

The Canadian Gleaner

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SEPTEMBER 14, 1905

HUNTINGDON, Q.

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THE YELLOW STORE

ORMSTOWN

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Miss Margaret A. Rowat has resumed her teaching in piano and voice culture, and is now prepared to receive pupils. Lessons will be given in voice culture in Huntingdon, and those who desire such will kindly communicate with Miss Rowat. Address: Box 118, Atholton, Que.

FARMS FOR SALE

Containing 60 acres, half mile north of Anderson's Corners, in a good state of cultivation, one acre of maple, well watered. Good stone house; outbuildings in good repair. Also, 100 acres, 3/4 mile east of Anderson's Corners. 25 acres under cultivation; 50 acres in bush, balance pasture; well watered; good brick house and outbuildings. For particulars address: H. BURNS COULTER, Anderson's Corners, Que.

FARM FOR SALE

Situated in parish of St. Anicet, 2 1/2 miles west of Canville, belonging to the late JOHN RANKIN, containing 150 acres, 100 under cultivation, balance in sugar bush and pasture, with a good dwelling-house and outbuildings thereon erected, within short distance of school, railway station and post-office. Will be sold on moderate terms. For further information apply to ANDREW PHILIPS, Huntingdon.

FOR SALE

The well-known Estate of the late EDWARD MOORE, about 2 miles east of St. Agnes, Dundee, consisting of 105 acres of first-class agricultural land, with good dwelling-house and outbuildings thereon. For particulars apply at once to ARTHUR MOORE, St. Agnes, Dundee, Q.

FARM FOR SALE

In New Brin, 100 acres, well built on, with never-failing spring, all under cultivation except a sugar grove. Fine orchard. Schoolhouse on lot and near the railway-station and adjoining a dairy factory. For further particulars apply to T. DUNN, Huntingdon. 88

FARM FOR SALE

Situated 3 1/2 miles from the town of Lebanon, N.H., containing 200 acres, of which 50 acres are well-timbered and near a sawmill. The farm is in a good state of cultivation and convenient to shipping. Modern buildings, consisting of fine stone house and 2 barns, 40 x 70. Running water in buildings. Plenty of fruit, and free mail delivery. Will also sell the season's cut of hay, standing crops, farming tools, some stock and 40 cords dry wood. Price \$12,000.00. Terms easy. For further particulars address: J. J. BOYD, Lyons Centre, N.H. R.F.D.

HUNTINGDON FAIR

The opening day, Thursday, was most uninviting, being dark and cloudy, while between 7 and 9 it rained lightly. The appearance of a wet day decided hundreds to remain at home, and so the attendance was exceptionally small. The clouds threatened rain until noon when they began to thin away and at 3 the sun broke out. After that it was pleasant but the injury to the fair for that day was done. The exceptionally small attendance must have given the Hon. L. Gouin and his party an unfavorable impression of the fair and a misleading idea of the interest felt in his visit. When he spoke, only 2 or 3 hundred people gathered around him. Had he come the second day, he would have spoken to as many thousands. Friday was all that could be desired, clear and bright, yet not too warm, and the attendance made up in part for the shortage of visitors the first day. When the fair was at its height, between 2 and 4 o'clock, there was as big a crowd as ever seen on the grounds. Despite the large number who came by train, there were so many buggies that it was difficult to find hitching space. Apart from a few upsets, none serious, not a disagreeable incident marred the enjoyment of the day. People who had not met for a long time renewed acquaintance and youth tasted an hour of unalloyed pleasure.

The show itself was not up to the mark of past years. This was mainly due to the day before its opening being rainy with muddy roads, preventing exhibits that had been entered from being sent in. Huntingdon never had a show with so many entries that did not come forward. The Sherbrooke and Ottawa exhibitions also lessened the number of entries; several exhibitors of horses and cattle, who otherwise would have been present, going to these places. Something was also due to the brief interval between harvest and the date of the show, which was not long enough to permit of full preparation. Notwithstanding a lessened number of exhibits, the show was creditable: if there was not quantity, there was quality. The absence of Hesse, Stewart, and Bell was felt in horses, yet they were a fine lot, especially in young classes, while the driving and carriage-horses, judged on the second day, were ahead of anything the society has seen. The Chateaugay, N.Y., company showed their horses. On looking at their Percheron it was impossible not to regret that our cousins so superciliously ignore Canadian experience. Better animals of the breed were fully tested years ago in Chateaugay and Beauharnois counties, and proved failures in improving heavy-draft horses.

In cattle, Ayrshires predominated, tho the increase in Holsteins was again to be remarked. Those who have them value them especially for two qualities: that they eat anything a cow should eat and give a large flow of milk. Farmers who have much roughage, beaver hay and the like, find them more easily kept than other breeds. The first prize cow gave 66lb of milk a day, that tests over 3 per cent. MacArthur, as at St. Martin, did well with his Ayrshires. His young bull, which took 1st prize, replaces his old one, sold to J. G. Clarke of Ottawa. He stated he had sold a heifer-calf to a Mr. Crabb of Illinois for \$125! Short-horns were few; among them a splendid 2-year-old bull, full of promise. Mr. Duncan of English-river not only has a splendid dairy but is the largest dealer in milk in the province. Speaking to him on the grounds he said he preferred grade cows for his dairy, Ayrshires with a strain of Short-horn. With pure Ayrshires there is loss when they come to be fattened. His own dairy numbers 50 head, abundantly yet cheaply fed, many roots, ensilage, hay, and some moultrie. He uses grain meal with care, as alone he has not found it a satisfactory ration. Ensilage and turnips are always fed after milking; if fed before, they flavor the milk. Injury to milk is done mainly within an hour after drawn. Knowing this it is carried quickly out of the stable to the milk-house, where it is aired, strained through 8 thicknesses of cotton, and cooled down to 38° in a large tank. It is drawn into cans when the time for shipment comes. In the city, the milk is poured thru 2-ply of cheese-cloth, which mixes the cream with the milk and bottles. His daily sales are 500 gallons of milk and 60 of cream. Owing to the care he takes, he gets a higher price than other dealers—6c per quart in summer and 5c in winter, and for cream 35c for ordinary and 50c for xx. He contends that if more care was taken to keep barns clean and to preserve milk from absorbing impurities, its value would be enhanced and losses from going sour be prevented. He takes all the milk of the fine dairy of his neighbor, Robt. McFarlane, and that of many other farmers along the line of railway. One of his hints is worth acting upon. He prefers the interior of stables and white-washed to be painted instead of milk-washed, for the reason that

when the whitewash becomes thick from successive coats, it scales off and fills the air with dust. Where a farmer has an overhead tank, painted ceilings and walls can be washed off with a hose.

The entries in sheep came from so few farmers that the society will have to consider some change. There were really only 2 exhibitors in each class. The judges considered Purcell's aged ram the best Leicester that had been shown for a number of years. In swine, in every class, there was a shortage in the entries, so that the display fell below that of past years. This was, to some extent, owing to the bad roads, preventing many who had made entries from drawing their pigs to the fair, so that there were not many heavy ones and few litters. The sows were better than the old. Indeed, the young sows were an extra lot. Above the usual pen they have a platform, where the pigs sleep. They state the pigs speedily learn to ascend the gangway that connects their sleeping place with where they are fed, and that they keep their upper-room remarkably clean, staying in it most of the time. They recommend the plan to all who keep pigs. They feed twice a day. Of the different breeds, the Berkshire prevailed and it showed the most quality.

There was a fair exhibit of poultry, not the overflowing one of past years, however. Take out the entries of Taylor Bros., who make a specialty of poultry, and it would have been a small department.

The display in the upper flat of the large building was gratifying. The apples were up to the average, and the judge stated it was a superior display to that of the Montreal Horticultural society the week before. The prevailing defect was lack of color. Alto this is the off year, there will be no lack of apples in this vicinity. The season was favorable for plums and pears. Grapes may turn out well yet—at present they are green. Mr. Smith saw an improvement in vegetables in the line that farmers do not strive to produce what is large, but to raise what is best for the table. He looks to variety, the best-flavored tomato, carrot, turnip, etc., and rejects varieties he knows to be coarse, sour, or watery. In considering the baskets, he was guided by the principle of which had most that was useful to the cook, not the longest list. Potatoes were capital specimens, with few entries.

There was no such competition in bread as that which McDonald & Robb's silver set evoked, but was large enough to be interesting. A number of loaves were set aside on account of containing either shortening or sugar. The firing was more uniformly good than in past years. Of preserves there was a large assortment. In sugar and honey there were not many entries.

Domestic manufactures showed no falling off. Bad roads and rain prevented several at a distance from sending in plants, so that the ground floor of the small building was not quite so well filled as usual. Mr. Lumsden arranged them to advantage and the display was attractive, especially of begonias. The judge was glad to see ladies took so much pains to have evenly developed and well-rounded plants. Upstairs, the verdict of the lady visitors was that, while the assortment of fancy work was small, it was of high quality. The specimens of hardener embroidery were especially praised. In pictures there was a distinct advance, mainly in execution. An autumn scene and a panel of roses were much admired. Among the excellent portraits by Mr. Tate the genial face of Dr. McLaren of Ormstown beamed on the visitors.

BRIEFLETS

MacDonald & Laberge showed 21 specimens of the work they do in their saw and doorknife at Atholton, and the judge, after close examination, said better house-finish he had not seen. The work was both in pine and hardwood. The newel-posts and a cherry door were extra.

Moffat Bros. of Weston, Ont., thru their agent, J. A. Hunter, had an exhibit of their cook-stoves, which for make and price have a wide reputation. The steel-range the firm presented to the ladies for the kitchen of new St. Andrew's can be duplicated for \$40.

Gambling-stands were refused admission and none were to be seen out or inside the grounds. There was a merry-go-round and a few side shows. Refreshment-tents did a large business on Friday.

The Ormstown band played both days. There has been a marked advance in this excellent band and it fully filled the bill.

Mr. Danseman bought several horses and would have taken more had not winners of prizes asked such long prices.

VISIT OF THE HON. L. GOUIN

By the N.Y.C. morning train came the premier of the province, Hon. Mr. Gouin, accompanied by Mr. MacKenzie, M. L. A. for Richmond, and Mr. W. H. Robert of Beauharnois. They were received by Mr. Walker, M. L. A., and driven to the fair-grounds, where they reviewed the exhibits. It was nearly noon when Mr. Gouin was introduced to an assemblage near the band-stand to make a short address.

Mr. WALKER—I have a pleasant duty to perform in introducing to you the Hon. Lomer Gouin, premier of our provincial government, who has, through some difficulties (for he was at Sherbrooke yesterday) come here to see you, to see our country, and our fair. In welcoming him I am sure I am voicing not only the sentiments of the people of the county of Huntingdon but of the district of Beauharnois. It is a red-letter day in the history of our society to have a premier come here to see the evidences of its fair supplies of your industry and skill. It is a disappointment that he should come when we have so small a crowd, but that is due to the weather, and I trust Mr. Gouin will take that into account, and not suppose the small attendance is an indication of our going back in the interest we take in the fair. Owing to the geographical form of our county, many years ago, application was made to have a second society for the eastern section created, which was done. On that account our subsidy from the government was cut in two. In fact, society A does not get half for last year the second society received \$390 and the first only \$350. Thanks to past governments and the present it had received occasional special grants, and he trusted the government would always consider our peculiar situation. In heartily welcoming Mr. Gouin to our midst I would express the hope that he may come again. (Applause.)

Mr. GOUIN—I have only a few words to say. I beg to thank Mr. Walker for his kind expressions. It has long been my desire to visit your county, but the duties of a minister are onerous, and my regret is I should not have been able sooner to see your interesting fair. I was at Sherbrooke yesterday and saw their splendid exhibits, but, without flattery, I say, in several departments, your fair will compare with theirs. I consider our county shows, when guided by men of experience, do much to promote the progress of our province, and everywhere I go I find the people prosperous and happy. You will recall the days when the sheriff was the busiest man to be found; it is different today. I do not say this change is due to anything we have done: it is owing to Providence, who has sent us good harvests. I am not here to talk politics, but I am sure we are all agreed in desiring a government composed of men of good will and good intentions, who will seek to unite our people in peace and progress. It is my desire that my government should do all the good it can for you. When Mr. Walker tells us what you need, we are happy to give it to you, because he asks seldom and does not ask much. I am here as a visitor and not as a speaker. This is the first province of the Dominion, and here, people of different origin and faith, live in peace and in an atmosphere of good-fellowship, which I wish was the same all over the Dominion. Your county occupies one of the best corners of the province and I am glad you have done so well for yourselves, your families, and the province. Whenever I can do anything for you, tell me thru your member, and I will try to meet your wishes. (Applause.)

Mr. MACKENZIE—I give me an unqualified pleasure to come here to visit you, and would avail myself of this opportunity to congratulate you upon your show. What I have seen has given me evidence that you have one of the best and most prosperous counties in Quebec. I have got in the legislature 4 or 5 sessions, and have become accustomed to hearing that there is only one county worth speaking about in Quebec, and that is Huntingdon. It has the best horses and cattle, and produces the best butter and cheese. It must be so, for it is your member who gives the testimony. (Laughter and applause.) Everybody in the house at Quebec has heard from him of Huntingdon being the banner county of Quebec, and I may tell you that gentleman is alive to your interests. I am glad to be present here and find in your show verification of his statements, and find that, for truth and veracity, he takes high place. Farmers may rejoice in the manifold blessings that have of late years been showered upon them by Providence. In the present bountiful harvest they will find a new impetus given to the prosperity we have enjoyed so long, while it ensures the continuance of that prosperity for some time to come. I am glad to see in your society you have done so much for yourselves, and that, in one form or another, the government has done something to

help you. Our government is endeavoring to place education on a higher seat; for it needs encouragement. A new movement, I am glad to say, is taking place to stimulate the twin institutions—education and agriculture.

The president of the society, M. T. ROSS, while pleased to hear the flattering remarks about the fair, begged to state all was not due to Huntingdon, for the two sister counties assisted in making the fair what it was. They had the president of the Beauharnois society with them, and they would beg to hear from him.

J. G. LAURENDEAU, K.C.—I am pleased that you have a visit from Mr. Gouin, who is a personal friend of mine, for we studied in the same room for 4 months and were admitted to the bar on the same day. I agree with all that has been said about the duty of promoting education and agriculture. One point I think the law regarding our agricultural societies should be amended. At present they are all governed by the same rules, which are uniform for the whole province. Now, the conditions differ in different parts of the province, and the same rules should not apply to us as are needed in the same parishes in the lower part of the province. I am sure, if the government knew how matters stand, it would revise the rules.

Dr. WALSH, M.P., desired to extend to the premier the thanks of all present for his visit. I am not going to make a begging speech, and only say, Give us a good honest government. We are not seeking favors, and all we ask is that the government give us what we are entitled to and no more. The Huntingdon fair was an honest farmers' show, and as such had a special claim. I hope Mr. Gouin will return on a future occasion and realize from what he sees here and at other shows that farming is becoming a science, and that it takes brains to cultivate the soil as it ought to be, while he would come in close contact with the farmers, who were the backbone of the country. (Applause.)

W. S. MACLAREN—As secretary of the society I would second the motion. As one who, tho not a farmer, am in close contact with farmers, I wish to follow out what Mr. Laurendeau touched upon—the need of a revision of the rules governing our agricultural societies. Our interests here are different from those of the counties down the St. Lawrence. Competitions of green crops and of farms suit them but do not our farmers, who will not enter, yet we are compelled, under penalty of our grant being withdrawn, to hold these competitions. Farmers in the western portion of the province put everything they can into butter, cheese, and pork, so have no need of mixed crops. (Applause.)

ARCHD. MUIR, Jr.—They should have. Mr. MACLAREN—I speak of things as they are, not as some wise men think they ought to be. I was pleased to hear the promises given of help to our society and hope they may be realized. We have a good country in this valley of the Chateaugay, and I do not believe there is a better farming section in the Dominion. (Applause.)

Mr. Gouin soon after left the grounds and was the guest of Mr. Walker at his residence, "Hillside," until the N.Y.C. train left at 4 o'clock.

PRIZE-LIST

HORSES
PURE-BRED DRAFT
Judges: James Badie, Vars, Ont.; S. Nesbitt, Petite Cote, Que.

Stallion
1 McGerrigle Bros.....\$8
2 Blanchette & Robidoux.....6
3 Chateaugay Percheron Horse Co., N.Y.....4

Brood Mare
1 McGerrigle Bros.....\$6
2 Thomas Baird.....5
3 McDougall Bros.....4

2-year old Stallion
1 Ag. Roy.....\$6
2 James T. Elder.....5

2-year old Filly
1 David Pringle.....\$4
2 James Blaik.....3

2-year old Stallion
1 David Cavers.....\$5
2 McDougall Bros.....4

1-year old Filly
1 James Blaik.....\$3
2 Matthew Gilbert.....3

Sweetstakes
Stallion and 5 Colts
1 McGerrigle Bros.....\$8

HEAVY DRAFT
Same Judges as Pure-bred
2-year old Filly
1 H. R. Graham.....\$3
2 C. F. Moe.....2
3 R. Gagnon.....1

1-year old Filly
1 James Ruddock.....\$3
2 James Blaik.....2

Pair of Horses
1 D. J. Greig.....\$6
2 Matthew Gilbert.....4
3 James Blaik.....3

Brood Mare
1 John S. Cavers.....\$4
2 J. Barclay Muir.....3
3 James Ruddock.....2

3-year old Mare (any breed)
1 McDougall Bros.....\$4

LIGHT DRAFT
Judges: Thos. Hannah, Youville, Q.; Archie G. Badie, Vars, Ont.

Brood Mare
1 Stewart Todd.....\$4
2 George Moore (Strathcona).....3
3 John Purcell.....2

Single Drivers
1 D. J. Greig.....\$4
2 William Nussey.....3
3 T. F. Will.....2

2-year old Filly
1 William Cullen.....\$3
2 John Lang.....2
3 Miss Watt.....1

Pair of Horses
1 Frank Robidoux.....\$6
2 William Cullen.....4
3 C. F. Moe.....3

1-year old Filly
1 John McCarthy.....\$3
2 W. B. Ross.....2
3 Stewart Todd.....1

CARRIAGE HORSES
Judges: James J. Roy, Bordeaux; C. McGinnia, Barrington

Stallion
1 A. M. Hanna.....\$6
2 T. A. Hanna.....4
3 Matthew Levers.....3

Pair of Horses, 15 1/2 hands and over
1 J. R. McCaig.....\$5
2 William Cullen.....4
3 D. J. Greig.....3

Single Horse, 15 1/2 hands and over
1 J. R. McCaig.....\$4
2 D. J. Greig.....3
3 F. E. Young.....2

3-year old Mare
1 Arthur Wilson.....\$3
2 John Earle.....2
3 Robert Anderson.....1

Brood Mare
1 A. W. Small.....\$4
2 J. W. Goodfellow.....3
3 Wm. T. Coulter.....2

1-year old Horse Colts
1 T. A. Cunningham.....\$3
2 A. Thompson.....2

2-year old Horse Colt
1 T. A. Cunningham.....\$3
2 J. W. Arnold.....2
3 J. L. Barker.....1

1-year old Filly
1 John Purcell.....\$3
2 John Mack.....2
3 J. W. Goodfellow.....1

2-year old Filly
1 James Donnelly.....\$3
2 M. J. Elliot.....2
3 McNaughton Bros.....1

Saddle Horse (male rider)
1 John A. Greer.....\$2
2 George Moore.....1

French Coaching Horse
Chateaugay Percheron Horse Co.....\$6

DRIVING CLASS
Same Judges as Carriage Horses
Pair under 15 1/2 hands
1 J. R. McCaig.....\$5
2 Joseph Smallman.....4
3 James Vaughn.....3

Single, under 15 1/2 hands
1 J. R. McCaig.....\$4
2 D. J. Greig.....3
3 Marvin H. Dudley.....2

Lady Driver
1 Miss Florence Bryson.....\$4
2 " Annie Smallman.....3
3 " Greig.....2

Special prizes by Isaac McCartney for colts off his horse "Young Province"
1 A. Thompson.....\$3
2 John Henderson.....2
3 W. T. Coulter.....1

CATTLE
AYRSHIRE
Judges: James Boden, St. Anne de Bellevue; Robert Hunter, Lachine Rapids

Aged Bull
1 D. A. McCormick.....\$5
2 Thomas Levers.....4
3 Peter D. McArthur.....3

2-year old Bull
1 C. F. Moe.....\$4
2 George Cross.....3

Yearling Bull
1 Benj. Doughass.....\$4
2 Matthew Gilbert.....3
3 Peter D. McArthur.....2

Milch Cow
1 Peter D. McArthur.....\$5
2 George Blackford.....4
3 A. Muir, senr.....3

3-year old Cows
1 J. P. Cavers.....\$4
2 Peter D. McArthur.....3

2-year old Heifer
1 Leslie Wright.....\$3
2 Peter D. McArthur.....2

1-year old Heifer
1 Peter D. McArthur.....\$3
2 J. P. Cavers.....2
3 A. Muir, senr.....1

Bull Calf
1 J. P. Cavers.....\$3
2 William Nussey.....2
3 W. Stark, junr.....1

Heifer Calf
1 Peter D. McArthur.....\$3
2 J. P. Cavers.....2
3 George Blackford.....1

DURHAM
Judges: Andrew Lang, jr., Chateaugay Basin; Alex. Chambers, Verdun

Aged Bull
1 Fred Cowan.....\$5
2 James T. Elder.....4

2-year old Bull
1 James Ritchie.....\$4

1-year old Bull
1 McNaughton Bros.....\$3

3-year old Cows
2 James Ritchie.....\$4

2-year old Heifer
1 Fred Cowan.....\$3
2 James Ritchie.....2

Bull Calf
1 J. E. White.....\$3
2 Albon Ritchie.....2
3 James Ritchie.....1

HOLSTEIN
Judges: H. D. Berry, Fort Covington, N.Y.; F. Nelson Pettes, L'Artifice

Aged Bull
1 F. L. Brown.....\$5

2-year old Bull
1 James Purcell.....\$4
2 Arthur White.....3

Yearling Bull
1 J. H. Goodfellow.....\$4
2 J. W. Purcell.....3
3 D. L. Brown.....2

Milch Cow
1 John Purcell.....\$5
2 F. L. Brown.....4
3 Arthur White.....3

3-year old Cow
1 F. L. Brown.....\$4
2 Arthur White.....3

2-year old Heifer
1 Arthur White.....\$3
2 John Purcell.....2
3 F. L. Brown.....1

1-year old Heifer
1 Arthur White.....\$3
2 F. L. Brown.....2

Bull Calf
1 John Purcell.....\$3
2 Arthur White.....2

Heifer Calf
1 Arthur White.....\$3

GRADE
Same Judges as on Ayrshire

Milch Cow
1 A. Muir, senr.....\$5
2 J. P. Cavers.....4
3 Peter D. McArthur.....3

3-year old Cows
1 J. P. Cavers.....\$4
2 A. Muir, senr.....3

2-year old Heifer
1 A. Muir, senr.....\$3
2 Arthur White.....2
3 David Pringle.....1

1-year old Heifer
1 A. Muir, senr.....\$3
2 Arthur White.....2
3 H. R. Graham.....1

Heifer Calf
1 Arthur White.....\$3
2 Albon Ritchie.....2
3 John Paul.....1

HERD
Ayrshire
1 Peter D. McArthur.....\$5

Holstein
1 P. L. Brown.....\$5
2 Arthur White.....3

SHEEP
Leicester
Judges: Jas. Bryson, Brysonville, Q.; E. G. McCallum, St. Eimo, Ont.

Aged Ram
1 John Purcell.....\$4

Shearling Ram
1 David Pringle.....\$4

Ram Lamb
1 David Pringle.....\$3
2 John Purcell.....2
3 W. C. Purcell.....1

Aged Ewe
1 W. C. Purcell.....\$4
2 John Purcell.....3
3 David Pringle.....2

Shearling Ewe
1 John Purcell.....\$4
2 W. C. Purcell.....3

Ewe Lamb
1 David Pringle.....\$3
2 John Purcell.....2
3 W. C. Purcell.....1

Short Wool
Same as on Long Wool

Aged Ram
1 J.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

A proclamation detaches Kewatin from Manitoba and places it under the new province of Saskatchewan. This is taken by the people of Manitoba as a hostile act.

Returning home, Premier Laurier halted at Port William over Sunday in order to turn the first sod of the Grand Trunk Pacific. On Monday afternoon, in presence of an immense crowd, Sir Wilfrid took a gold-plated spade and cut the first sod. In a speech of considerable length he promised that work on the new railway would be pushed and spoke of Fort William as the coming Chicago of Canada. He declared that when his government had built this railway they would not fold their arms, but would be alive to the duty of the hour, and another road to the Pacific might be necessary.

For so long a period has Montreal been free of disorders of a religious cast, that it was hoped they had ceased for all time, its people acting on the principle of live and let live. The appearance of the Salvation army in St. Louis suburb evoked disorders that showed bigotry was not dead, had only been sleeping. The members of the army were shamefully abused and their place of meeting partially wrecked. Finally the authorities awoke to the serious nature of the situation, and many arrests were made. On Sunday the cure of St. Louis lectured his people and proceeded to lay down the law of the church in these words:

It was absolutely forbidden to Catholics to attend non-Catholic religious services, whether in church, hall, or theatre, or to allow non-Catholic services to be conducted in their houses or other properties.

Does this mean that a Catholic is forbidden to show the last mark of respect by attending the funeral of a dead neighbor who happened to be a Protestant?

The gloving reports of the harvest in the Northwest were ended suddenly by an unexpected and severe frost Monday night. As an unprecedented quantity of the crop had been cut and stooked, it is hoped the proportion of wheat frosted may be small.

The persistent stand of buyers in England refusing to pay the prices for cheese demanded on this side, is beginning to tell. Week after week Montreal dealers have gone on adding to their stocks, under the belief that it was only a question of time when the English would be forced to come to their terms. A stoppage of orders, and probably a refusal by the banks to make further advances, has had a sobering effect, and there has been a drop of a cent, with a prospect that is not encouraging.

The best goods of the season are now being made, and it is too bad their sale should be impaired by the quantity of midsummer cheese in cold storage. The drop in cheese has affected butter. As it is now certain there is an unprecedented crop of corn, lower quotations for pork and oats may be looked for. There has been a fall in wheat and flour, and as the new crop comes forward prices are expected to decline still further.

The Western States have had a phenomenal harvest. Yellow fever is appearing in other parts of the south, apparently spreading from New Orleans. The proportion of deaths continues remarkably small for a disease so fatal in past times.

That prosperity induces strikes is being exemplified. The United trades, in their projected campaign for eight hours being a day's work, got the printers to take the lead, and strikes are of hourly occurrence all over the States. Chicago is threatened with a strike among the freight-handlers.

Cholera is getting a foothold in Germany, and out of 161 cases there have been 61 deaths. As cholera is a disease which cold weather does not affect, apprehension of its becoming epidemic in Europe is natural.

The part of Italy that lies between Rome and Naples has been visited by earthquakes that has reduced scores of villages to ruins and entailed the

death of thousands of their inhabitants. The full extent of the disaster has not yet been ascertained.

Of all the internal troubles of Russia the worst seems to have centered in the oil region between the Black and Caspian seas. Out of the 3600 oil wells, 3000 are said to have been burned, with a vast amount of other property, the losses mounting into scores of millions. The loss of life has not been announced. The weakness of the Russian garrisons induced the

Tatars to rise, and aided by their countrymen in Persia they have devastated Armenia, committing fearful atrocities on the Armenians. The case is one as much of Mahomedan hatred of Christianity as of a desire to throw off the Russian yoke.

The indignation of the Japanese at the terms of peace found vent in huge public meetings, followed by some rioting. The disturbances were put down promptly and firmly. The army shares in the dissatisfaction. They were looking to a battle, in which they would complete the rout begun at Mukden and capture Harbin, when told to sheath the sword and return home. The Russian rank-and-file were jubilant on hearing of peace.

Owing to remoteness from telegraph, fighting went on in Korea and on the island of Sakhalin as late as Sept. 1, and in all the encounters, none of them on a large scale, the Japs were victorious. The report that the

Czar has ordered an appropriation of 225 million dollars to create a new navy with Vladivostok as its headquarters and intends retaining a large portion of the Manchurian army to go into garrison on the Siberian frontier, does not look as if permanent peace were designed by Russia.

The part taken by President Roosevelt in bringing about the peace conference has brought down on Americans in Japan the resentment of the mob, and they have been exposed to many insults, while churches established by U. S. missionary societies have been wrecked.

Over 1200 excursionists visited Valleyfield on Sunday. They were about equally divided from Ottawa and Montreal.

A man named Sauve while unloading coal from the barge Lapwing Thursday received a bad scalp wound thru a "black diamond" dropping on him from a loaded bucket.

Work is being pushed very vigorously in the Gault mills which will be opened as soon as sufficient help can be secured to start the looms and other machinery in connection with the plant. Operatives are coming in very freely, but there is room for hundreds of others.

The case of D. Chagny, accused of the murder of G. Archambault, came up before district magistrate Lanctot Friday and continued until Saturday when the prisoner was sent back to jail to await his trial at the next session of the criminal court.

The I.O.F. held its annual excursion to Montreal on Saturday. Over 250 excursionists from Huntingdon and Valleyfield went on the train.

The Dominion Bridge Co. have decided to replace the inscription-plate placed on the M. C. Co.'s bridge which had, for reasons still to be explained, been mutilated under the late regime.

An absorbent of "loving whiskey" the kind that causes one to draw near, put his arm around one's neck, and emit a breath in one's face that would drive a carter away from a corpse, was practising the game fast and furious on the market square Saturday p.m. He was agreeable to everyone he met on the street preparatory to going home and beating his wife and family. He was properly corralled and put in safe keeping with 4 or 5 others of his ilk.

Another victim of the abnormal thirstiness that prevails in Valleyfield. The government hydraulic survey party now operating on lake St. Francis expect to be thru with this season's operations in a couple of weeks.

Both lacrosse and baseball teams met defeat last week in their serial games.

A serious accident took place Tuesday forenoon, when a heavily loaded freight boat, the Nicaragua of Ogdensburg, struck the Canada Atlantic railway Co.'s bridge, which crosses the Soulanges canal at Coteau Landing. The impact was strong enough to double up the bridge and displace it from its pivot, rendering it unfit for use. Railway traffic will be probably blocked for several days, causing much loss thru interruption to both freight and passenger business. The inconvenience and loss to the company will be considerable during the present extra busy season. The boat came out of the collision without much damage. The accident was caused, it is claimed, thru the overlooking of the signals on the part of the boat's crew.

W. Shannon, J. de la Hunt, and Jos. Finnegan, delegates to the I.O.F. annual convention at Joliette, returned home Sunday.

At the last meeting of the city council Ald. J. A. Robb was delegated to represent the city council at the convention of the members of the American Municipal Improvement society now in session in Montreal.

S. H. Ewing, president, A. Molson vice-president, and H. A. Gault, director, of the M.C.C., paid the mills a visit this week.

The city council is besieged with demands for extra electric light service from all quarters of the city. As the city's contract is curtailed to 100h.p. and 85 street lamps it is doubtful if it can fill the demands which would require about 300h.p. current and as many lamps. A readjustment of the service will be made to give as satisfactory a service as the means at the disposal of the corporation will allow.

The Progress of Valleyfield, last week, entered the 28th anniversary of its foundation. It gives us much pleasure to extend to its founder and proprietor our congratulations on this occasion and tender him our best wishes for continued prosperity.

On Saturday of last week the workmen of Valleyfield celebrated labor day by holding a picnic on Grand Isle. About 150 people patronized the festivities and enjoyed the beautiful weather, scenery, etc. After dinner several speakers delivered addresses. A. Bergevin, M.L.A., A. Seigny, and others acquitted themselves in a satisfactory manner.

The activity now prevalent in the cotton mills is already beginning to dissipate the apathy which has been prevailing in the town for a considerable time and merchants are wearing a more hopeful appearance. The withdrawal of the trade killing regulation passed last June, compelling willing and unwilling tradesmen to close 4 nights a week, went out of force on the first of the month. This will also help the trade of the town.

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FAMEUSE —1 W. Beattie, 2 J.W. Arnold, 3 A. Muir, senr.	
Russets —1 R. S. Gordon, 2 John Paul, 3 J.W. Arnold	
Northern Spy —1 C. E. Gilmore, 2 Miss Watt, 3 W. J. Murphy	
Hase —1 A. Gilmore & Sons, 2 C. E. Gilmore, 3 W. Farquhar	
Peach —1 W. Beattie, 2 Mrs. A. Lunan, 3 W. Farquhar	
Peewauke —1 Wm. Farquhar, 2 Jas. McCracken, 3 W. Beattie	
St. Lawrence —1 J.W. Arnold, 2 Miss Georgia Kelly, 3 A. Gilmore & Sons	
McIntosh Red —1 W. Beattie, 2 Miss Watt, 3 H. S. Taylor	
Wealthy —1 W. Farquhar, 2 W. Beattie, 3 A. Gilmore & Sons	
Wells River —1 D. Caldwell, 2 Wm. Farquhar, 3 A. Gilmore & Sons	
Seedlings —1 W. Beattie, 2 A. Gilmore & Sons, 3 J. G. Henry	
Bartlett Pears —1 A. McMillan, 2 H. S. Taylor	
Flemish Beauty Pears —1 A. McMillan	
Crab Apples —1 Miss Georgia Kelly, 2 George Hyde, 3 Wm. Watt	
White Grapes —1 A. Taylor, 2 J. W. Arnold	
Colored Grapes —1 George Hyde, 2 Mrs. A. Lunan	
Extra Plums —1 Mrs. James Ferns, 2 Miss Ruby Elder	
Plums —1 David Caldwell, 2 A. McMillan, 3 A. E. Mitchell	
EXTRA APPLES	
John Paul.....	20
A. Gilmore & Sons.....	2.55
C. E. Gilmore.....	1.40
Miss Ruby Elder.....	20
George Hyde.....	35
A. Taylor.....	35
W. Farquhar.....	35
Miss Ida M. Arthur.....	45
Cameron McNaughton.....	60
Mrs. R. Sellar.....	60
Dannie Hamilton.....	60
Mrs. A. Lunan.....	40
D. Pringle.....	20
Mrs. T. Platt.....	20
Miss Watt.....	20
H. S. Taylor.....	20
Mrs. T. Platt, Idaho Pears.....	20
A. Rennie, Hungarian Pears.....	30
VEGETABLES	
Same Judge as on Fruit	
Price: 40c, 30c, 20c	
Beans —1 R. S. Gordon, 2 W. Farquhar, 3 Joseph Picard	
Blood Beets —1 R. S. Gordon, 2 A. Muir, senr., 3 Miss A. M. Brown	
Sugar Beets —1 S. Watt, 2 R. S. Gordon, 3 George Hyde	
Turnip Beets —1 J. R. McCracken, 2 McNaughton Bros., 3 M. Boileau	
Cabbage —1 Miss A. M. Brown, 2 Miss Watt, 3 Mrs. Peter McArthur	
Red Carrots —1 R. S. Gordon, 2 Wm. Farquhar, 3 Miss Watt	
Table Carrots —1 John Paul, 2 Mrs. R. Sellar, 3 Wm. Farquhar	
White Carrots —1 R. S. Gordon, 2 Jos. Durain, 3 Wm. Farquhar	
8-rowed Corn —1 A. Taylor, 2 Mathew Levers, 3 Mrs. T. Platt	
12-rowed Corn —1 Mrs. T. Platt	
Pop-Corn —1 Cameron McNaughton, 2 A. McMillan, 3 Miss Ida M. Arthur	
Sweet Corn —1 Mrs. R. Sellar, 2 R. Boyd, 3 George Hyde	
Mangolds —1 A. Rennie, 2 Jos. Durain, 3 Miss A. M. Brown	
Onions —1 Joseph Picard, 2 Miss Margt. Thompson, 3 A. Gilmore & Sons	
Top Onions —1 Wm. Farquhar, 2 A. Taylor	
Parasols —1 J. R. McCracken, 2 Geo. Hyde	
Field Pumpkins —1 Allan A. McNaughton, 2 Miss Margt. Thompson, 3 H. S. Taylor	
Red Peppers —1 Ad. Lavigne, 2 A. McMillan, 3 Mrs. T. Platt	
Squash —1 Wm. Farquhar, 2 Ronald D. Elder, 3 Mrs. Alex. Lunan	
Tomatoes —1 Miss M. A. Cunningham, 2 Mrs. A. Lunan, 3 R. S. Gordon	
Field Turnips —1 A. Muir, senr., 2 Mrs. Watt, 3 R. S. Gordon	
Table Turnips —1 Muir, senr., 2 Miss Watt, 3 Miss A. M. Brown	
Collection of Vegetables —1 Mrs. R. Sellar \$2, 2 Mrs. T. Platt \$1.50; 3 Wm. Farquhar \$1	
Fodder Corn —1 David Pringle 75c, 2 Mrs. Peter McArthur 50c, 3 A. & R. Gordon 25c	
Price: 30c, 20c	
Cauliflower —1 Mrs. Peter McArthur, 2 Miss Watt	
Celery —1 George Hyde, 2 Mrs. Peter McArthur	
Citron —1 James A. Dawson, 2 Wm. Farquhar	
Crook-neck Squash —1 Miss Ida M. Arthur	
Cucumbers —1 Mrs. R. Sellar, 2 George Hyde	
Hops —1 Mrs. L. N. Dupuis, 2 John Earle	
Musk Melon —1 Miss Elsie Elder, 2 Mrs. Peter McArthur	
Water Melon —1 Mrs. Peter McArthur, 2 Mrs. T. Platt	
Radishes —1 Miss M. A. Cunningham, 2 A. Gilmore & Sons	
Sunflower —1 Cameron McNaughton, 2 A. Gilmore & Sons	
POTATOES	
Beauty of Hebron —1 Wm. Farquhar	
Carmen —1 W. Farquhar, 2 H. S. Taylor, 3 Samuel Sparrow	
Dakota Red —1 R. S. Gordon, 2 Allan A. McNaughton, 3 Ad. Lavigne	
Early Rose —1 Cameron McNaughton, 2 H. S. Taylor, 3 R. S. Gordon	
Green Mountain —1 Wm. Farquhar, 2 John Paul, 3 Mrs. T. Platt	
Other varieties —1 D. Caldwell, "Shepherd's Pride", 2 Mrs. T. Platt, "Potentate", 3 George Hyde, "Away-a-Head"	
EXTRA VEGETABLES	
Mrs. T. Platt.....	55
Miss Georgia Kelly.....	75
Miss Janet McNaughton.....	30
A. Gilmore & Sons.....	35
W. Pason.....	20
Mrs. P. McArthur.....	1.10
George Hyde.....	1.15
Miss Ida M. Arthur.....	20
Miss A. M. Brown.....	15
John G. Henry.....	20
D. Caldwell.....	15
R. S. Gordon.....	50
Sam Sparrow.....	40
Jas. A. Dawson.....	40
John Cunningham.....	15
Joseph Picard.....	30
W. Farquhar.....	30

Stair Carpet—1 Mrs John McKee \$1, 2 M. Boleau 75c	Miss Beattie McCallum..... " M. E. Robson.....
Cotton and Wool Counterpane—1 Miss Watt \$1.50, 2 M. Boleau \$1, 3 Mrs A. Anderson 50c	FLOWERS Judge: C. A. Smith, Table Bouquet
Drumst—1 C. Marcell \$1.50, 2 Miss Watt \$1, 3 M. Boleau 50c	1 Miss Margaret Thompson..... 2 " Anne Todd..... 3 " Minnie J. Todd.....
White Flannel—1 C. Marcell \$1.50, 2 M. Boleau \$1, 3 Mrs T. Platt 50c	Hand Bouquet 1 Miss Annie Todd..... 2 " L.W. Graham..... 3 " Margaret Thompson.....
Colored Flannel—1 M. Boleau \$1.50, 2 C. Marcell \$1	Bouquet of Everlasts 1 Mrs D. Turner..... 2 " Fred Ross..... 3 Miss M. E. Robson.....
Fulled Cloth—1 M. Boleau \$1.50 Mat—1 Mrs A. Taylor 50c, 2 Miss Lily Thompson 25c	Wm. Ewing & Co.'s Collection of Cut Flowers R. Sellar, 2 Mrs D. Turner
Mitts—1 Mrs T. Platt 50c, 2 C. Marcell 25c	Personals —1 Miss L. W. Graham..... 2 Mrs R. Sellar, 3 Mrs A. H. S. Taylor.....
White Quilt—1 M. Boleau \$1.50 Knitted Quilt—1 Mrs Joshua Gowan \$1.50	EXTRA FLOWERS Miss Addie F. Rennie..... Miss L. W. Graham..... Miss Ida M. Arthur..... Mrs H. S. Taylor..... Mrs R. Sellar..... Mrs G. W. Cunningham..... Mrs D. Turner..... Miss Margt. Thompson..... Mrs A. Lunan..... Miss Beattie McCallum, special anchor of panicles..... Miss Christina Alloway..... Mrs D. Pringle..... Cameron McNaughton..... Mrs D. Bicknell..... Miss Louise Dawson.....
Patchwork Quilt—1 Mrs Jos. Black \$1.50, 2 Miss Hassan \$1, 3 Miss Gertie Graham 50c	GROWING PLANTS Miss Annie Todd..... Miss Janet McNaughton..... Miss Elsie Elder..... Mrs George Hyde..... Miss L. W. Graham..... Miss Lillian M. Taylor..... Miss Ida M. Arthur..... Mrs G. A. Kyle..... Miss Hassan..... Mrs Wm. Rea..... Mrs J. D. Bicknell..... Mrs G. W. Cunningham..... Miss M. A. Cunningham..... Mrs D. Turner..... Miss Margt. Thompson..... Mrs J. Lorange..... Mrs A. Lunan..... Mrs G. A. Rennie..... Mrs D. McCallum..... Miss Jas. Ferns..... Miss S. J. Gowan..... Mrs D. Pringle..... Miss George Adams..... Mrs Fred Ross..... Mrs E. L. Robson..... Mrs W. Hunter..... Mrs George Moore..... Mrs Charles Dewick..... Chas. E. Chambers..... Mrs A. Chambers..... Mrs A. E. Mitchell.....
Silk Quilt—1 Miss M. E. Robson \$2, 2 Miss May Munro \$1, 3 Miss Beattie McCallum 50c	
Log-cabin Silk Quilt—1 Mrs H. S. Taylor \$2, 2 Miss Nettie E. Rennie \$1, 3 M. Boleau 50c	
Bag Rug—1 Mrs Peter McArthur 75c, 2 Mrs George Hyde 50c, 3 Miss Minnie J. Black 25c	
Yarn Rug—1 Miss Elsie Elder 75c, 2 Mrs George Hyde 50c	
Shawl—1 Mrs L. M. McLean \$1.50, 2 C. Marcell \$1, 3 M. Boleau 50c	
Woolen Stockings—1 Miss Janet McNaughton 50c, 2 C. Marcell 25c	
White Seam—1 Miss Elsie Elder 75c, 2 Mrs S. Brown 50c, 3 Mrs T. Platt 25c	
White Seam, by girl under 12 years—1 Edna Munro 75c, 2 Marion Brown 50c	
Woolen Yarn—1 Mrs T. Platt 50c, 2 M. Boleau 25c	
EXTRA Ravelled rug, Mrs T. Platt 30c Gloves, Miss Janet McNaughton 25c Tablecloth, men's garments, linen, carpet, and mitts, M. Boleau \$1.75 Soap—Mrs J. Lang 30c, Mrs W. Watt 30c Rug, Miss A. Elliot 30c	
IMPLEMENTS, &c. Judge: D. Boyd Single top buggy \$5, open do. \$4. Alex. McMillan Single and double harness \$7, John C. Kidney Sash and door work \$8, MacDonald & Laberge	
POULTRY Judge: A. Thompson, Allan's Corners	
OLD Prizes: 30c, 20c, 30c Bantam—1 M. Boleau Light Brahma—1 J. A. Greer Cochin, buff—1 A. E. Mitchell Brown Leghorn—1 Taylor Bros., 2 A. Taylor	
White Leghorn—1 Taylor Bros., 2 Allan A. McNaughton Black Minorca—1 Taylor Bros. Plymouth Rock, barred—1 Arthur Todd, 2 James Black, 3 A. Taylor Plymouth Rock, buff—1 A. Gilmore & Sons Wyandottes, silver-laced—1 James Black, 2 Mrs L. N. Dupuis Wyandottes, white—1 A. Taylor, 2 Taylor Bros., 3 Ken. G. Copland Pekin Ducks—1 Allan A. McNaughton, 2 A. Gilmore & Sons, 3 A. Taylor Rouen Ducks—1 Leslie Wright Emden Geese—1 A. Gilmore & Sons Toulouse Geese—1 Taylor Bros., 2 A. Taylor Bronze Turkeys—1 Taylor Bros. Guinea Fowl—1 A. Gilmore & Sons 50c, 2 Taylor Bros, 25c Best Collection—1 Taylor Bros, \$1	
YOUNG Prizes: 30c, 20c, 10c Bantam—1 M. Boleau Light Brahma—1 J. A. Greer Cochin, buff—1 Taylor Bros., 2 A. E. Mitchell Leghorn, brown—1 Taylor Bros., 2 A. Taylor Leghorn, white—1 Taylor Bros., 2 Allan A. McNaughton, 3 Daniel H. Boyd Leghorn, buff—1 A. Gilmore & Sons Minorca, black—1 Ken. G. Copland, 2 Taylor Bros. Plymouth Rock, barred—1 Arthur Todd, 2 Taylor Bros., 3 A. Taylor Plymouth Rock, buff—1 A. Gilmore & Sons, 2 Daniel H. Boyd Plymouth Rock, white—1 James Black, 2 A. Gilmore & Sons, 3 C. E. Gilmore Black Spanish—1 Mrs L. N. Dupuis Wyandottes, silver-laced—1 James Black, 2 Mrs L. N. Dupuis Wyandottes, white—1 Taylor Bros. Wyandottes, golden—1 D. H. Boyd Pekin Ducklings—1 A. Taylor, 2 Taylor Bros., 3 Allan A. McNaughton Emden Gooslings—1 C. E. Gilmore, 2 A. Gilmore & Sons Toulouse Gooslings—1 Taylor Bros., 2 A. Taylor Bronze Turkeys—1 Taylor Bros., 2 A. Taylor	
EXTRA James Black: partridge cochin 25c Taylor Bros: white China geese 25c Guinea chicks 15c Geo. Hyde: Rhode Island chicks 25c Harold Carrigan: pigeons 25c	
MISCELLANEOUS Miss Janet McNaughton..... 85 " Alice Ferns..... 15 Mrs S. Brown..... 1.00 " John Lang..... 25 " A. Lavigne..... 30 " Wm. Rea..... 45 " J. D. Bicknell..... 20 " James McCracken..... 45 " G. W. Cunningham..... 20 " L. N. Dupuis..... 35 " D. McCallum..... 25 " Fred Ross..... 45 " George Moore..... 25 " M. Levers..... 25 " W. Watt..... 25 " A. R. Elliott..... 25 Miss M. A. Cunningham..... 25 " Margaret Thompson..... 85	Prizes given by W. H. Walker Esq., M. L. A., for largest amount of prizes for fancy work: 1 Mrs Fred Ross..... 3.00 2 Mrs G. A. Kyle..... 2.00 3 Miss Annie C. Paul..... 1.00
	NOTES Andy O'Connor was introduced to Premier Gouin as the man who had transformed the grounds. Next year there will be a ring made on the levelled knoll, and likely a grandstand to view both rings. The ladies of the Methodist church had the dining-hall and, after paying expenses, had \$320. Mr Robb discharged his part as president unobtrusively yet efficiently. His re-election will be popular with the members. An last year, the young ladies of St

KELLY'S SHOES

Feel comfortable under all circumstances, and WEAR LONGER than the average foot-wear put on sale in country towns. Every shoe in stock is finished as carefully as the best custom boot-maker would do. They are made of excellent material. Handsome, stylish, and smooth as silk. We have them in—

BLACK OR TAN

Let us fit you for your next pair of Shoes.

R. E. KELLY & CO.

HUNTINGDON

WANTED

A Good Reliable Man to work on a farm and have charge during owner's absence. One who understands farming and the care of dairy cattle. Married man preferred. House on place to live in. Must be able to give good references. Address: Post-office box 225, North Bangor, Franklin Co., New York State.

TAILORING

MADE TO FIT

The clothes we make are right in fit, material, and quality of work. They look like the good clothes they are. We are proud of our ability in making the best clothes.

JOHN LIGGET

TAILOR AND OUTFITTER
MAIN-ST., - - - ORMSTOWN

NEW GOODS

I have just received my Fall line of Prints, Gingham, Flannelette, and Outing, and I extend an invitation to you to call and inspect the same.

Samples sent by mail on request.

H. E. THOMPSON

Store at Boyd's Line
Chateaugay, N.Y.

The Close Margin Store

Constant care and promptness have made a steady growth to our business, and trustworthy advertisements are the business news that customers want to read about to-day, so we are going to tell you a little about our Fall Goods, which are nearly all in.

DRESS GOODS—We are showing a nice assortment in a great many different lines of Dress Goods, and some GREY BIG VALUES will be offered. Kindly inspect our Satin Cloth and get prices before buying. It will be to your interest to do so, as well as ours. I am pleased to say that mostly all of our wool goods were bought before the advance, therefore customers will be buying their goods at about wholesale prices. Ladies, this one item alone is worth looking after.

LADIES' SKIRTS—We have some very pretty finished Ladies' Tailor-made Skirts, and not cut and made. The style and price will certainly sell them.

FUR COATS—As usual, we have a full supply of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Coon, Astrachan, and Moscow Lamb Fur Coats; also, the imitation Buffalo Coat for gentlemen. In robes we will have Sashatchewan, Wolf and Buffalo.

FUR CAPS—We will have a good assortment in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fur Caps; also, some very fine Boas.

Customers will find the Close Margin Store with a good assortment in all the different departments, as we are bound to have a good variety. A small margin does it every time.

W. A. Sharpe
General Merchant and Undertaker
FRANKLIN CENTRE, Que.

The Canadian Gleaner is printed each Thursday at noon by Robert Sellar at his office on Chateaugay-st., Huntingdon, Q. Subscription one dollar per year strictly in advance. All papers discontinued when the time for which they have been paid expires. No exceptions are made to this rule, so that subscribers who desire to continue receiving the paper, should renew before their time is up; otherwise the paper will be stopped. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADNER HOLDEN

CHAPTER XX.
HOPE and Uncle Eb went away in a coach with Mrs. Fuller. There was a great crowd in the church that covered, with sweeping arches, an interior more vast than any I had ever entered. Hope was gowned in white silk, a crescent of diamonds in her hair, a birthday gift from Mrs. Fuller.

First Henry Coon came on with his violin—a great master as I now remember him. Then Hope ascended to the platform, her dainty old slippers showing under her gown, and the odious Livingston escorting her. I was never so madly in love or so insanely jealous. I must confess it, for I am trying to tell the whole truth of myself—I was a fool. And it is the greater folly that one says ever "I was" and never "I am" in that place. I could even see it myself then and there, but I was so great a fool I smiled and spoke fairly to the young man, although I could have wrung his neck with rage. There was a little stir and a passing whisper in the crowd as she stood waiting for the orchestra. Then she sang the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," not better than I had heard her sing it before, but so charmingly there were murmurs of delight going far and wide in the audience when she had finished. Then she sang the fine melody of "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" and an old ballad.



Great baskets of roses were handed to her.

beautiful roses, they say, on Gramercy park. Lives alone with an old servant. We got to know him through the accident. Mr. Fuller and he have done business together, a great deal of it since then. Operates in the stock market.

A supper was waiting for us at home, and we sat a long time at the table. I was burning for a talk with Hope. But how was I to manage it? We rose with the others and went and sat down together in a corner of the great parlor.

"I've heard how well you did last year," she said, "and how nice you were to the girls. A friend wrote me all about it. How attentive you were to that little Miss Brown?"

"But decently polite," I answered. "One has to have somebody or—"

"One has to have somebody," she said, "as she picked at the flowers on her bosom and looked down at it soberly. 'That is true, one has to have somebody, and you know I haven't had any luck of company myself. By the way, I have news to tell you.'"

She spoke slowly and in a low voice with a touch of sadness in it. I felt the color mounting to my face. "News?" I repeated. "What news, Hope?"

"I am going away to England," she said, "with Mrs. Fuller. If—mother, will let me. I wish you would write and ask her to let me go."

I was unshaken. What to say I knew not; what to mean I could vaguely imagine. There was a moment of awkward silence.

"Of course I will ask her if you wish to go," I said. "When do you sail?" "They haven't fixed the day yet."

She sat looking down at her fan, a beautiful, filmy thing between braces of ivory. Her knees were crossed, one delicate foot showing under ruffles of lace. I looked at her a moment, dumb with admiration.

"What a big man you have grown to be, Will!" she said presently. "I am almost afraid of you now."

She was still looking down at the fan, and that little foot was moving nervously. Now was my time. I began framing an answer. I felt a wild impulse to throw my strong arms about her and draw her close to me and feel the pink velvet of her fair face upon mine. If I had only done it! But what with the strangeness and grandeur of that big room, the voices of the others who were sitting in the library near by, the mystery of the spreading crimson line that was pressing upon my knees, I had not half the courage of a lover.

"My friend writes me that you are in love," she said, opening her fan and moving it slowly as she looked up at me.

"She is right, I must confess it," I said. "I am madly, hopelessly in love. It is time you knew it, Hope, and I want your counsel."

She rose quickly and turned her face away. "Do not tell me, do not speak of it again, I forbid you," she answered coldly.

Then she stood silent. I rose to take her hand and ask her to tell me why, a pretty ranking in my heart. Soft foot-steps and the swish of a gown were approaching. Before I could speak Mrs. Fuller had come through the doorway.

"Come, Hope," she said. "I cannot let you sit up late. You are worn out, my dear."

Then Hope bade us both good night and went away to her room. If I had known as much about women then as now I should have had it out, with short delay, to some understanding between us. But in that subject one loves and learns. And one thing I have learned is this—that jealousy throws its illusions on every word and look and act. I went to my room and sat down for a bit of reckoning. Hope had

J. R. CLOUSTON, M.D., C.M.,

Physician and Surgeon

HUNTINGDON, - - - - - QUE.

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Huntingdon, Nov. 14th, 1904.

ceased to love me, I felt sure, and how was I to win her back?

After all my castle building what was I come to?

I heard my door open presently, and then I lifted my head. Uncle Eb stood near me in his stocking feet and shirt sleeves.

"In trouble?" he whispered.

"In trouble," I said.

"'Bout Hope?"

"It's about Hope."

"Don't be hasty. Hope 'il never go back on you," he whispered.

"She doesn't love me," I said impulsively. "She doesn't care the snap of her finger for me."

"Don't believe it," he answered calmly. "Not a single word of it. That woman—she's tryin' to keep her away from ye—but 'twon't make no difference. Not a bit."

"I must try to win her back—some way—somehow," I whispered.

"G'f'r ye the mitten?" he asked.

"That's about it," I answered, going possibly too far in the depth of my feeling.

"How?" he softly whispered.

"Well, it takes two mittens to make a pair. Ye'll hev 't ask her ag'in."

"Yes, I cannot give her up," I said, decisively. "I must try to win her back. It isn't fair. I have no claim upon her. But I must do it."

"Consume it! Women like 't be chased," he said. "It's their natur'. What do they fix up so for—d'mon's an' alikes an' satins—'t 'tain't 't set men a-chasin' uv 'em? You'd orter enjoy it. Stick 't her—jes like a puppy 't a root. That's the advice."

Some way I had got too far ahead of me, I said. "She can marry a rich man if she wishes to, and I don't see why she shouldn't. What am I anyhow but a poor devil just out of college and everything to win? It makes me miserable to think here in this great house how small I am."

"There's things goin' 't happen," Uncle Eb whispered. "I can't tell ye what or when, but they're goin' 't happen, an' they're goin' 't change everything."

We sat thinking awhile then. I knew what he meant, that I was to conquer the world somehow, and the idea seemed to me so absurd I could hardly help laughing at melancholy as I felt.

"Now, you go 't bed," he said, rising and gently touching my head with his hand. "There's things goin' 't happen, boy, take my word for it."

I got in bed late that night, but there was no sleep for me. In the still hours I lay quietly, planning my future, for now I must make myself worth having and as soon as possible.

Some way my determination was worthy of a better love; but, bless you, I have my own way of doing things, and it has not been always so unsuccessful.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOPE was not at breakfast with us.

"The child is worn out," said Mrs. Fuller. "I shall keep her in bed a day or two."

"Couldn't I see her a moment?" I inquired.

"Dear, no," said she. "The poor thing is in bed with a headache."

If Hope had been ill at home I should have said to go and sit by her. I had done more than once. It seemed a little severe to be shut away from her now, but Mrs. Fuller's manner had forewarned any appeal, and I held my peace. Having no children of her own, she had assumed a sort of proprietorship over Hope that was evident. That probably was why the girl had ceased to love me and to write to me as of old. A troop of mysteries came clear to me that morning.

Through many gifts and favors she had got my sweetheart in a sort of bondage and would make a marriage of her own choosing if possible.

"Is there anything you would like particularly for your breakfast?" Mrs. Fuller inquired.

"Hain't no way partic'lar," said Uncle Eb. "I generally eat buckwheat pancakes an' maple sugar with a good strong cup o' tea."

Mrs. Fuller left the room a moment.

"Dunne but I'll go out 't the barn a minnit an' take a look at the horses," he said when she came back. "The stable is a mile away," she replied, smiling.

"Gran' good team ye druv us out with las' night," he said. "Fied a chance 't look 'em over a leetle there at the deer. The off horse is puffed some for'ard, but ye'r husband 'il put on a cold bandage ev'ry night 't'll make them legs smooth as a hound's tooth."

She thanked him and invited us to look in at the conservatory.

"Where's yer husband?" Uncle Eb inquired.

"He's not up yet," said she. "I fear he did not sleep well."

"Now, Mrs. Fuller," said Uncle Eb as we sat waiting, "if there's anything I can do 't help 'em 't me know what 'tis."

She said there was nothing. Presently Uncle Eb sneezed so powerfully that it rattled the crystals on the chandelier and rang in the brass medallions.

The first and second butlers came running in with a frightened look. There was also a startled movement from somebody above stairs.

"I do sneeze powerful sometimes," said Uncle Eb from under his red bandanna. "'S enough 't scare anybody."

They brought in our breakfast then a great array of tempting dishes.

"Jest hev four pancakes an' a billed egg," said Uncle Eb as he slipped his tea. "Gran' tea," he added; "strong enough 't float a silver dollar too."

"Mrs. Fuller," I said, rising, when we had finished, "thank you for your hospitality, but as I shall have to work tonight probably I must bid lodgeurs near the office."

"You must come and see us again," she answered cordially. "On Saturday."

Dr. ROBERT ELDER

Physician and Surgeon

HUNTINGDON, QUE.

Office: first door east of Fortune's Drug Store.

A. E. MITCHELL, K.C.

Will be found by those requiring his professional services in his new office, above James Brown's store, opposite the post-office, Huntingdon.

I shall take Hope away for a bit of rest, to Saratoga probably, and from there I shall take her to Hillsborough myself for a day or two.

"Thought she was goin' home with me," said Uncle Eb.

"Oh, dear, no!" said Mrs. Fuller. "She cannot go now. The girl is ill, and it's such a long journey."

The postman came then with a letter for Uncle Eb.

It was from David Brower. He would have to be gone a week or so buying cattle and thought Uncle Eb had better come home as soon as convenient.

"They're lonesome," he said thoughtfully after going over the letter again. "Tain't no wonder—they're gittin' old."

Uncle Eb was older than either of them, but he had not thought of that.

"Le's see; 's about 8 o'clock," said he presently. "I've got 't go an' 'ten' to some business of my own. I'll be back here some time 't day, Mrs. Fuller, an' I'll hev 't see that girl. You mustn't never try 't keep me 'way from her. She's sot on my knee too many year fer that—altogether too many."

We arranged to meet there at 4. Then a servant brought us our hats. I heard Hope calling as we passed the stairway.

"Won't you come up a minute, Uncle Eb? I want to see you very much."

Then Uncle Eb hurried upstairs, and I came away.

I read the advertisements of board and lodging—a perplexing task for one so ignorant of the town. After many calls I found a place to my liking. It was a small, comfortable house on the corner of William street and not in the least fashionable. There were some neat and cleanly looking houses on it of wood and brick and brownstone inhabited by small tradesmen, a few shops, a big stable and the chalet sitting on a broad, flat roof that covered a portion of the stable yard. The yard itself was the summit of Monkey hill, it lay between two brick buildings, and up the hill from the walk one looked into the gloomy cavern of the stable, and under the low roof on one side there were dump carts and old coaches in varying stages of infirmity.

There was an old iron shop that stood just along the sidewalk, flanking the stable yard. A lantern and a mammoth key were suspended above the door, and hanging upon the side of the shop was a wooden stair ascending to the chalet. The latter had a sheathing of weather worn clapboards. It stood on the rear end of the brick building, communicating with the street along the wall covered with leaden cushions. There were port and starboard lanterns and a big one of polished brass that overhung the table. A ship's clock that had a nifty and cheerful tick was set in the wall. A narrow passage led to the room in front, and the latter had slanting light from the window of little panes in its farther end let in the light of William street.

Here I found a home for myself—humble, but quaint and cleanly. A thrifty German who, having long followed the sea, had married and thrown up his anchor for good and all now dwelt in the chalet with his wife and two children, both newspaper men. The old shopkeeper in front, once a sailor himself, had put the place in shipshape and leased it to them.

Mine host bore the name of Opper and was widely known as "All Right Opper" from his habit of cheery approval. He was a tall, every body called "All right" to him so far as I could observe. To be sure, he took exceptions on occasions, but even then the affair ended with his inevitable verdict of "all right." Every suggestion

of mine was met with a nod and a smile. He was a good fellow, and I felt at home with him.

"If you will leave your address," he said, "I will let you hear from me when I have read the article."

With the hasty confidence of youth I began to discount my future that very day, ordering a full dress suit, the best tailor, having shoes to match and a complete set of neckwear that would have done credit to Beau Brummel. It gave me a start when I saw the bill would empty my pocket of more than half its cash. But I had a stiff pace to follow and every reason to look my best.

CHAPTER XXII.

TOOK a walk in the long twilight on the evening. As it began to grow dark I passed the Fuller house and looked up at its windows. Standing under a tree on the opposite side of the avenue, I saw a man come out of the door and walk away hurriedly with long strides. I met him at the next corner.

"Good evening," he said. "I recognized then the voice and figure of John Trumbull."

"Good to Fuller's," he said.

"How is Hope?" I asked.

"Better," said he. "Walk with me?"

"With pleasure," said I. And then he quickened his pace.

We walked in silence, going so fast I had hardly time to speak, and the darkness deepened into night. We hurried along through streets and alleys that were but dimly lighted, coming out at length on a wide avenue passing through open fields in the part of the city.

Lie in cabin windows glowed from the upland.

I made some remark about them, but he did not hear me. He slackened pace in a moment and began whispering to himself. I could not hear what he said. I thought of bidding him good night and returning, but where were we, and how could I find my way?

"We heard a horse coming presently at a gallop. At the first loud whack of the hoofs he turned suddenly and, laying hold of my arm, began to run. I followed him into the darkness of the open field. It gave me a spell of rare excitement, for I thought at once of highwaymen, having seen so much of them in the Tribune. He stopped suddenly and stooped low, his hands touching the grass, and neither spoke until the horse had gone well beyond us. Then he rose stealthily and looked about him in silence, even turning his face to the dark sky, where only a few stars were visible.

"Well," said he, "beats the devil; the devil's thing was happening in the sky. A great double moon seemed to be flying over the city hooded in purple haze. A little spray of silver light broke out of it as we looked, and

shot backward and then dotted after the two shining disks that were falling eastward in a long curve. They seemed to be so near I thought they were coming down upon the city. It occurred to me they must have some connection with the odd experience I had gone through. In a moment they had passed out of sight. We were not aware that we had witnessed a spectacle like which had not been seen in centuries, if ever, since God made the heavens—the great meteor of 1800.

"Let's go back," said Trumbull. "We came too far. I forgot myself."

"Dangerous here?" I inquired.

"Not at all," said he, "but a long way out of town. Tired."

"Rather," I said, grateful for his evident desire to quit my alarm.

"Come," said he as we came back to the pavement, his hand upon my shoulder. "Talk to me. Tell me—what are you going to do?"

We walked slowly down the deserted avenue, I meanwhile talking of my plans.

"You love Hope," he said presently. "You will marry her?"

"If she will have me," said I. "You must wait," he said. "Time enough."

He quickened his pace again as we came in sight of the scattering shops and houses of the upper city, and no other word was spoken. On the corners we saw men looking into the sky and talking of the fallen moon. It was late bedtime when we turned in to Gramercy park.

"Come in," said he as he opened an iron gate.

I followed him up a marble stairway, and a doddering old English butler opened the door for us. We entered a fine hall, its floor of beautiful parquetry marked with silken rugs. High and spacious rooms were all aglow with light.

He conducted me to a large smoking room, its floor and walls covered with trophies of the hunt—antlers and the skins of carnivora. Here he threw off his coat and bade me be at home as he lay down upon a wicker divan covered with the tawny skin of some wild animal. He stroked the fur fondly with his hand.

"Hello, Jack!" he said, a greeting that mystified me.

"Tried to eat me," he added, turning to me.

Then he bared his great hairy arm and showed me a lot of ugly scars.

I besought him to tell the story.

"Killed him," he answered.

"With a gun?"

"No, with my hands." And that was all he would say of it.

He lay facing a black curtain that covered a corner. Now and then I heard a singular sound in the room—like some faint, far night cry such as I have heard often in the deep woods. It was so weird I felt some wonder of it. Presently I could tell it came from behind the curtain, where also I heard an odd rustle like that of wings.

I sat in a reverie, looking at the silent man before me, and in the midst of it he pulled a cord that hung near him, and a bell rang.

"Luncheon," he said to the old butler who entered immediately.

Then he rose and showed me odd things carved out of wood by his own hand, as he told me, and with a delicate art. He looked at one tiny thing and laid it aside quickly.

"Can't bear to look at it now," he said.

"Gibbet?" I inquired.

"Gibbet," he answered.

It was a little figure bound hand and foot and hanging from the gallows there.

"Burn it!" he said, turning to the old servant and putting it in his hands. Luncheon had been set between us and the while, and as we were eating it the butler opened a big couch and threw snowy sheets of linen over it and silk covers that rustled as they fell. "You will sleep there," said my host as he laid the pillows, "and well, I hope."

I thought I had better go to my own lodgings.

"Too late, too late," said he, and I, leg weary and half asleep, accepted his proffer of hospitality. Then, having taken, he left me, and I got into bed after turning the lights out. Some thing woke me in the dark of the night, and by and by I could hear the deep voice of Trumbull as he was groaning and muttering in his sleep.

When it began to come light I saw the breeze from an open window was stirring the curtain of silk in the corner. I got out of bed and, peering behind the curtain, saw only a great white owl, caged and staring out of wide eyes that gleamed fiery in the dim light. I went to bed again, sleeping until my host woke me in the late morning.

After breakfasting I went to the chalet. The postman had been there, but he had brought no letter from Hope. I waited about home, expecting to hear from her, all that day, only to see it end in bitter disappointment.

New York was a crowded city even then, but I never felt so lonely anywhere outside a camp in the big woods. The last day of the first week came, but no letter from Hope. To make an end of suspense I went that Saturday morning to the office of the Tribune. The equation of my value had dwindled sadly that week. Now a small fraction would have stood for it—nay, even the square of it.

Hope and Mrs. Fuller had gone to Saratoga, the butler told me. I came away with some sense of injury. I must try to be done with Hope. There

was no help for it. I must go to work at something and cease to worry and lay awake of nights. But I had nothing to do but read and walk and wait. No word had come to me from the Tribune. Evidently it was not languishing for my aid.

I began to see there was no very clamorous demand for me in "the great emporium," as Mr. Greeley called it. I began to see, or thought I did, why Hope had shied at my offer and was now shunning me. I went to the Tribune office. Mr. Greeley had gone to Washington; Mr. Ottorson was too busy to see me. I concluded that I would be willing to take a place on one of the lesser journals. I spent the day going from one office to another, but was rejected everywhere with thanks. I came home and sat down to take account of stock. First, I counted my money, of which there was about \$50 left. As to my talents, there were none left. Like the pies at Hillsborough tavern, if a man came late to dinner they were all out. I