

Serols

THE EQUITY.

Nc. 13. 24TH YEAR.

SHAWVILLE, PONTIAC COUNTY, QUE., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1906.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THE BANK OF Ottawa.

Capital (authorized) ... \$3,000,000
Capital (paid up) ... \$2,914,600
Res & undivided profits ... 3,056,274

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
GEORGE HAY, DAVID MACLAREN,
President, Vice-President.
H. N. Bate, Hon. Geo. Bryson, H. K. Egan
J. B. Fraser, John Mathew, Denis Murphy
George H. Perley, M. P.

GEORGE BURN, General Manager.
D. M. FINNIE, Asst. General Manager.

INSPECTORS:
C. G. Pennock, W. Duthie.
Fifty-seven Offices in the Dominion of Canada.
Correspondents in every Banking town in Canada, and throughout the world.
This Bank gives prompt attention to all banking business entrusted to it.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

LOCAL NEWS

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

Pontiac's Jubilee Fair Sept. 17 to 19 at Shawville.

The county council of the 1st division of Pontiac meets at Bryson on Wednesday next.

Mr. Herman Wilson of the Drug Store staff, was among the big crowd who pulled the West on Thursday last.

A letter from our old friend B. W. Young, Vancouver, reports all Shawvilleites out there well.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Davis of Quyon, and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Clarke, Litchfield are spending a few days this week at the club house of K. H. club, on the Pickanock.

There was a general pulling up of stakes at Norway Bay last week, and only a few people now remain of the multitude who summered at that popular resort.

Our young townspersons and some others from a distance were the guests of the Misses Caldwell at a delightful party in the spacious dining rooms of the Pontiac House, on Friday night last. The devotees of the Terpsichorean art enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent, while the proverbial hospitality of the host and hostess lacked nothing of its generosity.

It is now stated that the session of the Court of King's Bench in Bryson, at which Laderoute and the several other prisoners are to be tried will be held during the early part of next month, shortly after the assizes are held in Hull.

J. R. Tierney C. P. R. Ticket agent Arnprior, will sell tickets to Manitoba, and North West, on Sept. 10th for \$12.00; and on Sept. 11th and 25th, Home-seekers return excursions good for 60 days as far as Edmonton, Calgary etc.

The Dowd Milling Company have sustained another severe loss by the destruction of their fine mills and elevator, at Quyon, together with a large quantity of wheat. Fortunately the premises were pretty well insured.

Mr. Anson Murphy returned from Ottawa on Monday. During his stay in the hospital for several days, and subsequently with friends in the city he suffered no recurrence of the nose-bleeding spells that he experienced as the result of the accident, to which reference was made a couple of weeks ago.

Millinery Opening

Miss Moore has left to attend the Millinery openings in Toronto and Ottawa, and will secure the services of a competent milliner. Thanking the ladies of Shawville and surrounding country for their patronage in the past, I extend a cordial invitation to our millinery opening including the latest style in trimmed hats and ready-to-wears on September 8.

MRS. MOORE.

P.S.—Wanted.—Two respectable young women as apprentices.

Westward Ho!

Last Thursday's harvesters excursion bore away from this section of the country the largest number of residents yet recorded since these annual excursions began, which shows that the "western fever" is increasing year by year. Last issue we gave a few of the names of those whom we learned intended going. This week we are enabled to furnish a more complete list of the information having been obtained while the train was enroute for Ottawa:

S. H. Grant, T. Connerford, Gus. McManus, Herb McLean, Clem. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. McLean, Annie and Winnie McLean, George Horner, Ed. Britton, Harry Nicholson, Jas. C. Glenn, Ethel Sheppard, Bella Dale, Cyrus Hodges, Elwin Hodges, Geo. Finan, Ed. Finan, Herb Wilson, Willie Belsher, Lyman Hodges, Armine Sheppard, Wm. Weir, Sam Weir, Alf. Mulligan, James Howard, Robert Stanley, Jos. Little, John Draper, C. Davis, Addie Smiley, H. T. McDowell, Franklin McDowell, Ben Hynes, Richard Hynes, Wm. McCredie, Harold Armstrong, Robt. Storey, Thos. Warren, Jack Reid, Alex McLeod, Jas. McJanet, Herman Wilson, Ira and Mrs. Laughren, Alex Leitch, Sam Poole, R. W. Edey.

The Merchants Bank of Canada.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

CAPITAL PAID UP, \$6,000,000

RESERVE FUND AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS, \$3,674,596

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

E. F. HEBDEN, General Manager.

The Bank has 114 Branches and Agencies distributed throughout Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba and other North-West Provinces.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

Interest at 3 per cent, per annum allowed on Savings Bank Deposits. Interest added to Principal Half-yearly.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

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

R. L. WHITMAN, Manager, Shawville.

LOCAL NEWS

Many new buildings are being erected for Shawville Fair.

A quantity of good shingles for sale by G. Morrison, McKee Station.

Two girls wanted to learn the millinery. MRS. D. MCRAE.

Dont forget dates of Shawville Fair Sept. 17, 18, 19.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. Coleman, Dentist, will be at his office in Shawville from Aug. 15th to 31st.

FOR SALE—Span of Colts—1 yearling and 1, 2-year-old,—and a few other good work horses. R. J. HAMILTON.

WANTED—A good, smart, intelligent boy to learn the Drug business.

SHAWVILLE DRUG CO.

We are indebted to our old friend W. W. Shirley, formerly of Maple Ridge, for a copy of the "Swan Lake Echo."

Threshing commenced in this locality last week, and already a number of barns have been milled out.

Horsemen should secure stalls on Ex-grounds for coming Fair, Shawville Sept. 17—19.

Mr. John Brownlee was in Pembroke on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week attending the obsequies of his cousin, the late Thomas Sommerville, notice of whose death will be found in another column

DO YOU WANT TILE?—Mr. David Morris is now engaged making concrete tile at the skating rink. Anyone requiring pipes for drains, well-curbing or any other purpose, are requested to leave their orders with him as early as possible.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hodges and son Edgar returned from their cottage at Green Lake on Friday last; also Mrs. J. A. Cowan and children, who had been guests of the first-named, during the previous eight days.

The 50th anniversary of the opening of St. George's church, Portage du Fort, is to be celebrated with appropriate services on Sunday next, Sept. 9th. On Wednesday following (12th) a jubilee lawn social will be held at the vicarage, at which a pleasant time is in store for those who attend. See posters.

A great improvement to the exterior appearance of the Methodist Church was commenced on Wednesday last, namely the construction of granolithic steps and walks in front of the edifice, and also the rebuilding of the stone coping along the street line. Mr. Jack Leveque, of Renfrew supervised the job.

The ladies of St. Paul's Church Guild have asked us to give a preliminary notice of their intention to have a supper and some form of entertainment on the evening of Monday, Oct. 3rd. Preparations for the event are now in their initial stages, and it is expected before long a more definite announcement will be given out.

HARNESSED HIM.—The Methodist minister of Portage du Fort, Rev. N. B. Topping, was recently presented by his parishioners at Austin with an elegant new set of harness. The presentation was made through Mr. W. J. Johnstone. The rev. gentleman is sincerely thankful for the handsome gift, and is duly appreciative of the thoughtfulness of the donors.

BIG THRESHING.—Messrs. Harvey McCredie and the Russell Bros., of Bristol have begun the season's threshing, and already have done some record-breaking work. At the farm of Drummond Bros. on Friday and Saturday last—Aug. 31, Sept. 1—they threshed in all fifteen stacks of grain, during which they had to re-set their mill seven times. The grain threshed consisted of something over 3,000 bushels, made up as follows: 700 bushels wheat, balance barley and half oats. Two hundred and forty pounds of twine was required to tie this crop.

The Great Horse Fair.

There will be Pipe and Brass Bands, acrobats, and comical performances, minerals from Cobalt, interesting exhibits along many novel lines, a wonderfully attractive poultry display, fine cattle and handsome fruit, but above all there will be fine horses at Renfrew Fair: not only Renfrew's own fine ones, but many promised from other districts to compete in this great Horse Show, Sept. 26, 27, 28.

LOCAL NEWS

A fine program of sports is being arranged for Shawville Fair.

Dont miss Shawville Jubilee Fair, the 3rd week Spt. pt.—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

The Frost & Wood Plow—THE reliable Plow—a stock on hand, of either single or 2-furrow; or of the latter the 2-furrow Crown Gang is a good one. Trials given to intending purchasers. R. J. HAMILTON.

Scientific face massage removes all imperfections of the skin, such as Pimples, Blackheads, Tan, etc. We give massage treatment in an up to date manner.

STRINGER, the Barber, Shawville.

DR. S. R. MARTIN, Surgeon Dentist, Ottawa, will be at:—

Quyon, Sept. 14th and 15th.

Shawville, Sept. 17th and 18th.

Campbell's Bay, Sept. 19th and 20th.

Coulonge, Sept. 21st.

Following week at Shawville.

Detective Lapointe, of Montreal, went down by Monday morning's train having arrived on Saturday at Bryson jail with prisoners Thomas and Frank Bertrand, held in connection with the recent Des Joachims incendiary fire.

DIED.—At Bristol, on Friday, August 31st, Gordon, infant son of John Manary aged 1 year.

Personals

MR. C. B. TAGGART, Ottawa was in town over Sunday.

MISS RATCLIFFE, Montreal, is the guest of Miss Lena Ca'dwell.

MISS HICKS, Ottawa, was the guest of the Misses Wilson, during the past week.

MISS OUILLA WILSON, left for Almonte, Monday.

MISS MAY SHAW returned last week from a visit to friends at C. Bay.

MISS IRENE SHAW left for Montreal Monday to attend the Normal school.

MISS EDIE RILEY, who has been visiting here for some weeks, returned to Ottawa on Tuesday.

MR. N. McCUAIG, provincial game warden, Bryson, went to Ottawa on Monday.

WE HAD A CALL ON THURSDAY LAST FROM MRS. JOHN STOREY, of Vancouver, who has come East to spend the winter in Ottawa.

DR. AND MRS. LYON AND NIECE, MISS LYON, returned from their cottage, Norway Bay, on Saturday afternoon.

MRS. JIM BROWNLEE, Ottawa, and daughter Edith, spent Sunday with friends at Moorhead.

MR. DONALD FRASER, of the sash and door factory staff, returned on Monday from a visit to relatives in Pakenham.

MR. JAMES MORRIS, of the Shawville Drug Co., went to Carleton Place to spend Labor day.

MISS MAYME WILSON has returned home to Almonte, having been for some days the guest of Miss Maggie and Lena Hynes.

MRS. D. MCRAE AND MISS MAY COX, have returned from Ottawa, where they have been attending the Millinery openings.

MRS. R. C. WILSON AND CHILDREN, Miss Margaret and Master Campbell, arrived last Wednesday on a visit to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Ormiston.

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CURRENT TOPICS

A great battle or an unexpected calamity starts every one when the number of dead and dying is proclaimed. Little notice is taken of daily accidents in which only one or two persons lose their lives, although the year's aggregate is large. It has been said that more people die in a year from accidents caused by runaway horses than from disasters at sea, but the loss of a steamship thrills the world, while the daily toll on land goes unnoticed.

Every reader of the daily paper is forced to notice the number of drownings occurring during summer season. A loss here and a loss there seem of comparatively small moment. What is more depressing about it all is that in many instances death was utterly needless. The carelessness of transportation companies or their employees, the recklessness or foolhardiness of individuals, the inattention to simple rules for insuring safety, the attempting of feats beyond one's real strength, the getting into dangerous places on the water without any knowledge of swimming, all of these causes and others like them have had their part in a summer harvest of human life, brought to the attention even of the casual reader every living day.

The crossing accidents still occur; the foolish individuals still rock the boats; the ambitious youths still try their strength too much, until people generally settle back into their easy positions with the conviction that each season must bring its harvest of slain and that all the precautions possible will not greatly affect the total when the losses are tabulated. And yet the possibilities which are wrapt up in an individual are so great that no one can rightly estimate the net withdrawal of force from humanity when a life goes out.

Cotton and calico, like philosophy and religion, had an early home in India. The city of Calcutta, on the Malabar coast, which was an ancient mart for the supply of the western nations of Asia, gave its name to calico. Some qualities were so fine that one hardly could feel them in the hand, and the thread when spun scarcely is discernible. A single pound of thread was spun out to a length of 115 miles. Perhaps the earliest notice of cotton is by Herodotus, about 450 B. C., who speaks of the trees of India bearing as their fruit fleeces more delicate and beautiful than those of sheep, and of the Indians using them for the manufacture of cloth. From India cotton cloth gradually was introduced into Greece, Rome, and Sicily before the Christian era. The cotton fabrics of the Hindus have been excelled in fineness and excellence only by the productions of the most perfect machines of modern times. By these people were made the fine muslins known to the Greeks by a name which referred to their coming from the borders of the Ganges.

The little brown men—or should they be called the big brown men—of Japan have over \$100,000,000 in loans for enterprises in electric railroading and lighting, cotton spinning, coal mining, and other industries. There has been a remarkable development of the fish and meat tanning industries. They rapidly are becoming a bread instead of a rice eating people and need flour and butter and milk. They buy large quantities of canned butter from France and Sweden and of oleo-margarine from the United States. The canned butter is sold in Japan at 50 cents a pound. Milk is so much of a luxury that it is given only to invalids. Canned milk is imported extensively from the United States and Great Britain. They need a variety of agricultural implements and especially sawmills. Most of their sawmill machinery is of English make. American railway ties have been shut out of China by the cheaper hardwood ties from Japan. These have been mostly hand hewn. But machinery is being introduced and a number of small steam sawmills are working.

MORAL RESPONSIBILITY.

"Did you get all your money honestly?" asked the censorious friend.

"I have no time to worry about that now," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "I'm too busy with the moral responsibility of not letting others get it away from me by dishonest methods."

WEATHER POLICY.

"When in doubt," said the weather expert, "always predict a storm."

"What for?" asked the surprised assistant.

"Because if it comes you get the credit, and if it doesn't people are so relieved that they don't find fault."

LEVEL HEADED.

Maud: "Harry started to propose last night, but the poor fellow completely lost his head. I was so sorry. What would you have done?"

Belle: "Why, when I saw that he had lost his head, I'd have put mine on his shoulder."

Making Sure

I.

"How do I know?" repeated the man, visibly embarrassed for the moment. "Perhaps a little bird whispered it to me, as children say."

"But they don't have little birds on ships at sea," responded the young woman, with a pensive air.

"Oh, don't they? Why, every woman aboard—yourself excepted, of course—is a little bird of gossip. If you could only evoke the confidence of Lady Louisa or Mrs. Martin—though I don't mean to imply that either dear lady constituted the little bird in this case; that might be a breach of faith on my part she would tell you things about your self which would literally amaze you. Habitual globe-trotters of the gentler sex and distinctly uncertain age are the most vicious gossips between heaven and the axis of the earth."

"You are cynical," she remarked, leaning her pretty chin in the palm of her hand, and gazing thoughtfully, yet disinterestedly, at the vast waste of waters stretching away from the side of the vessel.

"Women always think a man is cynical if he happens to have diagnosed correctly any outstanding characteristic of her sex," he answered deprecatingly. "Say I was indiscreet, and I'll admit it, for I have given you the opportunity to evade my question."

"Which was—?" she inquired, with an exaggerated air of weariness.

"Which was that you are going out to marry a fellow you engaged yourself to so many years ago that you've forgotten what he's like."

"That's no question; that's an assertion. And I'd ask you to reflect before you apply so much emphasis to a reference to 'many years' in relation to myself. How many feet in the grave would you estimate I have?"

"Still prevaricating," he muttered sadly. "But seriously," he added, a grave note in his voice—"though it is almost impossible to be serious with you, if I may say so."

"Oh, yes; please don't mind me!"

"Thank you! To be serious, then, I should like to know if that is really the reason you are going out alone?"

"Yes," she murmured, the corners of her mouth dropping for a moment.

"And you have not seen him for many—for some little time? I had hoped that—that is to say, I—well—"

She waited for him to clear away ambiguities. There was a singularly attractive droop to her eyelids, and a slight suggestion of derision in the pressure of her lips.

"You had hoped?" she said tentatively.

"I checked my words," he replied quickly. Please recollect that I checked my words! And it must be obvious to you that I did so because they would have been inexcusable in the circumstances?"

"How tantalizing you are, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "After half an hour's talking and pausing—chiefly pausing—you arrive at the point of saying something complimentary, and then, by way of a change from pausing, I suppose, you check yourself. Could you teach my book, do you think?"

He shot a quick side glance at her, and his eyes gleamed angrily as he leaned forward and picked up the volume.

"Would you really care for me to say what was on the tip of my tongue?" he inquired, leaning back in his chair again and watching the color play in her cheeks.

"Don't you find the monotony of a long voyage very demoralizing?" she asked. "I do. I have never been so long at sea before, and I think I could forgive you saying anything in reason just as I could forgive the ship if it suddenly ran into an iceberg, for the pleasure of being surprised, of being aroused out of the dead calm of apathy that has enwrapped me."

He leant towards her, laying a hand on the arm-rest of her lounge-chair and looking at her eagerly, said, "in a low tone which was, despite himself, severe:

"May I, then, tell you that I hoped the rumor was not true?"

"Did you?" she inquired, a gentle smile rippling her pretty cheeks. "But it is," she added, softly, with a modest sigh.

"So you said, or implied," he returned briskly, leaning back again in his chair, only afterwards suddenly becoming conscious of the advantage her sigh offered him, and the necessity of following it up.

"Perhaps the prospect is not altogether inviting to you?" he hazarded, with insinuation.

"Oh," she murmured, brushing something imaginary from her skirt with a nervous gesture, "well, you see, it is necessarily something like a risky speculation, isn't it? I mean to say, that time works great changes in men, and the friends of our youth are apt to degenerate into bores and cranks in mature years; and since it is possible that my fiancee could have changed altogether from what he was when he taught me how to care for him—and it is quite possible, of course it is!—well, the marriage lottery becomes a lottery indeed, I may draw a first prize and I may draw something distinctly more discouraging than a blank."

"Then why put yourself into such a lottery?" he asked, after a stifled gasp for breath. The muscles of his face set hard, and he fixed his gaze straight in front of him.

"Oh," she responded, in a far-away tone, "a promise is a promise, isn't it? And he is awfully fond of me, or of his recollection of me as he knew me."

"And," he said, after biting his moustache viciously, "you are prepared to fulfill your promise even at the risk of spoiling your whole life, and rendering him utterly wretched with the knowledge that you have done so?"

"Yes," she responded, with a little sigh of resignation. "I suppose I shall run the risk, hoping for the best, as everybody does hope. You see, when a woman has waited so long as I have, she—well, she becomes shop-soiled, so to speak; the gloss off her, and she gets faded in parts. I am not as young as'

was five or even three years ago, and there is not much demand for unseaworthy goods."

The man opened his mouth to draw a great breath, but apparently the pressure of his heart upon his lungs—a physically sound assumption—obviated his intention, and, as an alternative, he emitted a short, hard sigh, like a spasm of pain.

"What are you thinking about?" she inquired.

"That—that a girl who may charm one man, and would not appeal to him when she's a woman, might seem intolerable to another man as a girl and adorable as a woman."

"I know what you mean," she returned, "though you are not quite so lucid as complimentary. The worst of it is, Mr. Murchinson, it's the girl who becomes a woman, not the woman who becomes a girl; so that the man who might adore her arrives too late."

Her voice dropped to a whisper, as she added: "What terrible words are those, 'Too late'! How many lives have been rendered miserable by them! 'Too late!' Mr. Right is generally 'too late!' Ah, me! But still the world goes on!"

"Yes," he responded, in a sepulchral undertone—"yes." He was not fully conscious of his wasted opportunities, for his mind was somewhat preoccupied.

"But let us change the subject, shall we?" she said brightly. "It is our duty to hide the things that are painful from other eyes, and encourage our fellow creatures by superficial light-heartedness. Is it not so? The comedian who keeps his audience in convulsions of laughter two hours every evening may all the time be thinking of his wife or child at home slowly wasting away, slipping into the arms of the Reaper. Have you read this book? It is most amusing."

And thus, not a little to his relief, they turned to commonplace topics for further conversation. When, finally, she left him, he sat for a long time alone, nervously and meditatively chewing the end of an unlighted cigar.

II.

Later in the day, in the secrecy of his own cabin, in sheer hunger for sympathetic companionship, he dictated a letter.

"Dearest of Sisters," he wrote, "You will be surprised to see that I am aboard this mail-ship. The fact is, since Madeline consented to come out to marry me I have had grave doubts of the wisdom of the idea, even though it was originally my own. It is so long since we last saw each other that I felt sure changes must have occurred in me which might possibly not accord; might, indeed, quite possibly prove absolutely antagonistic to changes which time and distance must have wrought in her. In a word, it seemed to me that we might become unsuited to each other, and I was quite suddenly aroused to consciousness of the fact that the boy she loved had become a man, and so on. But I will trust to your womanly instinct to show you my feelings in the matter."

"I checked my words," he replied quickly. Please recollect that I checked my words! And it must be obvious to you that I did so because they would have been inexcusable in the circumstances?"

"How tantalizing you are, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "After half an hour's talking and pausing—chiefly pausing—you arrive at the point of saying something complimentary, and then, by way of a change from pausing, I suppose, you check yourself. Could you teach my book, do you think?"

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"That—that a girl who may charm one man, and would not appeal to him when she's a woman, might seem intolerable to another man as a girl and adorable as a woman."

"I know what you mean," she returned, "though you are not quite so lucid as complimentary. The worst of it is, Mr. Murchinson, it's the girl who becomes a woman, not the woman who becomes a girl; so that the man who might adore her arrives too late."

Her voice dropped to a whisper, as she added: "What terrible words are those, 'Too late'! How many lives have been rendered miserable by them! 'Too late!' Mr. Right is generally 'too late!' Ah, me! But still the world goes on!"

"Yes," he responded, in a sepulchral undertone—"yes." He was not fully conscious of his wasted opportunities, for his mind was somewhat preoccupied.

"But what can I do?" she murmured, rising slowly and advancing to the rails. "You have shown me it is wrong," she added, when he joined her. "Can you tell me what would be right?"

She stretched out an arm languidly, and laid her hand on the rail under his very nose.

"It is scarcely fair to him or to yourself," he answered in a hard voice, after a pause. "Nor is it fair to any other man who may love you, and might make you happy; who would endeavor to his utmost to do so."

"But what can I do?" she murmured, rising slowly and advancing to the rails. "You have shown me it is wrong," she added, when he joined her. "Can you tell me what would be right?"

She drew close to him, and involuntarily took her in his arms.

"Love me?" she asked timidly, tilting her face up to his.

To evade the question, which needed consideration, he kissed her.

She sighed deeply, and half-turned away as his arms relaxed.

"I must say," she murmured gently, apparently addressing the moon, "a nice soft beard and moustache give a delightful piety to a kiss." She turned back to him again, with blushing face and downcast eyes, as he drew a hard, deep breath. "Don't you think you've been silly long enough, Jack? Do you fancy a beard and a moustache can disguise a man from the woman who loves—very fond of him? I should know you in a monk's cowl! I knew you instantly, and almost betrayed my recognition before I understood your plan. At first I felt indignant, but then I knew you only did it because you loved me, and for that I could forgive anything."

It is doubtful whether he heard what else she had to say just then, for her words were mumbled into his fatal beard and moustache.

DOCTORS IN FRANCE.

The Difficulty a Patient Had in Paying His Bill.

There is one whimsical trait in the French country doctor, says the author of "Home Life in France." He does not relish being paid for his services. The difficulty in dealing with him is the matter of remuneration, by whatever roundabout contrivance to transfer his two-franc fees from your pocket to his.

The trait mentioned does not appear in the Canadian physician in the same form but every one will recognize that the spirit is the same in the French doctor and in his benevolent and self-sacrificing Canadian brother.

On arriving at the little Champonois town, says the author, I unfortunately fell ill, and Doctor B. was in close and faithful attendance upon me for many days.

"Do not be uneasy," Doctor B. replied when, as the time of my departure drew near, I asked for his bill. A second attempt to settle the little matter only resulted in the same way, and on the last day it really seemed as if I must leave my debt behind me.

"And the result?"

"I thank Heaven from the bottom of my heart that I have done what I have done, and to the de

"EEVON;"

OR, A HOPELESS LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

"It's the stupidest place you can imagine, John. There is absolutely nothing to do, you know. Hilda and the Baron are off riding or walking most of the time, and mother sleeps a good part of the day. It was selfish of me to ask you down; but it was you or suicide, don't you see?"

"Complimentary, I must say! To pose as the rival of a misapplied razor or an overdose of arsenic is something I never hoped to attempt, even in my moments of most daring ambition."

Rutger van Slack and his friend, John Dare, were seated upon the veranda of the only modern house in Patonket, and as they smoked their fragrant cigars, were confronted by as fine an outlook as the New England coast affords. Beneath them the straggling village lay, with its old-fashioned houses, gray with age and weather-beaten from the storms of a hundred winters, half hidden by the luxuriant foliage of ancient trees. To the eastward stretched the broad Atlantic till it met the sky. The isabelline beach flashed and sparkled in the morning sunlight, while the playful breakers rushed in and kissed the hot cheeks of the fevered land, and then hurried back again, as if in consternation at their own boldness, into the sheltering bosom of the mother sea. A cool breeze, spiced with salt, gave a bracing flavor to the air and ever and anon carried upward the murmur of the restless surf.

"Yes," continued van Slack, "it is an awfully dead hole, and that's the truth. I don't do anything but smoke and read. At first I used to stroll through the village, now and then; but the natives, who don't seem to be especially hospitable, looked at me as a lot of Prussian peasants might look at a Frenchman, so I shun them now as much as possible and confine my walks to the beach. You see, old man, this little hamlet, and the speaker waved his hand towards the village, "is a total abstinence stronghold; and, as he dear, old Rechables have learned that we drink wine up here, they look upon us as lost sheep—sheep ready for the slaughter, I should judge, by the way they scowl."

As he leaned back in the lounging chair and gazed upon the glories of the summer day, Rutger van Slack looked bored and restless. He was a tall, well-formed young man, who had been an athlete in college and still showed signs of great physical strength. His face was clear-cut and symmetrical. His dark hair and moustache made his skin seem somewhat pale in contrast, but when he smiled the whiteness of his perfect teeth changed all this and restored, as it were, the chromatic equilibrium of his countenance. But he did not smile often. "It would be greatly to the advantage of Rutger if he were more concealed about his teeth," John Dare had once remarked to Miss Hilda, and there was a good deal of not very essential truth in what he had said. But, for all that, Rutger van Slack was an extremely handsome man, and there were those who said that he was well aware of the fact. Perhaps he was. A woman who is beautiful is sure to know it; why is it a crime for a comely man to understand the story told him by his mirror?

John Dare was a striking contrast to his friend, van Slack. The latter was tall, Dare was short; van Slack had black hair inclined to curl; Dare's hair was of no well-authenticated color, but was generally described as "lightish," and was straight and wiry. Van Slack's eyes were dark and brilliant; Dare's eyes, like his hair, lacked in pigment and had never inspired impressionable girls to gossip. But Dare possessed one ornamental feature in which he took great pride. His mustache was much softer than his hair and more pronounced in color. Nature, as though ashamed that she had granted him no beauty at his birth, had tried to ease her conscience by giving him in manhood a handsome hirsute adornment. And Dare was more than grateful to her for her tardy kindness. It sometimes seems as though the possession of one good feature will make a man more vain than if he were an Apollo from top to toe.

"Well, my dear fellow," said Dare, as he watched the smoke from his cigar meet the sea-breeze and disappear, "you know very well that I am glad to be with you again. Where you are is the head of the table in my opinion, as I have often told you; so don't waste any sympathy on me. So far as I can see, Patonket is a beautiful spot. As for these natives, you should placate them. Just appoint me Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to treat with them, and I'll agree to establish a satisfactory modus vivendi. I'll even deliver a temperance lecture, if necessary, and win their friendship at one stroke."

Van Slack smiled dubiously, and smoked on in silence for a time. Finally he said, somewhat petulantly: "Look here, John, I must have some excitement one way or another. Acturress has got me in its grip. I did not want to come to the moss-covered old town in the first place, and now I must have something to hold me here, or I shall pack my things and silently steal away before many days are over. Oh for a night at Newport or a dance at the Pier! However, an idea came into my head yesterday that suggests an escape from ennui for both of us, provided those Patonket people are as excitable as I think they are. Excuse me just a mystery."

Van Slack rose from his chair, crossed the piazza, and entered the house. He returned at once, holding in his hand a newspaper. Opening the sheet he

pointed to a prominent paragraph, and asked Dare to examine it. Dare took the paper and read aloud the following advertisement: "The Editor and Proprietor of the Patonket Weekly Clarion, being in poor health, is anxious to dispose of his paper to responsible parties. The Clarion is on a paying basis, and can be purchased at once for cash at a price which will ensure the purchaser a good return for his investment. Apply at the editorial rooms of the Clarion, Main Street, Patonket."

"So this is your plan of obtaining excitement, is it?" John Dare laughed heartily as he returned the newspaper to his host. "You think of devoting your great talents—ahem!—to country journalism? Well, well, this is rich. Personnel item in a New York newspaper: 'Mr. Rutger van Slack, the well-known young millionaire of Patonket-on-the-Hudson, has purchased the Patonket Weekly Clarion, and will hereafter devote his time and ability to spreading Prohibition editorials among a small but healthy and hard-working clientele.' Sensation in society and at the clubs! Town Tattle boldly asserts that R. van S. has gone insane, much to the regret of a large number of friends of both sexes. Gossip whispers that a broken heart is trying to ease its pain in retirement and hard work. In fact, old fellow, the imagination can not grasp all the possibilities that present themselves at the idea of you becoming a rural journalist."

"Well, well, you mustn't let your imagination run away with you, John," remarked van Slack calmly, as Dare paused, out of breath. "You see I should be somewhat shielded by the fact that John Dare, the noted cynic and man of the world, was my partner in the enterprise. Then again, New York need know nothing of the affair. This place has about as much intercourse with the metropolis as the moon with Mars. Now, we'll run the paper for only a few weeks and then get rid of it—give it away, if necessary. It won't cost any vast sum, and in exchange for our money we'll enjoy quite a new sensation—something rather hard to obtain in these days. My idea is this: we'll turn the Clarion into an anti-Prohibition sheet, show these old Puritans the error of their ways, stir up a lively discussion in Patonket, become local celebrities at a bound, and thus manage to kill time that would otherwise pass very slowly."

"Hum!" exclaimed Dare meditatively, as he stroked his mustache; "so you intend to divide the honors of your peculiar crusade with me, do you? Well, that's kind, certainly. But do you realize, Van, that while the fun in all this is somewhat problematical, the hard work is a glaring and uninspiring reality?"

"There you go, as usual, in your matter-of-fact way," van Slack remarked in a tone of annoyance. He was never able to endure opposition calmly. "But you don't look at the affair from the right point of view, John. The paper comes out only once a week. You won't have nearly as much work as you had when you ran the Skyrocket at Harvard."

Dare sat silent for a few moments. Then he threw away his cigar, and rising from his chair placed his hand on van Slack's shoulder. "Well, old man, I'll stick by you in this matter," he said, with more earnestness than the circumstances seemed to warrant. "We'll buy the Clarion, and stir up the dust in this antediluvian town at a great rate. In fact I couldn't stay here with nothing to do, without having a quarrel with that confounded German Baron—and that, of course, must be avoided. But tell me, who runs this Clarion? Do you know the editor?"

"No, not personally," said van Slack, answering Dare's final question first. "I have seen him in the distance a number of times. He rejoices in the good old name of Isaiah—Isaiah Durkee, I believe. But he is not what are called 'the brains of the paper.' His wife, Mrs. Durkee, occupies that proud position. It is her intellect which has made the Clarion really quite superior to the ordinary run of country newspapers. This is current gossip, you know, for I don't speak from any personal knowledge on the subject. Mrs. Durkee has the reputation of being extremely handsome, as well as clever. In fact, the natives about here consider her the incarnation of all that is wise and beautiful. I overhead some of them talking about her one evening, and I really think they consider her a supernatural being. They argued that Isaiah Durkee was a strong, healthy man when he married her some years ago, and that as he is now run down in mind and body his wife, must have had an uncanny influence over him. Clever fellows, these natives, aren't they? But they are more liberal than those ancient New Englanders who turned a witch at the stake as soon as they had unmasked her. The Patonkets seem to have an affection for Mrs. Durkee in spite of her withering effect upon Isaiah. One night about a week ago I was down by the water watching the moon come up, when I was surprised to hear one of the most perfect voices I ever listened to—a deep, rich, passionate contralto—singing an antique French ballade. There was not the slightest touch of Yankeeism about the pronunciation of the obsolete words, and I wondered who the singer could be. I have since learned that it must have been Mrs. Durkee, though where she acquired her French I'm sure I don't know. Altogether the woman is quite a mystery."

(To be Continued.)

The older a man becomes the fewer fool friends he has.

AN OLD TIME RURAL DOCTOR.

He Was an Autocrat and Had Curative Methods All His Own.

A party of men were discussing the passing of the old time country doctor before the advance of modern science, and one of them told some stories of a practitioner of this type who was the terror of his boyhood days.

"He was a curious old autocrat, with curative methods all his own," said the gentleman. "I remember once a boy whom I became afflicted with a large swelling or abscess in his throat, which was growing rapidly and threatening to make breathing impossible.

"Dr. X.—was called in. After examining the patient, he turned to the mother with the command to bring him a red hot poker. As he was never questioned or disobeyed, the woman hastened to heat one in the kitchen fire.

"When she brought it to the sick room the doctor grabbed it and advanced to the bedside with the gleaming point levelled at the boy's head.

"Open your mouth, sir," he commanded.

"The boy did open his mouth to emit a terrified shriek—which broke the silence and saved his life.

"I have said that Dr. X.—was never disobeyed, but I recollect now one occasion on which a family attempted to set his orders at defiance. You see, he was really more intelligent than the run of way out country doctors of those days. He went to Holland for a year to study when he was young, and brought back some advanced ideas, one of which was the efficacy of fresh air.

"You know how country people close the windows of a sick room tight. On the occasion in question the patient was down with fever. Entering the room, Dr. X.—raised both windows, ordering them to be left so.

"The women who were nursing made no objection at the time, but no sooner had the doctor departed than they hastened to close the windows. Some distance away Dr. X.—happened to look around and behold what they had done.

"He turned his horse, drove back to the house, entered the front door, neither knocking nor ringing, mounted the stairs, walked to the sick room, lifted the thick knobbed cane which he always carried, and deliberately smashed one pane of glass after another, until all were demolished. Then, without a word, or so much as a look to right or left, he strode from the room and drove away.

"The patient recovered."

SENTENCE SERMONS.

The hotheaded often get cold feet. Convenience often poses as conscience.

The honest cask does not fear the knocker.

It doesn't take many bracers to make a binder.

Jump at a conclusion and you will find confusion.

Oily words easily gush from rocky and barren hearts.

Things are not sanctified by taking away their sweetness.

Unless you lay out your work, your work will lay you out.

While sympathy waits for second thoughts selfishness gets the floor.

The things you look at in private determine what you look like in public.

You cannot prove your grit by throwing sand into the world's sores.

No man ever made enough money to build a mausoleum for his guilty past.

Many a man thinks he is spiritual because he has forgotten how to be natural.

You cannot discount the patriotism that never warms up till the pocketbook is in danger.

Trouble is the only thing that comes in answer to the prayer for something to turn up.

The tears that accompany a choking up process are not always those of repentance.

The man who is sitting hard on thorns in his own lot has fine appreciation of his neighbor's roses.

The man who has brains back of his forehead never needs to bother as to how the front of it looks.

If you can keep sweet in a world where selfishness is turning men sour, you are doing more toward its enriching than all the silver mines of all the ages.

BOOK OF PROPHECIES.

Tuscan Priest Publishes a Book of Remarkable Forecasts.

Some sensation has been caused in Italy by the publication of the prophecies contained in an old Latin tome, printed in Venice, A.D. 1788, entitled "Liber de Praedictionibus" by Father Appiano Buonafede, a Tuscan priest, who had in some instances been remarkably accurate in his forecasts. Among those that "came true" are:

In the year 1855 thousands of Italians will go forth to battle in foreign lands, and... cover themselves with glory. This is correct, for a strong Sardinian contingent took part in the Crimean war.

In 1905 a terrible earthquake will devastate Southern Italy.

In 1906 a smiling landscape will be destroyed by volcanic outbreaks, which will repeat themselves in the following year. Hardly cheerful news this for the Vesuvius villages!

In 1906, the book says further, Italy will be made the recipient of great homage from the most powerful nations. This is supposed to refer to the Milan Exhibition.

The work ends with the year 1912. For 1907 it predicts a great revolution in Central Europe, when a strong man will usurp the power. And, finally, in 1912, a terrible war will lay waste the whole of Europe, and famine and misery will be rampant.

EUROPE'S MOST PRECIOUS BOOK.

The Duke of Devonshire possesses, as an heirloom, Claude Lorrain's "Book of Truth," which is said to be one of the rarest and most valuable volumes in Europe. It is worth six times as much as the "Mazarin" Bible, the most costly book that the British Museum can boast. The late Duke refused an offer of \$100,000 for it.

Love Came Too Late

CHAPTER XXXIX.

In attempting to outwit John Rockledge, Corine had made a dash toward the rear end of the car. Had she but looked through the window she would have seen the object of her thoughts hesitate an instant, then turn his steps in the same direction.

In her wild haste Corine even forgot to lower her veil, and as she sprang from the car she sprang directly into the arms of the man of all others from whom she would have fled—John Rockledge.

"Corine!" he cried, holding her off at arm's length and gazing in the greatest of consternation into her face, as though he half believed that his eyes were playing him some terrible trick.

"Let me go! Let me go!" sobbed Corine, wildly, struggling like a mad thing to free herself from his grasp.

"Not until you have told me what you are doing here!" he said, still retaining his hold of her arm. Then, suddenly, a terrible thought came to him, a thought so horrible that it almost took his breath away.

"Are you here with him—Corine?" he demanded, hoarsely. "Answer me, and answer me truly, in the sight of Heaven, are you here with that accursed villain, Gilbert Forrester? Are—are you eloping with him?" he cried, speaking the last word with difficulty.

"No!" she answered, meeting his gaze unflinchingly. "I—I am running away from home, but I am all alone, no one left with me."

"You must come with me, Corine," he said, gravely, but sternly. "I shall not let go my clasp of you until I understand this affair perfectly. As your father's partner and friend, and also yours, I claim the right to an explanation. Do not fear, Corine," he added, as the girl began to weep violently, hysterically. "No matter what you have done, my heart could find nothing but pardon for you, as you should well know."

His tone was so gentle, caressing and tender that it is little wonder that the poor child felt impelled to obey his request.

"I was going to start for home by the next train, but this meeting with you so unexpectedly has caused me to change my mind. I will wait over until tomorrow, and then you shall accompany me. I am going to take you to the house of a friend, a Mrs. Taylor, and on our way there, as it is some little distance, you shall tell me all."

Corine clung to his outstretched hand as eagerly now as she had attempted to free herself from him a few moments since.

He called a carriage, and, dazed as the girl was, she was quite surprised to hear him give the driver the same address that she had heard on the lips of the good farmer and his wife. It was some time ere Corine could control herself to tell him all, but this she did at last, omitting nothing.

Both wedded couples still lived at Linden Hall, for the lawyer could not bear to have his darling child, nor his dearly loved niece removed from his sight.

Corine promised to remain on one condition, and that condition was told with much laughter, and that was the golf links, which had been allowed to overrun with weeds, should be restored to their former glory, that everything about Linden Hall should seem like old times.

"Ay, the time when you were the merriest sprite in the neighborhood and the queen of the golf links," laughed her husband, catching her in his arms and covering her blushing face with rapturous kisses.

Corine's will was law, and soon the golf links, which had become so famous, blossomed out in a grander glory than ever, and one day on the links, while Corine stood by her husband's side, she laid up in his face and whispered, silently.

"Do you know when I first commenced to think you nice, John, and saw that you had a splendid face, and was quite lovely?"

"When was that, my darling?" he asked, casting an arm about her, despite the fact that they were by no means alone on the links.

"When I saw you teeing your first ball," declared Corine, with a laugh.

"Then from this hour on I shall become a famous golfer," he declared, "for I want you to keep on admiring me, until admiration is merged in the most wonderful love that ever found lodgment in a girl's bosom. Then, and not until then, will you love me as I love you, sweetheart, and will continue to love you until I die."

Try -

"USA LADA"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN TEA once and you will never return to the adulterated teas of Japan.

LEAD PACKETS ONLY.

HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

40c, 50c, 60c per lb. At All Grocers.

THE TRAITS OF GENIUS

PROFESSORS SHOW EXTREMES IN APPEARANCE AND TASTES.

Absent-mindedness Is a Common Characteristic — Poets Often Precocious.</p

THE EQUITY.

SHAWVILLE, SEPT. 6, 1906.

Appeals against the decision retaining Messrs. Roche and Carney their seats in Halifax, and against dismissing the personal charges against Hon. Mr. Fielding in Queen's-Sheburne will come before the supreme court in October.

Mr. G. E. Amyot, President of the Quebec Board of Trade, has accepted the candidature to represent the Liberal interests in the House of Commons for the county of Quebec, left vacant by the resignation of Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

In spite of Mr. Brodeur's warning it seems the Laurier Government will meet the provincialist clamorers for better terms and consult with them as to how much they will take from the federal treasury to be quiet for a while. On the whole the situation is not one for surprise. People long ago learned how weak a red Sir Wilfrid Laurier was for anything broadly Canadian to lean on.—Montreal Gazette.

At last Thursday's cabinet council the vacancies in the Quebec judiciary were filled. Mr. L. Philippe Demers, M. P. for St. John's and Iberville, succeeds Judge Lemieux, who is transferred from Sherbrooke to Quebec; Hon. J. C. McCorkill, provincial treasurer, succeeds the late Judge Andrews, and Mr. Eugene Lafontaine, K. C., Montreal, is also appointed to the bench.

Mr. Fielding is reported as saying that the appeal in his election case should be made to the electors of Queens and Shelburne and condemns his opponents for maintaining proceedings in the courts that prevent it. Mr. Fielding, at the end of nearly two years' delay, has suddenly broken into a hurry about his case, and as men in hurry frequently do, forgets some things. There were two questions raised in the proceedings which have caused him such worry. One was as to whether he was rightly elected to a seat in Parliament. It has been decided that he was not. The other question is as to whether he has not done things which should prevent his holding a seat at all for seven years; and it is this question the courts are asked to consider. When he talks of going to the electors he loses sight of the main point—Montreal Gazette.

It is estimated that the farmers of the Canadian Northwest will receive \$90,000,000 this year from three crops alone—wheat, oats and barley. It is figured this way:—

Wheat, 91,813,900 bushels at 68 c. nts.	\$62,433,452
Oats, 80,854,080 bushels at 28 cents.	22,639,310
Barley, 17,735,790 bushels at 30 cents.	5,320,370

Total... \$90,393,132

When to this amount is added the return to western consumers from live stock, dairy produce, vegetables, &c., it is safe to say that the total will pass \$100,000,000. This is an enormous sum of money to do business with among a comparatively small population. Crop estimates used were those compiled by John Aird, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. He figures that the three provinces will produce 91,813,900 bushels of wheat this season.

The Prize List issued by the Central Canada Fair directors for their nineteenth annual exhibition at Ottawa in September shows increases in premiums in nearly all the departments. The greatest additions have been in the live stock classes, and the other competitions have also been rearranged with the result that hereafter the amateur will not be called upon to compete with the so-called professional dealer. The increase in the live stock premiums is upwards of \$1,500 and the special prizes have been augmented by the addition of several more of the gold medals which competitors prize so highly. Other information goes to show that the Central Canada Fair this year will be one of the greatest holiday outings ever announced in Canada. The night show will this year take the form of the presentation of the comic opera, "The Gingerbread Man" in the immense new theatre hall erected on the grounds especially for the purpose. The poultrymen will have new quarters this year also, for the live stock and poultry building are now being brought to completion. Altogether the Ottawa show will be certainly well worth a visit. The dates are Sept. 7th to 15th.

Edmonton to be Divisional Terminus

Edmonton, Aug. 27.—The city council after considerable delay has ratified the Grand Trunk Pacific railway agreement which provides that in consideration of \$100,000 bonus and the grant of a right of way into the city, the G. T. R. will establish in Edmonton their divisional terminal and co-operate to make it the wholesale and distributing center of this section of the west.

A Fearful Picture

MURDER, PILLAGE AND INCENDIARISM ALL OVER RUSSIA

St. Petersburg, August 31.—News from the famine-stricken provinces is of increasing gravity. By the end of September the famine will have spread to the governments of Kazan, Simbirsk, Samara and Saratoff. The Zemstvo treasures are exhausted and the whole cost of feeding the people will devolve upon the central administration. The quantity of grain wanted in the above governments for food and sowing will be 800,000 tons.

TRY Shawville's New Shaving Parlor

For an up-to-date Haircut, or Clean Shave and Shampoo.
CLAUDE STRINGER - PROPRIETOR.

FOR SALE.

That desirable village property situated on Main Street, Shawville, consisting of two village lots on which a comfortable dwelling house and other necessary out-buildings are erected. Clear title can be given. Terms to suit purchaser. Apply to T. W. Wilson, Shawville, or to the undersigned, owner, Elmside.

MRS. M. McCREDIE.

Steer Estray.

Strayed on to my premises on or about the middle of July a red Steer with few white marks. Owner can have him by proving property and paying expenses incurred.

JOS. B. HILL, Thonby.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Province of Quebec
Municipality of Shawville.

Public Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Secretary-Treasurer of the Municipality of Shawville, in the County of Pontiac, that the list of persons entitled to vote at the election of a member of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Quebec, has been prepared according to law; that a duplicate thereof has been lodged in the office of the undersigned at the disposal and for the information of all persons interested, and that on Monday, the first day of October, next, 1906, at the usual time and place of meeting, the Municipal Council will proceed with the examination and correction of said list.

Shawville, September 3rd, 1906.

W. W. IRELAND,
Sec.-Treasurer.

CAUTION

I hereby caution all parties against giving credit to any member of my family without my written order, as otherwise I will not be responsible for payment.

THOS. HORNER,
Shawville.

School Tax Notice

All parties in arrears of school tax to the School Corporation of Bristol are requested to call and settle same on or before Sept. 15th, 1906.

G. B. MORRISON,
McKee.

THE MARKETS.

SHAWVILLE.

Wheat (standard) 75 to 78c.
Flour per barrel, \$4.00 to \$4.25.
Oats per bushel 28 to 30c.
Butter, per pound, 17c.
Potatoes 85c a bag
Wool per lb. 27c to 28c
Eggs, per dozen, 16c.
Hides per 100 lbs \$7.50
Veals 20 to 80 cents each
Deacons 20 to 75 cents each
Pelts 20 to 90 cents each,

Telegrams from the provinces give a fearful picture of murder, plague and incendiarism from one end of the country to the other. The entire harvest in the Pruzan district, besides a large number of cattle and agricultural machinery has been destroyed by fire. In Mordovia, near the Volga, thousands are without roofs over their heads. In Morshansk there has been enormous damage from fires. In the Roma district, fires are nightly destroying houses, furniture, corn and hay. From Brestovitza come telegrams similar to those from many other parts of Russia. Subscriptions are being taken for the famine-stricken peasants and appeals may be made to foreigners.

The German colonists in the provinces of Samara and Saratoff who for generations have materially contributed toward raising the agricultural prospects there, are selling their farms at normal price and emigrating from Russia.

Despatches from Saratoff say the peasants in the Volga provinces are taking of a general rising at an early date. Nothing will satisfy them now but the distribution of all lands. They have lent ready ears to the agitators, who are swarming about the provinces. It is quite common to hear parties of peasants singing the Marseillaise on the piers while awaiting river steamers.

In Samara government troops have been called out twelve times in the last few weeks to suppress agrarian disorders. The most serious one was at the township of Tcherkatii, a place of 15,000 inhabitants which is known as a revolutionary centre. A large store of bombs and arms was discovered there. The police commissary who went there to investigate was received with rifle shots. He returned the following day with detachment of infantry and an engagement ensued, the peasants firing on the troops from ambush. They repeatedly fired volleys and finally stormed the village.

Quebec Cabinet

CHANGES RESULTING FROM RESIGNATION OF HON. MR. MCCORKILL.

Quebec, Aug. 31.—The rumored changes in the Quebec provincial cabinet took place this morning on the return of Premier Gouin from Ottawa. The provincial treasurer, Hon. J. C. McCorkill having resigned his portfolio on receipt of news of his appointment as a judge of the superior court for this district, in the place of the late Judge Andrews, Hon. A. Tessier, minister of agriculture, Hon. J. Allard, minister of agriculture, and Hon. W. A. Weir, the speaker of the legislative assembly, took the oath as minister of public works, entering the cabinet also as the English-speaking Protestant representative in the place of Mr. McCorkill.

Quality Counts Every Time.

S. PEERLESS MACHINE OIL—a thick, heavy Oil of superior quality	10c a quart; 35c a gal
QUEEN CITY SEPARATOR OIL	15c a quart
TANNER'S OIL—the best known harness oil	15c a quart
RAW CASTOR OIL	12c per lb; 30c a quart
CATTLE FLY OIL	15c a quart
AMERICAN COAL OIL	25c a gal
DOUBLE BOILED LINSEED OIL	75c a gal
RAW LINSEED OIL	70c a gal

W. A. HODGINS.

G. W. Dale's Tinshop

CENTRE STREET, SHAWVILLE,

Is the Place to buy your Spring Tinware of all kinds.

Sap Buckets and Spiles, Sap Pans and Syrup Cans, Milk Pails and Milk Dishes, Cream Pails and Creamers.

Full lines of Agate, Nickel and Enamel Goods.

NOTE.—We have recently engaged the services of a first-class mechanic—one who is thoroughly experienced in all work pertaining to the trade, including plumbing and pipe-fitting of all kinds. We can therefore assure you satisfaction in any work in this line that you may favor us with.

Highest price for Hides, Pelts and Calfskins.

ARRIVED AT CAMPBELL'S BAY

Mr. O'Meara, the New Tailor from Toronto.

SUITS manufactured in the most up-to date styles, and satisfaction guaranteed to every customer.

A select stock of TWEEDS always on hand.

Your order solicited.

JAMES S. BEACH - MERCHANT TAILOR,
CAMPBELL'S BAY, QUE.

Shawville Millinery Parlors

will re-open Sept. 3

In the premises lately occupied by D. T. Pressley
(Corner of Main and Centre Streets)

Mrs. W. J. SCOBIE is at present attending the Millinery Openings at Toronto and will return with a full line of the latest styles of Millinery at reasonable prices. Early orders will have prompt attention. Later notice will be given of Opening for Trimmed and Ready-to-wears.

REMEMBER THE DATE - SEPT. 3.

FOR SALE.

The property of Mrs. A. Wilson—Lot S. of Half S. Half No. 5, Third Range of Clarendon. For terms and full information apply to H. MATHESON, Shawville.

Future of Eastern Canada.

London, Aug. 28.—Ian C. Hannah, late president of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, in dealing at the Cambridge University summer meeting, with the English conquest of French Canada, said it was one of the paradoxes of history that the French, by their huge families, by remaining in the country where they were born and by just gradually extending their frontiers beyond the province of Quebec, were practically making the whole of Eastern Canada French again. The French of course, were under the British flag. There was no doubt whatever that in a few generations Eastern Canada would be French again, simply with the English communities of the town.

Prospect Seems Gloomy

Last week's Arnprior Chronicle says:—Engineer Hughes, head of the Canadian Northern location party now operating in the Ottawa Valley, was in town on Monday. At present the men are on the north side of the Ottawa, with headquarters at Portage du Fort. Mr. Hughes says there is a fine route for the road in Pontiac, but feels that the necessity of building two large bridges will tell against the adoption of the course.

Thursday, October 18th has been the date fixed for thanksgiving day this year.

VISIT OTTAWA DURING FAIR TIME

Our Ladies' Parlor on the "3rd Floor," reached by an immense 20 h. p. elevator, run by electricity is at your service.

There you may meet your friends, eat your lunch, etc., etc.

We check all parcels and send them to station, train or boats, free of charge, in fact do everything that will add to your comfort.

SPECIAL SALES

will be held every day during FAIR WEEK.

Immense Discounts .. and Low Prices..

Will Prevail all over the Store.

T. LINDSAY LIMITED

RIDEAU ST. MACKENZIE AVE.
SUSSEX ST.

Opposite Central Depot.

Furniture!

We carry a large stock in all Lines

Just Received

a large consignment of Coats, Robes, Blankets, Bells, Brushes, &c

We cordially invite you to make our Ware-rooms your headquarters on Exhibition days—Sept. 17, 18 and 19.

A. SMILEY.



If You keep Bees
we have a full stock of
Bee-Keepers Supplies



McDOUGALL & CUZNER

523 Sussex Street, Ottawa.

Help Protect the Deer

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

N. McCUAIG
Prov Game Warden.
Bryson, Jan. 6th 1906

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their inventions protected by Express Patents. Premiums and expenses free. Charges moderate. Our Inventor's Adviser stands ready to assist. Marion & Marion, Reg'd., New York Life Building, Montreal; and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.



Sunlight Soap

is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way.

Sunlight Soap contains no injurious chemicals.

Sunlight Soap is pure soap, scientifically made. Every step in its manufacture is watched by an expert chemist.

Sunlight Soap saves labor, and the wear of rubbing which common soaps require in washing fabrics.

Your money refunded by the dealer from whom you buy Sunlight Soap if you find any cause for complaint.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

A 16-Pearl Brooch \$5.00

Does it strike you as "almost too good to be true?" It is only one instance of the price — attractiveness of Diamond Hall's stock — backed by its half-century reputation for quality.

This Brooch (catalogue No. 31683) consists of a 1 1/4 inch crescent of solid 14 kt. gold, supporting a lily-of-the-valley spray set with 16 Pearls.

It is sent post free in dainty satin-lined case.

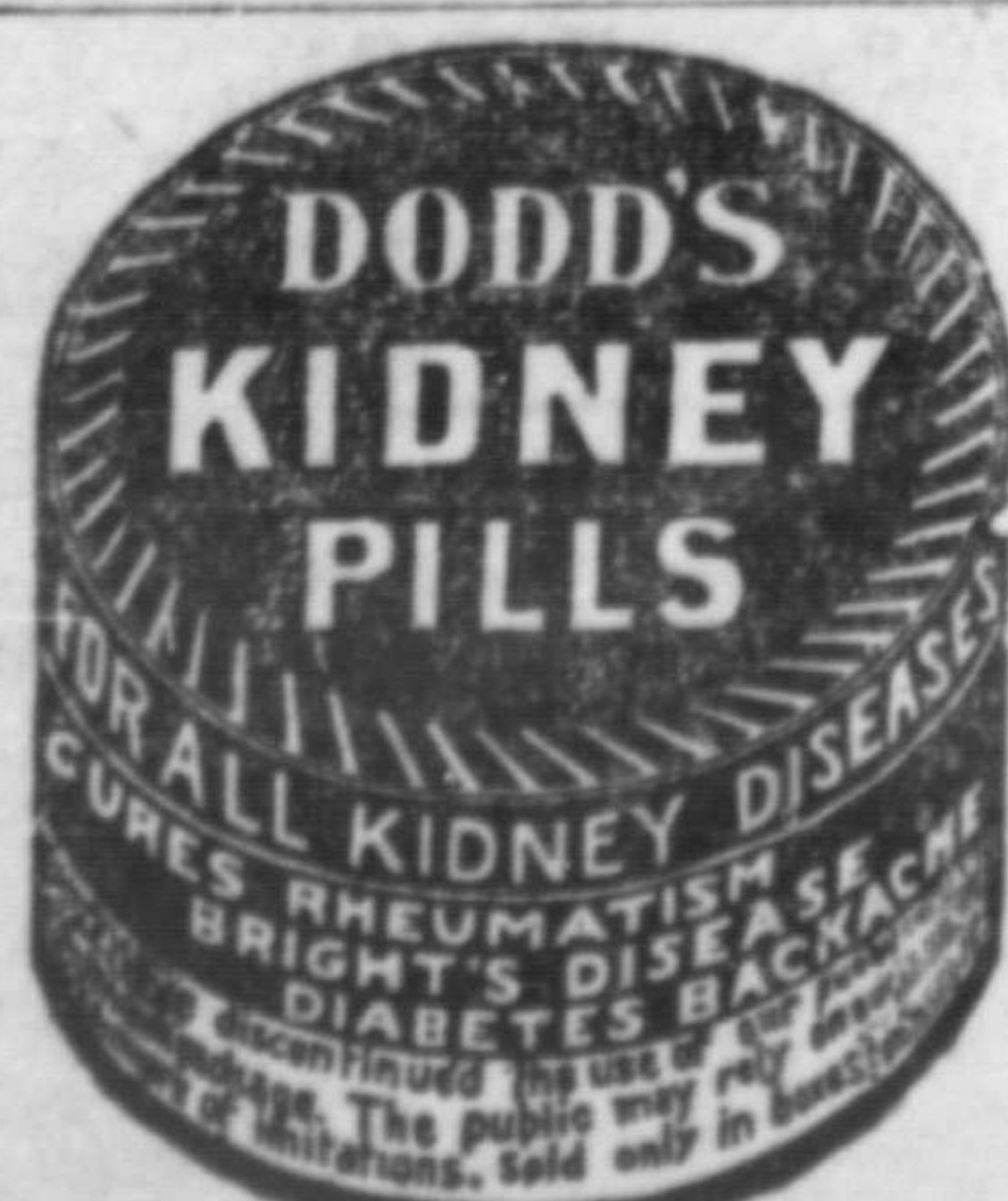
Ryrie Bros.
LIMITED.
134-138 Yonge Street.

THE PROFESSOR.

"That spendthrift nephew of mine," said the doctor, "is so good for nothing that sometimes I am tempted to operate on his skull with an auger to see if I can find out what is the matter with him."

"Don't do that," advised the professor. "Use a silver instrument on him. Cut him off with a shilling."

Yes, you may draw the salary, but your wife earns half the money; don't forget that.



WHY J. BULL CAN GROW

HE STILL CONTINUES ON TOP 'SPITE OF CROAKERS.

Americans and Germans Have Failed to Injure Great Britain's Trade.

Two or three years ago we had among us a number of prophets who painted the gloomiest pictures of England's immediate future. Germany was to take a great slice of our foreign and colonial trade. America the remainder. Even here at home our manufacturers would be driven to the wall by the pushing foreign competitor, and as for the British farmer, what with eggs from Russia, beef from Argentina, mutton from Australia, butter from Scandinavia, and so on, he must inevitably disappear from the land, says London Answers.

Very many thoughtful people grew despondent, and the impression prevailed widely that we had really passed our zenith as a great nation and were on the decline.

But this was not all. Russia would be sure to seize India, a combination of foreign Powers might overwhelm us, our Army was worth little as a fighting machine, and even our Navy was viewed with doubt.

This was the stage of things a few years ago. What a marvellous change has come over our outlook upon the future! There is scarcely a man in the country who now doubts that Britain is still in her prime in industry, commerce and warlike power.

AMERICANS OUTWITTED.

We were never before held in such respect by foreign peoples. And it is no empty boast to say that England, at the present moment, is the first nation of the world and exercises the greatest influence in worldpolitics.

This great change has been effected very quietly, and in a way which ought to fill every Englishman with confidence in the destiny of his country.

It is six or eight years since the capitalists of the United States determined on a commercial invasion of Great Britain. We all remember what they thought of us—that we were quite a stupid people, without energy, fifty years behind the times. They were going to exploit England as they would China or the Philippines. What an unpleasant surprise those American capitalists must have received.

First they flooded us with bicycles, and our "dull" bicycle manufacturers bucked up and made better bicycles. The Americans went home with an altered opinion of John Bull. Then it was boots.

The country was going to be stocked with American machine-made boots at a price that would drive our manufacturers into bankruptcy. We don't hear anything of the boots now. Next our entire tobacco trade was to be captured by an American trust. It was a vast enterprise to embark upon, and we must have appeared very simple folk to those who undertook it. This was even a greater failure than the boots, and the American tobaccoconists must have burned their fingers badly.

NATURE'S TONICS.

Nature furnishes the very best of tonics in fruits and vegetables. Watercress is particularly valuable if one is afflicted with skin irritations. Spring onions, radishes, and lettuce, dandelion, celery and rhubarb are all beauty foods. Onions are one of the finest nerve tonics in the world and are very good for those poor, unlucky ones who suffer from insomnia.

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

of technical education, impress science in the service of our manufacturers, send travellers with a better knowledge of foreign tongues, make out our price lists in the languages, weights, and measures of our customer-countries. Where will Germany be then?

JOHN BULL SCORING EVERYWHERE

Americans are putting forth all their energy and have no reserve. We have more energy in reserve than in use. Germans avail themselves of every help to be obtained from education, science, and system. They can make little further advance. We still rely to a great extent on the rule-of-thumb methods, and are, nevertheless, the equals at least of the Germans. When we come to put forth our whole reserve of energy, and make full use of education and science, both Germany and the United States will find themselves very far in the rear.

As in commerce, so in diplomacy. India is no longer in danger. Instead of being isolated, we find foreign nations competing for our friendship. The rumor that, in a certain eventuality, we could land one hundred thousand men on the continent has inspired great respect for our Army. And it is universally acknowledged that the new disposition of our Navy has made us mistress of the seas against all the world.

In a few short months the nation was raised to this high pinnacle, proving that in warlike efficiency, as well as in commerce and industry, Englishmen have only to draw upon their reserve of energy in order to take the lead of all nations.

John Bull on his mettle is undoubtedly "one of the best."

MOTHER'S ANXIETY.

The summer months are an anxious time for mothers because they are the most dangerous months of the year for young children. Stomach and bowel troubles come quickly during the hot weather and almost before the mother realizes that there is danger the little one may be beyond aid. Baby's Own Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally; because they keep the stomach and bowels free from of fending matter. And the Tablets will cure these troubles if they come suddenly. You may save your child's life by keeping a box of Baby's Own Tablets on hand to give promptly. Mrs. Frank Moore, Northfield, N. S., says:

"I do not know any medicine that can equal Baby's Own Tablets for curing stomach and bowel troubles. I always keep them on hand in case of emergency." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

STEEL DRUMS

If you are out of sorts get a bottle of "Terrorin," the best tonic, and you will be surprised how quickly that tired feeling will wear off. \$1.00 bottles. All dealers in medicine.

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

Old Gent—"For my word, madam, I should hardly have known you, you have altered so much."

Lady (archly)—"For the better or for the worse?"

Old Gent—"Ah, madam, you could only change for the better."

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

A SMALL BOY'S TEARS.

"What are you crying for, my poor little boy?"

"Boohoo! Pa fell downstairs."

"Don't take on so, my pet. He'll get better soon."

"Sister saw him fall all the way. I never saw nuffen! Boohoo!"

CUCUMBERS AND MELONS

are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

Are we on the decline? Foreign journals are telling us we are. They say we must yield now to younger and more energetic nations. In view of what has happened, we can afford to smile at their predictions. We are only waiting for the obstacle to be overcome.

GERMANY'S HOPELESS TASK.

It is not America only which has tried conclusions with us. Germany has organized her commerce with a view, and the confident hope, of gradually driving us out of the world's markets. She relies on the greater use of science, the better technical education of her workmen, and her more methodical system of industry and commerce. She has commercial travellers all over the globe, gives her manufacturers Government assistance, and for a quarter of a century has been straining every nerve to oust us in commerce. No doubt Germany has made great strides, but, instead of decreasing, our foreign trade is expanding by leaps and bounds. And this without any extra effort on our part!

Now Germany cannot do very much more than she is doing to further her commerce. We are only beginning to wake up. Presently we will make use!

Smith: "Do you think that seeing is believing?" Mrs. Smith: "No. I see some people every day I could never believe."

All dealers or the Wilson-Fyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

PLEASANT MOMENTS.

It has been said with a great deal of truth that you can never become really acquainted with a man until you have supped with him, and in order to ensure a pleasant time good tea must be used. During the past sixteen years "SALADA" has become a familiar word to every newspaper reader, and the fact that the demand is steadily increasing requires no comment; it tells its own story, "SALADA" is king. The delicious flavor of "SALADA" Tea is due largely to the care used in the cultivation and preparation and to the fact that it is packed in sealed lead packages which prevent it coming in contact with articles that would affect its flavor.

A DEFINITION.

"Do you think that if woman is 'the weaker vessel' you might call an old maid a 'derelict'?"

"Why? Because she's deserted?"

"Well, no — because she isn't married."

Time Has Tested It.—Time tests all things, that which is worthy lives; that which is inimical to man's welfare perishes. Time has proved Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. From a few thousand bottles in the early days of its manufacture the demand has risen so that now the production is running into the hundreds of thousands of bottles. What is so eagerly sought for must be good.

HOPE YET.

"I declare," exclaimed a talkative youth in a smoking room one day, "I believe I have forgotten all I ever knew!"

"Sorry to hear it," growled a ferocious old individual. "However, you can put in an hour some day learning it all over again."

Physical Pain and mental anguish afflict the victims of skin diseases. Get rid of both by rubbing Warner's Cerate on the heated, Itching, disfigured face. The relief given is among the wonders of medicine.

The following doubtful compliment is a fragment from a love-letter:—"How I wish, my darling Adelaide, my engagements would permit me to leave town and come and see you! It would be like visiting some old ruin, hallowed by time and fraught with a thousand recollections."

A Cure for Rheumatism.—The intrusion of uric acid into the blood vessels is a fruitful cause of rheumatic pains. This irregularity, is owing to a deranged and unhealthy condition of the liver. Any one subject to this painful affection will find a remedy in Parmelec's Vegetable Pills. Their action upon the kidneys is pronounced and most beneficial and by restoring healthy action, they correct impurities in the blood.

"Papa," said the darling daughter of the household, "how did you propose marriage to mamma?" "Don't ask me," answered the old man. "I can't remember a thing about it. Go and ask your mother. She managed the whole affair."

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Buy Sunlight Soap and follow directions.

Office Boy—"There's a gentleman here with a bill." The Old Man—"Tell him to call again." "With a bill you got agin him, that he wants to pay?" "Ahi! Show Show

They are a Powerful Nervine.—Dyspepsia causes derangement of the nervous system, and nervous debility once engendered is difficult to deal with. There are many testimonials as to the efficacy of Parmelec's Vegetable Pills in treating this disorder, showing that they never fail to produce good results. By giving proper tone to the digestive organs, they restore equilibrium to the nerve centres.

TO GOVERN TOMMY ATKINS.

The new War Office in Whitehall, London, is one of the most wonderful buildings in the world. It looks imposing enough to scare any enemy of Britain who may chance to see it. Some idea of its size may be gathered from the fact that 25,000,000 of ordinary bricks, 1,500,000 glazed bricks, 26,000 tons of Portland stone, 1,600 tons of lead, 3,500 tons of steel, and 35,000 cubic yards of concrete were used in its construction. It contains 600 rooms, 2½ miles of corridors, 9 miles of chimney flues, 100 miles of piping, and 1,700 windows. In order to ensure dryness, the entire building is set in a concrete "dock" 24 ft. deep, the inner walls of which are well removed from the walls of the structure. This dock is large enough to float several warships.

Mrs. Mulligan: "An' what did his 'onner say to you this morning?" Mrs. Mulcahy: "Can't you and your husband live together without fighting?" Mrs. Mulligan: "An' what did yer say?" Mrs. Mulcahy: "No, yer 'onner, not happily."

Wilson's FLY PADS

ONE PACKET HAS ACTUALLY KILLED A BUSHEL OF FLIES

Sold by all Druggists and General Stores and by mail.

TEN CENTS PER PACKET FROM ARCHDALE WILSON,

HAMILTON, ONT.

OLD SORES

It acts promptly, painlessly and thoroughly. It is a very reliable cure for Irr.

Poisoning, Bells, Ulcers, and all sores difficult to heal.

If your dealer has not got it, it can be sent express prepaid for 25c small size, and 50c large. Name your nearest express office and P.O.

Mission Ointment & Chemical Co., Toronto, Canada.

CANADIAN PACIFIC IRRIGATED FARMS IN SUNNY ALBERTA

(Calgary District)

Ready for the plough.

Convenient to Railway and Post Office, Market and Schools.

Climate the finest in Canada.

Cattle graze all winter, and fatten on prairie hay.

Soil the richest in the Northwest.

Will grow, without irrigation, Winter Wheat, Oats, Barley, Sugar Beets, Alfalfa, and almost anything that grows in other parts of Canada.

With irrigation a crop never fails.

If the best Ontario farms could be irrigated, they would double their present average yield, and could be cropped ten years longer without running out.

They are cheaper now than they ever were.

The first crop should pay for the land and increase its value four-fold.

Special Reduced Railway Rates.

Write for illustrated folder.

Telfer & Osgood

Selling Agents

218 CORINTH BUILDING MONTREAL

\$1 CASH & \$1 PER MONTH

\$5,000 HOME

FORTY years ago you could have bought lots in Denver for \$100 each, which now stand worth which now stand worth \$10,000 each.

In five years the population will reach the half-million mark.

Ordinary houses have been built and sold for \$100, \$200, \$300, \$400, \$500, \$600, \$700, \$800, \$900, \$1,000, \$1,200, \$1,400, \$1,600, \$1,800, \$2,000, \$2,200, \$2,400, \$2,600, \$2,800, \$3,000, \$3,200, \$3,400, \$3,600, \$3,800, \$4,000, \$4,200, \$4,400, \$4,600, \$4,800, \$5,000, \$5,200, \$5,400, \$5,600, \$5,800, \$6,000, \$6,200, \$6,400, \$6,600, \$6,800, \$7,000, \$7,200, \$7,400, \$7,600, \$7,800, \$8,000, \$8,200, \$8,400, \$8,600, \$8,800, \$9,000, \$9,200, \$9,400, \$9,600, \$9,800, \$10,000, \$10,200, \$10,400, \$10,600, \$10,

SAMOA'S GREAT VOLCANO

THE ERUPTION ON SAVAII GROWING MORE VIOLENT.

Sea Heated to Boiling Point by Tremendous Lava Flow on An Island of the Pacific.

At last accounts the new volcano on the island of Savaii, the largest of the Samoan group, was in more violent eruption than ever. The volcano was just a year old on August 5th.

In December, however, the eruptions began again with redoubled fury, and there is no telling when peace and quiet will again bless the lonely island. Savaii is off the usual ocean routes and communication with it is neither regular nor frequent, and so it happens that news only occasionally reaches us from the land that is now the victim of such troublous times.

CHANGED HIS IDENTITY.

Discovery That Briton is Transformed to an Oriental.

The extraordinary case of an Englishman whose appearance changed to that of an Oriental is described by Dr. H. Wark Dodd, an ophthalmic surgeon, in the Lancet.

The change has occurred during the last seven years. No one has discovered the cause, although the man has been examined repeatedly and most thoroughly by Dr. Dodd and his colleagues.

Dr. Dodd in giving particulars of the case says:-

"The man came to the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital to see me in June, 1899. He was in the hospital for three weeks, and nothing abnormal was detected in any organ or system.

"It was after this illness that the changes of appearance began to take place, and these have continued until now he has practically changed his identity, for from being a finely developed erect man of 5 ft. 10½ in. in height and 16 st. 4 lbs. weight, vigorous, athletic, with plenty of hair of a light brown color, a long blonde moustache, and altogether fair in appearance, he has become in a few years smaller, stooping, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, weighing 11 st. 11 lbs.

"He is weak, his hair has changed to mouse color, his moustache cannot grow a hair longer than a quarter of an inch, and both are soft and sparse. His chin never needs a razor, his complexion is sallow, and his whole aspect is darker than before.

"His fellow-workers have christened him 'the Japanese,' though I fancy the late war may have influenced them in the choice of this name, for his type is not quite Japanese. Formerly he was a cheerful, capable, quick-moving, intelligent man, with something of a sailor's readiness to lend a hand to anything that came along. Now, when not occupied, he is somewhat apathetic, a condition which adds something to his eastern bearing."

Dr. Dodd mentions another case of a similar type, and says he remembers other patients who should be included in the same category. It would seem, therefore, that there is some obscure disease, at present unknown to the medical profession, which has the effect of changing Europeans to an eastern appearance.

HANDLING VICTIOUS HORSES.

Barey's Little Trick for Curing Balking—Causes of Shying.

A balky horse can be cured, when under the saddle, by a very simple method. Turn him around and around in his tracks a few times and then suddenly straighten his head and he will willingly, and even gladly, go forward. This was the method of the celebrated John S. Barey and has never been known to fail.

The "jibbler" differs from the balker inasmuch as his so-called vice is caused by congestion of the brain. The horse thus affected is liable to bolt or run away after one of three attacks and is a dangerous animal.

Rearing, although commonly termed a vice, is often caused by too severe a curb. Sometimes the rearing horse loses his balance and falls over backward. It is needless to say that the rider is then lucky if he or she escapes without serious, if not fatal, injury. When a horse rears loosen the reins and speak to him in a soothing tone; but if he persists give him a sharp blow between the ears with the butt of the whip. This will bring him down on all fours with amazing quickness.

Kicking is certainly a vice. Sometimes, however, it is caused by fear, in which case much can be accomplished by gentle management. Exactly the opposite treatment of the rearer animal should be applied to the kicker. Hold his head up with might and main, for the horse cannot throw out both hind legs at once when his head is elevated. Kicking straps are what the name implies. A strap fastened to the shafts over the horse's croup prevents kicking, but this is only serviceable when driven in single harness. Shying is a dangerous fault. It cannot properly be termed a vice, as it is generally the result of defective vision. Gentle treatment, soothing words and patient persistence in accustoming the animal to the dreaded object will often effect a cure. To lash a horse because he shies or is frightened only aggravates the evil. He will associate the punishment with the frightful object and will fear it more and more each time he encounters it.

Fainting Rooms.

One of the latest ideas in New York is a room to which the ladies can retire if they feel faint and go off in a swoon, amid the most artistic and beautiful surroundings. Several restaurants and tea shops have adopted this idea, and members of the fair sex, whose nerve force is run down, can find in the fainting room a soothing resting place. The room is partially darkened and the prevailing color green, whilst it is liberally decorated with various sweet-smelling flowers. Comfortable sofas and chairs are provided for the "fainters," and a lady doctor is kept on the premises should her services be required.

One kind of optimist is a self-satisfied bachelor who imagines he might be happy if married.

Many a woman who doesn't know her own mind gives her husband a piece of it.

KING'S VOICE TREMBLED

HIS MAJESTY'S FAREWELL TO THIRD SCOTS GUARDS.

Seven Hundred of the Finest Men in the Army Marched Past Him.

"I hope that it may be possible for me, or at any rate, my successor, to see a 3rd Battalion of the Scots Guards carrying the same colors again."

The King's voice trembled a little when in the grounds of Buckingham Palace on Saturday he ended his farewell speech to the 3rd Scots Guards with these words, says The London Daily Express.

The scene was a fine one, as the battalion, headed by their pipers in royal tartan, swung over the lawn from the archway at Constitution Hill. The leafy trees in the background threw into relief the gold and scarlet uniforms and added to the splendid appearance of the battalion. Not even the most rabid Little Englander could look unmoved on the disdaining of such a fine body of men.

When it came to the parade ground the battalion halted, "dressed," and then, with a little ripple, sprang to attention as the King, in uniform, stepped from the windows of the palace. As his Majesty reached the parapet the strains of the national anthem rang out.

The King passed down the ranks in a formal inspection of the battalion, and then to the music of the regimental air seven hundred of the finest men in the army "marched past" him.

FOR THE LAST TIME.

When it was over and a hollow square had been formed, his Majesty advanced within the space and made the following farewell speech:-

"Colonel Drummond, officers, non-commissioned officers and privates of the 3rd Battalion Scots Guards.—My Government has considered it necessary to reduce the expenses of the army, in consequence of which there is to be a reduction both of our artillery and infantry, and in this reduction your battalion is included.

"I have therefore ordered you to come here to-day, that I might inspect you and express to you my appreciation of your services with the battalion, which will shortly cease to exist.

"Let me congratulate you, Colonel Drummond, on the battalion under your command. I never saw a finer body of officers and men, and it is with sincere regret that I part with you.

"You have done your duty well during the six years you have been in existence.

"It is just over five years since I presented to the battalion the colors which will shortly be relinquished by you, and which were to have been given to you by my revered mother, Queen Victoria.

"I hope that you will later, when your duties are over, confide those colors to my care. I shall always preserve them religiously and carefully at Buckingham Palace, as I hope that it may be possible for me.

"OR AT ANY RATE MY SUCCESSOR, to see a 3rd Battalion of the Scots Guards carrying the same colors again."

The speech was heard in deep silence, and not a movement broke the rigidity of the ranks as Colonel Drummond stepped forward to reply.

The 3rd Scots would always remember their motto, "Ever ready," he said. They heard with the liveliest satisfaction of the King's intention to receive into his keeping the colors of which they were so proud.

Then the King returned to the saluting base, and, still in silence, the battalion re-formed line and marched up in review order with colors flying and band playing. Then silence again as the bayonets flashed in the sun's rays and the battalion came to the "present." Lieuts. Kemble and Mackenzie lowered the colors in salute, and once more the national anthem rang out while the King stood with his hand raised in acknowledgement of the tribute.

A little pause, and then the rigid symmetry of the ranks was broken as the bearskins raised on the bayonets suddenly shot up in the air and a cheer burst from the Guardsmen. It was repeated again and then again as the King turned at the French windows of the palace to take one last look at the battalion.

Afterwards his Majesty conferred on Colonel Drummond the Royal Victorian Order (fourth class).

A JAPANESE LETTER.

The following letter, amusing in its diction, touching in its simplicity and earnestness, is quoted in Rev. M. L. Gordon's "American Missionary in Japan." It was written to a missionary by a man who felt so much pity for his friend's daughter, who was abused by her stepmother, that he had taken her to his own house.

Instead of my mouth (conversation). My dear Sir. I am a simple people. I don't know English grammar. I don't know European habit. But now I take not care of my shameful and dare give strange curious letter. Here I must tell you about some matter. This matter is my dear friend's girl. She have a very unhappy, for her mother are not true mother. I take her into my home by her Father's beg and educate her with all my heart. But one day I find her heart bad by her foolish mother's bad education. O, O I am very sorry. When one day I think Christianity all good heart, and good conduct. If my poor girl become a Christianity she will change to a good holy heart. So I beg you that if you please educate to Christianity. Let she make a true sheep of God.

K. Yamanska.

No doubt men are just as foolish as women, but you seldom hear of a man suing a woman for breach of promise.

The Duke of Hamilton was a great swimmer and diver in his early youth.

When he was in the Navy he often used to dive right under his ship, and once received a somewhat serious injury while performing this feat.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Gossip About Some Prominent People.

The Marquis of Breadalbane possesses the finest service of gold plate in Great Britain.

The gems in the diadem of the Russian Empress are worth \$400,000. They comprise 2,536 diamonds and a massive ruby.

Mr. L. F. Petrie, who is only twenty-one years old, has just been elected Mayor of Clarksville, Arkansas. He claims that he is the youngest mayor in the world.

Lord Kitchener was a quiet boy, good at books, but not very brilliant at gymnastics or outdoor games. "He was a shy, self-contained lad, who showed a distinct talent for figures," says one who knew him at school.

The scene was a fine one, as the battalion, headed by their pipers in royal tartan, swung over the lawn from the archway at Constitution Hill. The leafy trees in the background threw into relief the gold and scarlet uniforms and added to the splendid appearance of the battalion. Not even the most rabid Little Englander could look unmoved on the disdaining of such a fine body of men.

When she reigned in Paris the Empress Eugenie was the best-dressed lady in the world. At one time her wardrobe was estimated to be worth no less than \$1,000,000, while her household expenses amounted to about \$10,000 a week. To-day she spends as little as possible on herself, and dresses invariably in black.

King Edward has played many parts in his time, one of them being that of a brickmaker and builder. At Osborne there still stands a small fort which was erected by the King and his brothers many years ago, even the bricks being manufactured by the young Prince. At Balmoral there is a tool-shed which was entirely constructed by Prince Albert and his sons.

The Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell (daughter-in-law of the late Lord Russell) is interested in matters affecting the poor, once for a time worked as a factory-hand in a Birmingham rope-walk. Disguised in old clothes, with a row of curlers in her hair, she said she found much rough kindness amongst her "mates," and they soon became good friends when she joined in their choruses.

The Shah of Persia has an extraordinary museum in Teheran, his capital. It is supposed to contain the presents His Majesty has received from foreign potentates, but the exhibits include a hand-glass marked "Price 3s." and some fans ticketed "dʒd". Probably these were purchases made by the Shah when in Europe, but they must give the Persian ruler a rather curious notion of the generosity of European Sovereigns.

Sir Acquin Martin, whose death is announced, was at the head of a firm of civil engineers in Calcutta, a post which eventually led to a business trip to Kabul, and to an intimate friendship with the late Amir Abdurrahman. His Highness, who had a low opinion of the truthfulness of the average man and woman, was greatly impressed by the Englishman's frank manners. "Did I ever tell you lie?" Sir Acquin once asked the Amir. The potentate rolled his eyes and replied, "I never found you out in one."

The Crown Princess of Sweden, who is very pretty and popular, goes by the name of "The Colonel's Wife." The Crown Prince, unlike his poet-father, is a military enthusiast, and is honorary colonel of several regiments. When he was first married he took his young bride into the headquarters of the regiment of which he was then acting colonel, and said: "Gentlemen, the colonel in command of the regiment desires to introduce his wife to the regiment." The charming young wife was received with rounds of applause, and the name has stuck to her ever since.

Although Don Alfonso, brother of the Spanish Pretender, Don Carlos, and president of the International League against duelling, is a man of nearly sixty, yet he performed the other day a feat at which many a younger man would have hesitated. His wife, Dona Maria of the Snows, heroine of the last Carlist war and Infanta of Portugal, his sister-in-law, the widowed Archduchess Marie Therese, and the latter's daughter were driving in the neighborhood of his castle in Upper Austria, when the horses shied and then bolted, the coachman being thrown from the box. Don Alfonso happened to be near and managed with wonderful agility, to leap from a bank of earth into the carriage as it was dashed by him, crept on to the box, leaped over the dashboard, secured the reins, and brought the horses under control almost at the very edge of a precipice.

An interesting story is told of Sam Horrocks, who did so much to build up the Lancashire cotton-prints industry. Once a young gentleman came from London to take up a position in Mr. Horrocks' office. He was a very gentle young man, and his sister-in-law, the widow of the late Charles and Maria of Portugal, his sister-in-law, and the latter's daughter were driving in the neighborhood of his castle in Upper Austria, when the horses shied and then bolted, the coachman being thrown from the box. Don Alfonso happened to be near and managed with wonderful agility, to leap from a bank of earth into the carriage as it was dashed by him, crept on to the box, leaped over the dashboard, secured the reins, and brought the horses under control almost at the very edge of a precipice.

Dr. C. S. Wood declared that meat caused corns, and induced people to drink. It also caused "early morning depression," to remove which people drink strong tea, which in its turn causes anaemia, lunacy and blindness.

Cancer might be cured by a "radical" diet.

Dr. H. Valentine Knaggs declared: "It is the only possible curative method we possess," he said. "By this treatment the cancer growth would no longer be able to receive abnormal nourishment from the blood, would no longer have any use for its oxygen, and its cells would either have to revert to the normal animal type or become absorbed."

The chairman, Mr. Short, said that underdone steak and roast beef were fruitful sources of tuberculosis, but a judicious diet—as disease might be relegated to the same category as typhus fever in this country.

ANTIQUITIES FOUND.

Prussian Laborer Finds Two Cigars.

An interesting discovery was made the other day by a laborer of Leuenburg, Prussia. While digging for the foundations of a house he came upon an ancient cannon, which experts declare to be 500 years old. The cannon, which is made of an alloy of bronze and copper, although in an excellent state of preservation, was, in the eyes of the finder, entirely valueless, so he promptly offered it to a neighboring tobacconist in exchange for a couple of cigars; an offer which was accepted immediately. The bargain will be a profitable one to the present owner, as it will be presently acquired by a museum.

At Weissenhoehe, Dr. Haupi, of the Posen Museum, has discovered two so-called "Huns' grave," in which skeletons were found, the skulls of which were pierced by arrows. Some valuable urns of the period when Attila's hordes swept Central Europe were also unearthed.

If words were dollars how rich most women would be!

PROFITABLE SUNFLOWERS.

The sunflower crop is one of the most profitable harvested in Russia. A good crop is worth, as it stands in the field, \$20 an acre. The seeds are sold by the farmer for \$1 to \$1.50 a pound; then the merchants salt them and retail them for \$3 a pound. At every street crossing in Russian provincial cities are stands and peddlars with baskets, selling to the passers-by the salted product of the sunflower, which forms a favorite food.

FRENCH PRIEST MISSING

A REMARKABLE CAREER

A "ROLLING STONE" WHO HAS GATHERED MILLIONS.

Letson Ballet Has Become a Millionaire By His Own Exertions.

If one wanted a striking exception to the rule that "rolling stones gather no moss" it is splendidly supplied by the career of Letson Ballet, known to fame throughout the Wild West as "Corndury Bill"—a man whose life-story reads like a fairy-tale, and who, while still on the sunny side of thirty, has taken his place among the multi-millionaires of the world.

Although Letson Ballet entered the world as the son of a State judge, and presumably had the ball of fortune at his feet, he elected to start life at the bottom of the ladder and to climb to the top by his own unaided exertions; little dreaming, however, how rapid and romantic the ascent was destined to be. He had one motto to inspire him—"There is no such word as impossible"—and that proved sufficient for

THE INTREPID YOUNGSTER.

As a schoolboy he turned his Christmas holidays to account by delivering newspapers in the district around Des Moines, tramping fifteen cold and cheerless miles every evening for a paltry \$1.25 a week, with an extra weekly 25 cents for every dozen new subscribers he could get. And so energetic and persuasive was he that within a short time he was earning \$8.25 a week, a sum which he more than doubled before his career as a newspaper boy came to an end. Not content, however, with this gratifying result, he added to his revenue by selling peanuts, popcorn, flags, and bunting at the State fair at Des Moines.

This work was all done in his spare time, while he was working hard at his school-books; and at nineteen he secured an appointment as bookkeeper to a wholesale firm, a post which he relinquished to become a teacher in a country school. He now began to study mining and metallurgy and to invest his savings in mining ventures, which proved so successful that he was able to pay for a college career and to qualify as a civil and mining engineer, his reward being the appointment as chief engineer to the Des Moines Union Railway Company, and, a little later, the Professorship of Science and Engineering in the Arkansas University.

Most young men who had reached such an enviable position in the early twenties would have been content to hold it; but not so Letson Ballet. THE FEVER OF ADVENTURE

and money-making ran in his blood; and throwing up his professorship, he fared forth into the Golden West—the land of the Sierra Nevadas and the Cascades—in quest of fortune. Starting as a working miner, he fought his way ultimately to the position of manager, and then of proprietor of mines.

But the road proved rough and steep to climb, and was strewn with failures and reverses. At one time he was employed as brakeman on a railway; at another he was driving a team on the Pacific Coast. Now he was risking his life and enduring great hardships, prospecting among the wild recesses of the Rockies, or wandering footsore and hungry over the desert of the great Snake River; at another time he was filling the chair of Natural Science at Arcadelphi, Arkansas, and writing books on biology and mining.



Sole agents for the George A.
Slater INVICTUS Shoe.

OUR SPRING SHOES

Are the Best
In Beauty and in
Quality

Of any we have ever sold, and we can show real
Bargains to every lady or gentleman every day.

A choice range of Ladies' Chocolate Gibson-tie
Oxford strap Slippers, &c.

No Shoe You ever bought

will prove better or more satisfactory than our Chocolate

Strap Slipper at \$1.25

THE BOOT & SHOE STORE, SHAWVILLE,
M. STEWART.

DALE BROS.

Main St., Shawville.

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF —

FRESH and CURED MEATS,

— ALSO : —

Canned Goods, Groceries, Fruit and Confectionery

P.S.—Highest Price for good Beef cattle.

The Sec.-Treasurer in account with the
School Commissioners of the Municipality of
Clarendon for the Year ending 1906.

DR. \$

To amount of Taxes per Collection Roll	26282 55
" Monthly Fees	760 00
" Arrears from 1905	1223 00
" Superior Education Grant	61 00
" Elementary	98 86
" Fees of Peter Little	80
" Elementary Grant	99 00
" Lost time of Miss Smith, No. 10	6 49
" " Miss McJanet, No. 2	3 22
" " Miss McLean, No. 8	3 14
" 2 p.c. on Teachers' Salaries	53 63
Overpaid	4
	4891 60

1905 CR.

June 30	By Bal. due Sec.-Treasurer	20 10
July 10	Mrs. Nichol, bal. of sweeping and lighting fires	3 75
" 13	Jno. Cowan, print'g up to June 30, 1905	15 25
" 21	A. J. Armstrong, sweep'g, fires and supplies	14 00
" 25	Montreal Daily Witness ad for Teachers	1 00
Aug. 9	Simon Barber, fencing	14 00
" 14	Sherbrooke Gazette 14 School Registers	2 34
" 21	Express Charges, Do	35
" 31	Montreal Daily Witness, ad. for Teachers	1 00
Sept. 1	W. Palmer, sweep'g School	9 00
" 1	Mrs. W. Stanley, light'g fires	3 00
" 1	Mrs. Nichols, extra scrub'b'g	2 65
" 7	T. Hobon, contract school	175 00
" 8	James Knox, glaz'g windows	1 75
" 8	R. Draper, sweep'g and wood	29 87
" 12	" overcharge on child	3 20
" 12	Jno. Smiley, scrub'b'g school	2 00
" 12	W. C. Stark, Rep. school	3 50
" 18	G. M. Donaldson, Auditor	5 00
" 18	T. W. Wilson, " "	5 00
Oct. 13	Montreal Daily Witness, teachers wanted	1 00
" 16	E. W. McDowell, rep. of school	17 36
" 31	Freight and cartage of S. desks	1 88
Nov. 4	Messrs. Oliver & Sons, 12 S. seats, P. O. order 15c	36 15
" 14	Mrs. S. Johncox for W. C.	2 00
" 14	W. T. Price, rebate on children	4 00
" 25	T. Draper, work as per bill	3 15
Dec. 5	A. W. Chamberlain	74 70
" 12	R. G. Hodgins, bill of lumber	6 25
" 23	F. J. Brophy, build g S. house	35 00
" 29	S. Horner, 13 cords of wood	20 80
Jan. 8	A. S. Elliott, 17½ cords wood	24 65
" 9	John Dagg, chalk and glass	20
" 12	Geo. Robitaille, trade of stove and C. hooks	5 50
" 15	Supply Co., goods for school	52
" 19	T. Dagg, 2½ C. of wood	4 05
" 20	A. W. Chamberlain, paint'g S.	6 00
" 24	Stewart Fulford, 2 C. of pine	3 00
" 24	S. Fulford, clean'g S. and fires	10 00
" 27	Eva Howard, attend'g fires	5 00
" 29	Drug Store, specimen paper	60
" 31	R. Lawton, paint'g blackboard	4 00
Feb. 6	C. G. Hodgins, 15½ C. of wood	26 69
" 13	Mrs. S. Johncox on contract	2 00
" 15	W'm Barber, 6½ C. of pine	11 00
" 15	W'm Horner, 10 C. of wood	15 00
" 15	A. S. Elliott	15 00
" 16	M. McCullough, 3 C. of wood	5 25
" 17	Peter Thompson, 3 C. of wood	4 20
" 24	Fred Thomas, bill of lumber	7 18
Mar. 7	R. Howard, 7 C. hardwood	10 50
" 12	G. W. Dale, fittings	1 10
" 16	W'm Brown, taxes collected	24
Dec. 1, 1905		10 50
" 16	Do., arrears charged him	4 50
" 21	F. Prendergast, C. L. arrears	1 70
" 26	J. H. Shaw, bill of goods	1 65
" 26	R. Howard, 12 C. of wood	18 00
April 7	R. Richardson, 13 C. wood	20 80
" 10	R. Glenn, 8½ C. wood	15 00
" 17	R. W. Hodgins, work	2 25
" 21	Dr. Alexander, visiting	4 00
" 21	J. Lester, notice to F. Thomas	50
" 21	R. Robitaille, wood	18 85
" 30	A. Coone, dry pine	23 18
June 5	Montreal Witness, ad. teachers	1 00
" 21	Miss Edna Smith, supplies and fires	8 50

Before getting Suit

it will be to your interest to call and see our stock of CLOTH for SUMMER SUITINGS, in Grey, Blue, and Black; also a large range of High-class Trowserings.

A. E. BOURKE - - - THE TAILOR.

T. W. WILSON & CO.

We are showing a full range of

New Fall Dress Goods.

New Fall Tweeds in Brown, Grey, Red, Navy and Black, 42 inches wide, for 25 Cents
Heavy Tweeds for School Dresses, 42 inches wide, for 25 Cents
Satin Cloth in Black, Brown, Gray and Red, 42 inches wide, for 50 Cents
Cover Cloth Suitings, in Gray, Bronze, Green and Brown, 54 in. wide, for \$1.25, 1.50, 2.00
Fine Venetian Suitings, in the new shades. Extra Pearl-finish Box Cloth in all the new shades 50 and 75 Cents
Fine Grey Homespuns, 54 inches wide, 90 Cents

See our Fall Jackets. Don't forget that we are leaders in High-class Clothing, with big range Hats, Caps and Furs.

Prices Lower than the Lowest, Quality considered

T. W. WILSON & CO.

PONTIAC'S
JUBILEE FAIR

Shawville, Que.,
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY

SEPT. 17, 18, 19, 1906.

This being the Jubilee Year of the Society, a special effort has been put forth by the directors to make the coming Exhibition the most attractive in its history.

Several new buildings have been erected for the better accommodation of exhibitors, and an entertaining list of Sports and Attractions is being arranged, for particulars of which see posters.

Special Railway Rates have been procured on Waltham Branch.—Single fare, good from Sept. 15th to 20th, inclusive.

For Prize Lists and all other information apply to the undersigned Secretary.

WM. HODGINS, R. W. HODGINS,
President. Sec'y, Shawville.

" 25	T. Thompson, 1½ mo. light'g fires	1 50
" 27	G. Walsh, light'g fires	10 00
" 29	G. F. Hodgins, bill	4 68
" 29	Drug Store, bill	1 21
" 20	Merchants Bank, disc't on notes	6 75
" 30	Sec.-Treasurer Vinton, Ext. Valuation	83
" 25	T. Thompson, 1½ mo. light'g fires	1 50
" 27	G. Walsh, light'g fires	10 00
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