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VOL XVII ARICHAT, CAPE BRETON, FEBRUARY 28, 1914 NO 26

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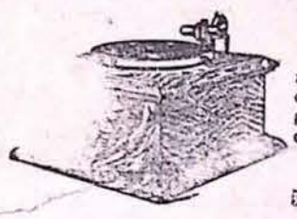
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RATES MODERATE.

BERTRAM BOURINOT, Editor, Publisher and Proprietor.

ARICHAT, N. S., Feb. 28, 1914.

DISTRICT CORRESPONDENCE

D'ESCOUSSE NOTES.

The controversy about the horse race—to be—and the money that is supposed to be put up for the race, is causing some excitement and occasionally waxing hot in this place.

The day of this writing is the stormiest we have had yet this season, the snow banking fence-high and obstructing the passage of the mails.

The smelt fishing season is over now, and notwithstanding the severe weather experienced the local catchers have made a good net profit. Thomas Joyce, of Poulamond, was the star catcher, he having occasionally caught this fish by the toes.

Bertie McDonald, of this place, has arrived home from the States.

Capt. Simon Joyce, M. P. P., left on the 17th for Halifax to attend the local legislature.

Miss Mary Ellen Poirier, Point Tupper, is spending some time in Poulamond.

BEZANSON-POIRIER. — Married, on the 16th inst., by Rev. W. A. Boucher, P. P., Ralph Bezanson, of Sydney, to Miss Rose D. Benoit, of Poulamond.

John Poirier, contractor, was in Mulgrave in connection with the repairing of the vessel lately bought by Capt. Leon Poirier.

An organization known as the "D'Escousse School Children's Flower Club" and which has for its aim the natural beautifying in the spring of the school grounds, home and community, has lately been organized in the senior department of the school. The following officers were elected:

Prest.—J. B. Landry
Vice-Prest.—Miss E. Pettipas
Sec'y—Miss Corinne Poirier.

This club is under the supervision of the Principal and the Director of Rural Science Schools, Truro.

GRAND ANCE & BALMORAL JOTTINGS.

Jack Frast was a fright the second week of February.

Mrs. L. McLean, who was successfully operated on in Glace Bay, returned home on Friday feeling well. We are glad to state also that her daughter Sadie, who accompanied her mother to Glace Bay, also returned home. While away she had a bad attack of measles, but fully recovered.

James Burns and family are spending the winter months with his sister, Mrs. A. P. McRae.

Mrs. R. Johnson, Point Tupper, was visiting her parents last week at Balmoral.

Mrs. K. McKenzie was visiting friends at Grand Ance lately.

George and Hughie, the two McDonald brothers, are making the woods ring cutting logs on the farm of D. McDougall. They are hustlers—and being such should get on the subscription list of the RECORD at once.

Dan. Hill and family, St. Peters, were visiting friends at Balmoral recently.

HUSTLER.



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Is like trying to do a successful business without advertising. And it is not expensive to gain desirable publicity by the use of printers' ink. Our Classified Want Ads. cost little and are read by nearly everyone.

Try them as a system tonic for your business.

ALL THE LATEST NEWS OF BUSY CANSO.

[Intended, but received too late, for our last issue.]

The storm of Tuesday blocked the roads with snow so that no mails were received for two days.

Owing to stress of weather the "Robert G. Cann" returned to port on Tuesday.

The ice-haulers were able to abandon their trucks on Wednesday and transport the ice on sleds.

The ice harvest is drawing to a close, most of the firms having filled their storehouses. A day or two of favorable weather will witness the conclusion of the work.

A greater quantity of ice has been stored this season here than at any time in the history of the industry.

Storing ice by steam was a new feature at the buildings of Messrs. Matthews & Scott and proved a great success.

Considerable interest is shown at the prospect of the increased number of steam trawlers expected to make this port their head quarters. Some reports say three, some six.

Harbor improvements should receive immediate attention.

It is expected that the Boston boat will make this one of her ports of call next season.

With railway in prospect and ocean going steamships making the port, preparation and suitable terminals should very seriously engage the attention of the Board of Trade and Town Council. Unless time is taken by the forelock, Canso will be found to be sidetracked by White Head or some other port.

The curlers had rather a 'braw' time at the Bonspiel at Halifax and returned home pleased with their trip and intercourse with "brithers a'."

The blacksmiths have been greatly overworked during the last three weeks and horses requiring to be shod have had to wait their turn. Other work has had to be postponed to keep the teams in good condition to do the work expected of them on the ice and frozen streets.

Pondville Notes.

A very pleasant dance was held at Mrs. Gibbs' recently.

Your correspondent is suffering with a frozen hand, which leaves him hardly able to hold the pen.

Simon Boudrot is somewhat indisposed, we are sorry to state. We wish the old gentleman a speedy recovery.

Chas. Forest has arrived home from New Glasgow, where he had been employed the past season.

Thomas Edwards, jr., is very busy hauling sand to his cranberry meadow the past few weeks.

William Dunphy, our enterprising miller, is doing quite a lot of sawing this winter. The hum of the saw can be heard for miles.

Mrs. William Fougere, who has been ill for some time, is making no improvement.

Mrs. Archibald Wilson arrived home from the States. Her many friends are glad to see her looking so well.

In this world some people get all the credit for doing certain things and others never get any credit at all. Some are too contemptible by nature to give credit where it is due.

Now for the long-expected horse race among three of our fastest trotters. Let the sports have their fun.

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Keep the bowels regular

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FRAMBOISE NOTES.

Skating is the programme of our sports nowadays, as the ice is in a most attractive shape for those who find heart contentment in gliding swiftly over Nature's bridge.

The Framboise Intervale school is now in charge of Miss Dollie Leonard, of West Bay.

Mr. Dan. J. Morrison, theological student, of Pine Hill College, arrived home on Sunday morning to spend a few days with his mother, Mrs. Morrison, of Three Rivers. Mr. Morrison preached in Fourchu on Sunday evening.

David McKay, of Grand River, visited friends in Framboise on Sunday.

"Free Lance" has been heard from again and his letter contained so much of that which is called and classified as "nothingness" that it can hardly be considered as an answer to my recent letter. He presumes his pert and rude writings will injure me physically, but in line with the old adage, "names never hurt, but stones will," I am still enjoying good health regardless of the scientific philosophy of my fellow scribe. As can be clearly seen by the intelligent public, "Free Lance" has occupied much space with his "nothingness," and yet has not for once considered the questions which I asked him when our controversy began.

In regard to "Cotton's Weekly" and "Webster's" being used as desserts by me, I may state that I can afford to provide and choose my own desserts without any insinuating suggestions from "Free Lance." Moreover, if he'd be anything worthy of being called manly, or in any degree in line with the company of which he so frequently boasts, he would not at all throw such insinuations open to the public. Furthermore, such ignorant expressions are hardly accountable for a man who takes such pride in expressing the satisfaction of being aided in with by ministers. He writes about Christian Socialism on one occasion, on another about Socialism, while as a matter of fact there is a vast variance between the two. I do not at all state that ministers, few and far between, do not uphold Socialism (collectivism); but I do state if ministers believe in Christian Socialism that skeptics can find ample scope to act the higher critics.

Don't be Suspicious.

(For the RECORD.)

Various opinions are "aired" as to the object I had in view in writing my initial letter on temperance published in the RECORD of Jan. 30th. Some think I was under the influence of drink when I wrote it; others say it is a cloak to enable me to more successfully carry on the liquor business, or a kind of sledge hammer method of inviting my wife to return. And still others are of the opinion that my upper story is out of order, that some day the exit door will swing open and out will come a raving maniac. There are others—some better and some worse—but I must confess the latter are in a decided majority, as the prevailing opinion seems to be want of sincerity on my part in advocating the cause of temperance. Realizing what other people may think very often prevents a man from doing what he knows he ought to do. I answer, it's all very well to be shrewd, but for heaven's sake "Can" the suspicion.

I am very sorry for being up against this sort of proposition, and I am doubly sorry for people who live in dim rooms and are always looking thro' dark glasses. My advice in this case is to have a little patience. Be charitable enough to give me at least the benefit of a doubt, and let me express the hope that old Father Time will convince you all of the sincerity of my recent reform.

I am still on the "water-wagon," giving no heed to the pressing and coaxing invitations of "John Barleycorn" to join him on his toboggan slide down the broad lane that leads to the gutter of intemperance. Although the road I am now travelling is narrow, and the grade steep, I am determined to peg on till I reach the summit, where I know peace of mind awaits me and where I hope the opportunity will be given me to out-balance a misspent past by a noble future, and in the end to die conscious of the fact that I did my duty. I sorely need some encouragement to assure my keeping on the straight and narrow path. Blow in any time you like is the invitation I extend to all. I will meet you with a happy smile, a pleasant greeting, and will do all in my power to make you feel at home every time you call.

To those who are in doubt regarding the efficiency of my mental machinery, I extend the privilege of bringing along the three best medical men on Cape Breton Island, and guarantee to stand a most rigid examination and to hear the examiner's exclaim: "Why, this man is in the pink of condition—a veritable 'white hope.'

In conclusion, to satisfy all concerned, my conversion was brought about in this way: Some of my friends, who, by the way, occupy an official position in the town, prevailed on me to take a rest. Acting in strict accordance with their wishes, I went to the shiretown and put up at an institution known as the "Inverness Rest House" for disobedient children, where I remained for thirty days. As I was the one solitary boarder at this institution, time dragged along very slowly. One day, when sitting all alone in room No. 14, I began to meditate, and finally the inner man suggested a game of solitaire. Every card he played was an accusation of wrongdoing, which resulted in my determination to reform. Hence my letter on temperance.

T. D. STAPLETON.

Port Hawkesbury, February 24, 1914.

[Keep up the good fight, Tom, and never mind your critics. The consciousness of doing what is right and being a noble example to others, is all the reward we need in this life. Consistently adhere to your present worthy resolution and—even if a sinner does say so—He who sees over all will strengthen you to resist the tempter and finally silence the critics, who, if they have any shame or charity in their shriveled souls, should cease their criticisms and encourage you to fight successfully the greatest curse the world has ever known.]

February, which comes to an end with this issue, will long be remembered as the stormiest and frostiest experienced for many years. It leaves us with much snow, greater depth of ice and having made greater inroads on the coal bins than ever known before.

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Feb. 28, '14. C. B.

WOOED UNDER FIRE

It was not a very cheerful party on the whole, and no one is very much surprised when during a lull in the conversation Aileen remarks:

"Aunt Dorothy and I leave for Naples by steamer this afternoon, having received a pressing invitation from an old friend, whose husband is a consul or minister there. Perhaps we may meet you gentlemen in Rome during the carnival."

Sam has opened his mouth to declare their willingness to see them safely to Naples, but he checks the utterance. There is plainly an expressed desire in the words of the California girl to be well rid of them. She could not speak it more openly unless she insulted them. Baron Sam is a proud man and not in the habit of going where he is not wanted. The past, then, is forgotten—their strange meeting on the Alps—all the subsequent adventures that have befallen them have been for naught.

So be it, as it is her wish, he has not a word to say against it. The services he has rendered this girl he counts for nothing, since they were given freely. He would even sacrifice his life itself for Aileen Winchester; but she does not love him, and that ends all.

The meal is done.

Dudley McLane can se that a shadow has fallen upon the party—he braces up and endeavors to put some life into their talk; but it is of no avail. They separate, and seek their rooms to do what little packing is necessary.

It is nearly noon when Sam walks up and down the pavement in front of the hotel, smoking furiously, as though thus endeavoring to throw off the incubus that seems to hang upon him.

In a few hours they part, these two whom fate has brought together in such a singular manner—part, perhaps, never to meet again.

No effort of his can, in all probability, have any influence upon the matter—he must kiss the rod that smites him.

"Perdition seize upon the thought that caused Uncle Joe to make such a will," he mutters, but who the person referred to may be, and what he has to do with the present state of distraction, are enigmas Sam does not explain.

Evidently he is in a humor that is not at all natural to him. The cloud of smoke he leaves behind bears witness to his fierce endeavor to consume t[illegible] many cigars as possible. When one is in an ugly mood, something or somebody has to suffer.

"I must have a few words with her; it is a shame to let her go without hearing me. If you do, you're a fool, Sam Buxton, and deserve no sympathy," he mutters, as the clock strikes the hour of noon.

It is his hope that at luncheon they will see the ladies, and he can follow Aileen from the table, to seize upon a chance to speak.

Even here the fate that has dealt him such cruel blows of late seems to be vicious enough to still follow him. Miss Dorothy comes down, but alone. She brings Aileen's apology for not appearing—the California heiress has a distressing headache, and will take a cup of tea in her room.

Miss Dorothy's manner toward Sam has evidently undergone a complete revolution—she no longer treats him coldly, and it is evident that since last they met she has heard something concerning the gentleman—something that at least has raised him in her esteem.

She treats him just as she did the prince—as though he were an illustrious personage. Sam cannot but notice this, [illegible] his thoughts are bitter indeed [illegible] does it matter whether the spin[illegible] upon learning his secret, [illegible] her mind with regard to him, it [illegible] loves has grown to detest.

When [illegible] little, and Miss Dorothy is [illegible] med over his loss of appetite, thinking, wondering, whether he cannot take advantage of this change of front on the part of Miss Dorothy. He has an idea that this sudden admiration of the elderly lady can be made available.

When the meal is finished he finds occasion to speak to her aside.

"Miss Dorothy, am I right in believing that you know all?" he says, and she nods eagerly.

"You at least do not hate me," he adds.

"Far from it, Mr. Buxton. I am delighted to know that you are a relative —a nephew as it were. And, do not let it make you vain, but I am positive Aileen does not hate you. When she learned the truth a peculiar revulsion of feeling came over her. You can understand—she has feared you so long, and dreaded the time when you must meet —in her mind you were a terrible being; and now that she discovers in her hero —the man to whom she owes her life— the odious Sam Buxton, her bete noir of past years, it is natural she should be dreadfully cut up about it. Time may change this feeling, but Aileen is no ordinary girl, you know; life runs in a deep channel with her."

"Can I see her?" he eagerly asks.

Her face is pale and troubled, but Sam Buxton does not give in easily, and he has set his mind upon exhausting every plan before yielding.

"It will do no good just now, I fear. Some months hence, Aileen may soften."

"Nevertheless, I would see her. I can not part from Miss Winchester, my Cousin Aileen, without telling her the truth. She may not believe me—circumstances are all against me, but at any rate I will have freed my mind."

Miss Dorothy shoots him a glance of admiration through her Boston eyeglasses.

"Faint heart never won fair lady. I can conceive of no harm in your trying. We have a little parlor connected with our apartment. Aileen is there. Seek her," she says, warmly.

"And you?"

"I will remain with Mr. McLane."

He presses her hand to express the gratitude to which he cannot give utterance, turns, and is off on his errand. His whole being thrills with suspense and uncertainty; will he be successful, or do they part, these two who really love—part perhaps forever, at the Grande Bretagne.

Now he has reached the suite of rooms in which the ladies have been installed. He knows which is the parlor or reception-room, for the door is slightly ajar, and his ravished eyes catch a glimpse of a figure seated in an easy chair and gazing into the small fire that takes the chill from the room.

Sam summons all his energy to the fore—he must control himself in her presence, for even if he has lost her love through the vagaries of fortune, he hopes to retain her respect.

He knocks gently. A soft voice says, in Italian, "Enter," and it is evident that Miss Aileen believes a servant has rapped. Sam closes the door behind him, and the sound causes the girl to turn her head. At sight of him she springs to her feet—waves of crimson chase each other over her neck and brow, and poor Sam is dismayed at the look of severe reproach that appears on her face.

"You, Mr. Buxton!" she says, slowly, with a slight curl of her lip.

"Why not, Aileen—Miss Winchester? You are going to Naples—we may never meet again, and I could not, would not, let you depart without telling you something you must have already guessed" — she raises her head as if to speak, but Sam is not to be checked, since he is in for it now— "and which must ever affect my future. I love you, Aileen Winchester, as truly as ever a woman was loved. I am ready to prove it to you in any way you may suggest. The past has shown you that I am able to defend the woman I love against the world. I am sure you do not doubt that. One thing alone remains to serve as a barrier between us."

"An insurmountable barrier," she murmurs.

He turns pale, but continues in the same quiet voice, showing that he will not yet own his defeat.

"I regret exceedingly to hear you say that, Miss Aileen. You believe I am seeking you with a purpose in view — that of carrying out the wish expressed in my uncle's will."

"Such a thought has become a conviction in my mind, sir," she replies, steadily.

"Listen to me—I give my word of honor that when I climbed Mont Blanc with Conrad, my guide, I never dreamed that Aileen Winchester, the girl I have taught myself to detest in times past, but whom I now madly love, was within a thousand miles of the Alps. I knew you were in Europe, that is all. I certainly was not responsible for the storm that came up so fiercely, or the fact that by the grace of Heaven I was enabled to save your life. It may seem strange to you, Cousin Aileen, but you have heard my declaration. I have no more to say—my cause must plead for itself. Will you be my wife?"

It is bluntly put, but Sam Buxton is no beau—he has always had the reputation of being a plain-spoken man.

The effect of his speech upon the California girl is peculiar, to say the least. When he speaks of having detested her name before meeting her, she turns very white and cold, forgetting that in her case the name of Sam Buxton has given her a fit of horrors every time it has been mentioned in her presence. We can see the mote in our brother's eye so readily, and yet fail to perceive the beam that is in our own eye.

"Ah! so you hated me, and yet now confess to adore me. Like all men, I am afraid you are inclined to be fickle, Mr. Buxton. You ask me a plain question—let me answer in the same spirit. I cannot be your wife," she says, though not without a severe effort—Heaven knows how much it cost her to sacrifice happiness to pride.

The man smiles faintly, but does not appear to be utterly cast down. Perhaps he reads between the lines and discovers much to be thankful for.

"Your kindness overwhelms me, Miss Winchester. You have seen something of me, and perhaps know that I am a man not easily daunted. I have asked you a question and received a negative answer; but, my dear cousin, I will not take that as a final disposition of the case. You may smile and shake your head, if you please, but I am sure that at some future time you will have a different answer for me—when you understand that the millions involved in this matter cut no figure in my calculations."

His assurance is superb, and the girl cannot help but admire it even while she does not give in.

She extends a hand from some impulse, and he takes it gently in his.

"Good-bye, Mr. Buxton," she says.

"Until we meet again, my dear cousin. You may give Sam Buxton the benefit of the doubt by that time."

He presses her hand to his lips, looks her squarely in the eyes until he thrills her with his gaze, then turning, leaves the apartment, not in despair, as he has feared, but with a deep-rooted opinion that in time he must win.

So he saunters off to commune with himself and smoke innumerable cigars, while Aileen drops into a chair to indulge in a strange medley of bitter-sweet reflections.

"If he were anyone else, how easy it would be; but that odious Sam Buxton, the ogre who has disturbed my dreams on many a night, and whom I have vowed I would never marry if I lost my whole fortune by refusing—ugh, never—never. Better this pain now than the bitterness that must come when I found my idol clay and realized that it was to win the fortune he sought me. And yet—and yet, I believe he does care for me a little, while you, Aileen Winchested, the more shame to you, up to the time you learned his secret you loved him. Well, it is all over, of course, though he did say he couldn't give me up. Of course if he resorts to the Count's tactics and carries me off, I suppose I'll have to marry the man to get rid of him, but never of my own will —never, never!"

So they part in the Turin Hotel—to meet again, perhaps, amid new scenes. Dudley McLane sees the ladies off on the train for Genoa where they take the steamer, but Sam sends his regrets, being suddenly summoned to the bedside of a sick friend at the Hotel Feder; and Aileen, strange to say, feels a peculiar sense of desolation as she sees the city fade in the distance and realizes that fate has cut adrift the two hearts brought together on Mont Blanc.

CHAPTER XVII.

Rome!

The Corso is a scene of unusual gayety for the season of the great yearly Carnival has come, and tens of thousands of curious sightseers have flocked to the Eternal City, that from her seven hills once ruled the world, in order to witness the strange sights that for three days and nights will keep Rome in a feverish state.

The Corso, although the first street in the city, is but a lane when compared with avenues in the other great cities of the world. It is crowded with vehicles and pedestrians, this street where once the wild horse-races were held during Carnival time, and is known as the Piccadilly of Rome.

Many of the hotels front upon it, foreigners can be seen in squads, while two-thirds of the passing vehicles are occupied by them. Handsome ladies are as plenty as butterflies in July, and Rome certainly looks gay enough at this season.

Strolling along the Corso is one person whom we have certainly met before—no other than Sam Buxton himself. He looks just about as he did when last we saw him in Turin, perhaps a trifle more languid, for life has been very dull since the hour when he and Aileen shook hands at parting in the Grande Bretagne.

Still, there can be noted a certain amount of eagerness in his manner as he surveys each passing vehicle—his indifference is partly assumed, and he evidently looks for some one, who, as yet, has failed to show up.

Among the crowds of foreigners Sam now and then recognizes a familiar face, and more than once shakes hands with a distinguished gentleman, for he has travelled much and met many people in the four quarters of the earth where his wandering spirit has in time taken him.

Is she in Rome?

He has made a circuit of the hotels from the De l'Europe to the De Russie without discovering any traces of Aileen.

One thing he has learned—at the last named caravansary he finds a name that gives him food for reflection—the owner of it and himself looked over pistols at each other once under the walls of the St. Bernard Monastery.

Count Tivoli!

Is it accident or design that brings this man to Rome at such a time? Somehow the American feels something like worry over the matter. It was bad enough to have this man plotting against the peace of Aileen Winchester when he had the right to protect her; but it is infinitely worse when that privilege has been forfeited, not through any sin on his part, but by means of a combination of circumstances over which he has had no control.

So the gay equipages pass in review, all laden with merry pleasure seekers, and one man upon the narrow pavement looks on, with the air of a philosopher. Laughter floats on the breeze, for Rome is the gayest city in Christendom to-day; when three more suns have come Lent swoops down upon the metropolis, and those who are the merriest now bow in sackcloth and ashes.

All day long her streets will be thronged with the people whom the carnival, famous through the whole civilized world, has drawn within her gates, and at night the city, illuminated from the dome of St. Peter's to almost the humblest cottage, will echo with the shrieks of laughter, the mad revels of those who seek pleasure. After the night of debauch comes the morning of headache and repentance—perhaps the object of the carnival is to get the people in a good frame of mind for sorrow.

Baron Sam has smoked his fifth cigar since leaving the Hotel de Russie where he found the name of Count Tivoli among the guests. He is growing weary of watching the endless procession, weary of being disappointed, when a gentleman nearby taps him on the arm:

"Beg pardon, but I believe some one is trying to attract your attention yonder—in the carriage that has stopped below the jeweler's—a lady, too."

A lady! can it be Aileen?

He turns his head, and sees—Miss Dorothy.

At any rate this is a pleasure, and in a minute he is shaking hands with her.

"Where is your friend? I thought you were inseparable," she remarks, having greeted him with a warmth that does credit to her heart.

"You mean Dudley McLane. We separated in Cairo, Egypt, a month ago, but he promised to meet me here—to-day. I was looking for him," he says, which is only part of the truth, for he has also been on the lookout for another face.

"You look as well as ever, Sam Buxton—pardon my familiarity, but I am your aunt, and I've heard of you these ten years back—every little scrape you ever met with has been religiously reported to both Aileen and myself."

He winces at this.

"And mountains made out of mole-hills no doubt. Never mind, I am quite satisfied. By the way, Miss Winchester is in Rome, with you, of course?"

How coolly he says it—one would never believe his heart is like a volcano ready to boil over.

"Yes; we arrived three days ago."

"I had occasion to examine the registers of the six principal hotels this morning, looking for Dudley, who might not know where to meet me—I don't remember seeing your names anywhere."

It is slyly put, and Miss Dorothy smiles; trust one of her penetration to see through a millstone that has a hole in it. At the same time she does not seem averse to giving him the information—her sympathies have turned in his favor, and Aileen has heard much of Sam Buxton during the time that has passed since the rupture—many a time has Aunt Dorothy sung his praises and caused the independent girl to stop up her ears.

So she gives the private address where they have apartments, and Sam—careful traveler that he is, makes a note of it. He knows better than to trust to memory in such matters. More conversation is indulged in and she invites him to call, but he shakes his head.

"You understand, Miss Dorothy, why I can't accept. One favor I have to ask you," he says, with a degree of energy that surprises her.

"Granted already, if in my power."

"You have perhaps spoken of Sam Buxton in the time that has elapsed—it would only be natural, as you might mention the prince—the count?"

"Often," replies the spinster, turning a trifle red at the mention of the prince, for the events of that night spent at the Castle Rubini are not apt to fade from her mind.

"And without being too inquisitive, my dear aunt, am I right in supposing that upon such occasions you have stood up for me?"

"It is true."

"Then let me beg of you to use diplomacy—you don't understand Miss Aileen—she is so used to having her own way that opposition only makes her will the stronger."

"My dear nephew, I believe you are very near the truth—Aileen is a peculiar girl, though in most things too lovely for praise on my part. Her feelings are deep—she will not brook opposition."

"Ah! exactly. Then do you agree with her—give her to believe that you have concluded that Sam Buxton must be the greatest rascal unhung, and that you have decided to wash your hands of him."

"What?"

"My word for it, as soon as you do this she will whip around the post and take up the cudgel in my defence."

"I believe you are right, Sam Buxton."

"Promise me to try it, to act your part as earnestly as though you really meant it. Then we will see what the result may be."

She agrees with an alacrity that proves her faith in the plan, and then they separate, Miss Dorothy to drive away, Sam to resume his stroll and sacrifice yet another cigar on the altar of the god of smoke.

Somehow things look brighter now, since he has learned of Aileen's presence in Rome. He can even take more interest in the sights of the Corso.

(To be Continued.)



PARIS FASHION FACTS.

Hats are small.
Sleeves are long.
Drapery is ubiquitous.
Moire continues faddish.
Satin belts are modish.
Kimono shoulders are continued.
Chiffon and lace are much combined.
Boleros may have basques at the back.
Softness rather than stiffness is the fashion.
Rich brocades are first choice for evening wear.
Lap-over effects are noted in dresses, wraps and blouses.

THE SALACIOUS MAGAZINE.

(London Morning Advertiser)

Much of the sex-fiction in the magazines merits the terms applied by Mr. Hooper to the "White Slave" play. It is skilfully sandwiched in between matter that is high-class and helpful, and that makes the evil the more insidious. Publishers like theatrical managers claim that they are aiding in the uplift. This is rank hypocrisy. As Mr. Hooper points out, once the public refuses to witness the dirty drama, it will be dropped and the same conditions exist in regard to reading matter. It is time the lewd novel and salacious magazine were barred by the reading public.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Trust a chicken-hearted man to hatch excuses!! !

The best man sometimes win by losing at a wedding.

He's a stingy man who won't even give you a pleasant look.

Time may be money, but it's a poor substitute for a bank account.

Sometimes a woman can flatter a man by telling him that she can't.—Chicago News.

EXPLOITING FILTH.

(N. Y. Sun)

Sometimes filth in the theatre is labelled art and sometimes it is displayed for a "high moral purpose," but the common experience is that invariably somebody is counting the box office receipts very carefully.

ACTION, NOT TALK, NEEDED.

(Montreal Daily Mail)

Nothing is more generally advocated in the press of Canada to-day than cheaper divorces. Yet the price of divorces at Ottawa remains at the same high figure. Can't somebody do something to lower it?

NEATLY PUT.

Aviation is making great strides in the older countries of the world. In Canada the tasks of development are so great that only time flies.

Cure Children's Colds By External Treatment

Mothers Will Find Nothing So Speedy and Reliable as Old-Time "Nerviline."

It's really a shame to upset a young child's stomach by internal dosing, when external treatment will so promptly break up a cold.

When your boy comes in after play with his feet soaking wet, his throat hoarse and sore, his little chest tight and congested, just apply Nerviline. Give him a vigorous rubbing over his throat, and put lots of Nerviline on his chest and rub it right in. To make Nerviline penetrate more quickly, cover his chest and throat with a hot flannel bandage. This treatment WON'T fail. Your boy will be feeling better in half an hour, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing you have warded off perhaps a cold, or grippe, or illness that might have laid him up.

Nerviline is mighty good for preventing colds and for breaking up a bad one, too. For general family use it cures all sorts of external aches and pains—you simply can't beat it. Try it for earache, toothache, neuralgia, sciatica, lame back, rheumatism, or lumbago. Wherever there is congestion, inflammation or pain in the joints or muscles, Nerviline will cure mighty quick. The large 50c family size bottle is so economical, so useful, it should be in every home. There is also a small 25c size. Dealers anywhere sell Nerviline.

"SEEING THINGS."

Why Vision is Distorted Sometimes at Night.

Everyone must at times have asked himself why familiar objects in a dim light tend to assume fantastic and oftentimes charming appearances.

The explanation is to be found in the special conditions of night vision. The pupils are widely dilated and, as in the photographic lens with a large diaphragm, the apparatus of accommodation can only focus for one plane. As the faculty of estimating distances is in a great measure lost to the obscurity, we cannot focus with the precision and a blurred uncertain outline is thrown upon the retina.

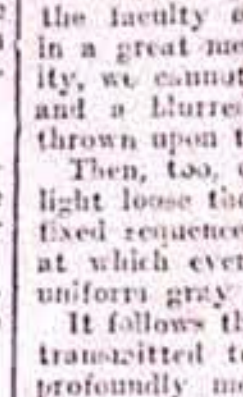
Then, too, colors viewed in a fading light loose their extinguishing hue in a fixed sequence until a point is reached at which everything becomes of one uniform gray tint.

It follows that the images which are transmitted to the visual sentres are profoundly modified in color and outline, and as they enter the eye through the widely dilated pupil at an altogether unusual angle, the movement of locomotion gives them a peculiar mobility.

Now, one relies on experience for the interpretations of tonsorial impressions, and when those show themselves suddenly in a unusual form they create a feeling of insecurity which finds expression of mental perturbation and more or less violent motor impulsions, in fact the subject finds himself in the position of a horse which sees a rapidly advancing motor car for the first time and does not know what to make of it.

Imagination aiding, these blurred mobile and uncertain images are susceptible of the most phantasmagoric interpretation, and in persons who are not accustomed to control sensorial impressions by the exercise of the intelligence the impressions are accepted as realities and acted upon accordingly.

Gamekeepers and others who are accustomed to night work make allowance for phenomena of this class and correct the visual deficiency by the aid of other senses such as hearing, which are not dependent on light. — British Medical Journal.



Kumfort Overshoes

Rubbers and Over-Stockings in One.

Easy to put on and take off. Fit well —Look well—Wear well. All sizes for women and children.

Buy them and protect yourself and family from winter ills.

Canadian Consolidated Rubber Co. Limited, Montreal.

All Dealers

ADVANCE GUARD OF LATEST CREATIONS IN SPRING HATS



Three models of Paris' latest efforts in Spring Millinery just arrived in this country.

The actor with a fur lined overcoat naturally thinks he is hot stuff.



QUEEN'S HOTEL.

London Working People Dine Cheaply at Alexandra Trust.

"In these days of high living and continual increasing cost for food supplies it is interesting to note that in London there is one place where workingmen and women—and children too—can get good food, served in the best style, at mere nominal cost," remarked A. Baird Andrew of Boston, att he Shoreham.

"I was amazed when in London recently I visited the Alexander Trust, on the city road, an institution founded by the Dowager Queen Alexander. Not much has been published about this wonderful place. It stands on the borderland, from which, during the luncheon hour there pours a human tide of young men and women. Necessarily these persons have no large means. Before the Alexander Trust came into being this army of employes had to curb their appetites. Now the need of economy is still great, but those people can satisfy their hunger for a few cents at the 'queen hotel,' as it has come to be known.

For one penny the hungriest man in London may obtain a meal that will satisfy him. For a hapenny he may get a bowl of rich soup and a piece of bread; for another hapenny he may get a piece of jam roll, hot and filling. If he has the money and is very hungry, for tuppence-hapenny, or five cents, he may get a meal that would satisfy any ordinary stomach. On Friday, for instance he might start with a bowl of pea soup, costing a half a cent in our money, take next a one-pence portion of fresh fish, proceed to a hapenny plate of rice, tapioca or college pudding, or stewed fruit, and end with a cup of coffee. For 1 1-2 pece, or nine cents in American money, one can get a three-course dinner, and personally I should not want anything better—soup, newly baked bread, a joint, with potatoes, cabbage, haricots, or parsnips; the choice of roast lamb lamb, beef, porf or beefsteak puddings, ending with pastry and coffee. I can't imagine anything more substantial."—Washington Post.

MOTHERS

REMEMBER! The ointment you put on your child's skin gets into the system just as surely as food the child eats. Don't let impure fats and mineral coloring matter (such as many of the cheap ointments contain) get into your child's blood! Zam-Buk is purely herbal. No poisonous coloring. Use it always. *50c. Box at All Druggists and Stores.*

USE ONLY ZAM-BUK FOR CHILDRENS SORES

U. S. NEGRO DISFRANCHISEMENT.

(Detroit Free Press)

Comparatively few Americans, we imagine, realize how far Negro disfranchisement has gone in the south under Democratic rule. But if you will take a pencil and do some figuring over elections returns for the last half century you will discover a fact that will startle you.

You need only look up the population of the country in each presidential year and divide it into the total vote cast that year to put yourself on the way to a shock. You will find that after the Civil war the percentage of total vote cast to the whole population rose steadily from 15.8 in 1872 until it reached the mark of an even 20 per cent in 1892, and that it has steadily fallen since that date. It was 19.7 in 1896, came down to 16.7 in 1908, and in 1912 it had fallen below the 1872 level, being 15.7. That is to say, where 200 in every 1,000 people voted in 1892 only 157 in every 1,000 voted last year.

FOR MARRIED MEN ONLY

When your razor is dull as a hoe, ask your wife if she wasn't paring her corns. Get her Putnam's Corn Extractor; it's the only painless and safe cure. All dealers sell "Putnam's" at 25c per bottle.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes;
No power has he to banish pain
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on the way,
With longing for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned;
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

A WORD JUGGLING AGE.

(New York Sun)

But what sort of honesty is intellectual honesty? We hear about it nearly as much as we do about things psychic. Who is intellectually honest? What does it all mean anyway? For constant, incessant and perpetual word juggling this age of ours stands alone. Our words and expressions have become so many counters which we give and take with a facile glibness without ever asking what they mean, what they stand for or what they are worth.

People talk of socialism, social justice, constructive liberalism, human interest, heart interest, the moral, the immoral and the unmoral, and say they favor every species of hygiene, mental, sextual and personal, and that they alone are "intellectually honest," whereas Socrates with all his questions could never pin them down as to what they mean.

The truth is they don't know.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Small Elsie told her aunt she was a "chump." She was reprimanded by her mother and told to apologize. Toddling up to her insulted relative, she said: "Auntie, I'm sorry you are a chump."

"Tommy," said an irate mother to her incorrigible offspring, "if you don't behave I'll give you a good whipping." "Well, that'll be a change, anyway," replied the little fellow. "All the other whippings I ever got were bad."

Little Joe—"Mamma, what is a blood relation?"

Mamma—"A blood relation, my dear, is any near relation."

Little Joe—"Then you are the bloodiest relation I've got, ain't you, mamma?"—Chicago News.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Good Title for Him.

A captain of one of the ocean liners was showing a young lady friends of his over the ship during one of his eastward trips. As they passed through the steerage he called his fair companion's attention to a big, husky Irish immigrant, who was putting away with knife, fork and spoon a bountiful supply of corned beef and cabbage, combined with other articles of diet. The captain eyed him for a moment, then, addressing the young lady, said:

"Just look at the enormous amount of food that fellow is consuming."

"I suppose, captain," said the fair young girl, with a beaming smile, "he is what you sailors call a stowaway."—Lippincott's.

1914'S BEST POSSIBLE GIFT.

(New York Sun)

For our part, we believe that 1914 can bring no greater good than a reduction of this incredible dropsy of hypocrisy and pornology which calls itself "sociology" and is loathsome "smut" mostly for the dollars in it.

Sour Risings From Stomach

Those Who Experience Fullness and Pain After Meals, Stomach Disorders and Indigestion, Should Read Below.

"When I was working around the farm last winter I had an attack of inflammation," writes Mr. E. P. Dawkins, of Port Richmond. "I was weak for a long time, but well enough to work until spring. But something went wrong with my bowels, for I had to use salts or physic all the time. My stomach kept sour, and always after eating there was pain and fulness, and all the symptoms of intestinal indigestion. Nothing helped me until I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Instead of hurting, like other pills, they acted very mildly and seemed to heal the bowels. I did not require large doses to get results with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and feel so glad that I have found a mild yet certain remedy. To-day I am well—no pain, no shour stomach, a good appetite, able to digest anything. This is a whole lot of good for one medicine to do, and I can say Dr. Hamilton's Pills are the best pills, and my letter, I am sure, proves it."

Refuse a substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, sold in yellow boxes, 25c. All dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

GREAT GUEST COMES

While the cobbler mused there passed his pane
A beggar drenched by the driving rain.
He called him in from the stony street
And gave him shoes for his bruised feet.
The beggar went and there came a crone,
Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown.
A bundle of fagots bowed her back,
And she was pent with the wrench and rack.
He gave her his loaf and steadied her load
As she tok her way on the weary road.
Then to his door came a little child,
Lost and afriad in the world so wild,
In the big, dark world. Catching it up,
He gave it the mild in the waiting cup,
And lead it home to his mother's arms,
Out of the reach of the world's alarms.

The day went down in the crimson west
And with it the hope of the blessed Guest,
And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray:
"Why is it, Lord that Your feet delay?
Did you forget that his was the day?"
Then soft, in the silence a Voice he heard:
"Lift up your heart, for I keep My word,
Three times My shadow was on your floor,
I was the beggar with bruised feet;
I was the woman you gave to eat;
I was the child on the homeless street."
—Edwin Markham.

GALL STONES

Kidneys and Bladder trouble, Gravel Rheumatic pains are quickly and positively cured with the celebrated remedy.

SANOL

In Kidney diseases some of the symtoms which are pain in the back, or loins, numbness of the thighs, deposits in the urine, etc., the SANOL treatment works wonders, cleaning the Kidneys of all the impurities, and keeping them healthy and acting properly.

Price, $1.50 per bottle.

For sale at leading Druggists.

Free literature from the SANOL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., Winnipeg, Man.

DUBB'S ALARM CLOCK.

And the Trouble It Caused Among the Boarders.

"When I saw that I was sleeping later each morning," said Dubb to the man who was hanging to the neighboring strap in the street car, "I decided to get an alarm clock.

"I got one and placed it on my bureau, all wound up and ready to perform its morning stunt. Well, it woke up everybody in the house except me. Boarders who were never on time for anything showed up for breakfast that morning. That made it bad for us early fellows, who are supposed to get the choice bits of everything on the table as our reward for being there early.

"The next night I put the alarm clock on the floor under my bed, instead of on my bureau, thinking it might make less noise there. But it frightened the people downstairs worse than ever. One of the children had hysterics and the grown people explained that they thought it was an internal machine.

"Then I started to figure out some way of fixing things so that the alarm clock would wake only me.

"At last I hit upon the idea of putting it under my pillow every night and stuck its feet into my back and felt as comfortable as a toad. I stood it for some time, however, until I chanced to hit upon still another scheme. I could hardly wait for night to come to put my latest idea ino effec.

"I procured a big, thick woolly blanket and rolled the clock up inside of that and put it under my bed. I could safely leave my door ajar to admit a little more air without and damage being done to my neighbors.

"The next morning I was awakened by something like an earthquake. The things hit the bottom of my bed with a sickening thud and there was a spluttering like 57 demons. Then the thing darted from the room and flew down the stairs and the thumping against my bedsprings subsided. Also, the alarm clock rolled out of the blanket.

"The hall filled with people, gathered to see what had taken place. 'I'll bet it's Dubb's alarm clock!' shouted one fellow, whose weird attire would not permit him to join the investigation committee in person. 'Throw that alarm clock out of the window.'

"It was quite a convention there at my door around the blanket and the alarm clack, and they couldn't see to save their lives how such results were obtainable with that material. The clock was turned over and over skeptically and the blanket was subjected to close inspection by the assembly.

"'Look here!' said one of the investigaters finally. 'Here's a bunch of cat fur on this blanket!'

"Then I knew what happened. The family cat had taken advantage of the soft, warm blanket and made her bed in it. When the alarm clock went off it scared her into fits."—Chicago News.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Shadow of the Moon.

Probably the fastest motion that man can percieve with his eyes is that of the shadow of the moon across the earth in a solar eclipse. This rate is practically that of the moon in its orbit, which is roughly 2,000 miles a second. This is roughly half a mile a second. Now, if a person were to be stationed on a mountain whence he could watch the approach of the shadow and keep his eye on its edge. Of course the shade would cover the whole landscape for any one person.

From the testimony of many men who have witnessed the phenomenon in such circumstances it is a terrible and awe-inspiring spectacle. Thus Forbes, of Turin:

"I confess it was the most terrifying sight I ever saw. As always happens in the case of sudden, silent, unexpected movements, the spectator confounds real and relative motion. I felt almost giddy for a moment, as though the massive building under me bowed on the side of the coming eclipse."

Another view is described by Langley:

"The bright cloud I saw distinctly put out like a candle. The rapidity of the shadow and the intensity produced a feeling that something material was sweeping over the earth at a speed perfectly frightful. I involuntarily listened for the rushing noise of a mighty wind."

There are, of course, many velocities greater than this that occur on the earth, which, too, are measureable, such as the speed of light, 186,000 miles a second, and the speed of molecules of hot gases, but they are not directly perceptible to the human vision.—Lawrence Hodges in Chicago Record-Herald.

THE CHILD IS THE VICTIM.

(Ottawa Citizen)

Some of the priests of Dublin are trying to keep strikers' children from being taken to England to be cared for. As usual, the child is the sufferer of race, class and sectarian prejudice.

What She Thought of Dad.

Little Susie (after being punished by her father)—I think papa is dreadful. Was he the only man you could get, mama?

The ups and downs of some people consist of running up bills and then being run down by their creditors.

SPIDER CATCHES FISH.

Marvelous Skill of Big Variety in South Africa.

It was when I lived in Greytown, Natal. One day I was catching small fish and aquatic insects for an aquarium, and I was using a small net in a shallow stream. I happened to see on the edge of the water a fine spider, which I captured.

On reaching home I placed my specimen in a large aquarium, where I had a number of small fish. The spider measured about three inches when its legs were extended. The body is small but the legs are long. After hiding in the rockwork of the aquarium for some time it took us a very interesting position. It rested two legs on a stone and let the other six float on the water, well spread out. The ends of the six legs thus commanded a well defined area of water.

I merely took notice of its attitude, and left it to its own devices. After a few minutes my servant boy came into my study to say that the spider was eating one of my pet fish. I at once went to see what had happened. The spider was on top of the rockwork, and it held in its grip a beautiful little fish, about four times its own weight. I was startled. How could this spider, which has no power to swim, catch a lively, quick swimming fish? It seemed to clutch the soon began to devour its catch, and before long nothing was left of the fish but its backbone.

I was now eager to find out how the spider caught the fish. That night, about 11 o'clock, I sat down by the aquarium and watch the spider. It had taken up its position on a piece of stone, where the water was not deep, and had thrown out its long legs over the water. Their extremities rested on the surface, and made little depression on it, but did not break the "water skin". The tarsi of two posterior legs firmly held to a piece of rock just about at water level. The whole body was well over the water, and the head was about in the centre of the cordon of legs, vern near to the surface of the water.

After watching for some time, I saw a small fish swim towards the stone and pass under the outstretched legs of the spider. The later made a swift and sudden plunge. Its long legs, head and body went entirely under the water, the legs were thrown round the fish with wonderful rapidity and in a moment the powerful fangs pierced its body. The spider at once brought its catch to the rock and began to eat it.—N. Abraham in Nature.

FITS CURED Send for Free Book giving full particulars of TRENCH'S REMEDY, the world-famous cure for Epilepsy and Fits—Simple home treatment. 25 years' success. Testimonials from all parts of the world; over 1,000 in one year. TRENCH'S REMEDIES, LIMITED 419 St. James' Chambers, Toronto, Can.

NECESSARY EVILS.

In the days of old Rameses when he ruled long the Nile,
There were human sacrifices of a rather gory style.
And if tender-hearted people at this sort of thing rdemurred,
"It's a 'Necessary Evil,'" they were told, when it occurred,
"For the mighty gods require it and we mustn't tell them, 'No'.
Or the crops would cease to prosper and the Nile would cease to flow!"—
Yet in time this custom perished, spite of priest and king and thrall,
For a Necessary Evil's no necesity at all!

In the time of Mr. Nero, who was Emperor of Rome,
There were Necessary Evils which were very much at home;
There were gladiators' battles and a lot of other games,
But the reign of Nero ended and he had his little day,
And those Necessary Evils were completely swept away,
Swept away like little sandhills in a sudden windy squall—
For a Necessary Evil's no necessary at all—

There were good and kind people who defended slavery
As a Necessary Evil which was simply bound to be,
Yet it's washed away forever by the blood of noble men;
It's a Necessary Evil which will not come back again.
So the Barroom and the Brothel, which are every talked about
As two Necessary Evils which we cannot do without—
They shall go like those before them, they shall crumble to their fall,
For a Necessary Evil's no necessity at all—
—Berton Braley.

DON'T HAVE RHEUMATISM

GET GIN PILLS NOW

And be free of pain all winter. Mr. Robert Wilson, of Hardfield, N. B., says: "It affords me great pleasure to convey, not only to you but also to all sufferers for Backache and Rheumatism, the great relief I have obtained from the use of Gin Pills. I feel thankful to you. I recommend GIN PILLS to anyone suffering as I did."

50c a box, 6 for $2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co., of Canada Limited, Toronto.

The Twilight Witch.

The twilight witch comes with her stars
And strews them through the blue;
There breathes below the sunset bars
A breath of meadow rue;
She trails her veil across the skies
And mutters to the trees,
And in the wood, with firefly eyes,
She wakes the mysteries,
The twilight witch, with elf and fay,
Is coming down thes lumber way,
Sleep, my dearie, sleep.

The twilight witch, with crescent moon,
Stoops on the wooden hill;
She answers to the owlet's tune,
And to the whippoorwill,
She leans above the reedy pool
And wakes the drowsy frog,
And with the toadstool, dim and cold,
Rims gray the old dead long,
The twilight witch comes stealing down
To take you off to slumber town,
Sleep, my dearie, sleep.

The twilight witch, with windlike tread,
Has entered in the room;
She steals around your trundle bed
And whispers in the gloom,
She says: "I brought my steed along,
My fiery steed of gleams,
To bear you, like a breath of song,
Into the land of dreams.
I am the witch who takes your hand
And leads you off to fairyland,
The far-off land of sleep."
Madison Cawein.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diptheria.

LIFE ON THE FARM.

(Toronto Star)

"Young man, stick to the farm a while longer. The hope of our land is its yeomanry. An educated, righteous, farming population wil bring prosperity to any nation"

So concludes an article which is being approvingly quoted in many Ontario newspapers.

But would not the article make a more convincing apeal to an educated farming population if it could show that young men, by sticking to the farm, could ensure prosperity for themselves while promoting that of the nation?

This is whede all these urgings of the rural young to remain on the land are weak. Our orators, statesmen, teachers, and editors, while highly appreciative of the art of agricultural and the part it plays in the prosperity of the State, do not seem to see that the young would need no urging to remain on the land if they did not too often learn by the experience of their fathers that the occupation of farming is one in which a man's toils and worries are underpaid. It is not necessary that this should be so.

WOMAN'S GREATEST CHARM.

(Detroit Free Press)

Women's greatest charm her pure-mindedness—to a man who can appreciate that quality in her. Even if a man is not clean himself, he wishes his wife to have the clean mind that is so highly esteemed as a feminine virtue; it is the foundation of his respect for her, both individually and as a sex.

UNION Stock Yards

TORONTO

Largest Canadian Market

For Beef and Feeder Cattle, Calves, Hogs, Sheep and Horses

WRITE FOR INFORMATION

ISSUE NO. 3. 1914

FOR SALE.

$450 BUYS FORD 1913 TOURING CAR, run about six months and in A 1 condition. Indian Motor Cycle, cost $275, used two months, and in perfect condition, $200. S. E. Loveridge, 122 Ouellette Ave., Windsor, Ont.

"TOO OLD TO HOLD HIS JOB."

(Chicago Tribune)

When feeble minded men, consumptive girls, and wards in old people's homes can be made to perform useful labor and contribute to their own upkeep, there seems to be no valid reason why the man who is no longer at highest efficiency in industry should be compelled to beg or go to charity in order to obtain bread and a bed. Our charities are overloaded with old men who are willing to work and can work, but who cannot find employment of any sort. These old men and women, too, are a drain upon the community and a burden to themselves. Yet they need not be.

If thought and consideration were given them, plenty of occupations, supplementary to our regular industries, could be manned with workers from this class. Individually we are striving for efficiency and are learning to eliminate all unnecessary waste. It is time we applied the same principles of efficiency on a nation scale. It is time society began giving the man past 40 or 50 a thought. It is time industry began to reserve a little of its strenuous labor for the old and aging instead of turning them out into the street. Society has a vital interest in seeing that something along that line is done. We must cease making a man past his prime a pauper or a criminal by refusing him work.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, box P 8, Windsor, Ont.

Editor Sees a Crowd.

Sometimes the sea of faces that turns to you with an approaching crowd is a kind of insistent, overwhelming sight that haunts you when irresistible force. They are such hopeful, tragic, happy, human things—the faces of any or every street, the people who rush into railway stations and along hotel corridors and through parks and drives and theatres and cafes.

Each represents a world of its own, a world of dreams and loves and hates and burdens and beliefs. And whatever pretense the owners of these faces effect in their more self-conscious periods they are wonderfully transparent in these moments of self-revelation and self-forgetfulness, those chance passing moments of the passing crowd.

The very strangeness of the personalities makes them more distinguishable. There are none of the illusions of intimacy, none of the receptions of the familiar, but instead the childish tangibility of the universal type, the roughly suggestive exterior, the atom of the mob. And something about this common, crude similarity, this eager alikeness, grips you with a vague sense of the tragic. You long to break through the immobility of the faces, to discover one that is friendly and recognizable and cognizant of yourself.

It is the call of humanity to a personal identification with other atoms of humanity. It is a response to the immutable unity of existence, this strange, sad, almost fearsome apprehension of the seething oneness of the crowd. Sometimes it may be restfully amusing, sometimes grotesquely humorous, but unless you are abnormally indifferent to the heart of the world there will be moments when you thrill at he spectacle of the detached replica of yourself and long for an individualization that will identify your own being with that of the passing multitude.

And it is this sense, after all, that makes us capable of human ties. It is the ability for response to others of our kind, the cry within us that answers the like cry without, which gives meaning to existence and sanity to personal interest or effort or desire.—Des Moines (Ia.) Register.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of La Grippe, and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in cases of inflammation.

Yours, W. A. HUTCHINSON.

Sayings in Court.

"You should not keep your spirit up by pouring spirits down," said the Tottenham magistrate to a man charged with drunkenness.

Witness—What a man says (to his wife) when he is drunk, he thinks when he's sober, only he hasn't the courage to say it.

Highgate Magitrate (to defendant) Have you any question to ask the officer?

The Defendant—Yes. Why is he such a liar?

When charged at Enfield with stealing socks from a shop, a boy said that he was playing with a cat on the counter of the shop and the cat must have fixed its claws into the sacks and pulled them into his pocket.

Describing how a cart and a berrow collided, a witness in a Shorditch county court action was recently asked by a solicitor:

"And in what relation were you to the cart?"

"Garn!" retorted the man. "Carts don't have no uncles nor aunts."—Tid-Bits.

WOMEN DRINKERS IN SOCIETY.

(Detroit Free Press)

Indulgence in intoxicants is on the increase among women as well as among men. We feel there is some excuse for the overworked, underfed child of poverty who turns to the temporary excitation of liquor because of her wretched circumstances, but unhappily the increase is most marked among women of the upper classes, and those who are young in particular. The strenuosity of modern social life, and demands upon feminine energy through its excitements and strain, have paved the way, in many instances, to the establishment of a habit as much to be regretted by society as by the individual.

Good Light—Good Eyes

The best light for studying is Kerosene light. The best oil lamp is the

Rayo

Strong, attractive, convenient. Can be lighted without removing chimney or shade—easy to rewick. Stock carried at all chief points.

For best results use ROYALITE OIL.

The Imperial Oil Co., Limited

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Ottawa Quebec Calgary Edmonton Halifax St. John Regina Saskatoon



FARM AND GARDEN

THE TURNIP FOR CATTLE FEED.

The turnip, to do its best, must have a highly-enriched, sandy, gravelly or light loamy soil. From the last day of July until Sept. 1 sowings may be made for the fall and main crops. The seed is usually sown in drills a foot apart, and thinned out early to six or eight inches in the row.

The rutabaga turnip is extensively grown for a farm crop, as the roots are close-grained, very hard and will endure considerable cold without injury.

In order to get the land in a fine tilth it is plowed level, and harrowed crosswise and lengthwise. Shallow furrows two and a half feet apart are then plowed, and in these furrows manure or fertilizer is spread. The seed drill should be so adjusted as not to sow less than three pounds of seed to the acre, if in rows as mentioned above.

The seed should be mixed with ashes. Should rain come so as to moisten the ground, and the young plants get a vigorous growth, they will be apt to escape the ravages of the fly. When the ground is very poor plaster should be sown on it after the seed is harrowed in. Weeding should begin in about two weeks after the plants come up, and thinning should at the same time be performed.

When fed on turnips cows give a much larger quantity of milk than when fed on hay or corn, but it is necessary to give some hay. Cattle may be fed during the winter and even fattened on turnips, but when fed to cattle or cows it is necessary to cut them in slices with a hatchet or some other instrument, as instances are known of cattle swallowing turnips whole, and thereby getting choked. Turnips are also largely used by poultrymen in feeding to the fowls. Turnips are halved and the fowls allowed to pick them to pieces. If attacked by the fly sow dry ashes on them while the dew is on. Fresh slaked lime or soot is also recommended for this purpose.

One of the most important essentials in growing a root crop of any kind is to prepare a good seed bed. The land should be rich in potash and lime, with large quantities of available nitrogen. With the exception of the sugar beet, this holds good with all root crops. Cultivation should begin with the plowing. No furrow should be thrown over flat.

Turnip seed should be sown before the ground gets too dry.

Force the growth by cultivation and thereby avoid attacks of lice and woody roots.

Land that is set aside for the turnip field should be cultivated frequently before planting, so as to conserve moisture and give the seed quick germination and the growing plant plenty of moisture. For turnips for stock the following plan is a good one: Sow the seed in drills thirty inches apart on good, fertile soil, using two pounds of seed per acre, covering to a depth of one inch. Where fertilizers are applied they should be well worked into the soil. Cover the seed with a spring-toothed harrow turned wrong side up. This will spread the seed in the row and permit of thinning later. Harrow a couple of times before the plants are up, always harrowing in the direction of the row and not across; then roll hard. On heavy land rolling should not be done. Cultivate thoroughly to save the moisture. When plants have the third leaf they are ready to be thinned. Do this with a sharp hoe; avoid injuring roots; thin so that the plants will be fourteen inches apart.

PRESERVING SOIL FERTILITY.

It is claimed that a 50-bushel crop of corn will remove from the soil 82 1-2 pounds of nitrogen, 21 pounds of potassium. What does not draw so heavily on the soil for the simple reason that it does not yield such large crops under ordinary circumstances as corn. A 25-bushel crop of wheat will remove from the soil 53 pounds of nitrogen, 15 pounds of phosphorus and 23 pounds of potassium. Two tons of clover removes 85 pounds of nitrogen, 15 pounds of phosphorus and 23 pounds of potassium. Two tons of clover removes 82 pounds of nitrogen, 12 pounds of phosphorus and 88 pounds of potash, while a mixed crop of clover and timothy, amounting to 1 1-2 tons per acre, removes 39 pounds of nitrogen, 14 pounds of phosphorus and 46 pounds of potassium. One ton of timothy removes 25 pounds of nitrogen, 10 1-2 pounds of phosphorus and 35 pounds of potash.

A cycle of all these crops would remove 302 pounds of nitrogen, 86 pounds of phosphorus and 242 pounds of potash. These figures are given by Professor Burkett, of the Kansas Experiment Station. He states that, according to this rate of soil exhaustion, the nitrogen contained in the surface foot of average corn, wheat or cotton soils would be exhausted in 115 years; that the phosphorus supply in the surface foot would last only 161 years, while the potash would be entirely removed in 250 years.

If, at the expiration of the period mentioned, soils lose their productive power absolutely, it follows that between this time and the period of complete exhaustion there will be a gradual lessening of production. This is absolutely what happens unless some special precaution is taken to prevent the depletion of the fertility supply. But how prevent it and at the same time continue to remove large crops year by year? In the first place, where legumes are grown on land—say, two-fifths of the time, which actually ought to be the case—the nitrogen supply is maintained. In the second place the feeding of the crops grown on the same farm and the proper care of the farmyard manure together with its return to the land means that only such fertilizing ingredients as compose the animal body and the ingredients in such other products as wool cheese and butter as are sold from the farm are actually lost forever to the soil. This permanent loss, it must be remembered, is in phosphorus and potassium compounds, and these can be supplied from three sources only. They may be purchased in the form of feeding stuffs for farm animals and find their way to the soil through the manure, or, in the second place, they may be purchased directly in the form of commercial fertilizers. The third source of supply is from the sub-soil, running down to a depth of three or even four feet from the surface. Roots of all crops penetrate the soil to the depth of two, three, four and even as far as six feet. They take directly the ingredients from the sub-soil, and upon their decay tend to increase its porosity. This facilitates the capillary movement of water, which reacts as an agent to convey fertilizing ingredients as they become soluble in the lower soils up to near the surface, where they are readily available to the feeding roots of succeeding crops.

While, therefore, it is in theory possible to completely exhaust a soil in a hundred or more years, in practice; it is possible to maintain its productive power and to even increase it by the sensible use of legumes, by the generous use of farmyard manure, and by wisely purchasing, from time to time, those ash ingredients, like potash and phosphoric acid, that are of the greatest importance to plant growth.

It can be said without fear of contradiction, that farmers of the wheat, corn and cotton belt have not yet learned to appreciate the value of fertility in commercial form. At some of our stations it has been shown that on certain soils exceedingly profitable investment may be made in commercial fertility. If it is profitable at the time, which is the thing that more of us are interested in, it is surely a wise policy to make such investments so as to keep our soils up to the point of maximum productiveness. The pride that we now feel over the richness of our wheat, corn and cotton soils will soon disappear if we are not wise enough to put back a goodly part of the ingredients that we are so busily engaged in removing.

FARM NEWS AND VIEWS.

A point that all fruit growers should bear in mind is that the city resident has little room for storage and hence will pay much higher prices in proportion for good fruit in small packages than ordinary fruit in large packages.

Careful experiments show that the honey bee is quite as essential for the perfect pollination of our fruits as the bumble bee is in the clover fields. In Germany the bumble bee is protected by legal enactments. With us every nest is destroyed at once after its discovery.

Hogs to be slaughtered for pork should be liberally fed at this season of the year. They should have sanitary pens so that the danger of disease and discomfort of the animals will be reduced. The feeding troughs should be kept clean, as also the drinking vessel. A good plan is to have a concrete floor where the feed is given. This prevents a muddy and unsanitary feeding pen. Hogs require considerable grain, but this does not mean grain alone. They should have some succulent food and protein sufficient to maintain normal growth, as well as carbohydrates to lay on flesh.

The question of cooking and grinding hog food has many advocates on both sides; but from all the information that can be gathered from reliable sources the preponderance of evidence is in favor of feeding grain whole and uncooked. There are exceptions when cooking or grinding, or both, will pay for the extra expense. Many instances are known where hogs are given whole, uncooked grain, that are actually making better gains than others that are getting cooked grain. either ground or whole, that it is hardly considered wise to advocate soking or grinding except in cases of sickness or for sows just after farrowing.

A fruit grower who believes in thinning fruit and practices what he believes, removes one-half of the crop of an extremely heavy setting of Keifer pears and allowed it to go to waste on the ground. The portion that matured was fine and sold at high prices. In the grower's opinion the yield was larger than if all fruit had remained on the tree.

It takes 11 pounds of milk to add one pound of live weight to a calf and an ox that weighs 1,300 pounds will consume 22 pounds of hay in 24 hours, to keep from losing weight. If he is fattening he must have twice that quantity, when he will gain two pounds a day. Thus one pound of live weight to 11 pounds of good hay. To obtain 50 cents per 100 pounds for his hay a farmer must sell fat steers at $5.50 per 100 pounds.

Many farmers who never think of giving their horses or cows more than they will eat up clean will, when it comes to feeding the pig, gives them more than they will eat. Overfeeding is not good feeding. A pig fed in this manner soon loses its appetite, and thereafter will not do its best. A safe rule is never to give more than the animal will eat up clean and quickly. Feed will be saved by this method. It is not the amount of food an animal takes into its stomach that causes a gain in weight, but the amount that is assimilated, and when we overfeed we injure the stomach and a large part of what is eaten is not assimilated. This excess food is worse than wasted, for it gives the animal a setback from which is does not speedily recover.

BABY ALL COVERED WITH ECZEMA

Could Not Sleep Day or Night. Itched and Burned Terribly. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured in a Month. Also Cured Mother of Salt Rheum.

Quarryville, N. B.—"For a month after my baby was born he could not sleep day or night with eczema. He was all covered with small watery pimples which would break in a day or two and leave a humoury scab and would itch and burn terribly. He scratched so much that he made sores. His skin burned all the time and when the scab came off it left little marks like chicken-pox. At last I saw Cuticura Soap and Ointment advertised. After the first application he rested easier. I applied the Cuticura Ointment lightly and after an hour I would wash him with Cuticura Soap. After a month's treatment he was cured.



"I was greatly troubled with salt rheum on my hands. They broke out in little watery pimples and would be so itchy I could tear them to pieces. Then they would dry up and crack and bleed and when I put them in water the disease would eat in to the bones. They were so painful I had to keep them tied up with cotton rags. I could not do any work. One box of Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap cured them." (Signed) Mrs. Grattan, July 31, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post-card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A.

New Street Suit Has a Short Eton Jacket, Fur-Trimmed



Here is one of the very latest street gowns with its short modified Eton jacket, cut with the long shoulders and closed with one button in front. The jacket is trimmed with fur, which outlines the sleeves and embroidered collar. The skirt is plain and narrow with a double puff about the hips which simulates a tunic. The waist is of white net and the gown white corduroy with black and white fur. A black velvet hat shows the latest eccentricity of fashion in its abruptly upturned brim.

JEWS ARE FARMING.

And Making a Big Success of It, Too.

One would hardly expect a race of shopkeepers to make a success of farming, but that is exactly what the Jews of America are doing. The convention of the Federation of Jewish Farmers of America in New York city, from No. 16 to 19, served to call attention to the fact that the Jews in this country are in increasing numbers leaving the city for the country, and, what is more are succeeding in their new environment by exerting there the same industry and painstaking care that have made them successful as mechants. After all, farming is only a business, and business methods properly applied in the fild as in the shop.

The Federation of Jewish Farmers, organized four years ago to "improve the material and social position of Jewish farmers," has now at branches in 31 states, with a membership of more than 500. Two hundred delegates were present at the convention and exchanged views on the practice of their profession, and on less palpable but important matters concerning the position of the Jew, in American society.

The Hebrew farmers have adopted all the up-to-date labor saving equipment of their neighbors, and have gone a step further than some in forming co-operative systems of fire insurance and credit, which might be imitated to advantage, and which incidentally furnish another illustration of the "one-for-all and "all-for-one" spirit that centuries of persecution have inculcated in the race.

Four years ago the Jews organized the first agricultural credit union in America. They now have 17 of these unions, with an aggregate capital of $9,165 and a total loan record of $73,624. Their net profits amounted to $1,217, which is a rate of more than 13 per cent. yearly on their capital. The unions have been formed by the sale of shares to the extent of $500 or more among members, and by the advancement of $1,000 to each union by the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid society.—The Outlook.

AH, WELL!

"Well, my son," said a good-natured father to an eight-year-old son the other night, "what have you done today that may be set down as a good deed?"

"Gave a poor boy a penny," replied the hopeful.

"Ah, ah, that was charity, and charity is always right. He was an orphan boy, was he?"

"I didn't stop to ask," replied the son. "I gave him the money for licking a boy who upset my school bag."

A FARMER'S VIEWS

Touch Prices, Railways, Agitators and Friends of People

(Letter in Winnipeg Saturday Post.)

Sir,—I have finished my plowing and have sold as much of my grain crop as I intend to this fall, at the prices going, and having a little time to spare am writing you these few lines. I have been in the country a good many years, and taking one year with another cannot complain; but at the same time us farmers, it seems to me, are not getting our fair share of the profits which have been made in this country. There is something wrong between the prices paid by us and the prices paid by city people for the same article, and the newspapers having, or pretending to have, the welfare of the farmers, who are the backbone of the country, at heart, should try to find out what the trouble is. During the twenty-five years I have lived here the newspapers have been full of about only three things, raising Cain with any Government that happens to be in power; defending the actions of the Government that happens to be in power, and raising the devil with the railroads. Now, I guess the railroads deserve all perhaps that has been said about them, and maybe a lot more, but at the same time what some of us farmers can't get through our heads is why the papers are always slamming the railroads, and never take a crack at some other interests, because to a man of even ordinary intelligence there must be other sinners in the country besides the railroads, and it looks to me that some of the other said sinners have been urging the slambanging of the railroads to keep attention away from themselves.

The railroad foremen in charge of the track near my farm tell me that twenty-five years ago he got $2 a day, and now he gets $3 a day, and the engineer on the way freight gets nearly $5.50 a day now, and he used to get then $3.75 a day, and the way freight conductor was paid $3 a day then, and now he gets $4.60 a day. This foreman says that all the men in the railroad have been raised about the same because they had strong organizations behind them.

When I first started shipping grain to Port Arthur the rate figured up to about 14 cents a bushel for wheat, while to-day it is a shade less than 8 cents a bushel, and there is about the same difference in other grains. On the farm machinery, hardware and dry goods that I bring in I pay the railroad now 25 to 40 cents less per hundred pounds than I did twenty-one years ago. I had some grievances against the railroads, because some years ago when they killed some of my neighbor's stock, and their engines burn up some of our grain, it took them a long time to get paid, the railroad trying to put them off with polite letters; but I can't get out of my head that in slambanging the railroads all the time the idea is to take away the farmer's attention from other people who are making more from them than they should. If the railroads can almost double the wages, reduce the rates and make a profit, it seems to me that those in other businesses ought to be able to do the same thing. The section foreman says the reason the railroads can do this is because they haul bigger trains, bigger cars, and have cut down the hills, etc. Not long ago when I was in Winnipeg a friend of mine from the Grain Exchange took me for a trip in his automobile, and I saw a great many beautiful houses, some of them like castles. These houses, I was told, were nearly all owned by people who came to the west with practically nothing, made their money out of hardware, dry goods, real estate and handling the farmers's grains, the butcher business, etc. I asked him to show me the castles of the railroad kings I heard so much about, but he said those fellows lived in Montreal, Toronto and England and everywhere else. Now if a man came west with nothing and made a fortune, why we cannot blame him, but it seems to me that us farmers have not had our share, and that convinces me in hammering the railroads and the governments it was to take the minds of the people away from the conditions that allowed the people in these other lines of business to make such fortunes. It seems to me that us farmers are paying more all the time for everything we have to buy, but are not getting anything more for what we have to sell, and I often wonder why we should have to pay more for the goods we buy and get less for what we have to sell, when the railroads are able to raise wages and haul our stuff for less money.

I am all the time reading in the papers advice handed out to farmers by bankers, railroad men, meat packers, ministers and editors. They are telling us how we should plow, what we should raise, how we should work, what a sin it is for us to never take a trip from the farm in the winter, how wasteful we are to leave our machinery out in the sun and rain, what kind of chickens to raise, and so forth; and therefore it seems to me that us farmers should give the men in business that they should take means to cheapen the cost of distrubiting and do with less profits, and charge us less interest, and not squeeze us to pay our bills in the fall so that the majority of farmers are compelled to sell their grain at any old prise.

I suppose that the dullest man cannot help see that if this country is to be permanently successful the farmer must be happy, and he cannot be happy unless he is prosperous. The only way he can be prosperous is to get more for what he raises, and pay less interest and get more for his goods. We have understood by our farm journals that the newspapers are controlled by their advertising departments, and my friends said that many of the advertisers would object to this letter, and therefore it would not be published; but I told them that I intended to send this to each of the papers in Winnipeg to see if they would be fair enough to allow a bona fide farmer, of good standing, who has been a long time in this country, to have his view published in the press. Yours very truly,

J. H. Irwin.

Neepawa, Man., Dec. 2. 1913.

VERY FLATTERING



Poet—How much will it cost to send that manuscript?

Postmaster—It will cost two cents an ounce. This is first-class matter.

Poet—Thank you sir! Thanks for the compliment.

Royal Informality.

At Cadinen, Emperor William's model farm in west Prussia, where he loves to tramp about in rough clothes and high top boots, there is a certain blacksmith whose hand is never too grimy for his kaiser to shake. The Princess Victoria Luise from earliest years has shared her father's liking for the man's sterling qualities. One day the emperor and princess, in company with a high official, called at the smithy. As its owner turned from work to welcome them the kaiser introduced him as "a special friend of my daughter's."—Pictorial Review.

GLAD NEWS TO ALL WITH BAD COLDS INSTANT RELIEF--FEW HOURS FOR CURE

NOTHING KNOWN TO SCIENCE IS SO INVARIABLY SURE TO CURE AS "CATARRHOZONE."

'Just Breathe Catarrhozone!

The Ozonated Air Cure, better known as "Catarrhozone" is death to colds.

Its health laden fumes contain the leading balsams of the pine woods.

Soothing and antiseptic, it gives instant relief —stops gagging, hawking and sneezing.

Mucous and phlegm are cleared away breathing made easy, and Catarrh symptoms entirely disappear. Delightful and pleasant is Catarrhozone, simple to use because you breathe it—sure to cure colds and catarrh because it destroys the cause. Doctors say nothing is more scientific, nothing possesses such might of merit in winter ills.

"To clear a cold out of your nostrils and to be able in a minute or two to breathe freely again, I can't conceive of anything being better than Catarrhozone," writes J. H. Galvin, of Port Limon, C.B. For any sort of Catarrh, throat trouble or Bronchitis, Catarrhozone is a specific. I know scores of people who use Catarrhozone and all speak wonders of its merit."

Get the complete $1.00 outfit it does the work sure. Small size 50c; sample, or trial size, 25c. Sold by dealers everywhere.

FOR CROP RAISERS

Report of Canadian Seed Growers' Association.

The 9th annual report of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association, which has just been issued by the publications branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, contains much of interest to the seed grower and crop raiser generally, and should be secured by all such individuals. In addition to a brief review of the methods practised by the association in the production and handling of registered seed there is given a report of the secretary showing the progress which is made in connection with the systematic growing of registered seed, while addresses and papers by prominent authorities are also included. Among the latter, special attention is drawn to the following papers: "Thickness of Seeding in Cereal Grains," Prof. C. A. Zavitz, O. A.C., Guelph, Ontario; "Results in Two Years' Work in Testing Field Root Seeds of Commerce to Prove Genuineness of Stock," E. D. Eddy, chief seed inspector, Ottawa; "Methods of Improving the Supply of Field Root and Vegetable Seeds," Geo. H. Clark, seed commissioner, Ottawa; "The Production of Garden Vegetable Seeds in Canada," W. T. Macoun, Dominion horticulturist, Ottawa; "Home Grown Seed vs. Imported Seed," R. McKay, Balmoral Mills, N.S.; "Seed Growing in Eastern Quebec," J. A. Simard, Quebec, Que.; "Progress in High Class Seed Corn Improvement in Western Ontario," L. D. Hankinson, Aylmer, Man.; "Methods of Advertising and Selling Registered Seed," W. D. Long, Indian Head, Sask.

The question of the proper amount of seed of cereal grains which should be sown to give best results, and which is dealt with in the paper by Prof. Zavitz, is one of special interest to all farmers. Some growers advocate using as little as one bushel of oats per acre while others will argue for the advisability of using as much as six bushels per acre. The investigations by Prof. Zavitz throws considerable light on this much-debated question.

It is worth mentioning that Mrs. Mary M. Dyer, of Parnell, Mo., who has just entered upon her tenth matrimonial venture, may now sign her name Mary Moore-Smith-Peabody-Pettijohn-Smith-Smith-Hill-Smith-Mooman-Brown-Dyer.—Hartford Times.

"It's hard," said the sentimental landlady at the dinner table, "to think that this poor little lamb should be destroyed in its youth just to cater to our appetites." "Yes," replied the smart boarder, struggling with his portion, "it is tough."—Baltimore News.

Mrs. Daine—Do you find your gymnasium work helpful? Mrs. Artigne—Helpful? Why, this morning I was the first one to reach a bargain counter out of a bunch of 100 starters.—Washington Star.

THE HALF-SPEED MAN AND WOMAN

What It Means When You Feel "All Out of Sorts."

You know what it means to feel "all out of sorts." Most people have felt this way at some time. Nerves out of order, irritable, languid, depressed. An aching head, a fagged brain, appetite bad and digestion weak. With some people this condition comes and goes; with others it is chronic; they can't shake it off. It interferes with business, spoils recreation and robs life of all its joys. These men and women are only able to live and work at "half speed."

Half speed people have lost that abundant natural vitality which enables others to go "full-speed-ahead" through life. Their energy and nerve power have evaporated—they cannot work long without breaking down. The trouble is nerve weakness and is caused by poor, watery blood. You can begin to improve your condition to-day by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make rich, red blood once more pulsate through your veins, and your nerves thrill with fresh vigor. Here is convincing evidence that new strength and full health can be had through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Newton Mayhew, North Tryon, P.E.I., says: "I am a farmer and naturally have to work very hard. The result was that I found myself very much run down. My blood became thin and watery, and my muscles flabby. I took doctors' treatment but it did not help me and I grew so weak that I could scarcely work at all. As I found the medical treatment was not helping me I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in these I found the medicine I needed, as in a short time I was restored to my old health and vigor. I shall always recommend these pills to all sufferers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers, or will be mailed, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE BOUILLON CUBE.

Home-made Soups Are Far More Nourishing.

Advertising literature in which catch phrase display lines form a conspicuous feature shows the novel expression "bouillon cubes" among the more recent innovations. The thinking part of the purchasing public have by this time been educated into an appreciation of the limitations of extract of meat as a source of nourishment of the human body.

There was a day when beef extract was looked on as embodying the very essence of nutrition. The fact is that it is a flavoring agent and, in the words of a well known writer on dietetics, "its proper place is in the kitchen and not by the bedside." However widely this fact may deserve appreciation, the American public is a gullible one.

From the claim that extract of meat —to quote some actual instances of misbranding — is a concentrated food that represents the nourishing constituents of fresh beef," or "a combination of all the strengthening and stimulating properties of prime lean beef, or "the most perfect form of concentrated food known," it has been a short step to another suggestive type of advertising.

Now it is to the category of the "brain fag" relievers that the extract of meat in its up-to-date guise of bouillon cubes has been consigned by the present day exploiter. Undue claims of nutritive superiority are no longer made; but the meat extractives have joined the brigade of ready-relief specifics which are intended to enable the jaded worker to finish his day's task. At any rate the role of bouillon as stimulant alone is implicitly recognized in this latest enterprise.

Without entering into the physiologic or dietetic merits of the propaganda for beef-tea drinking, the Journal of the American Medical Association calls attention to some fallacies involved in the use of bouillon cubes and points out some unexpected features of their composition. Common salt is the foremost constituent, contributing from 49 to 72 per cent. of the total weight of the cubes of 10 leading brands manufactured in the United States and Germany last year.

The amount of real meat extract present ranged from eight per cent. in the poorest to only 28 per cent. in the best brands marketed. It is true that most of these cubes have no advertised claim to be concentrated beef broth or essence.

Many persons, however, believe them to be so, little realizing that cubes which contain about two-thirds salt and never more than one-third meat extract are an expensive form of securing the flavor and other virtues of the latter.

Home-made meat broth or meat and vegetable soups contain more meat extractives and real nutrients than the commercial preparations, and they are cheaper than the bouillon or soups prepared from commercial cubes, extracts or juices.

This fact need not, however, condemn the popularity of a harmless, ready-to-use expedient in the hasty and and convenient preparation of a cup of palatable bouillon. One might as well argue that the nutritious, ready-to-eat cereals are to be rejected because they are more expensive and, in the taste of many, more palatable than the old-fashioned oatmeal, which requires a somewhat more laborious culinary treatment.

The public should be educated to know precisely what is involved when claims pertaining to diet as well as to drugs are made to attract a purchaser. They can then intelligently count the cost, and balance convenience and elegance against personal effort and economy.—American Medical Association Bulletin.

APPLIED PHYSICS.

Interesting Experiments Tried in Shafts of Michigan Mines.

If a whole tram load of ore were dumped into the mouth of one of the deep vertical shafts of the copper country, probably not one piece of it would ever reach the bottom, and a person could therefore stand in the bottom of one of these shafts with entire safety while ore was poured in at the top. The marvel of this is not one of the mysteries of caverns or dee pholes in the ground, but instead only one of those simple phenomena that prove that although most of us have heard that the earth is round like a ball and rotates on its axis from west to east, few of us actually realize it.

Within a radius of a mile, at Calumet, Mich., are the three deepest shafts in the world, one of them being 28 feet over a mile deep. Nowhere else in the world is there so splendid a chance to try experiments with falling bodies. Accordingly the physics department of the Michigan College of Mines has availed itself of the opportunity to work out a few of the "freaks of nature." One of the experiments consisted in dropping a smooth metal ball two inches in diameter from the centre of the shaft and trying to catch it in a box of clay set in the shaft 4,200 feet down. Another ball was let loose from the southwest corner of the shaft. The balls were dropped by burning the thread by which they were suspended, so that in starting to fall they would have no sidewise motion. The shaft is nine by thirty feet in cross section, and the first of the balls was suspended four feet from the opposite corner. Neither of them ever reached the box of clay, one of them never was found, and the other one, presumably the one started from the centre, was later found by a workman lodged in the timbers on the east side of the shaft, 800 feet from the surface. Whatever bodies were dropped into the shaft invariably lodged somewhere in the east wall.

This happens simply because the earth is rotating on its axis from west to east.

At Calumet a particle on the surface is moving to the east at the rate of about 1,000 feet a second; but a particle 5,000 feet down the shaft, just keeping even with the particles on the surface, is moving eastward at a rate which is four inches less than the 1,000-feet-a-second velocity; it was not only moving eastward at that rate when it started to fall, but continued moving eastward at that rate all the way down the shaft. Meanwhile, it dropped to the bottom of the shaft at a rate which would have made it 17½ seconds for the fall if there had been no resistance of the air to encounter. During this 17½ seconds, the particle at the surface, and the ball falling at the same rate, travelled 17½ times four inches, or nearly six feet farther eastward than the particle at the bottom. As a matter of fact, the resistance of the air, at the high speed the ball acquired soon after starting, was sufficient to prevent any further acceleration, and consequently the ball was much longer than 17½ seconds in falling. In fact, only 800 feet of fall was required for the ball to make the four feet from the centre of the shaft to the east wall, and the other ball must have lodged at some point not much farther down.

Now, if the walls of the shaft were smooth and free from obstructions, no doubt a falling body would rebound from side to side of the shaft and finally reach bottom; but the many timbers in the linings of the shaft, and the bers in the linings of the shaft, and the levels all the way down, furnish places where a body is sure to lodge, and so if a load of ore were to be spilled into the shaft near the top, most of it, at least, would later be found clinging to the east of the shaft.—Ishpeming, Mich., Record.



am I going to bet my shirt an' shoes on "three of a kind" when four aces are runnin' a marathon around the table." "Ja ever notice" how broad an' expansive the winner's smile is?

Causes of High Cost of Living

The cry against the high cost of foodstuffs continues long and insistent. From all over the continent comes the news of commissions and committees to look into the high cost of living; of women's clubs who are fighting for more for their money; of individuals fighting the cold storage plants, and of suits against butter and egg concerns, charging violation of the anti trust laws.

In all thorough investigations that have been held in respect to the high cost of living, one unanimous conclusion has been arrived at, which is that the telephone has more to do with it than any other factor. As useful and indispensable as the telephone is in many respects, it has unquestionably become a curse as regards the cost of foodstuffs. The average woman of to-day refuses to buy as her mother did before her. What with tangoes and teas, and bridges and matinees, and the dozen other attractions of every-day life as we know it there is no time for shopping in the old-fashioned way. My lady rings up the butcher, whose place of business is ten minutes' drive distant, and orders six mutton chops, with the caution to "hurry up," the cook is waiting for them. Next she telephones the grocer and orders a few cents worth of this and a few cents worth of that. Then comes the cake shop with another order, equally small. Of course, these orders are all delivered, a horse, wagon, and a man or a boy, or an auto and a man, being utilized in the transaction. Now, as it happens, my lady does not realize that it possibly cost five cents to deliver that fifteen cents worth of cake, and five to ten cents to deliver that meat, and another few cents to deliver a few more cents worth of food from the grocer. But it does.

And then again, a clerk whose business it is to answer the telephone and take orders must be employed, and if the grocer's shop is a good sized one, it will be found that not one, but several, telephones must be employed. All these expenses, including high rents, must be added to the cost of the foods that my lady thinks are so outrageously high, and so they are, but through no fault of the men who sell them to her.

Her predisposition to follow the easiest, but by no means the most economical method, has caused a great discrepancy in prices as between the market and the uptown store. In the old days staple goods were purchased in what would now be considered almost wholesale quantities. In the autumn the potatoes for the winter were stored away in the cellar, and so were the apples. Flour was purchased by the barrel, and, incidentally, the bread was made at home, where we now give the baker a profit, included in which is pretty nearly two cents cost of delivery for every loaf of bread dropped at your door. Butter was bought by the firkin in place of by the pound. Vegetables of all kinds were purchased by the bushel or the barrel. In place of all this we now buy flour by the small sack, potatoes by the peck, carrots by the half dozen, and so all through the foods. We expect and demand that our grocers and vegetable dealers will act in the capacities of middleman for us, and for this, of course, they must be paid.

Unquestionably the storing away of people in apartment houses and tenements where no adequate cellar space is provided has had much to do with the existing condition of affairs, and in such instances there seems no way out. Apartments have their advantages but their disadvantages are also apparent, and never more so than when the cost of living is considered.

Another phase of the situation is the demand for foods that in the days of our fathers were almost unknown, at least so far as city folks went. For instance, fresh eggs at a time of year when the hens are not laying. In the old days we went without fresh eggs for at least six months in the year. In the early autumn, when eggs were cheap, the careful housewife of the old days put away her winter eggs. She packed them away in salt or some other preservative, and these were the eggs furnished the household throughout the winter months. However, not by the wildest flight of the imagination could they be pronounced fresh, but they did for pastry and that sort of thing, and that was all that was xepected until the warmer months came and madam hen got on to the job again. Now, however, this is all changed. We demand fresh eggs twelve months in the year, and as the hens do not produce them we are up against the problem of cold storage, which keeps eggs, laid in the autumn, reasonably fresh for some months. Really fresh eggs in quantities demanded is, of course, all flapdoodle. It is well kept cold storage eggs that we mean when we talk of eggs in December at forty cents per dozen. It is therefore, a question of what a legitimate profit would be for these eggs so far as the cold storage man is concerned. He buys them in the early autumn, candles them, sorts them (eliminating a lot that the farmer has sold him as "fresh"), packs them and turns on his machinery. To these charges he must add interest on plant, taxes and the innumerable items of expense that are incurred in a cold storage plant. It is, therefore, a nice question as to how much these cold storage eggs are worth when sent to the grocer's the following winter. All things being equal they are worth just what he can get for them, for there is no monopoly in the cold storage business. It has no trade secrets and no exclusive patents. One man has as much right to send his buyers out among the farmers and gather in the product of the hen as another, and one may be sure that the retailer of eggs is not going to purchase his product in the dearest market. So, after all, the whole question appears to adjust itself as a matter of supply and demand. If we must have "fresh" eggs, we must pay for them.

And so it is through all lines of household expense. If we must have luxuries we must pay for them. If we will persist in keeping delivery wagons busy over trivial purchases we must be prepared to pay the bills incurred. If we will shop over the telephone in place of seeing what we buy and taking the purchase home under our arm, we must be prepared to receive the minimum service and pay the maximum price.—Saturday Night.

Youth is Best Time to Learn.

The time to learn a language is when you are young, the younger the better. We learn our own language as children. The older we grow the harder it is, because it means not merely learning by heart a great many words, not merely training the palate and tongue to produce different sounds, but adopting a new attitude of mind.

Nothing definite has been discovered as to the localization of faculties in the brain, but it has always seemed to me and to others whom I have consulted, that when you learn a new language you are exercising and developing a new piece of brain. When you know several languages and change from one to another, you seem definitely to change the piece of brain which actuates your tongue. You switch off one centre and switch on to another.

You will always notice in yourself and others that there is a definite pause when the change of language is made. Now it becomes every year more difficult to awaken an unused part of the brain and bring it into active use, and to begin at 23 is late.—H. Fielding Hall in Atlantic.

DYSPEPTIC PHILOSOPHY

The man who makes friends must have either money or magnetism.

Children and conscience should speak only when spoken to.

Even in politics a boom may be nothing more than a big noise.

It's one thing to recall the past and quite another thing to get your presents back.



TO GUARD AGAINST ALUM IN BAKING POWDER SEE THAT ALL INGREDIENTS ARE PLAINLY PRINTED ON THE LABEL, AND THAT ALUM OR SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SULPHATE IS NOT ONE OF THEM. THE WORDS "NO ALUM" WITHOUT THE INGREDIENTS IS NOT SUFFICIENT. MAGIC BAKING POWDER COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS. FOR ECONOMY, BUY THE ONE POUND TINS.



E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

Pressure at Ocean Bottom

From ordinary considerations it would seem that there is no limit to the depths to which a diver or a submarine boat might go. Such, however, is not the case. What prevents diving to great depths is the enormously increasing pressure of water. No diver without a suit can go over 150 feet, because the pressure on the body is then about five tons to the square foot on his body. Eardrums would be staved in, and other fearful difficulties would result.

To remedy this the diving suit was invented, but there is a limit also to its depth. At a depth of one mile the pressure due to the water alone is 165 tons to the square foot. Even if a diving suit was devised to withstand this enormous pressure trouble would be found in getting a pipe line that long and withstanding the pressure that would not break of its own weight.

In the case of a submarine boat it is slightly different. Here only the strength of the boat is the necessary thing. But to be strong the walls have to be thickened, and this adds to the weight, consequently adding to the load to be pulled through the water, and so at last the limit of the engine propelling the boat is reached. If a larger engine is procured it itself weighs more, larger quarters are needed for it, etc. So there is a well defined limit to a marine boat's diving.

Let us take the extreme depth of the sea so far found, that of five miles, and find the pressure to the square foot on the bottom. As water is comparatively incompressible, a cubic foot of it weighs practically the same on the surface as at the bottom of the sea. In the case of fresh water this is 62½ pounds. Salt water weighs slightly more. So all one has to do to find the pressure due to the water at any depth is to multiply the depth in feet by 62½, and the answer is apparent at once in pounds.

At a depth of five miles, the number of feet being 26,400, we have that number of cubic feet to multiply by 62½. The answer is 1,650,000 pounds, or 825 tons, to the square foot pressure. No known hollow vessel can withstand this.

While on the subject of increasing water pressure a number of interesting observations can be made in connection with air compressibility. Air is very compressible, the volume decreasing as the pressure increases. If a bottle is tightly corked it will contain air at ordinary pressure of 15 pounds to the square inch, and that is the pressure it exerts. Then tie a weight to the bottle and let it down on the sea by means of a string. On bringing it to the top again it will be found that the stopper has been forced into the bottle by the water pressure. If the bottle is filled with water and stoppered and let down no such thing takes place, showing that water is not compressible to any great extent.

If by any means some air could be placed at the bottom of a sea five miles deep it would not rise to the top, for it would be denser—that is, would weigh more to the cubic foot than water—and the water would have to float on the air; hence no man knows if the bottom of our seas is wet or not.

There is only one thing that would prevent the air from becoming this dense, and that is if it was cold enough it would liquefy. However, it is almost impossible—is, in fact, impossible—for anything at the bottom of the sea to be colder than 4 degree C., for if it got colder the water around it would become colder and larger and consequently lighter and rise, and its place would be taken by 4 degree water, which would bring the object to that temperature. So we have no argument against the suggestion, for the temperature at or below which air liquefies is between 100 and 200 degrees below zero C.

Some people see mto think that a stone thrown into the sea can sink only to a certain depth and is there held suspended on account of the pressure of water. A body immersed in fluid is buoyed up only by the weight of the fluid displaced. We have found that water is practically incompressible, so if the stone displaces a cubic foot of water that water weighs the same, or practically so, at the top or at the bottom of the sea. So the stone would be buoyed up only by that constant force and would be carried down by its weight. Thus the difference in the forces would be always downward, and the stone would sink to the bottom.

In fact, if the stone is at all compressible the tendency is for it to get heavier per unit volume as it goes down, for we have the same weight in a smaller space. It will be remembered that this is what happens to the air if we take it in a rubber bag under the surface of the sea. The volume gets less and less, consequently weighing more and more per unit of volume and displacing less and less water and being buoyed up less and less until at last a place is reached where the air weighs more volume for volume than does the water and it will not rise.—Lawrence Hodges in Chicago Record-Herald.

LITTLE FACT STORIES.

Although the Japanese have copied the best institutions in the world in remodeling their own, the theatre in Japan is essentially different from other countries and some of the best ideas might well be copied by our houses of amusement. The revolving stage, for instance, which allows the scene to be changed without a long, tiresome wait, is one of them. Other features cannot be so much commended. Take, for example, the dressers to the chief actors, who flit hurriedly to and fro, dressed in black, which gives them the appearance of black specters. They are supposed to be invisible, and in addition to throwing around the actors with a marvelous dexterity the changes of costume they act as valets. It is amusing to see one of these "shades" giving the hero a cup of tea, a fan, a handkerchief, or, if the situation is a dramatic one, holding a taper at the end of a long stick, which lights up the actor's face.

In Japan the theatre-goer starts out at [illegible] o'clock or 10 o'clock in the morning. It is not necessary that he should have previously made a visit to the box office, for Japan has no such institution. There is a sort of tea house or restaurant in front of each theatre, where the ticket can be arranged for, also refreshment or any sort of attention which may be needed during the lengthy play. During the play attendants go about constantly with small handless cups of delicious amber tea, which perfumes the air.

When the scene opens there is no curtain to raise, neither do the actors appear at "right centre," nor are they discovered seated at "L. C." A character will appear not from the wings but from a side walk. These walks are often decorated with flower border. He will repeat some lines, which some other character will answer from the walk at the other side of the stage and so by degrees they make their way to the stage proper in the most natural manner. The Japanese have brought the pantomime to a high state of perfection, and this is one of the most popular forms of plays which are given.

Here is a strange little puzzle, which has the same answer independent of the fact that no two people solving the puzzle were born in the same year and consequently use the same figures. Write down the figures of the year in which you were born and from this take away 4. Add your age the next birthday. Multiply the result by 1,000 and from this defunct 685,423. Substitute for the figures corresponding letters of the alphabet, as A for 1, B for 2, and so on. The result is a Chinese table delicacy. Strike out the first letter and transpose those that remain to form a word.

One makes a great mistake by saying that the eyes are tired and the retina or seeing portion of the eye is fatigued. This is not the case, for the retina seldom if ever gets tired. The fatigue is in the inner and outer muscles attached to the eyeballs and the muscles of accommodation which surround the lens of the eye. When a near object has to be looked at this muscle relaxes and allows the lens to thicken, increasing its refractive power. The inner and outer muscles are used in covering the eye on the object to be looked at, the inner one being especially used when a near object is looked at. It is in the three muscles mentioned that the fatigue is felt, and relief is secured temporarily by closing the eyes or gazing at far distant objects. The usual indication of strain is a redness of the room of the eyelid, betokening a congested state of the inner surface, accompanied by some pain. Sometimes this weariness indicates the need of glasses rightly adapted to the person, and in other cases the true remedy is to rub the eye and its surroundings as far as may be with the hand wet in cold weather.—Exchange.

AN ARTFUL ELEPHANT.

He Deserved the Dinner He Got With So Much Cunning.

Here is an amusing tale of an elephant's artfulness, told by Mrs. A. M. Handley in "Roughing It In Southern India."

"One very bright moonlight evening while camping on the Brahmagiris we were sitting out in the cool air after dinner when one of the elephants somehow contrived to unhobble himself and walk away from his own quarters into ours. We saw him go up to a sleeping native, snuff at his pillow and then even so gently draw it away with his trunk. At the same time he edged his own foot under the Man's head and shoulders that no jerk might be felt.

"The pillow was a bag of rice, put there for safety against pilferers. Although tied up in a net, the bag was deftly opened and its contents devoured to the very last grain, the thief looking watchfully round him all the while.

"We were not likely to disappoint him of his cleverly won feat, as he seemed to know, for, just letting his tiny eyes rest on us unconcernedly for a second or two, he fell to considering his next move.

"He drew a stenee towards him with the ever handy trunk and got it under the empty sack. Then he worked both together under the man's head. Finally he stealthily withdrew his own foot, hand, having waited no longer than was necessary to make sure he had not left all safe, he moved off."

Character From Wrinkles.

Two sharp, vertical indents on the forehead, just at the top of the nose, says a writer in Tit-Bits, are a sign that the wearer is given to deep and serious thought.

A wrinkle each side of the nose, and extending from thence to the corner of the mouth, is indicative of a sarcastic and sneering disposition, whilst those, who show one or more "cuts" at the corners of the mouth are usually of a cheerful disposition, amiable, and anxious to please.

Wrinkles at the corners of the eyes denote the jovial nature of an easy-going, careless person, fond of good things and of getting their own way, and—sometimes—rather indifferent to the feelings of others in attaining their own comfort.

Crowsfeet—the name given to those small wrinkles under the eyes are almost invariably a sign of worry, trouble, dissipation, or ill-health, and are often accompanied by lack-lustre eyes and a tired and worn expression of the countenance in general.

A number of horizontal wrinkles on the forehead denote a fretful, petulant, worrying disposition, but one given to consideration for the feelings or sufferings of others. People whose brows are marked in this manner are usually good parents and staunch friends, though somewhat hasty and trying to the tempers of others.

Square Wine Bottles.

Square wine bottles have been found the best for holding wines which are desired to age and flavor well. Most wines are bottled in round bottles and it was not known there was any difference in the taste of wine aged in square bottles until certain wine makers happened to be making a small quantity of strawberry wine for their private use; and the juice of a certain lot of fruit, gathered the same day from one berry patch and put through exacly the same process, was found to be different in square bottles from that kept in round ones.

The wines in the square bottles possessed a much more delicate flavor than that kept in the round ones, having that peculiar nutty quality so much admired by wine lovers.

The attention of wine experts was called to the matter and the following season a more complete test was made with the same marked difference very plainly detected.—Tit-Bits.

SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

ANY person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency of Sub-agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son or daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

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

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

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Lent was ushered in on Wednesday.

Minutes of Council will be ready for distribution on Friday next.

Raymond LeBlanc arrived from New York on Wednesday, fully restored to health.

Hon. I. LeBlanc left on Tuesday for Halifax to attend his legislative duties.

A total eclipse of the moon is due on the evening of March 11 This will be a striking and interesting sight, visible thro'-out North America.

Will the person who picked up the lady's fur on the road between D'Escousse and Arichat kindly return it to the RECORD office at once.

The concert held in the convent on Friday evening and repeated on Monday evening was much enjoyed and the performers acquitted themselves splendidly.

W. A. Urquhart, a prosperous young farmer of West Bay, was in town on Wednesday with the best looking beef seen here this winter and a great quantity of rabbits, which he sold at 40c per pair.

Another "surprise party" went out to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Forest's, Lochside, on Monday evening and presented them with a handsome carpet square, the presentation being made by W. D. Robertson, C. E. The party were cordially received and enjoyed a dance till the wee sma' hours.

The friends in this town of James Campbell, of Boston, who visited Arichat last summer in apparently good health, will regret to hear that he recently underwent an operation for appendicitis in a private hospital in Boston. We have not yet heard the result of the operation, but it is thought that his correct mode of living will contribute very materially to the success of the operation.

When we voice our personal opinion upon any public matter, whether it refers to a public man or an election, let it be known, once and for all, that it is a matter of perfect indifference to us in what light it is viewed by either Grit or Tory. We are master of our own actions in such matters, and are not guided by what others may think when we write on any question. This has always been the free and independent manner in which we have conducted the RECORD, and if everyone is not pleased, we know the great majority are.

The "Silver Oaks" presented a more than usually animated scene on Monday evening when a large 'surprise party' waited upon Mrs. Crowell and presented her with a handsome gift, Robert Sutherland making the presentation in a neat and appropriate speech, to which the hostess responded thanking them for their gift. Dancing was then indulged in and a collation served during the night, about fifty guests being present. A very enjoyable evening was spent and when the gathering dispersed they lauded the kind host and hostess for the royal manner in which they were entertained.

What might have been a serious accident occurred on the 19th on the Cape Breton Railway line between St. Peters and Point Tupper. When within ten miles of Point Tupper at Evanston siding, the locomotive left the rails, owing, it is understood, to ice on the track, and the engine was completely turned over and put out of commission. Fortunately the tender did not leave the rails, and this circumstance saved the passenger cars. The line was effectually blocked, however, and the passengers were transferred by sleigh to Cleveland siding, where connections were made with the I. C. R. The line is running fine this week and giving a good service.

PNEUMATIC STOPS YOUR PAIN or breaks up your cold in one hour. It's marvellous. Applied externally. All Druggists.

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

J. Ira Balcom, of Port Dufferin, arrived in town yesterday.

A letter from the County Solicitor, handed in at noon yesterday, will be in next week's issue A letter from the Attorney-General, giving his opinion on the asylum commissionership in so far as it refers to Councillors Doyle and Boudrot, will also be published for the information of the ratepayers generally.

Philip J. Mauger, of Cape La Ronde, who was confined to his bed for several weeks, passed away on Sunday morning, 23rd inst. He is survived by a wife and several children, who have the sympathy of their many friends. Deceased was a good citizen, a kind and obliging neighbor, and quiet and inoffensive in all his actions through life. He died as he had lived — peacefully — and with a profound belief in a happier life beyond the skies. The teams that conveyed his mortal remains on Tuesday to the Episcopal Church in Arichat numbered 24 and gave substantial evidence of the regard in which he was held by his neighbors. Rev. Geo. A. Andrew, the rector, performed the services in the church and at the grave. He was in the 64th year of his age and was a life-long resident of Cape La Ronde, where he conducted a farm on a large and prosperous scale.

In the legislature at Halifax on Thursday last Richmond was brought into prominence by the eloquent junior representative from this county, Dr. C. P. Bissett, to whom was entrusted the rather difficult task of moving the reply to the Speech from the Throne. Its non partisan tone and the breadth of knowledge it disclosed was favorably commented on by succeeding speakers, and the papers of both shades of political opinion have referred to Dr. Bissett's brilliant effort in most complimentary terms. This speech of Dr. Bissett's is not the first, nor will it be the last, revelation he has made of his ability and eloquence as a public speaker; it simply establishes the record he previously made as a speaker of more than ordinary ability and eloquence, and Richmond county is pleased to know that it has a representative at Halifax singularly gifted to represent it with credit, if not distinction. Though a weakling physically, intellectually he is strong and capable.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that an application has been made by the Provincial Government of Nova Scotia to the Minister of Public Works of Canada, in accordance with Chapter 115 of the Revised Statutes, 1906, for permission to build a

Draw Bridge across the navigable Channel of Lennox Passage, crossing Benoit and West Burnt Islands, and connecting Isle Madame with the mainland,

all in the County of Richmond, in the Province of Nova Scotia.

Plans of the said bridge and descriptions of the proposed site have been deposited with the Minister of Public Works at Ottawa, and also with the Registraa of Deeds for the County of Richmond at Arichat.

HIRAM DONKIN,
Provincial Engineer

Works and Mines Department, Halifax, N. S., February 20th, 1914. 1m

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Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

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Post Office .....

Province ..... Street and No. .....

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is developing at a tremendous rate. The three Transcontinental Railways, namely the Canadian Pacific Railway, Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern Railway, are spending $90,000,000 in construction work in Western Canada this year. Building permits for the first 11 months of 1913 in Winnipeg were over $18,000,000 The growth of Winnipeg simply reflects the growth of towns West of us and the development of the vast agricultural territory between Winnipeg and the Pacific Coast.

The rapid development of Western Canada has made it possible for individuals of moderate means to become independently wealthy from the investment of small sums of money. We are extensive dealers in Farm Lands, City Properties and divisional point Townsites. If you have $10.00 to invest and can invest $10 00 a month, it will pay you to write us. If you have $1,000.00 or more to invest, you will receive the same careful attention that we accord small investors. If you want to buy a farm, a business in Winnipeg or other Western Towns, we can help you. Information gladly furnished to prospective customers.

WALCH LAND COMPANY,
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CRISPO is a pure vegetable cooking fat used for frying and cake-making and is in all respects superior to butter or lard; one-fifth less is required to produce better results.

It is manufactured by Proctor & Gamble, makers of the celebrated Ivory Soap, and we understand is prepared from pure Cocoanut Oil. It passed The Pure Food Law of the United States in 1908 and is recognized as the purest and most healthful cooking fat in existence.

Sold by John LeBrun at 35 cents per tin.

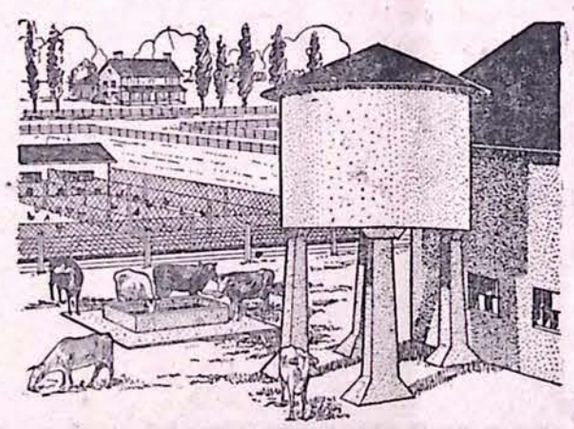
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are just as necessary as the animals that drink from them. The farmer's best interests are being served when his stock is insured a plentiful supply of clear, clean water from a trough that is permanent and sanitary.

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Farmer's Information Bureau
Canada Cement Company Limited
522 Herald Building, Montreal

CAPE BRETON RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

In Effect September 15, 1913.

		A.M.
St. Peters	Leave	8.30
Sporting Mountain	"	8 53
Grand Anse	"	9:29
Whiteside	"	9.09
Basin Road	"	9.37
Evanston	"	9.43
Chapel Road	"	9 50
Pt. Tupper (I. C. R. Station)	Arrive	10.20
		P.M
Pt. Tupper (I. C. R. Station)	Leave	3.45
Chapel Road	"	4:10
Evanston	"	4.15
Basin Road	"	4:23
Whiteside	"	4 36
Grand Anse	"	4 50
Sporting Mountain	"	5.11
St. Peters	Arrive	5.3[illegible]

Trains connect at Point Tupper with all I. C. R. Passenger Trains except Nos. 7 and 22.

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.

Lands to be Sold for Rates and Taxes In the County of Richmond.

To be sold at public auction, at the Court House, Arichat, N. S., (unless the taxes and expenses are sooner paid) at ten of the clock in the forenoon of SATURDAY, the 4th day of APRIL, A. D., 1914, pursuant to warrant of R. Ferguson, Esq., Warden of said Municipality, bearing date Jan. 21st, A. D., 1914, and also resolution of the Municipal Council:

ALL the estate, right, title and interest of the following properties:

1. Land owned by HANNAH F. ROBICHAUD (assessed to S. D. Robichaud) Dist. No. 11, and described as follows:

"All that certain lot of land hereinafter mentioned, being at West Arichat, bounded northerly by the waters of the harbor; easterly by lands of Henry H. Crichton; southerly by the waters of Chedabucto Bay, and westerly by the lands of heirs of Julia Gerrior.

TAXES,	$2.79
EXPENSES,	6.00

2. Land of SIMON A. LEBLANC, Port Royal, Dist. No. 11:

"A lot of land situate at Port Royal, to the eastward of a tract of land bought by the grantee of James LeBlanc, of Arichat, and bounded westerly by said tract of land; northerly by the general rear line. easterly by lands of the heirs of the late Isiah LeBlanc, and southerly by the waters of the harbor; said lot of land being twenty-six and two-fifths feet in width, and extending from the harbor to the rear line of lots seventy-three chains more or less.

TAXES,	$9.16
EXPENSES,	6.00

D. H. CAMPBELL,
Municipal Clerk.

Municipal Clerk's office, Arichat, N.S., Feb. 9, 1914.

Motion PICTURE MACHINE FOR SALE.

Edison Exhibition Model, nearly new. Limelight outfit, Arc Lamp for electricity, film's curtain trunk steroscription attachment and lenses, all in good condition. A complete outfit for stationary or travelling.

Will be sold cheap or will exchange for fishing boat.

Apply to
CAPT. GEO H. DAY,
Pictou, N. S

NOTICE.

All those who were applicants for the Fenian Raid Bounty, and whose claims have not yet been paid, are requested to see or communicate with the undersigned, the Local Representative of the Board, at once.

ALLAN J. CAMERON.
Arichat, Feb. 5, 1914.

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Halifax and Canso Steamship Co., Ltd.

The S. S. "SCOTIA" is intended to leave Campbell's wharf, Halifax every THURSDAY at 10 p.m., calling at Sheet Harbor, Port Hilford, Port Hawkesbury, Isaac's Harbor, Guysboro, Drumhead, Whitehead, Canso, Queensport Guysboro and Boylston and Country Harbor fortnightly.

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

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A. N. WHITMAN & SON, LTD
Canso, or
G. S. CAMPBELL & CO
Halifax, N. S.

Sept. 25. 1913 1y



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WINTER 1914.

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LADIES' AND MISSES' COATS

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Fall and Winter Requirements for yourself, your family and the home.

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KELLEY & GLASSEY, Ltd.
HALIFAX, N. S.

Inverness Rail'y Time Table.

In effect June 19th, 1910.

WESTBOUND.		EASTBOUND
10 40	Point Tupper	3 35
10 29	Port Hawkesbury	3 45
10 12	Port Hastings	3 58
9 57	Troy	4 15
9 44	Creignish	4 28
9 27	Craignore	4 40
8 08	Judique	4 53
8 55	Catherine's Pond	5 08
8 40	Port Hood	5 23
8 40	Glencoe	5 43
7 40	Mabou	6 06
7 30	Glendyer	6 18
7 15	Black River	6 38
7 02	Strathlorne	6 50
6 45	Inverness	7 00

Trains make close connection at Inverness Junction with I.C.R. passenger trains excepting the Maritime Express, which leaves Point Tupper at night.

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(Successor to Judge Finlayson)
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