

# THE EQUITY.

No. 9, 32ND YEAR.

SHAWVILLE, PONTIAC COUNTY, QUE., THURSDAY, AUG. 20, 1914.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

## THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874

Paid Up Capital . . . . . \$4,000,000  
Reserve . . . . . 4,750,000

Money transmitted to any point in the world by  
**BANK DRAFT**  
**TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFER**  
**CABLE TRANSFER.**

Fort Coulonge Branch - B. F. CHILTON, Manager.  
Campbells Bay Branch - R. LEGER, Manager.  
Portage du Fort Branch - A. H. MULHERN, Manager.

The Exhibition at Shawville will be on September 21st, 22nd and 23rd.

Watch for Dover's large ad. next week, it will pay you. A. Dover.

If you want a view of your buildings, stock, etc., I am prepared to fill your requirements. Special prices on application. H. IMISON, Artist.

The Canadian Forestry Convention, which was to have been held at Halifax, Sept. 1st to 4th, has been postponed indefinitely owing to the war.

**EARLY CLOSING ARRANGEMENT EXTENDED.**—The early closing agreement entered into between the proprietors of business places in Shawville and their employees for the months of July and August has been, by mutual arrangement, indefinitely extended. Something official in reference to the matter may be looked for next issue.

A very large staff of men are now engaged in the work of guarding public buildings, railway stations, and all railway bridges of any importance on the numerous railway lines throughout Canada. This latter step is taken as a precautionary measure against the possibility of any of the avenues of transportation being blocked or impeded, so as to interfere with the prompt shipment of foodstuffs, munitions of war, or the transport of troops to any part of the country or the seaboard.

The Young People's League, social at the home of Mr. H. T. McDowell, east of the village, last Wednesday evening, had a large attendance, and everything passed off pleasantly, till the function was nearly at an end. Then, rather suddenly, down came the rain in torrents, and the many occupants of the lawn were speedily driven to shelter under Mr. McDowell's hospitable roof. Under the circumstances the homecoming was not of the "pleasantest nature to those who had open conveyances; but anon the rain eased off, enabling all to reach their homes without experiencing much damage to either plumes or frills. In all respects, outside of this little unpleasantness, the social was a success. The receipts amounted to over \$50.00.

The "food panic" which manifested itself in the large cities after war was declared, seems to have spread to the rural districts as well, and evidences of its existence in this neighborhood have been not a few during the past week or so. People have been stocking up with flour, sugar, tea, etc., in fearsome expectancy that these commodities may soar to the limit in price. From what we can learn upon careful inquiry there seems no reasonable cause for alarm. Prices will undoubtedly increase some; but there is no justification for the belief that they will get beyond reason, for some time to come. The very fact of people becoming unduly anxious and trying to grab everything in sight, will do more to enhance values of foodstuffs than any influence the war may have in that behalf, unless it unhappily endures for a much longer period than well-informed people expect.

### BASE BALL.

Shawville team clinched its hold on the G. A. Howard trophy last Friday afternoon, when the locals defeated the Elmside nine at Norway Bay by a score of 16 to 8, as follows:

Shawville—0-4-1-2-0-6-1-2-16  
Elmside—3-0-1-1-0-1-0-8  
Umpires—W. E. Maitland and Dave McCann.

The schedule calls for two more games—Elmside at Portage du Fort next Friday 21st, and game deferred June 16, (Elmside at Shawville) on account of wet weather.

Don't forget the Shawville Fair September 21st, 22nd and 23rd.

Shawville Academy will re-open on Tuesday, Sept. 1st.

The Prize Lists of Shawville Fair are ready for distribution. Sept. 21, 22, 23.

82 pieces men's underwear left, in tan shade, to clear at 25 cents each. A. Dover.

Owners of pure bred stock should secure Registration Certificates at once for the animals to be exhibited at Shawville Fair, Sept. 21, 22, 23.

The silver salver annually put up by the Militia Department for competition among the members of the Radford Rifle Association, has been won this year by Mr. R. C. Woodley.

I have some good photographs of the Orange Lodges taken at Greer Mount and North Onslow. Size of photo 8x10 inches. Special at 50c. each. Allow 5 cents for postage if sending for one. H. IMISON, Artist.

The Dominion Government is constantly advertising for competent stenographers and clerks. Over one hundred positions to the Civil Service were filled during the year 1913 by students from the Gowling Business College of Ottawa. Write to Mr. W. E. Gowling, President of the school for particulars about these examinations.

At the R. R. A. rifle shoot last Wednesday Capt. Jack Stewart, scored a "century" at the three ranges shot over, a feat which hitherto has never been accomplished on the range. The scores were: 200-34; 500-34; 600-32. Our friend should be eligible for that over-seas contingent, if good shooting is the main qualification.

People around here have been exercised by the appearance of three mysterious looking foreigners a few days ago in Shawville and at other points in the neighborhood. Would they be emissaries of the enemies of Great Britain? is the thought that suggests itself to some minds, while others are wondering why the authorities have not got after the trio and made them give an account of themselves. The likelihood is that the men are some of the many foreigners who are known to be stranded in Canada, and are roaming around trusting to luck and the generosity of the people to keep them from starving. The report that they alighted from an aeroplane at the Schaeux Rapids lacks confirmation.

### PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs. George Nash, of Aylmer, was in town last week the guest of her cousin, Mrs. P. E. Smiley.

Mr. David Hart, and family have removed from Bryson to this village.

Miss Bromley and Miss Acheson, of Westmeath, are visiting relatives in town this week.

The Misses Bessie and Rose Cohen, of Montreal, were the week end visitors of Archie Dover.

Miss Nellie Milner, Westboro, Ont., visited in town this week, a guest of Miss Alma Brownlee.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Grant of Quyon, spent Sunday in Shawville, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hobbs.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. McDowell and daughter, Adella, arrived here Saturday evening from Vancouver, B. C., at which place they have been for the past year.

Dr. McNaughton, Mrs. McN. and family took a run up in their car from Norway Bay on Thursday, halting at Shawville for a few minutes, and then heading northward to spend the afternoon among the Thorne hills.

Miss Ina Armstrong spent a day or two in Quyon last week, securing a shop and making other necessary preparations for the coming millinery season, which will begin in a few weeks.

## The Merchants Bank of Canada.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

Paid up Capital \$7,000,000 Reserve Fund \$7,000,000

Total Assets over Eighty-three Millions of Dollars.

President—SIR H. MONTAGUE ALLAN.  
Vice-Pres.—K. W. BLACKWELL. Gen. Manager—E. F. HEDDEN.

220 Branches and Agencies in Canada

A Savings Bank Account  
May be operated as a Joint Acct.  
Incurs no expense nor formality  
Is a most decided business asset  
Insures money for investment.

Shawville Branch } F. C. SMYTH, MANAGER.  
Quyon Branch }

More than  
**100**  
students from the  
**BOWLING**  
*Business College.*  
OTTAWA, ONT.

Received appointments in the Civil Service during the year 1913. This is the best evidence of superior work.

**Fall Term Opens Sept. 1.**  
Write for full particulars to  
W. E. GOWLING, President,  
Ottawa.

How about that Hobberlin suit? We have 500 samples to choose from and deliver your suit in 8 days; fit guaranteed. A. Dover.

Don't put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day. How often have you delayed now in having a photo taken of some cherished friend? Our modern studio and equipment makes photography a pleasure to all.  
H. IMISON, Artist.

On August 14th, Misses Ida Harris and Lilly M. Sly entertained a number of young friends at the home of Mr. W. C. Harris. Ice cream and cake was served and an enjoyable evening was spent by all.—COM.

### Deaths.

A telegram was received by Mr. John B. Armstrong, last Friday morning, conveying intelligence of the sudden death at Calgary, of Mr. William Eades, of Campbells Bay, who left home for the West about three weeks previously. Heart failure, it is learned, was the cause of the young man's tragically sudden death. The deceased was the only son of Mrs. John H. Eades, late of Collfield section, and a grandson of Mr. William Eades, of Clarendon—a young man of excellent character, and well thought of by all who knew him. He is survived by his widowed mother and one sister, who have the deepest sympathy of all in their great affliction.

Bruce Ketchum, son of Mr. Harry G. Ketchum, the well-known sporting goods dealer of Ottawa, was so seriously injured by being struck by a portion of the diving tower at Britannia, which collapsed, that he died next day. The young man was very popular among the young people of Ottawa, especially the Boy Scouts, of which organization he was a prominent member.

**DIED.**—At Regina, Sask., on Friday, August 7th, 1914, Catherine Tredeau, beloved wife of Ernest Laughren, aged 40 years and 8 months. Her end was peace.

The deceased with her husband and family removed to Saskatchewan, only a few years ago, and all were getting along successfully in their new western home, when the summons came which cast the pall of gloom over the household.

The late Mrs. Laughren's remains were brought back to rest on Pontiac soil by her bereft husband, who arrived with the same at Wyman station on Tuesday. From Wyman the body was conveyed to the home of the deceased's father, where it lay over night and next morning was brought on to the station here and met by friends of the family. After service by the Rev. Mr. Cook, of Campbells Bay, interment took place at the burial ground of the Holiness Movement congregation, east of Shawville.

The deceased leaves to mourn her departure, besides her husband, a family of ten—six sons and four girls—the youngest an infant of only five weeks.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Laughren in the sad mission which brought him to his native home, and this feeling also goes out to the bereft family in the West.

## HENRY'S SHORTHAND SCHOOL

Ottawa, Ont.

On the Civil Service Examinations for November, 1913, our stenographers and typists headed the list of successful candidates for the whole of Canada, capturing the first, second, and fourth places.

We attribute this success to modern methods, first-class equipment, and a strong staff of teachers who know what to teach, all having been practical stenographers. Send for circular.

D. E. HENRY, PRESIDENT.  
Bank and Sparks Sts.

## WILLIS COLLEGE

Canada's Premier Commercial School

Now is the Time to Enter This Prosperous School.

Willis College, like any other business institution, is open the year round, so that students may complete their courses without interruption.

Prepare for Civil Service Prepare for Business.

Willis College prepares more students for business life and for Civil Service than any other college in Eastern Ontario, because Willis Graduates are in demand.

**Willis Graduates Stand the Working Test.**

N. I. HARRISON, Principal.

WILLIS COLLEGE, 102 Bank Street, Cor. Albert St.

OTTAWA, ONT.

**WANTED.**—A good strong general servant, to be under instructions from housekeeper. MRS. JAMES GILLIES, Braeside, Ont.

**FOR SALE.**—Household Furniture, consisting of bedroom suites, dining room tables, chairs, etc. Apply at residence of T. E. HODGINS, Shawville.

**FOR SALE.**—One mare, 5 years old; one mare, 9 years old; one foal, 3 months old. Apply to ALEX. SEAMAN, Yarm.

**FOR SALE.**—Registered Ayrshire Bull, 3 years old. (Roy of Elmvale, 38049). Apply to JAMES SMITH, North Clarendon.

**FOR SALE.**—Desirable property on King Street, Shawville. Commodious brick dwelling house, with necessary out-buildings. Two lots. For full particulars and terms apply to A. E. POSSELT-WHITE, Shawville.

**FOR SALE.**—One first-class, practically new single buggy, fitted with rubber tires and electric lamps—a stylish rig. Also a good carriage horse, sound and gentle. J. H. SHAW.

**FOR SALE.**—5-Horse Power Stickney Engine. Only ran a short time, and is in first-class condition. Apply at Shawville Marble Works.

**FOR SALE.**—The corner lot on Main street, Shawville, known as the Shawville meat shop, comprising 2 shops and dwelling house. One of the best business stands in town. Good bargain to a cash buyer. W. J. HAYES, Shawville.

**CONCRETE CULVERTS, PIPES AND CURBING** for wells sold at works. We will contract with municipalities to manufacture pipes. H. T. McDOWELL & SON Shawville Que

### Horrors of War.

What is the war about? Few know or understand. Our Book "The Nations of Europe," gives the causes and issues of the greatest of all wars, magnificently illustrated. Everybody wants to know why industry, commerce, finance, shipping, mails and every activity in the world has been instantly stopped. Agents send 15c., cost mailing outfit. Retail \$1.50. Big commissions.

HOME PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Box 94, St. John, N. B.

## THE HARDWARE STORE

## Vinegar! Vinegar!

Just received our usual supply of  
**Heinz's Celebrated Vinegar—**  
**None Better.**

Pickling Spices,  
Fruit Jars,  
Rubber Jar Rings,  
Parowax.

Get busy and make your Pickles. Never mind the war.

**J. H. SHAW.**

## W. A. HODGINS

SHAWVILLE

## - BARGAINS -

For quick buyers  
Left over from our Big Sale.

A lot of Child's and Misses Shoes. These are priced at ridiculous figures. We may have the sizes you require—see them.

### Little Girls' Dresses

.. A few left at Sale Prices ..

Fancy Gingham 8c. per yd.

China Silks 15 "

Prints 10 "

A few Fancy Summer Parasols  
worth \$1.25 for 75 cents each.

About 20 Men's Soft Felt Hats, worth \$1.25 to \$2.00 for \$1.00.

5 Men's Hard Hats, size 6 1/2 only for 25c., and many other things at like prices.

We ran out of Sago and Tapioca during our Sale, but have since received a further supply, and for the next week will sell these articles at 4 lbs. for 25c.

## W. A. HODGINS



## The Scarlet Of It

Marie Edna Carroll was madly in love with her husband. She was also jealous of him. Henry Carroll was not only handsome, but possessed of a magnetism that seemed to draw every woman to his feet in worship. At least, so Marie Edna imagined.

The Carrolls had not been long married, and Henry's business affairs were often of a baffling nature. He never told his young wife of these things. He did not want to worry her. He merely cut down her allowance and grumbled at hard times.

Also, it was his belief that the less a woman knows of her husband's business the better for him and her. It was, perhaps, this attitude on her husband's part that made Marie Edna so curious—even suspicious. He treated her as a child, a spoiled child, and Marie Edna wanted to be treated as a grownup.

One night they were sitting in the living room. Henry was absorbed in his newspaper. Marie Edna was looking at him with that longing that a wife so often has for conversation when her husband sits comfortably before the fire, paper in one hand, cigar in the other.

The telephone rang. Henry reached for the instrument.

"Hello!" he said carelessly. Marie Edna heard the accents of a feminine voice at the other end of the line.

"You don't say!"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"I'll depend upon you. Good-bye."

It was Henry's part to the conversation. He returned to his paper.

Marie Edna's cheeks were scarlet. "Well," she demanded.

"Well!" he replied.

"I want to know that woman was and what you were talking about," said the young wife, hotly.

"It was a conversation that did not concern you," retorted the young husband in disgust.

"It does concern me or you would not answer in those suspicious monosyllables. When a man conducts a telephone conversation in monosyllables, there is usually something clandestine about it."

"As you please," the man replied, lighting a fresh cigar.

Marie Edna burst into tears and talked of home and mother. Henry Carroll paid no attention to her. He was used to such demonstrations. Marie Edna went to her room and cried herself to sleep.

Mr. Carroll put down the evening paper, pulled out a sheet of paper from an inner pocket, and, for hours, absorbed himself in the figures thereupon.

When the young wife awakened the next morning her husband had gone. It was a way he had when there had been unpleasantness the night before.

A few days later Marie Edna demanded of Henry the money for a new hat and tailor suit. She had not a charge account.

"Marie Edna," the man said gently, but firmly, "affairs downtown are pushing me very hard. I thought you understood that. I cannot afford to let you run up any bills now. If the trade I'm working on now goes through, you can have anything you want. But you must wait. Now, that is final, dear."

Marie Edna stood at the window and watched her husband as he walked toward the station. A fine-looking chap he was, clean-cut, dominating. His clothes were well tailored, his linen immaculate. She thought of her own pitiful wardrobe; a wardrobe that boasted only of the remnants of her trousseau. Why couldn't Henry understand that she simply must have—clothes! She had no gloves to wear to the matinee. Her suit was shabby. She thought of the well-fitting suits that she had been used to; the ones that father had always provided; and, softly, she began to cry.

It was the next morning that Marie Edna answered the telephone.

"This is Lurkman's talking, Mrs. Carroll," a voice came over the wire. "Your hat is ready for you to try."

Marie Edna stammered something and hung up the receiver. Her hat was ready! At Lurkman's—one of the smartest hat shops on the avenue!

Then it dawned on her! Henry was sorry that he had been so short with her. It was his way of apologizing. He had ordered a hat for her.

She flew into her street clothes, and was soon at the hat shop. A tall, slim girl asked her to step upstairs, where Miss Whitman would show her the hat. Another little young woman led her to a maze of mirrors, removed her hat and told her that Miss Whitman would be with her immediately. In a moment a saleswoman appeared with a wonderful scarlet creation,

but when her eyes fell on Marie Edna she stopped short.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "there must be some mistake. This is Mrs. Carroll's hat."

"I am Mrs. Carroll," replied Marie Edna, "and my husband ordered the hat."

The saleswoman bit her lip. "This hat won't do for you at all."

"No," said Marie Edna; "it is hideous. I wonder how my husband ever happened to select it. He likes quiet things on me."

"I'll show you something else," quickly put in the saleswoman; something more to your style."

But the maggot that drove Othello mad was working in Marie Edna's brain.

"Did Mr. Carroll order this hat himself?"

Again the saleswoman was confused. A business-like young woman stepped from the elevator and saved the situation:

"How dare you show my hat to customers?" she demanded of the speechless saleswoman. Then her glance fell on Marie Edna, and she understood in a flash.

"You are Mrs. Henry Carroll, aren't you?" the newcomer smiled. "Perhaps you've heard your husband speak of me. I am Miss Marquand. By telephone the other night I agreed to work overtime to get out some maps vital to the success of the trade he is working on. I got out the maps. That's why I ordered the bill for this hat sent to him."

"Oh," came understandingly from Marie Edna.

"Ah," sighed the saleswoman, in relief.

A few hours later Marie Edna nestled in her husband's arms. "I have some news for you, dear," he was saying, "but first I want to apologize for my ill temper these past weeks. I've been so worried financially, sweetheart, and you have been so brave and patient with me."

"But it is all over now, dear, and you can have ten tailored suits and twenty new hats if you want them, honey. The trade I've been working on is finished, and we have \$30,000 in the bank."

Marie Edna's cheeks flamed scarlet, as she whispered:

"Dear, it is I who should apologize to you; for misunderstanding."

"Perhaps we were both a little obstinate," the man added, softly.

### Thoughts About Pleasure.

Pleasure used in rightful moderation is a tonic, cheering us up so that we may face our daily trials with fresh strength. But excessive devotion to pleasure is a deadly, clogging weed, which robs us of our best qualities and makes us useless weeds ourselves. Pleasure at another's pain is a mighty accurate kind of boomerang. It is going to come back and hit—hard. The only kind of pleasure of which one can never tire is that of giving it to others. The old maxim about "Business first" is not dead yet, by a long chalk. No decent man or woman can have a thorough enjoyment of pleasure while many tasks are shouting to be done. Half the misery of the foolish comes from confusing happiness with that very shoddy imitation, gaiety. 'Tis a false religion that condemns all pleasure. The abuse, and not the use of it, is wrong.

### CONGENIAL WORK

#### And Strength to Perform It.

A person in good health is likely to have a genial disposition, ambition, and enjoy work.

On the other hand, if the digestive organs have been upset by wrong food, work becomes drudgery.

"Until recently," writes a Western girl, "I was a railroad stenographer, which means full work every day."

"Like many other girls alone in a large city, I lived at a boarding house. For breakfast it was mush, greasy meat, soggy cakes, black coffee, etc."

"After a few months of this diet I used to feel sleepy and heavy in the mornings. My work seemed a terrible effort, and I thought the work was to blame—too arduous."

"At home I had heard my father speak of a young fellow who went long distances in the cold on Grape-Nuts and cream and nothing more for breakfast."

"I concluded if it would tide him over a morning's heavy work, it might help me, so on my way home one night I bought a package, and next morning I had Grape-Nuts and milk for breakfast."

"I stuck to Grape-Nuts, and in less than two weeks I noticed improvement. I remember I used to walk the 12 blocks to business and knew how good it was simply to live."

"As to my work—well, did you ever feel the delight of having congenial work and the strength to perform it? That's how I felt. I truly believe there's life and vigor in every grain of Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter. A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## HIDDEN SUBMARINE MINES

### MOST TREACHEROUS MODE OF WARFARE.

#### A Modern Invention, and There Are Only Two Methods of Fighting Them.

Submarine mines are probably the most treacherous war auxiliaries used in modern warfare owing to their location being so well hidden from the all unsuspecting vessel. Once they are hit all is over. It was one of these which sunk the "Amphion."

The use of the submarine mine as a legitimate weapon of defence and offense in warfare received the seal of international authority for the first time during the American Civil War. Tactical and local conditions determine the location of the system of submarine mines for any harbor, the former dealing with the relation of the mines with reference to the other elements of the defence; the latter with width and depth of channel, swiftness of current and variations of tide.

Submarine mines are either buoyant or ground mines and in general are of four kinds, (1) observation mines; (2) electro contact mines; (3) electro mechanical mines, and (4) extemporized mines. Ground mines of the second and third classes have the firing mechanism in a floating buoy.

#### Controlled on Shore.

Observation mines are controlled from a distant observation station, generally on shore, and fired by electricity when the target arrives over the mine. These mines are usually only about 10 feet under the water and this method is sometimes called judgment firing.

Electro-contact mines are intended for explosion in actual contact with a ship's bottom, and explode upon receiving a violent blow, or upon being tilted sidewise to an angle sufficient to close the electric circuit contained in the mine. In some cases this circuit-closing device consists of an iron ball in a circular seat, which rolls against contact springs, and in others of a body of mercury which comes in contact with a spindle when the mine is tipped, and this completes the electric circuit. This method is called automatic firing. Mines are usually arranged for combination firing, that is, for either judgment or automatic firing.

Electro-mechanical mines differ from electro-contact mines in that they themselves contain the firing battery.

Extemporized mines may be made by filling a barrel or box with gunpowder or gun-cotton, and fitting an electrical fuse to it.

Submarine mines, except purely automatic floating mines used in emergencies, are controlled from the mining case-mate on shore, which receives its information and orders from the mine commander stationed in his observing tower. The mines are planted in several lines, so as to compel hostile vessels to pass in range of more than one mine.

#### Destroying Them.

Submarine mines are usually attacked by counter-mining, which consists in laying a fresh line of mines across or near a mine field, and in causing the explosion of the old mines by the cussion resulting from firing the new ones. Another method of attack is by sweeping, which consists of sending a pair of boats, connected by means of cables fitted with grappling irons, and sometimes with explosive charges, to drag over suspecting mine fields.

#### Innocent Suffered.

Owing to the havoc created among neutral vessels during the Russo-Japanese war, and among all shipping for several years, by drifting mines floated in the vicinity of Port Arthur, the Hague conference in 1907 forbade the use of unanchored mines, or of anchored mines broken loose from their cables except they were of a type which became harmless soon after; also the placing of mines along the coasts and in front of the ports of an enemy with the intent to destroy commerce. At the close of a war all belligerents are to remove mines they have planted. The rules were to remain in force seven years.

#### Britain Opposed It.

The British Government has always opposed mine-laying in shallow water as a diabolical and cruel form of war, cruel because it is directed largely against merchant shipping, and so may cause heavy sacrifice of life among innocent non-combatants, women and children, because it is often carried out, as in this case, by vessels taken over from the merchant marine.

British envoys to The Hague Conference in 1907 made earnest efforts to secure prohibition of mines, but were defeated by the opposition of Germany for reasons which are now clearly understood.

#### Was in Tornado.

Capt. Fox, who was in command of the Amphion, was a midshipman on board the British warship Calliope, the only warship which escaped destruction in the terrific Samoa tornado of 1889.

The Lance, which sank the German mine layer, Koenigen Luise, is one of the newest types of destroyers, developing 27,000 horsepower, with a speed of 33 knots. She is armed with three 4-inch quickfiring and burns oil. Her tonnage is 5,100, and her complement 100 men.

#### SIR GILBERT PARKER.

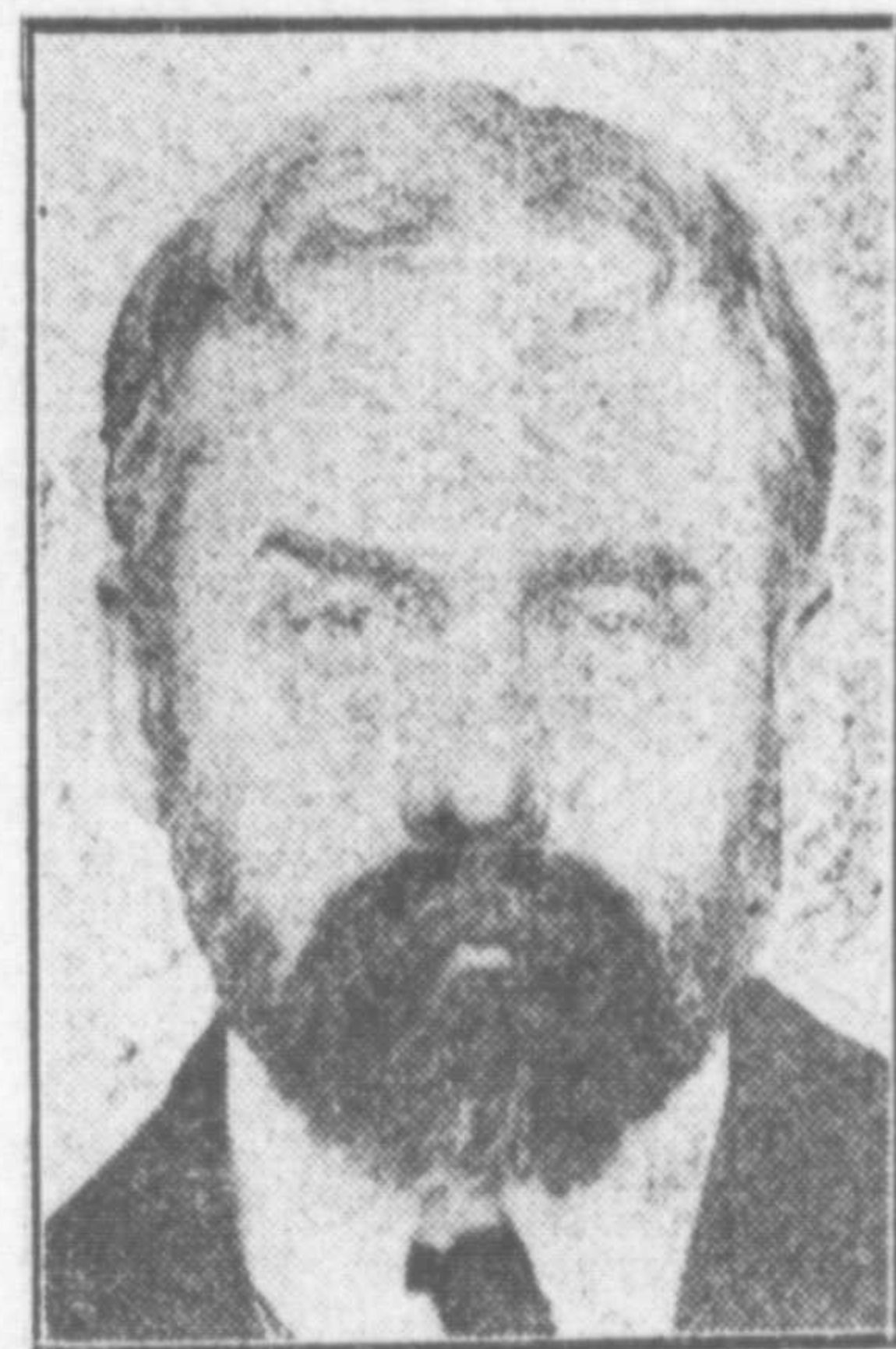
Canadian Knight in the Old Country Tells His Story.

Sir Gilbert Parker, the Canadian-born author, has just told his life story to a British journal. He says:

My father was a British officer of artillery, who first went to Canada in his very young manhood, at the time of the Rebellion in 1837, and went out again before troops were finally withdrawn from the Dominion. When they were withdrawn he decided to settle there.

While I was taking my university course, I was tutoring and lecturing at twenty and twenty-one. I fancy that it was easier for me to speak then than it is now. Eloquence is the easiest thing to acquire—thought is a different acquisition altogether.

I did not begin to write for the public till I landed in Australia, a boy of twenty-one. I had no intention of staying there, but had gone to the South Seas on a trip for my health with the money I had saved. At twenty-two I lectured in the chief cities of Australia, made a big journey in the interior, and was about to sail for England when I was offered the post of associate editor of the Sydney Morning Herald at a salary which, including payment for extra work, represented four figures. I omitted to state that I landed in Australia with £60.



Sir Gilbert Parker.

I had the good fortune when in connection with the Sydney Morning Herald to make trips as its Special Commissioner to different parts of the South Seas.

Then I began to write plays. Play-writing, not fiction, was my first appeal to the general public.

George Rignold, who was famous for his acting of Henry V., produced three plays of mine, all of which were successful, and brought me in more cash than I had ever thought of having from the pen, and kudos beyond my modest dreams.

I wish I had a heartrending tale to tell of the attic or the garret, and the meal at the cab-shelter. I have not, but I did not work the less hard for all that.

In Australia I worked fifteen hours a day. To-day I suppose I fill in as many hours with hard work as any man in this country, systematically, determinedly, and not allowing my feelings to control my will.

"Pierre and His People," which was my first book of fiction, produced in 1892, had followed a visit, after some years, to Quebec and the North-West of Canada. It was an immediate success, though not sensational in its sales.

#### POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

To-day's neglect spells tomorrow's worry.

Many a woman's imagination makes her an invalid.

Some women sweeten their tea with gossip instead of sugar.

A cat will not look at a king if there is a mouse in sight.

An economical woman tries to make her waist as small as possible.

Every little helps—especially little kinks when you're going down hill.

If the bride has seven going the honeymoon will last at least a week.

Make a play for luck if you will, but remember it is work that pays.

Many a fool man has worked himself to death trying to earn money to keep up the premiums on his life insurance.

Experience is a great teacher, but there are some conceited men who imagine they can give experience cards and spades and beat it at the teaching game.

**ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY BEST FRIEND**

**ROYAL YEAST CAKES**

IN BUYING YEAST CAKES BE CAREFUL TO SPECIFY **ROYAL YEAST CAKES** DECLINE SUBSTITUTES.

E. W. GILLET CO. LTD. TORONTO. WINNIPEG. MONTREAL.

#### CANADIAN BANK BILLS.

##### Government Authorizes Payment in Bills Instead of in Gold Pieces.

To prevent any uneasiness or unnecessary trouble on the part of those not familiar with financial matters, and with the strength of our Canadian banking system, the Minister of Finance has issued a timely and reassuring statement.

He outlines the effective steps which the Government is taking to ensure an abundant supply of currency during the war, and authorizes payments in Bank Notes instead of in Dominion Notes or Gold.

That is to say, the familiar \$5, \$10 and \$20 bills, and those of higher denominations, issued by our Canadian Chartered Banks, have now exactly the same value as gold.

Railways, express companies, merchants, everybody in Canada, will continue to receive and make payments in Bank Notes. Our Canadian Banks are in splendid position to meet any demands which may be made upon them, as their reserves are exceptionally strong.

#### The Mysterious Egg.

The hen's egg, although weighing but 2 to 2½ oz., is a very mysterious little thing. Whilst the sex of an egg before the latter has been incubated, cannot be ascertained, it is quite simple, on the other hand, to discover the quality of the contents before breaking the egg. If the egg rattles when gently shaken it may be considered a stale one, more or less, in which the contents have become decomposed. The best method for a wife to adopt to ascertain the freshness of purchased eggs is the salt test. Dissolve six ounces of ordinary salt in a tumbler of water and place the egg therein. If a genuine new-laid article, the egg will sink just below the surface. After seven days it will float, and the more it protrudes from the surface of the water the older the egg. An egg that is even good only in parts will, singularly enough, lose much of its staleness during its swim in the frying-pan. The secret is well known to certain landladies.

#### The Humble Onion.

Many unsuspected virtues reside in the humble onion. To ease neuralgia or rheumatic pains there is nothing better than an onion poultice. Very few people know that. As a remedy for sleeplessness try the effect of eating a Spanish onion before retiring and eaten afterwards will prevent any disagreeable taste or smell. Scorched linen can be restored by squeezing the juice of an onion on the marks. The smell of paint can be removed if a saucerful of sliced onion is placed in the room overnight. For a wasp sting, there is no better remedy than the juice of an onion. The onion is an excellent blood purifier, and its continued use makes the complexion peculiarly smooth. A sliced onion placed in a sick room on a sheet of paper will absorb infectious odors. Burn, and renew daily. Flies will not disfigure gilt picture frames or mantles if the latter are washed in onion water.

#### Girl Has a Better Chance.

In almost all civilized countries women outnumber men, and this fact has been ascribed to the higher birthrate of girl babies; yet statistics show that 105 boys are born to every 100 girls. According to figures compiled by a statistician the girl has a better chance than the boy of attaining maturity.

#### An Endearing Act.

Wife (pleadingly)—I'm afraid, Jack, you do not love me any more—anyway, not so well as you used to.

Husband—Why?

Wife—Because you always let me get up to light the fire now.

Husband—Nonsense, my love! Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more.

We feel sorry for the average man who gets what he deserves.

## NEWS ACROSS THE BORDER

### WHAT IS GOING ON OVER IN THE STATES.

#### Latest Happenings in Big Republic Condensed for Busy Readers.

The Grand Trunk docks at Seattle have been destroyed by fire.

Twenty persons were injured in a panic on a Newark street car, when a fuse blew out.

Cotton dropped to \$4 a bale in New Orleans as a result of the pessimistic reports from Europe.

The Connellsville, Pa., coke region reports an increase of over 300 ovens fired during the last week.

Twenty tons of gold consigned to the sub-treasury arrived in Wall Street by parcel post from Philadelphia.

A tuberculosis census is to be taken in thousands of churches throughout the United States next September.

Mrs. Thomas Cranshaw took pity on a negro tramp and fed him. As a reward, he robbed her of a gold watch and diamond ring.

New York theatrical managers are worrying lest the European cloud will hold up many performers who are summering abroad.

John Carroll, an 18-year-old New Yorker, had his arm so badly lacerated that he fell unconscious, when he attempted to pet a French poodle.

A Pittsburgh firm is said to have received orders for quantities of steel for bayonets and scabbards from the Austrian and Serbian governments.

New York hotel proprietors fear a "welter famine." Many Austrian waiters have already signified their intention of going home should war become general.

Sergeant David M. Lavine, of the Coast Artillery, stationed at Fort Totten, Long Island, may lose the sight of his right eye as the result of a mosquito bite.

New York wholesale poultry dealers have again taken up the practice of using a mixture of corn, cement and sand to increase the weight of their produce.

Thousands of fish were stunned and flung to the surface when four marine mines were exploded off Sandy Hook. The naval test proved a bonanza to the fishermen.

Frightened when a wounded sparrow fell on her hat and became tangled in it, Mrs. Floyd Nesbitt overturned her canoe and was nearly drowned near Garrison, N.Y.

Judge Gary, head of the steel corporation, says he sees no reason why American business financial prosperity should not continue, despite the present European crisis.

While pruning trees, William Ricketts, a Passaic man, slipped and fell, gashing his hand with his pruning knife. To make matters worse he was then attacked by his own bull dog.

Two girls and four boys were bitten by a mad cat in Gotham. The feline had been abandoned by a woman who moved from the neighborhood, and was maddened by hunger.

For threatening to kill his wife, Edward Treisch, Westhampton, Beach, L.I., got 30 days in jail. For stealing a chicken from Treisch, Jas. Reeve was put in the same jail for 90 days.

"I'd rather go to war and get shot than marry you," declared John Rzesnik of New York, when he found himself in court, charged with breach of promise by Miss Catharine Kobrynolwicz.

Baltimore fertilizer manufacturers received word from the German firm which produces the world's supply of potash, that no shipments will be made until the war ends. This makes the manufacture of fertilizer impossible.

#### THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY.

Happiness is not given exclusively to any one period of life; it may be enjoyed by all.—Paley.

Old wood is best to burn; old wine to drink; old friends to trust; and old authors to read.—Alphonso.

The noblest service comes from nameless hands, and the best servant does his work unseen.—O. W. Holmes.

Adversity is hard upon a man, but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred who will stand adversity.—Carlyle.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.—Phillips Brooks.

Never repine at misfortune, or envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings.—Addison.

A woman should never get married until she can afford it.



# ADVENTURE WITH SAVAGES

British Crew Captured by Sumatrans Had Thrilling Experience While Waiting to be Ransomed

For the crew of a British ship, numbering 28 hands, to be attacked and overpowered on the high seas by a band of savage pirates, and then whisked away and held prisoners for a period of over five months in the wilds of Sumatra, where they endured tortures and sufferings from which they were released only by the payment of a heavy ransom by a European government, savors more of romance than reality. Yet such was the fate that befell my companions and me, of the good ship Nisero, in the year 1889, says the Wide World Magazine.

The Nisero, which belonged to D. G. Pinkney & Sons of Sunderland and London, was a cargo steamer trading between Great Britain and the East. She was capable of carrying about 3,700 tons of freight, and in those days was considered quite a big ship. She was in command of Captain Charles Hoodruff, assisted by the usual complement of officers and crew, my position on the vessel being that of steward. All told, we numbered 28 hands, every one of them a British subject.

It was in the February of the year named that we loaded up at Sunderland with a cargo of coal, bound for Colombo. The voyage out was quite uneventful. We discharged our black diamonds at Colombo and then proceeded in ballast to Batavia, in Java, to load up sugar for New York. Steaming across the Indian Ocean we sighted the northern point of Sumatra safely, passed Brasse Island, and then hugged the coast, steering for Diamond Point, with the intention of entering the Malacca strait. Everything went well, until the early hours of May 29th, when we ran into a particularly heavy fog. The ship's head was put out to sea, and we went dead slow. Despite these precautions, however, we touched bottom, and it was not long before we discovered that the ship was hard and fast aground. We could distinctly hear the sound of breakers which told us we had not run ashore. Apparently we had grounded on some uncharted reef, and at first we did not regard the matter very seriously. All we had to do, we thought, was to make everything secure and wait until the fog lifted and the tide rose, when we should float off without damage.

It was about 5 o'clock in the morning when the ship struck—as we discovered later—opposite a place called Point Nyes, about half way between Brasse Island and Diamond Point, on the northern coast of Sumatra. About an hour and a half later, when the fog began to lift a little, the lookout somewhat astonished us by reporting more than a dozen large native catamarans, under full sail, bearing down upon us. We crowded to the ship's rail and peered through the fog in the direction of the coming boats, speculating as to whether they would prove to be friends or foes. We had not long to wait to settle this point. Through his glasses the captain saw that the boats were crowded with armed savages, and as they drew near we realized that they were the dreaded Achinese, a powerful and warlike tribe who inhabit the northern portion of Sumatra, and whom the Dutch even to this day have not completely subdued. They are notorious pirates, and had evidently come out to rob us, if not to kill us.

It was impossible to get the ship away, and accordingly preparations were made to keep our foes at bay, for we knew that if we allowed them to board us we should be at their mercy. Rockets were fired and shots sent in the direction of the coming boats in the hope that the savages would be frightened off. Still, however, they bore down upon us. When they were within hailing distance we shouted to them, making it clear that we did not want them to approach nearer. Nevertheless, they came on taking not the slightest notice of our shouts and threats. As they drew closer we realized more than ever that their mission was not one of peace, and that if we valued our lives they must be kept away from the ship at all costs. Occasional shots from the captain's revolver troubled them little, and as our armory was small, consisting only of some four or five guns, and there was little ammunition to spare, other measures had to be sought to keep our dreaded foes at bay.

It was clear that this was not the first ship these men had attacked. Presently, by a clever maneuver, they spread out in an immense circle and completely surrounded us; then, dashing in simultaneously, they began to clamber on deck, climbing up the sides of the ship like monkeys by means of bamboo poles and grass ropes with hooks at the ends, which they flung upward, thus obtaining a grip on the ship's plates, portholes and rails. When they reached the deck many were hurled back clean into the water, but it was a short fight, for we were hopelessly outnumbered and securely bound, though not until we had

all been more or less seriously wounded. I had a spear-thrust through the muscle of my arm, the scar of which I carry to this day, and our quartermaster had a spear driven right through his leg, while the captain had a very narrow shave, a spear, as it whistled through the air, taking the skin off one side of his face.

Many of the natives lay about the deck stunned by our blows, while several of their boats had been damaged. Sails had been knocked down, and here and there men lay apparently lifeless on the faded logs of which the craft were constructed.

Once overpowered, we were quickly rendered incapable of offering further resistance, our hands and arms being securely tied with grass ropes. Our captors were half naked, brown-skinned savages, from five feet six inches to five feet eight inches in height, fairly muscular, and as nimble as kittens. Their bodies were greased with cocoa-nut oil, which made it very difficult to grapple with them, while they were armed with spears, a kind of tomahawk, axes, and a few old flintlock muskets. Once masters of the situation, they quickly made us understand by signs that we were to leave the ship and go ashore with them. Then, two or three savages gripping each man, they literally tossed us over the side of the ship into the water, where we were picked up by their companions and placed upon the catamarans. Sails were then set, paddles got out, and we made for the shore.

Not being able to speak their language, and the savages being very excitable and jabbering incessantly, our thoughts were anything but pleasant ones. Did they mean to kill and eat us, or were they going slowly to torture us to death? We had heard the stories of the cruelties they had inflicted upon other shipwrecked crews, and regarded our fate as virtually sealed. We could not make head or tail of their intentions, however, except that it was clear they did not mean a single one of us to escape.

After they had beached their boats the Achinese made signs to us that we were to follow them. Several of them, heavily armed, led the way and we sailors followed, absolutely surrounded by our captors. They plunged into the jungle, traveling in a more or less straight line, and thus we tramped along for several hours through thick tropical forests, which taxed our strength and patience, for fettered as we were, we often caught our feet and fell helplessly among the thick roots that littered the ground, while horrible thorns tore our clothes and slashed our bodies.

We journeyed on through that interminable forest for some seven or eight hours until we were utterly exhausted from fatigue and want of food. All we had to eat on the march was some wild fruit, which our captors gathered in the jungle, and an occasional drink from some stream.

The Achinese made it very plain to us by eloquent signs that any attempt to get away would mean severe punishment, if not death. Here, held as prisoners by our savage captors, we were destined to spend five weary and anxious months, knowing nothing of what was going on in the outside world and in ignorance of our ultimate fate.

That first night, we were too worn out to do anything but sleep, but as day succeeded day, and we remained cooped up in that wretched shed we began to discuss the seriousness of our plight and racked our brains for a means of escape. Twenty-eight Britishers were not likely to submit tamely to captivity among savages. We had not been among the natives more than a fortnight, when Quartermaster Potter, a big sturdy fellow, attempted to regain his liberty by quietly creeping out of camp at night. This was not easy, for, in addition to the guards around our prison, there were a dozen or more fires encircling us, the glow of which revealed our every movement. Potter told us of his intentions, and though none of us cared to join him just then—we felt it was practically hopeless—we wished him luck, and grew quite excited when we discovered that he had actually got away. It was a short-lived freedom, however, for about 9 o'clock on the next morning he was brought back by a band of savages. The poor fellow was almost naked, the little clothing he possessed having been torn off him by his angry captors.

Potter was given a punishment which more than one of us was compelled to suffer before we were ultimately released. Making a hot fire, the Achinese tied his hands together, and then, by means of cords drew them over the blaze, holding them there until they were badly burnt and blistered. For days Potter was completely crippled and in great pain, and we had to feed him like a baby. To alleviate his agony



Princess Margaret of Connaught in Swedish Garb.

Princess Margaret of Connaught and her husband, the Crown Prince of Sweden, at the inauguration of the Centennial Agricultural Exhibition at Malmö. On that occasion Princess Margaret, dressed in Swedish national costume, received a procession of 1,000 peasants wearing the local costumes of every part of the country.

we placed coconut leaves dipped in water over the tender skin. The leaves were very cooling, and in time the wounds healed.

About the end of June the same fate befell another man, Murphy by name, but the poor fellow died some weeks later. In this case the savages, with fiendish cruelty, burnt his feet as well as his hands, with the result that Murphy could not walk. We made him up a bed of dried leaves, and in our rough-and-ready way did everything we could for him, bathing his burns and poulticing with coconut leaves. Nevertheless, our comrade grew rapidly worse, and toward the end prayed for death to release him from his sufferings. Alson, another able-bodied seaman, who essayed a bolt, was subjected to a like ordeal, while I still carry the scars of burns I received as a punishment for trying to escape. The torture by burning was unspeakably painful and was always carried out in the presence of the whole village. When the captive was brought back to the tombs were beaten and very soon the clearing would be crowded with savages. Then the fire would be lit, the prisoner brought out and the cruel punishment inflicted. Being bound and securely held, there was no escape. The men often fainted from the awful pain, while the Achinese gloatingly watched their sufferings. The pirates invariably wound up the proceedings with a dance.

After quite a number of men had suffered this ordeal by fire we began to recognize that it was impossible for us to get away. Possessing no compass and knowing nothing about the country, we did not even know in what direction to go. All around us was thick jungle, in some places absolutely impenetrable. What dangers lurked there we did not know, but we were well aware that it contained wild beasts, for we often heard the roarings at night. There were leopards and jaguars, we knew, and also enormous pythons. To have escaped from one savage tribe into the hands of another would not have improved matters, and it seemed as if this was the most we could hope for if we succeeded in avoiding the wild beasts and snakes.

None of us got more than a few miles into the jungle before we were overtaken, for the natives were expert trackers. Our experiences were practically identical. All the fugitives were suddenly pounced upon by the savages, who emerged from behind trees and bushes when we imagined no one was following us.

During our imprisonment among the Achinese we were fed on rice. A bagful of this grain, with the husks on, were brought every morning by one of the natives and flung down before us. We had to separate the rice from the husks and then cook it in a sort of cauldron over a fire which we kindled with an old flint. Water we obtained from an adjacent stream, fetching it in a kind of old pail we found. To vary our diet of rice we had various kinds of wild fruit, such as mangoes, orange figs, apples, tomatoes and coconuts. These we either picked from the forest bordering the clearing or obtained from the natives. We induced the native boys to climb the coconut trees and throw us down the nuts. These we cracked and drank the milk. In spite of these shifts, however, our menu was not very satisfying to healthy, vigorous seamen.

Climbing the trees for fruit and nuts played havoc with our clothes, which were soon in ribbons. Many of the men, moreover, had been wearing little at the time of capture. When the ship was attacked the men below dashed up on deck in their trousers and shirts and these scanty garments were now in the last stages of disrepair. The natives took our watches and chains, our pipes and tobacco and every article we possessed that they fancied. They even took the rings off the captain's fingers. It was not long before we detected in the village many articles from the Nisero in the form of ropes, canvas, awnings, sails, chains and tools. Bars of steel were brought from the engine room, and out of these the natives fashioned improvised hammers and ax heads. They even brought the ship's chronometer ashore. This they evidently regarded as a curio, for it was broken up and the works distributed among the chiefs.

These garments they often wore, especially on festive occasions, when they presented a comical sight. One would be seen parading about in a shirt, another in a vest and a third in a sou'-wester cap. As we watched them, men would ruefully remark: "There goes my shirt!" "There goes my coat!" and so on.

Meanwhile, the days of our imprisonment passed slowly and wearily by, and no whisper from the outside world reached us. One day was very much like another. When the sun rose we would leave our bed of dried leaves, stroll down to the stream and perform our ablutions, often indulging in a swim. Our next task would be to cook enough rice to last us the day. We ate for breakfast, for dinner, and also for supper, and we soon came to loathe it. After breakfast we would wander into the adjacent jungle, which we were allowed to do—always accompanied, however, by some of the natives—to hunt for fruit. When night came and we turned in we were greatly troubled by myriads of voracious mosquitoes and flies.

Now and then we could not help being struck with the humor of the situation. Not only did the natives bring everything movable away from the ship, but our clothes as well.

One morning, when we had been there just over four months, we found the natives greatly alarmed. It was clear that something unusual was about to happen. The young bloods were greasing their bodies, fondling their spears, and marching to and fro. Were we being attacked by a rival tribe, or what was it? Just after noon we heard shouts, but they were not war cries, and then a band of natives, many of whom we had never seen before, stepped into the clearing, followed by a troop of some 50 European soldiers, dressed in light blue uniforms and peaked caps, and led by a smart little officer. They were Dutchmen, and we could not help giving them a rousing cheer, which they promptly answered. Without more ado they strolled over to us, shook hands with us warmly, and plied us with questions concerning our health. Never had we seen faces that cheered us so much as those of these sunburnt sons of Holland! Nearly all of them spoke English and we thanked heaven that we had been found and rescued at last.

We now learned that the British India steamer Mombasa had re-

## HOME

### Jelly Recipes.

**Crema di Leche.**—Heat one and a half pints of new milk over a slow fire with the thinly pared rind of half a lemon. Beat a whole egg and the yolks of three more till light, then mix in two ounces of sifted sugar and four tablespoonfuls of dried and sifted flour rubbed smooth with two or three spoonfuls of the milk. When this is all blended strain it into the hot milk just as it reaches boiling point and stir it together over the fire, without allowing it to boil, until it thickens and "drapes" the spoon. Have ready a layer of ratafias and macaroons mixed at the bottom of a deep glass dish soaked with half a wineglassful of brandy or so of essence of vanilla. Strain the hot mixture into this and strew ground cinnamon over it. Let it stand over night to get perfectly cold, then serve either plain or with whipped and sweetened cream flavored with brandy served separately.

**Yellow Custard Jelly.**—Put one pint of milk in a pan with one-half an ounce of leaf gelatine, dissolve the gelatine in the milk, letting it boil up, then add two ounces of sugar and when the milk has cooled a little and the sugar is dissolved stir in the beaten yolks of four eggs, taking care however not to let the mixture boil; flavor with vanilla and when nicely thickened pour into a border mould and leave till set, when you fill up the centre with iced gooseberry fool. For the gooseberry fool stew very slowly one quart of green gooseberries, after topping and tailing them, with half a pound of sugar, three or four strips of finely pared lemon peel and just sufficient water to prevent their burning. When tender rub them carefully through a fine sieve (adding a drop or two of vegetable green coloring, but be careful with this), and a wine-glass of maraschino liqueur syrup, a squeeze of lemon juice and half a pint of stiffly whipped cream (or failing this use custard); and either freeze in a freezer or pack into a tin, cover down tightly and bury in ice and freezing salt for some hours. The fool must be stirred up from the bottom and sides occasionally to make it set evenly and smoothly. Any fruit can be prepared in this way.

**Orange Cheesecakes.**—Boil the ported having seen our vessel ashore, and on assistance being sent to her it was discovered that not a single member of the crew remained on board. There were traces of a fight, however, and the wreckage of the ship found on the shore made it clear that we had been overpowered and carried off into the jungle.

The matter was at once brought to the notice of the Dutch government, which was asked to ascertain what had become of us, and by dint of many inquiries at last discovered our whereabouts. Word was sent, through the natives, to the chief who held us prisoners that we were to be at once released, but this the chief refused to do without first receiving a ransom. He threatened to massacre us if soldiers were sent against him. We learned all this from our rescuers. They informed us that the matter had been brought before the British House of Commons by Samuel Storey, then M.P. from Sunderland, and that the British people were very incensed at the inability of the Dutch to release us. The British foreign office had insisted on something being done, and that was why they had come to bargain with the chief. There were certain preliminaries to be gone through, but we should undoubtedly be free shortly. It was indeed joyful news.

The soldiers pitched their tents close to us, and that night we had the pleasure of tasting hot coffee, eating properly cooked European food, and indulging in a smoke—the first for ages. Never was a meal so satisfying and a smoke so soothing to troubled nerves.

Next morning our captain left us, in company with some of the soldiers and chiefs. There was to be a palaver with the chief who claimed us, and who was away at the time, one of the conditions being that the captain was to be present.

As the days wore on naturally we speculated as to what was happening, though our Dutch friends assured us that it was only a matter of arrangement. Twelve days later, to our dismay, the soldiers were called away, but returned next morning, and great was our joy when they informed us that we were now free, and were to accompany them to the coast. Our liberty had been bought by the Dutch government, which had agreed to give the natives 12,000 guilden—about £1,000. Thus ended our captivity of five months and three days among one of the most warlike and dangerous tribes of Sumatra. We soon reached Sarawak, where we found our captain awaiting us, and from that place we came home to England, via Rotterdam, by the steamship Sourabaya.

thinly peeled rind of four oranges in water to remove the bitter taste. When tender pound up with half a pound of sugar, four ounces of butter and the yolks of six eggs. Beat the mixture well and add the juice of the oranges; should the oranges be large only use the juice of two. Have ready some small patty pans or two large ones, line with puff paste, put in the mixture and bake. The whites may be used for meringues, etc.

### Vegetable Soups.

There is an awful sameness usually to our mixed vegetable soup. Here are some recipes which suggest many variations of this old-time standby.

Vegetable soup with stock is made in this way: Measure a teacupful each of chopped cabbage, parsnip and turnips and a cupful and a half each of onion, carrot and celery. Put these chopped vegetables in a soup kettle and add a quart each of stock and water. Simmer until the vegetables are tender and then add a cupful of canned tomatoes and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Flavor with a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Serve very hot.

One recipe for vegetable soup without meat stock is this: Boil three quarts of water and add to it a cupful of chopped onions and the same amount of minced turnip and minced carrot, four cupfuls of shredded cabbage, a chopped leek and two tablespoonfuls each of minced celery and minced green pepper. Boil rapidly for 12 minutes and then simmer gently for an hour. Then add two tomatoes, or two cupfuls of canned tomato and two cupfuls of raw potato sliced. Cook for another hour and then add two tablespoonfuls of butter, two or three teaspoonfuls of salt and some pepper. Do not put the cover closely over this soup at any time during the cooking.

Another recipe for vegetable soup without meat stock is this: Chop a bunch of celery, a sweet potato, a parsnip, a turnip, two onions, a carrot, a white potato and a sprig of parsley. Add a little thyme and simmer with seven pints of water until the vegetables are tender. Rub through a sieve and return to the fire. Then add a tablespoonful of butter, rubbed smooth with two tablespoonfuls of flour and added first to a little of the hot soup. Stir over the fire for five minutes and serve.

Another vegetable puree, of which stock is an ingredient, is made in this way: Boil slowly until tender in stock enough to cover half a cupful each of chopped potatoes, leeks, onions, carrots, parsnips and turnips. Then add salt, pepper and other seasoning to taste and rub through a sieve. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter over the fire, and when it bubbles, add a tablespoonful of flour. Gradually pour on the puree and stir over the fire for four minutes. Then reduce the heat and add two well beaten eggs mixed with a little milk. Serve with croutons.

### Household Hints.

If you wish fish to be crisp, do not cover it while cooking.

When ironing, have a number of coat hangers upon which to put waists, children's dresses, etc.

When serving apples whole on the table, polish them with olive oil.

Meat should be removed from the paper as soon as it comes from the market, otherwise the paper will absorb some of the juices.

A spoonful of kerosene put into the clothes boiler will make the clothes white and sweet. There will be no odor of the kerosene when the clothes are dried.

Several thicknesses of disks cut from the good portions of the kitchen oilcloth make excellent mats to put under the flower pots in the various windows.

In summer food must be carefully watched or it will spoil. If the milk bottle stands on the doorstep a minute too long, the milk may turn sour.

A little vinegar added to water in which vegetables are washed will prove effectual in removing the dirt and insects. Salt will do the same thing.

To insure a perfectly ventilated house, is to open the windows in each room in the house, both top and bottom, for a suitable period every morning, and remember that it is easier to heat a house that is not full of vitiated air.

After the carpets have been beaten in the open air and relaid wipe the surface with a clean flannel that has been wrung out of warm water softened by the addition of a tablespoonful of liquid ammonia to the pint. As soon as the flannel is soiled rinse it, and when the whole carpet has been treated set the window and door open to get a draught, and avoid walking over the carpet until it is quite dry.

Dark rooms bring depression of spirits, imparting a sense of confinement, of isolation, of powerlessness, which is chilling to energy and vigor; but in light is good cheer. Even in a gloomy house, where walls and furniture are dingy and brown, you have but to take down the heavy curtains, open the window, let light stream in and gloom vanishes, and care and sadness flee.



## THE EQUITY.

SHAWVILLE, AUG. 20, 1914.

### THE WAR.

#### Summary of the News

Aug. 12.—According to French reports, the German forces have been unsuccessful in their attempt to drive the French from their positions outside Muelhausen.

Clashes between the Russians and Austrians have so far been of minor importance.

A Shanghai despatch says 45,000 Japanese soldiers have embarked on transports and are awaiting orders.

A despatch announces that the mobilization of the Russian army will be complete on August 21.

The planting of mines by Germany has practically closed all Northern European ports.

August 13.—Brussels reports that the French and British allied forces are concentrated at various important points in Belgium and are prepared to check the German advance.

Paris reports the bombardment by the Germans of the important town of Pont-a-Mousson, in the Department of Meurthe-et-Moselle. The town is 20 miles from Nancy and 16 miles south west of Metz.

The French Minister of War reports that French troops have entered Upper Alsace.

Great Britain has declared war against Austria, because of the latter's demonstrations against France.

From Berlin German successes are announced at Muelhausen and Legarde, with the clearing of German territory of the French.

The combined Montenegrin and Serbian invasion of Bosnia has begun under the Serbian General, Jankovitch, who was commander of the Serbian army corps at Pristina in the Balkan war.

Turkey is reported to have bought the German cruisers Goeben and Breslau, that were in the Adriatic. This is regarded as a breach of neutrality.

Earl Kitchener, Secretary of State for War, has warned the British press against the publication of naval and military news, other than official, infringement of which order will mean suspension.

Italy is reported to have mobilized 250,000 troops on the Swiss and Austrian frontiers, as a precautionary measure. All the passes over the Alps are strongly held.

The Government of Holland has officially given the French government renewed assurances of neutrality, and its intention to make this neutrality respected.

A number of wounded soldiers, presumably British, have arrived at Southampton from Belgium.

The Austrian troops entered Russian Poland, where Germans have also been engaged. Russian forces captured the Austrian town of Sokal, in Galicia, by assault.

A Hong Kong correspondent reports that the British fleet in the Far East has cornered the German Far Eastern squadron.

The cruiser Suffolk, coaling at Halifax, reported that with the Bristol and the Berwick it had pursued the German cruiser Karlsruhe, which escaped by superior speed.

The Canadian cruiser Rainbow reached Esquimaux, B. C., on Thursday, conveying the sloop of war Shearwater. The sloop Algerine was reported near at hand.

Aug. 15.—About 150 of the passengers and crew of the Austrian Lloyd steamer Baron Gautsch were killed or drowned when the vessel was blown up yesterday by a mine off the Island of Lussin, on the Dalmatian coast.

The Petit Journal of Paris says it learns on unimpeachable authority that Japan is resolved to declare war on Germany, and that official action will probably be taken on the return of the Emperor to Tokyo.

The correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph Company at Nish, describing the fighting, says that 400,000 Austrians made a concerted attack along the entire Serbian frontier, but were repulsed with heavy casualties.

August 16.—Japan has sent an ultimatum to Germany demanding that she withdraw her warships and evacuate Kiao-Chau. Unless Germany unconditionally accepts by August 23, Japan will take action.

August 17.—The official press bureau of the British War Office and Admiralty has issued a statement saying that French troops, in the course of a rapid advance along the valley of the Schirneck, have taken a thousand prisoners. The scene of the fighting for the last few days, the official announcement continues, shows the great destructive effect of the fire of the allied artillery.

Trenches abandoned by the enemy are filled with dead and wounded.

London, Aug. 17.—The British official news bureau today says: "The French fleet in the Mediterranean has made a sweep up the Adriatic Sea as far as Cattaro. A small Austrian cruiser of the Aspern type of 2,362 tons, was fired on by the French vessels and sunk."

London, August 18.—The Daily Express says: "There is little doubt that a great battle is now occurring in Belgium between the Germans and Belgian and French allies."

A Reuter despatch from Brussels says: "The seat of Government has been moved to Antwerp. Measures have been taken for the defence of Brussels because of the approach of German cavalry."

The events that have occurred within the borders of this Dominion within the past two weeks have settled with emphatic decision a point that only a short time ago was a question of keen dispute, namely, that when Great Britain is at war Canada is also not only at war but necessarily in the conflict. There was a time still fresh in the memories of all, when a number of Canadians were not disposed to accept this view; but today the man who has any doubts in the matter would be hard to discover, if he exists at all. Canadians are united in the opinion that a grave emergency exists, and that the call comes to every man who accounts himself a loyal subject of the British Empire, to render all the service he can in its defence, and in the safe-guarding and perpetuation of those great liberty-assuring principles for which it stands.

Fortunately the crisis found our young country in a state of preparedness hitherto unknown, and she is making a noble and active response to assist the Mother Land in meeting the situation which confronts her. It is right that our contributions, whatever form they may take, should go forward ungrudgingly and with a generous hand. Canada has much to do before she wipes out the debt she owes to the Empire for past protection, and Canada's future welfare depends greatly on the issues of the conflict in which the Empire has been forced to participate. No one can forecast the period of its insurance or the calamitous conditions it may produce; but of its ultimate result there can scarcely be any doubt. Upon the heads of those responsible for this war—this crime against civilization—will fall, with sure and unerring aim, its awful consequences.

#### Shawville Council Minutes.

Regular meeting, Monday, August 3rd, 1914.

Present: Councillors Argue, Hodgins and Hynes.

Moved by couns. Hynes and Argue that this Council, for want of a quorum, adjourn to meet on Monday, August 10th, 1914.—Carried.

Adjourned meeting, held Monday, August 10th.

Present: Mayor Eades and Councillors Smiley, Hynes, W. A. Hodgins and Cowan.

Minutes of last regular meeting read and confirmed.

Moved by couns. Hodgins and Smiley that the Valuation Roll of this Municipality, for the year 1914 be homologated with the following amendments:

G. F. Hodgins' property transferred to Wm. Hodgins; J. M. and Lindon Hodgins transferred to Hodgins Bros.; W. T. Whelen transferred to School Board; George Hynes, reduced on account of fire; and that 10 per cent be added to the following vacant lots, namely: Lots Nos. 229, 232, 221, 233, 239, 186, 200, 211, 208, 203, 217, 202, 224, 205.—Carried.

Moved by couns. Hodgins and Smiley that this Council now adjourn.—Carried.

S. E. HODGINS, Sec. Treas.

#### Wedding

A very pretty wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Dale's of Greer Mount, when their eldest daughter, Bernice Elizabeth, was united in marriage to Mr. Herman Ernest Belscher, of Yarm, Que., which took place at Norman Church, North Clarendon, at 2.30, p. m., August 5th.

After the ceremony the wedding party proceeded to the bride's home where a bountiful repast was partaken of. A large crowd was there to receive the young couple.

The bride looked a picture of girlish beauty in a gown of white silk crepe de chene with trimmings of shadow lace and satin ribbon, and wore a handsome bridal veil.

The young people enjoyed themselves in dancing, while the older as well as some of the younger repaired to the parlor and enjoyed themselves by singing songs, comic and sentimental. Miss Edythe Farrell and Mrs. J. L. Craig presided at the organ.

The gifts were numerous and valuable showing the esteem in which the young couple are held.

The guests from a distance were Mr. Oswald Cuthbertson, of Bristol; Mrs. J. L. Craig, of Cobalt; Miss Pearl Farrell, of Fort William.

After the singing of Auld Lang Syne, all departed for home, each claiming they had spent a most enjoyable evening.

The young couple will reside at Yarm and all join in wishing them a long and prosperous wedded life.

## SHAWVILLE SASH AND DOOR FACTORY.

DO YOU contemplate building, or making any alterations in that line? If so, call in and see me; place your orders early, and have your material ready when required. Ask for a sample of BEAVER BOARD, the coming Interior Finish for Dwellings and Public Buildings.

3 of the 41 advantages of BEAVER BOARD:

Can be applied in any season. Anyone handy with tools by following instructions can apply it. Is pure Wood Fibre throughout.

R. G. HODGINS.



## Central Canada Exhibition

Ottawa, Canada

Sept. 11th to 19th, 1914.

Entries Close September 4th.

Canada's Greatest Fall Live - Stock and Poultry Show - Accommodation for 2,500 Head.

All freight paid upon Live Stock from Ontario and Quebec.

Seventy acres of new, bright and up-to-the-minute Exhibits.

New 50,000 Agriculture and Horticulture Building, Dairy Building covers 12,000 square feet in which Prize Competitions in Butter-making will be held daily.

Huge Parades of Prize Animals on Track in front of Grand Stand.

Magnificent Afternoon and Evening Performance in front of Grand Stand.

2 - WILD WEST SHOWS - 2 (THE BEST EVER)

Unprecedented Night Military Display—"Nero, and the Burning of Rome."

For fuller and more complete information, apply to

E. McMAHON,

MANAGER AND SECRETARY,

26 Sparks St., OTTAWA, ONT.

### TIMBER CUT FOR SALE.

I offer for sale all timber, logs and wood standing on Lot South West Half of No. 20, in the First Range of Clarendon, containing 130 acres. Terms strictly cash. Apply to J. S. BROWN, Portage du Fort, Que.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Public Building, Shawville, Que.," will be received at this office until 4.00 P. M., on Monday, August 24th, 1914, for the construction of the building mentioned.

Plans, specifications and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained on application to the postmaster at Shawville, Que., and at this Department.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p. c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, R. C. DESROCHERS, Secretary. Department of Public Works. Ottawa, August 1st, 1914. Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

### BEE KEEPERS' SUPPLIES

FOR SALE!

Everything in the line of up-to-date Bee-keepers' Supplies, as follows:—


SECTIONS, BROOD FOUNDATION, SECTION FOUNDATION, SEPARATORS, SMOKERS, SUPERS.

Hive Bodies and Frames made correctly.

Any of the above will be delivered within a reasonable distance—free. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

H. STEWART,

R. M. R. No. 1, Shawville, Que.

## WORK

Work is the cure For most everything That flesh is heir to. To know the supreme Comfort of labor Invest in a pair of Peerless Overalls And square away.

PEERLESS OVERALL CO., Rock Island, P. Q.

Sold by G. F. HODGINS CO., Shawville.

## McCORMICK WARE ROOMS

Howard Block, Centre St., Shawville.

### Farmers' Requirements

Buggies, Expresses and Waggon

in the following makes:

Wm. Grey & Son, Bain, Munro & McIntosh.

HARNESS!

A complete stock of Harness constantly kept on hand. We carry the durable kind made by WILSON and CARSON—no better for the money.

STABLE FITTINGS!

Hay Fork Outfits, Litter Carriers, Steel Stalls and Stantions.

Horses Bought and Sold.

JOHN L. HODGINS.



Just Arrived A Stock of COO-COO CLOCKS from \$3.00 up.

Also several Dining Room Clocks Walnut Cases, Mission Wood Style, Very Classy.

These Clocks are all imported, and excel anything of the kind ever before seen in Shawville. See them.

HANS SHADEL Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician.

## MONUMENTS!

Before purchasing your Monument consult the SHAWVILLE MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS Nothing too small. Nothing too large. PRICES REASONABLE. Fencing and Cemetery Work a Specialty.

T. SHORE - - Proprietor.

All Work Guaranteed Satisfactory.



## THE EQUITY,

A Weekly Journal devoted to Local Interests

Published every Thursday  
At Shawville, County Pontiac, Que.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.  
All arrears must be paid up before any paper is discontinued.

### ADVERTISING RATES.

Legal advertising, 10 cents per line for 1st insertion and 5 cents per line or each subsequent insertion.

Business cards not exceeding one inch inserted at \$5.00 per year.

Local announcements inserted at the rate of 8 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents for subsequent insertions.

Commercial advertising by the month or for longer periods inserted at low rates which will be given on application.

Advertisements received without instructions accompanying them will be inserted until forbidden and charged for accordingly.

Birth, marriage and death notices published free of charge. Obituary poetry declined.

### JOB PRINTING.

All kinds of Job Printing neatly and cheaply executed. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

JOHN A. COWAN,  
Publisher.

### Professional Cards.

#### DENTAL.

### DR. A. H. BEERS

SURGEON DENTIST

CAMPBELLS BAY - - - QUE.

Doctor of Medicine and Master of Surgery

McGill University.

Doctor of Dental Surgery, University of Pennsylvania.

Licentiate of Dental Surgery, Quebec.

#### LEGAL.

### R. A. DRAPEAU, LL. L.

ADVOCATE

Ville Marie - - - Que.

### S. A. MACKAY

NOTARY PUBLIC

Shawville, - - - Que.

### R. MILLAR, L. L. L.

ADVOCATE.

Bryson - - - Que.

Will visit Shawville every Saturday.

### D. R. BARRY, K. C.

BARRISTER, ADVOCATE, & C.

Office and Residence

Campbells Bay, Que.

Visits Shawville every Saturday.

### GEO. C. WRIGHT

ADVOCATE, BARRISTER, & C.

196 Main St. - Hull.

### GEORGE HYNES

UNDERTAKER

Embalmer and Funeral Director

Main Street, Shawville.

Personal attention. Open all hours.

### SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS.

THE sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not sub-agency) on certain conditions.

Duties.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required in every case, except when residence is performed in the vicinity.

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

Duties.—Six months' residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties.—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres, and erect a house worth \$300.

The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough, scrubby or stony land. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

## HALF PRICE

# School Dresses

An opportunity to buy Dresses for School Opening at half price.

9 only Girls' Dresses in blue and pink checked gingham, with plain trimmings, from 3 to 6 years. Formerly 75 cents at half price.

5 only Girls' Natural Linen Wash Dresses, laced front, blue and red trimmings, short sleeves, from 3 to 8 years. Formerly 75c. and \$1.00 at half price.

2 only Girls' Tan Linen Wash Dresses, laced front with red trimmings, size 8 years. Formerly \$1.25 for half price.

10 Misses Balkan Coats made of white Indian Head Linen, with blue and red trimmings, for girls 14 to 18 years. Formerly \$1.50 and \$1.75 for half price.

## HOUSE DRESSES

1 only Brown Checked Gingham House Dress, collar and cuffs trimmed with plain brown chambray, short sleeves, size 34. Formerly \$1.25 for half price.

2 only Plain Blue Chambray House Dresses, embroidered at neck and sleeves, low neck, short sleeves, size 36. Formerly \$1.25 for half price.

## HOSIERY

15 pairs of Women's Tan Hose, plain lisle and in lace, sizes 8½ and 9. Formerly 25 and 40c., to clear at 15 cents.

## G. F. HODGINS CO.

### CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

## HARVESTERS EXCURSIONS

Aug. 14th and 21st 1914  
To WINNIPEG

**\$12**

From all Stations in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, east of Kingston, Sharbot Lake and Renfrew.

Proportionately low rates from Winnipeg to all points in Manitoba for Excursion of August 14th, and to all points in Manitoba, and Moose Jaw and East in Saskatchewan and Edmonton and East in Saskatchewan and Alberta via Saskatoon for Excursion of August 21st. No change of cars between the East and the Canadian West. No customs examinations. No immigration inspection.

For information apply to nearest Can. Pac. Agent or to E. J. HEBERT, 1st Asst. G. P. A., Montreal.

## Sunday Afternoon GOSPEL MEETINGS

In the Skating Rink, Shawville,  
Commencing August 23rd, at 3 p. m.,  
conducted by Rev. T. S. Harris,  
Minister of the New Church.

## THE SEASON IS ON FOR Roofing, Sheeting And all kinds of out-door Tin-work.

Estimates of anything in this line cheerfully furnished.

All orders executed with a view to giving satisfaction

G. W. DALE, PRACTICAL TINSMITH  
Shawville, Que.

## Shawville Fair

Sept. 21, 22, 23.

## HE WAS A MIGHTY KING.

If the Record on the Tomb of Sardanapalus Be True.

An ancient legend tells us that Sardanapalus was the founder of Tarsus, while others ascribe that honor to Sennacherib, king of Nineveh, of whom the Bible record speaks. An interesting part of this legend about Sardanapalus, the last of the Assyrian kings, tells us that he recorded on his tomb near Anchiale, a nearby city, in one day, a feat surely worthy of any king. But the kings of those days, it must be remembered, took as much license with the record on their tombs as any Munchausen who ever lived.

We are also told that on this tomb was a statue of the king snapping his fingers, while this inscription was written beneath: "Sardanapalus, son of Anakyndaraxes, built Anchiale and Tarsus in one day. Eat, drink and play, for everything else is not worth this" (a snap of your fingers).

Whether this statue and its description are purely mythical or not, the tradition was probably current in Paul's time, as his own words indicate: "If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantage it me if the dead rise not? Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." What greater contrast could there be than between the strenuous, manly, undaunted apostle and the voluptuous, blasé king who was said to have founded the city where, hundreds of years later, St. Paul was born?—Christian Herald.

## BEST OF ALL JOURNALISTS.

St. Mark Has Been Called the Reporter Among the Apostles.

The greatest journalist the world ever knew lived 1,500 years or more before the invention of type, according to Rev. Dr. Frank N. Palmer, who awarded the palm to St. Mark and wondered at the marvels that he might have accomplished if he had lived in the days of printing presses.

St. Matthew put his chronicles in twenty-eight chapters; St. Luke used twenty-four to tell his story; St. John used twenty-one, but St. Mark covered all the details more vividly in sixteen, and, true to the spirit of action that animates his kind, put a miracle in every chapter.

St. Mark, Dr. Palmer said, was the reporter among the apostles. His viewpoint, his language and his marvelous ability to give action and climax, clash and color in a sentence should be a glowing example to the newspaper writers of this day.

Each of the other apostles speaks of skies that opened. Mark says they were rent asunder. He is the only one among his brethren who stopped dutifully to describe the color of a given scene. In the writings of his fellows it is told that the people went to the Sermon on the Mount. Mark writes vividly that the people ran.

In writing for the Romans he used colorful allusions and the references to wild beasts to touch their intelligence in sympathetic fashion at every stroke.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Stellar Elements.

The spectroscopic shows the lines so far in stellar research of forty-five elements well known here in the earth. Hydrogen exists in all stars in enormous quantities. Iron and a number of other metals likewise are incandescent in the sun, and in all other stars bright enough to send rays into the grating for analysis.

An element named coronium is now seen glowing in the envelopes of the sun, but it has not been discovered here on earth yet. Helium was seen in the sun for a number of years before it was finally discovered in the earth. Stars vary in the character of the rays emitted; therefore all stars are not alike. And the differences indicate differences in their ages.—New York American.

### Wanted Information.

At Bellevue hospital many of the orderlies are harmless and willing men known as "self-committers." That is, they have had themselves committed to the public institutions while out of employment.

One of these was put in charge of a contagious case for the first time.

"Remember, Clancy," said the doctor, "this case must be isolated."

"All right, sorr," was the reply. "Where will I get the ice?"—New York World.

### Flight of Life.

Child, child! No more! As if driven on by unseen spirits the sun steeds of time are running away with the light chariot of our destiny, and for us remains nothing except with high courage to hold fast the reins. And now to the right, now to the left, from a bowlder on one hand or a precipice on the other, to guide the steeds in safety. Whither it goes, who can say? One scarcely remembers whence he came.—From Goethe's "Egmont."

### What Worried Him.

"What side are you on in this debate?" asked the constituent.

"I don't like to say," replied the young statesman. "My own opinions don't matter so much, but it worries me to realize that whatever way I vote I'm almost sure to hurt somebody's feelings."

### Vain Man's Weakness.

Pity the poor egotist whose vanity has swollen to the point that he thinks he can influence a woman in the matter of dress.

### Bust of Connaught.

Mr. Frederick Lessore, the English sculptor, is now on his way to London, Eng., with a bust of the Duke of Connaught, which was recently modelled at Ottawa, and is said to be the best portrait of any kind ever made of the duke. In London the model will be finished in bronze for the duke's London house. It shows His Royal Highness in simple service uniform, his military cloak slung loosely over his shoulder.

### HE GAVE IT ALL AWAY.

Old Ishikawa Told Where Japanese Came From.

Katsuzo Ishikawa was born in Tokio in the land of Dai Nippon, but at a comparatively early age came to British Columbia. With his earlier life we are not concerned; at the time of which we write he was keeping a boarding house and billiard room in the city of Vancouver, and was president of the Japanese Boarding House Keepers' Union.

Ishikawa was unconsciously the occasion of a great denouement; he it was who furnished a clue—supplied the answer in fact to an important question existing in the year 1907 on the British Columbia coast—"Where did the Japanese come from?" Ishikawa gave the answer.

In the spring of 1907 the Oriental immigration situation on the Canadian Pacific coast was becoming acute. Chinese immigration, restricted to some extent by the imposition of a \$500 head tax, though not repressed by the white inhabitants of British Columbia, was not causing any great alarm; it was steady, but it came gradually and could be controlled. The head tax had been put up before; it could be put up again. What commenced to worry the people, however, was the big increase in the number of Japanese coming to Columbia's shores. Then came the riots of 1907 and the enquiry into the losses of the Japanese.

Ishikawa was put on the stand and his evidence revealed the secret.

When the commission rose, poor old Ishikawa had been pumped dry; he had told all about the emigration companies in Japan, formed for the purpose of sending out Japanese laborers for the railway and lumber camps of British Columbia; he had supplied the names of other companies in Vancouver who were bringing immigrants from Japan; had furnished the raison d'être for a further enquiry as to the methods by which Orientals had been induced to come to Canada, the commission authorizing which was rushed through by wire almost before the Japanese interested in the immigration of laborers had had time to get set, and which further enquiry cleared up the whole question of how the Orientals were coming in.

This further enquiry, however, is another story; the present concerns merely poor, old Ishikawa. For once it became known among his Japanese friends how Ishikawa had let the cat out of the bag his lot was not a happy one; he was condemned for his stupidity; it was plain in later evidence that strong efforts were made to dispute his testimony, and throw discredit upon it, but to no avail, Ishikawa was a tide in the affairs of men; he had been taken at the flood, and he had led on to victory for those interested in solving the big Japanese influx into British Columbia.

And no doubt oft times in his boarding house on Powell street in the Japanese quarter in Vancouver, as he gathers in the receipts from his billiard table, and debates what manner of hash his boarders shall have on the morrow, Ishikawa often meditates on those fair days when he was president of the Japanese Boarding House Keepers' Union, from which long since he has been de-throned, and of one particular, eventful day—a dismal, rainy day in the fall of an eventful year—"Ah, surely the month was October, in his most immemorial year"—the day that he became in truth "poor, old Ishikawa."

### Wanted—A Strong Navy.

One of the best stories which Lord Mersey, chairman of the Empress of Ireland Wreck Commission, tells about himself is that concerning an old lady's remarks on his appointment to the position of President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division. "Dear me!" exclaimed the old lady, "Is he going to the Admiralty Division? How very nice! I do trust he will see that we shall have a strong navy."

Apparently his lordship, like many other people, views with amazement the progress of the modern woman, and during the course of a speech which he made a short time ago he said: "Ladies have ceased to be what they were—the shadow of their husbands—and have become personalities, people whom we cannot ignore. . . . They have become more and more separated from the poor man. What they are becoming quite terrifies me. I am beginning to doubt whether I know women at all, and if I do not, what on earth am I doing sitting in the Divorce Court?"

### Give Public Preference.

Amendments have been made to the cold storage regulations passed last session, which are of considerable importance. It is provided that owners of cold storage warehouses which are subsidized under the act must give the public preference in the use of refrigerated space. It shall be a violation of the act if such space is refused on the plea of lack of space if such space is to be occupied by goods belonging to the owners of the warehouse.

Owners shall not contract or agree to give all the refrigerated space to one or more firms to the exclusion of the general public. A fine not exceeding \$50 is provided for violation of these regulations.

## THE SHAWVILLE

## MEAT SHOP

GEO. PRENDERGAST, Proprietor.  
(Successor to Jas. D. Horner)

A supply of - - -

## Fresh and Cured Meats

- - - Always in stock.

Highest Market Price paid for Hides and Pelts.

Your Patronage Solicited.

## Tenders Extended for School Care-Taking.

Take notice that the time for receiving tenders for Care-takers for the 14 Schools in the Municipality of Clarendon has been extended up to one o'clock of Saturday, August 29th.

M. A. MCKINLEY,

Sec.-Treas.  
Shawville, August 10, 1914.



## PUBLIC NOTICE

Is hereby given that the undermentioned LANDS and TENEMENTS have been seized and will be sold at the respective time and place mentioned below:

Fieri Facias De Bonis Et De Terris, Superior Court at Montreal.

Province of Quebec,  
District of Montreal,  
No. 3890.

TRUST & LOAN COMPANY OF CANADA, Plaintiffs;

vs.  
NOE BROUILLARD, Defendant.

A lot of land belonging to Noe Brouillard, known and described on the official plan and book of reference as No. 50 of range 5 of the township of Duhamel in the county of Temiscaming; a farm situated in the village of Ville Marie and composed of the following lots as designated on the official plan and book of reference of the village of Ville Marie, to wit: Lot No. 1803, lot No. 1804, less that portion of land sold to Charles Eustache Brodeur, by deeds of sale passed on September 4th, 1909, before A. E. Guay, N. P., situated on the north west corner of said lot No. 1804, containing said portion of land, 4.25 acres in area, being of an irregular shape and containing 405 feet in depth in the line between lots Nos. 1804 and 1805, and bounded to the north by lot No. 1805; to the west by lot No. 1205; to the south west by a stream dividing said portion of land from the remainder of lot No. 1804; and to the east by a line extending from the dividing line between lots Nos. 1804 and 1805 at a point 405 feet distant from lot No. 1285 and running directly on the continuation of Saint Gabriel street to the stream herebefore mentioned. Lot No. 1286; The southerly part of lot No. 1285 containing about 4½ acres in area, bounded to the west by lots Nos. 1298, to 1307, both inclusive; to the south by lot No. 1286; to the east by part of lot No. 1804; to the north by that part of lot No. 1285 heretofore sold to the said Charles Eustache Brodeur, under said mentioned deed of sale; the dividing line of said southerly part from the remainder of said lot No. 1285, running from the north east portion of lot No. 1307 and drawn parallel with the dividing line between lots Nos. 1284 and 1285, and up to the dividing line between lots Nos. 1804 and 1285; Lots Nos. 1287, 1288, 1289, 1290, 1291, 1292, 1293, 1294, 1295, 1296, 1297, 1298, 1299, 1300, 1301, 1302, 1303, 1304, 1305, 1306 and 1307, lots Nos. 1318, 1319, 1320, 1321, 1322, and 1323; That strip of land known and designated on the official plan and book of reference of the village of Ville Marie as rue Brouillard and extending from that street designated on said plan as rue Notre-Dame to the road designated on said plan as chemin public Fabre; Lots Nos. 1324, 1325, 1326, 1327, 1328, 1329, 1330, 1331, 1332, 1333, 1334, 1335, 1336, 1337, 1338, 1339, 1340, 1341, 1342, 1343, 1344, 1345, 1346, 1347, 1348, 1349, and 1350; That strip of land known and designated on said plan and book of reference of the village of Ville Marie, as rue Vaudreuil and extending from said rue Notre-Dame to said chemin public Fabre; Lots Nos. 1351, 1352, 1353, 1354, 1355, 1356, 1357, 1358, 1359, 1360, 1361, 1362, 1363, 1364, 1365, 1366, 1367, 1368, 1369, 1370, 1371, 1372, 1373, 1374, 1375, 1376, 1377, 1378, 1379, 1380, 1381, 1382, 1383, 1384, 1385, 1386, 1387, 1388, 1389, 1390, 1391 and 1392; That strip of land known and designated on the official plan and book of reference of the village of Ville Marie as rue Laviolette and extending from said rue Notre-Dame to said chemin public Fabre; Lots Nos. 1393, 1394, 1395, 1396, 1397, 1398, 1399, 1400, 1401, 1402, 1403, 1404, 1405, 1406, 1407, 1408, 1409, 1410, 1411, 1412, 1413, 1414, 1415 and 1416; Lots Nos. 1785, 1786 and 1787; with all the buildings erected on all of said lots hereinabove mentioned.

To be sold at the parochial church door of the village of Ville-Marie on the THIRTY-FIRST day of the month of AUGUST, 1914, at TEN o'clock in the forenoon.

BERNARD J. SLOAN,

Sheriff's Office, Sheriff,  
Bryson, Que., 30th July, 1914.  
(First published 25th July, 1914).



# The Wanderer's Return;

Or, A Change of Fortune.

## CHAPTER XLVI—(Continued).

A rather shabby little close carriage, which Mrs. Grey recognized as being the one "hack" of the "Reindeer" at Wendover, drew up before the house. The door opened, and a tall, gray-haired, most venerable-looking man, clothed in clerical black, whom Mrs. Grey immediately recognized as the officiating minister at the Wendover church on the day before, alighted and came up the steps.

Apparently he was expected, and seen by some one in the hall, for he was immediately admitted without knocking. "It is the clergyman who preached yesterday," said Mrs. Grey, turning to Emma Cavendish and volunteering the information.

"The Rev. Dr. Jones. Yes; we both heard grandma say that she expected him. I suppose they were old acquaintances," calmly replied Miss Cavendish.

"She was very much disturbed when she heard of his being in this neighborhood, don't you think?" inquired Mrs. Grey, taking courage to chatter.

"My grandmother is very infirm. It does not take much to upset her," answered Miss Cavendish, coldly.

"Yes; but I think she was more agitated by the arrival of this stranger at Wendover than she was by the death of her only son," persisted Mrs. Grey.

Emma Cavendish made no reply. "And oh—by the way—the Rev. Dr. Jones? Why, that is the very same name of the old gentleman who brought Electra—Electra Nobody—to Mount Ascension in such a strange, sudden manner! I did not see him then myself, so I cannot tell if this is the same man, but I know that he bears the very same name."

"A very common name," observed Miss Cavendish.

"My dear, Jones is a very common name; but is the Rev. Dr. Jones so very common? And M. St. John described her strange visitor as a tall, gray-haired, venerable-looking man. And this gentleman answers the description. And bears the same name. I think he must be the same man. What do you think?"

To this direct question Emma Cavendish answered quietly and coldly.

"He is the same man. I saw him at Mount Ascension, and recognized him in the pulpit yesterday."

"Oh, indeed? And he is an old friend of Mrs. Cavendish's? But old as he is, he is young enough to be her son. I wonder if the old lady knows anything about his strange ward, Electra—Electra Nobody?" inquired Mrs. Grey, with intense curiosity.

"I do not know. And Mrs. Grey, I think we had better drop my grandmother's name out of this discussion," said Miss Cavendish, pointedly, as she touched the bell and arose from her seat.

Mrs. Grey shrugged her shoulders and picked up a book, which she opened and pretended to read.

After a little she withdrew from the room.

Emma Cavendish went through her morning's domestic duties; but after that she did not, according to her usual custom, order either her saddle horse or her coachman for her morning ride or drive.

Her grandmother had a visitor, and her own presence might possibly be required, she thought.

So she remained indoors, waiting for the visitor to depart.

She waited a long time.

The forenoon passed slowly away, and still the strange guest remained shut up in the old lady's room.

Emma looked out to see if the carriage had brought him as still waiting. And as she looked she saw old Jerome come out of the house and speak to the coachman, and the coachman gather his reins and drive around in the direction of the stables.

The carriage and horses were to be put up then, she perceived. The visitor was going to stay to dinner. Now she certainly expected a summons to her grandmother's room. But no summons came.

At noon the old lady's bell rang. Jerome answered it. Emma met him as he came down the stairs, confidently expecting a message from her grandmother.

"Well, Jerome," she said, "am I wanted?"

"No, miss. The old madam has ordered luncheon to be carried up to her room for herself and the old parson."

"Well, Jerome, I will go and see that a nice one is prepared," said Miss Cavendish.

And she went in search of the housekeeper, and soon sent up a repast fit for a bishop.

The afternoon waned, and still the visitor lingered.

The sun went down. Twilight deepened into darkness. Jerome came in and closed the shutters and lighted the lamps.

And just as he lighted the last one and filled the room with a glare of light, the sound of wheels was heard again approaching the house.

"See who that is, Jerome," said Miss Cavendish, nervously.

"I know what it is, miss. It is the carriage coming around for the parson, miss," said the man.

"Oh," breathed Miss Cavendish, with a sigh of relief. Somehow she was glad he was going.

Meanwhile where was Mary Grey all this time? Will tell you.

Adjoining the old lady's room was a wainscoted parlor, that was sometimes used for a breakfast-room. A half-glassed steel door or window door communicated between the two rooms. But this door was usually closed and locked, and a thin white muslin curtain was drawn before its half-window.

Mary Grey, with cat-like stealthiness, had been prowling about the halls and passages around the old lady's room, seeking to find out the secret of the parson's strange visit, and stealing away when ever she heard the bell ring or a footstep approach.

At dusk she heard the bell ring for the

third time since the door had closed upon the visitor. And she slipped into the wainscoted parlor to avoid detection. The room was now pitch dark.

She waited with a palpitating heart until she heard the approach of old Jerome. He entered the old lady's room, and a moment after that room was lighted up.

And the light shone through the thin muslin curtained window of the communicating door into the dark room where Mary Grey had hidden herself to watch and listen.

This was the chance she had waited for all day. She crept to the door leading into the passage, and softly turned the key to prevent intrusion. Then she slipped off her shoes, and crept to the window in the communicating door.

And there, hidden in darkness herself, she peeped into the lighted room, and saw and heard all that passed in the few more minutes that the strange visitor remained. It was the leave-taking but such a strange one!

The old man knelt at the aged lady's feet, and her venerable hands were extended over his bowed head in solemn benediction.

"Forgive me at last, my mother!" he said, in a voice shaking with intense emotion. "Forgive me and bless my son! my son!" she answered, while her tears fell fast upon him.

"I have lived beyond the natural term of human life to give you this," she sighed.

And then she put out her aged and trembling hand and drew him to her heart.

And the next moment he was gone. Mary Grey remained rooted to the spot with amazement.

Breathless with surprise at having scented a mystery, and baffled in curiosity by having heard just so much and no more, Mary Grey stood yet a few moments longer in the dark room, listening intently.

Then, when she thought the mysterious visitor quite gone, she cautiously felt her way to the door leading into the passage, and softly unlocked and opened it.

The instant she did so, she stood in the full light of the hall, confronted with the Rev. Dr. Jones.

"You have been eavesdropping!" he said, sternly.

She stood as one petrified. She could not even scream.

He took her hand, and led her back into the dark room, and closed the door. Then he drew her away to the end of the room the most distant from the old lady's apartment, and repeated his charge:

"You have been abusing the confidence of the family that protect and trust you by playing the spy to discover their secrets."

"I thought you were gone!" she stammered incoherently.

"No, I am here. I heard a suppressed or half-suppressed breathing and moving close to the door between this and the other room as I passed to go out. I knew then that there was an eavesdropper lurking there, whom it was my duty to discover. I tried the passage door of this room, and found it locked. Then I went down stairs noisily and came back secretly. I waited at the door until the eavesdropper should come forth. But I certainly did not expect to see you."

"I—I don't know you at all!" she gasped in terror, for she had far less courage than duplicity.

"No, you don't know me at all; or at least you don't know anything more of me than that I am called the Rev. Dr. Jones, but, mark me! I know you!" he said, with emphasis.

She could scarcely suppress a scream.

"Yes, notwithstanding the changed color of your hair, I know you well. Your hair was golden when I saw it first, and made a strange contrast with your deep dark eyes. Now, it is raven black."

"You—you are mistaken. You take me for some one else!" she faltered, trembling all over.

He laughed slightly, and shook his head.

"Whom do you take me for?" she now ventured to ask.

"You see that I know you quite well," he said, composedly.

"You do not!" she burst forth, in eager yet suppressed tones. "I am not the girl for whom you take me. And that is not my name."

"No? Then your name, like the color of your hair, has been changed, that is all."

"I never bore the name you called me by. My maiden name was Ross. I changed it legitimately when I married Mr. Grey, she answered, in a tone of suppressed fury.

"So—so—so," slowly muttered the minister. "You are that widow Grey who was to marry my son—martyr Governor Cavendish when his death put an end to your hopes?"

"I was engaged to Mr. Cavendish. He knew me well. He loved and esteemed me. And he had every reason to do so."

Had he not, she would have been disappointed in herself upon an honorable household under an assumed name and character, and with a design upon the hand and fortune of the widowed master of the house?"

"You are a wretch to talk to me so! I don't know who you are. But I know you want to injure me, yes, to ruin me!" she burst forth, in passionate, yet half-suppressed tones.

"Do not be alarmed. I shall not expose you to this family. Death frustrated your designs upon the governor. And really I think it was infinitely better for all concerned that he should have died than that he should have married you. But that misfortune having been prevented, I do not see that you can do any more mischief here. There are no more men here to be drawn down to their destruction. So, as your being here in this pure home may really keep you out of sin, I shall leave you here in peace, at least for the present. But do not let me find you out in eavesdropping again," he said.

And then he turned and left her so suddenly that he was gone before she knew

that he was going.

Then she doubled and shook both her little fists after him as she ground her teeth with impotent rage. And then she slipped out and flew up into her own room, where she relieved her feelings with a burst of hysterical weeping.

CHAPTER XLVII.

At this same hour old Mrs. Cavendish sat meditating in her armchair by the fireside of her chamber. She had sat thus since her strange visitor had left the room. She heard nothing of the singular scene going on in the extremity of the adjoining room. Neither did she hear him when he went softly down the stairs the second time.

But she heard his carriage wheels roll away on the hard gravel of the drive, and then she put her hand to the bell rope and pulled it.

Jerome answered the summons.

"Go and ask Miss Cavendish to come to me," said the old lady.

The servant bowed and went out.

In a few minutes Emma Cavendish came into the room. She came up to the old lady and kissed her, and then she sat down on a stool beside the armchair, and slipped her hand in that of her grandmother.

"You know that I have had a visitor with me all day, Emma?" the old lady commenced.

"Yes, grandmother."

"Do you know who he was?"

"The Rev. Dr. Jones, grandma."

"And who is he besides being Dr. Jones? Do you know, dear?"

"No, ma'am."

"Emma, he is my eldest son."

The girl looked up at the old lady in blank amazement.

"You look astonished. But did you not know, my child—had you never heard that I was a widow when I married your grandfather, General Cameron Cavendish, inquired the old lady.

"Yes, ma'am, I had heard it; but I seemed so very very long ago, I never thought about it at all. It always seemed to me as if you had never been any other than I had always known you, my grandmother, Mrs. Cavendish," said the young lady.

"And you never heard, perhaps, that I had a son by the first marriage?"

"Never!" exclaimed Emma, with no abatement of her surprise.

"Yes, my child. I had not only been a wife, but a mother, as well as a widow, for years before I ever saw your grandfather."

"Will you tell me all about it, dear grandma?"

"I sent for you for that purpose, my child. So now you must hear a little bit of strange family history."

"It will interest me, dear grandma."

"It is a tale of old times, child."

"Well, dear, you know I was born a forlorn, of London, and that I am that like you, I was an only daughter, though not, like you, an heiress."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I had several brothers. My portion would be small. It was for that reason on my parents' wish to make a wealthy marriage. I was young; I had no preferences, and therefore I obeyed them and accepted the offer of Mr. Beresford Jones, of the Beresford Manors."

He was old enough to have been my own grandfather. He was sixty. I was just only seventeen."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Emma.

"Yes, my child. But he made me a right good husband. And I honored him for his wisdom and loved him for his goodness. And our marriage was a right down comfortable and happy one."

For reason, my dear, why I so easily understood the attachment between your dear father and pretty little Mary Grey, you know."

"Yes, grandma."

"Well, Emma, the happy marriage did not last very long. Four years afterward Mr. Beresford Jones died, leaving me a young widow, with an only child, a son of three years old. He had made a will bequeathing the whole of his property to me and my son, share and share alike, unconditionally, and making me the trustee of the estate and the guardian of the heir."

"That was a great responsibility for one so young, grandma."

"Yes, my dear, it was. But I remained at Beresford Manors, taking care of the estate and looking after the education of my boy, for whom I had engaged a competent tutor. All my social pleasures then consisted in visiting and receiving visits from my country neighbors, occasionally stopping in the village, and weekly attendance at church."

"A quiet life, grandma."

"A very quiet life, my dear; and so it might have continued to this very time, had I not, one day at a dinner party, met Cameron Cavendish, then a very handsome young colonel of cavalry. My dear, I think we took a liking to each other at first sight. I do, indeed. Well, my darling, I will not dwell upon that old love story, but tell you at once, that, after an acquaintance of only five weeks, we were married. Our marriage was certainly a very happy one."

"But if family traditions are true, it was a very happy one," said Emma.

"A very happy one, my dear child. In the twenty-five years we lived together, there was never a cloud over-shadowed our heaven of love. He even took my son into his heart, and loved him as his own child. One year after our marriage I was so happy as to give him the brighter of his own, my second son, Charles Cavendish, your father. We had several other children, dear Emma, but all except Charles and Susan—your aunt Wesley—were taken to heaven."

"And therefore you have not lost them, but they are waiting for you there!" said Emma, sweetly and solemnly.

"Yes, waiting for me there," echoed the old lady, and she fell into a reverie, which continued until Emma said:

"Go on and tell me more, dear grandma."

"Ah, yes. Well, the girl was ten years younger than the youngest boy, you know, and so they had nothing to do with her. They, the boys, were nearer of an age. Beresford was four years older than Charles, but he was the brighter of the two. And they studied under the same tutor at home, and afterward entered college together."

The old lady paused for breath.

And Emma paused, a preference in the mother's heart for the son of the second and the love marriage over the son of the first and conventional union. But of course she gave no expression to this thought.

(To be continued.)

Faithfulness.

The diamond is one kind of crystal and coal is another. But, on the whole, though the diamond is beautiful, the world would rather give up its diamonds than its coal. More depends upon the coal—far more. Genius is as shining as the diamond; faithfulness to duty is often as dull as the coal to the eye. But it is the latter, after all, that helps the world most.

Glass in Place of Iron.

The iron ore deposits of the world are being exhausted, and the time is not far distant when we will have to get along without iron and steel. Some substitute will have to be found and it has been suggested by a scientist that the logical successor will be glass.

Interesting.

"Oh, yes, my husband is an enthusiastic archaeologist," said Mrs. Smith. "And I never knew it until yesterday. I found in his desk some queer looking tickets with the inscription, 'Mudhorse, 8 to 1.' And when I asked him what they were, he said they were relics of a lost race; isn't that interesting?"



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# BENSON'S PREPARED CORN

## VORACIOUS PLANTS.

Sense the Presence of Objects at a Slight Distance.

Without eyes, ears or sense of smell, so far as we know, plants are apparently affected by the presence of objects that do not directly touch them. In the case of animals, objects produce this effect through the well-known senses, but it is hardly probable that plants have any of these, although the discovery of lenses, analogous to those of the eye, in the leaves of some plants. Yet they must have some faculty nearly akin to ours, as is clearly shown by the experiments described by S. Leonard Baston. We know now, Mr. Baston asserts, that plants are able to feel objects at a distance. That is to say, they act as if they were aware of the presence of a certain thing, even though they may not be in contact at all. He gives as follows a few of the most startling cases which have come under his notice, says the Scientific American.

Everybody knows that the sundew catches flies. The leaves of this plant are covered with tentacles which, being very sensitive, close in round the captive. But the foliage of the sundew has another remarkable characteristic. If a fly is fixed about half an inch from any of the leaves a most astonishing thing happens. After a short interval it is seen that the sundew leaf has moved perceptibly towards its victim. Soon the cruel tentacles have reached the unhappy fly and are seen to be slowly moving around their prey. There is now no chance to escape, and with every moment the fate of the insect becomes more certain.

A few feeble wriggles and the fly is dead. When one comes to think of it, it is very strange that a plant should be able to go in pursuit of its prey in the manner indicated. Some plants are very unscrupulous;

unable to secure a living on their own account, they prey upon the more hard-working of their fellows. Such is the dodder, a most virulent parasite, which, apart from the first few weeks of its existence, has no roots or leaves, and exists as a bloodsucker on other plants. The seed of the dodder germinates in the soil, and from this arises a curious threadlike growth. Now it is of vital importance that the young dodder should be able to seize hold of some suitable host, such as a clover plant, for instance. It is strange to watch the manner in which this threadlike growth works in and out among the grass stalks, seeking for a victim. When it comes within a certain distance of a clover plant the dodder grows forward at a very rapid pace until a hold is secured. Even the sturdiest plant must go down before the attacks of the cruel parasite. The threadlike shoot is within a few weeks multiplied by the thousand, and from every point are produced suckers which draw away the life-giving sap.

## GUARDS THE QUEEN MOTHER.

Sir Dighton Probyn Attends Her Wherever She Goes.

Wherever Queen Alexander goes the question that is more frequently heard than any other is, "Who is the dear old gentleman with Her Majesty?" Sitting opposite the Queen Mother in her carriage on all occasions is the grand old man with the patriarchal white beard, and when on state occasions the Victoria Cross catches all eyes upon his breast curiosity as to his personality is great.

This is General Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., K.C.B., G.O.V.O., K.C.S.I. Though well over 80, this handsome military patriarch loses none of his youthful ardor when "on guard" over the King's mother, and the high position accorded him in

the entourage of Queen Alexandra has been well won, not only by many years of faithful watchfulness over the destinies of the royal family, but by most distinguished services to the country as an army officer.

For a long time he was keeper of Her Majesty's privy purse. Queen Victoria's personal household consisted of twenty persons. Under King Edward the number was cut down to twelve. Throughout the reign Sir Dighton kept his place, but with the accession of King George, and the necessity of the widowed Queen Alexandra having old faces to whom she had grown attached about her in her separate household, Sir Dighton willingly relinquished his post in order to give the Queen Mother the comfort of his presence near her on all state occasions. And none outside the royal entourage know how absolutely Queen Alexandra relies upon the old V.C. hero for ensuring her personal comfort and safe conduct in her daily jaunts about London and elsewhere.

Sir Dighton, too, lends considerable éclat to a state progress, for he has for many years been one of the real ornaments of royal pageantry in London.

## An Angry Constituent.

"No; I'll never vote for that fellow again."

"Why not?"

"I wrote him that I wanted a government plum and he sent me a couple of seedlings from the Agricultural department."

Lawyer—Madame, I'm sorry to say that I don't see the ghost of a chance for you to break your uncle's will. Olient—Well, to be frank with you, I don't see the ghost of a chance to pay you for what you've already done if the will isn't broken. Lawyer—H'm! On second thought, Madame, I think the will can be made.

## Which Way do You Buy Sugar?

Do you say decisively:

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- get a definite quantity
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Or do you say, thoughtlessly:

- "A quarter's worth of Sugar," or "A dollar's worth of Sugar," and get—
- an unknown quantity
- of unknown quality
- scooped out of an open barrel
- into a paper bag?



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## A DAY IN A CANADIAN SWAMP

It is autumn that, to French Canada at least, brings the full glory of the Canadian year. The wandering Englishman sings of the joys of an English spring, "Oh to be in England now that April's there!" forgetting, under the touch of homesickness, that April may be very tedious and chilly and disheartening, and that the joys may have more poetry than reality about them says a writer in Chambers's Journal. But spring in eastern Canada scarcely exists. One leaps at a bound as it were, from winter to full summer; and it is only afterwards one recalls that there were days full of "the infinite expectation of the dawn," when one watched the exquisite little waves of warm, light green breaking over the tree-tops, and welcomed the robins back to the garden, full of the business of life and mating; to see them later settling down to the responsibility of the worm winner of the brood. Summer in Quebec is hot, and is given up to tourists who take infinite pains to "do" a number of things that no native has ever heard of; but with the beginning of September one looks forward to eight weeks or more of fine, exhilarating weather, and the sport one loves best. Each day is like a golden gift, accepted with deeper intensity of gratitude because of the underlying, impoignant sense of impermanence, and the knowledge that "the shadow of the winter's on the year." Mind and body are in tune after the holiday, and respond gloriously to the fine, incisive quality of the half-summer half-autumn air that makes all exercise a delight. The beauty of the splendid autumn fires burns on every hillside, and kindles every bush and roadside weed into scarlet and copper and gold. The primitive instinct to kill awakes, and the hunter goes off to the hill, or, taking his gun and his dog, spends long days of

### Tramping the Swamp.

The swamp extends from Quebec to St. Joachim, a distance of 26 miles. It lies all the way between the railway track, from which it is separated by a natural hedge of small bushes—alder, thorn, and young willow—and the river St. Lawrence. Near Quebec the ground behind the swamp is almost level, but it gradually humps itself into steep and irregular hills the nearer one gets to St. Joachim. These hills being wooded with birch and maple to a great extent, have often begun to turn even by the last week of August, and to color finely in true Canadian fashion. The prevailing tone varies in accordance with the season; if there has been a great deal of rain the leaves are sometimes almost wholly yellow, giving the effect of hills in perpetual strong sunlight. An early frost produces the brilliant and various reds, broken here and there by the dark or vivid greens of the conifers or deciduous trees that, for some reasons or other, are unaffected by the causes that have touched the others. In these hills there are plenty of partridges, more properly ruffed grouse—and not many miles north of Chateau Richer and Ste Anne, caribou and a few red deer may be met with.

The swamp itself is a slightly raised ridge, averaging about 150 yards in width, but varying greatly. It is crossed at intervals by little streams which at high tide are filled with river water, when one has to walk up to the railway bridge to cross them. The swamp is only completely covered at the high tide once a month. It is thickly overgrown with rank grass, sea-hay, and a tangle of wild stuff; and as old seigniorial law gives the resident right to the hay, the swamp

is cut by the farmers, who feed their cattle with this coarse fodder. The strips of cut-grass just the width of the land higher up owned by the farmer, alternating with frequent pools and the generally wet and soft ground, add to the Difficulty of Walking.

This is particularly the case toward the end of the season, when the west wind and rain have beaten down the tall grass, making the walking from east to west almost impossible for any but an ardent and youthful sportsman. Below the swamps are the Beauport Flats proper—wide, level stretches of mud, inlaid, as it were, with pools which are full of curious reflections of form and color, and broken by sudden, angular ridges of slaty rock. It is here the plover feeds. Beyond the flats are huge boulders on which numbers of great blue herons—very picturesque in spite of their poker-stiff necks and various mechanical movements—and gulls of various species sit to feed at low tide. With the herons it is a case of distance lending enchantment, and it is perhaps as well that they are difficult to approach, for their ungainly legs and neck, and their loose, dull gray plumage infested with parasites, at close quarters detract somewhat from the effect gained by their remoteness.

The natural beauty of the swamp is very great. Behind, in the north, are the hills ablaze against the clear blue sky with the transforming fires of autumn; and parallel with the swamp from Montmorency to Ste Anne runs the Island of Orleans, separated from the mainland by a shallow channel three quarters of a mile wide. In late October and the beginning of November great convoys of thousands of ducks of many species gather in the channel; and though the Quebec game laws distinctly state that no wildfowl of any sort may be shot from a motor-boat, yet the ducks are constantly being chalked by men in gasoline-launches, and this in broad daylight, under the eyes of every sportsman on either the Island or the Ste Anne swamp! The island swamp closely resembles the Ste Anne side, except that, on account of the small size of the Island, there are no streams.

At Ste Anne, Grande Riviere, which is of considerable size compared with the numerous little runnels that flow down the hillsides, and almost deserves its name, divides the swamp by its several channels. At high tide the delta is full of islands frequented sometimes by small "bunches"—to use the local term—of golden eye or mergansers. The general color of the swamp is brownish-gray, yellowing in the distance. On a clear day, as one looks down towards the end of the Island, the water is of an intense ultramarine blue, and the bold promontory of Cap Tourment is backed by almost summer-like masses of white cumulus cloud. Strange and wonderfully beautiful mirage effects are seen near St. Joachim, and through the crisp air one can hear the church bells of Chateau Richer and Ste Anne for miles. The shining spires of the great church, to which thousands of pilgrims make their way every year, are clearly visible lifting into the sky. The original shrine was built by a few French sailors, who had been saved from drowning, and expressed their gratitude and devotion in simple and patriarchal fashion by erecting an altar to their friend and patron. "La bonne Ste Anne Sauvegarde des Marins"; but splendour has long since swallowed up simplicity.

One leaves the town about six o'clock in the morning for a good long day in the marsh. It takes a little less than an hour to get to Ste Anne by electric tram; but a favorite device is to shoot for an hour or two in one place, and then take the tram which runs hourly, for three or four miles, and try the swamp again farther down. It is a clear, almost windless day in early September, with a slight haze hanging about marsh and river, that veils and softens all marsh outlines without obscuring the view.

The Swamp is Full of Birds. but so early in the season snipe are few, and those found are small, breeding birds, very generally distributed. Later on in October, when the ducks are arriving in large flocks, the larger snipe come from the north in pairs or small groups of four or five. The migration of the jacksnipe or pectoral sandpiper is just commencing, and the yellowlegs, young turnstones, black-breasted and ring-necked plover are still to be found. Sandpipers and plovers are on the beach early in the day, but about eight o'clock snipe seem to drop in from nowhere. They flush zigzag and curving, uttering a harsh "Escape! escape!" as they do so; but at this season the snipe shooting is nothing to what it will be in late October, when no other shore-birds, except perhaps the jacks and a few greater yellow legs remain. Even now the commonest shore-birds, the least and semi-palmated sandpiper, of which at the very beginning of the season one may see flocks of hundreds swinging up the river, wheeling alighting, feeding, and upon being disturbed taking flight again, always up, are almost all gone, all but a few stragglers. Sora rails are very common, but Virginia rail, the larger cousin of the sora, is

## PRESERVE BABY'S SKIN



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Assisted when necessary by Cuticura Ointment. They keep the skin and scalp clean and clear, sweet and healthy, besides soothing irritations which often prevent sleep and if neglected become chronic disfigurements.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on the care and treatment of the skin and scalp, sent post-free. Address: Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 3K, Boston, U. S. A.

rare; one seldom sees more than two or three in a season. Bittern are numerous, and put up with a frightened squawk. Sometimes they fly to the hills, and are lost to view in the trees. The habitants make them into a not unsavory pie, and are very glad of a present of a couple, when at midday one finds one's way up to a cottage to get a cup of coffee and a huge bowl of real habitant soup—almost a stew, and extraordinary good. The French-Canadian farmers in this locality are extremely well-to-do, and live very comfortably. "On mange comme il faut chez nous" was the dignified reply of a farmer wife to a young and hungry hunter who demanded rather magnificently

### What He Could Have to Eat.

and after partaking of their good fare he felt inclined to agree heartily in the vernacular "Beau domage!" which is equivalent to "Rather!"

The least bittern, not inaptly described as resembling a bit of yellow tape, is uncommon. Young black duck in the early season, and there are plenty of other wild fowl in the river—scaup, golden-eye, mergansers, and "butterball." Often small flocks of butterball are flushed from the crossing streams. They paddle violently along the water for a few yards to gain impetus, hurl themselves into the air, and fly like small cannon balls far down the river, till they join a flock of their own species in mid-channel, or disappear completely.

The sun drops below the northern hills comparatively early, and the mist which has hung about the swamp and river all day becomes a translucent golden haze. The spires of Ste Anne reflect a crimson glow, and the little cottages on the Island seem to be on fire. The luminous color gradually becomes more opaque, and through the thickening mist the lights of Quebec begin to appear one by one, till dusk falls completely, and the city lies like a handful of twinkling jewels on the hill.

Twelve hours is a long day, and one reaches the firm ground above the marsh to wait for a tram, well content to be on one's homeward way, and to have perhaps some dozen or fourteen snipe, twice as many plover, a couple of fat black experimented on in a pie, after the excellent fashion of the habitant.

## When a Woman Suffers With Chronic Backache

There is Trouble Ahead. Constantly on their feet, attending to the wants of a large and exacting family, women often break down with nervous exhaustion. In the stores, factories, and on a farm are weak, ailing women, dragged down with torturing backache and bearing down pains. Such suffering isn't natural, but it's dangerous, because due to diseased kidneys. The dizziness, insomnia, deranged menses and other symptoms of kidney complaint can't cure themselves, they require the assistance of Dr. Hamilton's Pills which go direct to the seat of the trouble. To give vitality and power to the kidneys, to lend aid to the bladder and liver, to free the blood of poisons, probably there is no remedy so successful as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. For all womanly irregularities their merit is well known. Because of their mild, soothing, and healing effect, Dr. Hamilton's Pills are safe, and are recommended for girls and women of all ages. 25 cents per box at all dealers. Refuse any substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Man- drade and Butternut.

## Knee Joint Stiff Three Years

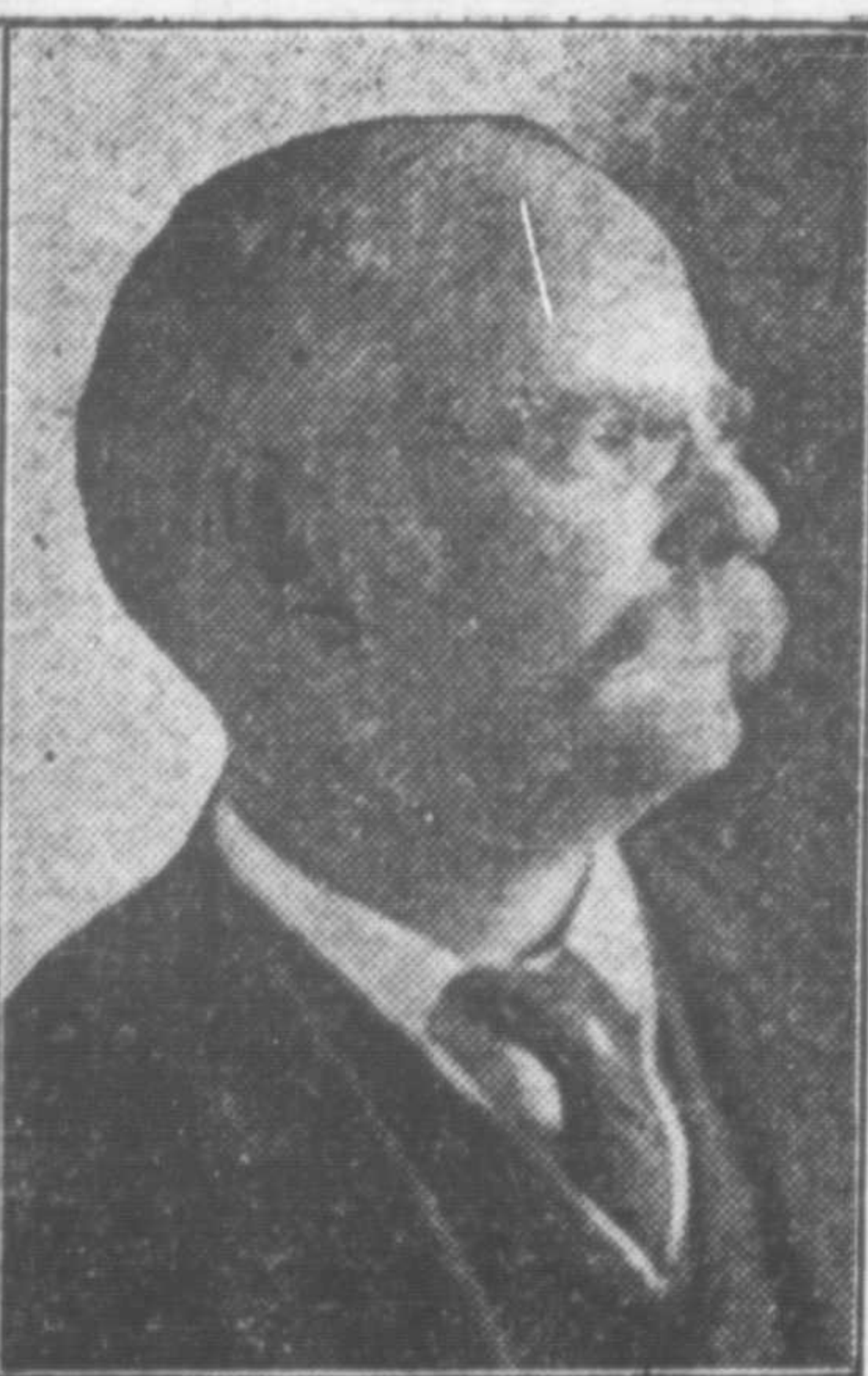
### CURED BY NERVILINE.

Anyone would marvel at my recovery, writes Mr. Leonard Lotham, a young man well known about Chatham. I had inherited a rheumatic tendency through my mother's family, and in my early days suffered frightfully. About three years ago the pain and stiffness settled in my left knee joint. I was lame and walked with a very distinct limp. Nerviline was brought to my notice and I rubbed it into the stiff joint four or five times a day. It dispelled every vestige of pain, reduced the swelling, took out the stiffness and gave me the full use of my limb again. I don't believe there is a pain-relieving remedy, not a single liniment that can compare with Nerviline. I hope every person with pains, with sore back, with lameness, with lumbago, with neuralgia—I do hope they will try out Nerviline which I am convinced will quickly and permanently cure them. If Nerviline wasn't a wonderful painless remedy, if Nerviline didn't quickly relieve, if Nerviline wasn't known to be a grand cure for all rheumatic conditions, it wouldn't have been so largely used as a family remedy for the past forty years. No better, stronger, or more soothing liniment made. Get the large 50c. family size bottle; small trial size 25c.; sold by any dealer, anywhere.

### HON. CHAS. JOSEPH DOHERTY

The Canadian Minister of Justice Is a Genial Man.

Hon. Chas. Joseph Doherty, Minister of Justice and member of the House of Commons for the St. Ann's District of Montreal, is acting as Premier while Sir Robert Borden takes a rest in Muskoka from the worries and labors of that position. From the worries particularly would Sir Robert be delivered. "Judge" Doherty is not a worrier. He has the happy faculty of working without worrying. His nature is that of a genial, sunny-dispositioned Irishman of ripened philosophy. He smokes a cigar with extreme calm and enjoyment. He can relax—that's the blessed endowment which distinguishes him from his leader, Sir Robert, who is conscious of his responsibilities all the time, day or night. Nothing more learned, sounder, or sounding, than Judge Doherty's speeches in the House are ever heard there since his election in 1903. The Minister of Justice delivers his utterances from his seat



Hon. C. J. Doherty.

for St. Ann's, as he used to deliver his judgments from the bench of the Superior Court of Quebec, which he adorned for five years back in the nineties. His style is entirely judicial, tempered, however, at times by a smile, and a delicious underlying sense of humor.

When he is in true form is when he is put up by the Government to state the legal and constitutional aspect of a subject in Parliamentary controversy. Then he succeeds beautifully in making the question as clear as mud. Nobody on the Opposition side can follow him, while those on the Government side sit back at ease, smiling. They don't need to follow him.

Sentences Miles Long. They know the judge can bewilder them. He goes at it by a system of parenthesis. His sentences are miles long, with dependent clauses at every few yards. His predicate verb is withheld until the last. Nobody knows when it is coming, not even the judge.

After he is satisfied that he has completely involved his hearers in a hopeless tangle of comparisons, he, with marvellous surety and skill, picks his way out of his parenthesis, closing them after him one by one, like gates, and comes to his final assertion and his verb so long awaited. By that time the subject at the other end of the sentence is forgotten. It's a perfectly good sentence, however—if his hearers could only follow it, with a logical argument in it, all exceptions, accidents, farewell cases, etc., etc., duly noted by the way.

Judge Doherty, as was universally acknowledged, made the wittiest and best speech at the Press Gallery dinner last session. It was spontaneous entirely, being suggested by a joke in the menu card upon his parenthetical, indeterminate sentences. As a genial after-dinner speaker trust an Irishman, and Judge Doherty is an Irishman, inasmuch as his father and mother both come from the troubled isle.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Theories cause us more worry than do facts. Dead men's shoes seldom fit those who wait for them. The charity that begins at home also covers a lot of sins. Boat rockers on the sea of matrimony deserve their fate. Some men carry their courage around in a pocket flask. Many a man learns something every time a fool blunders. A woman's strength lies in her knowledge of a man's weakness. Some men are honest because they are too poor to be otherwise. It sometimes happens that the chap who hesitates doesn't get lost. A man is known as his mother's son until he becomes his wife's husband. A good woman may be talked about, but she doesn't talk about others. Be sure you are right, but don't be too blamed sure that everybody else is wrong. Don't think because a girl's complexion is a dream that all dreams are hand-painted. Of course, a married man can live on less than a bachelor—if his wife takes in washing.

## SUMMER COMPLAINTS KILL LITTLE ONES

At first sign of illness during the hot weather give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours he may be beyond aid. The Tablets will prevent summer complaint if given occasionally to the well child and will promptly cure these troubles if they come on suddenly. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are young children. There is no other medicine so good, and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that they are absolutely safe. Mrs. Edward Covell, Lombardy, Ont., says: "A mother who has once used Baby's Own Tablets for her children will never fail to show her gratitude for them. They made a wonderful change in the health of my little ones." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### Some Insurance Items.

Beyond the fact that we can insure our own lives—a fact of which agents, canvassers, and officers do not fail to remind us—few people know that quite legal insurances can be taken out in many ways, says London Answers. For instance, every subject of the King has an insurable interest in the King's life, and may insure him. A creditor can legally insure the life of a debtor for the amount of the debt, and even when the debt is paid, the creditor may lawfully continue the insurance. An employer of labor can insure the lives of his workers, the insurable interest, which alone makes the policies legal, being that he is liable for fatal injuries received in the course of their work. Mere relationship does not create an insurable interest. Husbands and wives can insure each other, and a child can insure its father; but a brother cannot, generally speaking, insure his brothers and sisters. Life policies can be sold or assigned, with notice to the company and an acknowledgment, but fire policies are not transferred without the company's consent.

### A Friend of the Policeman

Continually on their feet, the "Peelers" are invariably troubled with corns and bunions—but not for long, because they know of a quick cure, Putnam's Corn Extractor. It cures painlessly in 24 hours; try "Putnam's," 25c. at all dealers.

### No Bills to Pay.

She (reproachfully)—You didn't mind spending money on me before we were married. He—No; I had it then to spend.

### SUMMER TOURIST RATES TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

Via Chicago and North Western Ry. Special low rate round trip tickets on sale from all points in Canada to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, Victoria, Edmonton, Calgary, Banff, Yellowstone Park, etc., during August and September. Excellent train service. For rates, illustrated folders, time tables and full particulars, address, B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 46 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Some profits are not without dishonor.

### Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Discourtesy. "I don't think your father feels very kindly toward me," said Mr. Stalate. "You misjudge him. The morning after you called on me he seemed quite worried for fear I had not treated you with proper courtesy. 'Indeed! What did he say?' 'He asked me how I could be so rude as to let you go away without your breakfast.'"

When a man appears to be listening attentively to your talk he may be thinking of something to say.

The world soon gets tired of a chronic kicker.

Minard's Liniment Cures Gargot in Cows.

## CLARK'S SOUPS

Delicately flavoured—Highly concentrated. WHY WORRY! Choose your variety and ask your grocer for "Clark's".

### FARMS FOR SALE.

M. W. DAWSON, Ninety Colborne Street, Toronto.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL A Fruit, Stock, Grain or Dairy Farm, write H. W. Dawson, Brampton, or 99 Colborne St., Toronto.

H. W. DAWSON, Colborne St., Toronto.

### NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE.

GOOD WEEKLY LITTLE TOWN IN York County. Stationery and Book Business in connection. Price only \$4,000. Terms liberal. Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—TEN PAIRS BREEDING Foxes. Correspondence solicited. Reid Bros., Bothwell, Ont.

CANCER, TUMORS, LUMPS, ETC. Internal and external, cured without pain by our home treatment. Write us before too late. Dr. Bellman Medical Co., Limited, Collingwood, Ont.

## ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE

Under the control of the Department of Agriculture of Ontario. Established 1892. Affiliated with the University of Toronto.

N.B.—College will re-open on Thursday, the 1st of October, 1914, in the new College Building, 110 University Ave., Toronto, Canada.

CALENDAR ON APPLICATION. E. A. A. GRANGE, V.S., M.S. Principal.

### Perfectly Trustworthy.

"I see you employ a number of girls." "Yes, and they work well." "Don't watch the clock then?" "Don't even watch the mirror."

### Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

### Anybody Know?

"Carrots are good for the complexion." "How about the hair? Will they make it curly?"

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Minard's Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Minard's Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

### Logical.

Wife—I can read you like a book, John. Husband—Then I wish you'd do more reading and less questioning.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT on my vessel and my family for years, and for the every day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal. I would not start on a voyage without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle. CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN, Schrs. "Storke," St. Andre, Kamouraska.

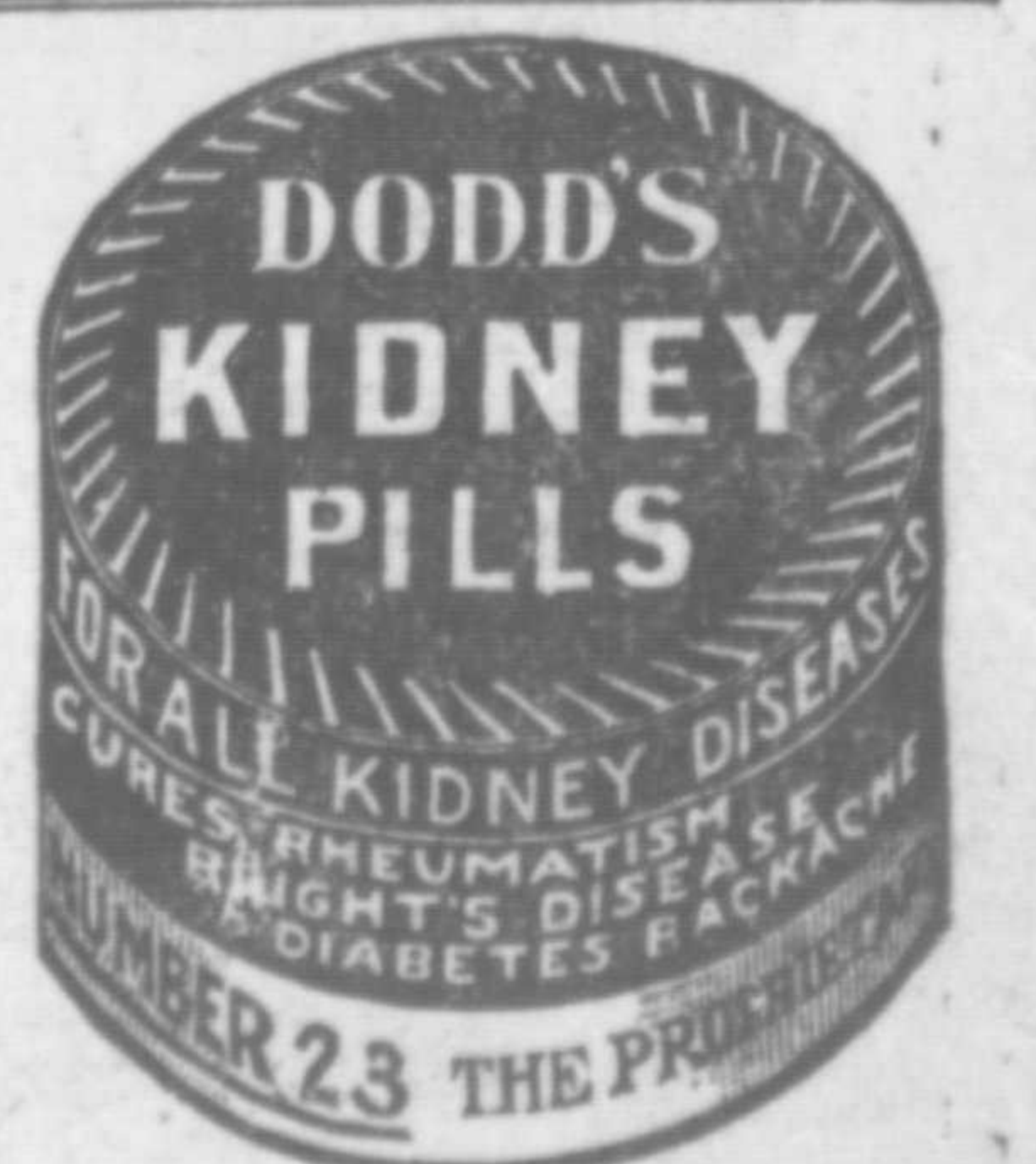
Mr. Fogarty (in proposing the bride's health)—An' it's meself is proud to say I've known the bride this 40 year. The Bride—It's a thunderin' liar you are, Fogarty, me bein' only just turned thirty wan an' a half.

### Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

### Why Knock?

Mrs. Ellsworth had a new colored maid. One morning, as the maid came downstairs, the mistress said: "Emma did you knock at Miss Flora's door when I sent you up with her breakfast?" "No, ma'am," replied the maid, with preternatural gravity. "What was de use of a knockin' at her do' we'en I knowed fo' sure she was in dar?"

Better a penny in the hand than a nickel in the slot.



## We Do the Cooking

You avoid fussing over a hot stove—

Save time and energy—Have a dish that will please the home folks!

A package of

## Post Toasties

and some cream or good milk—sometimes with berries or fruit—

A breakfast, lunch or supper

### Fit for a King!

Toasties are sweet, crisp bits of Indian corn perfectly cooked and toasted—

Ready to eat from the package—

Sold by Grocers.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.



## The Shawville Boot and Shoe Store



### Listen to Reason

**C**OMMONSENSE applied to the purchasing of your footwear will convince you of two things:—

That you cannot get value in a "cheap" shoe—because the materials which enter into their making must necessarily be "cheap."

That "cheap" shoes cost more than really good shoes—because their lack of durability necessitates more frequent purchases.

There are good reasons why you should buy

### INVICTUS SHOES

They possess every attribute of style, comfort and durability. That's why this store's reputation is back of every pair we sell.

**P. E. SMILEY.**

### HOMEMAKERS' CLUBS.

#### TIME OF MEETING:

Wyman, - - First Friday,  
Bristol, - - First Thursday,  
Shawville - - First Saturday  
Starks Corners, Second Thurs.  
Elmside - Second Wednesday,  
Austri - First Tuesday,  
of each month.

#### Local and District.

##### OTTER LAKE

The corner stone of the new R. C. Church at Otter Lake was laid on Tuesday of last week, with imposing ceremonies. Bishop Ryan of Pembroke and a number of the clergy of the district were in attendance, and a large congregation was present. The large edifice, which is being built of concrete blocks, set in a massive timber frame, promises to be a very imposing structure when completed.

Quite a number of people from a distance have been guests at the Murphy House for several weeks past, enjoying the pure air, and the scenic beauties of that charming locality.

##### CAMPBELLS BAY

A unique and most successful entertainment was given by the Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian Church of Campbells Bay, assisted by lady friends, on Wednesday, August 5th, in Mr. McManus' hall (kindly lent). The programme was opened by the minister, Rev. H. C. Brown, who called upon Miss M. Moorhead for a piano solo.

The entertainment took the form of a Ladies' Aid business meeting of fifty years ago, entitled "An Old-time Ladies' Aid Business Meeting at Mohawk Cross Roads." The costumes of the ladies were much admired; the acting of the various characters was very much in evidence. Special mention should be made of Mrs. Green (Mrs. J. Lunam) in whose parlors the ladies met, and of her visitors from Boston, Mrs. Kindly (Miss M. Prior), and Mrs. DeLloyd FitzHammond (Miss P. Lunam); also of Mrs. Crowler, who continually brought her estimable husband to the notice of the ladies. The Suffragette element being so prominent (Mrs. Dale), Mrs. W. Prior took her stand for the vote. Mrs. Day (Mrs. D. Stevenson) took the part of Treasurer to great advantage. The lady who was very much concerned about her baby's health was given excellent advice, but unfortunately fainted (as desired), Mrs. Jones (Miss N. Brown).

Space forbids us to mention all the ladies; but the acting of Mrs. Scott (Mrs. H. Lunam) an ancient lady, full of wise sayings and sound advice, was superb. The singing of Mrs. H. C. Brown was much admired; the possessor of a sweet voice, she was heard to great advantage in her song The Holy City. Her daughter, also an accomplished singer, sang The Better Land. Mrs. H. Lunam and Miss Sharpe rendered an excellent duet. The gem of the evening was a reading by Mrs. H. C. Brown, an accomplished elocutionist, in her rendering of the Yankee in Love, brought down the house in great applause.

A hearty vote of thanks to the ladies who had helped; to Mr. McManus for use of the hall; to Mr. Bolam for use of piano; to Mr. G. Letts for building platform; to Smith Bros. for lumber, and others.

The singing of God Save the King brought a very enjoyable evening to a close.

#### R. R. A.

##### Scores made August 12th.

Name.	200	500	600	Tl
John Stewart.....	34	34	32	100
H. Stewart.....	31	29	31	91
P. Toner.....	30	32	29	91
Geo. Pirie.....	31	30	29	90
W. Maitland.....	30	29	30	89
Wm. Pirie.....	30	27	31	88
G. Paul.....	30	31	27	88
J. H. Smiley.....	30	25	30	85
R. C. Woodley.....	30	27	27	84
C. Cameron.....	27	26	29	82
G. Stewart.....	30	17	30	77
Wm. Thompson.....	25	25	20	70
G. Harrold.....	22	25	12	68
A. Fraisher.....	22	16	23	61
W. Cameron.....	30	28	..	58
W. Chisnel.....	17	12	46	75
C. Stewart.....	16	15	14	45
We Pirie.....	30	14	..	44
G. A. Stewart.....	13	16	10	39
A. Chisnel.....	..	12	14	35
H. Chisnel.....	..	11	2	13

#### Card of Thanks

Mr. Ernest R. Laughren desires, thro' the columns of THE EQUITY, to thank his many friends and neighbors for the kindness shown to him, both at Wyman and Shawville, in regard to the sudden death of his wife at Regina, Sask., on August 7.

#### Card of Thanks

Mrs. McCuaig, who was recently bereaved by the tragic death of her daughter, Nellie H. McCuaig, at Green Lake, desires to express her sincere thanks and gratitude to those who befriended her by their kind assistance and sympathy during that sad and trying ordeal.

## CONCRETE WORK EXECUTED.

We, the undersigned, have purchased a CONCRETE MIXER and are now in shape to do all kinds of concrete work, either by contract or by the hour. For full particulars apply to

**JAS. R. & JOHN A. DEAN,**  
Stark's Corners, Que

## HELP PROTECT THE DEER.

And other Game during Close Season by reporting at once to the undersigned any violation of the Game Law you become aware of. Liberal compensation paid for convicting evidence. All correspondence strictly private and confidential.

**N. McCUAIG**  
Prov. Game Warden.  
Bryson January, 1913.

## Tailoring!

### Suits to Measure.

If you want a smart, stylish, up-to-date Suit to measure call and see

### S. MOORHOUSE

—AT THE—

### RUSSELL HOUSE :: SHAWVILLE ::

I have 20 years' experience in high class Tailoring—7 years with 2 Maes, Ottawa.

I guarantee you every satisfaction in style, fit and workmanship.

### S. MOORHOUSE.

Gentlemen's own Material made up

When you want the best value for your money in

### SHINGLES

at \$1.60 per M. and up

Also Laths, Dry Lumber, Clapboards, Flooring, End Matched Hardwood Flooring, Mouldings, Doors, etc., try

**A. F. CAMPBELL,**

Box 455

Arnprior, Ont.

### Stray Bull

Strayed on to my premises some time in June a small yearling bull, roan color. Owner requested to come and pay expenses incurred and remove the animal at once.

**GEO. B. ARMSTRONG,**  
Radford.

### Tenders Wanted.

Tenders for the work of Caretaking of Shawville Academy will be received by the undersigned up to August 21st, 8.00 p.m. Tenders should state the amount required per month for the coming scholastic year. All tenders to be sealed and marked "Tender for Caretaker, Academy."

Draft of the nature of the work to be done may be seen at the Secretary's Office.

**R. W. HODGINS,**  
Secretary.

### PUBLIC NOTICE

Province of Quebec,  
School Municipality of Clarendon.  
Is hereby given to all proprietors of real estate and resident householders of this municipality that the Valuation Roll made by order of the School Commissioners of the municipality, is deposited in my office, where it may be examined by the interested parties during thirty days from this notice; during which time any rate-payer interested may, in writing, complain of such roll, which shall be taken into consideration and homologated at a meeting of the School Commissioners to be held on Saturday, 29th August, at one o'clock p.m.

Given at Shawville this 30th day of July, 1914.

**M. A. McKINLEY,**  
Secty-Treas.

## PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free.

**MARION & MARION,**  
364 University St., Montreal.

### Calling of Creditors.

Province of Quebec,  
District of Pontiac.

### SUPERIOR COURT.

No. 1471.  
In re. WILLIAM, THEODORE BENSON CONN, Merchant, of Fort Coulonge, and there doing business alone under the name of CONN & CO., An Absentee.

It is hereby ordered to the creditors of the said absentee to appear before the Superior Court at the Court House at Bryson Tuesday, 1st September, 1914, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon to give their advice on the appointment of a Curator and Inspectors to the Estate of said absentee.

Bryson, P. Q., 11th August, 1914.  
**H. LAROCQUE,**  
Provisional Guardian.  
**H. A. ST. PIERRE,**  
Prothonotary.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

### Homeseekers Excursions

Round Trip to  
Manitoba Saskatchewan, Alberta,

Tickets from Ontario and Quebec good going every Tuesday, March to October inclusive. Return limit two calendar months from date of sale.

For further particulars apply to any Can. Pac. Ry. Agent.

**E. J. HEBERT,**  
1st Asst. Genl. Pgr. Agent,  
Montreal, Que.

### Equity Advt. Pay.

### Pumps Supplied

### Wells Repaired.

We are now in a position to fill orders for Pumps and repair Wells on short notice, and would therefore, be pleased to have your order now, as it is a suitable time.

We are now putting in pumps with a galvanized lining that makes a great improvement.

PRICES:—Pumps at our shop, near Starks Corners, \$6.00, and \$7.00 and up (according to length and condition of well).

All pumps guaranteed to give satisfaction.

**H. S. ELLIOTT & SONS,**  
R. R. No. 2, Shawville.

### Cold Comfort.

There is a certain hotel up in British Columbia that has a reputation for being reasonably cold. It is a frame structure, and the walls are thin and shaky. One morning during a blizzard two guests who had been there the night before came out of their rooms on opposite sides of the hall. The first man said:

"Whew! I'm nearly frozen! I never was so cold in my life. I slept with all my clothes on and everything else piled on me, but I'm frosted through!"

"Same here," said the other. "I was on the windward side of this hut. I put on my buffalo coat over my clothes, but I don't think I'll ever get warm."

They went down to the hotel office. There, huddled over the stove, was a stage driver who had lost his way and been out all night. His hair and whiskers were lumps of ice. His fur hat was frozen to his head. He shivered and shook with the cold, though he was practically sitting on the stove. He looked like a human icicle. The two guests looked at him for a minute. Then one of them asked:

"Which room did you have, partner?"

### A Matter of Nerve.

Arthur Ellis, the official executioner, presided in a most calm and efficient manner at the taking-off of a young Italian murderer in Montreal a few weeks ago, the execution taking place at Montreal's fine new jail at Bordeaux, about seven miles from the city. An hour later, while standing on the station platform awaiting the train, which would take him back to the city, Ellis observed a man walk leisurely across the track while the incoming train was some fifty or seventy-five feet away. After watching the pedestrian until assured that he was out of danger, Ellis turned away with something like a shudder, and exclaimed: "By Jove, that fellow has nerve! Now, I wouldn't dare do a thing like that!"

### Too Much For Quebec.

The Sunday laws of the Province of Quebec are not nearly so strict as those of Ontario, but they have a limit, and this was reached when an enterprising Montreal dealer in a horizon subdivision announced an auction sale of five hundred lots for Sunday afternoon, prospective purchasers being transported to the scene by special train. The crowd was assembled, and the auctioneer was just stepping upon the block when a telegram forbidding the sale was received from the Assistant Attorney-General of the province, acting upon direct orders from Sir Lomer Gouin.

### A Botanical Garden.

The Botany Department of the Manitoba Agricultural College is establishing a Botanical Garden and Arboretum, wherein a variety of plants will be placed with the object of having as complete and representative a collection of plants, trees, and shrubs as close to the college as possible, thereby facilitating class study with the summer classes and providing material for the winter classes.

A large number of conifers have been planted this spring. These were sent down from the granite districts north of the Winnipeg river this spring by Prof. Jackson of the Botany Department, and so far are doing well. Another lot of conifers was obtained through the courtesy of Norman Ross, of the Indian Head Forestry Station. These included seedling pines such as the Scotch Pine, Jack Pine, Lodge Pine and several spruces. The birch will be grown from seed later on in the season.

A complete set of seeds of grasses and forage plants has been obtained in order to have a representative lot for the scientific study of grasses and clovers by the fifth year students.

### Meeting the Salmon.

In British Columbia the Indians ceremoniously went to meet the first salmon and in flattering voices tried to win their favor by calling them all chiefs.

Every spring the Karaks used to dance for salmon. Meanwhile one of their number secluded himself in the mountains and fasted for ten days. Upon his return he solemnly approached the river, took the first salmon of the catch, ate some of it, and with the remainder lighted a sacrificial fire. The same Indians laboriously climbed the mountain top after the poles for the spearing booth, being convinced that if they were gathered where salmon were watching no fish would be caught.

### To Keep Boys on Farm.

By taking steps to inaugurate a series of debates and concerts each year in connection with its social community work, the recently organized Lambton Farmers' Co-operative Association is hopeful of keeping the boys and young men of the county on the farms to a much greater extent than obtains at present.

## Our Aim to Please

We endeavor to handle goods that will please our patrons, and at prices to suit everyone.

If your purchase is satisfactory, kindly favor us again. If not satisfactory, please let us know and we will gladly make it right.

General Merchandise, Dry Goods, Groceries and Martin Senour Co's. 100 p. c. Pure Paints.

**E. B. CAYLER - PORTAGE DU FORT.**

## TRY ON SOME OF OUR New Suits and Overcoats.



See how attractive they are in style, how perfect they fit, and of what excellent fabrics they are made. You'll see an immense line of quiet, practical and refined styles, which are so much in demand by correctly attired men.

The gaudy, loud and freakish garments are entirely omitted. The garments we show will appeal to discriminating men who appreciate distinction, yet desire refined styles.

The SWEETNESS of low prices will never atone for the BITTERNESS of poor quality. It is what you get for the price that counts. Any one of our "NEW ERA" Fall Garment Offerings is an all demonstration of the fact that buying ready-to-wear garments here is a paying proposition for you.

DON'T PAY TOO LITTLE FOR A "BARGAIN," IT MAY COST YOU TOO MUCH. We always put the importance of Quality before price—but our prices are low when you consider the quality. As people grow more careful in buying the surer we are of their trade.

## ARCHIE DOVER

The Style Store for Men.

The Store That's Built on Quality.

## Frost & Wood and Cockshutt Machinery.

### PLOWS:

MAPLE LEAF, 2 Furrow  
CROWN GANG

Also a full line of Walking Plows.

**S. E. HODGINS,**

D. McRae's Old Stand

Main St., Shawville.