

THE EQUITY.

No. 11.—17TH YEAR.

SHAWVILLE, PONTIAC COUNTY, QUE., THURSDAY, SEPT. 14, 1899.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Head Office Ottawa Canada.
Capital (fully paid up) \$1,500,000.00
Reserve Fund \$1,170,000.00

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LOCAL NEWS.

Are you using Dowd's Flour?

Thursday, Sept. 14. PICNIC
ST. JOHN'S CHURCH,
CLARKE'S.

Miss Maud Findlay has opened dress-making rooms over the barber shop.

Word reached Shawville on Monday of the death of Mrs. Milliken, of Leslie.

Mr. Archie Angus, postmaster at Charterie, had a severe attack of inflammation last week.

There was a large attendance at the dedication of the new Presbyterian church, Starke's Corners, on Sunday last.

Mr. J. H. Shaw has made another acquisition to his staff in the person of Mr. Williams, of Arnprior.

The Roman Catholic clergy of this diocese held their annual retreat at Pembroke last week.

Wanted Immediately.—A Blacksmith with good experience for a general jobbing shop. Apply to RICHARD H. THOMPSON, Bristol Corners.

Miss Lummis, daughter of Rev. C. Lummis, of Greeremount, is attending the Academy here. She is lodging at Mrs. Dilworth's.

UNDERTAKING.—The undertaking equipment of Cuthbertson & Graham is second to none in the district, and all orders receive prompt attention at moderate charges.

Mr. S. Armstrong has begun the brick-work of Messrs. Smart & Smith's proposed machinery depot, which will occupy the site directly opposite the Russell House, Main Street.

The Shawville Marble and Granite Works, Alex. McDonald, proprietor turns out a superior class of work in Monuments, Headstones, etc. Prices reasonable.

At North Clarendon on Saturday morning last, Herbie Murphy, (second son of the widow W. J. Murphy) passed away, a victim to consumption. He was about 18 years of age.

We understand that the construction of the proposed road from Bryson towards Campbell's Bay, to which reference was made a few weeks ago is to be commenced this week.

Mr. James Armstrong, of Green Lake, returned home last week, having finished his work at Dumoine slide. He learned of the misfortune which visited his home on the 3rd, on his arrival at Portage du Fort.

Make Your Entries.—E. Graham, Secretary-Treasurer of the Agricultural Society, will be in Shawville, on Thursday, Sept. 21st, for the purpose of receiving entries for the approaching Exhibition.

Three engineers of the Public Works Department have been at Portage recently, securing data for the specifications for the proposed new iron bridge which is to replace the old wooden structure that collapsed last fall.

A grand picnic, under the auspices of the school of that section will be held at Mr. Richard Hazard's, Thorne, on Saturday next, Sept. 16. A varied program of amusements will be provided. All are invited.

For Sale.—One new Single Buggy—(manufactured by J. B. Armstrong Co.)—a first-class stylish well-finished rig for a moderate price. Also a second-hand single buggy—good substantial rig, dirt cheap.

JOHN LESTER, Shawville.

Mr. Arch. McFarlane, of Bristol, has purchased the boats and equipment of Mr. John McAr, and will commence the regular ferry service between Norway Bay and Sand Point this week. Mr. McFarlane is determined to make the service satisfactory in every respect. Posters, containing time table and other information have been issued.

The section men of several divisions of the P. P. J. R., were concentrated at Shawville last week for the purpose of putting in a new siding, with the object of giving better facilities for handling the increasing grain and stock output at this point. It may be said also that the company have made new and larger stock yards here, and thus have rendered the work of loading cars much more convenient than formerly.

Lost—On Thursday, Aug. 21st, somewhere between Norway Bay and Bristol Corners, a ladies' waterproof cape. Finder will please give information, and oblige,

MRS. M. THOMPSON,
Bristol Corners, Que.

Mr. T. B. Draper has in hand the erection of a thoroughly up-to-date cow barn for Mr. Duncan Campbell, of Maple Ridge. The building is now well advanced, and when completed will be equipped with every convenience for feeding and caring for cattle, besides being absolutely frost-proof.

Owners of Waterloo Threshers Can get all kinds of repairs and teeth of the genuine make, warranted to fit, from me at reasonable prices. I can also supply a different grade of teeth (same as others are offering) at 75 cents per dozen. Give me a call and be satisfied.

JOHN CARSON.

Owing to their having in hand the equipment of several other roller mills, in different parts of the country, Messrs. Goldie & McCullough were unable for the present to send a full staff of men to set up the machinery in the new mill here. Consequently, and in order to avoid delay, several of our local tradesmen have been engaged to assist in the work, which is progressing favorably.

New Photographs.—During the harvest most people are too busy to think of getting photos taken, but we are making special arrangements to give the people of Shawville and vicinity a chance to get the best photos at the lowest price after the busy time is over. We want to get as many as possible and are willing to cut the prices almost in a half if we can get a crowd. It will pay you to watch this paper for date and prices.

HANDFORD, Pontiac House.

A very pretty wedding took place at Elmside on Monday the 4th, when Miss Lena, daughter of the late John Finlan, and Mr. M. J. Breen, son of John Breen, ex-warden of the county of Renfrew, were made one. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Brunet, P. P., of P. D. F. The bride was supported by a sister of the groom, while Mr. W. P. Finlan supported the groom. After a sumptuous spread prepared by the bride's mother, the happy couple left for Toronto and other cities where they will spend their honeymoon. The presents were handsome and costly.

There passed away, rather suddenly at his brother's residence, Portage du Fort, on Monday morning, Mr. Howard Reid, youngest son of George E. Reid, Esq., and junior partner of the firm of Reid Bros., Arnprior. Death was due to pneumonia and heart failure, the latter being the chief cause. The deceased young man had been in delicate health for several years past, yet the event of his departure was not thought to be so near at hand, as he was going about as usual as late as Thursday last. His remains were interred at Portage du Fort cemetery on Tuesday afternoon.

Master Ben Armitage went to the Protestant Hospital last week, to undergo treatment for a painful malady from which he has been laid up for the past two months. Arriving there the attending physicians found upon examination that the source of the trouble was a deep-seated fistula, in the lower part of the body, the removal of which necessitated a rather serious operation. The latter, however, was undertaken at once, and performed successfully, although a large portion of flesh had to be cut away. Under favorable conditions it will be six or seven weeks before Ben. will have recovered sufficiently to leave the hospital.

Honor to a School Mate.

Kelly's hall at Campbell's Bay was the scene of a pleasing event on the evening of Labor Day, when a large party of children assembled, mostly scholars of the local school, and bade farewell to one of their number, Master Hector Murtagh, son of Mr. Francis Murtagh, lumberman, and who left on Wednesday morning to attend the University of Ottawa for a complete course. A simple address, brimming with good wishes, was read by Miss Maggie Shannon, and evoked an impromptu, but eloquent response from the young recipient, who was heartily cheered by his comrades. The young folk afterwards enjoyed a pleasant dance, during which Mrs. Kelly liberally dispensed choice refreshments. Master Murtagh carries the good wishes of all Campbell's Bay with him for his college career.

Have you tried Dowd's "High Loaf" Flour?

LOST.

Lost between Russell House, and Dr. Klock's, Main Street, on August 31st, a lady's gold chain bracelet. Finder will much oblige by leaving same at the Russell House.

Picnic under auspices of the congregation at St. John's Church, Clarke's Station, Thursday, Sept. 14. Dinner from 12 till 2. All welcome to come and enjoy the day.

Presentation.

To MRS. NELSON DURRELL:

Dear Friend,—We have for some time past been hearing unpleasant rumors respecting the probability of your ceasing to reside among us, and we regret to learn that these rumors have recently been confirmed. We therefore ask you to accept this purse as a token of our appreciation of your services as organist of Lower Litchfield Presbyterian church. We also pray that you and your companion in life may have a prosperous journey to your new home in the west, and that you both may enjoy much success and happiness there. We trust, too, that if we may not longer have your good presence and help in the services of the sanctuary here below, you and we may resume our fellowship in the better land "where congregations never break up and Sabbaths have no end."

Signed,

THOS. W. PRYCE, on behalf of Choir.
IRA E. MCLEAN, " S. School
PETER E. SMILEY, " Man. Com.

Pontiac Co. Teachers' Ass'n.

The annual business meeting of the Pontiac County Teachers' Association was held at the Academy on Saturday the 9th inst. Fifteen teachers were present. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

President, Mr. Fred. Vaughan, B. A.;
1st Vice, Pres. W. D. Armitage;
2nd " Miss E. Dunlop;
3rd " Miss E. Smith;
Sec.-Treas., Miss M. Davies.

Programme Committee:

Prin. Vaughan, Convenor;
Mr. Heenan Armstrong,
Miss M. Armstrong,
Miss G. Stevens,
Miss McFarlane,
Miss Jennie Armstrong.

The question of providing each member of the Association with a printed copy of the constitution and by-laws was considered and referred to the following committee, which is to report at the next meeting:

Prin. Armitage, Convenor;
Prin. Vaughan,
Ven. Arch. Naylor,
Prin. E. W. Hodgins,
Miss M. E. McGregor,
Miss Jennie Currie,
Miss M. Matheson.

The Academy entrance examinations were fully discussed but no definite plan decided upon.

The next meeting of the Association will be held at the Academy on Saturday, October 7th.

Cool Theft of a Horse and Rig.

Mr. Andrew McCredie, of Bristol, was robbed of a valuable horse and Mr. John Murray, of Clarendon Front, was relieved of a buggy, on Thursday night last under the following circumstances: It seems Mr. McCredie was engaged during the day thrashing at Mr. Murray's and in the evening took the latter's buggy and one of his own horses to go to his home after some fixtures for the mill. He returned some time after dark and leaving the buggy where he had found it, put his horse in the stable, in the stall assigned to it. Satisfied that everything was all right, he then retired with the members of the Murray household. When morning came, however, and the men went out to feed their horses they discovered that the buggy was missing, and with it Mr. McCredie's horse that he had driven the night before. Closer investigation showed that Mr. McCredie's mare—a less valuable animal—had been removed from the stall she occupied the night previously to another, which discovery led to the conclusion, that the thieves had first examined that animal, and finding that she was blemished returned her to the stable and then made off with the horse. The thieves seem to have thoroughly understood how to go about accomplishing their purpose without arousing the inmates of the house, for they took the precaution to shut the dog up in the stable, and then they carried the buggy out to the main road, a distance of about two acres. Strange to say all the harness that was taken seems to have been an old collar; but the robbers were not without equipment in this respect, as the evidences were plain that the buggy was driven off when the road was reached, to which point the parties who appropriated it were easily tracked, a large footprint and a small one being traced in the yielding earth. The stolen horse was a large animal, and as he had quite recently been shod on the front feet, while the hind hooves were bare, the task of tracking him along the road was an easy matter. The direction taken was towards Bristol Corners, thence back as far as No. 1 School, and along the line on the left to the town line, which was also followed; but when Mr. McCredie and Mr. Murray reached this point the track became so tramped up with others that it was impossible to follow it

much further. While these gentlemen were instituting the search, others scoured the neighborhood in different directions, but their labors for the day closed without any tidings of the stolen property.

From Mr. John Murray, who called at this office on Tuesday night, we learn that no trace has yet been found of the stolen property.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S

CORRESPONDENCE.

BRISTOL.

Thrashing is the order of the day here now. All the mills are out and everybody wants their threshing done right off, so the mill men will have a hustling time of it.

Mr. James Young, formerly of this place, now of Ottawa, was married in that city on Wednesday, the 6th inst.

Quite a number from here took in the farmers' excursion to the Experimental Farm on the 5th.

Miss Kate Reid, who has been spending her holidays here returned to the city Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. David Reid and family, of Prescott, are visiting friends in this locality.

Evangelist W. Russell and wife, are visiting their relatives in this place.

Miss Hannah Russell, of Arnprior, is spending her holidays at her mother's.

Misses Jessie and Mina McKillop, returned to Ottawa last week.

Peerless Lodge I. O. G. T., is still increasing. Four new members last night.

SCRIBE.

BRYSON.

Bryson, Sept. 11.—An adjourned session of the Superior Court was held here on Thursday and Friday before Judge Lavergne, the time being all taken up in the hearing of the suit of Mr. George Bryson, jr., to recover his deceased mother's and sister's share of the estate of the late John Bryson, M. P. Many of the most prominent residents of Fort Coulonge were in attendance. Mr. Henry Ayles is attorney for the plaintiff and Mr. C. J. Brooke for the defendant.

The mining operations at the Ostrom nickel mine on Calumet Island, which have been prosecuted for several months by the English-Canadian Mining Company under the local superintendence of Mr. J. E. S. Trelawney, have been abandoned for the present at least, and the men paid off. This means that a deal between the Company and Mr. Ostrom is dropped finally, unless some new arrangement is entered into.

At the Grand Calumet Mining Company's works considerable quantities of fine ore are being taken out by a gang of men under the superintendence of Mr. W. H. Walsh—some days as much as 25 tons. Ten heavy wagon loads of empty sacks were received within the past few days, in which this ore will soon all be shipped to Europe.

On Friday Mr. Thomas Walsh received a severe crushing at the Calumet Company's mine, but fortunately no very serious injuries resulted. A heavy rock being hoisted up by the derrick, swung and caught him between it and the rocky wall of the shaft.

Mr. Wm. G. LeRoy returned home from a short holiday at Eastman's Springs on Wednesday.

Mr. Henry Hurdman, of Earley, who was taken very seriously ill while on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. R. McC. Ritchie, is making satisfactory progress towards recovery, and is expected to soon be able to get around again.

Mayor F. C. DeZouché has returned from a visit to Eastman's Springs and a trip up the Rideau Canal from Ottawa to Kingston and down the St. Lawrence to Montreal.

SHAWVILLE COUNCIL.

Minutes of a regular session of the Municipal Council of the Municipality of the village of Shawville, held on Wednesday, the 6th day of September, 1899. Present—Councillors, George Hynes, A. Smiley, Donald McTae, J. A. Cowan and J. H. Shaw.

Moved by coun. Cowan, seconded by coun. Smiley, that coun. Hynes preside at meeting in the absence of the Mayor. Carried.

Moved by coun. McRae, seconded by coun. Smiley, that minutes of last meeting be adopted.—Carried.

Moved by coun. Cowan, seconded by coun. Shaw, that the following bills be passed, viz:—John Burroughs, for work on roadmaker \$33.83; Ralph Hodgins, for title \$9.00; and G. F. Hodgins, for sundries \$28.66; and that the bill of James Creek \$6.55, and valuator's bill, amounting to \$51.00, be left over for further consideration.—Carried.

At this juncture coun. Donaldson arrived and took his seat.

Moved by coun. Smiley, seconded by coun. McRae, that special officer James McArthur, be instructed to visit the side road between lots 7 and 8 where the same intersects the 7th concession line and give the necessary instructions to the parties who have volunteered to perform certain work thereon, towards opening it out.—Carried.

Moved by coun. Shaw, seconded by coun. Smiley, that we do now adjourn.—Carried.

An attempt was made to burn the bridge between Hull and Gatineau Point on Thursday night last, but fortunately the blaze was detected in time to save the structure from being destroyed.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S

Jackets & Cloaks

(Direct Importations from Berlin.)

We have now ready for inspection the largest range of Ladies' Jackets and Misses' Cloaks we have ever shown, made up specially for this season's trade. There is not one old garment in the lot.

The Latest in Style,
Perfect Fitting,
Correct Materials,
and all marked at prices that must make them ready sellers.

Intending Buyers are invited to look them over.

J. H. SHAW.

PERSONAL.

Miss Lillie Dilworth has returned home from Montreal to resume her studies in the Academy.

Miss May Shaw, eldest daughter of Mr. James L. Shaw, left on Monday morning to undertake a course of study at Dunham (Que.) College.

Messrs. G. M. Donaldson, Sam Ralph and R. W. Ralph, left on Monday for a couple of days duck shooting in the neighborhood of Otter Lake.

Mr. Frank Needham, of Mr. J. H. Shaw's store, is enjoying his holidays at his home, Pakenham, this week. Mr. Robt. Woodley, of G. F. Hodgins', is also off for the same purpose, and is visiting at Rockland and vicinity.

Church Services.

ANGELICAN SERVICES.—St. Paul's Church, Shawville: Sunday morning, 10.30; evening, 6.30. Friday evening, 7.30. Daily morning prayer, 8.30 a. m.

SHAWVILLE METHODIST CHURCH.—Morning service, 10.30; evening service 7.00. Epworth League—Monday, 8.00, p. m. Ladies' Prayer Meeting—Tuesday, 7.30. Regular Prayer Meeting—Friday, 7.30.

PRESBYTERIAN—(Masonic Hall, Rev. Mr. Back) Sunday, 10.30, a. m.

AGENTS WANTED—FOR "THE LIFE and Achievements of Admiral Dewey," the world's greatest Naval hero. By Murat Halstead, the life-long friend and admirer of the nation's idol. Biggest and best book; over 500 pages, 8x10 inches; nearly 100 pages halftone illustrations. Only \$1.50. Enormous demand. Big Commissions. Outfit free. Chance of a Lifetime. Write quick. The Dominion Company 3rd Floor Carlton Bldg., Chicago.

Shawville Produce Quotations.

Oats	22 to 23
Peas	53 to 55
Buckwheat	— to —
Rye	— to —
Eggs, (fresh)	— to 14
Wool	14 to 16
Butter	14 to 16
Pork per 100, dressed	— to —
Beef	5.00 to 5.50
Hay per ton	5.50 to 7.00
Calfskins	45 to 50
Hides	5.00 to 5.50
Pelts	35 to 50

Subscribe to THE EQUITY.

Sweet is True Love.

CHAPTER I.

"So for the sake of a paltry ten-pound note, I must stay away from me only half I ever cared to go to!" exclaimed Miss Blount, indignantly. "Well, I must I say I think it hard—very hard—more than most girls of my age would bear," concluding her slightly mutinous speech with hurried bitterness, and turning aside to the window as an ominous rising in her throat gave warning that it was high time her eloquence should come to an end. "Eh! Well! What are you complaining of now, Kate?" demanded the person, addressed, raising his head abstractedly from the paper he was studying with that far-away look which his face which most people acquire when their thoughts are in the clouds, and which is, of all expressions, the most aggravating to those on the watch for sympathy. "Oh, that everlasting ball of the Tauntons, ed! Well, I told you before it could not be, you know, and that should be sufficient. Stop that devil's tattoo on the window-pane, will you, unless you want to give me a headache with your restlessness!" "But why cannot I go?" the girl went on, persistently, facing the enemy once more as she spoke. "I don't very often ask you for money, as you must allow, and—"

"It is utterly out of the question," interrupted her father, languidly, "so put it out of your head once for all. I could not let you have a farthing just now—even supposing it were a matter of life or death—being as hard up as I well can be; my usual condition, by the bye. Look here, Katherine! if Barrington calls while I am away send him up to the square field, will you, where I am going about those partridges? Come, Belle, Gallan, get up, you lazy brutes!" distorting with his foot, as he finished speaking, two magnificent pointers as they lay dozing beside his chair.

"The coldness of the refusal, knowing as she did, how idly and selfishly her father's money was spent, together with this whole hearing, roused Miss Blount's quick temper beyond control. "It would be better for you to give up your hunters and dogs, and dress your daughter properly, than to go on living beyond your means in this dishonorable way you are now doing!" she cried, passionately, her fine eyes flashing.

"That is just one of the many points on which you and I so totally disagree," Archibald Blount answered, pleasantly, no whit moved from his usual calm, gentlemanly demeanor by his daughter's vehemence, moving indolently out of the room as he concluded, and closing the door with almost womanly gentleness behind him.

"When he was gone, the girl clinched her small hands tightly together, and kept down the rebellious tears, and leaning her head back against the shutter, strove hard to suppress the feelings that rose so angrily within her.

"As she thus stood, battling bravely with her thoughts, the dazzling August sun shone brightly down upon her, flushing her face and hair and figure with its gay warmth, so as literally to frame her in its yellow gold—and a very beautiful little face it was to frame, richly tinted, changeable and passionate, expressing only too clearly at times the secret workings of her heart. Her eyes were singularly lovely, of a fine, deep hazel, large, and sometimes too large in their pathos; albeit, it means angelic in her tenderness, her celestial qualities being decidedly few and far between, and heavily blended with our coarse earth besides. Her mouth was not small, nor was it perfect and her color was an unmistakable gipsy-brown; but for all that she was as sweet and loveable and perverse a creature as ever decorated the earth or broke the victims to their grief.

Numerous were the victims who tried for quarter to Miss Blount; indeed, she had a very much her own way with the sterner sex, few being able to withstand her tender, wild, childish beauty, even hardy veterans giving in hopelessly to the little queen who thinned their ranks so mercilessly. Old and young, grave and gay, succumbed without a murmur to her smiles.

With women, however, she scarcely got on so well, her exquisite, unsightly face being no passport to their favor. They could see no harm in it for their part—voted her a peculiarly—horribly fast—barely good looking," according to some speaker's own view of the case, and sought to "keep her down" with all their might, though to no purpose; for, after employing all the energy they were capable of to reduce her to the common level, they were fain to confess that Katherine heeded them not. She lived her life alone, careless of their approbation or the reverse, and but for Harry, a young man of her own age, who, in the heart of Charteris would, in all probability, have possessed no female friend.

Her father, Archibald Blount—was cold, worldly, and selfish to the heart's core. No love for his beautiful child ever warmed or brightened the stagnant feelings of this breast; she was there—before his eyes—the living image of her dead mother but to him she was little more than an incubus, the unwished-for consequence of a regretted marriage.

It was small wonder that the girl should, under the circumstances, pay but little outward respect to his wishes or commands, though in her inmost heart there lay hidden for him a lasting love, far stronger than even she herself believed. It could possibly have existed for her father who held her in such slight estimation, and spent his time in racing or betting, or gambling away the small income—a remnant of his once princely fortune—that sufficed to keep them from utter destitution.

She was a neglected flower, a tender creature growing up unheeded and unloved at least by him who ought to have been her chief counselor, but who, if ever he bestowed a thought upon her, dreamed only of the time when her marvellous beauty should procure her a wealthy suitor, and so bring him the only thing he really cared for—money. Small wonder was it, either, if Katherine herself discovered early an intense longing for money, for the wealthy freedom that should at all hazards

release her from the influence of poverty and its attendant curses. Leaning back now, with her head against the woodwork of the window, she almost swore to herself that no love dreams should come between her and her hopes of earthly riches; and as she thought with bitter earnestness, her reverie was suddenly broken in upon by the entrance of a young man of about four-and-twenty, who, coming over to the window, sank lazily into a chair directly opposite to her. For a moment he gazed wonderingly at the girl's half-averted, sorrowful face, whereon the recent tears had left their silver traces, after which scrutinizingly he inquired, without any very great regard to the selection of his language: "What's up?"

"For goodness' sake why can't you speak proper English?" Miss Blount asked, pettishly, glancing swiftly round from the window as she spoke. "What's up—now how am I to understand what you mean by that?" with a short laugh—"you mean my temper? That is 'up to all intents and purposes, I allow you. Did you mean it?"

"No, my dear, I did not," the young man answered, calmly; "I am only anxious to learn what it is that has grieved you during my absence. Will you tell me?"

"What is the use?" Miss Blount inquired, still with the sense of injury full upon her. "You cannot help me, and most probably if I told you my grievance, would only consider me silly. All men consider a girl frivolous if she happens to wish for a little more than the common necessaries of life."

"There is an exception to every rule, so put me out of that list," her companion answered, getting up from his seat and possessing himself of one of the little nervous hands that for the past few minutes had been endeavoring most laudably to work a hole in the handkerchief they held. "I do not belong to it, as I could hardly think you frivolous, or even unpleasant, if only for my own sake. I am, I fancy, so all my misfortune, and let me assist you if I can."

"Well, it is all about the Tauntons ball," the girl murmured, softened by his evident sympathy, and reddening furiously the while, but refusing, crimson, nevertheless, to remove her eyes from his. "I cannot go because I have no dress nice enough, and papa will not give me a new one—that is all; so now confess at once that you think me ridiculous and have done with it."

"Poor little thing!" was all the other said, but his eyes wandered out to the glowing garden, whither his thoughts followed, running riot among the flowers, as he concocted all sorts of schemes for the express purpose of gratifying Katherine's last wish. Of course she should have a dress, but who would choose it for him, and when chosen, how should he persuade her to accept it? And then he wondered what color would be most becoming to the perplexed little beauty at his side; after which he got puzzled, and fell to wondering about many other things as Quixotic as they were agreeable.

Miss Blount, who was watching his countenance with furtive anxiety, guessed quite correctly all the ideas that were tormenting him, and was immensely amused accordingly. "It is of no use, Blackwood," she said—"you cannot help me. Give it up, dear boy, and I dare say presently I shall be reconciled to my fate; but— and here the softness vanished, the old hard look taking its place. "I swear that, if I can avoid it, I will not end my days in this kind of poverty. I shall marry rich or not at all."

He dropped her hand hurriedly, almost rudely, and turned away.

"Money does not always mean happiness," he said.

"But poverty is always unhappiness," she retorted, quickly.

"Tita," he reasoned, after a moment's pause—she generally went by the name of "Tita"—short for Titania—with her two most intimate friends, on account of her fair-lyle proportions—"Tita, do not place too much dependence upon riches; they will fall you in the end, whereas love—believe me, they will—whereas love they never die, and a bare sufficiency will carry you through all difficulties."

"As for instance?" she asked, half mockingly.

"But, whatever his sentiments on the subject of that much-discussed topic, "a sufficiency," might be, she was never doomed to hear them, as at this juncture the door was once more opened slowly, to admit Archibald Blount. He advanced in his usual well-bred manner until he had reached the table, whereon he deposited a piece of crumpled paper.

"I have changed my mind, Katherine," he said. "Here is a ten-pound note for you; so you can go to this much-coveted ball if you wish."

"Oh, papa," exclaimed Miss Blount, regretting bitterly now all the hasty words and thoughts she had been indulging in, "forgive me! I do not deserve your kindness, I know, after what I said to you a few moments ago; but, believe me, I am very grateful to you."

Yet still she did not move forward to kiss him as perhaps a more beloved daughter would have done.

"Do not distress yourself, my dear," her father replied, with the faintest infection of sarcasm in his voice. "I am so well accustomed to your numerous little tender speeches that they cease to embarrass me long ere this," and so saying, he went out, closing the door carefully behind him.

"I have wronged him," Miss Blount said, with extreme compunction, when she was again alone with her cousin.

"I have wronged him greatly, but that is just like me, is it not—so ready to judge quick to condemn, and never hesitating a moment to think before I speak? Ah, if I could only change my nature in some things, I do believe in the end I might learn to be happy!"

"And are you not happy now, Tita?" Blackwood asked, gazing down with unspoken tenderness upon the disconsolate little person beside him, who, with folded hands and moistened eyes, looked blankly out of the window, and as he spoke he took her chin between

his hands, so turning her face towards him. "Not as happy as I might be," she answered, glancing back into the face above her own—as brave, kindly, and true—as happy as most of the girls I know. Do you know, at times, I am even miserably discontented with my lot! But there,—it is my portion in this life to have trouble, I suppose, so I dare say by and by I shall get used to it."

"Katherine," said Blackwood, wistfully, "my darling, I cannot bear to hear you talk like this. I wish to Heaven I had it in my power now to shield you from every grief and pain; but at present what can I do? Perhaps afterward—in time—if you will wait a little—"

"Hush!" Miss Blount interrupted him quickly, eagerly, laying her hand with unconscious vehemence upon his arm, while a spasm of intense pain shot across her face. "Hush, Blackwood—you must not speak to me like that! I will not have it. You are my cousin—my brother—the dearest a girl could have, but nothing more, never anything more."

The expression of Blackwood's eyes changed.

"Do not pretend to make any mistake," he said, almost sternly, unloosening her fingers from her arm, and holding them firmly between his own. "You know as well as I do that for everything the world contains, I would not for your brother. You know also that I will be to you all or nothing."

"It must be nothing, then," the girl answered, very sadly, though firmly, but not daring this time to raise her eyes to his; after which she walked away slowly to the door without answering a word. Arrived there, however, she lingered—woman-like—with the handle in her hand, to see if he would not make some answer to her last cruel speech; but she waited in vain.

Blackwood made no reply; and, glancing involuntarily toward the window, to where the autumn sun was gleaming brightly upon his upright figure, she could see that the dark handsome, loyal face was white to the very lips.

Blackwood Craven was Miss Blount's first cousin, as far as relationship went, but in reality he had ever been more to her than that term generally signifies; in her childhood he had been her companion, in her girlhood a brother, and ever since she had reached the age of seventeen—now three years since—her steady and constant lover.

To be Continued.

About the House.

TO HAVE GOOD SOUP.

There is no article of food more easy to make and yet so rarely found, as a good soup. Few wives appreciate what an important place it holds in hygienic cookery, and while priding themselves on rich and indigestible fruit, cake or flaky pie crust, are apt to serve up at dinner, a dubious greasy, or watery compound, which they dignify by the name of soup.

Now, a good soup is not only nutritious and easy to prepare, but also economical. Take, for example, vegetable soup, an appetizing dish when properly made, and an abomination when not. You had sirloin steak for breakfast, and naturally broiled the entire steak. That tough, stringy part known as the "tail" of the steak, no one cared for, and it was finally giv- en to the cat. Now, instead of broil- ing the entire steak, cut off the "tail," and utilize it for a nice soup. Put it in a saucepan with one quart of cold water salted, and add at once two tablespoons of pearl barley, one cup of stewed tomatoes or three or four raw ones, a few potatoes cut very fine, half a white turnip, and half a carrot, cut in dice, one onion, one sprig of thyme, one pepper to taste. Boil slowly until the vegetables are done thor- oughly, adding water meanwhile, so that there shall always be the original quantity of soup, and when nearly done add a little chopped parsley.

Other vegetables may easily be sub- stituted for these. If you happen to have a couple of canned corn left over, or peas, or lima beans, they may be used in addition or substituted for the vegetables mentioned. It is, of course unnecessary to add that all soups should be served hot, as a lukewarm soup is a spoiled soup.

This same "tail" may serve as a basis for a good tomato soup, by add- ing one pint of cold water, one sprig of thyme, one small onion, a bay leaf, and a sprig of parsley. Boil gently until the juice is extracted from the steam, then add one can of tomatoes. Stir through a fine wire sieve, and then re- turn to the stove. Thicken with one tablespoon of cornstarch and add one tablespoonful of sugar. Serve at once.

When buying a roast of beef have the bones removed, and utilize them for the foundation of a soup in pre- cisely the same way that the end of the steak was used, only add more wa- ter. The water in which a leg of mutton was boiled, can be converted with- out little difficulty into a palatable rice soup. Add one half cupful of rice, a couple of potatoes cut fine, an onion, parsley and a sprig of thyme. Boil gently until the vegetables are well cooked, and your soup is ready to serve.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A teaspoonful of whisky poured over a dish of ice cream makes it digestible and tastes fine.

Maskmelon filled with ice cream makes a delicious desert.

The "drum" shape is a decided novelty in small stands, being, as its name indicates, in the shape of a drum, with the sticks for a handle. One decorated and gold is usually attractive.

Hostesses in need of a new idea for the decoration of their dinner tables might with advantage try the Japanese method. A charming scheme which recently adorned the table of a popular hostess included bronze vases at top and bottom of the table holding large bunches of palest mauve orchids, rather loosely arranged. A close-growing green plant stood on either side of the centerpiece, which also was composed of orchids. The crowning peculiarity, however, was the presence of two black Japanese trays; but, though the groundwork was apparently a tray, on each was arranged a landsc- ape, all worked out most minutely in various shades of sand. Little mounds represented a mountain, which sloped toward a tiny lake, all most faithfully depicted in sand and filled with flowers. These were curious and effective in the extreme.

Wash the shelves of a china closet in boiling soap suds, then scatter cay- enne pepper into all the cracks and crevices, to keep ants away.

Wash tarnished silver in hot soapy water; rinse in clean water and dry with soft cloth. Polish with a little fine chalk or pulverized whiting, using chamois for a final polish. If very much enfrayed use silver brush to re- move the worst of the chalk or whiting.

In laying aside knives or other steel implements their sharp blades should be oiled and wrapped in tissue paper to prevent their rusting. A salty atmos- phere will in a short time quite ruin all steel articles unless some such pre- caution is taken.

Mildew and other stains can be re- moved from linen by wetting it with a thick lather of boiled soft soap and water. Lay the linen thus wetted up- on the grass in the sun, cover the stains with salt and leave a time to time as it dries water it tightly. A couple of days should be sufficient to remove the worst of stains.

When leaving for a fall trip cover pictures, picture frames and chande- liers with these cloth or thin un- bleached muslin to protect them from dust and flies. If books are not in case cover them with an old sheet.

Plenty of black pepper sprinkled on the rugs and carpets is a good pre- ventive against moths.

All cooking utensils, including iron- ware, should be washed outside and in- side with hot soapy water, rinsed in clean hot water, and wiped dry with a dry towel. A soapy or greasy dish cloth should never be used for this purpose. Every kitchen should have seven dish cloths, and six of them should be in the wash every week. In this way they will always be fit to use.

A refrigerator very seldom should require any cleaning whatever. Keep it clean by care in using, not per- mitted and Jusef instead of going to the ideal washing, which renders the ice

THE NEW ELIXIR OF LIFE

PHYSICIANS EXPERIMENTING WITH THE NEW DISCOVERY.

Dr. F. C. Holden, of Brooklyn, Says That the "Elixir" is Producing Remarkable Results—Remedy for Chronic Ills.

Two physicians of Greater New York are experimenting with lymph from the glands of goats, which has been prepared by Dr. B. F. Roberts, of Green City, Mo. The lymph was the topic of many discussions in medical circles recently, when its discoverers asserted that it had the power of curing many ills and of introducing new life into the feeble and suffering.

It was announced to the public as the latest step toward the discovery of the elixir of life, which the celebrated Dr. Brown-Séquard sought after so indefatigably but vainly in the declining years of his life.

While no claim is made by the two physicians of New York who are using the fluid that it gives youth to the aged, one of them, who has employed it in cases of eighteen patients, declares that the results have been remarkably successful, and that the lymph will be among the crowning medical triumphs of the century.

WONDERS AMONG PATIENTS.

Dr. Frederick C. Holden, of Brooklyn, is the physician who declares that the lymph has worked wonders among eighteen patients. Some of the patients, he says, have been cured of chronic ailments which had defied the efforts of physicians for years. He alleges that it is particularly efficacious in locomotor ataxia cases.

He injected it subcutaneously into his wife and himself. The result has been, he asserts, that his wife has treble the power of endurance and that he has been materially benefited.

Dr. Roberts' process is the transplanta- tion of "life cells" from the lymphatic glands of goats into the human system. His contention is that by the lymph it is possible to rejuvenate worn out human bodies with the aid of goats.

"A skillful gardener," said Dr. Holden last night, "can carry life cells from one plant to another. But scientists agree that the higher the organism the greater the difficulty of cell transplan- tation. Dr. Roberts asserts that he has been at work on this idea of cell transplantation for thirty years. He contends that the lymph increases the richness of the blood; it increases the activity and function of the whole blood cells; it causes an increased elimination of the waste products of the body, such as diseased cells, foreign accumula- tions and poisonous excretions. It is a positive specific against the poison of rheumatism and the results of rheuma- tism."

WHERE IT IS NOT USEFUL.

"Acute rheumatism is not benefited, neither is any other acute disease. It has not failed to cure functional dis- eases due to sclerosis or overgrowth of connected tissue the curative results have been incomplete in a few and complete in the majority of cases treated.

"In the twelve hundred cases treated by this lymph, there has not been a single death since the experiment be- gan, more than a year ago. The lymph is administered subcutaneously by hypodermic syringes. Dr. Roberts is not a follower of Dr. Brown-Séquard. He does not say that he has discovered the fountain of youth."

IN SQUARE MILES.

The British Empire Compared With the Mother Country.

It is a commonplace to talk of the British Empire as one "on which the sun never sets," and perhaps the grand- dioquent fact does not convey any very great meaning to ordinary ears.

Year by year the British Empire is spreading and growing. The English language bids fair to become the one universal language of commerce.

Nine years ago the percentage of each European language spoken in the world was as follows:—

English	27.7
Russian	18.7
German	12.7
French	10.7
Spanish	8.3
Italian	8.3
Portuguese	3.9

Judging from the past rate of pro- gress one may assume with some cer- tainty that in 1899 England is even higher up in the scale than in 1890.

It is our great Colonial Empire that we have to thank for this extror- dinary prominence in the affairs of the world. No other nation can boast of such enormous territories as Great Britain can. Besides the vast areas which are under the control of the British crown, the mother country it- self is an infinitesimal speck.

The area of the British Isles in square miles is 117,750. India and Ceylon measure some 1,585,523 miles. Australia 3,020,774, and Canada heads the list with 3,519,002. In S. Utah, Central and East Africa Great Britain possesses 756,704 square miles, New Zealand and East 104,027, while the Straits Settlements and Borneo can be computed at 1,213-690 square miles.

UNIFORMS.

The number of soldiers slain in bat- tle depends a great deal on the col- or of their uniform. The more flashy and conspicuous the helmet and jacket the better the target, and consequent- ly the greater mortality. Red attracts the eye most readily, and twelve men wearing that color are killed to seven wearing in rifle green, or six in blue, or five in either brown, blue gray or gray.

THAT WAS TOO MUCH.

Yes, she's mad at Charlie. She told him she knew he was just going to steal a kiss from her. And did that offend her so? Oh, no, but he denied that he ever thought of such a thing.

DISORDERLY BUT MEMORABLE.

Men of Genius and Learning at the Dinner Table.

There probably never was a table at which the standard of talk was higher than that around which sat Burk, Doctor Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, and other men of genius and learning.

DEAD SPOTS.

Needles May be Run Through Them Without Causing Pain.

Most people have doubted their eyes when at some conjuring performance they have seen a man run needles and pins through both cheeks, evincing no pain as he does so.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

In 1396 Mohammed Balba usurped the crown of Granada in spite of the superior claims of his elder brother Jusef. He was very unsuccessful in his conduct of the war against the Christians and was at length assassinated by poison absorbed through his skin from a shirt. He entertained a desperate dislike to the brother whom he had injured and when he knew that his own fate was sealed he sent an order to the Governor of the prison in which Jusef was confined that he should be executed immediately.

When the order arrived Jusef was playing chess with the chaplain of the prison. With great difficulty Jusef obtained a respite from the Governor permit- ting him to finish the game. Before it was ended, however, news came that the usurper had died of the poison. This cancelled the order of execution and Jusef instead of going to the scaffold, mounted the throne.

Agricultural

POINTS OF THE SHEEP.

Old, broken-mouthed or, we may add, ruptured ewes, must go, and a faulty udder is, in most cases, an unpardonable defect, says a writer in London Live Stock Journal. It is less easy to still further cull the flock of its less desirable members. Great judgment is required in culling out the weak members, but the opportunity must be taken, and no doubt rigorous weeding is one of the secrets of improving a flock.

A weak, bare, or badly-colored head, speckled ears, when a uniform color is in type, pink or badly-colored lips and nostrils, and spots where no spots should be, a rusty, sour, ugly head in any breed should be got rid of. It is no great matter if we cull beyond our usual draft, as there are plenty of opportunities in early autumn to replace by buying a few good ewes.

Nothing looks better than good heads, and strange as it may seem, a sheep's head, which is only worth 9d. at the butcher's, is worth a lot of money when carried on a good ram or ewe.

Next to the head and ears we look for good necks. Ewe-necked sheep never look well, and a good scrag is a strong point. Let us, therefore, as far as possible, weed out long or hollow-necked ewes. A muscular neck indicates strength of constitution, and I have never known a sheep-breeder who did not strongly object to a shabby neck. Mr. Ellmar, the father of the Southdown breed, insisted on the importance of this point. Mr. Jas. Lawrence, of Bulbridge, one of the oldest of our noted breeders, would not keep a weak-necked ewe, and no man who values his flock would buy a ram with this fault. The neck ought to be muscular, arched, tapering and neat.

Shoulders are as important as neck, and should be considered as follows: First, they must blend with the neck. They must be well laid back so as to produce thick "crops" and a great girth. Secondly, they must be wide over the tops. Thirdly, they must be wide through the heart from blade to blade. Nothing can be more effective than a good fore-end. If you try to think of it, imagine the sheep to be grazing with her head towards you, and you will then notice the grand effect of good shoulders. Deep floor to the chest and a prominent breast, coming well forward between the fore-legs complete this part of our picture.

Next let us look at the ribs and back, the loins, the quarters, the let-down of the legs of mutton, and lastly, at the general apleness of form. There is no mistaking a good sheep, and when looking through a flock for drafting, every man, under-sized, bad character or defective ewe must go.

A good flock cannot be got up in a year, but each year tells. It is the object to take off the tail and put on a new and improved head to the flock every year, and thus to build up the ideal which every good breeder carries in his mind's eye. This is drafting or weeding, and no successful breeding can go on without it.

CARE IN HARVESTING POTATOES.
When digging his crop, the grower should exercise all possible care not to cut or otherwise mar the flesh of the tuber, says Mr. E. L. Vincent. I have seen potatoes seriously injured in appearance and in real value by the careless use of the hoe or digger. Every deep cut or hole thus made detracts from the worth of the tuber. The housekeeper who buys one of these wounded potatoes knows that she must cut deeply into it in order to remove the part which has turned black and dry in consequence of the reckless use of the tool used in digging; and she knows, too, that often half of the root must be thrown away. Knowing this, she is very careful to see that when she buys a basket of potatoes they are not damaged in any such way.

Then the successful grower will not allow his crop to be bruised, when put into the basket or wagon box, because he knows that any such bruise may cause decay and consequent total loss. He will insist that his potatoes shall be handled carefully from start to finish. He will, furthermore, see to it that his crop is stored in a dark, dry and cool place while waiting for the market. He knows that when stored where the light will come flooding in, many bushels will be lost by turning green. Every such potato must be thrown out, involving serious loss. No one will knowingly buy a lot of green and bitter potatoes. Often the loss from this source is by no means small. Before marketing the man who values his reputation will carefully sort his crop, rejecting all tubers which are under size or affected by decay. His product will then present as uniform and decidedly attractive appearance, which will go far toward effecting a sale at fair prices.

Now, it is not asking too much of the potato grower to observe such simple rules as these. It will not cost him much to do so, and will be a source of pride, as well as of profit to him. I have seen loads of potatoes taken to the car from which the buyer would reject practically none of the tubers. On the other hand, I have seen loads from which several bushels were rejected as unmarketable. Which pays best?

HALTER BREAKING COLTS.
Every colt should be taught to lead with a halter while still with the dam. There is less difficulty at this early age than later, and also less liability to having the animal injured in its struggles to get free. The first thing

to do is to make a strong head halter that can be let out or taken in with buckles so as to exactly fit the head. Put on the head halter at first without any hitching strap, and leave the colt all day to become used to it, taking off the halter at night. When the hitching strap is attached it should be held firmly, for if the colt finds that it can escape, it will be slow to unlearn the habit. It is well at first to lead the colt and its dam side by side. When he learns to stand by a hitching post without trying to pull away the breaking to lead may be considered complete. It takes very little time when this breaking to the halter is made while the colt is young. The halting that this requires is the first lesson to the animal that it is to be man's servant. If this is early impressed the breaking to harness is made much less difficult.

SUGGESTIONS FOR KILLING WEEDS.

The easiest way to get rid of burrs is to sow oats or wheat in the fields where the weed is found, and after the grain has been removed to mow the burrs before they can ripen. Ragweed, too, can be destroyed in this way by mowing the pasture or grain field in which it is found. Burdock is hard to kill, but by cutting it deep in the ground just before it ripens for a year or two it can always be gotten rid of. By cutting several times during the season all the larger and older weeds can be killed and the smaller ones reduced in growth or their roots grubbed out. One of the worst weeds that can be found in the pasture is the thistle. The best time to cut or grub them in is just before they bloom. It will be necessary to go over the field more than once for the late maturing thistles. If the field is carefully searched each time it ought not to be a difficult matter to rid it entirely of this troublesome weed.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A Few Paragraphs Which Will Prove Worth Reading.

London milkmen convey their milk from house to house on motor wagons.

The least troublesome and most profitable animal to raise in this country is the sheep.

Mexican ladies are fond of chocolate. Even in church they have it brought to them, and drink it during the service.

The first plucking of an ostrich occurs when it is seven months old. A dozen feathers are usually taken from the wings and tail at one time.

Last year 367 persons in the United States lost their lives by lightning. During the same period lightning destroyed property valued at \$1,440,880.

Coffee tablets or lozenges are coming into use in Brazil. One of them dropped into a cup of boiling water produces excellent coffee in three minutes.

An enterprising young man with a big trunk stopped at a Chicago hotel. When he left the discovery was made that he had removed the carpet from his room and carried it away.

No person in Norway is allowed to sell or give away tobacco to a minor under sixteen years of age unless on a written order from his or her guardian.

During a thunderstorm in Lawrenceburg, Ind., lightning photographed a tree on a man's breast. The picture was made without causing him the least pain.

A famous man was the late James Bradt, of Mendon, Mich. He glories in the title of champion pie eater of the State. He once ate ten pies in one hour.

The Lily of the valley contains prussic acid. It is thought dangerous to put the stalks in a person's mouth, because if the sap chances to get into a crack in the lips an annoying swelling is produced.

In a fight between a lion and a bull, in Bouboix, France, the lion soon tired of the combat and crouched in a corner of the arena. Then a Spanish torador killed the bull after a spirited fight. Box seats sold for \$20 each.

The Arabs assert that they were the first to make butter. The method was strangely discovered. It was their habit to carry milk in skins, on the backs of camels. The steady joggling of the animal churned the milk into butter.

It is estimated that 500,000,000 of the human race wear garments of some kind. 250,000,000 habitually go naked, and 700,000,000 cover only parts of their body; 500,000,000 live in houses 700,000,000 in huts and caves, and 250,000,000 have only trees and bushes for shelter.

Petroff Valdorf, a Russian scientist, has demonstrated that kerosene may easily be converted into palatable whisky and supplied at 30 cents a gallon. Now for the petroleum punch and kerosene cocktail, to warm the stomach and makes the eyes glow with delicious delight.

An eloping couple met with a mishap in Warner, Tenn. Miss Florence Williams was eloping with her sweetheart, Mr. G. C. Bishop, in a buggy, when an obstruction on the road upset the vehicle. She was hurled out, breaking an arm and dislocating a wrist. Two hours later she stood before a clergyman with both of her arms in splints and was married.

For thirteen years the left arm of Eli Forbes of East Brushfield, Mass., had been useless from rheumatism. He was sitting at his window one evening recently when a thunderstorm arose. A flash of lightning seemed to play about his affected arm, causing a shock and prolonged pricking sensation. In an instant the arm shot forward involuntarily, and from that time it has been as well as ever.

MEN OF MANY TRADES.

After Trying Almost Everything, They at Last Found Success.

Truer words were never written than those of Shakespeare, which tell us that men play many parts. The career of Dr. Wallace, M.P., who recently died in harness, is an apt illustration thereof. The late politician started his life as a preacher, then he became an editor, a banker, a legislator, and a public lecturer, says the London Daily Mail.

But there are other men who have put their hands to a variety of callings. In some cases failure in one pursuit has made them devote their energies to another; others, believing that variety is the very champagne of life, have changed their occupation from motives of recreation, and not solely to amass fortunes. No living man has tapped life at so many points as the German Emperor. There is hardly a profession or occupation that he has not applied himself to. Poet, preacher, soldier, sailor, musician, mechanic, diplomatist, doctor—these are but a few of this many-sided monarch's accomplishments.

His uncle, the Prince of Wales, is not far behind him in the variety of parts he has played. Science, literature, the fine arts, the drama, politics—in each of these subjects, to mention but a few, the Prince could give many men who are following some one of them professionally a long start. Further, he has been called to the bar, and enrolled as a medical man. It will thus be evident that, if it was at all necessary for his Royal Highness to earn his daily bread, he would prove

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

Leaving the royal atmosphere, there are many examples of more lowly mortals who have appeared on life's stage in different characters. Mr. Bret Harley toiled industriously in many pursuits until he found his true vocation in enriching Anglo-Saxon literature by his vivid stories of life in California. Starting as a miner, he developed into a school-master, and then became in turn express messenger, printer, and newspaper editor.

Fortunately for literature, he narrowly escaped becoming a very wealthy man by selling his interest in a mine before its value had been discovered. One day he sat down, and, over a pipe, scribbled a poem of humour—"The Heathen Chinese," to wit—which made him a man of fame.

It was laid down as a truism that to become a successful novelist one should have seen life in many of its phases, and as this has been the experience of Mr. F. C. Phillips, the author of "As in a Looking Glass," one is not surprised that his writings have made a decided hit. He began his career in the army, but abandoned the sword for the footlights, where he saw much of theatrical ways and whims. Then his first romance took the town by storm and brought lucre to his pocket. Afterwards he developed into a barrister.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, although still a young man, has had a varied existence. He has now found his proper sphere, but previously was nearly everything in turns and nothing long. He has been a clerk, shorthand writer, commercial traveller, school teacher and actor. To-day he is a playwright, author and journalist.

OPALS FOR GOOD LUCK.

The opal is no longer considered of evil omen by those who are the best informed. It has become popular to believe that instead of ill luck the opal carries with it the best of luck and happiness in its highest form. Indeed, it is now considered the token of mutual love, burning brightly in all the colors of the rainbow. It is the gift of lover to sweetheart, the symbol of all eternal devotion, and so devoted a character as to show itself in constant and fiery flashes of beautiful color.

To emphasize this romantic idea the opal is now cut in the form of a heart, and the sentiment of a heart on fire with love is one which appeals to all lovers. This heart, when small enough, is set in a ring, but Australian opals have recently been imported of sufficient size to permit of their being used in a simple gold frame as a pendant for the locket chain. These opal hearts are also used for the centres of brooches.

A DIAMOND SEASON.

What changes fashion goes through! One season it is not correct to wear many jewels; the next we crowd on all that we possess.

One time pearls are the rage; the next year no one will wear anything but opals or sapphires. This season is a diamond year, and we see them worn at all times and at all seasons—in the daytime, in our hats, laces at night in our hair and on our frocks. Indeed, the amount of jewelry worn this summer is very great.

To be correct, we must wear two delicate gold and jeweled chains around our necks, two or three gold bangles, diamond lace pins, costly rings, collars of pearls and jeweled hat pins in the daytime.

Some of the largest jewelry houses in New York have immense mirrors behind the counters, so that when they turn their back upon a customer they can see if he transfers any gems to his pockets.

One of the perils of the Philippines is manifested in the case of Hugh Baker, a discharged soldier, who has just returned to his home in Hazelton, Pa. While in Manila a sea-fly bit him on the right eye, destroying the sight. The other eye is now affected, and it is feared total blindness will result.

Korns. Korns.

There are more than one sort of korns. Some korn is planted in the ground and the other sort don't need planting; they grow quite naturally on men's toes and don't need hoeing. This kind of korn has two sorts—one gentle or tender like until Bill Jones steps on your foot, when it gets boiling mad and swears like everything; the other is hard headed and makes a row all the time, especially when your boots are on. I don't like korns, and use the extracting medicine, Putnam's Painless Korn Extractor, which removes them painlessly in twenty-four hours.

Several societies in Germany amuse themselves by dispatching carrier pigeons to and from various points. About 300,000 birds are thus employed. It is said that the army uses 6,000 of them.

"Pharaoh 100," "Fayre, of Granby, Que." "Queer Manufacturer."

THE CHEERFUL IDIOT.
I see some fellow is going into the rabbit rearing business, said the boarder who got the morning paper first. Seems to me that raising rabbits would be something of a hare-lifting nature, said the Cheerful Idiot.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan. 1150 & up. Hotel Carlskron, European Plan. Rooms 100 to 150. G.T.B. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carlskron & Co., Prop's. AVENUE HOUSE, McGill College Avenue. Family Hotel Rates \$1.00 per day.

ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G.T.R. Depot. Two blocks from C.P. Railway. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements. Rates moderate.

THE ENEMY'S SACRIFICE.

Maud—Major, is it true that one during the war one of the enemy died to save your life?
Major bluntly—Yes.
Maud—How noble! How did it happen.
Major bluntly—I killed him.

LUBY'S
Sole by all druggists. Give new life to the hair. It makes it grow and restores the color. Sold by all druggists. soc. a bottle.

VERY LIKELY.

White—She has a great command of language, hasn't she?
Black—Yes; that's the reason, I'm inclined to think, that she never got married.

AN IMPORTANT PERSON.

Visitor—You seem to be an important person; everybody turns round to look at you.
Local Great Man—Yes; there isn't a man in the town I don't owe money to.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures colic, and acts in the best manner for diarrhoea, etc. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Conscripts in Cologne produced symptoms of heart disease by taking pills recommended for that purpose by local doctors. Several of the physicians have been arrested.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF MALT

LLOYD WOOD, TORONTO, GENERAL AGENT.

HELPFUL KNOWLEDGE.

Go to school, sonny, said Uncle Eben, an 'git educated 'bout geography. 'It'll help you to un'stan' dat dis 'world' would keep gwine round, even if you didn' happen to be on han' to push an' holler.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, it causes a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is not cured by local applications, but by Catarrh Cures.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for particulars, free.
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Sold by all reliable Druggists.

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Boys—Do you want to give the girls a genuine surprise?
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OF I.Y. This Company after paying 18 per cent monthly coupon maturing August 1st, has remaining a surplus of 18 per cent. After deducting expenses, and the amount carried to the reserve fund, there remains to the credit of the investors a surplus over dividends of 14 1/2 per cent. Any amount from \$50 upwards received for investment of \$1000 free, giving full particulars. The Dominion Investment Company of Toronto, Canada Permanent Chambers, 15 Toronto St.

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Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool. Large and fast Steamers Vancouver, Dominion, Scotsman, Cambrian.

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Hotel and Saloon men cannot afford to do without the Automatic Press Attaché, as it will pay for itself in one week's drinking. No more to buy. You only need one hand to drink beer with the Automatic Press Attaché. The Automatic Press Attaché is a portable and perfect glass of beer, and is used for any trade, and will pay for itself in one week's drinking. The Automatic Press Attaché is a portable and perfect glass of beer, and is used for any trade, and will pay for itself in one week's drinking. The Automatic Press Attaché is a portable and perfect glass of beer, and is used for any trade, and will pay for itself in one week's drinking. The Automatic Press Attaché is a portable and perfect glass of beer, and is used for any trade, and will pay for itself in one week's drinking.

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"PEERLESS" Machine OIL

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For further particulars apply to J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director, Toronto.

On Trial

THE EQUITY.

SHAWVILLE, SEPT. 14, 1899.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The revelations that have been made in the North Waterloo election investigation, which began at Berlin, Ont., last week, disclose a state of corruption on the part of the Grit political heelers, that is fully up to the methods that were employed in West Huron. The "machine" workers seem to have had barrels of money to dispense in the way of capturing Conservative votes, as well as the innumerable other adjuncts necessary to steal an election.

The total mineral production in Ontario in 1891 was \$4,705,683, and last year \$7,214,341. Of the product in 1893, stone and clay were valued at \$2,922,379; oil, gas and carbide, \$2,328,110; salt and gypsum, \$282,886; graphite and mica, \$13,500; iron, nickel, copper, gold and silver, \$1,689,002. The number of employees last year was 7,495, and the amount of wages paid \$2,464,239. The gold production of the province was only \$50,781 in 1895, but this year there is a good prospect of it going over \$500,000. Last year the production of refined nickel was 4,567,500 pounds, and of copper, refined, 8,373,500.

The injustice of cutting off the mail service between the Chapeau village and Waltham still exists, and although the distance between these two points is only eight or nine miles, mail communication has to be made via Pembroke, and away around by Ottawa and up the P. P. J. Railway to Waltham, or the reverse route when Chapeau is the objective point. This grievance came into being with the advent of the Mulockian system of false economies, and although the people of the section interested have clamoured for its removal, and the press of the district have repeatedly pointed out the unfairness and absurdity of it, no action has been taken. It seems evident that "I" William Mulock has his time so fully taken up devising new designs for post stamps than has been, that he cannot spare a moment to look after the administration of his half-starved department.

POLITICAL SHUFFLES.

How the Quebec Liberal Malcontents may be placated.

Quebec, Sept. 4.—The loud clamour of the Quebec Liberals for better representation in the Federal Cabinet, which has been voiced so frequently of late in the Soleil, and still continues, and yesterday's demonstration at St. Michel, which was entirely organized by the Soleil itself, was intended to snub Sir Wilfrid Laurier as much as to compliment Mr. Marchand. Although Sir Wilfrid represents a Quebec constituency and has caused Parliament to vote enormous amounts for public works in this district during the session just ended, not a move of any kind has been made to give him a demonstration here. With the death of Dr. Guay and the appointment to office of Dr. Rinfret and Messrs. Langelier and Choquette, who were the real Liberal leaders of the district, the rank and file of the party here are extremely dissatisfied, and were the Soleil to cease its complaints it would no longer represent the real views and aspirations of the Liberal electorate, and would probably soon find itself opposed by a new party organ. Neither Mr. Dobell nor Sir Henry Joly de Lotbiniere has ever addressed a party meeting here since entering the cabinet, and if general elections were to be ordered tomorrow, there would really be nobody in the district of Quebec whom the local Liberals could look to as a party leader.

In view of all these facts, the Quotidien of Levis has drawn attention to a singular gathering that took place the other day at the home of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, at Arthabaska. That party reorganization in anticipation of general elections, was one of the subjects discussed at the meeting in question, seems natural enough from the fact that Mr. Sutherland, M.P., the Government whip, has been summoned by the Premier.

Amongst the members of Parliament present was Mr. H. G. Carroll, of Kamouraska. Judge Choquette was also there, although, as the Quotidien points out, no court is sitting at present at Arthabaska. The most careful observers there upon both sides of politics affect to believe that serious changes at Ottawa are contemplated. The deposition of Sir Henry Joly de Lotbiniere is urgently demanded by the French Liberals. Now that there is a vacancy in the Senate for this district, there is a strong movement here in favour of Sir Henry's appointment thereto as the successor of Senator Price. The only difficulty in the way of this is Mr. Charles Langelier's open advocacy of Mr. John Breakey, president of the Quebec Bank, for the position. Mr. Breakey is not urging his own claims, but he gave Mr. Langelier a generous support in the Levis election.

It is even possible that Messrs. Joly and Breakey may go to the Senate, since it is known that Sir C. A. Pelletier, who has wealth and a title, is quite ambitious to ascend the Bench, and if he does so, Sir Henry Joly de Lotbiniere will probably succeed him as president of the Senate. The supposition is that Hon. Judge Choquette would replace Joly in the Cabinet, and he himself succeeded on the bench by Senator Pelletier. Judge Choquette is a political fighter and has

the confidence of the French Canadian Liberals of Quebec. His appointment would rally the Soleil and its friends to the Premier and it looks at present as if the judge had been summoned to Arthabaska to talk the proposed change over with Sir Wilfrid and the Ministerial whip. It is possible that Judge Choquette will run for the county of Lotbiniere.

Clarke Wallace Replies to Cartwright Speech.

Toronto, Sept. 8.—Hon. N. Clarke Wallace made a vigorous speech at Toronto Junction on Thursday night last in reply to the recent Toronto speech of Sir Richard Cartwright. He addressed a very large audience and won much applause.

After declaring the Liberals realized the people distrusted them and that Sir Richard had been sent to dissipate this feeling, Mr. Wallace tackled the Knight's claims of prosperity under the Liberals and quoted figures of Conservative and Liberal regimes in that connection, to the advantage of the former.

Sir Richard, he said, had had the effrontery to say Canada had been in a state of stagnation under the Conservatives. Why, in 1871 there were seven million acres of land under cultivation, and in 1891 there were just twenty-eight million. In 1868 the bank deposits were \$77,000,000 and in 1896 they had risen to \$316,000,000. In 1895 the depositors in saving banks numbered 204,000, and the deposits amounted to \$28,000. In 1878 there were 18,000,000 letters deposited and in 1896 no fewer than 96,000,000 were mailed.

Mr. Wallace denied Sir Richard's statement that Canada had gone backward from 1890 to 1896 and pointing to the expense incurred by the Liberals to bring in Galicians and such, asked what they had done to bring in Anglo-Saxons, the race that had built up the country under Conservative rule. Mr. Wallace defended the immigration work of the Conservatives, and said the value of sellers' effects brought into the country were, in 1894, \$3,332,000; in 1895, \$2,540,000; in 1896, \$2,188,000, showing a falling away during the last year. In 1897 the figures were \$2,233,000. In 1898, \$2,400,000, and in the year ending July 1st, 1899, \$2,800,876. In other words the average of settlers' effects imported for the three years of Conservative rule was \$2,684,000, while the average for three years of the Grit administration was \$2,621,000, or \$63,000 less.

THE EXODUS.

Mr. Wallace attacked Sir Richard's claim that the Liberals had stopped the exodus. To do this he quoted the figures showing the settlers' effects carried out of the country. If the exodus had stopped these should show a large decrease. However, in 1894 the figures were \$1,019,000, in 1895 1,046,000, and in 1896 \$1,301,000, or an average of \$1,022,000. In 1897 they were \$1,008,000, in 1898 \$993,000, and in 1899 \$1,051,000. These figures show that in the last three years of Conservative rule, which was the very worst of the regime, the average was almost the same, as \$1,018,000, which was the result of the boasted Liberal policy.

Mr. Wallace scored the Liberals for the Crow's nest Railway arrangement with the C. P. R., claiming they had given the railway a subsidy of \$11,000 while the C. P. R. had agreed with Sir Charles Tupper to build the road for \$5,000 per mile. The alleged concessions obtained by the Liberals by way of reduced freight rates, he said, were of no value, because as the Conservatives had pointed out, the commercial necessities of the situation would prompt the C. P. R. to make such reduction as could be made, and this was found to be true, because the C. P. R., prompted by business considerations made reductions more rapidly than it was required to do under its agreement. Thus the Liberals had given \$2,000,000 more than was necessary.

Mr. Wallace disputed Sir Richard's claim that the railway so increased customs revenue that such alone would pay for the expenditure incurred. He said he had taken the customs returns from every port in British Columbia which could possibly be improved by the construction of the railway. He found that in 1897 these ports yielded \$380,273 and in 1898 \$332,000, or a decrease of \$48,000 instead of \$6,000 more. He dared anybody to challenge these figures. For the year ending July 1st, 1899, the receipts from these ports were \$377,399, or \$3,000 less than before the railway was built.

ONTARIO GOVERNMENT IN AN AWKWARD SITUATION.

If They Face Bye-Elections Majority will likely be Reduced to Three. Dissolution Probable.

Toronto, Sept. 11.—The Liberal government of Ontario is on the horns of a dilemma. When North Waterloo is declared vacant, as it is almost certain to be, there will be four vacancies in the House—West Huron, North Waterloo, South Ontario, West Elgin—each with a strong tale of Liberal corruption attaching to the last bye-election.

To re-elect a Liberal Candidate in any of them will prove too great a task, even for the varied resources of the machine. If the Conservatives win these seats they will then have 45 seats in the House, leaving the Liberals a bare majority of three.

This would prove much too small for a working majority and would soon result in the defeat of the government, and the consequent advantage of Mr. Whitney in the appeal to the country that would follow.

On the other hand if they avoid this scylla they fall into the charybdis of a general election at once, which is almost as sure to result fatally with the party. The outlook is far from a pleasant one from the Liberal standpoint, and is causing a good deal of apprehension

among party leaders. All last week members of the House and prospective candidates were streaming into the ministers' offices at the Parliament buildings and consulting as to the best policy to pursue. Present indications seem to point to the probability of an early dissolution and an appeal to the country under the leadership of Hon. W. G. Ross, the present premier going on the bench as previously reported. But whichever course is chosen the political horizon is bounded on every hand with heavy clouds for the Liberals, while to the Conservative party the outlook is correspondingly bright. Next month will probably witness some startling developments in provincial politics.

The iron production of Canada, as a result of the operation of companies now organizing their plant in Nova Scotia, promises in the early future to be largely increased. The discovery of great beds of ore in Southern Newfoundland has given what was needed in connection with the Cape Breton coal fields to justify the employment of large capital, and the men with capital equal to the opportunity have been found ready to invest it. Like much in connection with Canada's minerals, the development of the iron industry has not hitherto been what could reasonably have been hoped for. The promise now is that in a few months it will be no longer possible to say this.—Montreal Gazette.

A Thin Excuse.

The government has seen the folly of its course, and ordered that no more Galicians be induced to come to Canada. An effort is being made to demonstrate that the wicked Tories began the Galician business. We hardly believe that any considerable section will exculpate the ministers on this allegation. If true, the wiser men had the power to beat back those degraded people.

A DIAMOND FOR A DOLLAR.

A Limited Special Offer which will Last for 10 Days Only.

GENUINE POMONA DIAMONDS have a world-wide reputation. It is almost impossible to distinguish them from genuine diamonds costing hundreds of dollars each. They are worn by the best people. We will forward a GENUINE POMONA DIAMOND mounted in a heavy ring, pin, or stud, to any address upon receipt of price, \$1.00 each. Ear-rings, screws or drops, \$2 per pair. Ring settings are made of one continuous piece of thick, shelled gold, and are warranted not to tarnish. Special combination offer for 10 days only! Ring and stud sent to any address upon receipt of \$1.50. Send for catalogue. In ordering ring give finger measurement by using a piece of string—also full particulars. Address plainly, THE POMONA CO., 1181-1183 Broadway, New York.

THE FALL FAIRS.

The Dates Fixed for the Principal Events Throughout Canada.

The fall fairs will be in full blast this month, and with the object of keeping the public posted on the dates of the principal events the following list has been prepared:

- Central Canada Fair, Ottawa, Sept. 11 to 23.
- Carleton County, Richmond, Sept. 13 to 15.
- South Lunark, Perth, Sept. 11 to 13.
- Prescott County, Vankleek Hill, Sept. 12 to 13.
- South Grenville, Prescott, Sept. 19 to 21.
- North Lunark, Almonte, Sept. 26 to 28.
- North Renfrew, Renfrew, Sept. 23 to 29.
- Kemptville exhibition, Kemptville, Sept. 28 to 29.
- Huntley Fair, Carp, Oct. 3 to 4.
- County of Ottawa, Aylmer, Oct. 3 to 5.
- North Renfrew, Beachburg, Oct. 5 to 6.
- Pontiac County, Shawville, Sept. 27.
- Canada's Great Eastern Fair, Sherbrooke, Sept. 4 to 9.
- Western Fair, London, Sept. 7 to 16.
- Kingston District Fair, Kingston, Sept. 11 to 14.
- Quebec Fair, Quebec, Sept. 11 to 16.
- Bay of Quinte, Belleville, Sept. 13 to 14.
- Peterboro Fair, Sept. 26 to 28.
- West Middlesex, Strathroy, Sept. 18 to 20.
- Great Northern, Collingwood, Sept. 19 to 22.
- Oxford, Woodstock, Sept. 21 to 23.
- Halifax Fair, Halifax, Sept. 23 to 30.
- North Brant, Paris, Sept. 25 to 26.
- Centre Bruce, Paisley, Sept. 26 to 27.
- Haldimand, Cayuga, Sept. 26 to 27.
- West Kent, Chatham, Sept. 26 to 28.
- Centre Wellington, Fergus, Sept. 27 to 28.
- East Algoma, Sault Ste Marie, Oct. 3 to 4.
- New Brunswick, St. John, Sept. 11 to 20.
- Stormont, Newington, Sept. 12 to 13.
- Owen Sound, Owen Sound, Sept. 12 to 14.
- Simcoe Central, Barrie, Sept. 27 to 29.

Twenty-five families of Minnesota farmers are going to move into the Edmonton District this fall.

John Charlton thinks that the Michigan lumbermen will beat the Ontario Government in the courts, and his thought bears a strong family resemblance to his parent, his wish.—Montreal Gazette.

The Toronto Board of Education has decided to strike Algebra and Euclid from the list of Public Schools. As subjects which are of little practical use in the after life of the greater percentage of pupils in the Public schools, they can very well be dispensed with, they think.

The present reign of the Liberal party at Ottawa has been fruitful in catch phrases, if nothing else. To Mr. Petri's "Business is business," and Mr. Preston's "Hug the machine," the Moncton Transcript's "Every day has been a picnic day," is not unworthy of being added. With the Government spending between \$50,000,000 and \$60,000,000 a year, too, the picnic is no mean one.—Montreal Gazette.

1899.

The Forty-Third EXHIBITION

under the auspices of Agricultural Socy No. 1 COUNTY OF PONTIAC,

Will be held on the Society's Grounds at SHAWVILLE, QUE.,

ON Wednesday, Sept. 27.

Over \$1400 in Prizes

For all breeds of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, and Poultry. Also Dairy Products, Ladies' Useful and Ornamental Work, Painting and Drawing, Boots, Harness, Carriages, Implements, Horticulture and Grain.

The Upper Flat of the New Hall will be completed and used exclusively for Ladies' Exhibits.

Special Prizes.

Following is a list of Special Prizes received since the prize list was printed:

William Blakely, \$10,

To be divided into prizes of \$4, \$3, \$2 and \$1, for best Stallion and his family of not less than four of this season's Colts; the colts of the winning family to compete for the money—the stallion to get nothing.

Merchants Bank of Canada, \$6,

To be divided into prizes of \$3, \$2 and \$1, for a Trotting Race, twice around the ring; each competitor to unhitch his horse twice (once in each round), take him around the ring each time and hitch up again. Horses to be fully harnessed without snaps.

W. J. Poupore, \$10,

For best matched and most stylish Carriage Team and Outfit in the county, driven by their owner.

Geo. J. Bryson, Jr., \$5

For the best Roadster Team owned by a farmer in the county and driven by his owner.

Dr. D. B. Alexander, \$5,

Divided into prizes of \$3 and \$2 for tests of speed, trotting; double teams; for all green horses without a mark in the county, and driven by their owners.

G. H. Brabazon, \$5,

In prizes of \$3 and \$2 for a test of speed, trotting, (single), for all green horses in the county and driven by their owners.

Thos. Prendergast, \$5,

Divided into prizes of \$2.50, \$1.50 and \$1.00 for a Foot Race for Boys under 18 years; once around the track; one-third of the distance to be run with boots on properly laced; then to take off the boots and carry them in their hands while running the next third; then put on boots and lace them properly, to the satisfaction of the judge, and complete the race.

Jos. A. Smith, \$5,

Divided into prizes of \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, for bicycle race twice around the ring; all competitors to be residents of the County.

R. W. Ralph, \$3,

\$1.50, for best and heaviest pair of fowl; \$1.50, for highest scoring pair of fowl.

G. F. Hodgins, Barrel of Flour,

One bag for best pair of overstockings for gentlemen, with strings and tassels; one bag for best bouquet of home grown flowers.

W. J. Poupore, M.P.; David Gillies, M.P.P., and other prominent gentlemen are expected.

The Methodist Congregation of Shawville have leased half the lower flat of the Exhibition Building for a Dining Hall, where refreshments will be served at the usual prices.

Membership Fee - \$1.00.

EXHIBITORS' TICKETS FREE.

ENTRANCE TO GROUNDS:

ADULTS 25 Cts. CHILDREN 10 Cts.

All Entries must be in the hands of the Secretary not later than the 23rd of September.

For Prize Lists and other information apply to the Sec.-Treasurer.

JOHN YOUNG, E. GRAHAM, PRESIDENT. SEC. TREAS.

1000 Lambs WANTED.

Farmers having lambs to dispose of this Season will do well to hold them until they get our prices, as they are bound to be the highest that will be paid.

JAS. ROBINSON, Buyer for Mr. Jamieson, Renfrew. August 21, 1899.

SHAWVILLE Meat Market.

CHOICE FRESH AND CURED MEATS OF ALL KINDS NOW IN STOCK.

Thanking the public for past patronage, I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. J. G. McGUIRE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Gentlemen: Having bought out the Tailoring business of Mr. Charles Frame, I beg leave to state that I am prepared and in a position to give every satisfaction to those who may entrust me with their order.

My Motto: Prompt attention to business. No disappointments to patrons.

My Determination: To turn out a class of work that will bear successful comparison with the very best; a class of work that by its stylish and fashionable appearance, will draw the attention of everyone, and secure the continued patronage of those who entrust me with their first order.

Leave your Measure next.

J. W. COMBA, TAILOR. (McArthur's building, Main St.)

PORTAGE DU FORT ROLLER MILL

IS AGAIN IN GOOD WORKING ORDER FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF

First class Flour

A Call Solicited. JOSEPH BROWN, PROPRIETOR.

Judicious Advertising

INCREASES BUSINESS EVERY MONTH IN THE YEAR.

Merchants, Mechanics, Tradesmen!

profit by the experience

of those who

HAVE MADE IT PAY

and make

your business known

to the public

through

The Equity

whose circulation

is steady,

well established,

and reaches

the people who buy

every week.

Pontiac Woollen Mills.

The only Establishment of its kind in the County.

CARDING, SPINNING, Etc. Etc.

DONE IN THE USUAL PROMPT AND SATISFACTORY MANNER.

Always in Stock a large and well assorted Range of...

Worsteds, Serges, Tweeds, Flannels, Prints, &c.

These Goods are from the best Scotch, English and Canadian manufactories.

They have been selected with a view to supplying people with the class of goods they require, and they have been marked at prices that must sell them when examined.

A. HODGINS, PROPRIETOR.

Valuable Property FOR SALE.

Valuable Farm Property for sale, being the S. E. Half of the N. E. Half of Lot No. 7 on the Fourth Range of Clarendon, containing fifty acres, more or less, all cleared, in an excellent state of cultivation and well watered. On the premises are erected a dwelling house, stables, sheds and other out-buildings. For further particulars apply to REV. E. S. MORRISON, Hudson, P. Q., or H. MATHESON, Shawville, Que.

The Celebrated...

"NORTH WEST" Has proven itself to be the Best and most Economical Farmers' Stove on the market.

A Word to the Wise is Sufficient.

Therefore we need not dwell on their many merits. Suffice it to say that anyone requiring a first-class article should call and see them before purchasing any other kind. It will be to your interest to do so.

Other Styles.

We have several other styles of Stoves on hand, so that we are in a position to satisfy intending purchasers with anything they may require.

R. J. BLACK, AGENT, SHAWVILLE. P. S.—Lowest Prices.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT

AT UPPER THORNE CENTRE, QUE.

PROPERTY LATELY OCCUPIED BY H. Newham,

Consisting of one acre of land on which is built:

Building 26x36 with addition 12x18, used as a store and dwelling.

Building 26x60 (2 stories) used as a store-house.

There is also erected on property a summer kitchen, woodshed and oil house.

Conveniently situated for a General Store.

For particulars apply to

W. W. IRELAND or J. H. SHAW, Shawville, Que.

THE EQUITY,

A Weekly Journal devoted to Local Interests.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
AT SHAWVILLE, CO. PONTIAC, QUE.
SUBSCRIPTION—\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
No paper stopped until all arrears are paid, unless by special arrangement with publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Legal advertising, eight cents per line for first insertion and four cents per line for each subsequent insertion.
Business cards not exceeding one inch inserted at \$4.00 per year.
Local announcements inserted at the rate of five cents per line for first insertion and three 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 three cents per line.

JOB PRINTING.

All kinds of Job Printing neatly and cheaply executed. Orders by mail promptly attended to.
JOHN A. COWAN,
Publisher.

Business Cards.

MEDICAL.

F. M. A. McNaughton, B.A., M.D., C.M.
GRADUATE OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY.
Will occupy the office of Dr. H. H. Knox during his absence.

D. B. ALEXANDER, M. D., C. M., F. T. M. C.
Graduate of Trinity University, Toronto; Graduate of Victoria University, Toronto. Fellow by examination of Trinity Med. College, Toronto.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: J. H. ARMSTRONG'S HOUSE, MAIN STREET - SHAWVILLE.

LEGAL.

BOURBEAU RAINVILLE, L. L. L.,
ADVOCATE - BRYSON,
WILL VISIT SHAWVILLE EVERY MONDAY.

WM. GAMBLE,
BARRISTER, &c.,
159 MAIN STREET, HULL.
At Shawville, second and fourth Thursday of each month.
Office—over G. F. Hodgins' Store, Main St.

ARTHUR MCCONNELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Main St. Hull, Que., will, at request, attend all courts in the district. All correspondence promptly answered.
Will be at Shawville first Thursday of each month.

GEO. C. WRIGHT,
ADVOCATE, BARRISTER,
230 Main St., - Hull, Que.,
(Old Registry Office, opposite Court House.)
Law business in District of Pontiac attended to.

W. W. IRELAND,
Clerk of the District Magistrate's Court.
Commissioner and Conveyancer. Deeds, Mortgages, etc., executed legally and satisfactorily.
SHAWVILLE - - - - QUE.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT
BAILIFF OF THE SUPERIOR COURT
Shawville, Que., respectfully solicits engagements for any business in connection with all Courts in the County. Collections made and promptly returned assured.

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J. J. TURNER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the County of Pontiac. Sales conducted in a business-like and satisfactory manner. Goods or articles of any kind taken and disposed of by public or private sale on reasonable terms. Public sales conducted at Shawville once a month. A variety of articles always on hand for sale. Office: Shawville, Que.

Court Shawville, No. 276.
Meets the 4th Wednesday of every month.
Court dues must be paid promptly every month.
Visiting brethren cordially invited.
J. A. COWAN, R.S. H. S. BARNETT, F.S.
HUGH HOBBS, C. R.

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St. Lawrence Hall,
MAIN ST., QUYON
Mrs C. M. McLean,
Proprietress.

Good Accommodation. Table and Bar always well furnished.
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY ATTACHED.

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SHAWVILLE, P. Q.
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S. A. MACKAY, B. C. L.,
NOTARY PUBLIC, NOTARY FOR THE RELIANCE LOAN AND SAVINGS CO., OF ONTARIO.

Will be in Shawville on the first Tuesday of every month and remain until Saturday morning following.

R. MITCHELL,

BAILIFF OF THE SUPERIOR COURT, for the District of Pontiac, Office, Main St., Shawville.
Accounts collected and prompt returns made.

SHAWVILLE SHAVING PARLOR,
JOHN SMITH, Proprietor.

The spot par for—
A FASHIONABLE HAIR CUT,
GOOD SHAMPOO, OR
A CLEAN SHAVE.

#1 Your Turn next.
Agent for The STAR LAUNDRY of Ottawa.
Articles to be laundered forwarded every Tuesday morning.

District and Country.

A fire, doing damage to the extent of \$150, occurred at Matthew's pork packing factory, Hull, on Thursday.

Three bicycle factories in Canada will shortly close because of the formation of the big trust known as the Canada Cycle and Motor Company.

Furious gales raged along the Atlantic Coast last week, as the result of which much shipping and a number of lives were lost.

The Glen Falls pulp mills at Riviere du Pierre, on the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, with 1,000 cords of pulp wood, were destroyed by fire last Thursday.

Chief of Police Jarvis, of Bowmanville, arrived in Hull last week and identified the prisoners Murray, Clifford and Johnston, who are confined in Hull jail, as the parties who participated in the bank robberies at Bowmanville and Oshawa some time ago.

An unfortunate accident, by which William Pednault lost his life, occurred in McLaren's saw mills at Buckingham, about 8 o'clock last Friday morning. Deceased was working at the splitter when a slab passed over the saw, flying back and striking Pednault in the neck, breaking his neck and killing him almost instantly.

Four draft horses belonging to E. B. Eddy were killed by an electric car on the Aylmer road on Sunday night last. The animals ran out of an open gateway on to the track in front of a car that was running at the rate of 38 miles an hour. Twenty-five persons were on board at the time, but no one was injured by the shock. The front of the car was somewhat damaged.

Oven Sound, Sept. 7.—A sad drowning accident happened on Sunday at the home of Mr. Chas. McPhatter, Kemble. His little two year old daughter was playing near a half barrel tub of water, and losing her balance fell across the edge of the barrel. The little one's face was a couple of inches under water, and as she had not sufficient strength to recover her position, she was drowned before her mother discovered her.

Toronto, Sept. 8.—W. H. Ponton's appeal for a new trial of his \$50,000 suit against the Dominion Bank for alleged false arrest in connection with the robbery of the bank's branch at Napanee was dismissed yesterday by the Divisional Court with costs. The appeal was from the decision of Mr. Justice Street, who refused to postpone the case at Cobourg and dismissed it.

Omence, Ont., Sept. 7.—Yesterday afternoon while threshing at Mr. Costello's farm, seven miles from here, Michael Powers, of Downeyville, met with a fatal accident. They were just finishing and Powers attempted to cross over the machine but slipped into the cylinder. His legs were torn from his body and before medical aid could be obtained he expired. He was 18 years of age and leaves a widowed mother.

Des Joachims Bridge Down.—On Saturday last the interprovincial bridge at Des Joachims, which had been threatening to fall for about ten years, at last collapsed. Fortunately no one was on it when it fell, but a woman had a narrow escape, just crossing about five minutes before. It is hoped that a substantial structure will soon be erected to take the place of the old rickety thing that was meant for a bridge.—Pembroke Standard.

The Ottawa Carbide Company, with a capacity of five tons of calcium carbide per day, started work last week. This factory is the pioneer in the industry so far as Ottawa is concerned. It was started as an experimental plant some months ago by Messrs. J. W. McRae and H. Larmouth. Carbide of an excellent quality was turned out and after the work had been carried on for some time it was decided to increase the capacity. New machinery was put in, and the plant has now started to work and will turn out the carbide regularly.

Hamilton, Ont., Sept. 6.—A fire broke out in the cottage owned by G. G. Carlson on the north side of the piers at Hamilton Beach early this morning, and before it had burnt itself out five cottages were in ruins, together with most of their contents. The fire is supposed to have originated in the kitchen of Mr. Carlson's cottage. The mother of Mrs. Carlson, an old lady who slept in the room alone, was cremated in the fire, and Mrs. Carlson was severely burned in getting

out of the house. Mrs. J. H. Horning, whose cottage adjoins that of the Carlsons, was also severely burned and her cottage destroyed. The other cottages were owned and occupied by D. McRae, C. M. Judd, and T. M. Williamson. No fire-fighting apparatus of any kind is kept on the beach.

Read the list of Specials offered at the Shawville Exhibition.

A movement has been inaugurated in Hull for the purpose of securing the release from St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary of Joseph Riopelle, who was sentenced to four years' imprisonment on the charge of manslaughter. Riopelle was convicted of causing the death of Delphis Boyer, an Earley farmer, while driving home from Ottawa one evening last October. The evidence on which Riopelle was convicted was largely circumstantial and was not decisive enough on certain points. The petitioners state that the evidence was not sufficient to convict and ask for executive clemency.

Cornelius Vanderbilt Dead

New York, Sept. 12.—Cornelius Vanderbilt, ar. died this morning at 5.15 o'clock at his home 27th street and 5th avenue, this city. There were with him at the time of his death, his wife, his daughter Gladys, and Reginald, his youngest son. He was 56 years of age.

MR. McNAB DISMISSED.

Influence of New Westminster Grit Politicians Successful.

New Westminster, B. C., Sept. 11.—The influence of the local Grit politicians have triumphed, and Mr. McNab, for many years the efficient inspector of fisheries for British Columbia, has been dismissed. He is succeeded by C. B. Sword, a well-known local Grit politician.

\$18,000 Fire at Carleton Place.

Carleton Place, Sept. 11.—Fire broke out in the saw mill belonging to Mr. Robert Prestley, of Ashton, on Saturday morning, and resulted in the destruction of the mill, lumber yard and Mr. Prestley's house and barn. How the fire originated is a mystery. It had gained great headway before the alarm was given, and though everything possible was then done to save the other buildings, the fire soon spread from one to the other till all were consumed. The loss is estimated at \$18,000. No insurance.

The Father Quay Mica Mine.

The Ottawa Citizen says:—According to the latest developments the sale of the famous father Quay mica mine at Gracefield, to the W. H. Sills Mica company, of Chicago, means a big boom to the mica industry of the Ottawa district. The mine, on which there is at present a shaft 90 feet long is showing up splendidly, and a force of men will be immediately put to work on it. Modern machinery, steam hoists, drills, etc., will be installed, and the mine worked night and day.

The present buildings of the mine have been found inadequate for this purpose and new and more extensive ones will be erected immediately. The company's factory in the city is also found too small for the business and new premises will be secured.

The American company has every reason to believe that the Father Quay mine is far from being worked out, and it is likely other properties will also be secured. In fact, this company is at present buying up all the mica in sight for export. It is used almost exclusively for electrical purposes, and as this field is constantly growing in Europe and America the demand cannot be satisfied. The price paid for the Father Quay mine cannot be ascertained, but it is understood to have been a cash deal at a high figure. Mr. W. H. Sills, president of the company, who is at present in the city, declines to say anything in the matter, merely confirming the report of the purchase of the mine.

SALE OF TIMBER LIMITS.

Four Parcels Belonging to the Firm of Booth & Hale Brought \$431,000.

Timber limits belonging to Booth & Hale, of Pembroke, were auctioned in the Russell House rotunda on Wednesday. The territory offered consisted of 170 miles of the limits in the Georgian Bay district. Mr. Peter Ryan was auctioneer, and the following lumbermen were present at the sale: Messrs. J. R. Booth, Claude McLachlin, of Arnprior; Morris Quinn, Hon. Peter White, Pembroke; Hon. John Charlton, Norfolk; A. Charlton, E. Sparrow, Michigan; A. E. Dymont, Thessalon; and Thomas Pitts, Bay City, Michigan.

At the sale, parcel No. 82, on the north shore of Lake Huron, was bought by Mr. Thomas Pitts, of Bay City, the price paid being \$315,000. The limits are thirty-six miles in area, and amongst the most valuable in the province.

Parcels Nos. 2, 3 and 4 in Butte township, on the O. A. & P. S. railway, were bought by Mr. J. R. Booth for \$75,000. Mr. Booth was bidding independent of the partnership existing between himself and Mr. Hale. These limits contain in all 37 1/2 miles.

Parcel No. 5, consisting of limits Nos. 136 and 137, on the Serpent river, was bought by John Charlton, M. P., for \$30,000.

Parcel No. 6, consisting of the whole of the township of Sprague, twenty-eight miles in area, was bought by R. Brooder, Ottawa, for \$10,300. These limits have all been worked upon, hence the low price.

By private sale Messrs. Booth & Garrow secured the limits on the Vermilion river, 7.34 miles in area. The sale was held to wind up the affairs of the firm, the senior partner of which died recently. The amount realized \$431,000, is regarded a satisfactory return, considering the limits have been cut over once.

Hold on To your Dollar

Until you get the dollar's worth we give you for it. Every cent saved makes life easier. You can save many of them at our store. Our goods as well as our prices are always right.

A Good Cook wants Good Groceries.

We are the Banner House for absolutely . . . CHOICE FRESH GROCERIES . . . Customers can always rely on getting a superior article.

OUR TEA AND COFFEE ARE FAVORITES.

Coffee ground while you wait.

Threshing Season Requisites

The busy housewife will necessarily require an extra supply of
Cups, Saucers and Plates.
We have lately opened out an immense range of these Goods.

A LARGE AND WELL ASSORTED STOCK OF FANCY CHINA & CLASSWARE ALWAYS ON HAND.

P. S.—Table Cutlery a Specialty in our Hardware Department.
G. F. HODGINS
DEPARTMENTAL STORE.

Go to DALE BROS.

For anything and everything in the line of ---
Tinware, Stoves,
Furnaces,
Cistern Pumps,
Roofing or Evertroughing.

Jobbing and Repairing

Neatly and promptly executed at low prices. Good workmanship guaranteed.

DALE BROS. SHAWVILLE, QUE.

P. S.— Highest Prices paid for Calfskins, Sheep Pelts and Eggs.

Sixteen thousand cotton and jute workers at Dundee are out on strike.

A newspaper whose columns overflow with advertisements of business men has more influence in attracting attention to building up a town than any other agency that can be employed. No power on earth is so strong as to build up a town as a newspaper well patronized, and its power should be appreciated.

Two Farmers Struck by Lightning and Killed.

Pictou, Ont., Sept. 8.—During a heavy thunder storm which passed over this section about 5 o'clock last evening, Robert S. Dainard, living about ten miles from here while driving a team of horses to water, was struck and instantly killed by lightning. The horses were also killed.

Peterboro, Ont., September 3.—During a thunder storm which passed over this section about five o'clock last evening, William Forester, a farmer living about four miles out of town, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. Mr. Forester was harrowing with a team of horses in his son's field when he met his death. He was 53 years old.

Elliott & Barber's Mill SHAWVILLE.

Planing, Matching and Dressing

LUMBER OF ALL KINDS done at reasonable rates.

all demands supplied for ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER.

J. G. ELLIOTT. WM. BARBER

An Earthquake

Always creates a lot of excitement. Incidentally we might remark that our splendid and well selected stock of general merchandise is creating a like amount of excitement amongst the purchasing public, the cause being our very low prices.

The Farmer

will find us prepared to supply his every need. We have everything he requires from a plough to a suit of clothes.

The Housewife

Will also be pleased to learn that our stock of groceries and household necessities was never so large and complete. We have everything she may require to make the home happy and comfortable.

In Conclusion,

Suffice it to say we have everything usually kept in an up-to-date general store.

SILAS YOUNG

Starke's Corners.

MONEY To PATENT Good Ideas may be secured by our aid. Address, THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

G. M. Donaldson,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER
KEEPS A SELECT STOCK OF WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, SILVERWARE &c. &c.
REPAIRING—A SPECIALTY!
SHAWVILLE, Q.

ESTABLISHED 1886. The Shawville SASH and DOOR FACTORY.

—ALL KINDS OF—
Interior & Exterior FINISH FOR Houses & Verandahs MANUFACTURED.

DOORS, SASH, NEWEL POSTS, DRESSED LUMBER, &c. &c.
Kept in stock and made to order. LUMBER DRESSED AT POPULAR PRICES.

McCREDIE & HODGINS.
Estimates furnished.

THE HULL ELECTRIC CO.

Cars run at intervals of twenty minutes in the morning and fifteen minutes in the afternoon, daily, Sundays included.

Close connections are made with all Canadian Pacific and Gaitaneau Valley trains at Hull and with Pontiac Pacific at Aylmer. Baggage promptly handled.
W. R. TAYLOR, Sec. Treas.

ALL STEVENS RIFLES

are guaranteed to be **SAFE, SOLID, AND ACCURATE,**
From the \$6.00 "Favorite" to our most expensive "Ideal."

The "IDEAL" No. 44 is a fine rifle. ONE OF OUR LEADERS, price only \$10. We guarantee it in every respect. Nothing cheap about it but the price.
Made regularly in .22, .25 and .32 cal. three rim-fire, .25-20 STEVENS, .32-40, .38-55 and .44-40 center-fire.
IN SPECIAL SIZES, \$12.00.
Send stamp for complete Catalog and Hand Book.
J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO.,
P. O. Box
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

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To buy well, watch the latest prices and information in the special TRADE PRESS.
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HOW HE WON HIS WIFE.

My friend, Professor James Rodman, is a member—active or associate—of a score or more of scientific societies, and is constantly making trips to out-of-the-way parts of the globe to study the characteristics of reptiles and collect fresh specimens of rare species.

About a year ago I parted with him on the wharf as he was sailing for La Guaira, Venezuela.

He was bound on a long trip through the almost impenetrable jungles that line both banks of the Aranca River—one of the western tributaries of the mighty Orinoco—and I received only one letter from him, announcing his safe arrival in La Guaira.

Yesterday, however, when I sauntered into my club for lunch, the porter handed me a note, which he said had been left by a gentleman the night before.

It read as follows, and was signed "James Rodman."

"My Dear Colonel — Arrived home from South America yesterday, and came here at once to hunt you up. Had a very exciting and eventful trip. Drop in when you get this and break food with us. We are stopping at the Metropole, and dine at five.

"P.S.—Mrs. Rodman is very anxious to meet you."

The postscript nearly took my breath away. My friend Professor Rodman married? It could not be possible, and I rubbed my eyes and read the line announcing the fact that there was a Mrs. Rodman two or three times.

Ordinarily the marriage of one of my bachelor friends does not surprise me, but the professor was such an ardent woman-hater—he had had an unfortunate love experience early in life—that I would have staked a generous slice of my modest fortune on his living and dying a single man.

I looked at my watch, found I had barely time to dress, and hurried home with all speed.

It lacked ten minutes of five o'clock when the cab I had engaged set me down at the door of the Metropole. I sent up my card, and was immediately shown to the professor's apartment.

Our greeting was of the most cordial character, and, in a hasty glance about the room, I noticed abundant evidence of the presence of one of the fairer sex.

"My wife is dressing," said the professor—and I noticed that he blushed when he uttered that endearing title. "I'm sure you'll like her, for she's the most sensible little woman I ever met. But for her bravery, I would not be here talking to you now."

Instantly I scented a romantic story, and was about to put a leading question when the door opened and one of the most entrancing visions of female loveliness that my eyes had ever beheld stepped into the room.

"Paquita," said the professor, when she halted just over the threshold, a trifle embarrassed at sight of a stranger, "let me present my oldest and dearest friend, Colonel Taylor."

Instantly her face lit up, and she came toward me with outstretched hands.

"I am delighted to meet you, colonel," she said, with the most charming accent imaginable. "We have talked about you so much—so very much—that it really seems like meeting an old friend."

I murmured my pleasure at thus being complimented, and we were chatting together when a servant announced dinner.

It was a splendid meal—the Metropole is noted for its cuisine—and I did it ample justice, for the table is my weak spot, and a good meal, well served, always puts me in the best of humor.

I am rather an abstemious man in the matter of wines, being somewhat of a sufferer from gout, and the professor is a total abstainer.

He and I did not linger long, therefore, after the table was cleared, but joined Mrs. Rodman in the drawing-room.

She was very young—no more than eighteen, I should judge—and it looked to me like a genuine love-match.

"Here are some fine native cigars, colonel," said the professor. "Paquita does not object to smoking."

When I lit a cigar and leaned back in my chair, Mrs. Rodman drew an ottoman up to her husband, and seated herself at his knee in such a position that she could look up into his face, and at the same time give her guest courteous attention.

The professor glanced down into her upturned face, gently patted her hair, and said:

"I told you before dinner that but for Paquita's bravery I would not be here to-day. With her permission I will tell you why."

She laughed, her face flushed, and she said:

"You have my permission, if you will confine yourself to the facts. My connection with the adventure was a very trivial one, for I was badly frightened, and really would have been able to do anything but for the help of the fire ants."

"That's all nonsense, Paquita," contradicted her husband, good-naturedly. "But the colonel shall judge for himself what measure of credit is your due. I am only sorry that the monster who might have been my death has not yet passed the customs authorities. You shall see him as soon as I get him out and have him properly set up."

Thereupon my friend told me the adventure to which he had reference, and when he had finished I declared that Mrs. Rodman was altogether too modest in making light of the great service she had rendered a man whom you will be forced to acknowledge was in as unpleasant and perilous a predicament as can be imagined.

Upon his arrival in La Guaira the year previous, Professor Rodman had at once chartered a small launch, with the necessary crew and attendants, and shipped to Urbana, on the Orinoco River, at its confluence with the Aranca River.

At this point he outfitted his little craft with provisions and other necessary supplies, and early one morning started on his long journey into a

country but little traversed by civilized man.

To enter into the details of his voyage, or to briefly catalogue his many scientific discoveries would only weary the reader.

He was much surprised one day, after having for several weeks steamed through a primeval wilderness, to suddenly come upon an extensive clearing on the right bank of the river.

The well-built house and other out-buildings, and the carefully-cultivated fields surrounding it, were a handsome sight to the professor, and he made a landing.

Great was his surprise to be received at the little wharf fronting the huddle of buildings by a fair-skinned man, who addressed him in English and bade him welcome.

It was the owner of the estate, Absolom Gano, who had emigrated to this wild country.

He had married, in Urbana, the daughter of a wealthy Venezuelan, and his household was now managed by his only daughter, Paquita, his wife having died about three years previous.

A king visiting a brother monarch could not have been more hospitably received and entertained than was Professor Rodman by Planter Gano.

The planter was something of a scientist himself, and told his guest many stories concerning the habits of the countless hordes of reptiles that swarmed through that tropical country.

He had a great deal to say about a particularly large and ferocious boa constrictor which infested a deep jungle in the rear of his plantation.

"I've seen him twice," he said, "and he's the biggest snake I ever dreamed of. One day I wounded him, but he escaped. He's a wily old beggar, and all our efforts to trap him have been so far unsuccessful."

The glowing description he gave of the great serpent fired the professor's scientific ardor, and he determined to effect the capture of the monster.

For this purpose he made several trips into the jungle, generally being accompanied by the planter and his daughter, and assisted in his search by a small army of servants who vainly beat the bush in a search for the colossal boa.

They had selected as their base of operations a little, cleared spot in the midst of the jungle, where a gaudy tent was erected, and hammocks were swung between the great trees that tallied in the oasis.

One day, with the beaters very busy exploring the thicket, the professor's attention was attracted to a new and particularly lively species of lizards.

Seizing a small hand-net, he rushed toward the bright-colored fellow, but it nimbly escaped him, darting down one of the numerous paths that had been cleared through the jungle.

Hatless, and without tremors of any sort, the scientist dashed after the lizard, and the planter, fearing that the unprotected nature of his friend's head and violent exertion might produce sunstroke, called to Paquita to follow the professor and take him a hat.

She laughingly complied with the request, and hurried down the jungle path in the direction taken by the scientist.

It was nowhere in sight, and the girl walked briskly, coming at last to the end of the path.

A wall of thorny undergrowth confronted her, but, unflinching, she pushed her way through the brambles, calling the professor by name.

No answer came back to her, and, halting, she listened for some sound that might guide her to him.

At first she heard nothing, but, dipping her ear to her breast, she faintly recalled the cry for help and the sound of crashing branches.

"Professor, where are you?" she shouted, and pushed her way through the dense tangle of creeping vines, not minding the wounds inflicted by the sharp thorns.

"Help! help!" was the faint cry that she heard.

And presently, parting the vines, she saw her father's guest struggling in the coils of a gigantic serpent.

The big reptile was wound about the scientist's body like a cable and was fast crushing him to death.

His face was turned toward her, and she saw with horror that it was purple, and that the imprisoned man's eyes were starting from their sockets.

She realized his awful peril, and knew that unless he was instantly released his life would soon be crushed out.

Pale and trembling, and wringing her bleeding hands despairingly, she looked about for some weapon to give the monster combat.

Hidden among the undergrowth was a tree limb of generous size. Seizing this, she crept cautiously toward the serpent, which, with blazing eyes, was tightening its coils and hissing loudly.

She had to be careful lest a blow intended for the snake should strike the professor, and in moving about for a point of vantage, her foot was plunged to the ankle in a mound of soft earth.

Almost instantly her lower limbs began to smart and sting, as though red-hot needles were being thrust into the flesh.

She realized that she had disturbed a nest of fire ants, and knowing the pugnacious character of these pestiferous insects, she determined to make them her ally in rescuing the professor.

With this idea, she bent forward and struck the snake a sharp blow with the tree limb she had picked up.

With an angry hiss, the serpent darted toward her, dragging the body of its victim, who had relapsed into unconsciousness.

The writhings of the serpent further disturbed and enraged the ants, and they began to swarm over its scaly body, sinking their fiery mandibles into its flesh.

This was a foe that the snake had not bargained to meet. Stung to madness by the ants, the monster began to relax its coils about Professor Rodman's body, and thrash about to rid itself of the swarm of ants.

Although suffering excruciating pains from their fiery stings, Paquita bravely seized the professor by the shoulders, and, exerting all her strength, dragged him to a place of safety.

Then, with a wild cry for help, she fainted dead away.

"It so happened," said the professor, in conclusion, "that several of the bush beaters heard her cry and rushed to the spot. While two or three of them attended to Paquita and myself,

the others made haste to nose the struggling serpent. Their shouts and cries brought Gano and a dozen of his servants to the spot. They carried his brave rescuer and myself to back to camp, and we were brought bites of the ants, which were very painful, and a few scratches. Paquita had suffered no damage. I was less fortunate, the terrible hugging I had received had so bruised my body that for several weeks I was confined to my bed. Paquita was my nurse, and—"

"She fell in love with you," interposed Mrs. Rodman, "and is to-day the happiest woman in the world."

The following week I had an opportunity of viewing the big boa. It was certainly an ugly-looking monster. I could not help shuddering when I thought of my friend being crushed to death by the great serpent's muscular constrictions.

FACT AND BEAUTY.

In some far-away time when the perfect-ability of the human race shall be an accomplished fact, then, perhaps, to be born a woman will not be to be born branded. We all, men and women alike, enter the world in little plastic beings, with so much natural force, perhaps, but for the rest—blank; the world tells us what we are to be, shapes us by the ends it sets before us. To man it says, Work; to woman it says, Seem. To the man it says: You have a strong arm and great knowledge; labor and you shall gain all that the human heart desires. To the woman it says: Strength shall not help you, nor labor; knowledge, of a certain kind, may, perhaps. You shall gain what men gain, but by other means. The question of "Beauty vs. Fascination" is periodically agitated. The definitions of fascination are many and various; but one that more nearly covers the whole ground of a fascinating woman's charm is "fact." A truly tactful woman is seldom very young, for she must have a knowledge of the world and its shams before she can combat them. A rounded chin with a pretty dimple is a very small part of a woman, yet it is worth more to a woman than all the wisdom of Solomon. And a pair of beautiful eyes, with a knowledge of how to use them, are worth more to her than a knowledge of all theologies. As children we are shaped to this end. We are told that we cannot go into the sun by day, because our faces will become sunburned, and our nice white dress will be soiled. So, with our cheek pressed wistfully against the window pane, we for a sport time watch the little boys at their happy play, then go and thread a string of bright beads for our neck. We stand in front of the mirror and admire our nice white skin and look into our great deep eyes. The curse begins to work and is only finished when we don our shroud.

Age is another sin which men cannot forgive in a woman, and the woman who is no longer young must be fascinating, have expert knowledge or an experience of exceptional value to stand a chance with her young competitors. Once or twice, perhaps, in a generation, there is born a woman with a surplus fund of nervous energy such a desire for that "will" to the wisp" called fame, such a horror of dying and being buried with scarcely a stone upon her gravestone, that she forgets all the conventionalities, which, as a woman, fence her securely round. The goddess Grundy has a temple so high up on the banks that, to her worshippers, the river called Life looks like a stagnant mill pond. One day the ambitious woman wanders away from the temple of Grundy, and finds the mill pond a raging torrent with whirlpools of envy and an undertow of censure. Nothing daunted she pushes her tiny bark from the shore, and sometimes she is carried over the falls, at the head of which stands the rock Success. Do you suppose if Napoleon had been born a woman that he would have been content to give tea parties and talk small scandal? No, he would have risen; but instead of a man great and kingly, with all his sins, he would have left one of those names which stain the leaf of every history—the name of a woman who feels within herself a power; but being denied the right to exercise it openly, she rules in the dark, covertly and by stealth, through the men whose passions she feeds on, and by whom she climbs. They tell us we are not forced to use our youth and beauty; that we are free agents! Yes, and a cat set afloat in a pond is free to sit in the tub till it dies there; neither is the drowning man forced to clutch at the proverbial straw. It is a glorious liberty! The plain girl, the woman who is old and ugly and poor, looks in vain for men's chivalrous attentions, but she does not find it. The bees are very attentive to the flowers till their honey is done, then they fly over them. Perhaps the flowers feel grateful to the bees; they are great fools if they do.

SHE ALSO CHANGED HER MIND.

A young couple in a Lancashire village had been courting for several years. The young man one day said to the woman:

Sally, I canna marry thee.

How's that? saked she.

I've changed my mind, said he.

Well, I'll tell you what we'll do, said she. If folks know that it's thee as has given me up, I shanna be able to get another chap; but if they think that I've given you up, then I can get another chap. So we'll have banners published, and when the wedding day comes the parson will say to thee:

Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife and thas say 'I will'.

And when he says to me, 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' I shall say 'I winna.'

The day came, and when the minister said, Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife? the man answered:

I will.

Then the parson said to the woman: Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband? and she said:

I will.

Why, said the young man, furiously, you said you would say 'I winna.'

I know that, said the young woman, but I've changed my mind since.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

HIS UNFORTUNATE EXPERIENCE WITH A FLYING TRAPEZE.

A Second Story Experiment That He Made On Only One Occasion—Made a Miscalculation and Went Crashing Through the Glass.

"Once in the course of my experience, and only once," said the retired burglar, "I tried to get into a house by a flying trapeze. That was when I was young in the business, and young in years. There was a big comfortable-looking house in a town I had made a few visits to that summer that had a window that sort of fascinated me. It was always open, the lower sash thrown up back of the upper, but this window was in the gable end of the house, where there was no veranda roof to reach it by, where it seemed in fact perfectly safe to leave it broad open as they did, day and night, because nobody could reach it without a ladder. But I never looked at that window without thinking of what an easy way into the house it would be if one was only on the level with it.

"Standing in the lawn about twenty feet from the end of this house there was a big tree, with stout, big branches. One of these branches that grew out toward the house had a curious sort of turn or elbow in it that grew in such a way that it had a nearly horizontal section running about ten feet from the house and about ten feet higher up in the air than the top of that window. That ten feet was as practically good as ten miles as far as keeping people out was concerned, but one day it struck me that a man could swing into that window from the tree by a trapeze, made fast to that stretch of limb. I'd just been seeing some circus stunts on a swinging bar, and I didn't see why I couldn't swing on one well enough to land on that window sill anyway.

"I climbed the tree one night with piece of twine and

to make some little experiments and see just how long the trapeze would have to be to strike the window sill. I tied the string with the nail weight on the horizontal limb, and swung it from another limb back of it, further away from the house, the limb that I intended to swing from myself when I had the trapeze ready. I swung it to get a length that would bring the trapeze just so that when I swung forward I could put my feet and legs through the window and bend 'em down and hold on by 'em there inside and slip off the bar onto the window sill. Then I was going to tie the trapeze to one of the window blinds to keep it there while I was exploring the house, and when I came back to the window, loaded up, I was going to get on the trapeze and cast loose and swing back to the tree and go my way.

"Well, I got the exact length that the trapeze wanted to be to reach from the under side of that limb to the window sill, and then I made, at home, a trapeze to carry me over. I had rope ends plenty long enough to wind around the limb, and I had the hanging part measured exactly so I could make the trapeze fast with just the right length below the limb.

When the night came that I was to try it I shined up the tree and made it fast. I had a twine tied to the trapeze bar, and then I climbed the other limb that I was to swing from, and pulled the bar up to me there and got on it, grasped the ropes in either hand and when I saw all ready swung off.

"It seemed like a tremendous drop going down but I did not have long to think of it, I made just one swish down through the air and was going up the other side.

BEFORE YOU KNEW IT.

But I didn't forget myself. I'd practised this and I kept my feet and legs straight out in front of me and ready to curve 'em through the open window when I came to it, and then drop 'em and catch 'em there; but somehow I had made a miscalculation in trying the ropes, or else at the very last instant I went wrong with my feet, for instead of thrusting my feet through the open space of the lower window I jabbed them both plumb through the double sash above, up to my knees. I let go of the trapeze in the excitement, which I don't think was surprising, and the next instant I was hanging, head downward outside; with my feet and my tools in the air, and I carried by a strap over my shoulder, dangling down below me now with the strap around my armpit.

"When I smashed through those two windows I made as much noise as you'd hear in blowing up a crockery factory, and I knew, of course, that it would only be a mighty short time before there was somebody around, and I made a great effort to get free. I knew I would go smashing down on the ground, but I wanted to take the chances on that rather than be caught, and I didn't hesitate at all about trying to pull my legs out from those windows, though I knew I should fall the minute I got 'em out. But, though I'd lost the trapeze in that one moment's excitement when I struck the windows, I was cool enough now, and I was figuring on how to get the window sill, which I couldn't quite touch now, and so break my fall somewhat, when I did get free, and above all things turn myself over so that when I did go down I'd strike the ground on my feet and not on my head.

"I yanked one leg partly clear and then the other, the glass rattling and riving, but I wanted to take the chances on that rather than be caught, and I didn't hesitate at all about trying to pull my legs out from those windows, though I knew I should fall the minute I got 'em out. But, though I'd lost the trapeze in that one moment's excitement when I struck the windows, I was cool enough now, and I was figuring on how to get the window sill, which I couldn't quite touch now, and so break my fall somewhat, when I did get free, and above all things turn myself over so that when I did go down I'd strike the ground on my feet and not on my head.

THE SASHES SMASHING.

as I pulled 'em, and I settled down until I could touch the sill below with my fingers. Then I heard the bed in that room jouncing under somebody springing up out of it—you see all that it takes me some time to tell you about really happened in next to no time at all—and I know if I was going to go at all I'd got to go then, and I just yanked and smashed both legs clear of the frames, settling down more as I did so until I got hold enough on that window sill to turn myself over as I dropped and push myself clear of the building. When the man looked out of the window I was describing a beautiful curve through the air preparatory to landing safely on my feet.

The man disappeared from the window and was back again in an instant, and then there was a flash

from a shot gun; but it didn't do any damage; it was dark and by that time by a man whose aim was likely under such circumstances to be more or less uncertain anyway. But there had been danger enough in hanging head down on the side of the house from a second storey window and taking the chance on getting righted up before you struck the ground and I made up my mind that one try with the trapeze was all I wanted; I was satisfied after that with cellar windows, and that sort of thing."

MARRIAGE VERSES.

Obituary verses, while nowadays regarded by most people as superfluous, if nothing worse, are not so uncommon as to occasion great surprise. But marriage verses have so completely gone out of fashion that, when one runs across them in old magazines or papers of 75 to 80 years ago, he cannot refrain from a hearty laugh both at the absurdity of the verse and the oddity of the custom that permitted its use.

In a select magazine, in the column devoted to the marriage notices, and headed "Hymeneal," appear the following:

What daring feats the ardent youth performs,
Who bares his bosom to resistless Storms?
And like the fabled heathen god who chaf'd,
And in a cave the roving winds restrained,
So Henry bids the very name to cease,
Secured by Locke, the Storms now smile in peace.

"Mr. Thomas Lemoine to Mrs. Susan Stone.

The widow saw it was not good
For her to dwell alone,
And so the heart she gave to Wood,
Was hardened to a stone.

"Mr. Harry Miller to Miss Magdalen Wolf.

Wolves sometimes take our sheep by night,
And Millers take our grain,
And when these two their trades unite,
Where is our safety then?
A gleam of hope springs o'er my brow,
In this dark, dismal gulf;
For the Wolf has caught the Miller now.
The Miller stole the Wolf."

"Mr. Alvah Finch to Miss Harriet Weed.

A gold Finch late in search of seeds
Explored a rural bower;
And found amidst luxuriant Weeds
A modest little flower."

"Mr. David H. Cook to Miss Laura Mariner.

A Mariner unfolds the chart,
By storms of love o'erlooked,
Fearful of shoals—with beating heart,
Calls on the faithful Cook,
Commands, thus given he scorns delay
And crowds each swelling bay,
And onward steers to Hymen's sail,
To shelter from the gale.
But, much retarded by the wind,
He calls the chaplain's aid,
And quickly leaves the storm behind,
The destined port is made,
Let those who sail life's brook,
Ne'er shrink, nor be dismayed;
But, like the Mariner and Cook,
Call in the chaplain's aid."

Such flattering tributes as the foregoing were doubtless received by the brides and grooms of that time, if not with actual pleasure, at least with fortitude; but fancy the feelings of a young couple of to-day who found their marriage notice accompanied by the mildest of the effusions quoted.

HER DRESSMAKERS.

Few persons who have seen the German Empress would believe that she spends money extravagantly on her dress, yet she is said to keep 12 women constantly employed on her wardrobe, under the supervision of a maid of honor. When about to take a journey that involves some special ceremony, she employs 40 dressmakers, and when she attends a wedding the Empress requires 15 new gowns. For state occasions court gowns are made in Vienna. These are so long that the trains have to be carried to enable the Empress to walk, and are frequently studded with jewels. The rule at the German court makes it impossible for the Empress to appear twice at the state functions in the same costume, and much of the work done by the 12 dressmakers is in making alterations so that the rule may not be broken and the dresses may have a different look, even though they are in reality the same. The Empress, when in full dress, wears many jewels. Some of these are the property of the crown. But she has some beautiful gems, given to her by the Emperor at their marriage, and a beautiful collection of pearls left to her by the late Empress Augusta. Empress Friedrich is most economical in matters of dress, and so are the majority of women who come to the German court. At the so-called "schleppé court," or "train court," which corresponds to a presentation in England, the costumes are not brilliant. The most necessary thing is a train of satin of a certain length. Some of these trains appear to have been in use for years, and they are fastened on to various dresses, which do duty from time to time at the drawing rooms of the Empress.

MARRIAGE IN SPAIN.

Marriage in Spain takes place by day or at night, according to the fortune of the young people or their station in life. If well to do the ceremony comes off in the early part of the morning.

WANTED IT TO BE IN HARMONY.

Brisket—What can I send you up to-day, Mrs. Styles?
Mrs. S.—Send me a leg of mutton, and be sure it is from a black sheep.
Brisket—A black sheep?
Mrs. S.—Yes; we are in mourning, you know.

ADVICE TO SINGERS.

Precautions Employed by Mme. Patti—Rules by Which to Preserve the Voice.

I don't believe in coddling myself and making my throat too tender," said Mme. Patti to a young woman who sought her advice. "I kept any vocal powers at their full by extreme care, but you will notice, if you have been told of my rules of life, that I've never made myself sensitive to slight exposure.

"Of course a great deal of rubbish has been written about my dread of taking cold, and I have been informed of the eccentric means I use to avoid it. It has been said that I have all my clothing marked with cabalistic signs, and that a variation of a few degrees in the weather will cause me to add to or take from my clothing, and so many ounces of underwear. I read also in one crazy paper that I never pass from a heated room to the cold air outside, except by easy stages, and that to go from the concert room to the corridor stairs, then to the lower hall, the lobby, the vestibule and finally to pass into the street, is an operation which takes me half an hour.

"ACCLIMATISING 'MYSELF' AS I GO!

"All that is rubbish, of course—that is, it is rubbish to say that I took any such time. I'm careful, as every singer should be, to avoid sudden and violent changes; but, on the other hand, I would warn you not to make yourself too tender, and invite cold by the inexperience of slight exposure.

"Harden yourself; build up your constitution; don't occupy overheated rooms at any time; live out of doors at least for two hours every day, and walk and drive. That's my advice. Then, don't be afraid to breathe plenty of good, fresh air, even if the weather is cold. The people who go about with muffled throats, overburdened with wraps—men singers who turn up the collars of their coats at the slightest breath of air and women singers who hide themselves in a mass of carriage rugs and cover their faces with lace and woolen when carriage driving—are the ones who first begin to cough.

"On the other hand, don't go to extremes and expose yourself in raw, damp air, especially at nightfall. Be sensible, and preserve a happy medium between wise caution and

FOOLISH CODDLING.

"If there are any special rules by which I have preserved my voice they are pretty well indicated in what I have just said, and in my invariable rule of sparing my voice when it is not in perfect order. There lies the real danger to singers, not in exposure to cold air so much as to singing when nature says "The voice is in need of rest," and when the delicate organ should not be fatigued or even used.

"Where one voice is injured by exposure to cold twenty are hurt by singing when the voice is not in good condition. Even when I've had to lose \$5,000 by missing a performance I have invariably pocketed the loss for the greater gain, and my voice has outlasted twice over those who began their career with me.

"The little things of life make up its total, and a little precaution in a singer's career will what counts and add to the span of her stage life. For instance, one should never allow the throat to become dry. Keep it moist. The hot, dry air of an overheated room is very bad for it, parching it and tending to encourage inflammation. And when out walking or driving it is apt to become dry and hard, in cold as well as in warm weather. Let me give advice. It's a little thing, and yet it costs big results. When you are out doors always—keep a bit of candy in your mouth—not to eat, but to dissolve slowly in the mouth, to moisten the palate and the throat and to keep them moist.

"I never go out, summer or winter riding, driving or walking, without a chocolate caramell in my mouth, letting it dissolve as slowly as possible."

A WOMAN'S TRAITS.

A certain philosopher declares that a woman is known by her mouth. Not by the words that issue therefrom but by the shape and color of the lips and the lines and dimples that gather about this important feature. He is supported in his theory by physiognomists, who all endeavor to impress us with the fact that no woman with the small, red lippled, "Cupid bow," mouth so raised in song and story, was ever intellectual or generous of heart, and it is consoling to those whose mouths are not in accordance with the lines of beauty laid down by the poets to be told that a "wide, straight mouth with strong, white teeth," denotes the woman of superior intelligence goodness of heart, strength of mind and a thousand and one other sterling qualities which we all like to think we possess. It is the fashion at present to hold the lips very slightly apart. This is supposed to give that innocent, wistful, wonderful expression which was the peculiar properties of the heroines of old-fashioned novels, but which bicycle riding and kindred amusements have caused to vanish. It is difficult for the thin lippled, determined woman to acquire this trick, but perseverance works wonders.

NEW BABY INCUBATOR.

What the French call a "cuvaseuse," or "baby hatcher," of a new kind has been invented by Dr. Diffre, and recommended by Dr. Baden, of the Academie de Medecine, Paris. It is designed to foster new-born infants, especially those who are at all weakly, and is virtually a copper cradle closed by a movable plate of glass, warmed by a boiler heated by an oil lamp underneath, and ventilated by narrow air holes. A moist sponge inside keeps the air humid, and a thermometer shows the temperature.

FINGER RINGS.

The woman who carelessly toys with the gemmed hands upon her fingers to-day, delighting only in the glitter of the faceted stones, or the fairness of their color imparts to her hands, is, perhaps totally ignorant of the important place rings have held in small and great affairs from time to time since civilization began.

"And he sealed it with his seal" does not now mean the impression made with a peculiar and personal ring—something not transferrable, held sacred and individual, but a mechanical die, worked with a lever, and secondary to many considerations of importance. Not so were the seal rings of bygone ages. The signet of the King, the Pope or any great dignitary was guarded carefully, its impression carrying all the weight of personal command, and regarded as quite infallible. The use of signet rings as symbols of great respect and authority is mentioned in several parts of the Scriptures, from which it would seem that they were then common among persons of rank. In Genesis we find that Joseph had conferred upon him the royal signet as an insignia of authority. Thus, Abramuus transferred his authority to Haman. The ring was also used as a pledge for the performance of a promise. Darius sealed with his ring the mouth of the den of lions. Queen Jezebel, to destroy Naboth, made use of the ring of Ahab, King of the Israelites, her husband, to seal the counterfeit letters ordering the death of that unfortunate man.

The earliest materials of which rings were made was of pure gold, the metal usually very thin. The Israelitish people wore not only rings on their fingers, but also in their nostrils and ears. A prophet of this custom, reaching down to a later date, Mr. Layard, in "Nineveh and Its Remains," describes the wife of an Arab sheikh whom he met, as having a nose adorned with a prodigious gold ring, set with jewels of such ample dimensions that it covered her mouth, and she was obliged to remove it when she ate.

We are not to assume, however, that all ancient seals, being signets, were rings intended to be worn on the hand. "One of the largest Egyptian signets I have seen," remarks Sir J. G. Wilkinson, "was in the possession of a French gentleman of Cairo. It contained £20, \$100 worth of gold. It consisted of a massive ring, half an inch in its largest diameter, bearing an oblong plinth, on which the devices were engraved. On one side was the name of a king, the successor of Amunep III., who lived about 1460 years before Christ; on the other a lion, with the legend, "Lord of Strength," referring to the monarch; on one side a scorpion, and on the other a crocodile. This ring passed into the Waterton Dactylotheica, and is now the property of the South Kensington Museum."

Rings of inferior metal, engraved with the King's name, may probably have been worn by officials of the court. In Rome every freedman had the right to use the iron ring, but the use of a gold ring was restricted, for many years to persons of dignity, or those whose wealth exceeded certain sums. In the course of time it became customary for all the Senators, chief magistrates, and the equites to wear a gold seal ring. This practice, which was subsequently termed the *ius anulorum*, remained for several centuries at Rome, their exclusive privilege, while others continued to wear the iron ring. The keeping of the imperial ring, *curia annuli*, was confined to a state-keeper, as the great seal of England is placed in custody of the Lord Chancellor.

With the increasing love of luxury and show, the Greeks, as well as the Romans, covered their fingers with rings, and some wore different sizes for summer and winter, immoderate both in number and size. Demosthenes wore many rings, and he was stigmatized as unbecomingly vain for doing so in the troubled times of the state.

In many of the Roman keys that have been discovered the ring was actually worn on the finger. The shank disappears, and the wards were at right angles to the ring, or in the direction of the length of the finger. Rings were given in Anglo-Saxon times to propitiate royal favors. Thus, toward the end of the tenth century, Boethrice, a wealthy noble in Kent, left in his will a ring worth thirty mancuses of gold that the Queen might be his advocate that the will should stand.

In the earlier history of Ireland we find instances of a wonderful development of artistic skill in goldsmith work.

Queen Elizabeth had an immoderate love for jewelry, and the description given of her dresses covered with gems of the greatest rarity and beauty reads like a romance. For finger rings she had a remarkable fondness. The same custom of wearing many rings long prevailed in France. Mercier, in his "Tableau de France," mentions that at the close of the eighteenth century enormous rings were worn. He adds that "the nuptial ring is now unnoticed on the fingers of women; wide and profane rings altogether conceal this warrant of their faith." So important a business was the making of rings that it was separated from the ordinary work of the goldsmith and became a distinct trade.

In the South Kensington Museum is a massive and heavy brass ring, with octagonal bezel armed with five projecting points, used as a weapon by peasants in Upper Bavaria, from the year 1700 to the present time. In India the preferred ring has a large flattened face, spreading over three fingers like a shield. When made for the wealthy, in massive gold, the humbler classes, who equally love display, are content with theirs in cast silver. Arabian princesses wore golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells were suspended, as well as in the flow-

ing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank might be known and that they might receive, in passing, the homage due to them.

A ring of old Venice work is set with three stones in raised bezels; to their bases are affixed by a swivel gold pendant ornaments, each set with a garnet. As the hand moves these pendants fall about the fingers, the stones glittering in the movement. This fashion was evidently borrowed from the East, where people delight in pendant ornaments, and even affix them to articles of utility.

In the collections of antiquaries are numerous specimens of thumb rings; signet rings of this kind were worn by rich citizens; or persons of substance not entitled to bear arms. Falstaff bragged that in his earlier days he had been so slender in figure that he could readily have crept through an "alderman's thumb ring." In Laborte's "Hand-Book of the Fine Arts in the Middle Ages" is a representation of a fine thumb ring of Hindoo workmanship cut out of a single piece of jade decorated with gold filigree, and incrustated with rubies. At one time in England the wedding ring was worn on the thumb. Orientals wore a large ring on the thumb made of cornelian, chalcedony and agate, with legends in Arabic on the face, for the use of signets. They are used on the thumb to help in drawing the bowstring, which the Orientals pull with the bent thumb, catching it against the shank of the ring, and not with the first two fingers, as is the practice of English archers.

A truly wonderful ring was given to an envoy of the German Emperor by the Great Mogul, and is the only one of its kind ever seen in Christendom. Says the Rev. G. W. King: "The very first sight of this jewel sufficed to convince one that it could have had no other origin than this, such a show of barbarian splendor did it exhibit, forming in itself a complete cabinet of every kind of precious stone, of color to be found in his dominions. Its form was that of a wheel, about 3 inches in diameter, composed of several concentric circles, joined together by the spokes radiating from the center, in which was set a large, round sapphire. The spokes were gemmed; in fact, every stone of value, except the diamond, occurred in this glorious company. On the back was fixed the shank and when worn it covered the whole hand like some huge mushroom."

A mysterious significance has been associated with rings from the earliest periods among various nations. They were supposed to protect from evil fashions of every kind, against the "evil eye," the influence of demons, and dangers of every possible character; though it was not in the rings themselves that the supposed virtues existed, but in the materials of which they were composed, in some particular precious stone set in them, a charm or talisman, or some device or inscription on the stone, or some magical letter engraved on the circumference of the ring.

The early Hebrews associated grave powers to certain rings, and the signet ring of Solomon is credited with miraculous powers.

From Asia legends connected with rings were introduced into Greece, and numberless magic powers were ascribed to them. The great potentate, Charlemagne, we are told by old French writers, was in his youth desperately in love with a young and beautiful woman, and gave himself up to pleasure in her society, neglecting the affairs of state. She died and Charles was inconsolable at her loss. The Archbishop of Cologne endeavored to withdraw him from her dead body, and at length, approaching the corpse, took from its mouth a ring in which was set a precious stone of remarkable beauty. It was the talisman which had charmed the monarch, whose passionate grief became now immediately subdued. The body was buried and the Archbishop, fearing lest Charles might experience a similar magical effect, threw it into the lake near Aix-la-Chapelle. The virtue of this marvelous ring was not, however, lost by this incident, for the legend relates that the monarch became so enamored of the lake that his chief delight was in walking by its margin, and he became so much attached to the spot that he had a palace erected there and made it the seat of his empire.

The employment of rings for criminal purposes was common in past ages and even in late times. Hannibal, we are told, from a fear of being delivered up to the Romans, swallowed poison, which, to be prepared for the worst, he carried with him in the hollow of a ring. Demosthenes is also said to have died in a similar manner. Then hollow rings were put together with a degree of skill far beyond that of modern jewelers. Sometimes the poison was concealed beneath the stone, which opened with a spring. It required but a small space for the virulent poisons, which were concocted by Italian chemists in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The signet ring of Caesar Borgia was exhibited a few years ago. It is of gold, slightly enameled, with the date 1563, and has a motto around the inside. A box dropped into the front, having on it "Borgia," in letters reversed. At the back is a slide, within which, it is related, he carried the poison he was in the habit of dropping into the wine of his unsuspecting guests.

A singular story of a poisoned ring appeared in the French newspapers a few years ago, to the effect that a gentleman who had purchased some objects of art at a shop in the Rue St. Honoré, was examining an ancient ring, when he gave himself a slight scratch in the hand with a sharp part of it. He continued talking to the dealer a short time, when he suddenly felt an indescribable sensation over his whole body, which appeared to paralyze his faculties, and he became so seriously ill that a doctor was quickly summoned. He applied strong antipodes, and in a short time the gentleman, was, in a measure, recovered. The ring in question, having been examined by a medical man, who had long resided in Venice, was found to be what was formerly called a "death ring," in use by Italians, when acts of poisoning were frequent about the middle of the seventeenth century. Attached to it inside were two claws of a lion made of the sharpest steels, and having clefts in them filled with a most virulent poi-

son. In a crowded assembly, or at a ball, the wearer of this fatal ring, wishing to exercise revenge, on any person, would take his hand, and, when pressing the sharp claw, would be sure to inflict a slight scratch on the skin. This was enough, for on the following morning the victim would be sure to be found dead. Notwithstanding the many years since which the poison had been placed there, it retained its strength sufficiently to cause great inconvenience to the gentleman, as stated.

In Spain the gift of a ring is looked upon as a promise of marriage, and is considered sufficient proof to enable a maiden to claim her husband. The wedding rings of the Romans were generally of iron, called "pronubum," symbolical of the lasting character of the engagement, and probably springing out of another Roman custom, the giving of a ring as earnest, upon the conclusion of a bargain.

The ring was used in marriage among Christians as early as 800. From the bal or pledge rings passed between the contracting parties among the Romans. When the marriage settlement had been properly sealed, rings, bearing the names of the newly married couple, were handed around to the guests.

FEEDING THE BABY.

Mr. Jackson's Experience With the Cub of a Polar Bear.

The care of babies is never a sinecure, as many of our readers can testify, and the ordinary difficulties of the case sometimes assume extraordinary proportions.

An English lady in India was recently worried about the failing health of her infant. The milk was suspected, and the doctor ordered that the child be fed asses' milk. The lady spoke to a native officer of the district, and receiving a satisfactory reply, drove with a man-servant to the station where the ass was to be waiting.

To her amazement, there, tied to a post, all ready to be milked, stood a huge she bear. It seems that in the native dialect, the words ass and bear are so nearly alike as to be scarcely distinguishable in the mouth of a European.

A variation of the milk problem was presented to Mr. E. G. Jackson, the Arctic explorer, when he found and adopted the infant cub of a polar bear. There seemed no way to feed the poor little beast until Mr. Jackson hit upon the following ingenious method.

Taking a bit of sponge, he covered it with chamois leather and fastened it to a rubber tube which had previously been inserted in a bottle. Fixed to the cork of this bottle was a piece of glass tubing through which air might be blown to make the milk run freely.

The cub took to the bottle like any other baby, and sucked away in most ravenous fashion, as if the last of her troubles were ended.

THE DARING DOCTOR.

of the Blythswood. Money began to pour out over the green cloth like the rushing torrents over the crags of his native Trossachs. He began to lose his fine mane of deep brown hair, his self-contented rotundity, and insomnia became the demon of his darker hours. Remorse was written in blood red letters over the face of earth and heaven, and even in the glances of his trusting fellow creatures whose money was going over to the bank under the croopier's diabolical little rake—the bank that pays no interest on deposits nor honors drafts at sight—even in their honest faces he saw the look of suspicion, and it maddened him. Still he plunged.

The insane optimism of the gambler was upon him. From a sober, conservative, pious, reticent Scotchman, whose integrity was iron, and whose heart was gold, Dr. Colquhoun changed to a genius of the gambling hell, a losing gamer, who sacrifices honor, home, family, and the main stays of those near and dear, as well as confiding investors by the hundred, and great was the fall thereof.

For a time the Doctor paid interest on bonds and securities that had no existence—paid it to investors out of their own principal; but that makeshift did not last long. His mind weakened under the terrible strain. The financier was taken to a retreat at Gartnavel to recuperate.

Soon the trusting ones began to put their heads together, and trouble was rife. Mighty men of figures went over great ledgers, while the Doctor was behind the stone walls of the asylum; and on the very day of his release the culprit was arrested on a charge of misappropriating his clients' funds. Facts poured in. The prisoner held his head high until the last, but he could not escape. He now awaits a trial the verdict of which cannot be doubted. Glasgow is still dazed over the event.

CHINESE CHILDREN.

One evening there will be about four miles of little lanterns sent floating down the great river in honor of the dead. Or there will be the baking of rice cakes, with many curious ceremonies. And in it all the child takes his part, and his elders are very kind to him, and never bother him with cleaning up or putting on clothes to go out. He struts to the waist or beyond it in summer; then, as the winter comes on, puts on another and another garment, till he becomes as broad as he is long. At night time, perhaps, he takes off some clothes, but they are all the same shape, all quite loose and easy. Then he never need be afraid of breaking anything, for most things are not like ours; the shining black polished table, for instance, can have a hot kettle stood upon it and be none the worse.

When we see a man striking an attitude we always feel like knocking him down.

THREE MEN IN A TENT.

In one of those secluded recesses in the undulating country northwest of Krugersdorp that are remote, solitary and picturesque, I came upon a bell tent. There was a time when such a trifle would have excited no curiosity, for the prospector was abroad in those days, and gave a semblance of life to these solitudes that less than eight years ago swarmed with buck and baboons. But the game has gone, and the prospector has made up his mind that this particular spot at least is worthless, so it knows him no more.

Looking closer there were revealed in the vicinity of the tent several things that fitted ill with the theory that the tent concealed a prospector. A little bit of soil had apparently been dug up; a rough enclosure shielded two or three fowls; and other outward and visible signs suggested something more permanent than a prospector's shelter. Only a few weeks back, I had explored a similarly mysterious canvas concealed among the thorn trees of a portion of the Grati's Rand and had found a Zulu in an advanced stage of smallpox. He had dropped by the way on his lonely tramp to his kraal and after lying in misery in the open for three days had been discovered and cared for by Fieldcornet van Wyk and District-Surgeon van der Merwe, who pulled the poor wretch through and avoided spreading the infection. I had evidently struck another lazzaretto, and with the spirit of inquiry full on me, proceeded to explore. I unfastened the canvas and peeped in. Although it was near noon, three white men lay curled in blankets fast asleep, two on stretchers and one on the ground. The sudden intrusion of broad daylight awakened the latter. He sat up—a towzled, unkempt figure.—and in the free and frequent language of the common people demanded to know who the Gehenna I was and what the ditto I wanted. I fell back on a subterfuge, and said I wanted a match. Before hostilities could begin one of the sleepers on the stretcher awoke. He glared suspiciously and inquiringly for a moment, then greeted me with the "Hallo!" that betokens recognition, but he had distinctly the advantage of me.

When he had tumbled out of his blankets, adjusted his pajamas, and pushed back his hair, I dimly recognized through his unwashed beard an exile from Johannesburg civilization. When Number 3 had finished blinking and awaking I had solved the mystery of the whereabouts of two acquaintances whose disappearance during a period of prolonged hard-ness had suggested several theories, from suicide to fraudulent desertion. I was shown the commissariat department. It consisted of potatoes, beans, mealies, onions and blitong, with a few tins of salmon, lobster, etc., all part of the original supply purchased in Krugersdorp. "No," said No. 1, by way of preface to the explanation he volunteered: "we are not prospecting; we're economizing—waiting till the clouds roll by, and saving our clothes and our wash-bills. We've been here six weeks—at least Bill and I have. Jim was here for months, with no prospect of getting a job until our capital together, bought this outfit, and here we live like Robinson Crusoes on less than a bob a day apiece. Our friends think we are on a shooting trip. You are the first visitor we have had except a spoony couple from Krugersdorp last Sunday, who had lost their way. It's the quietest holiday I've ever had in all my life, and the cheapest, and if Jim here would give up talking about his spees in Johannesburg in his flush times, we should be happy to have you. Our friends, he boys, but after one of those yarns, he always wants to go into Krugersdorp, and that means his coming back drunk and making us jealous."

While the others prepared the 12 o'clock meal, the boss detailed the history of the novel enterprise. It was the too common one of a man in a £30 per month situation, suddenly discharged, expending his small reserve in waiting for another billet, and then waxing one day to the realization that his staying power was rapidly decreasing. He and Bill, who was similarly placed, had often projected a holiday picnic under canvas, and now came the opportunity. Their united capital was about £15, and the first week in May they proceeded to put their project into practice. The bell tent was picked up on Marshall Square for 35s. and 60s. judiciously expended at the second-hand stall on Market Square supplied them with a goodly stock of cooking utensils and other necessary articles. The bedding consisted of cheap Kafir blankets and a rug or two, while the portmanteau was packed with all their oldest clothes, one decent suit for town visit, and such other comforts as could be taken without overcrowding the space. As it was they had been compelled to erect a rough earth enclosure covered with grass, which served as a storeroom for superfluous paraphernalia.

"Of course," added the boss, "our great difficulty has been to make our provender fit in with our means. Neither of us have any income beyond a stray sovereign or so raised at intervals. We have only two meals a day,—this at noon and supper about 8 o'clock. This is forced on us by cold and economy. The nights are so bitterly cold that we sit up as long as possible, and get our sleep after sunrise. You called in just at breakfast time— a cup of coffee. The last few nights we have been through the night, or we should have been frozen. It is expensive, though we burn only one candle, and use 'Boer kool' for our kettle."

"I know ten ways of cooking mealies and a dozen of making beans palatable, and though the menu isn't quite

up to Frassati standard, we are making flesh on it," said the boss.

"What about fresh supplies, such as milk and vegetables?"

"Well, we don't get as much as we should like, but the farmers about are very good natured and we sometimes get such luxuries for nothing, as we can't afford to pay for them. Our greatest want is whisky and reading matter. We are teetotalers on compulsion, and Jim is already a reformed character, but we have read up all we've brought in the way of light literature."

"Then how do you kill time?"

"Bill and I are learning land surveying from this handbook, but as we have no instruments, it's more theory than practice. Bill is also tackling Kafir, and I am reading a manual on assaying."

"What does Jim do?" I inquired.

"I am making a collection of butterflies, which will be worth fifty quid when it's complete. Catching 'em is better than loafing round Commissioner street," answered Jim cheerfully.

"How is the collection growing?"

"Oh, first rate; I only want four more to complete my first half-dozen." Jim is the humorist of the party.

"How long do you reckon to stay here?"

"It's all a question of funds. Our capital is melting, of course, though we look at every ticky and buy nothing that we can do without. So far we have managed to have meat every day, and have not had to do without a single necessary, and our expenses work out at 18s. 6d. per week for three. We are in splendid health and even if we end of another month things here will not be improved we shall be in a much better position than if we had tried to ride out the storm on Johannesburg, at any rate we have preserved our self respect, our health and our clothes, to say nothing of having kept out of politics and saved Jim from a drunkard's grave."

And then we had dejeuner—the very finest meal I have ever eaten in the veld, cooked in veld style, and consisting of a good thick bean soup, followed by an Irish stew, and stewed peaches and coffee. The conversation over the meal and for some time after consisted of an attempt to figure out the exact cost of the meal per head. We should have got at it all right, but for Jim, who having once been a store-keeper on a mine, insisted that the proper way to arrive at net cost was to allow for original capital outlay on entire stock.

We worked on these lines till the blank leaves and edges of all the reading matter in the tent had become an eruption of figures, and when we had agreed it at 4 55-8d per caput, Jim refused to assent, on the ground that a deduction must be made for a depreciation of plant.

When the party had escorted me into the lengthening shadows and over the hills to Krugersdorp, they returned to finish calculations, and prepared to face the watches of the night over coffee and cards.

AN OLD LOVE LETTER.

I left you, dear, with roses
On your cheeks; and in your eyes
The raindrops that would wet them,
To the patter of your sighs.
I went away with longings,
And I often looked behind,
To see you standing where my heart
Groped for you, stunned and blind.

Across Time's face I see you
As you stood there—brave but weak
I wonder so if lilies drove
The roses from your cheek?
I wonder how I've lived through it,
When stronger men have died!
Your gracious presence must be now
As ever, at my side.

There were so many gallant men
Who would have claimed your hand—
Yet you stooped to lift me to your heart,
The least worthy of the band.
But blame me not for loving you;
If I have one regret—
But my heart is very selfish,
For it loves you—loves you—yet.

The memory of it all remains
With me through all the years
That we have been apart, dear heart—
Through all my hopes and fears.
There are women up in heaven,
And there must be women here,
But I have not seen a woman,
Since I left your side, my dear.

My heart is always running
Fast along the backward track;
And in the silent watches
Of my heart you call it back.
O! if we ever more shall meet,
We never more shall part—
For I'll look you in the garden
Of my lonely, loving heart.

My dear—my dear—my very dear,
The years creep slowly by,
Between the outer world and me—
Between the earth and sky.
I pray to meet you all the time,
And when that time may be,
I'll look you in my longing heart—
And then I'll lose the key

KILL YOUR FISH.

Always kill fish as soon as they are taken from the water by a sharp blow with a baton or stick on the back of the head.

They keep better, eat better, and are in all respects better than those that suffer just before dying.

The best fishermen in Europe and America know this—the suffering of any animal just before dying always tends to make the meat unwholesome and sometimes poisonous.

The writer recalls well when he was a boy a Welshman and his family in the same village plied fishing as his business. He and his boys each carried a wooden mallet, and as fast as fish were drawn in, each was killed at once. Another fisherman asked why he did it. He answered, "Would you eat a cow's meat that died a natural death?"

"Neither would I eat a fish's meat that died a natural death."

PROOF ENOUGH.

Do you believe that a thousand years was ever a day, and a day as a thousand years? I believe the latter half all right enough—I've just spent the day at the dentist's.

HEALTH.

CARE OF YOUR HANDS.

There is a great knack in using the hands gracefully which seems to be but little understood by girls and women generally. Hands blush. Did you know that? If you are conscious of your hands they will grow red and angry looking. If you forget them they will return to their normal color. If hands are homely in shape despite the best one can do they should be shielded with sleeves that drop over the hand.

The hands can be made plump by rubbing them with cream. Hands that are crimson when they are held down often pass for exceptionally pretty, hands because their owner deftly contrives to keep them up so that the blood shall not settle in them.

Children should not be allowed to "crack their knuckles to enlarge in a hideous way."

Some hands are naturally pretty and some are naturally homely, but many homely hands can be greatly improved by judicious care. One's employment has a great deal to do with the look of the hands, of course, and the harder the work is on the hand the more care is required to keep it in good condition. An abnormally small hand is not attractive. The hand should be in proportion to the rest of the body. It should have character, too, and should be used expressively; indeed the hand does much to express the character. When its owner is a nonentity, the hand is merely a machine. When the owner is an individual, the hand follows suit.

To keep the hands smooth use a few drops of this lotion after washing: Three ounces of rosewater, One ounce of glycerine, Ten drops of carbolic acid, Ten grains of bicarbonate of soda, Cost, about 20 cents.

TO REMOVE WRINKLES.

A woman in the West End of London follows the peculiar calling of wrinkle removing, and claims that if she can not always remove wrinkles she can at least prevent them, if her instructions are faithfully carried out. Much, she declares, depends upon the causes, which have produced the wrinkles; those occasioned by care and suffering are the hardest to deal with, and if the producing causes are not removed, it is almost impossible to obliterate the wrinkles.

Tricks and mannerisms of feature, such as frowning, twisting the mouth, and so on, are fruitful sources of wrinkles, and emotional people—those every ready to cry or laugh—are mostly subject to them, whilst placid folk and those of a phlegmatic nature seldom show them till extreme old age comes. Laughter produces even more wrinkles than tears, but she does not on that account advise her patients to preserve wooden and impassive countenances; her method is quite different, and relates chiefly to perfectly natural, but unusual toilet methods.

Worry stops digestion.

The cat has served to teach mankind an all-important lesson concerning the working of the stomach. The X-rays directed upon a cat's stomach have demonstrated that any irritation or disagreeable nervous excitement arrests the process of digestion. Dr. Fritz Lange, of Munich, who makes a special study of the stomach, performed a series of experiments, which resulted in this interesting discovery. After the cat had eaten the X-rays were turned on, and Dr. Lange watched the animal's stomach. Then he irritated the cat by placing a live mouse just beyond its reach. Dr. Lange was able to observe that digestion was absolutely interrupted by the irritation of the animal. Briefly stated, the lesson for men and women is: Don't let anything bother or interrupt your dinner.

COLDS.

I have noticed that persons who suffer most frequently and severely from colds usually insist that they exercise the greatest care to avoid exposure.

Thus says a writer in Popular Science Monthly and, continuing, says "They have dressed in the warmest clothing, wrapped the neck in the heaviest mufflers, remained in the closest rooms and avoided every draft and yet they continually take cold. The street urchin, on the other hand, with only two or three garments and without shoes and who lives out of doors suffers less frequently from this ailment."

THE YELLOW CAME.

That's the only way I can describe it—The yellow flash that came and stayed.

The funny part of it was that in amongst all the other feelings, I could see that old horse joggling along, joggling along—not all of him, you know, just his hips and the breeching that kept rubbing. I didn't have an ache or a pain, Mantey went on, "not the first bit of trouble. I didn't even know that anything had happened, only I wondered at the yellow that was everywhere, and the hot feeling in my head, and I thought it was kind of strange that I should feel so light and all split up. I couldn't see anything but the old horse's hips, and it looked after awhile as if we were away up in the air somewhere. I a-floating and he just joggling along the same as ever—Gee, how my mind pains me."

"And how long did that last?"

"I don't know how long, but it was till I felt something sting my face. Then the yellow and the old horse faded away, and the doctor said, 'How are you, Mantey?' and I said, 'What me? I'm all right.' And then I found myself all bundled up in cotton and my aches and pains set in."

TOUCHING.

I suppose you were touched when your wife gave you that \$50 easy chair. Of course! How else do you imagine my wife could come by \$50?

Kash is King.

MY TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH.

By adhering closely to this rule it enables me to do watch and clock repairing, and sell everything in my line at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

My work is guaranteed for a Year.

Our goods are guaranteed a \$'s worth for a \$ every time

GOODWYN

-The Watchmaker-
ARNPRIOR, . . . ONT.

OTTAWA & GATINEAU RY.

CHANGE OF TIME.

Summer time card as below will take effect May 15th, 1899.
No. 1 Train Leave Ottawa 5.20 p.m.
No. 2 Train Arrive Ottawa 8.00 a.m.
No. 3 Train Leave Ottawa 8.00 a.m.
No. 4 Train Arrive Ottawa 6.45 p.m.
No. 5 Train Leave Ottawa 8.15 p.m.
No. 6 Train Arrive Ottawa 9.30 a.m.
No. 7 Train Leave Ottawa 7.38 p.m.
Nos. 1 and 2 daily except Saturday and Sunday.
Nos. 3 and 4 daily except Saturday and Sunday.
Nos. 5 and 6 Saturday only.
Nos. 7 and 8 Sunday only.
For tickets and further information apply to E. C. Arno, Ticket Agent, 91 Sparks St., or 31 Central Chambers, Ottawa, P. W. RESSEMAN, Gen'l Supt.

Pontiac Pacific Junction Ry.

Official Time Table :

P.M.	Leave	Aylmer	Arrive	A.M.
5.45	Leave	Aylmer	Arrive	9.45
6.00	"	Breckenridge	"	9.21
6.12	"	"	"	9.06
6.18	"	Parker's Crossing	"	8.58
6.26	"	"	"	8.50
6.37	"	Quyon	"	8.40
6.47	"	Wyman's	"	8.32
6.58	"	"	"	8.24
7.04	"	Frank	"	8.16
7.26	"	McKee's	"	8.08
7.45	"	Shawville	"	8.00
8.00	"	Campbell's Bay	"	7.52
8.12	"	"	"	7.44
8.30	"	"	"	7.36
8.47	"	"	"	7.28
8.55	Arrive	Waltham	Leave	6.30

*Flag Station. (Tank. +Flag Station).
Connecting with Hull Electric Railway at Aylmer.

P. W. RESSEMAN
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT

CANADA ATLANTIC TIME CARD,

IN EFFECT MAY 1st, 1899.

NEW SERVICE, MODERN EQUIPMENT.

8 Trains daily between 8

OTTAWA & MONTREAL.

LIMITED TRAINS 2-4 HOURS.

Trains leave Ottawa Central Depot:—

a 6.25 A.M. Local—stops at all intermediate stations. Arrives Montreal 9.50 a.m. Valleyfield, connects to Ottawa Jct. For Cornwall and points west.

a 8.45 A.M. Limited—stops Alexandria and Ottawa Jct. Arrives Montreal 11.55 a.m. Pullman parlor car attached.

b 8.45 A.M. Sundays only—stops at Alexandria and Ottawa Jct. Arrives Montreal 11.55 a.m. Pullman parlor car attached.

a 9.40 A.M. Local—stops at Rockland and intermediate points. Arrives Montreal 6.50 p.m. Pullman parlor car attached. Connects with trains for Quebec, Portland, Halifax and all points east of Montreal. For Valleyfield and all points south of the St. Lawrence River, St. Albans, Burlington, etc. Arriving Boston 7 a.m., New York 7.20 a.m. Has through Wagner sleeping car, Ottawa to New York.

a 4.20 P.M. Local—stops at Rockland and intermediate points. Arrives Montreal 9.45 p.m. Connects at Ottawa Jct. For Cornwall, Kingston, Toronto, Chicago, etc. Has Pullman car to Montreal.

Trains arrive at Ottawa Central Depot:—

a 7.45 A.M. Local—stops at Rockland and intermediate points. Arrives Ottawa 11.20 a.m.

a 11.20 A.M. Local—stops at Rockland and intermediate points. Arrives Ottawa 7.30 a.m. Stop at local stations. Has Wagner buffet car, New York to Ottawa.

a 12.10 NOON Limited—stops at Alexandria and Ottawa Jct. Arrives Montreal 9.40 a.m. Stops at Alexandria only. Has Pullman parlor car.

a 6.35 P.M. Limited—stops at Alexandria and Ottawa Jct. Arrives Montreal 10.30 a.m. Has Pullman parlor car.

9.00 P.M. Local—stops at Alexandria and Ottawa Jct. Arrives Montreal 12.30 a.m. Has Pullman parlor car.

Ottawa Arnprior, & Parry Sound Ry.

TO AND FROM THE WEST.
(Daily, except Sunday)

Trains leave Ottawa Central Depot:

8.00 A.M. For Arnprior, Renfrew, Eggarville, Pembroke, via P. S. Ry., Barry's Bay, Whitney, Canoe Lake, Parry Sound and intermediate points.

4.25 P.M. For Arnprior, Renfrew, Eggarville, Pembroke, via P. S. Ry., Barry's Bay, Madawaska and intermediate points.

Trains arrive at Ottawa Central Depot:

10.30 A.M. From Madawaska, Pembroke, Eggarville, Arnprior, Renfrew, Arnprior and intermediate points.

5.50 P.M. From Parry Sound, Pembroke, Eggarville, Arnprior, Renfrew and intermediate points.

OTTAWA TICKET OFFICES

Central Depot Russell House Block.

Tickets to Europe and all parts of the world by all American and Canadian steamship lines, also Cook's tours.

a Trains run daily except Sunday.
b Sunday only.

GOOD TASTE

In dress secures recognition for those who show it. No man may know how much injury a shabby appearance may do him. Always look well dressed—that's business. We are prepared to do business with men of taste, and for their benefit are offering the finest and largest range of FALL SUITINGS and OVERCOATINGS in town. We lead in our line.

A. R. McGUIRE, The Tailor.

GENERAL NEWS.

A MILLION IN GOLD.

It has Arrived in Seattle From Canadian Banks in Klondike.

Washington, Sept. 11.—A consignment of one million dollars worth of Klondike gold for the United States assay office here arrived last night on the steamer Cleveland from St. Michael. The consignors were the Canadian Bank of Commerce, \$600,000; and the Bank of British North America, \$400,000. The Cleveland had one hundred passengers from Dawson and Cape Nome.

Bad Railway Accidents.

Williamson, W. Va., Sept. 6.—Seven persons were killed by a freight train wreck today in Dingess tunnel, on the Norfolk and Western railway. The dead are: Frank R. Archer, Charles Booth, brakeman; John Chafin, fireman and four tramps.

London, Sept. 7.—The Daily Mail's correspondent at Cairo says advices have been received from Berber on the Nile, near the confluence of the Atbara, that a train returning from Wady Halfa with soldiers and workmen for the Atbara district, fell into a ravine, owing to the collapse of a viaduct, with the result that 24 were killed and 30 injured.

Jamestown, P. A., Sept. 6.—A frightful accident occurred at Miller's, Pa., 18 miles this side of Meadville, on the Erie railroad, about 4.45 this morning. As a result five men are dead and several others are injured. The Erie vestibule train No. 5 ran into the caboose of a freight train which was standing on the siding at Miller's. The flagman neglected to close the switch after the freight train had been switched, with the result that when the vestibule train, which does not stop until Meadville is reached, came along at the rate of sixty miles an hour, it crashed into the freight. Conductor Henry Shafter and Flagman George Shotts, of the freight, were both killed almost instantly. Engineer Reuben Arnold, of the passenger train was also killed. Two tramps, one on board No. 5 and the other on the freight were terribly mangled and killed. Arnold's fireman escaped death, but had a leg broken and was otherwise injured.

THE TRANSVAAL QUESTION.

Peace or War Depends upon the Issue of the Sufferainty.

London, Sept. 10.—The actual status of the Transvaal crisis appears to be unchanged. In spite of all the clamour and excitement raised by the rumors preceding the cabinet council, Great Britain's ministers apparently have done nothing more than strengthen the hands of Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, thereby confirming the prognostications of the most conservative element, as already quoted in these despatches. As far as the international relations are concerned, war is no nearer now than it was a week ago, though the friction in South Africa itself is keener and more likely to produce a conflict. Putting aside the countless diplomatic intricacies that have arisen during the week sufferainty remains the war issue. President Kruger, of the Transvaal republic, has cracked the nut and found sufferainty its kernel. If he refuses to swallow it, then there will be war.

AGAINST DR. WORKMAN.

Decision by Methodist Court of Appeal.

Toronto, Sept. 7.—One of the most important cases that has ever come before the Court of Appeal of the Methodist church, is that of Dr. Workman, which was heard yesterday. Chancellor Burwash, on behalf of Dr. Workman, appealed to the court against the ruling of Dr. Carman at the Bay of Quinte conference. Dr. Carman refused to receive a report from a committee of that conference which defended the teachings of Dr. Workman, after careful investigation of his utterances on Messianic prophecy. The report would have been favorable to Dr. Workman, and would have laid all the vague charges of heresy that have been made against him during recent years. But for some reason or other Dr. Carman refused to receive the report.

The appeal was not sustained by the court, on the grounds: 1st. That the resolution of 1898 re Rev. W. Workman, in its practical effect dealing with his

doctrinal position, was substantially of a judicial character, and, 2nd, that therefore the report of the committee appointed under the resolution aforesaid was extra disciplinary.

Many are Starving.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 6.—The distress in Bessarabia, in consequence of the failure of the harvest is very great. Farmers are unable to feed their horses, and are giving them away for a few coopecks, or allowing them to die. The Red Cross society is endeavoring to help the starving people, but through lack of funds, is able to accomplish but little.

They Claim a Good Deal.

Toronto, Ont., September 7.—The Bakers Heirs Association met here last night and decided to engage an American lawyer to look after their interests. The association was formed for the purpose of gaining possession, if possible, of lands in the United States, valued at about \$300,000,000, including the site on which the Centennial Exposition was held in Philadelphia in '76, ninety-two thousand acres in North and South Carolina, coal mines in Pennsylvania, etc., which, it is alleged, belonged to Jacob Baker, and said to have been leased by him for ninety nine years, which period has now expired.

QUALITIES OF LIQUID AIR.

Scientist Clark Surprised Attendances at Toronto Fair.

Toronto, Sept. 5.—The most remarkable feature of the farmers' day at the exhibition today, besides the excellent attendance, was a series of remarkable experiments with liquid air conducted by W. Clarke, a well-known scientist, of New York, using a megaphone, which carried his voice to every person in the grand stand. Mr. Clark described the discovery of liquid air with its marvellous freezing qualities. Then from an ordinary teacup he poured a small quantity, stating that this ingredient was four hundred feet of compressed air, and drawing attention to the ice which formed around the cups and other vessels in which the liquid was handled. A piece of butter dipped into liquid air was frozen, and this Mr. Clark broke into small pieces, which he distributed to those near the platform. A rubber ball and an onion were treated in the same manner. Next a piece of mercury was, after treatment, used as a hammer with which to drive nails into the platform. Iron dipped into the liquid air was broken as easily as one breaks a soda biscuit.

DREYFUS FOUND GUILTY!

Sentence Pronounced Against Him on Saturday.

Remnes, Sept 11.—Captain Albert Dreyfus, whose second trial for treason has closely held public attention for several weeks past, came to a close on Saturday when the prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

The scene when the sentence was pronounced was a solemn one. Those in the front row fully expected the verdict but they were completely stupefied when it was given, and the silence which prevailed in the room and the way men turned pale and caught their breaths was more impressive than any other manifestation could have been.

M. Denage sank back in his chair and tears trickled down his cheeks, while Al. Labori turned white as a sheet, while all around the court men looked at each other in silence. Positively the only sound to be heard was the rustling of papers from the reporters' benches as each press representative tried to be first to send the news.

As the audience left the court room fully ten or fifteen men were crying openly, and the majority of those present walked quietly down the street without speaking a word. It was like a funeral procession.

Meanwhile a tragedy was being enacted in the little room off the court room where Dreyfus listened to the reading of the verdict. He had been told the result by his lawyers and had wept bitterly, but when in the presence of the officials of the court martial, he listened impassively to the sentence. His wife who was waiting in torture and suspense at her house, bore the news bravely and when visiting her husband this afternoon showed the onlookers who were in the streets no signs of her suffering as she walked from her carriage to the prison.

The general impression is that Dreyfus will be pardoned, but this will not satisfy his friends who vehemently declare that they will refuse to accept the verdict and will continue the battle until the judgment is reversed. The verdict, they say, is directed more against the Jews than Dreyfus, and if allowed to stand will make their existence in France impossible.

Few Men Original.

Did you ever notice how few people are original in things they say and do? For instance, one man makes a fortune out of a simple thing; immediately hundreds of others try it. This is human nature. While it is gratifying to be the "first man" to bring out an idea, the great mass must be content to follow their leaders. There is one line that is always original, however, and that is the business of Bradley Garretson Co., Limited, of Brantford, Ont., because they continually bring out publications, to suit the times and seasons, thus their agents are kept steadily at it, and make big money. In fact, no other occupation is more honorable, healthful, lucrative, or offers half as many opportunities for promotion. It is a life school. Many men and women in Canada to-day, testify to the truthfulness of this claim, in one year, it is conceded on all hands, that one year's experience with this Firm is worth more to any young man or woman, than two or three years at College, from an educational point of view, and financially, it is all that can be desired.

Stray Steer.

Strayed on to my premises some time in June last, a Yearling Steer, color black and white. Owner is requested to come and settle costs and remove the animal at once.

JOHN MURRAY,
Lot 1, Range 2, Clarendon.

Tenders Wanted.

Tenders Wanted for Booth Privileges on the Exhibition Grounds on the day of the Exhibition. Each party to supply his own booth. Tenders to be in the hands of the Secretary not later than the 13th September.

E. GRAHAM, JOHN YOUNG,
Secy. Treas. President,
Elmside, August 14, 1899.

Fruits! Groceries! Confectionery!

In the above lines we have a very choice stock. Our prices are low, and goods first class.

Ice Cream!

If you wish to indulge in a glass of refreshing ice cream, call at our parlor and get thoroughly satisfied.

D. WILSON, Opposite Pontiac House, SHAWVILLE, - QUE.

FARM FOR SALE At a Bargain.

The undersigned offers for sale a farm containing four hundred acres of choice land in the Township of Gurd, District of Parry Sound. Seventy acres cleared and planted with bush. Log house, barn and stable erected on the premises which are well watered and situated one mile from school and post office. The premises are admirably suited for a stock farm. Clear title. For further particulars apply to

W. J. HODGINS,
Bonfield P.O., Ont.

PROPERTY FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale his desirable property situated on Main street, Shawville, opposite the Bank. For terms and particulars apply to

SILAS YOUNG,
Parkman P. O.

AGENTS WANTED FOR "THE LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF ADMIRAL DEWEY," the world's greatest naval hero. By Murt. Bostead. The life-long quest and best books over 500 pages. 24 inches; nearly 100 pages handsome illustrations. Only \$1.50. Enormous demand. Big commissions. Quick free chance of a lifetime. Write quick. The Dominion Company, 3rd Floor Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

A special despatch from Berlin says: "It is now permitted to be known that the war office holds documents conclusively proving that Esterhazy and Henry had betrayed their trusts, and only the permission of Emperor William is awaited for the publication of documents showing the sentence of Dreyfus to be a brutal act of injustice."

British opinion, expressed from the pulpit and in the press condemns the verdict against Dreyfus. An idea of the prevailing sentiment may be gathered from what the London Times says on the subject:—"We do not hesitate to pronounce it the grossest and most appalling prostitution of justice the world has witnessed in modern times. All the outrageous scandals into insignificance beside the crowning scandal of the verdict."

In Germany the verdict is spoken of as one of the greatest judicial and political crimes of any age. Feeling in the United States is also intense, and at St. Louis the citizens have decided to boycott the Paris exhibition next year.

Wonderful Cornstalk

Six different commodities are now being manufactured from cornstalks—namely, cellulose, worth \$400 a ton, used by the government as an automatic hold stopper for battleships; excellent cardboard, a fine grade of paper, an unequalled foundation for dynamite, a patent cattle food and a superior glue. The value of the cellulose lining for warships is well known. When a leak develops, the cellulose swells in such a manner as to automatically close it. With 15 tons of stocks, worth \$90, one ton of such cellulose is made, for which, as already stated, the government is now paying at the rate of \$400 a ton.

Come and be Convinced....

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UNDERTAKERS' SUPPLIES
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COLLARS,
MUFFS,
COLLARETTES,
Etc. Etc.

We will speak more about these Goods in a future advt. Suffice it to say that they contain as good value as can be found anywhere.

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SAVAGE Repeating Rifle.



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SMOKELESS,
HAMMERLESS,
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ORIGINAL IN EVERY FEATURE,
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ONE RIFLE FOR LARGE AND SMALL GAME,
SIX DIFFERENT CARTRIDGES.

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THOS. PRENDERGAST,
Radford, Aug. 29th, 1899.

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and Carriage

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