THE RICHMOND COUNTY RECORD.

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VOL: XI ARICHAT, CAPE BRETON, NOVEMBER 14, 1908. No. 35

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The parties contracting must agree to furnish the steamer and defray all expense in connection with the service, said service to commence in 1909 at a date to be fixed by the Municipal Council.

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

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Arichat, N. S.,
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Arichat, Oct. 16, 1908.

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ARICHAT, - - C. B.

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RICHMOND COUNTY RECORD

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EVERY FRIDAY
—BY—
BERTRAM GOURNIOT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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ARICHAT, C. B., Nov. 14, 1908

Mr. Ferguson's "Letter of Thanks."

Mr. R. Ferguson, the defeated Tory candidate in this county, has a very ill-natured letter in the Sydney Post on Tuesday, which, while thanking the electors for their support, makes a vicious attack on the Liberal party of this county, calling them by such vile names as "low and sordid characters." Declaration day Mr. Ferguson failed to put in an appearance and express himself in this billingsgate fashion. The Liberals won because they wanted a continuance of good government and effective representation. The electors of this county refused to support a party whose only policy was lies, slander and villification of their opponents. It is to be regretted that Mr. Ferguson has not taken his defeat more gracefully. Slandering his opponents is a poor way to account for his defeat in this county.

Liberals everywhere treated him with great kindness and consideration and if he feels disappointed over his defeat he has no right to call Liberals by nasty names. The Liberals conducted a clean and honorable campaign. They had a standard-bearer whom they not only loyally supported but were proud to [illegible] methods. They [illegible] resorted to conspiracies to break up Tory meetings as was done, to their everlasting discredit be it said, by alleged leaders of the Tory party in St. Peters on the evening of Saturday before election. The privilege of addressing the meeting was granted their champion and he availed himself in personal abuse of the Liberal candidate. But he barked up the wrong tree and found to his bitter chagrin and mortification that two could play at that game. In the attempt to fasten all kinds of odium upon the Liberals of this county Mr. Ferguson should be careful lest we retaliate by exposing certain crooked canvasses of his own party in this county in the late election. The Liberal party has nothing to be ashamed of, but their opponents resorted to every trick, device and calumny to win this county, and if Mr. Ferguson dares us to produce a few samples of some of his followers methods to capture votes for him in the late election we shall cheerfully reveal what we know, and it will not be based upon mere insinuation or striking an attitude of "I am holier than thou." Liberals do not pretend to be purer or better than Mr. Ferguson or some of his Tory followers; but it is natural for them to feel offended and indignant at being characterized as "low and sordid characters." This does not sound like the mild-mannered and bland looking Tory candidate who addressed the electors in Arichat on nomination day. On that occasion he spoke in a very subdued voice and made no vehement accusations against the Liberal party. If he has any basis for his charges against the Liberal party let him come from under the cloud of insinuation and put his charges in concrete form when they will be dealt with as they deserve. Be explicit, and give us the names of those Liberals in this county whom he bespatters with mud as "low and sordid characters." The Liberal campaign in this county can stand comparison with that of their opponents and we are not afraid to call an investigation any day to prove that the comparison would reflect more upon the Tories than the Grits. Com., "MacDuff."

NEWS OF CANSO

The reduction plant is kept busy and although somewhat late in getting material will have quite a quantity of product on hand.

Business continues remarkably good and the different mercantile establishments are kept busy. The prospect for fall trade was never brighter. The fishermen have had a profitable season and only want the run of haddock on as usual to make it exceptional.

Friends of the TIMES will please communicate any item of local or general interest they may be aware of.

Quite a number of mackerel have been taken in this vicinity during the week. The catch appeared to be general. If the weather conditions remain favorable the run may continue.

The steamer Dolphin has been in port collecting mackerel.

Considerable shipping has been in the harbor lately, some days as many as forty sail besides steamers.

The Boys' Brigade has opened its winter season's work. Saturday afternoon they had a road race between boys of Canso and Hazel Hill, the latter being victors. On Monday they had a banquet at their new quarters given by their lady friends, which they apparently enjoyed very much.

Thanksgiving day passed off quietly. The weather was moderate and agreeable, well suited for out door exercise, many availing themselves of the opportunity.

The John L. Cann has changed her time of sailing during the week and has now entered upon her winter schedule. The mails will come overland till spring.

Mr. McLeod, athlete and Y. M. C. A. worker, is spending some time here in the interests of athletics connected with the Boys' Brigade. He will hold a class also for girls in drill and athletic exercises.

Mrs. C. Hastie, the bride, held her receiving day on Monday.

The cold storage plant is kept busy day and night taking care of the squid which is still being received and stored for winter baiting.

D'ESCOUSSE DOINGS.

We were much pleased with a visit during the past week from Misses Lily Terrio and Mattie Boudreau as well as from Mrs. David Goyetche, for whom much sympathy is felt over the bereavement of her young husband, which was chronicled in last RECORD.

Among the recent arrivals from Boston we were pleased to greet our two old-time friends, Jeffrey and Alma McDonald, and to learn from them that the other boys would shortly put in their appearance.

Mrs. A. A. LeBrun has recently returned home from a visit to Bridgeport, Mass., where she spent a few weeks with her parents.

Mrs. James Hynes and Mrs. Peter Joyce spent a few days of last week visiting friends in Cape Auguet and Arichat.

Regardless of the repeated good advice given to the parents of D'Escousse by their pastor-relative to the punctual attendance of their children at school, it is not unusual to see many of them about the streets doing nothing during school hours. The children are not to be blamed for their non-attendance, but their parents are responsible for their neglected education.

Mr. Alphonse McDonald, who returned home a few days ago from Boston to spend the winter with his parents, we are sorry to learn is suffering from appendicitis and will next week enter Victoria General Hospital for treatment, where we wish him a speedy recovery.

West Arichat News.

General repairs on the Ross Royal bridge is under way. It was much needed, as it was in a very bad state and dangerous to travel over after dark with horses.

Capt. Wm. Clerrior left for Malden, Mass., on the 29th ult. where he will reside in future. His family left for there some time ago.

Miss Forgeron arrived from Boston last week just in time to attend her mother's funeral, who died suddenly while Miss Forgeron was on her way home. She was coming to pass the winter with her parents and was met at the boat with the sad news of her mother's sudden and untimely end and was greatly prostrated.

Daniel Bryan and Mrs. Bryan are home for the winter from Somerville, Mass., after a long absence in the States. They will be the guests of Mr. Alex. Baker while here, and they may reside here permanently in future.

Jeffrey Young and Abram Lejeune have arrived home from Gloucester and will remain for the winter.

The schrs. Union and Agility are laid up for the winter. Capt. Hubert Poirier, of the latter vessel, intends to join the new schr. Clifford and May on arrival here from P. E. I., where she loaded a cargo of produce for Halifax.

H. L. Doiron and M. J. Boudrot have returned from Vermont, where they had been engaged in the canning business for Baxter Bros.

The latest arrivals from Uncle Sam's domains are Freddie and Norbert Babin, and Louis and Joseph Mury.

Many of our people took advantage of the auction sale of LeBrun's at Arichat this week.

Messrs. Ambrose and Constantine [illegible] John Poirier of D'Escousse, paid West Arichat a flying visit [illegible].

Schrs. Fanni, Capt. J. B. Clerrior, and Dart, Capt. B. Levandier, were in port this week from P. E. I. and retailed potatoes at 35c. turnips at 25c. and cabbage at from 40c. to 60c per dozen.

The following young men arrived from Bucksport. They were on a Grand Bank codfishing trip in a schooner from that port: Walter Bryan, Alex. Smith, Willie Miller, Andy Fraser and Wm. Clory. They all look hale and hearty after their first year's experience on the Grand Banks.

If a majority of the electors of this county turned down the Tory candidate this should not justify him in calling them "low and sordid characters." As far as the terms "low and sordid" are concerned his own party is not without that species of supporters in the vicinity of St. Peters.

(Sydney Record.)

An Object Lesson in Hypocrisy.

To the Editor of the Record:

SIR,—Mr. R. Ferguson, the defeated Tory candidate in Richmond county, in a snivelling letter to the Post, modestly asserts that "his fight was a clean and honorable one," and throws a dark insinuation against his opponent by declaring as follows: "We indulged in no misrepresentations and resorted to no subterfuges or sinister appeals to SECTIONAL, RACIAL or RELIGIOUS PREJUDICE." The capitals are mine.

Now Mr. Ferguson is a Scotchman, a Presbyterian and a native of Grand River in that county. Grand River is a district that was always looked upon as strongly Liberal. At the last election Mr. Finlayson's majority was 50. Grand River is almost exclusively Scotch in race and Presbyterian in religion. At this election it gave Mr. Ferguson a majority of 45. Of course this was not due to sectional, racial or religious prejudice?

TOLERANCE.

THE USURPER

The door opened as he was speaking, and Sylvia, with Audrey, who had gone after her, entered.

They came up to the table, and Sylvia, very pale, laid the packet in front of the viscount.

He took it with an ejaculation.

"It's—it's—— But it's sealed, my dear. I'm to open it. Here, Neville, you open it."

Neville did so, and they gathered round him. He took up one of several papers and read solemnly:

"I, Julian Chester, declare these certificates—being the marriage certificate of myself and wife, and the birth and baptismal certificates of my daughter, Sylvia Bond Chester—to be genuine, and I charge such person or persons into whose hands they may fall to preserve them. I have nothing to leave my beloved child, whom I consign to the care of her Heavenly Father, in humble trust and confidence that He will protect and cover her.

(Signed), Julian Chester."

Sylvia hid her face on Neville's breast. Trale was the first to speak, and his honest face was glowing with satisfaction and delight.

"It's all right!" he exclaimed, using his favorite formula. "It's all right, Mr. Neville! Every one of them can be verified—and her claim proved! I'm lawyer enough to know that! Take care of 'em, my lord! Look them up! Hurrah—oh, I beg your ladyship's pardon," and in the very act of swinging his hat, he stopped, covered with confusion.

"Don't apologize, Trale," exclaimed the viscount. "We all say hurrah! You're a good fellow, Trale! You've—you've managed this business splendidly, and—yes, you're far too good a man for a hole and corner place like this! Why"—and for the first time in his life the viscount swore before ladies—"you ought to be chief commissioner! You come with me to the library and have a glass of wine! And you come, too, Neville, when—when you can get away. Prove her claim! We'll do it if—as Jordan says—we spend every penny we've got!"

C——ER LAST.

Indeed, the viscount was a great deal more keen about Sylvia's fortune than Sylvia herself.

"You don't know how rich I am, sir!" she said to Neville, as they wandered through the lanes the next morning, and he showed all his boyhood's playing grounds, as he had promised himself that he would, little dreaming how soon the delight of doing so would become possible to him. "Do you know, Ja—Neville, what I earn in the course of an operatic season? Do you realize"—and she drew herself up on tiptoe and looked at him with all the dignity she could put into her expression—and she was a good actress, as we know—"do you realize that the young person who stands before you is Signorina Stella, the celebrated prima donna, and that she can afford to lose five thousand a year——"

Neville caught her as she stood on tiptoe and lifted her up in his strong arms until her waist was on a level with his face.

"Put me down, sir! How dare you!" she cried, blushing furiously. "Do you imagine that because a certain wild girl called Sylvia allowed you to carry her about—the tomboy!—that you can take such liberties with the Signorina Stella! Oh, put me down, dearest—some one will see us! Seriously, Neville," as he let her feet touch the ground again lightly, "we can do without this money——"

"I think not," said Neville, in his old style, that instantly recalled to Sylvia [illegible] and [illegible] questions will have to [illegible] her how to [illegible]."

"But, Jack! oh, how proud you are! You—you worked for me one time——"

"And I'm perfectly willing to work for you now forever," he said. "What I object to is the mere idea of your working for me. Besides," his face darkened, "there is such a thing as justice, though I believe it's rather out of fashion to think so, and justice you shall have."

There was no more to be said; in fact, they had something else to talk about, these two.

But the viscount was not to be dissuaded from fighting; indeed, he was eager to begin. And when they all, excepting Mercy, returned to London, he went straight to a lawyer's, and instructed him to fire the first shot in the form of the usual letter.

They, Audrey, Neville, and the Marlows, went to the opera on the night of their return to hear Sylvia sing; and her ladyship anticipated much enjoyment in watching Neville's delight. But she was doomed to disappointment. He started when Sylvia came on; his face flushed when she began to sing; but presently it grew pale, and his brows knit, and as the storm of applause broke out after her first important song, he got up from the chair and leaned against the back of the box. Then he bent forward to Lady Marlow.

"I—I can't stand it any longer," he growled. "It—it seems as if she belongs to all of them, and not to me. I must go!"

And out he went.

Lady Marlow found him in the smoking room when they came home, sitting with a huge cigar, and looking so unutterably jealous and wretched that, though she meant to bully him, her heart melted.

"You jealous boy!" she said.

"I know—I know!" he assented, reddening. "But I can't help it. All the time she was singing I was thinking of how she used to sit on the edge of the chair and sing to me—alone—you understand—alone; and the sight of that crowded house sitting there as if they'd paid to hear her—and they had paid—drove me silly! Lady Marlow, she must leave the stage——"

"She's her own mistress, sir."

"But she is going to be my wife——"

"Well, then," she retorted, "then you will be her master, and in your present frame of mind the sooner——"

She stopped. But she had said enough.

He sprang up.

"Do you think—would she marry me at once? How dare I ask her? I haven't a penny——"

The door opened and Sylvia entered. She had caught his last words only. She stopped short and looked at him. She was in evening dress, radiant, lovely, all that a man desires in woman.

"Who says he has not a penny?" she said.

"I—I," the poor fellow stammered. "I may never get this confounded money. I am a pauper, anyhow, at present."

She glided up to him, and put both her hands on his shoulders, and turned his eyes to meet hers full of love and [illegible].

"You forget!" she said. "Ah, Jack, you forget that you spent all when you bought me that night in Lars Hope Camp!"

* * * * *

They were married. How little, how [illegible] in the [illegible]. And yet how much it means to a man and woman who loved as those two loved! They were married in [illegible] Church quietly, "as a [illegible] ought to be, without any fuss," as the viscount, who gave the bride away, declared. And one would be inclined to say that they were the happiest couple in Lyons, but that Audrey was present as bridesmaid, and Lavender as best man. Neville had sent him the wire the moment Sylvia had named the day.

"By my soul, Jack," he said, "the morning Audrey can't refuse to see you at our wedding day, and—well, weddings are so catching as measles."

As the happy pair were starting from the [illegible] on their wedding trip, and Sylvia had at last drawn her hand into the carriage, from the window of which she had been vainly trying to catch the last glimpse of the group on the steps, she turned to Neville, who was busy [illegible]

gling the rim out of his moustache and waistcoat, and with eyes over brimming with happiness and laughter, said softly:

"Aren't you sorry I'm not Miss Mary Brown, Jack?"

"Mary Brown!"

She clapped her hands.

"Oh, you heartless man! You have forgotten her!"

Then as she laughed and colored, she nestled up to him, and told him how she had suffered from the green-eyed monster.

"No!"

"Yes! And you never saw it. Ah, Jack, you were blind! They say that love is always all on one side," she added, with a little quiver of the lips. "Is it? Or do you love me a little, Jack? Are you glad you bought me with that nugget, or do you think it was not such a bad bargain, after all?"

And though he said not a word, she was satisfied with his answer.

* * * * *

They had left Mercy at the Grange at her own desire; and Sylvia had left her better than could have been expected, and with the understanding that Mercy, as soon as she was strong enough, should follow her to Bury street. But she did not do so. Instead of herself, there came a letter which Sylvia has shown to no one, not even to her husband, for in it, while telling her of her whereabouts, and her plans for the future, Mercy had enjoined her to silence.

"Let me pass out of your life, dear," she had written. "Even the sight of your dear face would only rouse the old pain and anguish. Do not even attempt to see me, for I think that I could not bear to see you; judge, though our little able I am to meet any one who knows me and my history."

Sylvia understood, and obeyed the injunction. But she thought of her, even during the happy morn in which the newly married bride is supposed to think of no one but her husband.

They spent three months in wandering—almost hand in hand, certainly heart to heart—about the Continent, then returned to London, where their friends eagerly awaited them; and, as Audrey said, a second honeymoon began.

"You've come in time for all the best plays in the theatre," she said. "And mamma is going to have a dance——"

"And we are just going to serve a writ on the Right Hon. Sir Jordan!" put in the viscount. "I suppose you have been so wrapped up in your two sweet selves that you have forgotten all about your lawsuit."

Neville colored.

"Pon my word, that's about the truth!" he said.

"Ah well, I haven't!" said the viscount. "I've been hard at work. It's going to be a tough fight, I can tell you. Jordan is game to the backbone. Did you read his speech in the House last night?"

"No," grunted Neville. "I read one once, and one will do for me."

"It was splendid. It was indeed!" said the viscount. "He's a wonderful man; it's a pity he's such a vil—l—l—mean—"

Neville turned away.

"I'm not sure he won't beat us yet," went on Lord Marlow. "My man—I mean the lawyer—says that, anyhow, Jordan can keep up at it for months, perhaps years. You see, he's everything—the estates, the money, his great name, at his back. Who'd believe such things of him as we shall charge him with? They sound incredible! And he shows not an inch of white feather; a regular ovation in the House last night, they tell me, and Jordan calm and composed—as Pitt himself. A wonderful man! If it wasn't that we've got Trale on our side—and, by the way, I've managed to get our friend promoted. His fortune's made."

"I'm glad of that!" said Neville heartily.

"Yes. The good fellow's delighted with his rise; but he's just as keen about this case as ever. He's in London 'working it up,' as he calls it; almost lives at the lawyers'. You'll be sure to see him to-morrow."

But they saw him that evening.

They were just going in to dinner, "the house-party," as her ladyship called it, for Lorrimore was there, when he was announced.

He came in looking rather pale and evidently agitated, and the viscount at once jumped to the conclusion that something had gone wrong with "the case."

"What is it, Trale?" he said.

Neville shook his hand.

"How do you do, Trale?" he said. "What's happened? How are you?"

And he shook the honest hand in his frank, genial manner.

Trale opened his lips twice before a sound would come, then he stammered:

"There's—there's been an accident."

"An accident!"

"Yes. He was leaving the House to go to dinner, and—and—a cab coming across the bridge knocked him down—and—and—the wheel went over his head——"

"Whose head?" demanded the viscount.

"Sir Jordan's," said Trale.

"Jordan's!" Neville started. "Where—where is he? I must go!"

"At St. Thomas' Hospital," said Trale. "I—I saw him fall. I was going to make a last appeal to him—to tell him that he couldn't win——"

His voice faltered.

"Go Neville!" murmured Sylvia, gently.

"Yes, yes. My hat," said Neville.

Trale put his hand on his arm.

"There's—there's no hurry, Sir Neville; he was dead when I left."

A thrill ran through the listeners at that "Sir."

"Dead," exclaimed Sylvia.

Neville stood speechless.

"Yes, my lady," said Trale to Sylvia. "It was hopeless. He was conscious at the last, and knew those around him, but he only said one word. 'I've got a cab at the door, Sir Neville——'"

They were driven to the great hospital of which London has a right to be proud and conducted to the silent room of death.

Neville stood beside the bed, and looked down at the still face from which the surgeon has drawn the covering.

Dead! It seemed impossible.

"A terrible loss, Sir Neville!" whispered the celebrated surgeon. "England will mourn one of her most brilliant statesmen. He would have been premier if he had lived. That was certain. It is terrible to think of. Yes, here lay the Right Hon. Sir Jordan Lynne, Bart., M.P., the smooth voice silenced, the acute brain stopped, the ambitious spirit quenched by a hansom cab!"

"I—I was told he was conscious—that he spoke," Neville faltered, scarcely knowing what he said.

"Yes, he spoke just before the end," said the surgeon. "He spoke to the nurse. She was here a moment ago."

He beckoned, and a woman in a nurse's uniform came forward and stood with folded hands and bent head.

"Sir Neville would like to hear what his brother said, nurse," said the surgeon.

She looked up.

"Rachel Turgis!" [illegible] she said Neville started.

"Mercy!" he said. "You——"

She looked at him, but said [illegible] while [illegible] her head she moved away.

Oh, irony of fate! The great and powerful Sir Jordan had come, unaided, helpless, to die in the arms of the woman he had betrayed!

THE END.

THE MONTREAL MELONS.

Which Grow Only in Two Spots and Cost $1 a Portion in New York.

The famous Rocky Ford cantaloupe—the real article from Colorado—is a very humble customer, indeed, beside that monarch of the melon tribe, the Montreal melon. Precious few New York breakfast tables the Montreal melon visits. The swellest restaurants, hotels, clubs and the country houses and villas of the very wealthy are the places where it is seen. A melon that costs $1 a portion is too rich for the average householder's blood.

The Montreal is the king of the melon tribe in looks, size, weight and flavor. It is the one melon grown that never runs the peril of striking a glutted market, for the reason that, whatever its popularity, the acreage on which it is and can be cultivated is very limited. It is truly named in that the only soil in which it grows to perfection is that of the Island of Montreal, and even there the melon acreage is practically localized to two posts, Outremont and Notre Dame de Grace.

There are not more than twenty-five farms on the whole Island of Montreal on which these melons are grown, and the area of cultivation, despite all the efforts of Canada's agricultural sharps to extend the industry, is becoming rather circumscribed than increased. The Montreal melon is a true home body and steadfastly refuses to grow elsewhere, no matter what the inducements and petting offered it.

It is curious that the melon, which originated in a warm country, Hindustan being its birthplace, should arrive at its greatest perfection in such a latitude as Montreal, but it is to be remembered that the Montreal melon is no heaven-sent gift; it is the product of eternal vigilance, lots of hard work and an infinite attention to the details of cultivation. The planting of the seeds is done in March in hotbeds. After a fortnight or so careful inspection is made of the plants, and if progress warrants they are transplanted into other hotbeds. The third transplanting comes in late spring, when the plants are put into what are known as the summer hotbeds.

Soon after the frames around the beds are pulled away and the vines, which by this time are well under way, are left to face the contingencies of the wind and weather. As for the growers, all devout Catholics, each prays to his patron saint for a hot, dry summer, which to the melon means size and flavor.

The melons are grown in patches, each patch consisting of several beds, divided from one another by two or three rows of potatoes or corn. These serve as windbreaks to prevent the wind from roofing under the young and tender vines and scooping them up.

The melons begin to show fair size by the middle of July, and netting commences. Up to that time the melons are a glossy green. The progress of the netting, which is carefully noted, determines the exact time when the melons should be picked and sent to market.

The growers take no chances in this particular, but aim to move their melons just as they ripen, the Montreal melon being particularly susceptible to decay. To obviate this every possible precaution is taken, and the big fellows are handled as if in cotton and wool.

Every path over which the melons are wheeled in wheelbarrows is swept smooth and clean with not a pebble or obstruction left. A jolt may mean a bruise and a bruise means swift decay. One can't take chances on dollar a portion melons.

Every melon is carefully shored up with small stones so that the air can reach it from all sides, and there will be no earth mark to show the spot where it lay on the ground during ripening. When the Montreal melon is picked it shows no sign of contact with the earth. Every melon is labelled, and they are packed carefully in large baskets holding from eight to twelve apiece. Shipments are made exclusively by express, it being necessary to land the fruit on the market as quickly as possible.

The season lasts [illegible] five to seven [illegible]. Despite [illegible] the supply is in no way adequate to the demand, New York being able and willing to take every melon grown on the island four or five times over.

Johnny's Bill of Fare.

My pa an' ma an' me we live
At Hotel Grange Bloom,
A place with elevators
An' a great big dinin' room,
Our breakfast we take up stair,
At half-past eight or nine,
But lunch an' dinner's down below,
An' I tell you but it's fine!

At dinner time there's always soup,
With clams or oysters first,
An' then a printed bill o' fare,
Enough to make you burst.
There's duck an' turkey, beef an' pork,
An' vegetables, oh, my!
In little dishes round your plate,
An' seven kinds of pie.

There's nuts an' raisins, grapes an' figs,
An' roastbeef that's tough,
An' all the things a feller likes,
But never get enough;
There's floatin' island, apple tarts,
An' puddin's all a-steamin',
There's junket, cake an' gingerbread—
But the best of all's ice cream!

Now, I don't care much for oysters,
An' clams, I think, is vile,
An' soup is one of those here things
That people eats for style.
The roasts and vegtables is good,
They takes up too much room,
So I save them till dessert comes
In the Hotel Grange Bloom.

Now, pa he is a broker,
An' his head is filled with stocks,
An' ma is always thinkin'
Of her hats an' cloaks an' frocks;
So no one pays attention
To what I eat or do,
An' when the waiter's back is turned
I stuff my pockets, too.

I've got a chest in my room
Where no one else can spy,
An' there I hides the things I takes
An' eats 'em on the sly.
But lately I hav felt right queer—
I think it's called the 'chronic'—
An' lost my appetite—I guess
I need some sort of tonic.

—William Wallace Whitelock.

The Wicked Blonde.

Major Charles E. Woodruff, surgeon of the United States army, and rated an expert in neurasthenia, makes the statement that the blonde is more inclined to crime than the brunette is. To back his startling assertion, the major presents an array of figures collected with great care. The defense of his theory is based largely on the statistics of Clinton Prison. These statistics must be held to be instructive until somebody, coming to the rescue of the flaxen type, shall find a prison stocked with the other sort.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Poor Editor.

The copy looked plain enough, and it surely did speak of the "dainty, blushing bride," but when it appeared in cold type it was "the dirty, blustering bride." Already seven of her relatives have stopped the paper, and the husband is laying for the editor. Now, why should the editor be made to suffer for a little thing like that? This is, indeed, a cold, cold world.—Minneapolis Better Way.

Surplusage.

A Preston, Kan., society woman announced a "white elephant party." Every guest was to bring something that she could find no use for and which was too good to throw away. The party would have been a great success but for an unlooked-for development which broke it up. Eleven of the nineteen women brought their husbands.—Bonham, Tex., Favorite.

Man's Perfidy.

"You have named the baby 'Ermintrude'!" exclaimed the horrified caller.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Lapsling. "I think that's what we'll call her. It's the name my husband suggested."

"But think how it will mortify her when she grows to be a young woman! Do you know what 'Ermintrude' means? It means 'leeches.'"

"You must be mistaken about that. He says it means 'great, quick, resolved.'"

Jack—"Mr. Lil Jim married Mrs. Korny for her money, so that he wouldn't have to work. Joe—"How did he succeed?" Jack—"He's working harder than ever." Joe—"What for?" Jack—"To get the money."—Boston Record.

RECIPES

(Chicago Tribune.)

CORN SOUP.

One small beef bone, two quarts of water, four tomatoes, eight ears of corn; let the meat boil a short time in the water; cut the corn from the cob and put in the cobs with the cut corn and tomatoes; let it boil about half an hour; remove the cobs; just before serving add milk, which allow to boil for a few minutes only; season with salt and pepper.

The late Judge Harvey B. Hurd always liked his wife's lemon cake better than any cake ever baked. Here it is recipe for it.

LEMON CAKE.

Five cups flour, one cup butter, three cups sugar, one cup cream, five eggs, one teaspoon saleratus, and the peel and juice of two lemons.

Mrs. Arnold, the wife of Isaac N. Arnold, and the grandmother of William M. Scudder and Arnold Scudder, was possessor of a famous turtle bean soup and no collection of old recipes is considered complete without this one:

TURTLE BEAN SOUP.

Take a quart of black beans, wash them and put them into a pot with three quarts of water; boil until thoroughly soft, rub the pulp through a colander and return it to the pot; add some thyme in a clean cloth and let it boil a few minutes to flavor; slice some hard boiled eggs and drop them into the soup; add a little butter, pepper and salt.

Before Mrs. James S. Gibbs, widow of the vice president of the Illinois Trust and Savings bank, moved to Paris to live with her daughter, Mme. Broussage, she left a "Force Meat Balls" recipe, which is highly prized in a number of north side homes.

FORCE MEAT BALLS.

Mix with one pound of chopped veal or other meat one egg, a little butter or raw pork chopped fine, one cup or less of bread crumbs; the whole well moistened with warm water, or what is better, the water from stewed meat; season with salt and pepper; make in small balls and fry them brown.

Mrs. A. L. Chetlain, wife of Gen. Chetlain, had a famous recipe for boiled tongue and tomato sauce, which she used to trade with her friends for other recipes. Mrs. Chetlain was the stepmother of Judge Chetlain, and the jurist still talks about that tongue and tomato sauce he used to get at the old home. Here is the recipe for it:

BOILED TONGUE AND TOMATO SAUCE.

Boil a pickled tongue till well done, then peel. For the sauce one can of tomatoes, boil half down, then strain; rub together one tablespoon of butter, one teaspoon of flour, and a little salt, put into the tomatoes and let it come to a boil; then pour over the tongue and serve.

In a large number of older Chicago homes Mrs. J. Y. Scammon's famous recipe for chicken croquettes is still being followed:

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.

The proportions that we give below are for half a good sized chicken. After boiling, chop the meat fine, fry it with one ounce of butter; then add one-half teaspoon of flour; stir for half a minute, adding the chopped meat and a little the broth. Salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg; stir for five minutes, then take it from the fire and mix the yolks of two eggs with it; put on the fire again for one minute, stirring the while.

Lastly, you may or may not add four mushrooms chopped, or two truffles, or both, according to taste. Turn the mixture into a dish and set it away to cool; when perfectly cool mix it well, as the upper part is dryer than the rest; put it in ports or the pasteboard, a tablespoon for each part.

Have bread crumbs on the pasteboard, [illegible] shape them [illegible] any form required. Dip each croquette in beaten egg; roll in bread crumbs again and fry in hot fat. Garnish each croquette with a sprig of parsley.

To the collection of old recipes of the north side housewives Mrs. Horace F. Waite, the mother of Lucy Waite, of Hull house, added a composition cake which is dearly treasured not only by her children but by many an old friend of the Waite family:

COMPOSITION CAKE.

Five eggs, four cups sifted flour, two and one-half of sugar, one of butter, one of milk, two teaspoons cream tartar, one of soda. Beat sugar, butter, yolks of eggs a long time, then add milk and part of the flour; with the rest of the flour add the whites, beat light; raisins or citron, if desired.

Mrs. Frank B. Orr's recipe for macaroni with oysters is another prized one.

MARCARONI WITH OYSTERS.

Boil macaroni in salt water, after which drain through a colander; take a deep earthen dish or tin, put in alternate layers of macaroni and oysters; sprinkle the layers of macaroni with grated cheese, bake until brown. Delicious as a side dish at dinner.

In one north side home is a dearly valued recipe which bears the following inscription: "Recipe for Pigeon Pie, by Mrs. Abraham Lincoln." Here it is:

STUBBORN INDIGESTION

One Who Had Sufferd For Years Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The symptoms of stomach trouble vary. Some victims have a ravenous appetite, while others loathe the sight of food. Often there is a feeling as of weight on the chest, a full feeling in the throat. With others there is an intense pain and feeling of nausea after eating. Sometimes gas presses on the heart and leads the sufferer to think he has heart disease. Sick headache is another frequent and distressing symptom.

Mr. Alex. McKay, McLellan's Mountain, N. S., says: "For years I was a great sufferer from indigestion, which was gradually growing worse and worse, and it would be impossible for me to tell how much suffering I endured. At different times, I had treatment from three good doctors but it did not help me in the least. Then I began trying all sorts of advertised medicines and took ten packages of one medicine specially intended for dyspepsia, but with no better results. I had practically come to regard myself as incurable, and to feel that I would be a continuous sufferer, when one day I read in a newspaper of the cure of indigestion through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I made up my mind to give them a trial. I had used nearly five boxes before they began to help me, but I do not wonder at this as my case was so bad. I used in all a dozen boxes of the pills and they cured me completely. I can now eat anything we have on the farm for man to eat, and have no longer the pains and discomfort I had endured for years. It is several years now since I was cured, and I have never felt a symptom of indigestion since. I am well known in this locality and you are quite at liberty to use what I say in the hope that it will benefit some other sufferer."

All medicine dealers sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Curiosity.

It was night.

They—he and she—were sitting on the porch, looking at the stars.

"You know, I suppose," he whispered, "what a young man's privilege is when he sees a shooting star?"

"No," she answered. "I wasn't the slightest idea. There goes one!"—Chicago Tribune.

Clothes don't make the man. Many a fellow with a coat-of-arms wears bagging trousers.

THE FAVORITES

EDDY'S "SILENT" MATCHES



"Silent as the Sphinx!"

THE MOST PERFECT MATCHES YOU EVER STRUCK

Always, everywhere in Canada, ask for Eddy's Matches

ARTISTIC ITALIAN COINS.

Examples of the New Pieces Received by American Collectors.

Two new Italian coins of 1908, just received in this city by Thomas L. Elder, member of the committee on new coin designs of the New York Numismatic society, show that the Italian engravers, abandoning modern coin designs, have gone back to the ancients for their inspiration. As a result the new coins have been pronounced by such experts as the most beautiful to be struck in modern times.

The Italian engraver Giorgi has taken the quadriga, or four horse chariot, a coin device which dates back to something like 300 B. C., for his model. On the obverse of the new two lire piece is shown the quadriga, four horses abreast, in full gallop, driven by the victorious charioteer fresh from the Olympian games, with laurel branch in his raised left hand and a shield on the right arm. Under the raised feet of the horses is the date in Arabic figures, "1908," while in small letters is the name of the engraver, "L. Giorgi." The edge of this handsome coin is incused after the style of the old time silver coins of the United States, showing in sunken letters the word "Fert," which occurs several times, interspersed with stars and other ornaments.

The second coin, also by Giorgi, is regarded as the handsomest nickel coin that has ever been produced. The denomination is twenty centesimi, and the designs of both sides are patterned after the coins of the ancients. The obverse shows a classic head. The inscription simply reads "Italia." On the reverse in the field is a flying figure of a female thinly robed, with a torch in her left hand, underneath being the Italian coat of arms. To the left is the denomination "20C" and below is the date "1908." The edge of the coin is reeded and the name of the engraver is also shown in minute letters.

SALADA

CEYLON TEA

The final luxury of tea-drinking, the quality which distinguishes it as the world's best, is assured users of "Salada" Tea.

GAY WINTER LIFE IN NORWAY.

Lads and Lasses Outdoors by Day and Night.

A writer for a German paper who has been stopping in Christiania gives a surprising account of the liberty accorded to the young people of Norway, especially the girls. After receiving the rite of confirmation the girls receive what he calls Schlusselfreiheit, or key freedom; their parents literally hand over to them a night key and complete liberty to come and go as they please day and night.

Though the period of schusselfreiheit comes in the early teens, the beneficiaries have no scruple about enjoying it [illegible] winter [illegible] summer on long country trips, week end parties usually, which start on Saturday afternoon, when the half day sessions of the schools are over and the offices close up and last until Monday morning.

All through the country for the length of a day's journey from the capital there are ski huts, in which the pleasure parties take refuge over night. Rich families own their own ski huts, sometimes several of them in various directions; but the greater number are owned by farmers, who rent them out at the rate of from $1.00 to $2.00 a month. Just outside of Christiania is the Holmenkol, which is to that city something like what Bronx Park is to New York, only more so. It is a great hill about 1,200 feet high, so near to Christiania that its abrupt cliffs seem to look down over the houses in the suburbs.

Parties go out by day to get the glorious view of sea and shore from the summit. They go out in the evening and spend all night there to watch the northern lights and the sunrise.

A trolley line runs to the top of the mountain and the stunt of walking up has become so commonplace that nobody thinks of doing it any more. The company issues for one crown, about 27 cents, a ticket good for all day rides. The cars are equipped in winter with means of carrying skis and bobsleds; so nobody rides down, at least in winter time. There are great sloping reaches of snow on which the bob sledding is superb.

There are dozens of stag parties, and almost an equal number made up of girls, perhaps a majority—boys and girls, young men and women, tramp together.

There is a total absence of attempts at gallantry; the girls are as independent as the men. They expect none of the small assistances and courtesies that an American girl would look for, and they get none.

In winter time the skis are invariably taken along. Sometimes bobsleds are taken too, if the country to be traversed favors their use. Skates are often taken, too. Each individual has provisions for a day or two, and sometimes the tea making apparatus is divided evenly as to weight.

The costume is picturesque, women's caps of gay colors give a brilliant effect to a snow landscape over which they are dotted, when viewed from a distance on a sunshiny day. Warm sweaters, generally white, are worn by men and women alike, the men wear knickerbockers and leggings; the girls' skirts coming a little below the knee, and leggings too. The shoes of both sexes are built strictly for business purposes.

When the hour of rest comes, the whole party takes to the ski hut and all sleep in their clothes on beds of pine needles. In summer the early morning finds them afoot again. In the winter the start is made hours before dawn, and the objective point of the morning is often some height from which the coming light is hailed with song.

The climate of southern Norway greatly favors the outdoor winter life. Early in December the country becomes thickly covered with snow, which practically remains until the spring. The thermometer hardly ever rises above freezing point and the chances of rain are negligible. Snow is not taken seriously by the skiers and the cold is seldom so intense as to be dangerous.

It is on the Holmenkol that the international ski contests take place every year, bringing English, German, Swiss and French competitors in constantly increasing numbers. There are events for men and women and boys and girls of all ages, and young people come from all parts of Norway without chaperone or guardian, and spend several days on the ground to take part in them.

The German observer of these conditions says that the freedom allowed to the young people appears to have the best possible effects, especially in the development of character among the women. In particular, he says, it seems to fit them for public life.

PROBABLY LATER.

[illegible]

COWS WORTH KEEPING.

Dominion Department of Agriculture Branch of the Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner.

In three herds in the North Oxford, Ont., cow testing association, some good records were made in the last regular monthly test. One cow gave 1,530 lb. of milk testing 3.1 per cent. fat, and two other cows in two other herds each gave over 1,330 lb. milk testing 3.0 and 3.1 per cent fat.

In the Bagotville, Que., association in each of the six herds recorded there were individual cows giving over 1,000 lb. milk, all of them testing 3.3 and over.

Ormstown, Que., also had a good record, for in 10 herds tested some one cow gave 1,000 lb. milk; one went as high as 1,410 lb. milk testing 3.6. Such cows are well worth keeping. But the fact remains, unfortunately, that there are probably hundreds of cows in the Dominion that are not worth keeping.

For instance in the Dixville, Que., association 11 cows in one herd gave a total yield of 427 lbs. of butter fat in the month; but in an adjoining farm it took 21 cows to give 461 lbs. of fat during the same time. Think of it, half as many cows again to feed and milk and provide accommodation for, and yet receive no more income from! The work of these associations helps farmers to discover the cows that are worth keeping, and enables them to detect and dispose of the unprofitable summer, and winter, boarder.

C. F. W.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

A Book's Effect on Cecil Rhodes.

Even such a powerful personality as Cecil Rhodes confessed that the reading of one particular book had made him "what he was."

"I had been reading a book called 'The Martyrdom of Man,' by Winwood Reade—a most remarkable work, which by its clever arguments against the existence of a Divinity could not fail to make a profound impression upon the mind of any one who had thought seriously over this particular matter," says Princess Radziwill in "My Recollections." "One day during lunch at Groote Schuur I accidentally mentioned it, adding that it was uncanny and had caused me some sleepless nights. Rhodes started.

"'I know the book,' he exclaimed; 'it is a creepy book. I read it the first year I was in Kimberley, fresh from my father's parsonage, and you may imagine the impression which it produced upon me in such a place as a mining camp.'

"He stopped for a moment, then added in a serious tone which I can hear even now, 'That book has made me what I am.'"—From the Gentlewoman.

BED WETTING [illegible]

Unanswerable.

The lion was sneering at the awkward, uncouth and generally ugly appearance of the elephant.

"I may not be as graceful as you are," observed the elephant, "but I'm nearer akin to the human family than you are. The knees of my hind legs bend forward, as a man's legs do, while yours bend backward, the same as a hyena's or a hog's, or a skunk's. You belong to a lower order of creation, and I'd rather not associate with you on terms of equality if it's all the same to you."

Whereat the lion, observing that the elephant was waving his trunk threateningly, went back among the wolves and coyotes, where he still retained some prestige.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 11, 1904.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED.

SIRS,—I came across a bottle of your MINARD'S LINIMENT in the hands of one of the students at the University of Maryland, and he being so kind as to let me use it for a very bad sprain, which I obtained in training for foot races, and to say that it helped me would be putting it very mildly, and I therefore ask if you would let me know of one of your agents that is closest to Baltimore so that I may obtain some of it. Thanking you in advance I remain,

Yours Truly,

W. C. McCUEAN.

14 St. Paul street,
Care Oliver Typewriting Co.
P. S.—Kindly answer at once.

The Telephone in Elections.

If the coming presidential election should prove a close one, the value of the telephone as a reporting agency in getting the returns would become a noticeably important factor. Great progress in this respect has been made in the last four years. In the recent Maine election, for example, by midnight on Monday 90 per cent. of the towns, cities, and plantations of the state had been heard from, covering 95 per cent. of the total vote—something hitherto unheard of in that state. All that remained out of reach of the telephone were some of the islands along the coast and some extreme backwoods points to which the wire had not yet been strung. Connecticut was the first state to exemplify telephone reporting. Two years ago its returns which came in the evening proved within two hundred votes of the official count subsequently made. The doubtful states of the coming presidential contest in which the telephone may improve things naturally are Maryland, Kentucky, Indiana, and Nebraska. New York's returns come in soon enough now, so large a fraction of its total population is in the cities, and the same is true of Illinois; but the states named are largely rural and have up to this time been annoyingly slow in reporting their verdict.—Boston Transcript.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

The Churning Waves.

The waves rolled high and the wealthy milkman was observed to be leaning over the stern rail of the ocean greyhound.

"Is he seasick?" whispered a fellow passenger.

"Oh, no," replied another, "he is merely watching the churn of the milky wake."

"Indeed! And is he interested?"

"Oh, yes. He likes to see churning. These thoughts so much water because it reminds him of the days he was accumulating his fortune."

An Explanation.

Magistrate—This affair looks to me more like a common dog fight than a case of assault and battery. You claim that this man assaulted you, and that you did not even try to defend yourself, yet he bears the marks of your teeth in three places. How do you account for that?

Plaintiff—Well, it was just like this. He hurt me so when he was a-poundin' of me that I had to have something to bite on or I couldn't 'a' stood it.—San Francisco Chronicle.

King Edward Apologized.

A Crimean veteran, Charles Fleet, who died recently in England, had in his early days the unusual experience of receiving an apology from King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales. Fleet was performing sentry duty at the grand entrance to Windsor Castle, when Queen Victoria came along on foot with the boy Prince of Wales. The prince was a little behind his mother, and when she had turned a corner he slyly picked up a pebble and threw it at the sentinel. The stone struck the gun and made a rattle. The Queen heard it, and turning round, went quickly up to Fleet and asked him if the prince had thrown a stone at him. "Yes," was the reply, "but he has done me no harm." The Queen called the prince back and made him take off his cap and apologize.—Kansas City Journal.

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL.

To All Women: I will send free with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flushes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write to-day. Address, Mrs. M. Summers, Box H. 8, Windsor, Ont.

Don'ts to the School Girl.

Don't wear shabby shoes. Even if they are far from being new they may have straight heels and be kept black and clean.

Don't wear a lot of school pins and badges on the front of your dress.

Don't wear three yards of ribbon on your head to hide your hair.

Don't wear your hat at a foolish tilt to make your hair or ribbon show.

Don't wear feathers and wings on your hat on a windy day, and never wear a veil.

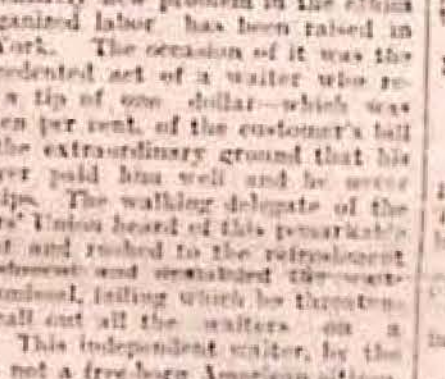
Don't be seen on the street without gloves, and never put them on in the street.

Don't carry your coat on your shoulder when it is too warm to wear it.

Don't hold your handkerchief in your hand or have it visible on your person.

Don't wear watch chains or trinkets that make a noise.

Don't wear jewelry in the daytime, except practical bits.



DR. HUNT'S BUST DEVELOPER

Will develop your bust from two to three inches in a very short time.

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

Price $1.00, express prepaid.

The Edward's Medicine Company, 611 Bathurst Street, Toronto, Ont.

New Labor Problem.

An entirely new problem in the ethics of organized labor has been raised in New York. The occasion of it was the unprecedented act of a waiter who refused a tip of one dollar—which was only ten per cent. of the customer's bill—on the extraordinary ground that his employer paid him well and he never took tips. The walking delegate of the Waiters' Union heard of this remarkable incident and rushed to the refreshment establishment and demanded the waiter's dismissal, failing which he threatened to call out all the waiters on a strike. This independent waiter, by the way, is not a free-born American citizen, but a German, who says he will return to his home in Dresden if he shall be discharged.—Philadelphia Record.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

TOLD ABOUT THE KING.

Turning from matters of serious naval policy, it is pleasant to hear that the King's popularity in the navy has been made even greater than ever by recent incidents on the cruise to the north, the visit to Portland, and during the Cowes week. His Majesty's interest in, and concern for, the welfare of the officers and men of the fleet is as evident as ever, as is shown by something that happened not very long ago on the royal yacht. An order had been given that the red ceremonial carpet used on deck should be kept in place every night until the King had come on board, or until the officers had done so. One night His Majesty did not go ashore, and about 10 o'clock was enjoying a quiet cigar on deck, when he noticed a mysterious group of sailors waiting about with no apparent object. It evidently occurred to the King that it was unusual for so many men to be about so late, and he called out for the quartermaster. "Send for the officer of the watch," he demanded, and on that individual appearing, His Majesty asked 'What are all these men hanging about for?' "The carpet, sir," was the reply. "What do you mean?" said the King. The officer explained that the men had to wait till the last officer came on board before they could roll up and take away the red felt. "But," the King asked, "don't these men have to get up at five o'clock in the morning?" The officer admitted that that was so. "Then," said the sailors' royal friend, "in future whether I am on board or not, you take up the carpet before you pipe the men to supper." So the sailors now get to bed at decent hours.

It is this consideration for the comfort of the most humble about him that so endears the King to the navy. So does His Majesty's "human" character. The other day on the royal yacht a party of sailors were seated between decks during an idle hour, indulging in a pastime forbidden on board—a game of cards (spoiling). Attracted by subdued sounds of laughter, the King strolled along the deck, and, unnoticed by the Jacks below, watched the game for some time through the open hatchway. It was evidently an exciting gamble, for the King became as much absorbed in it as the men. Suddenly His Majesty looked up, and there was an officer petrified with astonishment at the spectacle of the King calmly following the illicit game going on underneath. Seeing that he was detected, the King turned away, and walked quietly aft. The officer probably saw a twinkle in the royal eye that deterred him from reporting the men. At all events, they heard nothing of the incident, and the King let on never a word. It is for reasons like these that his sailors fairly worship King Edward.—Bristol Times.

A Means of Identification.

A woman entered a police station in Holland and asked the officer in charge to have the canals dragged.

"My husband has been threatening for some time to drown himself," she explained, "and he's been missing now for two days."

"Anything peculiar about him by which he can be recognized?" asked the officer, preparing to fill out a descriptive blank.

For several moments the woman seemed to be searching her memory. Suddenly her face brightened.

"Why, yes, sir; he's deaf."—Everybody's Magazine.

A Woman's Reason.

"Sometimes a woman smiles because she is amused and sometimes to conceal her anger."—Somerville Journal.

And sometimes because some one has said that she has pretty teeth.—Houston Post.

And then again it may be because the stage manager insists upon it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS

You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scar, contains no acids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balms. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists 25c. bottles. Refuse substitutes.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

FOR SMALL SAILBOATS.

To Lower the Mainsail—Getting Out of Stays.

It is quite a trick to lower a mainsail properly. In the first place the boom should be large enough—not so large, however, that the sail does not set close to the mast.

Lower the throat first and follow it with the peak. If the peak is dropped first, says a writer in Country Life in America, the sail will not come down. It goes without saying that the sail must be shaking when you want to lower it.

To lower a centreboard when under way put the helm up and keep the boat off. A small boat can be stopped by putting the helm up and down across the boat quickly. This is useful in coming up to a dock or mooring.

A boat can be got out of stays by dropping her peak and then hauling it when she is under way. Another way is to put the helm down, slack the mainsheet and let her drift back; then trim her quickly and she will sail away. Always go to the lee side of a dock. When a boat is towed make sure that it has a good painter, especially at night.

Get acquainted with Black Watch the big black plug chewing tobacco. A tremendous favorite everywhere, because of its richness and pleasing flavor.

2260

Scientific Persons in House of Lords.

By the death of the Earl of Rosse the small band of peers in the House of Lords whose scientific attainments have won them recognition in the world of science—from which in the last few months Lord Kelvin and Lord Blythswood have disappeared—is further depleted. Perhaps the most versatile scientist of those still remaining in the upper house is Lord Avebury, no less celebrated as a geologist and archaeologist than as a botanist. Physics is worthily represented by the Earl of Berkeley and Lord Raleigh (the only Senior Wrangler among the peers) and astronomy by the Earl of Crawford, who is also an ardent naturalist. The Duke of Northumberland, president of the Royal Institution, has a strong scientific bent, and entomology owes much to Lord Walsingham, who presented his collection of micro-lepidoptera—the largest in the world—to the British Museum in 1901. Lord Lister, the famous discoverer of antiseptic surgery, who is in his eighty-second year, is the honored doyen of the scientific peers.—From the Westminster Gazette.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Against the Law.

"In Switzerland this summer," said a Philadelphian, "I heard a [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] lations of [illegible]

[illegible]

"Schmidt and Kronen met [illegible] in the park.

"'Have you heard,' says Schmidt, 'the sad [illegible]?'

"'No,' says Kronen, 'what is it?'

"'Well, poor Muller went [illegible] on the river yesterday. The boat capsized and he was drowned. The water was 10 feet deep.'

"'But couldn't he swim?'

"'Swim! Don't you know that all persons are strictly forbidden by the police to swim in the river?'"—Washington Star.

NOTHING DOING.

"Say, I know somebody in this crowd said I was a liar," shouted the village bully, approaching a group of men he thought he knew. "Where's the guilty party?"

"I guess you're it, mister," quietly remarked a husky stranger, who unwound fully six feet and looked to be stronger than an ox, as he sidled off his coat and proceeded to roll up his sleeves.

"Oh, that's all right," continued the bully, as he hurriedly backed away. "Many people say I don't say I wasn't."

GREAT IDEA.

Harry—Lost many pigeons lately, Bill?

Bill—I have. I'm thinking of crossing them with parrots so they can ask their way home.

HOUSE WORK



Thousands of American women in our homes are daily sacrificing their lives to duty.

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo. A female weakness or displacement is often brought on and they suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden.

It is to those faithful women that

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

comes as a boon and a blessing, as it did to Mrs. W. Barrett, of 69 Manson St., Montreal, who writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"For years I was a great sufferer from female weakness, and despite every remedy given me by doctors for this trouble, I grew worse.

"One day a friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, and am thankful to say that it made me strong and well."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try [illegible]

Mrs. Pinkham [illegible] women to write [illegible] She has guided [illegible] health. Address [illegible]

Our Heather [illegible]

[illegible]

Rev. Joel S. Ives.

DRYING AND PACKING FIGS.

All the Work Done by Hand in Smyrna—Gives Employment to Thousands.

The fig tree grows almost wild and requires very little cultivation. Although certain varieties are grown in various parts of the world, those of Asiatic Turkey, commonly called Smyrna figs, [illegible]

[illegible]

The Sturdy Auld Thistle.

[illegible]

The Pathos of a Thistle.

[illegible]



AN ATTRACTIVE LITTLE FROCK.

This practical little dress admits of several variations, the sleeves may be either long or short, or they may be omitted altogether, thus making a pretty little guimpe frock. [illegible] braid and buttons was used in the development, but [illegible] gingham are all suitable to the design.

[illegible]

Prevent the Forest Fires.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." The protection of a forest from fire is one of the best possible illustrations of the old saying. [illegible]

[illegible]

Gossy Described.

"What sort of a looking chap is Gossy?"

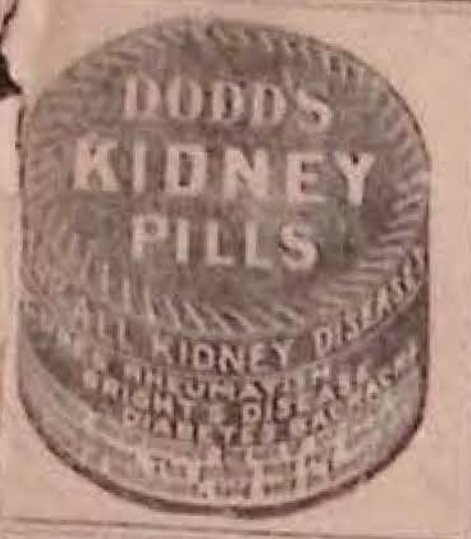
[illegible]

AUSTRALIAN AGE PENSIONS.

Al mand Cost of the Federal Parliament's Recent Act.

Both Australia and New Zealand have [illegible]

[illegible]



[illegible]

START OF AN ARTIST.

John Opie, the English painter, [illegible]

[illegible]

Advised Caution.

(Exchange.)

[illegible]

What an Inch of Rain is.

The rain fell in buckets, the thunder [illegible]

[illegible]

No Room for Doubt.

[illegible]

AMONG THE JEWS

News Notes About Them From All Over the World.

[illegible]

Small Foothold.

[illegible]

Was He Ashamed?

[illegible]

WE PAY $4\frac{1}{2}\%$

Under Our Guaranteed Mortgage Investment Plan. Interest Quarterly

DOUBLE SECURITY AFFORDED INVESTORS

Call or Write for Particulars

MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

BANKERS, BANK OF HAMILTON, ... HAMILTON, ONT.

From Whom Any Inquiries May Be Made

HON. WM. GIBSON, President

S. C. MACDONALD, Manager

HIRE OTHER MEN TO DO LOVEMAKING

(Chicago Tribune.)

There are thousands of young men in Chicago who hire lawyers to do their lovemaking. [illegible]

[illegible]

Phrases Make the Heart Tingle.

[illegible]

Insist Upon Literary Finish.

[illegible]

Writers Do Thriving Business.

[illegible]

Dangerous to Trust a Friend.

[illegible]

Poor Writer Bungles the Job.

[illegible]

Lowish Youths Exaggerate.

[illegible]

Punished for Practical Deceit.

[illegible]

An Old One Revived.

[illegible]

His Usual Custom.

[illegible]

ZAM-BUK

[illegible]

DON'T NEGLECT THAT SORE!

A Chicago man lately died from blood poisoning [illegible]

A GENUINE OFFER.

TEST ZAM-BUK AT OUR EXPENSE!

[illegible]

[illegible]ome Needs Zam-Buk "RUB IT IN"

FREE

The balance of 1908 FREE to all new subscribers to the

HAMILTON SEMI-WEEKLY TIMES

from now until the end of 1909 for $1.00 in Canada or the United Kingdom.

This is a chance of a lifetime to secure

Hamilton's Leading Newspaper

Daily Times by mail $2.00 per annum. Address

TIMES PRINTING COMPANY, HAMILTON

ARICHAT NEWS.

Capt. John Walker, of Basin River Inhabitants, sold a cargo of produce here last week.

Mr. T. R. O'Connell, our popular bank agent, spent Thanksgiving day in St. Peters.

Mrs. A. A. LeBrun, who was on a visit to her mother in Newport, R. I., arrived home last week.

The auction held in LeBrun's sample rooms since the 3rd inst. attracted large crowds and has been the means of disposing of thousands of dollars worth of goods.

"To the victors belong the spoils." If the Tories had succeeded in ousting the Grits the above is the principle they would have immediately put into force in the distribution of public offices and would be their excuse for removing those from public office who had been offensive partisans.

Dr. C. P. Bissett, M. P. P., was registered at the Queen hotel, Halifax, on Saturday.

Mr. Arthur Gorrior, contractor, of Antigonish, was in town last week.

Several schooners in port this week with P. E. I. produce.

Mrs. John Sutherland and Mrs. James Barrett, who were visiting relatives and friends in Boston and Gloucester for two months, arrived home on Tuesday evening.

Miss Edwards, daughter of Francis Edwards, Rocky Bay, arrived home on Tuesday after an absence of three years in Boston.

Messrs. H. C. Doiron and Joseph G. Doiron, of Monk's Head, Antigonish county, former residents of West Arichat, are visiting their relatives and friends at the latter place and Port Royal.

Capt. Reuel George King, of W. Arichat, arrived home this week from Little Bras d'Or, where he had the misfortune to lose his little vessel, the "Fredonia," in one of the late storms. The vessel went ashore against a steep bank and listed, upset and sank in deep water.

The Percy Cann does not connect with the train at Mulgrave on, but leaves there at 12 sharp.

A letter received lately from Albert Forrest from Los Angeles, Cal., by his friends in West Arichat, conveys the sad intelligence that he is in the hospital in that city after having undergone an operation. After he gets better he will undertake the journey home.

A very poor show a Grit would have if the Tories had got into power. Many of them boasted what was going to happen if their party were returned.

Now that the election is over the Liberals in this county should stand shoulder to shoulder in demanding their rights and we feel that our brilliant M. P. will see that a fair deal is given them.

To several anxious enquirers, who seem to take a great interest in our welfare, we wish to inform them that we are not an applicant for any position in the gift of the government. We trust their sleep will not be disturbed by any such illusions in the future.

Parliament, it is announced, will meet on the 5th or 6th of January.

Saturday will be our day of publication for the present.

In the Newfoundland elections there is a tie—18 to 18.

Who will undertake to send us the news from St. Peters regularly or at least occasionally? We have quite a list of subscribers there, notwithstanding the boycott of certain Tory merchants of an Ananias strain against us. We will furnish the paper, envelopes and postage to any live young man or woman who will act as our correspondent in that town.

Humphrey Hamilton has closed down his hotel in St. Peters and left for other parts.

The Tory St. Peters firm who have manipulated the bait freezer (erected at gent. expense) and have been using it for their own special benefit, should be aware of that privilege. They did all they possibly could to defeat the Liberal candidate, and every Liberal in this county hopes that our federal representative will stand no nonsense, but with his usual energy and aggressiveness will see to it that the FRIENDS and not the ENEMIES of the Liberal party are placed in control of the bait freezer. Time is only justice, and justice is foreign to the little notary of the senior member of that firm which we know to our cost. To allow the firm in question to continue in control would be an outrage upon the Liberal party such as our party friends would never condone.

Best Sites for a Wharf.

Reference was made in our last issue to the suitability of either the Hart or Vigneau beach sites for a public wharf. These sites are, beyond question, infinitely superior for several reasons to that of any other along our water front. The water is bolder and the inducements they offer in other ways for large steamers of the Plant S. S. Co. to call here are more attractive than any other. The principal object of building a public wharf is to induce the Plant Line to make this a port of call. They will not likely call if the wharf is built at some site where there is apt to be loss of valuable time in getting in and out of the harbor. Time with them is of prime importance, and if their opinion were asked as to the most suitable place for a public wharf for the accommodation of their steamers they would unhesitatingly select either Hart's or Vigneau's beach, where it could be built at less cost. This is of no personal interest to us except to point out the sites most suitable for such a purpose. We have wharves in plenty in central parts for the convenience of everyone. We hope that Mr. Kyte, M. P., will see that an engineer will look over all the sites and make an impartial report to the Department of Public Works recommending the one which in his opinion would be the most convenient for large steamers to come and go expeditiously.

A SOLID VOTE.

A vote of the whole Dominion of Canada to ascertain the best value to be had in the newspaper line would without question result in a solid vote for the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal. At twice, yes five times its present price, it would still be considered good value, in fact it is just such a paper that most homes would have at any price. It costs but one dollar a year, and one can't go wrong in giving it a trial. It already reaches the majority of homes in this country, and those who receive it would not be without it.

Miss Maggie Hennessy, principal of the high school, was in Hawkesbury over Sunday with her relatives.

BLACK RIVER NOTES.

The sound of the threshing machine is to be heard on every hand. The grain crop has exceeded our expectations and the farmers are in a jovial state of mind in consequence.

Councillor Calder was in St. Peters not many moons ago. 'Tis said that "Jim" has some greater attraction in that town other than a formal visitation.

Allan McLachlan and Capt. A. McIntosh, two septuagenarian Grits of this district, were in Arichat the last week of the election campaign and witnessed how certain Tory "champions" were squelched at the hands of he whom you appropriately referred to as "the eloquent Liberal candidate." Capt. McIntosh and Allan McLachlan were ever ardent Liberals.

Miss Jennie F. McLean has taken charge of a school in Grantville, this county. Jennie was a universal favorite and in her temporary absense she will be greatly missed by her many friends. We all wish you success, Jennie.

Rod. J. Morrison has taken a large contract of cordwood for the Bras d'Or Lime Co., of Marble Mountain. Rory is a hustler and will surely do well on the transaction.

Miss Maud Matheson, teacher, of St. George's Channel, spent Sunday recently with her parents in St. Peters.

"Gilbert" saw a large black fox recently. He was so close to the animal that he might have shaken salt on its tail and captured it; but he didn't have the salt.

GILBERT.

PLEASURE SEEKER.

Nobleman Who Farms in Africa and Is Fond of Sport.

Lord Delamere, the adventurous young peer, who has now gone as a big game hunter into East Africa, where he has purchased an enormous tract of land, and has been carrying on farming operations for the last five years, returned to England this week and took up his residence in North-west Cheshire, England to which county he is a large owner.

But his holidays evidently produce the attitude of Africa to England for he has come back solely to recruit his health, and when fully restored will return to East Africa.

Lord Delamere farms a hundred thousand acres near Nairobi, and keeps 1,200 head of cattle, and 10,000 sheep. Recently he has devoted attention to cotton growing, and has raised a large crop valued by experts up to is a profit.

During his recent British visit African hour Mr. Winston Churchill was



LORD DELAMERE.

the guest of Lord Delamere, and on his lordship's behalf engaged some big game sport. Included in his bag were three lions. Mr. Churchill was enchanted with the delightful scenery, and remarkable fertility of the soil, and declared that it compared favorably with the best parts of the Empire, indeed, in no other country had he felt himself longer at home.

Lord Delamere, who is only 30 years of age, first went to Africa in 1897, on a big game expedition, and came back two years later with no fewer than fourteen splendid lions besides other trophies. Then he met with an accident in the hunting field, and while lying ill at Nairobi, Vale Royal, fell in love with Lady Florence Cole (daughter of the Earl of Enniskillen), who was staying in the house and helped to nurse him back to convalescence. They were married on his recovery, and for their honeymoon tour went on a hunting expedition in East Africa, for her ladyship is as fond of sport as her husband.

Farming is not without excitement around Nairobi, for Lord Delamere told of a recent raid on his farm by two lions and leopards, who carried off a number of bulls. For hundreds of miles on the Uganda Railway he had seen through the carriage window giraffes, tigers, lions and almost every form of wild animal.

LORD CURZON ELECTED.

Will Represent Ireland in the British House of Peers.

Lord Curzon, who was elected recently to represent Ireland in the British House of Lords, is a man of remarkable personality, and one of the most popular men of the age, says M. A. P. All his life Lord Curzon has been noted for his great determination, and when a boy he was so sure of getting on that before leaving Eton he had made up his mind to become Prime Minister. So confident was he of realizing his ambition that he promised one of his schoolfellows that he would one day make him Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Curzon's reputation for energy earned for him the nickname of "the young man in a hurry," and the rapid manner in which he has risen to fame certainly justifies the title. After leaving Oxford with a



LORD CURZON.

brilliant record, he became assistant secretary to the late Marquis of Salisbury, and only six years elapsed before he was appointed Under-Secretary of State for India. The ability he showed while connected with this latter post marked him out for early promotion, and after holding the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs he went to India as Viceroy in 1898, where his splendid achievements have since become historical. As a young man Lord Curzon once made a tour in Afghanistan, and at a period when there was great danger to the white man of being attacked by natives. But the intrepid traveler hit upon a unique plan of securing his safety. He invented an elaborate uniform of a most extraordinary design—all scarlet and gold, and unlike any costume that had ever been heard of before. In this wonderful get-up he journeyed through the country in peace, for every native who came in his way was far too much awed by his strange attire to offer him anything but the greatest deference.

The Liberals of this county are proud of the clean campaign which came to such a glorious end on the night of the 26th of October.

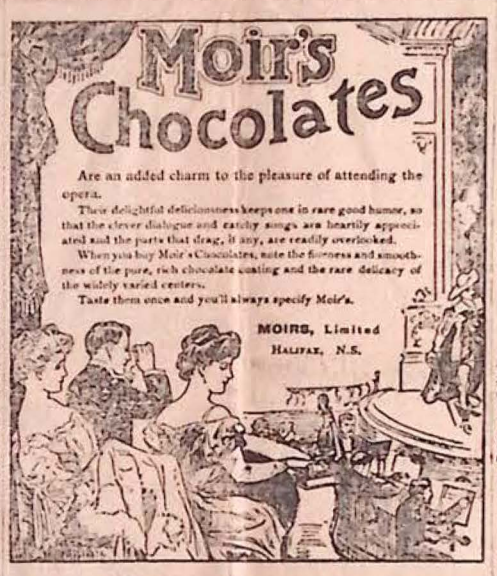
Mrs. Jessie L. Tibbon, Clementsport, N.S., says: "I was suffering with Lumbago, and after using four bottles of EMPIRE LINIMENT was completely cured. I also found it excellent for earache. Just think of it! Cured for one dollar! April 27, 1907.

Rainbow Flour

Makes such wholesome bread—the kind there never seems to be enough of.

Milled by the Tillsons at Tillsonburg

Moir's Chocolates



Are an added charm to the pleasure of attending the opera.

Their delightful deliciousness keeps one in rare good humor, so that the clever dialogue and catchy songs are heartily appreciated and the parts that drag, if any, are readily overlooked.

When you buy Moir's Chocolates, note the fineness and smoothness of the pure, rich chocolate coating and the rare delicacy of the widely varied centers.

Taste them once and you'll always specify Moir's.

MOIRS, Limited
HALIFAX, N.S.

NOTICE.

Owing to the loss sustained by me in the late fire, I am going to make a change in my business. All accounts due me will have to be settled on or before December 31, 1908.

All accounts overdue not settled before the above date will be handed in for collection.

JOHN LeBRUN.
Arichat, Sept. 28, 1908.

Mail Contract

Sealed Tenders addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 23rd October, 1908, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between

Half Island Cove and Lower Whitehaven

from the 1st January next

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Half Island Cove, Lower Whitehaven and intermediate offices and at the office of the Post Office Inspector at Halifax.

G. C. ANDERSON,
SUPERINTENDENT.

Post Office Department, Mail Contract branch, Ottawa, 5th September, 1908.

CANN LINE.

Strait of Canso Summer Service for 1908.

MALCOLM CANN.

Mulgrave and Guysboro daily (Sundays excepted), calling at Queensport every morning from Guysboro, Monday, Wednesday and Friday trips extended to Boylston.

JOHN L. CANN.

Mulgrave and Canso daily (Sunday excepted.)

PERCY CANN.

Mulgrave, Arichat, West Arichat and Point de Grat daily, (Sunday excepted.)

Connecting with Halifax Express morning and afternoon.

J. R. Dunbar, Manager

Halifax and Canso Steamship Co., Ltd.

The S. S. "SCOTIA" is intended to leave Campbell's wharf, Halifax every WEDNESDAY at 8 p. m., calling at Port Hilford, Port Beckerton, Country Harbor, Isaac's Harbor, Goldboro, Drumhead, Whitehead, Canso, Queensport and Guysboro.

Returning will be due to leave Canso early MONDAY morning for Halifax and way ports. The "SCOTIA" has excellent passenger accommodation.

For freight or passage apply to A. N. WHITMAN & SON, Ltd. Canso, or G. S. CAMPBELL & CO Halifax, N. S.

Sept. 25, 1907 1y

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, Oct. 11, '08, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Leave Mulgrave.

Accommodation for New Glasgow and Truro (50).....6.45
EXPRESS for Halifax, Quebec and Montreal (20).....11.30
Express for Halifax, Moncton, St. John (86).....16.30

Leave Point Tupper.

Mixed for North Sydney and Sydney (103).....5.30
EXPRESS for North Sydney and Sydney (19).....15.45
Express for the Sydneys (85) 20.40

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard Time. Twenty four o'clock is midnight.

Moncton Oct. 7, 1908.

Parlor and Sleeping Cars between Halifax and Sydney. Dining Cars on 85 and 86 trains between Halifax and Mulgrave. On Nos. 19 and 20 trains between Mulgrave and South River.

D. P. FLOYD, B.A.

BARRISTER & SOLICITOR

AGENT ROYAL INSURANCE CO. FIRE AND LIFE.

OFFICE, MASONIC BUILDING,

GUYSBORO, - - - N. S.

C. E. Gregory, K C

Barrister, &c.

Antigonish, - - N. S

Richmond S.S. Co. L

TIME TABLE

(Subject to change.)

SUNDAY—Leaves Grand Narrows ... arrival of fast express from Sydney. Leaves ... for Petersfield. Leaves ... Johnston at 12 a.m. for Grand Narrows ... arrive at Narrows ... for Irish Cove, Johnston's Harbor and St. Peters.

TUESDAY—Leaves St. Peters ... for Petersfield, Grand Narrows and Marbleton, returning to St. Peters via above ports the same evening.

WEDNESDAY—Leaves St. Peters 5 a.m. for Johnston's Harbor, Irish Cove and Grand Narrows; leaves Grand Narrows for Marble Mountain and West Bay after arrival of Express from Sydney, returning to Grand Narrows via Marble Mountain same evening.

THURSDAY—Leaves Grand Narrows for Marble Mountain after arrival of fast express from Sydney. Leaves Marble Mountain at 12 a.m., returning to Grand Narrows; leaves Grand Narrows after arrival of fast express from Sydney for St. Peters.

FRIDAY—Leaves St. Peters at 7 a.m. for Petersfield, Grand Narrows, Mulgrave, returning to St. Peters via above ports the same evening.

SATURDAY—Leaves St. Peters at 5 a.m. for Grand Narrows; leaves Grand Narrows after arrival of fast express, for Marble Mountain and West Bay, returning to Grand Narrows via Marble Mountain same evening.

CAPE BRETON RAILWAY.

Passenger Train Service

(ESTABLISHED SEPTEMBER 8, 1903.)

Trains run Daily except Sunday.

IN EFFECT OCT. 15, 1908

WEST BOUND.

		A. M.
St Peters	Leave	7.40
Sporting Mountain	"	8.53
Grand Anse	"	9.11
Whiteside	"	9.20
Baun Road	"	9.37
Evanston	"	9.42
Chapel Road	"	9.50
Pt. Tupper (I. C. R. Station)	Arrive	10.35

EAST BOUND.

		P. M.
Pt. Tupper (I. C. R. Station)	Leave	3.50
Chapel Road	"	4.25
Evanston	"	4.30
Baun Road	"	4.38
Whiteside	"	4.50
Grand Anse	"	5.03
Sporting Mountain	"	5.22
St. Peters	Arrive	5.40

Trains connect at Point Tupper with all I. C. R. Passenger Trains except Maritime Express leaving at 8.40 P.M. For particulars see I. C. R. folder or enquire of Station Agents.

Baggage for Stations where agents are not on duty must be claimed at baggage car door immediately on arrival.

Trains run daily except Sunday.

GEO. E. JOHNSON,
General Manager.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter of the section, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands agency or sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on a farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Land worth one dollar per acre will meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by the son or daughter, the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by such residence of the father (or mother).

(4) If the father (or mother) is the owner of quarter-section alongside his homestead, the homesteader may perform the required residence duties by residing upon the said quarter-section.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with clauses 2, 3 or 4 of this section must notify the Agent to that effect before commencement of such duties.

(6) A homesteader who has fulfilled all the duties required by the Act may obtain his patent for the land entered for by him after three years from the date of entry, by paying to the Agent the sum of $3.00 and giving notice in writing to the Agent of his intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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