of the headlights; of the steam by the driving-wheels, floating backward like pennants; of the scudding smoke overhead, illuminated, as it passed the cab, by the ruby glow of the furnace.

She stood upon a rail, balancing herself, holding the lantern high above her head, waving it madly, screaming, though even then she knew her puny cries were swamped in the roar of the whirling wheels.

Suddenly the pennants died away. With a hideous, grating whir the brakes were put on. The engine glided on, and she slipped from the rail with it only a dozen feet away from her. Still the lantern waved as a hoarse voice shouted to her and the train went by.

It began to draw up. Heads appeared at every window. The guard leapt down, lantern in hand. The fireman left his engine, groping his way back to the screaming woman at the rail side.

"A fall—a fall in Archer's cutting!" she wailed, and toppled forward into the fireman's arms.

* * * * * *

"'Twas as she said," she heard a gruff voice saying as she came to. "The train must ha' bin wrecked—several hundred tons—rock. She's saved the train and all of us!"

Sue opened her eyes. A man bent over her, and a pair of kindly stern eyes looked into hers.

"All right—feeling fitter? I'm a doctor. You saved us all, we hear. You're a brave woman——"

"A doctor?" she cried shrilly. "Then come—my baby—'e's dying—at the cottage—not far back—come. Please come!"

"I'm afraid it's impossible. I've a very important operation——"

"You can't get on to-night, sir—at least—not yet awhile," announced the guard. "We shall have to run back to Barleycombe, and have a gang sent down to clear the line. It'll be several hours afore we're——"

"The train passes my cottage—on the way back. Won't you come, sir?"

The doctor nodded.

"If I can't get on I'll come," he said, gently. "If it had not been that I could allow no one in the kingdom to delay me, I wouldn't have refused at first. Are you running back now, guard?"

He helped Sue into the first-class compartment he had left, and climbed in beside her. A word from him to the guard brought the train to a standstill at the little track-side cottage. Ben met them at the garden-end, his face white.

"'E's nearly gone!" he whispered. "Dr. Kent, I—— Why, Sue, couldn't you find the doctor?"

A few minutes afterwards Ben found himself driven from the cottage.

"Where's your nerve, man?" growled the doctor. "Oh, give me a woman where there's illness and something to be done!"

* * * * * *

Later on Ben fetched Dr. Kent. The two medical men talked together in the garden till the train passed the cottage once more, picked up the stranger, and went on its journey through the cleared cutting.

Dr. Kent went into the cottage, where Ben and Sue stood hand-in-hand, the woman rosy, with tears of thanksgiving in her eyes, the man white and shaking.

"You were lucky, Mrs. Giles," he said. "The boy'll recover. Never have I seen a more delicate or more skilful operation. Had it been delayed an hour, death must have ensued. Had the fall in the cutting not taken place, had you come straight on to me, I should not have been prepared for an operation, and the child would have almost certainly perished before I could have sent home for my instruments. You don't know, I suppose, who attended you? You don't know the name of the man, so providentially equipped for the emergency you summoned him on?"

Sue shook her head. How near she had been to going straight on! How swift her punishment would have been!

"A Royal personage lies ill at Devermouth; an operation was decided on yesterday. When you saved the train, Mrs. Giles, by your bravery, you also saved Sir Alexander Beaston-Bruce, C.B., Surgeon to his Majesty the King, and — incidentally — your baby's life!"—London Answers.

FORTUNES THAT WERE FOUND

Valuable Finds That Have Been Made by Picnic Parties.

Most people think that holidays are a blessing, but some have had more cause to look back with satisfaction on their holidays than others.

Six years ago a Glasgow man, named Killowen, took a trip to London. One day he was wandering along the Thames embankment near Chelsea Bridge when the tide was low. His attention was attracted by something sticking out of the sand and mud. On investigation, this proved to be a wooden box containing ingots of copper to the value of $250.

An extraordinary piece of luck came to a Bradford man, named Jenson, while on his holidays a few years ago. An uncle of his had invited him to come and stay at his farm in North Lincolnshire. While there he began collecting birds' eggs, and one day he climbed an apple tree to investigate the contents of a nest. Finding it was an old one, he pulled it down, when several fragments of paper fluttered from the broken nest. They proved to be three five pound notes.

One of the richest oil fields in Pennsylvania was discovered by a holiday tripper. He happened to be a miner, and, while picnicking in the district, he laid some of his sandwiches on the grass. When he picked them up, he found that they tasted of petroleum. He knew at once that there was oil underground, and, keeping the secret to himself, he bought several acres of land in the district. He put down a drill, and at a depth of seventy feet "struck oil," and ultimately retired with his holiday-won fortune!

Bournemouth was the starting point to fame of one of our best-known doctors. While spending a holiday there, he witnessed a disastrous carriage accident, the only occupant, an old lady, being seriously injured. He immediately rendered all the assistance he could, and by his timely aid saved her life. She died suddenly a year later, and the astonished young doctor found that he had been left $50,000 for his help at the time of the accident.

A fortune was literally thrown away on holiday once. A man named Kinghorn, while taking it easy at Digby, in Nova Scotia, saw a lump of tallowy substance floating about in the bay. He took it home and endeavored to boil the lump down to make soft soap.

He failed in his attempt, however, and threw away the supposed tallow. The lump when he first found it weighed about 160 lb., and he kept about 5 lb. of it as a curiosity. Imagine what he thought when he discovered, a little while later, that what he had thrown away was ambergris, worth $35 an ounce! He had unknowingly thrown away thousands of dollars.

More than one mine has been found when on holiday bent. The first nugget of gold in the Carolinas, for instance, was picked up by a man named Budd, who was spending a few days in the district. This nugget alone fetched $4,250! Two brothers, who were paying a visit to Chili after an earthquake there, came across a huge block of almost pure silver in a newly opened crevice. They set up a mining plant there, and in a couple of years netted $750,000! Not a bad holiday—eh?

A WOMAN'S TRAP

I.

"Good-morning!" said the jovial, red-faced man pleasantly. "Fine view from here!"

Dick Fenchurch started. He felt his own face suddenly flush as he looked into the smiling grey eyes of the man who had spoken.

For, after one has been in prison for nearly three years, it comes as something in the nature of a shock to be addressed once again as an ordinary respectable human being. And it was only two hours since Fenchurch had left the cells of Markdale Prison.

An hour ago, he had noticed this red-faced, fresh-looking man behind him, and once or twice had tried to shake him off. He wanted to be alone. Now, as he stood by a gateway, leading to the fields, which bounded the road on one side the stranger had overtaken him, and went on, without waiting for any reply.

"Making for Farnwood, I suppose?"

"Yes." Dick got the word out this time.

"Then, if you don't mind—what d'you say?—we'll go along together."

Dick nodded, and the two walked on. Fenchurch was a clean, well-built fellow of thirty; his companion, inclined to stoutness, but ruddy of cheek, healthy, and very clearly of jovial disposition. The stranger was not lacking in conversation, and Fenchurch listened.

The name of the red-faced man was Westmere, and he was in business in Farnwood. Walking was his great recreation. He would sacrifice his business to it, if necessary.

"Went down early this morning to Markdale by train to see a man who wanted to come as assistant?" Westmere continued. "But he wouldn't do. Can't take anyone into a business like mine!" He laughed and turned round on Dick. "Suppose you don't want a soft berth, with fair pay? Guess you've already got something decent?"

And now Fenchurch laughed—for the first time in three years.

"Do you know where I came from this morning?" he asked. It was the longest speech he had made so far. "I came out of prison—came from three years' penal servitude!"

Westmere whistled, but appeared in no way shocked.

"Whey! Now I'd never have thought that! D'you know what I took you for? I sized you up almost as soon as I stopped and spoke to you. I put you down as a legal man—a solicitor, you know."

"Ah!" Dick had become suddenly very calm. He was even enjoying this scene, though it made him feel the bitterness still more keenly. "That's what I was before—before the crash came."

"Tell me about it," said Westmere. And it seemed the most natural thing in the world now for Fenchurch to give this stranger the history of those tragic events three years ago.

They were tragic, though the story was neither uncommon nor remarkable. Simply he was a young solicitor, engaged to be married to a girl who was somewhat above him in social position. Anxious to nave sufficient money to keep his wife, when he did marry, in the manner in which she had been accustomed, Fenchurch had speculated, had lost, and had raised money in a mad moment from his bank on certain shares which he held jointly in trust. He had forged the name of his co-trustee to do this, fully convinced that he would be able to replace the money before any inquiries were made.

But discovery of his sin was not long delayed. There came a day when he stood in the dock, was sentenced to three years' penal servitude, and, of course, had been struck off the Rolls.

"And the girl—the young lady you were engaged to?" asked Westmere, when Fenchurch paused.

"She—she said she would wait." Fenchurch was struggling to keep control of himself. "I—— But, of course, it was impossible. I hope—hope she's found some man more worthy of her now."

"And you'll not attempt to see her?"

"No, no. I hope and trust she has forgotten me. No; not quite that. But let's turn to something else, or——" And he laughed cynically. "We're coming to the town—Farnwood, I suppose. Perhaps you'd prefer to drop me now. Ex-convict 271 isn't quite the company you'll want."

"Poon!" Westmere was as genial as ever. "Perhaps you'll take that job I offered you—eh? Pay isn't wonderful—two pounds a week—but I guess you won't mind that for a start?"

Fenchurch stared at him.

"Do you really mean it? I've told you the truth. I came out of prison this morning."

"Tut! Lots of us make mistakes—only we don't get caught. You've paid the full penalty for yours, haven't you? Well, will you take the job?"

"Yes."

Fenchurch said nothing more. He scarcely realized that there was so much good in human nature, and he could not express what he felt. He gripped the other's hand, and Westmere understood.

II.

That same day Richard Fenchurch began his duties as assistant to John Westmere, accountant and estate agent, of Farnwood.

After a time, in fact, he began to wonder how Westmere made an income out of his business. But John Westmere was perfectly serious, and sometimes very busy, and Fenchurch formed the opinion that Westmere had private means, and indulged in this business as a hobby.

It would be, perhaps, five weeks after his release from gaol, and Dick was beginning to recover some sense of independence, some faint desire to win a place for himself in the world, some little feeling that he might yet live down his disgrace, when one day Westmere came to him. In his hands he held three of four sheets of foolscap, which he handed to Dick.

"I want these typewritten," he said, "and we haven't a typewriter. But there's a girl upstairs—Miss Austin, I think her name is—who has just started. Get she doesn't get much work in this town. You might take these up to her, and ask her to do them for me some time—no hurry.

"Right!" said Dick, and rose. "I didn't know we had a typist here."

"No; she's only just come. Nice girl—come down in the world, I think. We ought to give her any work we can."

Dick nodded and went out. Had he observed the smile which came over Mr. Westmere's face after he left the room, he might have been suspicious.

But he was ascending the stairs. On the topmost floor there were two small rooms, and at first Dick Fenchurch did not see the very small brass plate attached to one of the doors—"Miss Austin, Typewriting."

Just as he did espy it, the click, click of a machine began within. He stepped to the door, and tapped. Above the click of the typewriter came a soft voice, somewhat nervously: "Come in!"

Fenchurch opened the door and walked inside. Opposite him sat the typist, her head bent low over the machine. By her hair, that wondrous golden-red—surely, it could not be—— Unconsciously, he gasped.

The head was raised. Then Dick cried, in amazement:

"Millie! You here! What does it mean?"

He was too astounded himself to notice that she was not wondrously amazed. He mistook her nervousness for astonishment.

"I!" she cried, and rose to meet him. "Oh, Dick, I'm so glad to see you!"

Forgetting everything, save that her arms were stretched out toward him, and that her eyes called him, he took her in his arms.

Only, a little later, he asked.

"But tell me, Millie, how has it happened. Your money—your father—has he lost——"

"Don't, Dick!" she begged. "I'm trying to forget I ever had money. I want to forget that."

And Fenchurch, because he was a man, thought he understood. He did not question her again. Later he would do so. But for the present it was sufficient that she still loved him, as she had loved him before those black days came. And now, because she was only a typist, because she was alone, he could offer her something—a name that was tarnished, perhaps, but one that for her sake should be made bright again.

Almost unwittingly, it seemed, he told her this, and she acquiesced.

"I promised to wait, Dick," she said. "But, oh, I didn't think I should have so little to offer you!"

"So little?" he asked. "Why, darling, it's wonderful! I am almost glad that this——"

But, seeing the look which came into her eyes, he kept clear of the subject which might bring her pain. When, an hour later, he left her, his heart was filled with a new joy. He would fight and make his name one that both he and she would not be ashamed to bear!

He told Westmere this, much to the astonishment of the good-natured "accountant."

"I'll raise your salary," the red-faced one said promptly. "Three pounds a week; you can manage comfortably on that. Now, if I were you, I'd get married as soon as possible, and take Miss Mildred Austin—or Miss Mildred Austin Challinor, as you say her name is—away from this typewriting business. Get a nice little house for her to look after; they're quite cheap round here."

"I will! By George, I will!" Fenchurch said, still intoxicated with the sudden joy which had come into his life.

"And, look here," Westmere went on, "take my advice and don't you mention anything to her about her own trouble. I don't know what it is, of course; but you wait until you're comfortably married, then she'll tell you all about it, I expect. But you just pretend you know everything until then. See what I mean?"

"Yes," Fenchurch nodded. "Perhaps it will be as well."

Two months later they were quietly married at a small church near Farnwood, in the presence of Westmere and a friend. It was Westmere who gave the bride away and Westmere who gave the only wedding present—a ten-pound note, to be spent on a honeymoon of at least a week's duration. That was Westmere's stipulation.

* * * * * *

They had been married in the early morning, and late in the afternoon they sat on the cliffs at Westbeach, where their honeymoon was to be spent.

Dick Fenchurch had been repeating over and over again the fact that his joy was too great to be expressed. But on the face of Millie there had come a little look of fear.

"Dick," she said at last, and he turned suddenly. The fear had crept into her voice.

What is it, dearest?" he asked quickly.

She took his hand.

"You love me, Dick? Could you forgive me if—if I had deceived you?" Her voice was very steady, almost emotionless.

"Forgive you?" he repeated. "Of course. But why? What is there to forgive?"

"I—— Oh, Dick, it's hard to tell you!" And she gasped a little. "But I have deceived you. My father—we have had no trouble at all. I am still as wealthy as I was before—before you went away. No; let me tell you everything."

For Dick had risen suddenly, and opened his lips as thoug to speak.

"Let me tell you everything," she repeated.

And he remained motionless.

"It was my plan," Millie said, trying to speak calmly. "I found out the date when you would be free, and I talked it over with my father long before. You know, Dick, he liked you—likes you now. And, though at first he wished me to give you up, afterwards he agreed to help me.

"We knew you would never come to us again. So I—we asked father's friend, Mr. Westmere, to help. He was to wait for you, follow you, and find you employment. It was he who took the office, and played at being an accountant. Then latter, when he thought you were recovering from your—your trouble, he sent word, and I came to act my part. I never really said I was poor, Dick."

She rose hurriedly, and faced the man, who stood staring blankly at her.

"Don't, Dick!" she cried, and held out her arms towards him. "You are not angry, are you? You don't think I trapped you? I wanted to stand by you and help you to fight your way back again. Tell me, Dick—tell me! You don't hate me because I loved you too much to lose you?"

A moment's silence—a moment of agony for the girl who waited—and then Fenchurch had seized her, and was kissing her madly, passionately.

"Hate you!" he gasped, for a wild torrent of love was surging through his veins. "Millie, I can hardly believe it possible. You did this for me? I'm not worth it, Millie! But, please Heaven I'll fight and try to make my name—our name, dearest—more worthy of your love!"—London Answers.

STRANGE POLICE COURTS.

The recent instance of a judge and the officers of the court proceeding to a plot of ground to try a case upon the spot, is by no means the first instance of its kind. Cases have been heard in all sorts of queer places. A few months ago a witness who was very ill had to be examined, so a magistrate and the parties interested went to his private house, which was converted in a police court for the time being, the matter being satisfactorily settled. On one occasion an urgent application was made to a judge just as he was about to set out for the assizes. It was imperative that he should not miss his train. The upshot of the matter was that a first-class compartment was reserved for the party, and before the judge arrived at his destination the matter, which had been argued en route, was disposed of.

Probably the supreme human achievement is self-mastery.

FORTUNES IN HORSES.

Pick of World's Horses to be Seen at Olympia.

Although the International Horse Show at Olympia was first held so recently as 1907, it has already taken its place as the most popular show in the world. This is easy to understand, for not only are the pick of the world's horses to be seen competing against one another from t'e breeder's point of view, but the finest riders and drivers also engage in friendly rivalry.

Everything points to this year's Show being the most successful of the series, for the entries are larger than ever, and representatives of all the pricipal armies of Europe together with officers from the United States, will jump for the King's Trophy.

The amount of prizes has also doubled since the start, the first year showing a total list of $36,500 while the winners at the forthcoming show will divide $82,500 between them.

All classes of the community are catered for, one of the most popular items being that for costers' donkeys, and this year there is intense rivalry between the "kings" of different districts as to who shall have the most "pearly" coat.

Tradesmen will have an opportunity of showing their nicely-groomed steeds, and the impassive policeman is not forgotten, while a novelty is a competition for fire-brigades.

But the most looked forward to novelty is the troika-driving of the Russians; the middle horse trots, while two outside animals gallop. In the two-horsed vehicles, the near-side or left hand animal trots, while the off-side one gallops.

It is the jumping, however, that attracts the great mass of the public. They may not be able to tell a Suffolk punch from a polo pony, but they can all appreciate a good jump, and it is only at Olympia that the best jumpers of the world can be seen.

Each nation has its own methods of training, some of them—the Italians, for instance—carefully massaging their horses, so that their muscles and coats are kept in the pink of condition. The Belgians adopt a special device to teach their horses to lift their heels when in the air.

Two attendants stand at either end of the hurdle, holding the loose top bar. As the horse jumps they slightly raise this bar, until it just touches the horse's hoofs, causing him to tuck up his legs as he flies over. It calls for skill and quickness both on the part of the horse and groom, as if it is not done fast enough, or raised too high, it may bring horse and rider to the ground.

Even those who know little about horses cannot fail to be interested in the different styles adopted by the various nationalities. The French are dashing riders and use a long rein, whereas the Italians ride with a short rein and short stirrups, and their arms shoot forward as their horses rise. The Argentine officers lean forward and keep their bodies almost still as they ride, while the Americans and Canadians seem to help their mounts over as much as possible.

The judges who look after the jumping have no easy task. One is stationed at each ogstacle, notebook in hand, and the scoring is by faults, the winner being the rider who has the fewest to his name.

Two faults are counted against him if his horse refuses a jump once, three more if twice, while a third refusal to take an obstacle means disqualification. If either horse or rider falls the competitor scores four faults, while the grazing of a fence means half a fault.

To kick an obstacle over with the forefeet is very bad, and means four faults, while to do the same with the hindfeet only counts half that penalty. Each rider must complete the course in two minutes or suffer disqualification, while slightly different methods of scoring are adopted in the high and long jumps.

VACATION SEEKERS.

Rural Conditions are not Always Healthful.

The Chicago Health Department has done a useful service for the last few years in reminding city people about to go into the country for vacations or motorists touring that rural conditions are not always healthful—are, in fact, sometimes very dangerous.

It is known that a considerable part of typhoid developed in the city in August and September is imported by people who have acquired it on vacation. The department, therefore, has just issued the following seasonable advice. The Tribune is glad to give it currency, and to urge upon its readers the importance of obedience:

Look carefully to the water supply, to the milk supply, and to the general sanitary conditions surrounding.

In determining the sanitary quality of water you are to drink, bear the following points in mind: Shallow dug wells, especially those near outhouses and barnyards, are practically always polluted wells; waters derived from lakes and streams into which sewage is deposited are polluted waters; a clear, sparkling water may be a dangerously contaminated water. If you are in doubt about the water supply, send a sample in a properly sterilized bottle (bottle and cork boiled before filling) to the Chicago health department laboratory for analysis. Pending a report on the examination—boil the water.

Automobile parties touring the country should exercise extreme care in the selection of drinking water; the frequent changes of supply mean increased danger of consuming polluted water. Parties on short trips should provide themselves with a sufficient supply of water, boiled in their homes, to meet the needs of the whole trip. It is now possible to secure bottles which will maintain at a low temperature for a considerable period of time.

Another water danger lies in bathing in lakes and streams near the outfall of a sewer. One can hardly fail to swallow some of this sewage polluted water, certainly some of it will come in contact with the lips and eventually will find its way into the mouth.

Investigate your milk supply. If possible, look over the farm from which it comes. If the barn, the cows, the milkers, or the utensils are dirty, or if there is a case of suspicious illness on the farm, or if you are in doubt about the sanitary quality of the milk, pasteurize it before using.

Shun places swarming with flies. Always look upon these filthy insects as danger signals; you can be sure there's filth, and lots of it, in the neighborhood. Clean, safe food cannot be served in a dining room in which there are swarms of flies. Screens, fly swatters, fly poisons, and fly catching papers are quite indispensable to safety at summering places in country districts.

It is a costly vacation that sends its victim home with typhoid or malaria, and now that we know the sources of these diseases there is little or no excuse for taking them. A plunge in a polluted stream or lake, a hasty swallow of water or milk, the sting of a poison carrying mosquito, may have evil consequences out of all proportion to the pleasure and good a vacation proposes. It is foolish to be over-anxious and to deprive oneself of the benefit of change and wholesome entertainment in country places. On the other hand a reasonable caution is a very good investment.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS CURE SUMMER COMPLAINT

Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are babies or young children. At no time of the year is baby in such danger as in summer. At the first sign of illness the Tablets should be given to the little one, for summer complaints come on so quickly that unless prompt aid is at hand baby may be beyond help in a few hours. The Tablets never fail to relieve the sick child, and if occasionally given to the well child will keep him well. Mrs. Desire Martin, St. Denis, Que., writes: "I have a baby three months old who suffered from colic and constipation. Castor Oil was of no help at all, but Baby's Own Tablets speedily cured him, and now I always keep them in the house." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A DANGEROUS EXERCISE.

Useful Hints for the Mountain Climber.

These hints are not meant for practised climbers, nor for those—well, very adventurous beginners who deliberately undertake notoriously dangerous climbs without guides or experienced companions, says London Answers.

Many people, however, away for a holiday are fired with the ambition of climbing neighboring peaks or rocks, and, though not foolhardy, come to grief because they do not know the elementary principles of climbing.

Beware of steep grass slopes in summer time, more especially when they end in a fall over cliffs. They are often as slippery as any ice-slope in the Alps, and far more dangerous, because no Alpinist in his senses would dream of tackling an ice-slope unless properly roped to companions and armed with an ice axe.

The casual summer climber, however, ventures on a grass-slope often wearing ordinary nailless boots, and carrying no axe. Half way up or down he slips, and his situation may easily be desperate.

If you slip descending your heels fly up, and you are sliding down on your back at a great rate before you can realise your danger. In such a predicament, the first thing to do is to turn or roll round on to your face. This will give you a chance of digging your toes into ground, while in any case you will not slide nearly so fast as when on your back.

When a person finds himself sliding down hill, his natural instinct is to spread out his arms above his head and to clutch at anything that offers a hold, such as a bush or a tuft of grass.

This is just how not to do it. You will probably miss the object altogether, going at the pace you are. Even if you succeed in clutching the tuft, the whole weight of your moving body comes on it with a sudden jerk, and probably you either lose your grip or the tuft comes away.

Therefore, having turned on your face, keep your hands waist high, and feel for a hold low down. If you get one, you will be pressing against it from above, which will help to check your speed, while the full strain will be brought to bear gradually, with the result that the bush or tuft will probably hold, anyway long enough to bring you to a standstill.

On steep grass slopes you should always move in zigzags. It is slower than a direct descent, but much safer and much less fatiguing.

The zigzag principle applies equally to rock climbing, but here the golden rule is never to go up or down unless certain of being able to return should you find your progress unexpectedly barred.

The next great principle is never to move hand or foot unless you have at least two good holds—that is, if moving a hand, the other hand and one foot, or both feet, should be secure; while if shifting a foot, then the other foot and one hand, or both hands, should be firmly placed.

Never make a handhold of bushes or grass growing on rocks. Their roots are necessarily shallow, and almost certain to come away the moment any strain is put on them.

If carrying a stick with a handle or crook, don't hook it over a ledge and pull yourself up by it. The ledge may be unsafe, but the stick can't tell you that. Work your way up till you can get your fingers on the ledge, when your sense of touch will soon tell you whether the ledge will hold or not.

Don't spring or jump from one foothold to another. Every movement in rock-climbing should be slow, deliberate, and steady, your weight coming gradually on to the new hold.

Steep rock faces are best descended face to the rock, as you can then lean outwards and look for fresh holds lower down.

Slopes of moderate steepness are best descended back to the rock, the hands kept close to the sides, and getting their holds about waist high.

BILL AND HIS WATCH.

It Sometimes Gives Pleasure to Ask the Time of Day.

"Bill, can you give me the correct time?" says one of Bill's friends.

"Sure," says Bill, dragging out his watch. "My watch was just 'leven seconds slow at twenty minutes of 4 day before yesterday afternoon, and I don't believe it's varied more than a quarter of a second since. It's now twenty-two minutes and seven seconds past 5."

"Thanks, old man," says Bill's friend, who then drops his own watch into his pocket and goes on his way.

Really he wasn't so particular about knowing the time himself as desirous of giving pleasure to Bill, for he knows that Bill is one of the few million men in the world who think each that his watch is a wonder and who feel themselves flattered when their friends ask them for the correct time.

First Young Doctor—"When will you be able to get married?" Second Young Doctor—"Oh, almost at once! I only want about three more operations."

French millinery shows the tendency for ribbon, silk, and velvet bows.

We admire a girl who can make good fudge—if she can also make good pies.

It Eases Pain. Ask any druggist or dealer in medicines what is the most popular of the medicinal oils for pains in the joints, in the muscles or nerves, or for neuralgia and rheumatism, and he will tell you that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is in greater demand than any other. The reason for this is that it possesses greater healing qualities than any other oil.

CHEAPER TO MOVE.

McGregor's wife was of those who could hardly stay a month in one house. The other day she was again removing, and as Tam, looking rather gloomy, was walking behind the van an acquaintance bawled:—

"Whaur are ye gaun noo, Tam?"

"Man," said he, "I dinna ken; I'm following the fittin'!"

SATISFACTORY SCARECROWS.

Tourist—"Do those scarecrows save your crops?"

Farmer—"They work first-rate. You see, every tramp that comes along crosses the field to see if th' clothes is wuth stealin', which they ain't, an' that scare's the crows away."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

AFTER THE CORONATION.

Although the Coronation has passed, and the flags have been hauled down, its effects will still go on. People who were busy preparing for the event will be almost as busy in undoing their work. Workmen, of course, will be at work almost immediately removing the barricades, taking down the many stands, and restoring London to its customary appearance. Then jewellers will be hard at work for many of the coronets and ornaments worn by the peers and peeresses were set with family jewels, which will now be reset in different form. Nor will the wearers of the coronets get much rest, for before them, as before their Majesties, lies a heavy social programme. Westminster Abbey itself will be left for a time as it was at the crowning of the King, and the public will be admitted again, at a small charge, to view the scene of the ceremony. Of the miles of flags and bunting, a certain amount will be stored away, but much of it will find its way to the manufacturers of cheap clothing, for which purpose old bunting is largely used.

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debarred from eating these tempting things, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellog's Dysentery Cordial and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

BRAVE OFFICER.

An officer in the Army laughed at a timid woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. He subsequently married that timid woman, and six months afterwards he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at night.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

MODERN BABY.

Visitor—"Dear me; How your baby is crying!"

Scientific Mother—"Oh, yes, but it's all right. It's a hygienic, lung-expanding, non-tissue-destroying cry."

If every housekeeper would use Wilson's Fly Pads freely during the Summer months the house fly peril would soon be a thing of the past.

There are two sides to every question, as you will find if you take the trouble to investigate.

No surgical operation is necessary in removing corns if Holloway's Corn Cure be used.

"Pa," said Freddy, "what is a social scale?"

"Generally speaking," replied pa, "it's a place where they weigh money."

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY for Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, $1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, $1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

First Guest: "Won't you join me in requesting young Squalls to recite?"

Second Guest: "But I don't like recitations."

First Guest: "Neither do I. But if the young beggar doesn't recite, he'll sing."

Practically all Canadian druggists, grocers and general dealers sell Wilson's Fly Pads. If your storekeeper does not, ask him why.

COMPLIMENTING THE BARBER

The morning was an inauspicious one for the new barber, for he had just started business. But he was full of hope, and as he industriously scraped away at his first customer he made the usual inquiry:—

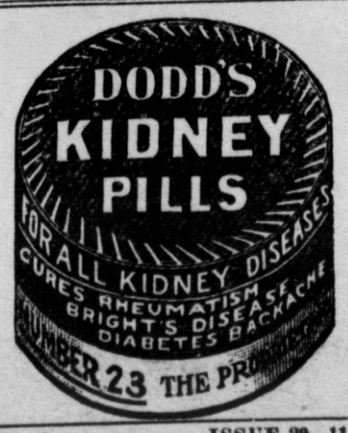
"Razor all right, sir?"

"My good man," said the customer, "if you hadn't mentioned it I should never have known there was a razor on my face."

The tonsorial artist smiled delightedly. Here was a good omen indeed.

"Thank you, sir," he said.

"No," added the customer, reflectively. "I should have thought you were using a file."





That Splitting Headache will vanish if you take "NA-DRU-CO" Headache Wafers

Give quick, sure relief, and we guarantee they contain nothing harmful to the heart or nervous system. 25c. a box, at all druggists'. 26

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

EMBRACING CLIMATE.

A lady told Lord Palmerston that her maid, who had been with her to the Isle of Wight objected to go there again because the climate was not embracing enough.

"What am I to do with such a woman?" she asked.

"You had better take her to the Isle of Man next time," said Lord Palmerston.

A Boon for the Bilious.—The liver is a very sensative organ and easily deranged. When this occurs there is undue secretion of bile and the acrid liquid flows into the stomach and sours it. It is a most distressing ailment, and many are prone to it. In this condition a man finds the best remedy in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are warranted to speedily correct the disorder. There is no better medicine in the entire list of pill preparations.

CLEVER!

"Well, I never!"

"What's the matter, my dear?"

"Why, cook says that those people who live in that insignificant little house opposite came over here while we were away and were photographed sitting on our veranda!"

Wire Wounds.

My mare, a very valuable one, was badly bruised and cut by being caught in a wire fence. Some of the wounds would not heal, although I tried many different medicines. Dr. Bell advised me to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, diluted at first, then stronger as the sores began to look better, until after three weeks, the sores have healed, and best of all, the hair is growing well, and is NOT WHITE as is most always the case in horse wounds.

F. M. DOUCET.

Weymouth.

BANK DIRECTOR.

Stranger—"Boy, will you direct me to the nearest bank?"

Street Gamin—"I will for a shilling."

"A shilling! Isn't that too much?"

"Bank directors always get big pay, mister."

REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. It is absolutely harmless. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Tommy—"What is an acre, dad?" "Four rods." "What is a rod, dad?" "Forty square rods, poles, or perches." "What is a wise acre, dad?" "One who keeps a spare rod, pole, or perch to apply to a boy who asks useless questions. Fetch me my cane!"

It is an undisputed fact that one packet of Wilson's Fly Pads has actually killed a bushel of house flies. Fortunately no such quantity can ever be found in a well kept house, but whether they be few or many Wilson's Fly Pads will kill them all.

"How is your daughter getting on with her music?" "Well, it isn't proper for me to compliment my own girl, but several of the neighbors have told me that they often stay awake at night listening to her playing, so she must be pretty good."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

"Why did you get drunk?" asked the magistrate. "Oh, only for a lark!" replied the prisoner airily. "Indeed!" replied the magistrate. "We have cages for larks. You can have the use of one for fourteen days!"

An Always Ready Pill.—To those of regular habit medicine is of little concern, but the great majority of men are not of regular habit. The worry and cares of business prevent it, and out of the irregularity of life comes dyspepsia, indigestion, liver and kindney troubles as a protest. The run-down system demands a corrective and there is none better than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are simple in their composition and can be taken by the most delicately constituted.

COULDN'T BE DONE.

Sadly the dog's owner watched it chaw up a seedy-looking individual.

"Call your dog off," shrieked the victim. "He'll murder me. Call him off, man!"

"Sorry," replied the owner sadly, "but really I can't. I only bought the dog this morning, and I forgot to ask what his name was."

And the chawing continued.

"She swept the room with a glance."

"Humph! A lot of help that was to her mother."

FARMS FOR SALE OR RENT.

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

IF going West to purchase Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, or British Columbia, consult me. I can sell you any quantity from quarter sections to fifty thousand acres.

I HAVE some of the best Stock, Grain, and Dairy Farms in Ontario on my list. If you want one see me.

IN FRUIT FARMS, I have some ideal spots at right prices.

MY address, Nights and Holidays, is Two Seven Two Wright Avenue. Phone Main 6990 and Park 527.

H. W. DAWSON.

SASKATOON

OFFERS you success if you are an intelligent, hardworking agriculturist in any branch. You could not credit the prosperity of our farmers unless you actually came and saw. Why not come? If you do you will be sorry that you had not come years ago. Perhaps you are not getting along very well except in the matter of years. Better do something for your children's sake. Join our prosperity. For full information write THE COMMISSIONER, BOARD OF TRADE, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Western Canada.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED.—A study of other Agency propositions convinces us that none can equal ours. You will always regret it if you don't apply for particulars to Travellers' Dept., 228 Albert St., Ottawa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

CUT YOUR GLASS AT HOME.—Our new "Red Devil" Glass Cutter cuts wired glass, plate glass, smoked and window glass. By mail 25c. W. E. Potter & Co., 46 Benoit St., Montreal.

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

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

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

WRITE us to-day for our choice list of Agents' Supplies. No outlay necessary. They are money makers. Apply B. C. I. Co. Ltd., 228 Albert St., Ottawa, Ont.

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

FEATHER DYEING

Cleaning and Curling and Kid Gloves cleaned. These can be sent by post, 1c per oz. The best place is

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. MONTREAL.

Queen's University

Kingston, Ontario.

ARTS, EDUCATION THEOLOGY, MEDICINE SCIENCE, including ENGINEERING.

The Arts course may be taken by correspondence, but students desiring to graduate must attend one session.

ARTS SUMMER SESSION

July 3rd to August 11th.

For Calendars write the Registrar,

17 G. Y. CHOWN, Kingston, Ontario

AFTER DEATH.

Judge—"The sentence of the Court is that the prisoner be confined in prison the remainder of his natural life."

Prisoner—"But, my lord——"

Judge—"Not another word, sir, or I'll give you four years more."

Worms cause fretfulness and rob the infant of sleep, the great nourisher. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will clear the stomach and intestines and restore healthfulness.

Defending Counsel (to witness in bandages)—"Are you married?" Witness—"No, I was knocked down by a cab last week."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

WEALTH OF FRANKFORT.

Frankfort probably shares with Amsterdam eminence as being the wealthiest city in the world per capita. There is an immense investment fund in this city garnered through the centuries. Frankfort has long been one of the great money markets of Europe and banking in Germany centred here until recent years, the great Frankfort private banking houses leading and being assisted in their operations by such houses as Mendelssohns and Bleichroeders in Berlin and the Oppenheims in Hanover.

PILES.

You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Stores.—50c box.

Zam-Buk FOR ALL SUMMER SORES.

THE EQUITY.

SHAWVILLE, JULY 27, 1911.

Mr. Robert Rogers, of the Manitoba Government, speaks of Mr. Borden's tour in the West as the most successful made by a party leader since the days of Sir John Macdonald. Mr. Rogers knows a good deal about the West and its people, and has won elections there himself. He should know the signs which point to his friends winning also.

In the House of Commons last Tuesday when Mr. Fielding moved that the House go into "committee of ways and means," —which if adopted, meant the resumption of the reciprocity debate—Mr. Middlebro of North Grey moved the following amendment :

"It is desirable that the Government should recognize in some substantial manner the services rendered during the Fenian raids of 1866 and 1870 by our Canadian volunteers."

This was rejected after a three hours' debate on a strict party vote of 61 to 45, or a majority of 16 for the government forces, who were instructed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier to vote down the amendment.

This disposes of the hopes of the veterans whose claims have been so persistently put before the Government for 15 years past. In moving the amendment Mr. Middlebro traced the history of the claims of the veterans to recognition, and the way they had been led on by the specious promises of Sir Wilfred Laurier to believe that something would be done for them in their declining years. He quoted the remarks made by Sir Wilfrid to the various deputations that "to the victors belong the spoils," but while he had been constantly holding up the spoils the victors had not got them. Mr. Middlebro urged there should be no distinction made between the veterans of 1866-70 and those of the rebellion of 1885 and the South African war. He favored pensions instead of land grants.

It is evident those men who fought to keep the armed invaders out of Canada when the country was in a weak, struggling stage of its existence, have little to hope for in the way of a recognition of their claims, from the Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

"Old Conservative" in a letter in this issue of THE EQUITY makes a suggestion for the Conservative organization and calls upon us to pronounce upon the wisdom of his recommendation. In making answer to our correspondent's query we cheerfully concede all that he has said of Mr. Cahill. The position of wealth and influence he has attained to, shows him to be a young man of marked ability and keen foresight, and he would, we are satisfied, make an excellent representative for this or any other constituency.

But, we are told Mr. Cahill is an out-and-out Liberal, and whilst he is to be congratulated for the honor he has done his native county in the larger world of finance, we cannot consistently recommend the extreme policy advocated by "Old Conservative." Every loyal Conservative knows that in general elections for the Dominion it has ever been the policy of that historic party to contest nearly all if not every seat in the country regardless of the prospective result.

Aside altogether from the question of personal qualification of candidates it is scarcely our business to assist in the election of a Liberal in Pontiac, it matters not whether it be Mr. Hodgins, Mr. Cahill or anyone else. That would not be the way to defeat a party and a government to which we are opposed.

Conservatives should stand to their guns at least until such time as it becomes evident that a candidate of sufficient weight and influence to enter the opposing lists with a fair prospect of success is not available. And it will be surprising indeed if the party which so often has carried the old flag to victory fails to furnish the necessary goods when the supreme moment arrives.

Reciprocity Passes U. States Senate.

Washington, July 23.—The Canadian reciprocity bill passed the Senate without amendment on Saturday by 53 to 27. All amendments had been previously defeated. It becomes law upon the president's signature, the senate measure being the bill that passed the house. This is expected to be done on Wednesday.

Bristol Council.

The Municipal Council of the Township of Bristol met in the town hall on the 3rd of July for general business.

Present : The Mayor, W. C. Young, and Councillors Messrs. Allen, R. J. Campbell, D. Campbell, Woods and Young.

Minutes of previous meeting read and on motion of coun. R. J. Campbell, seconded by coun. Young, were adopted.

A petition being now presented by Miss Hyslop for a license to keep a temperance hotel at Bristol Corners, it was moved by coun. Young and seconded by coun. Woods that the petition of Miss Hyslop be granted, and that the mayor and sec.-treas. be authorized to sign the same.—Carried.

A complaint having been put in to the council that no road work is being done on the Calumet road where it passes through Lots 13a and 13b, 4th range, Moved by coun. Woods, seconded by coun. R. J. Campbell that road inspectors James Nicholson and Henry Gilpin be instructed to have the drain cleaned out where the road passes through the said Lots 13a and 13b.—Carried.

Moved by coun. Allen and seconded by coun. Young that the secretary notify Joseph Henderson to remove all obstructions from off the concession line, opposite 20a on the 3rd range, on or before the 1st May, 1912.—Carried.

Moved by coun. Woods and seconded by coun. Allen that John Duff be sent on to apportion the work on dividing line between the two road divisions 39 and 43.

A petition was presented to the council requesting it to open up a road at Norway Bay. The starting point on the west side not being definite enough, the consideration of the same was postponed until the next meeting of council.

On motion of coun. D. Campbell, seconded by coun. R. J. Campbell the council now adjourned.

WM. GRANT,
Sec.-Treasurer.

C. P. A. S. Directors' Meeting

Minutes of meeting of Directors of C. P. A. S. No. 1, held on Wednesday, 5th July, at 11, a. m.

Present : Wm. Hodgins, president ; directors C. H. Taber, A. Grant, Dr. Armstrong, W. C. Young, Joseph Brownlee, F. Bretzlaff and F. Thomas.

Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed.

The Secretary explained matters connected with the cancelling of the excursion to Macdonald College.

Adjourned for dinner and resumed business at 1, p. m., same members present, also Dir. G. F. Hodgins.

Moved by Dir. Taber, seconded by Dir. Grant that the President and Directors G F. Hodgins and any other director they may add be a committee to arrange how the tickets shall be sold for the Fall Fair —Carried.

Moved by Dir. Thomas seconded by Dir. Brownlee that the Secretary be authprized to arrange for a special train on the 19th of September, and also to have the east-bound train held at Shawville until 6, p. m., on Sept. 20.—Carried.

Moved by Dir. Young, seconded by Dir. Grant that Messrs. W. A. Hodgins and R. J. Hamilton be a committee to solicit specials for the Fall Fair. The directors are also expected to make the usual canvas for specials.—Carried.

Moved by Dir. Thomas seconded by Dir. Brownlee that G. A. Howard be appointed a ring manager for the Fall Fair.—Carried.

Moved by Dir. Thomas seconded by Dir. Young that G. F. Hodgins, A. R. Smiley, W. A. Hodgins, R. J. Hamilton and R. L. Whitman be a special committee to arrange a list of specials suitable for the Fair.—Carried.

Meeting adjourned.

R. W. HODGINS, Sec'y.

Opposed to Reciprocity.

Mr. Albert Carman, son of the Rev. Dr. Carman, the King of Methodism, has just repudiated reciprocity and all its works, though by birth, by breeding, by religion and by natural choice he is a Liberal. The son's flight is enough to make the sire turn greyer than he is. Albert, who is a writer of continental repute, says there is more at stake in Canada over the battle of Reciprocity than was at stake for Great Britain in the Battle of Waterloo. Here, then, is another noted, inbred Liberal who has come out against his party with Mr. Sifton, Mr. Lash and that vast multitude whom no man can number.—Carleton Place Central Canadian.

Death of Mr. John Somerville formerly Clarendon Resident.

Mr. Emerson Somerville, of Elk Lake, Ont., sends us the following particulars of the death of his father, Mr. John Somerville, which occurred at North Bay on July 9th.

The deceased (who was a son of the late Thomas Somerville) was born in Clarendon, where he lived until he went to Alberta in 1889.

About two years ago he became a resident of Elk Lake, in which locality he contracted a cold while out prospecting which finally resulted in his death.

Having taken seriously ill in Sept. of last fall he was removed to Sturgeon Falls, his former home, where better medical attention could be had.

On recovering somewhat he went to visit his brother, Mr. Albert Somerville, of Bryson, where he spent the winter.

Feeling considerally better in May he again went to Elk Lake to settle up some business affairs. Leaving Elk Lake for Bryson he took suddenly ill again and was unable to get farther than North Bay. He was taken to the home of Mr. Richard Somerville (a cousin) where everything that could possibly be done in the way of medical aid and attention was done. He was nursed by Mrs. Somerville and friends until the arrival of his wife and sons, who had been telegraphed for. He passed peacefully away at 8.30, p. m., July 7th.

The funeral took place from the residence of Mr. Richard Somerville, McIntyre street, to the union depot at 9 30, a. m., July 9th, the remains being conveyed to Sturgeon Falls, where interment took place.

The deceased leaves behind him a wife and three sons, namely, Emerson, residing at Elk Lake (who was a member of the Coronation contingent from Canada and was unable to reach home before his father passed away); Herbert, also of Elk Lake, and Cecil of Cache Bay.

The deceased was an Anglican in religion, and was a member of the Orange association and the A. O. U. W. The funeral was conducted by the Orangemen of North Bay.

Pretty Home Wedding.

Under the above heading Grays Harbor Post of Aberdeen, Wash , U. S. of June 10.h, published the following extended notice of the marriage of Mr. James C. Leitch, formerly of Starks Corners section, which we reproduce by request :

"Quiet and attractive in its simplicity was the home wedding of Miss Agnes Curry of this city and James C. Leitch, of Ottawa, Canada, which took place at 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, June 6, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. McClymont, corner of H. and Second streets, in the presence of relatives and a few friends.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. E. Hooper, the bride's pastor, who used the impressive ring service of the Presbyterian church. The dining room and parlors were artistically decorated with variour greeus, among which were English ivy, snowballs, ferns, vine maple and Scotch broom, with its vivid yellow blossoms. English ivy was twined about the pillars separating the entrance hall and the parlors, and its leaves appeared on the white curtains, while branches were draped from the central chandelier.

One corner of the parlor was massed with green, in front of which a low railing was placed, profusely decorated and covered with masses of the Scotch broom, where the bridal party took their places. Daylight was excluded and the lights turned on before the ceremony began.

Promptly at 4 o'clock to the strains of the wedding march played by Miss Grace Brownell, the bride and groom entered, preceded by the minister, and took the places assigned them, when the solemn words were pronounced which united their destinies for life. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. S. McClymont. She was most becomingly dressed in a gown of white silk poplin, made high with lace yolk, and trimming of heavy cord and French knots. The girdle and short sash were of the dress goods similarly trimmed, the girdle being decorated with braid and flowers and the sash having an edge of fringe. She wore a pretty pearl pin, the gift of the groom and carried an arm boquet of white carnations. She was attended by her cousin, Miss Elsie McClymont, who wore a pink flowered net over pink crepe de chene, made with Dutch neck and elbow sleeves and trimmed with gold braid and fringe. She also carried white carnations. The groom, who was in conventional afternoon dress, was attended by E. A. Orr, also a cousin of the bride.

After the ceremony and congratulations, refreshments were served at a long table in the dining room, which was decorated with flowers and a handsome bridal cake. Boquets of scarlet poppies were also used with fine effect. Mr. and Mrs Leitch received many pretty gifts of china, cut glass, linen, silver and furniture from their friends, as well as a number of checks from distant relatives. They left on the 6 o'clock train for Portland, where they will spend a week or ten days on a honeymoon trip. The bride wore a going away gown of dark blue serge, and a white hat trimmed with white feathers, rosebuds, and black velvet. Upon their return home they will begin house keeping at once at 210 West Second Street.

Mrs. Leitch is well known in Aberdeen, having lived here for a number of years. She is a niece of Mrs. S. McClymont, Mrs. R. E. Foy and Miss Orr.

The groom is a young business man of the city and together with his bride is the recipient of many hearty wishes for happiness and prosperity during the future which awaits them."

June Examinations.

SCHOOL No. 13 CLARENDON.

Grade IV.—Lillian Smith, Irene McCord.

Grade III.—Inez McCord, Clara Horner, Burland Elliott, Edith Lang.

Grade III, Jr.—Lizzie Smith, Gerald Lang, Lily Murphy, Warren Horner.

Grade II.—Ida Hamilton, Willie McCord, Willie Gibson.

Grade I.—Winters McCord, Effie McCord, Alden McCord.

II Primer—Moses Murphy, Sadie Grier Pearl Grier, Cecil Laughren.

I Primer.—Maud Smith, Henry McCord, Hillis McCord.

C. J. ARGUE, Teacher.

BALD-HEADED MEN
Getting Scarcer Every Year.

Ninety-nine times in one hundred baldness is caused by dandruff germs which dig down deep into the roots of the hair, destroy its vitality and cause it to fall cut.

If you have dandruff, the little invisible persistent devils called dandruff germs are at work. Destroy them at once, or sooner or later they will cause your hair to fall out and you will be compelled to take your place in the baldheaded class.

Parisian Sage is guaranteed by the Shawville Drug Co to stop falling hair and itching scalp and to drive out dandruff and kill the germs, or money back. It is the most delightful hair dressing in the world—not sticky or greasy. Large bottle 50 cents.

Get your Corrugated Iron, "CROWN" Patent Steel Shingles, Sidings and Ceiling material from McFarlane-Douglas Co., Limited, Manufacturers, Ottawa, Ont.

Catalogue and Price List will be mailed you upon request.



Keep Your Skin Smooth and White

Here is a new cream, which nourishes and soothes the skin, making it clear and white.

Tansey's Cold Cream
(HONEY & OATMEAL)

This new cream will not turn rancid, does not promote hair growth—is superior to any other on the market.

Two sizes 35c. and 50c.

O. H. TANSEY, DRUGGIST,
278 SHERBROOKE ST. W., MONTREAL

THE MARKETS.

SHAWVILLE

Flour per barrel to $5.00
Oats, per bushel, 33 to 34c.
Buckwheat per bushel 40 to 45c.
Peas per bushel 65 to 70c.
Butter, tubs, prints and rolls 15c.
Potatoes per bag, $1.00
Eggs per dozen 15c.
Hides pe 100 lbs, 7.00
Pelts 70 to 75 cents each
Calfskins, 50 to 75 cents.
Wool per lb. 21c to 22c
Hay per on 9.00 to 10.00

OTTAWA.

The following are last Saturday s quotations :

Butter, in prints 24c to 25c
Butter in pails 20 to 21c.
Eggs, fresh, per dozen 22 to 23c
Pork, per 100 lb $8.00 to 8.50
Beef, per 100 bs, $8.50 to $10.00
Spring Lamb 5 to 8c a pound,
Oats, old per bushel, 38c
Hay per ton $10.00 to 12.00

Pontiac Friends

Honey season is over again, but you will find plenty for winter colds at the following places from

The Yarm Apiary :

J. H. Shaw, Shawville.
Misses Wilson, "
A. J. McRae, "
John A. Cowley, Bristol,
R. A. Grant Elmside
Wm Foss & Son, Ladysmith
And at he Apiary,

SHAWVILLE SASH AND DOOR FACTORY.

SASHES, DOORS, ROUGH and DRESSED LUMBER
MOLDINGS, BRACKETS, Etc., Etc.
KEPT CONSTANTLY IN STOCK.
Special attention paid to Dressing Lumber and Sticking Moldings.
CUSTOM SAWING AS USUAL.

ROBT. G. HODGINS.



May be the dough had forgotten to *rise.*
Or had risen quickly overnight and *fallen* again—
To rise nevermore.
Twas *weak* flour, of course.
Meaning weak in *gluten.*
But FIVE ROSES is strong, *unusually strong.*
With that *glutinous* strength which *compels* it to rise to your surprised delight.
Stays risen too.
Being coherent, *elastic.*
And the dough feels *springy* under your hand.
Squeaks and cracks as you work it.
Feel the *feel* of a FIVE ROSES dough.
Note the wonderful *smooth* texture—soft—*velvety.*
Great is the *bread* born of such dough—
Your dough!
Try this *good* flour,

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached — Not Blended

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED MONTREAL

The Fair that Leads

Don't Miss the Best!

Central Canada Exhibition

Ottawa, September 8-16, 1911.

Display of Canada's finest specimens of Live Stock, Poultry Field and Garden Produce. $16,000 in Cash Prizes, Gold Medals, etc., awarded for Agricultural Products. Many Object Lessons for Farmers. Pavilions filled with Novelties.

Marvel of the Age presented in Sensational Flights of Curtis Aeroplane including Race with Automobile. Reproduction of the Grand Naval Review as seen at Coronation of King George V. A Gorgeous Fireworks Display. Unique Midway .. .. and Superior Vaudeville. .. ..

The Grounds, which have been improved and enlarged, will be blaze of electric illumination during Fair Week. Remember Exhibition continues in full swing whole of Saturday, September 16, with enlarged programme. Railway Rates Reduced. Obtain a Prize List from

E. McMAHON, Secretary.

THE EQUITY,

A Weekly Journal devoted to Local Interests

Published every Thursday

At Shawville, County Pontiac, Que.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

☞ All arrears must be paid up before any paper is discontinued.

—o—

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

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

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

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

Advertisements received without instructions accompanying them will be inserted until forbidden and charged for accordingly.

Birth, marriage and death notices published free of charge. Obituary poetry declined.

JOB PRINTING.

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

JOHN A. COWAN,
Publisher.

Professional Cards.

DENTAL.

DR. COLEMAN - DENTIST,

Medallist Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario; Doctor of Dental Surgery, University of Michigan (Ann Arbor) D. D. S.. and L. D. S., Quebec.

Office and residence—Over J. H. SHAW's store, Shawville.

DR. A. H. BEERS

SURGEON DENTIST

CAMPBELLS BAY - - QUE.

Doctor of Medicine and Master of Surgery McGill University.

Doctor of Dental Surgery, University of Pennsylvania.

Licentiate of Dental Surgery, Quebec.

Office—Mousseau's Block—over Post Office. Will be at Campbells Bay all the time.

LEGAL.

R. A. DRAPEAU, LL. L.

ADVOCATE

Shawville - - - Que.

Office.—D. McRae's brick building, Main Street.

S. A. MACKAY

NOTARY PUBLIC

Portage du Fort - - Que.

Will visit Shawville Tuesday and Saturday of each week.

ALEXANDRE DUFORT,

Notary Public,

BRYSON - QUE.

Visits Shawville every Saturday.

Money to loan on good security.

R. MILLAR, L. L. L.

ADVOCATE,

Bryson - - - Que.

Will visit Shawville every Saturday.

WM. GAMBLE,

ADVOCATE, &c.,

Office: Trust Building, No. 48 Sparks St., Ottawa, Ont.

GEORGE C. WRIGHT

ADVOCATE, BARRISTER, &C.

196 Main Street,

HULL - - - QUE.

Telephone No. 2176.

W. W. IRELAND,

Clerk of the District Magistrates' Court,
Fire and Life Insurance Agent,
Property bought and sold.
Rents collected.
Deeds, Mortgages, etc., executed satisfactorily.

SHAWVILLE - - - QUE.

GEORGE HYNES

UNDERTAKER

Embalmer and Funeral Director

Main Street, Shawville.

Personal attention. Open all hours.

HELP PROTECT THE DEER.

And other Game during Close Season by reporting at once to the undersigned any violation of the Game Laws you become aware of. All correspondence trictly confidential.

N. McCUAIG
Prov Game Warden.

Bryson, March, 1911

Seasonable.

Young Ladies
...On the Holidays

Women's Fine Muslin Embroidered Dutch Collars,

Linen Collars, Jabots, (Lord Byron),

Lace Hose, Silk Lisle Hose with double heel and toe.

Hose in fancy colors,

Embroidered Wash Belts 15 and 25c.

Young Men
...On the Holidays

For comfort keep the head cool. See our Soft Straw and Sailor Hats.

NEGLIGEE SHIRTS—Soft fronts, fast colors with or without collars.

Soft Stand-up, Turn-down Collars with washable Ties to match.

G. F. HODGINS.

P. S.—Paris Green guaranteed at 25 cents per pound.

SNOBBERY BELOW STAIRS.

The Way English Servants Ape Their Master's Airs and Graces.

Writing on snobs in the New York Tribune, Frederick Townsend Martin, the society millionaire, says:

We are all familiar with the ludicrous snobbery among English servants that existed in the time of Mr. Pickwick. Not so many of us, however, appreciate what snobbery exists today in the realms of the servants' hall. I was once visiting Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, when my valet came to me and asked if he could go to London by the morning train and get back in the afternoon.

I said to him, "Why do you want to go?"

He replied: "Oh, sir, as we are only stopping here a few days, I did not put in my evening suit, and last night, you being a foreigner, I found myself ranked above all the others and had to take precedence of those who were traveling with dukes, earls and viscounts. I outranked them all and took in the housekeeper to dinner. And my mortification was great when I noticed that every one of the men around the table was in evening clothes, and I alone was in my ordinary black suit. By the way, sir," he continued, "perhaps you, being an American, don't know that in the servants' hall the valets and maids are always called after their masters' and mistresses' names. They don't call them Lady So-and-so, but simply by the last name. Thus, Earl Cork's servant would be called 'Cork.' And in the servants' hall they are seated at the housekeeper's table in exactly the same grade and rank as that observed by their masters and mistresses upstairs."

FRONT DOOR NIGHT BELLS.

Doctors Are Not the Only Ones Who Have Use For Them.

At 1 o'clock in the morning a man who was looking for a doctor found a door plate on which he distinguished the words, "Night bell," and rang the bell. When the door opened and a figure appeared in the semidarkness of the hall he said:

"Hurry up, please. There is a sick woman at No. 132."

The man inside said "All right," and in a few seconds both men were racing down the street to No. 132. In the top floor front room lay a very sick woman. The newcomer pulled a small table to the bedside and took from his pocket a sheet of paper and a fountain pen.

"What on earth are you doing with that?" said the man who had summoned him. "You're a nice doctor, you are."

That Yankee Dodge.

The description of the first operation under ether in Europe as given by Dr. F. William Cook in the University College Hospital Magazine is reproduced in the London Lancet, and the scene is referred to as the "most dramatic ever enacted in which medical men grouped the stage." The operation was performed by Robert Liston on Dec. 21, 1846. "At 2:15 Liston enters, that magnificent figure of a man six feet two inches in height, and says, 'We are going to try a Yankee dodge today, gentlemen, for making men insensible,' so Liston introduced ether to a London hospital." The subject was a man, thirty-six years old, whose thigh was amputated. The operation was successful, and Liston uttered the epilogue, "This Yankee dodge, gentlemen, beats mesmerism holler."

Marvels of India.

What a wonderful country is India! There is only one India. Its marvels are its own. There is the plague, the black death. India invented it. The car of Juggernaut was also India's invention. So was the suttee, and within the time of men still living 800 widows willingly and, in fact rejoicingly burned themselves to death on the bodies of their dead husbands in a single year. And 800 would do it this year if the British government would let them. Famine belongs especially to India. India has 2,000,000 gods and worships them all. On top of all this she is the mother and home of that wonder of wonders, caste, and also that mystery of mysteries, the Satanic Brotherhood of the Thugs.—Churchman.

Setting Her Right.

The pretty and petulant wife of a congressman stood for a moment before the window of the receiving teller in a Washington bank, then tapped the window with her parasol, exclaiming:

"Why don't you pay attention to me?"

"We pay nothing here, madam," was the reply. "Please go to the next window."—Denver Republican.

Those Useless Questions.

"How did you get the bruised face?"

"It was caused by the hatrack last night."

"Accidentally?"

"No; I think it attacked me purposely."—Kansas City Journal.

Biblical Reference.

"And who," asked the Sunday school teacher—"who was it that cried, O king, live forever?'"

"All the life insurance agents," suggested the small boy whose father was an adjuster.—Judge.

ESKIMO FAMILY LIFE.

A Glimpse of the Home When White Guests Are Present.

The usual sights on entering an Eskimo habitation are: On the way opposite you a steamer-like berth covered with skins—the sleeping quarters of the family; underneath, or in front, sit one or two women, busily sewing; to the right, a man making hunting gear. Never will you find an Eskimo family idle. All occupants are naked to the waist, sometimes only covered with a loin cloth. Along the wall on either side burn several lamps. These lamps are shallow soapstone basins filled with the oil of the seal, whale or walrus; along the edge is placed a little ridge of moss, which answers the purpose of the wick in our lamps. The lamps do not smoke, and, besides illuminating, throw a great heat. Above the flame hangs a piece of blubber, to replenish the oil, also a teakettle.

You are cordially invited to take off your things and stay awhile. This means disrobing to the same extent, for the air is foul and the temperature that of a Turkish bath. If you come during meal time, which is at any hour of the day, you are cordially invited to partake; you decline and no offense is given. If the meal consists of frozen fish, blubber or something they know the white man abhors, some joker will especially entreat you to join his dish and then there is a great laugh all around. The Eskimo loves to laugh, play practical jokes on his friends, respond in witticism, and is of a happy, childlike disposition. Treachery, stealing and lying are practically unknown among them, the two latter only since some of them have imitated the white man. I am not including the Siberian, Greenland or Labrador Eskimo.—Captain F. E. Kleinschmidt in Pacific Monthly.

ILLICIT DIAMOND BUYING.

Dodges the Traders Worked in Kimberley's Early Days.

There are as many stories of I. D. B.—i. e., illicit diamond buying—in South Africa as there were of smuggling in England a century ago. Louis Cohen tells of some of the dodges in his "Reminiscences" of Kimberley's early days. "Dogs were enlisted in the traffic and used as carriers. Often the poor animals were first kept without food until they were on the verge of starvation and then given lumps of meat containing diamonds, which they bolted. Safely arrived at Christiania, across the Vaal river, the faithful dumb friends of man were immediately rewarded for their services by having their stomachs ripped up and the imbedded baubles taken out. Horses, too, were utilized, being fed with balls of meat containing diamonds and driven across the river under the very noses of the police. Carrier pigeons were requisitioned to 'fly through the air with the greatest of ease' laden with the brigands' booty. Hollowed heels inclosing diamonds sealed down with wax were also expedients employed with decided and profitable success."

One lady had an ingenious way of getting out of a scrape. She was cooking dinner when a Cape boy knocked at the door and sold a forty carat diamond to her husband. "It was a trap. A detective immediately rushed in to arrest the buyer, searched the house, but no diamond could be found. The good wife had placed it in the stuffing of a goose she was basting."

The Use of Esquire.

The recovery of a letter which had been sent to a little town in Germany and never delivered to the person addressed cured the writer of the custom of adding "esquire" to a name on the superscription of mail matter. The letter in question would probably have been promptly delivered had the address read simply "Mr. John Brown." But the sender had addressed it "John Brown Esquire," and the communication rested comfortably in the "E" compartment of the poste restante department, waiting to be called for by "Mr. Esquire." One of the popular guide books warns against the use of "Esq.," saying that it might be mistaken for a name.

Real Leghorns.

Little Willie was taken out into the country on a bright spring day. As he played with his sister in the farmyard a group of Leghorn chickens approached, led by a Leghorn rooster.

"Willie," said the little girl, "why are those chickens called Leghorns?"

"Look at their ankles," Willie replied. "Don't you see the little horns on them?"

Very Much Alike.

The late Frank Work once defined humorously the difference between a curbstone broker and a legitimate broker with a seat on the stock exchange.

"It is much the same difference," he said, "as the one between an alligator and a crocodile."—Buffalo Express.

Traditional.

Prison Visitor—To what do you attribute your downfall, my poor man? Convict—To procrastination. Prison Visitor—Ah, yes; procrastination is the thief of time. Convict—Exactly. I stole a watch.—New York Times.

Why, Indeed?

He—What would you say if I should kiss you? She—Why ask for a mere guess when you can so easily get the exact facts?—Boston Transcript.

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SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Steel Bridge at Chapeau, Que.," will be received at this office until 4.00 P. M., on Tuesday, August 8, 1911, for the construction of Steel Highway Bridge, with Concrete Floor at Chapeau, Pontiac County, Que.

Plans, specificication and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and at the offices of J. G. Sing, Esq., District Engineer, Toronto, Ont., J. L. Michaud, Esq., Merchants Bank Building, Montreal, Que., and on application to the Postmaster at Pembroke, Ont.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p. c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forefeitd if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
R. C. DESROCHERS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa. July 18, 1911.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

DIAMONDS FOR THE BRIDE

Or, a Proposal by Proxy

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd)

The suggestion was perceptibly unwelcome. It was plain Gower did not wish to be identified with the man mistaken for him at Lucca.

"I could hardly follow it, except by presenting myself at the hotel, and asking if I was remembered there. Any Italian inkeeper would say yes to such a question, purely out of politeness and a wish to please, and without the slightest real memory. I should gain nothing; worse than nothing, as it would confirm a mistake. I can try going to Chalmers as a patient, or I can follow Morden's advice to leave the thing alone. I see no middle course, as my effort to trace the money ended in failure."

"Then leave it alone,my dear fellow," returned Colonel Swayne, with at least a surface heartiness, though his first opinion was unshaken. "You have forgotten, because you were knocked on the head in Paris; but it does not follow there was anything particular to forget. Probably you led a commonplace existence during those lost months, though in some unknown way you managed to fill your purse. You left England intending to travel, and no doubt you did travel—to Lucca or elsewhere. You were not tied to resume your occupation at a given time——"

"No, it had come to an end."

"And you were not enslaved to that pernicious habit, a regular correspondence, so there was nothing exceptional about your silence towards your friends. I range myself on Sir Luke Morden's side. I don't believe the lost summer will trouble you in the future, or trouble Dulcie, which is more immediately my concern."

Here was the judgment of another counsellor, a third voice urging him to treat the unknown past as if it had never been. He would endeavor to obey them, these advisers who beckoned him on in the path of his desire, and stop his ears against the inward monitor which refused to prophesy smooth things, and had no tongue except for woe.

Colonel Swayne pushed back his chair and rose. He had delivered his opinion, and there was an end of the matter. "If really you will have no more wine," he was beginning, "we will join Mrs. Swayne in the drawing-room."

The sentence was barely spoken when the butler came to the door. "If you please, sir," he said diffidently, "Heathcliff is here, wanting to see you."

Now Heathcliff was the bailiff, and it was altogether against rule for Colonel Swayne to be disturbed of an evening. "Didn't you tell him I am engaged?" said the master of the house with irritation. "Let him go to Mr. May."

"If you please, sir, it is about Mr. May's order and the cutting in the spinney. He wants to know, sir, if it is your wish to have it done at once."

"Tell him yes, and set the men on it to-morrow." And then to Gower, as the servant withdrew: "It's astonishing how the people here hate this young fellow May. They won't take an order, if they can help it, that comes to them through him. I don't know in what way he has contrived to put their backs up; he seems inoffensive enough, knows his business, and sticks to it. I'd have Heathcliff in and give him a talking to, but it hardly seems worth while. May will be gone in another three weeks to take up an appointment abroad; and if my arm is sound again by then, I shall not need a secretary."

The last words were uttered half across the hall, and once the drawing-room door was opened the subject was abandoned. Mrs. Swayne sat at her embroidery frame under the light; Dulcie was at the piano, candle-lit in the recess; May did not appear.

Fortune's Court kept early hours and Gower went up to his room about eleven—a room which looked out at the side of the house above the shrubberies. He was minded to have a last before turning in, and with lights shut off he flung the window open, sitting at [illegible]tween his teeth and deep in thought. He was not thinking of any inmate of the Court, except indirectly of Dulcie; his mind had gone back to Mrs. Pinkerton and Lucca, to the void and the spectres. Thick evergreens clothed the steep bank sloping to the river, a reach of which was visible below, a broad flood now touched into silver by the moon. There was a white space of path also lighted on the lower terrace, where for some thirty yards it was free from the shadow of [illegible] hanging trees. Idly looking [illegible]n this, he saw two figures [illegible] from the dimness on one [illegible] slowly sauntering, pass [illegible]imness on the other.

The appearance was so unexpected that his attention was instantly arrested. The man was hatless, and his blonde head was plainly visible in the moonlight. It was the secretary May, and the woman who moved beside him held up a grey silken skirt from contact with the night damps of the path, and wore a lace shawl muffled about her head and shoulders.

The red glow of Gower's pipe darkened, for he forgot to draw at it. He took his elbows off the sill with a long breath o famazement. "By Jove!" he ejaculated, as he looked after the couple disappearing into shadow, "unless somebody is masquerading, that was the second Mrs. Swayne!"

CHAPTER IV.

When Colonel Swayne was freed from his first marriage by judicial decree, he was speedily minded to contract a second. Certain cogent reasons urged him again towards matrimony the chief of these being that he desired an heir. The two daughters on their arrival had each acutely disappointed him, for he was passionately anxious a son should succeed, not only to his own small patrimony of the Court, but to the barony of Swinton, which would pass to him on the death of a childless brother. Such were the hopes that the first Mrs. Swayne had failed to fulfil; and in looking round the circle of his acquaintance for a successor, they directed his choice. He must wed with a woman young enough to bear him children, and of birth and breeding befitting the mother of his heir.

The circle of choice proved to be more limited than appeared at a first view. The Miss Welters were rich and well-born, but they were strict Anglicans, and would not hear of wedding a man who had regained his freedom through the doubtful doorway of divorce. His old friend Leverton had a daughter, but she was barely twenty, and too young for him; an unmarried sister of Leverton's might not have proved unwilling, but she had crossed the border into middle age. Mrs. Kirk-Connell was handsome, a lively widow, and he was accustomed to meet and flirt with her in the hunting field. She would have responded to his suit, and felt no scruple in becoming the second Mrs. Swayne and prospective Lady Swinton; but, after his first experience, a brilliant and high-spirited woman inspired him with distrust. The matrimonial handkerchief was still untendered, when there came into the neighborhood a certain Lady Kennedy as tenant for the country residence of High Mount, taking it furnished for a term of two years.

Lady Kennedy was also a widow, but she was past all pretensions to youth, and well on at this time in the sixties. She had married off her own daughters, but a niece, Annabel Thorold, came with her to High Mount. Miss Torold owned to two and thirty years; she looked mature, but had not lost her early beauty. She had none of the vivacity of manner which scared Colonel Swayne in the case of the fair huntress; she was still and demure as a nun who has been let out of her covent on parole. She parted her hair in the middle and wore it plainly; she kept her eyes at home and modestly cast down. Her voice was soft, which is an excellent thing in a woman; and her taste in dress was a quiet one—she affected greys, with sometimes a touch of violet; greys which accorded well with a delicate tint of complexion. If it had been her object to attract Colonel Swayne, nothing better could have been devised than this outward appearance of meekness and purity. He rose like a greedy trout at the color of the bait, and before Lady Kennedy had been six months at High Mount, her niece was requested to change her name to Swayne, with the prospect of becoming Lady Swinton in the future.

It was a sultry afternoon in August when Annabel Thorold came with the intelligence to her protectress. The wide horizon was black with threatened storm, and as she stood between Lady Kennedy and the open window her fair head was relieved against the gathering darkness. The aunt was a martyr to arthritis; just now her foot was affected, and she sat with it raised on a cushion; the malady affected her temper, and Annabel's life was not always an easy one.

"You don't mean to tell me Otho Swayne has made a fool of himself after that fashion! That he has proposed in plain terms to marry you? What reply did you make to him?"

"I have given him no answer yet, Aunt Kennedy. I said I must have time to think it over; he had taken me by surprise. And I wished to consult with you."

"It's an astonishing chance for you, Annabel, and I make no doubt you would do your duty as a wife. But, if he knew the truth, you know and I know that this proposal would not be."

"Is that to stand against me for ever? A child's fault, for I was no more. A child more sinned against than sinning. And now so many years have gone by."

"I allow it is hard. I've felt that always, and that is why I have been a friend to you. You will do worse, in my opinion, if you marry this man deceiving him, than anything you did before."

"And if I tell him, there will be an end."

Lady Kennedy looked at the fixed face before her, and then away at the gathering clouds, purple and dun. She knew what Annabel intended by this consultation, knew what it was which was asked of her as well as if it had been put into words, such words as these: Will you keep my secret, you alone who know it? Will you remain dumb and let me have my chance, now that it has come?

"What became of Vincy?"

"I cannot tell you. I never hear of him. He went abroad."

"I know the child is provided for, and passes as the son of a cousin. You would not want to be so insane as to have anything to do with him?

For the first time Annabel Thorold's composure was endangered. But the brief spasm was immediately mastered. "I suppose not," she said. "No."

There was another pause, and then Lady Kennedy spoke again—impatiently, as if racked by a twinge of pain.

"After all, you are old enough to know your own mind, to settle the question of conscience and judge for yourself. I have told you what I think, and now I wash my hands of the affair. If it goes on, I shall ask you no questions—whether you have told, or how much you have told; if it is off I shall not blame you. There is a first flash; I have been expecting it all the afternoon. Shut the window, for I hate to have it open in a storm."

That was all, but there was a tacit understanding between the women. Annabel could take her own course, and Lady Kennedy, however disapproving, would not speak. The wedding took place from High Mount, but soon afterwards her ladyship or the doctors discovered that the river neighborhood was bad for arthritis. Lady Kennedy didnot stay out the term for which High Mount was taken, but she left her niece the mistress of Fortune's Court. The hoped-for heir was born in the second year of her marriage, and had proved, up to the date of this story, an only child.

Colonel Swayne was a happy man in the late gratification of his paternal ambition, and the second Mrs. Swayne made him an excellent wife. Many women, alluring in the bud, unfold after marriage into another color of flour; but Annabel Swayne kept her attractive meekness and her trick of the dropped eyelashes. Her gowns might be of richer material, but the quiet style of dress which had attracted her middle-aged husband was still maintained, though modified by changing fashions. But the nursery was the centre of interest at Fortune's Court, the little heir growing up stout and strong, and having attained, in these days which preceded Dulcie's marriage, to the age of six and a half years.

At the Court there was an apartment on the north side which went by the name of the business room. Here was installed the temporary secretary, Mr. Harold May, whose duties were to write Colonel Swayne's letters and attend to estate affairs—this only since that accident in the hunting-field which had disabled the Colonel's right arm. He was a connection of the Thorold family,and had been recommended to Mrs. Swayne by some of her own friends.

(To be continued.)

A SPOON SHAKER.

Straight From Coffeedom.

Coffee can marshall a good squadron of enemies and some very hard ones to overcome. A lady in Florida writes:

"I have always been very fond of good coffee, and for years drank it at least three times a day. At last, however, I found that it was injuring me.

"I became bilious, subject to frequent and violent headaches, and so very nervous, that I could not lift a spoon to my mouth without spilling a part of its contents.

"My heart got 'rickety' and beat so fast and so hard that I could scarcely breathe, while my skin got thick and dingy, with yellow blotches on my face, caused by the condition of my liver and blood.

"I made up my mind that all these afflictions came from the coffee, and I determined to experiment and see.

"So I quit coffee and got a package of Postum which furnished my hot morning beverage. After a little time I was rewarded by a complete restoration of my health in every respect.

"I do not suffer from biliousness any more, my headaches have disappeared, my nerves are as steady as could be desired, my heart beats regularly and my complexion has cleared up beautifully—the blotches have been wiped out and it is such a pleasure to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek. Mich.

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Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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"THE SCHOLARS' WALK."

Concerning the Whit-Week Procession in the Cotton Country.

If one wanted to convince a Southerner of the important place Lancashire Sunday-schools take in the hearts of mill-folk, it would only be necessary to take him to one or other of the factory towns to witness the annual procession of scholars during Whit-week.

For quite a number of factory towns give up this, one of the best of their holidays, in furthering the cause of their Sunday-schools, and, with bands playing and banners flying, the scholars pass through the main thoroughfares for hours at a stretch.

Preston can claim to be the foremost town in this respect. Fully thirty thousand people take part in the various processions on Whit Monday, while it is indeed no exaggeration to say that almost every other inhabitant of the town is a looker-on.

Indeed, people come from miles around to see the "scholars' walk," and the processions are well worth seeing, for there are thousands of boys and girls, attired in rich, attractive, and picturesque costumes, walking beside the almost priceless banners.

It is interesting to stand among the crowd and listen to the remarks of the women-folk as one or other of their offspring come into view.

The little tot of four years, dressed in snowy white, and holding lightly to the banner rope, is Mrs. Maggs's youngest child. The exclamations of admiration anent the pretty child and its charming dress lead Mrs. Maggs to give a detailed account of the making of the dress to all who are willing to listen.

Perhaps the onlookers fail to notice the motto on the banner and its singular appropriateness to the occasion—"A little child shall lead them." For the little ones are placed in front to lead the way, and make the pace.

In some cases there are guilds connected with the Sunday-schools, and these help to supply scholars belonging to poor families with suitable attire. And in this way many who would otherwise be unable to attend are enabled to take part in the demonstration.

But there are many interesting phases of the procession. The two men carrying the poles of the banner have, perhaps, got more than they bargained for. Especially is this so if the day is windy, and there is a troubled look on their perspiring faces as they await each fresh gust of wind. It is then invariably that the voice in the crowd is heard with:

"By gum, Bob, but it's mekkin tha sweat!"

And so it is; but Bob doesn't mind. He is taking the part allotted to him by the organizers. Besides, there are relays of pole-carriers, and soon he is mopping his forehead with his handkerchief, as another man takes his place.

Then the photographers are busy. A snapshot which includes Mrs. Maggs's little lass holding the "color string" (banner rope) will have a ready sale among the child's relatives and friends.

And this reminds one of the story which was originally told when these photographs first began to appear in connection with the processions.

Two little lads had been poring over one of the pictures for a couple of minutes, when one said to the other:

"So, tha, con ta see them pair o' clogs?" pointing to a pair which were the only part visible of someone who was standing in the second row of onlookers.

"Ay," said the other little lad. "What abeaut 'em?"

"Well," rejoined the first lad, "them's eaur Lucy!"

RECORD OF CORONATION.

By those who actually took part in the Coronation ceremony, a book which is now being prepared by the Somerset (Eng.) Herald, Mr. H. Farnham Burke, C.V.O., will be carefully treasured. This is the historical record of the Coronation, and is produced under the authority of the Earl Marshal, with the approval of the King. Only subscribers will be able to obtain a copy, and the price has been fixed at four guineas. The volume of royal quarto size, will be bound in purple morocco, and will bear the monograms of the King and Queen in rich gilt. It will contain an official account of the Coronation, illustrated by twenty colored plates of portions of the ceremony and costumes worn. Altogether, the book will be worthy of taking its place in the libraries of peers.

Visitor—"Is your clock right?" Tired Hostess (at the end of her patience and politeness)—"Oh, no! That's the one we call 'The Visitor.'" Visitor—"What a quaint name! Why?" Hostess—"Because it doesn't go!"

ROOM NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Hotels Cannot Rent Rooms Numbered Thirteen.

"I see that a landlord at Hornsey applied for permission to change the number of a house from 13 to 11a," remarked an hotel superintendent. "Strange how superstitious many people are about numbers! Now, if you went to many of the big hotels in London, you could not engage a room numbered 13. Why? Because it does not exist. In some cases the room which is actually No. 13 is chock full of lumber; in others a jump is made from 12 to 14, and in others the numbers begin not at 1, but at 50, or even 100. There is one house, I believe, in which all the numbers are even.

"The fact is, many hotel managers have discovered that a room numbered 13 won't let, and sometimes there is difficulty in allotting No. 113 or No. 213. Several times I have known people leave an hotel rather than have a number containing the dreaded figures 13.

"But 13 is not the only number considered unlucky. A gentleman well known at a certain hotel—he often stopped at it—was shown into No. 4. As soon as he caught sight of the number on the door he stepped back and asked for another room, explaining that 4 and multiples of it were his unlucky numbers. There was not another room to offer him, so he went to a neighboring hotel. In the morning he returned for a picture he had left.

"'Just as well you didn't have that room, sir,' said the clerk, in handing it over. "No. 4 was burnt out in the night; a wire fused.'

"After that the gentleman was more than ever convinced that 4 was a number to be avoided at all costs.

"There are 'unlucky' rooms in some hotels, though. I know a case where there were two suicides in the same room during a period of about six weeks and shortly afterwards a sudden death—from natural causes this time—took place in the same room. In fact, it is not uncommon for a series of mishaps or tragedies to occur or be connected with a particular room."

"Do you give your wife an allowance?" "Yes." "How much do you allow her?" "Don't you think it is rather impertinent for you to ask what my salary is?"



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

Now just as soon as you finish that new silo, barn, feeding floor or dairy, that you've been thinking of building, why not photograph it and send the picture to us? The photograph doesn't necessarily have to be taken by a professional or an expert. In fact, your son's or your daughter's camera will do nicely. Or, failing this, you might use the kodak of your neighbor's son nearby. In any event, don't let the idea of having a photograph made deter you from entering the competition. Particularly as we have requested your local dealer to help in cases where it is not convenient for the farmer to procure a camera in the neighborhood. By this means you are placed on an equal footing with every other contestant. Get the circular, which gives you full particulars of the conditions and of the other three prizes. Every dealer who sells "CANADA" Cement will have on hand a supply of these circulars—and he'll give you one if you just ask for it. Or if you prefer, you can use the attached coupon—or a postcard will do—send it to us and you'll receive the complete details of the contest by return mail.



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

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HUNTING THE QUAY BIRD

HUNTER HAD ONLY TO HIDE AND REMAN QUIET.

Sport With the Night Heron No Longer Permitted in North Carolina.

"It is against the law to hunt the quay bird now," said a native of the "dismals" district of the North Carolina peninsula, "and of course it ought to be, but we used to think we had a heap of fun gathering in the long legged, wary keen-eared critters. I don't know just why we found sport in it, though, for they weren't any good for the table.

"It was the swampers that gave the bird the name of quay bird, applying it from the cry the bird utters at certain times, a cry that sounds like 'quay, quay, quay.' You will perhaps know it better by its proper name of night heron. It is by no means nearly as common in the juniper and cypress swamps of that part of North Carolina as it used to be, but it still lingers in the old time haunts, and continues to be one of the most interesting of all the creatures that inhabit those 'dismals,' as we term them locally, although to the nature lover they are not dismal at all.

"To me the only thing that has made them dismal is the invasion of the lumberman, who is spoiling them by chopping away their venerable trees. It is to the undisturbed portions of these dismals that the night heron still resorts in the spring, takes possession of its old haunts and rears its young, usually rebuilding the nest that has been the domicile of its ancestors for time out of mind.

"In three weeks the young herons are hatched and they are so vigorous that they do not

TARRY A MOMENT

in the nest, but climb out and clamber to the topmost branches of the parent tree, where they cling and clatter. There are four young ones in each nest and as every particular nestling leaves the egg with an appetite demanding instant and continuous attention the squawking they keep up would make the untutored visitor to the swamp at once ask for the nearest way out.

"Added to the babel of sound proceeding from the young herons is the shrill cry of the old birds, as if sharply ordering the youngsters to shut up or let their victuals stop their mouths. But although the throats of a thousand herons, young and old, might be filling the swamp with a deafening and discordant chorus, the sight of a hunter creeping and crawling through the tangled underbrush and bogs would instantly hush every voice, and the swamp in that immediate vicinity would become as silent as it was noisy before.

"It was at such times that the swamper hunting for his bag of young quay birds would get his opportunity. They are expert hiders and can conceal themselves among the branches of the tree, so as to defy the keenest eyes seeking to discover them. Sometimes when frightened by the presence of foes they will throw themselves into the water beneath them, and although they are not webfooted and as yet very scant of feathers, they can swim and dive like ducks, and they seek safety in the soft mud of the shores or in any hole or hiding place they can find.

"Knowing these traits of the young birds the hunter had only to hide himself and remain quiet. In a few minutes the fears of the quay birds abate. They call one another with that peculiar cry of theirs, and as the cries are answered they peep out of their hiding places and begin to set up their squawk again for

SOMETHING TO EAT,

the old birds in the meantime having risen high in the air and circled about as if reconnoitring.

"The old herons are extremely wary. Their sense of hearing is so acute that it was a difficult matter for a person hunting them to get near enough to one for a shot. That was why I found sport in trying conclusions with the full grown night heron, I guess.

"They seemed to know the exact distance at which a shot could reach them and watched every movement of the hunter. Timing him and measuring his proximity with almost unerring accuracy, they would take wing with an aggravating shriek, as if voicing their satisfaction over their smartness and their enjoyment of his disappointment.

"Even when a hunter succeeded in getting a shot at a night heron, if he did not kill it, or wound it so it was helpless, he was sure to have trouble before he baggedf his game. If simply crippled, the bird would seek a hiding place in the bushes or thick reeds. If the shelter was insufficient or the hiding place was uncovered by the hunter, the wounded heron would instantly put itself in fierce battle array, and with its triple feathered crest erect, its long bill snapping, its eyes blazing with fury, prepare to defend itself to the end.

"Brought thus to bay, the wounded heron would fight savagely with bill and claws, and its claws are so sharp and strong that many a time they have proved a weapon so effectual that the hunter was compelled to retreat from close combat with the desperate bird. A wounded heron will likewise deliver telling blows with its wings, and more than one overconfident heron hunter has been knocked senseless.

"All the while a heron wounded battles for its life with a hunter it utters loud and harsh cries, doubtless a signal of distress, for it frequently happened that the hunter would suddenly find himself confronted by other angry but uncrippled herons, which had come to the assistance of their companion in his difficulty. In such cases the hunter not abundantly supplied with ammunition always found prudence the better part of valor and left the field to the wounded heron and its brethren."

GARDEN DAY BY DAY.

Each Day Brings Its Own Special Work.

Monday.—During a spell of hot weather the lawn should not be mown too closely, and if the clippings are allowed to lie they will protect the sward from the direct heat of the sun.

Tuesday.—If you are troubled with weeds in a gravel path, the following plan will prove effective: First procure a few cents' worth of rough salt, scatter it evenly over the path, and then apply water at as near boiling point as possible. Rake over, and then roll the path.

Wednesday. — Choose showery weather, if possible, for setting out cabbage, cauliflower, and brussels-sprouts plants. Bed them in firmly, but not too deeply.

Thursday.—It is an excellent plan to place bowls of water near the strawberry bed. Many experts declare that birds only peck at the fruit for the moisture it contains.

Friday.—Thin beetroot to eight or nine inches apart in the row.

Saturday.—Vines are often found growing out of doors. The bunches of fruit should now be thinned, each superfluous berry being cut away with a pair of old scissors. If the thinning is not drastic there is little hope of the fruit coming to a useful size.

HOLIDAY ACCIDENTS.

What to do and What not to do When They Occur.

"No time like holidays for accidents," said the ambulance man, "and it's a pity more people don't understand something about first aid. But next to knowing just exactly what to do, the best thing is to know what to avoid.

"Don't, for instance, try to give a person who has fainted any liquid of any kind whatever. The only thing to do is to loosen all clothing about the neck, and give them as much fresh air as possible.

"That's the chief point to bear in mind in most cases of accident—plenty of fresh air. If a man has been nearly drowned the same advice applies.

"Where serious bleeding results from an accident, don't rush to tie up the wound with a handkerchief. The safest plan is to press your finger or hand upon the wound, and hold it there till skilled help arrives.

"Except in very exceptional circumstances, don't move the patient; keep him quiet on the spot where the accident happened until the doctor arrives. Don't forget to send for the medical man at once, and until he comes don't give your patient any brandy or similar stimulant."

SPECKLED TROUT EAT THEM

SEVENTEEN YEAR LOCUSTS A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

They Will Jump After These in Preference to Other Bait.

"In spite of a prevailing belief to the contrary, the seventeen year locust is a blessing in disguise," said a Staten Island member of the angling fraternity. "I'm going to tell you about it.

"Last week I ran up to Greenwood Lake, and while I was there I fished some of the little streams near by for trout. They are not wonderful trout streams, but I have never failed to get enough for breakfast. This time I found them so low from the lack of rain that only in the pools was it possible to fish at all. And the trout in the pools were so scary that it was necessary to stalk them with as great care as one would stalk a deer.

"The first day I climbed over the Bellvale Mountain to Black Creek, where there is a stretch of stream about half a mile long tumbling down through a rocky gorge called Buttermilk Falls. There is a series of about half a dozen cascades with intermediate pools and in these the trout were gathered.

"Crossing the mountain, I noticed that on every bush and shrub were dozens of seventeen year locusts that had just made their appearance. They kept up a buzzing, droning chorus sounding not unlike the whir of distant machinery. I picked several off the bushes and examined them closely and found them to be very attractive in their coloring, much more so than the

ORDINARY LOCUST

we see every summer.

"Well, when I reached the creek I fished down through the gorge with flies, using some I considered especially attractive to rainbows, for this stream was stocked with the Western trout about five years ago. All my best efforts were in vain, so I turned and fished up with angle worms, catching a few native brook trout, only two of which were large enough to keep. All this time the droning of the locusts had been sounding in my ears, and suddenly the thought occurred to me that perhaps the trout might like them as a change of diet.

"I soon had five or six in my bait box, and selecting a likely pool I cast Mr. Locust directly in the shadow of an overhanging rock where there was an eddy of white foam from the waterfall above. He hit the water rather heavily, but that made no difference. His legs began to twitch and his beautifully colored wings gave a slight flutter when bang! the trout had him, and down again into the pool.

"When I beached the fish after a good struggle, for I was fishing with a five ounce rod and had

NO LANDING NET,

I was delighted to find he was a rainbow and measured exactly 12 inches. And I got one in every pool where I had previously fished with both fly and worm, all on locusts and all measuring about the same size.

"On two successive days I tried two other brooks with the same bait and had almost as good luck. These streams have no rainbow in them, but the native trout I got were all worth keeping and the beauty of it was that I wasn't bothered by the little fellows. A locust is a pretty good mouthful, I admit, but you must remember that a full grown trout has a pretty big mouth.

"And another thing. There's a pond near where I live on Staten Island that affords good black bass fishing. After I got back from Greenwood Lake I strolled over there to see how things looked, in anticipation of the opening of the bass season on the 16th of this month. With my trouting experience still fresh in my mind, I caught several locusts and threw them into the pond. And the way those bass gobbled them up almost made me disregard a rule I have followed all my life, never to take game out of season."

THE MAN WHO KNEW.

The disgusted diner hacked away at the toughest of tough steaks that ornamented his plate. After trying in vain to make any impression upon it, he called the waiter to him.

"Waiter!" he cried. "Fetch the proprietor to me at once!"

"Please, sir, you can't——"

"Don't argue with me! I want to see the proprietor!"

"You can't see him now," replied the waiter; "he's gone out to lunch!"

"My doctor told me I would have to stop eating much meat." "Did you laugh him to scorn?" "I did at first. But when he sent in his bill I found he was right."

THE HUDSON BAY RAILWAY

EXPLORED IN 1910 BY DEPARTMENT OF INTERIOR.

Report as to Timber Along Proposed Route not very Optomistic.

"There is probably enough timber available to build the rough construction work of the Hudson Bay Railway."

During the summer of 1910 the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior had a party exploring along a portion of the proposed route of the Hudson Bay Railway and in the words just quoted the head of the party (Mr. J. R. Dickson, B.S.F., Assistant Inspector of Forest Reserves) in his report, just published, gives his impression of the timber of that part of the country.

THE COUNTRY TRAVERSED.

The party started at The Pas and covered some eight thousand square miles of territory. Their explorations included the country around Mitishto lake, the Mitishto river, the Grass river system, with its numerous lake expansions (including Wekusko lake), Pakwa (or Pakwahigan) lake, Setting and Split lakes and the Nelson river system, including Cross and Sipiwesk lakes, Wintering and Landing lakes, return being made by way of the Minago (or Pine) river. The district inspected covered some 235 miles of the line of the proposed railway.

METHOD OF SURVEY.

The method followed was to run inspection lines at three to six mile intervals. The men worked singly, running the lines by compass, and were able to travel from four to six miles per day and return to the line. In this way a rapid reconnaissance was made, which was extended by the use of field glasses.

TIMBER OF THE REGION.

Through the country covered by the exploration no timber was found at any distance back from the water. "Only a mere fraction of one per cent of the area surveyed now carries merchantable timber," he report says.

Spruce is, for the most part, the only timber there which is large enough for saw-timber or railway ties. The poplar, birch and jack pine are too short, spindly, limby and crooked for anything but fuel and pulpwood. Practically all the tamarack has been killed by insects. "We did not find two hundred green tamrack above ten inches in diameter all summer," writes Mr. Dickson.

The total number of ties available in the district traversed is estimated at some 360,000; the saw-timber totals about nine and a half million feet. For pile timber dead tamaracks and the largest of the close-grained black spruce could be used. The possible supply of fuelwood is enormous, and there will also be a large supply of pulpwood, but much of the timber is as yet too small even for pulping.

RATE OF GROWTH OF TREES.

The rate of growth, as far as observed, is generally decidedly slow. Black spruce takes, on the average, one hundred years to attain a diameter of four to five inches, and in the same period white spruce grows to a diameter of eight to twelve inches, and poplar to eight to ten inches. "I saw no jackpine stand where the trees averaged even six inches in diameter, the author says. The slow rates of growth are largely due to the cold wet soil of the undrained muskegs which cover so much of the district.

DANGER FROM FIRE AND INSECTS.

"The fire loss and danger is appalling," to use Mr. Dickson's words. Two great fires have occurred, approximately forty and eighty years ago, respectively, and practically every corner of the region has been burned over by these. Instances were frequently noted where these fires had leaped lakes over a mile in width. Fires frequently live in the dry moss all winter and break out again in spring.

The work of the fires is supplemented by that of the bark beetles. Not only have these insects killed practically all the tamarack, but they are now at work destroying the scattered patches of mature spruce. When the beetles have finished their work and killed the trees, a strong wind overthrows these. Finally lightning sets fire to the tangle of debris resulting and the fire, thus started, may run over a mile after mile of the country.

The report makes a number of suggestions for the better protection of the region from fire, but the district is so extensive and practically uninhabited that, if a fire starts, the chances of controlling it, even with a good ranger system, are not all certain. An interesting point noted is that the Indians of the region are much more careful with fire than the white men.

Brief remarks of much interest are made with regard to the topography, soil, vegetation and climate of the region, its agricultural possibilities, mineral resources, fish, game and fur animals and other topics.

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E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

What the sages have said of man:

Man has been defined by Aristotle as "a reasoning animal"; by Plato as "a political animal"; by Dante as "a ridiculous animal"; by Varchi and John Fiske as "an "improvable animal"; and Boenhave calls him "mud worked up by the hand of God."

Man is the animal capable of political wisdom.—Plato.

Certainly man is no other than the dream of a cloud.—Pindar.

Why I see all of us to be no more than vain worms and shadows.—Sophocles.

Man is a bundle of habits.—Aristotle.

A man is what he is used to.—Hippocrates.

Philip father of Alexander, had a servant whose sole business it was to remind him that he was human. It is said, accordingly, that he never went from the house, and having returned never gave audience to any one without first this servant would say to him three times in a loud voice: "Philip, thou art a man!"

Man is a compendium of the universe; in reason he is an image of God; in his nutritive and reproductive functions he belong to the animal order; he grows like a vegetable; besides he has much of the inert substance of minerals.—Pythagoras.

Epicuras said: Thou art an animal carrying a corpse.—Marcus Aurelius.

To men, man is a wolf, not a man.—Plautus.

Man, thou canst only be compared to the dirt from which thou wast made.—Guerrazzi.

The nature of a people is first rude, then severe, then kind, then delicate, then dissolute.—Vico.

I have read, I know not where, that man is a beast, humanity divine. It is not true. As for me, I have always had to fix my eye upon the isolated, individual man, to reconcile myself to men in the mass.—Tarchetti.

It was the tragedian, Crebillon, who, when asked why he kept so many dogs about him, said: "Since I have come to know men, I prefer dogs."

'Tis well said that man has no greater enemy than himself.—Firenzuola.

Every man is a poet and an artist in the first years of his life; an arid desert in his last years.—Tarchetti.

The immediate end of humanity is the harmonious development of all its faculties and forces.—Mazzini.

Behold the life of man: At 20 a peacock; at 30, a lion; at 40, a camel (burden bearer); at 50, a serpent (wise); at 60, a dog; at 70, a monkey; at 80, nothing.—Gracian.

Men could not live long in society unless they were dupes of one another.—La Rochefoucauld.

The honest man, deceived in his illusions, but still honest, is a man par excellence.—Chamfort.

KEEP HAIR BRUSHES CLEAN.

One of the secrets of keeping the hair in a healthy condition is to make a point of perfect cleanliness with regard to the hair brush. This should be washed at least once a week, and never with hot water or soap, or the bristles will become very soft and yellow. The proper method of cleaning hair brushes is as follows: Have ready two shallow pans of tepid water—pie-dishes will answer the purpose. To one of these add about a tablespoonful of liquid ammonia. After freeing the brush from hair, dip the bristles up and down in the ammonia solution, taking care not to immerse the back of the brush in the process, and continue until the bristles look perfectly clean and white. Then proceed in the same way with the brush in the pan of clear water, so that the ammonia is rinsed away. Shake the brush well and set it on a rack to dry.

"Why are you crying, my little man?" "'Cos Jimmy kicked me." "Why don't you kick him back?" "'Cos it would only be his turn again."

HOW YOUR BRAIN WORKS.

New Theory is That Brain is Like Departmental Store.

Have you ever thought of how your brain works? Most people imagine that their brains work as a whole, but modern science says this is not so. The newest theory is that the brain is like a big department store. When ribbons are wanted it is only the ribbon department that is concerned. Similarly your brain has innumerable tiny niches, corresponding to your various accomplishments and branches of knowledge, from billiard playing to reading French. When you start to study a foreign language, or a musical instrument, you are literally carving a new niche in your brain.

The brain is like a big department store in another way—a store supplied with water-pipes running to each department. In the brain these are represented by a maze of tiny arteries carrying blood. Just as the water-pipes on one particular day might burst and ruin the goods in that department alone, so if the walls of an artery in the brains are weakened by poisoned blood, the blood may burst through and ruin that particular niche. Many a man has risen in the morning to find that he has, say, forgotten how to read. Or if the damage is less wide, he may have forgotten how to read his own language, and still be able to read any other language he knows. This might also happen as the result of an accident. You might lose the use of a small part of your brain, and yet have the rest of your faculties intact.

Even in the niches there are fine sub-divisions. The various parts of speech, for instance, are arranged in a language niche like books on a shelf. And just as the books on a shelf may be squeezed so tight that none of them will come out, so a tumor on a language shelf may jam all the grammatical parts of speech so that the patient is dumb. It is known that on that shelf the verbs are placed first, the pronouns next, the prepositions and adverbs next, and the nouns last.

The reason is that our verbs are the things we learn first, long before nouns. A baby sees long before it knows what is sees. The nouns that we learn last, and so forget soonest, are people's names. That is why old people have such bad memories for names.

Everybody, it is now known, has two brains. They sit side by side, and are exactly alike, but while the niches in one are crammed with various sorts of knowledge, those at the other side are blank and empty. A right-handed man thinks with the left side of his brain, a left-handed man with the right. The only use each of us makes of our dummy brain is to control the movements of the opposite side of the body—the weaker side. It knows nothing. It learns nothing. You could have it cut away without lessening your mental power. Many a man has had this done.

Only a child can teach it. A man with his utterance niche ruined struggles in vain to use the reserve one. It is too old to be taught. But many a child has been struck dumb and taught its other brain. It has, however, to start all over again with "Mama" and "Dada," even at the age of nine or ten.

MONEY IN POCKET.

In Lanarkshire there lived a laird named Hamilton, who was noted for his peculiarities. On a certain occasion a neighbor waited upon him, asking the favor as a neighbor of a loan of $100. It was only a bill of accommodation for three months, which led to the following reply:—

"Na, na; I canna do that."

"What for no', laird? Ye have dune the same thing for ithers."

"Aye, aye, Tammas; but there's wheels within ye ken naething aboot! I canna do it."

"It's a sma' affair to refuse me, laird."

"Weel, ye see, Tammas, if I was to pit my name tell't ye wad get the siller frae the bank, and when th' time cam' roond ye wadna be ready, and I wad hae to pay't, sae you and me wad quarrel. We may as weel quarrel the noo, as lang as the siller is in my pooch."

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

A. E. BOURKE - MERCHANT TAILOR.

To the Farmers of Pontiac.

As you are on the eve of an abundant harvest, and that possibly much of the grain will be lying and tangled, it will be in your best interest to have a Binder that can be relied on to do GOOD WORK UNDER ALL CONDITIONS.

In the **Massey-Harris No. 5 Binder** we claim to have a machine that is the Undisputed Monarch of the Harvest Field, fulfilling in every particular all requirements in a satisfactory manner.

Now is the time to book your order for a M. H. No. 5, so that you may have the machine set up and ready before the rush is on.

We sell the Gasoline Engine made by the OLDS Co. —the largest manufacturers of gasoline engines on the continent of America.

FRANK ARMSTRONG - Agent - SHAWVILLE.

P. S.--Horses for Sale.

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D and A Corsets (Directoire) Garters attached
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Men's Fine Negligee Shirts, nice patterns
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A full stock of Stoves, Tinware, etc.

CENTRE ST., - - SHAWVILLE.

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

Local and District.

Two miles square of the city of Constantinople has been laid in ashes by fire.

Mr. D. C. Cameron of Winnipeg has been appointed Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba.

The sentences of Mrs. Neapolitano and William Carroll have have been commuted to life imprisonment.

The Riordon Paper Company's mill at Calumet, Que, was burned with 20,000,000 feet of lumber. The loss is $1,000,000.

The Canadian riflemen at Bisley have been doing very creditable work, capturing the Prince of Wales and Mackinnon cups, and a lot of prize money.

Mr. Martin Costello, a well known farmer of the third line of Fitzroy township fell backward off a load of hay last week striking his head with awful force on the ground, causing paralysis from the waist down.

F. D. McRae, reeve of Lancaster, has been committed to stand his trial for the murder of William Shaw of Carp. The defence have applied to a High Court Judge for bail for the accused.

Hon. Mr. Fisher, states that the final count of the census enumeration will not be known till October, which means that the elections will come without redistribution if the latest predictions are fulfilled.

Mrs. David B. McLaren, of Torbolton, died on Friday of pneumonia, resulting from the accident of the Aylmer wharf collapse. Mrs. McLaren was 35 years of age, and leaves a husband and three children.

Private W. J. Clifford of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, Toronto, won the King's Prize at the Bisley Shoot on Saturday; this prize is $1250 in cash and the winner also takes the National Rifle Association's Gold Medal and the gold badge.

The furniture for the new Chateau Laurier in Ottawa is costing $175,000, the cost of the interior decorations is $250,000, and of this amount $33,000 is being expended on the decoration of the main dining hall alone. The locks placed on the bedroom doors cost $20,000.

A young boy named Avotte living near Winchester, was riding with his father on a load of lumber when he fell off. The wheels of the wagon passed over his chest and the boy received injuries from which he died twenty minutes later. The deceased was 13 years of age.

Resolution of Condolence

McCagg, July 12, 1911.

MR. AND MRS. H. OLMSTEAD :—

It was moved by bro. Edward Morrison, seconded by bro. John Morrison, at a meeting assembled July 12th, that we, the brothers and sisters of No Surrender Lodge No, 135. I. O. G. T., extend to you our heartfelt sympathy in your sad bereavement, occasioned by the death of your beloved father, William Olmstead, who passed to his eternal rest on July 4th. May the Almighty be with you to aid and succour you, and remember, dear brother and sister, that His will, not ours, be done.

Signed on behalf of No. Surrender Lodge,

CLARENCE CARSON, P. C. T.
ELSIE CARSON, Secy.

W. A. Hodgins' Big Sale Aug. 1—5.

GROCERY SNAPS :—

Big 4 String Broom	25
Mixed Pickles	9
Tomato Catsup	9
Pork and Beans	9
7 lbs. Rice	25
4 " Sago	25
4 " Corn Starch	25

DRY GOODS :—

25 cent Cotton Voiles and Diagonals, all shades	12½
25 cent Mens' Braces	17
3 Pair Men's Cashmere Hose for	50
2 nice Neckties	25
Linen Collars	5
25 Sets Shirt Buttons	10

BOOTS :—

A 25 cent reduction off, means one pair of good coarse Split Boots for	1.25
25 cents off our Medums and Dongolas, means a good Boot for	1.50

35 cents off all Boots up to $3 00
and 50 cts. off all Boots up to $4 00

BINDER TWINE :—

Save ten per cent by not buying till next week—AUG. 1 to 5—Don't miss this :

600 feet Manilla Twine for $8 10 per 100
500 feet Standard Twine $7 20 "

W. A. HODGINS.

Correspondence.

The Political Situation in Pontiac.

MR. EDITOR :

Dear Sir,—I believe our party is to hold an organization meeting on August 3rd, and that plans are to be formulated for the coming election. As no one seems to be pressing for the Conservative nomination, would it not be the better part of prudence to defer the selection of a candidate until the Liberals have made their choice? If, as is reported, Mr. Frank Cahill is being urged to contest the county in the Liberal interests, and is to be given the Liberal convention, I think it well that we Conservatives take a broad view of the situation.

Pontiac, through either the inability or neglect of the sitting member during his tenure of office, has suffered much in the matter of government patronage. Had we had in his stead, as our representative a man of the wide business experience and influence of Mr. Cahill there is little doubt but that such projects as the construction of the Georgian Bay Canal, and the extension of the Pontiac Railway would not still be issues with us.

These are matters of national as well as local interest, and it requires a big man to see them through.

Do you not think then, Mr. Editor, that in view of what Pontiac has at stake every precaution ought to be taken to secure the election of Mr. Cahill, as the one man in the riding big enough to take our county's part in the great fight that is before it? Mr. Cahill, it is true, is an out-and-out Liberal, but I am prepared to support him—not that I love my party less, but that I love my county more.

OLD CONSERVATIVE.

July 24, 1911.

Wire Stretcher Wanted.

The person who got the council's wire stretcher, for tightning single wires around the post, and failed to return it, is requested to do so and save further cost.

R. W. HODGINS,
Sec.-Treas.

Teachers Wanted.

For School Districts Nos. 1 and 2, Sheenboro. One holding a Model diploma and two holding Elementary diplomas. Duties to commence August 14th. Please state salary expected.

M. HAYES, Sec.-Treas.,
Sheenboro P. O., Que.

NOTICE.

I will be at R. W. Hodgins' office, in Shawville, on Tuesday and Saturday evenings for the purpose of giving out cheques to the patrons of the Lily Cheese Company.

E. H. HODGINS,
Secy-Treas.

BEE-KEEPERS' SUPPLIES.

I am agent for the

Ham & Mott Co. of Brantford, Ont.,

Manufacturers of Bee Supplies.

You order will receive prompt attention. Write for catalogue.

H. STEWART

MURRELLS P. O., - - QUE.

EAT PLENTY.

Mi-o-na Tablets will enable you to enjoy a good meal even if you are a chronic dyspeptic Severin Olson, Bossevain, Man., says : "I suffered for months with stomach trouble. My food would not digest. I would get so dizzy at times that I could scarcely see A mist would rise up in front of me and I was miserable. I procured a box of Miona and they gave me immediate relief. I continued treatment with them and today I can sit down and enjoy my meals without any sign of my old trouble returning."

Don't starve yourself but secure a 50 cent box of Miona Tablets from your druggist who will gnarantee them to cure the most pitiful cases of dyspepsia, if taken according to directions. Miona is an extraordinary and perfect stomach tonic and will relieve dyspepsia and sour stomach in twenty-four hours or you get your money back. Postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by the Shawville Drug Company.

Alberta Farmers Prudent.

A writer in a western paper, who is perhaps more long-sighted than the average westerner engaged in agricultural business, points out that the Province of Alberta has no need to feel hurt by repeated criticisms of her puny wheat exportation when compared with that of Saskatchewan. The farmers in Alberta, he says, realize the advantages that flow from feeding grain to live stock instead of exporting it, and they are inclined to pay as much attention to mixed farming as to grain production. There is no room to quarrel with that tendency.—Montreal Standard.

Heroine of Novel.

The heroine of the famous English novel, "Broken Earthenware," by Harold Begbie, is in Canada. Adjutant Lee, who has arrived here from England, is the Salvation Army lady, known as "The Slum Angel," and who is credited in the novel with bringing about the conversion of some notorious characters in the British Isles. Pick-pockets, pugilists, drunkards, gamblers, all came under her sway.

Clarendon Parish.

Hours of Service,

ST. PAUL'S, SHAWVILLE :—
Sunday School 9.30 a. m.
Morning Prayer 10.30 a. m.
Evening Prayer 7.00 p. m.
Holy Communion 1st and 3rd Sunday in each month.

HOLY TRINITY, RADFORD :—
Sunday, 3, p, m., except last Sunday in month,
Service every Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

YARM :—
Evening Prayer 3 p. m., last Sunday in each month.

WM. J. ELLIS.

Parish of Thorne and Leslie.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

St. James', Leslie :
Sunday School, 9.45, a. m.
Morning Service, 10.30 a. m.
Holy Communion 1st Sunday in month.

St. Stephen's Greermount :
Sunday School, 9.45, a. m.
Morning Service, 10.30, a. m.
Holy Communion 2nd Sunday in month.

St. George's, Thorne Centre
Sunday School, 2.15, p. m.
Morning Service, 3, p. m.
Holy Communion 3rd Sunday in month.

St. Matthew's North Clarendon, ;
Sunday School, 2.15. p. m.
Morning Service, 3, p. m.
Holy Communion 4th Sunday in month.

REV. CHARLES REID,
Incumbent.

MR. R. B. STEVENSON,
Student Lay Reader.

First Class Portable Saw Mill For Sale.

I offer for sale on reasonable terms my saw-mill plant. All in first class condition, and consisting of 1 35 H. P. engine, 2 good circular saws with inserted teeth, Double Edger, Double Trimmer and Slabber. Capacity—10,000 feet per day.

Located presently near McKee's station. Possession at any time.

For further particulars apply to.

A. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

HEAVES

It's just cruelty to work a heavey horse such warm weath.

It is poor economy to take chances on the horse droppoing dead by suffocation, when sure relief can be procured. Capital Heaves Remedy is sold on the understanding that it will cure the horse while he works or money refunded. Cough stops and breathing is natural in a few days—and the horse will stay sound. Treatment $1.00 postpaid. It might save you money to write today.

C. DONALDSON

546 Cladstone Ave., Ottawa, Ont.

For Sale.

The William Clarke Farm, township of Bristol, one hundred and fifty acres, good soil and well built on. One mile from McKee's station, store and public school. Will be sold at reasonable price and easy terms.

Also a quantity of pine lumber (shorts) $10 to $12 per thousand.

For full information apply to,

G. F. HODGINS.

Tenders Wanted.

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned up to August 1st, 1911, for the excavating and building concrete basement of new Academy building, at Shawville.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Secretary of school board.

W. W. IRELAND,
Sec.-Treas.

July 5, 1911.

AN ACCOMMODATING PLACE

NEARLY EVERYTHING YOU NEED AT HOWARD'S

Just run Your Eye over this List :

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

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

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

G. A. HOWARD

Corner of Main and Centre Streets, Shawville

The People's SASH AND DOOR FACTORY

SHAWVILLE, QUE.

H. T. ARGUE - - - PROPRIETOR

(Successor to McDowell, Wilson & Dale)

..... Manufacturer of all kinds of .....

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

Custom and Shingle Sawing.

Good Logs of all kinds taken

SPECIAL BARGAINS

During all the Month of July.

Men's Pants, regular $3.00 for $2.00—all sizes and lengths.
Boys' Pants, regular $1.25 for 75c.
Great reductions in Mens' and Boys' Suits.
Cravenette for Ladies' Coats, reg. $1.25 for 65c.—all colors.
Cloth for Men's Suits or Pants, double width, regular $1.50, at 75c. per yard, Cloth for making pair pants only 98c.
Good Working Shirts regular $1.00 for 65c.
A lot of very fine Embroidery, regular 75c, selling for 50c.
Here is a chance for people in an article that everybody needs : Green Tea, regular 30c. line selling for 18c per pound.

Call and see these great bargains. We take all kinds of Produce.

LOUIS HERMAN, Main St., SHAWVILLE