

NEW ONTARIO LAND SEEKERS

Attractions of the Temiscaming Region Pourtrayed.

EASTERN END OF THE CLAY BELT

A Splendid Farming Country—15,000,000 Acres of Land Almost for the Asking—Something About the 1,500,000 Acres of the Temiscaming Valley—A Well-Watered Country—Large Influx of Settlers.

The present season is likely to witness a considerably greater influx of land-seekers into New Ontario than has hitherto taken place, as the great advantages offered by this important section of our own province become better understood. Of all the districts now open for settlement the Temiscaming appears to present the greatest attractions as a purely agricultural district to settlers from Eastern Ontario on account of its advantages in the way of water communication and the prospects of close connection with the leading markets of Ontario by rail in the near future. It possesses the largest continuous area of first-class agricultural land, the group of townships of rich level land now surveyed and open for settlement lying to the west and north of Lake Temiscaming being merely the eastern extremity of the great clay belt comprising about fifteen and a half millions of acres, which, with a slight break at the Height of Land, stretches across the districts of Nipissing and Algoma into the northeastern portion of Thunder Bay.

Fine Fertile Soil.

About one-half of the 1,500,000 acres comprised in the Temiscaming Valley has been surveyed and laid out in townships. The land, which rises abruptly from the lake shore to a height of about 50 feet, slopes gradually toward the Height of Land, which is about 50 miles distant from the lake. The soil is fully equal in fertility to that of any portion of Southern Ontario, being a rich clay with a surface of black vegetable mould. There is very little rock or loose stone, some townships being without stone of any sort. The settlement is well watered by a number of streams and rivers flowing into Lake Temiscaming from the north and northwest. This provides the settler with a ready means of marketing the timber and cordwood cut from their lands in clearing, for which good prices can be obtained on delivery on the bank of the nearest favorable stream.

Crops mature very rapidly. Settlers have in some cases taken up land in May, made a small clearance and harvested a crop the same year. Oats sown in June have been reaped in a fully ripened condition in time to be exhibited at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition on Sept. 20th. The district is destined to become a great stock-raising and dairying country, as it possesses all the requisites for the establishment of these important branches of industry, more especially in the excellence of the pasturage furnished by the luxuriant growth of grass and natural vegetation, the plentiful supply of pure water and the cheapness of land and building material.

Growth of Population.

The present population of the district is estimated at about 2,000, and is rapidly increasing. The progress of settlement has been considerably stimulated by the construction of colonization roads by the Government, the sum of \$3,000 being appropriated for that purpose in 1900 and a similar amount in 1901. There are two villages in the district—Thomson, the larger of the two, is situated at the head of navigation on the Ontario side of the lake, and Halesbury, on the lake shore, further to the south.

Northward, Ho! A great deal of interest is being taken in the land-seekers' excursion, which has been arranged by the Provincial Government by way of the C. P. R. to Temiscaming station and thence by steamer to Thomson and Halesbury. The rates have been put at a low figure and many workingmen from Toronto and other places, as well as large numbers from the country, are preparing to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded of seeing the country. The excursion starts on the 28th, and the land-seekers will have fifteen days, giving ample opportunity for a close inspection of the locality. Mr. Thomas Southworth, Director of Colonization, will accompany the excursion. The result of the new departure in promoting settlement in Ontario will be watched with interest. Many have already gone in since the opening of navigation in order to have an earlier choice of lots.

Restocking the Lakes.

Mr. Bastard, Deputy Minister of Fisheries, has recently superintended the transportation of parent bass from Lake Erie to the lakes of the Muskoka District. Three or four car loads a week were shipped. Each car contained about 1,000 fish. The extent of the work is shown by the fact that, as a starter, one car load of fish was put in Lake St. Joseph, one in Lake Rosseau, and one in Lake Muskoka, to be followed by others throughout the season, while a number of streams in which no fish have appeared for years will be restocked.

National Park for Canada.

The Ontario Government has reserved 1,400,000 acres of wild land near Lake Temagami, a great lake lying west of Lake Temiscaming, on the upper Ottawa. This will be used as a national park, where the timber will be preserved and the game will be allowed to increase. The number of beavers and deer is increasing.

TO-DAY'S POSSIBILITIES.

I may not, when the sun goes down,
Have added to my store
Of worldly goods, or gained renown
Through gallantry or lore.

I may not, while I strive to-day,
Move onward to the goal—
The gleaming goal so far away—
On which I've set my soul.

But I can show a kindness to
Some one who stands without,
And I can praise some toiler who
Is toiling on in doubt.

And when the sun goes down, I still
May be a better man—
No matter what the Fates may will—
Than when I first began.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times Herald.

An Impetuous Greeting.

Along a deserted country road one dark night in May a solitary wayfarer was leading a disabled bicycle. He came to a place where two roads crossed, and paused undecided. He glanced about in the gloom and found that he was near a house. "I'll ask there," he said, walking up to the door knocked boldly.

Hardly had his knuckles left the panel, when the door burst open and a young person in a dark skirt and light waist hurried herself upon him. The force of the blow caused him to stagger backward. Involuntarily he clasped her close in his arms while he regained his equilibrium, then he released her.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she gasped. "I thought it was a May-basket." Then, as suddenly as she had come, she darted into the house and the door went to with a bang behind her. The man picked up his bicycle from the ground where he had laid it and went back to the corners. Here he stood meditating. He looked in all four directions, then glanced at the house and shook his head. "I guess I'll take my chances on the road," he said, and started down the southern one.

As he went along, the clinking of the chain as it passed over the sprocket teeth sounding plainly in the stillness, he cogitated thus: "I have just made a most interesting discovery. How by accident we sometimes stumble on these scientific facts. Now, if I had not punctured my tire just as dark was coming on, and then lost my way, I never should have known that during the month of May the houses in country places are so many catapulas. You have merely to knock on the door and a beautiful young lady will be shot into your arms, instead of into a net, as they do it at the circus."

Mrs. Jameson's was considered a very pleasant place to board, and vacancies were awaited for eagerly by those who knew of the quiet and homeliness of her peaceful dwelling. She never would have more than four boarders at a time, so it did not seem like a regular boarding house.

"I can't take care of more than that number," she often said. "If I had more I'd be obliged to keep a girl and that won't do. I get along very well with what help Jamie can give me about dishes and on wash days."

This habit of calling her husband "Jamie" led to the boarders calling her "Mrs. Jamie."

It was a day in September, and the newest boarder sat looking across Mrs. Jamie's table at the oldest boarder. She was the new school teacher—her predecessor in both school and boarding house had been married the previous summer—and he was a young bachelor whose work was in a down town law office. She thought that he had a good face, and he thought there was something strangely familiar about her voice, though at the same time he was sure that he had never heard those tones before.

As the weeks and months went by, a friendly liking grew between these two. Each felt free to call on the other for any little help that was needed, and many and long were the discussions indulged in by them.

During the short Christmas and spring vacations the oldest boarder missed the newest one, and when school days began again there was a noticeable rise in his spirits.

One evening in May these two and Mrs. Jamie were in the sitting room. Mrs. Jamie sewing patchwork, Mr. Sayward looking at the evening paper and Miss Stewart resting in a big chair, her hands lying idly on its arms.

There came a ring at the door bell and Mrs. Jamie went to answer it. In an instant she appeared again carrying something in her hand. "It's a May basket for you, Miss Stewart," she cried excitedly. Sayward sprang to his feet and rushed from the room, Miss Stewart following after.

It was a very dark night and the children who had hung the basket really did not wish to be caught, so after a vain search and a fruitless chase the two came back unsuccessful.

"What a beautiful basket!" cried Miss Stewart, and Mrs. Jamie brought a vase of water for the flowers and a glass dish for the fruit and candies.

Quiet was at length restored, and Mr. Sayward returned to his paper, Mrs. Jamie to her patchwork and Miss Stewart to her restful attitude. Suddenly she laughed softly.

"I was thinking of something that happened several years ago," she explained, as Mrs. Jamie looked at her inquiringly. "It was when I was in my teens and before I went to Normal school. I used to have ever so many May baskets and I took great pride in never letting any one who hung them escape without getting caught. Well, one night there came an unmistakable

May basket knock. I rushed to the door, opened it and dashed out right into a strange man's arms. I almost knocked him over and I was so confused that I ran back into the house without asking him what he wanted. It was probably some one who had lost his way, or else perhaps a tramp. At any rate he did not knock again, and I can't wonder at it."

Mr. Sayward's paper did not move, but behind its shelter he was smiling and there was a sparkle in his eyes. The warm spring days grew into warm summer ones and the last day of school had come. Sayward was helping Miss Stewart decorate the schoolroom.

"Doesn't it make you feel bad," he asked, "this last day, or are you glad to get away from the noisy little wretches?"

"This is my first year," she answered, "and I am not used to it yet, so I am afraid I shall cry a little this afternoon."

"I shall not feel so bad till tomorrow," he said with meaning, but she went on without noticing.

"I shall be glad to get home again, of course. My home is in a lovely place in the country. Perhaps you have been by it on your wheel. It is out in South Wytham on the turnpike. I would like to have you call out and see me sometime. It would be a pleasant ride, and any one can tell you where Jared Stewart lives."

"I'd like to come first rate," he said, "and I will on one condition."

"What is that?" she asked, looking up at him where he stood on the top of the step ladder.

He came down, hastily and his face grew suddenly serious.

"Alice," he said earnestly, "I love you. Do you suppose you could marry me?"

Of course it was very sudden, but Alice was one who knew her own mind, so after a moment's reflection she told him that she supposed she could.

The next day he went with her to the station, and as they waited for her train she said to him shyly, "And you think you will come out on your wheel and see me?"

"I rather think so," he said.

"By the way, I forgot to ask—what was that condition you spoke of?"

"Condition? Oh, yes, I know. That you would let me greet you as I did the last time I saw you there."

"The last time?"

"Yes. Don't you remember?—one night in May, and you said, 'Oh, oh, oh, I thought it was a May-basket.'"

She looked at him with wide eyes.

"Was that you?" she cried joyously.

"I'm so glad it wasn't any one else."

—Susan Brown Robbins in Portland Transcript.

Advertisements Queer and Peculiar.

From collection of queer advertisements made by a Washington man these are selected:

By a colored couple in Georgia: "Your presents is required to a swell wedding at the home of the bride. Come on time all Gentlemen, 25 cents; ladies, 15 cents."

By a St. Louis man: "Wanted—A respectable gentleman, widower preferred to marry the housekeeper of an aged gentleman who has been an invalid for years, and who respects her as a good and true servant, whom he would like to see in the happy state of matrimony before he dies. She has had three husbands, but is willing for a fourth."

By a North Dakota Justice of the Peace: "I am reliably informed that some of our local clergy are cutting prices and thereby demoralizing business. I will reduce prices to perfect the marriage ceremony, but will give time if necessary, or will take meats, potatoes, grain, and will agree not to kiss the bride unless perfectly satisfactory."

By an English country gentleman: "Wanted—For a sober family, a man of light weight, who fears the Lord and can drive a pair of horses. He must occasionally wait at table, join in the household prayers, look after the horses and read a chapter in the Bible. He must, God willing, arise at 7 o'clock in the morning, and obey his master and mistress in all lawful commands. If he tress in all lawless commands and play at cribbage, the more agreeable."

By a West Virginia merchant: "Bibles, blackboards, butter, Testament, Tar, Tracile, Godly books and Gintlets, For Sale Here."

By a dog fancier: "\$5 Reward—Strayed from the premises of the subscriber, in Centerville, on the 1st of October, a small dog, near the color of an opossum, with yellow legs and head and tail cut off."

By a Philadelphia girl: "Wanted—A young unmarried woman without children wants a position as cook or housekeeper."

By a praiseworthy elder: "Advent Meeting—Elder D. M. Cantright, of Boston, and Elder D. M. Farnsworth, President of the Iowa Conference, will preach in the Baptist Church from Friday evening, April 5, till Monday evening."

By the Common Council, Jackson, Mich.: "Resolved, That the poundmaster be instructed not to receive into the public pound any cows that any person may drive to the same pound under the age of twenty-one years."

A red-faced and by no means soft-voiced woman came into our grocer's shop the other morning, and by the gleam in her eye one could see that she had a bone to pick with the grocer.

"Why don't you send me what I send after?" she demanded. "Here I sent my boy over here for five pounds of spuds and you sent back word you didn't keep them."

"We don't," said the clerk.

"You do, too," contradicted the irate lady. "What's them if they ain't spuds?"

"Potatoes," said the clerk, mildly.

"Did you want potatoes?"

"Of course, I did," snorted the lady.

"Didn't I send for spuds? Law me, sin't you ever heard potatoes called by their right name before? Spuds, I said, and anybody but a born idiot knows what spuds is!"—Washington Post.

NO ARGUMENT NEEDED.



Every Sufferer From Catarrh Knows That Salves, Lotions, Washes, Sprays and Douches do Not Cure.

Powders, lotions, salves, sprays and inhalers cannot really cure Catarrh, because this disease is a blood disease, and local applications, if they accomplish anything at all, simply give transient relief.

The catarrhal poison is in the blood and the mucous membrane of the nose, throat and trachea tries to relieve the system by secreting large quantities of mucus, the discharge sometimes closing up the nostrils, dropping into the throat, causing deafness by closing the Eustachian tubes, and after a time causing catarrh of stomach or serious throat and lung troubles.

A remedy to really cure Catarrh must be an internal remedy which will cleanse the blood from catarrhal poison and remove the fever and congestion from the mucous membrane.

The best and most modern remedies for this purpose are antiseptics scientifically known as Eucalyptol, Gualacol, Sanguinaria and Hydrastin, and while each of these have been successfully used separately, yet it has been difficult to get them all combined in one palatable, convenient and efficient form.

The manufacturers of the new Catarrh cure, Stuart's Catarrh Tablets have succeeded admirably in accomplishing this result. They are large, pleasant tasting lozenges, to be

dissolved in the mouth, thus reaching every part of the mucous membrane of the throat and finally the stomach.

Unlike many catarrh remedies, Stuart's Catarrh Tablets contain no cocaine, opiate or any injurious drug, whatever, and are equally beneficial for little children and adults.

Mr. C. R. Rembrandt of Rochester, N. Y., says: "I know of few people who have suffered as much as I from Catarrh of the head, throat and stomach. I used sprays, inhalers and powders for months at a time with only slight relief and had no hope of cure. I had not the means to make a change of climate, which seemed my only chance of cure. Last spring I read an account of some remarkable cures made by Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and promptly bought a 50-cent box from my druggist and obtained such positive benefit from that one package that I continued to use them daily until I now consider myself entirely free from the disgusting annoyance of catarrh; my head is clear, my digestion all I could ask and my hearing which had begun to fail as a result of the catarrh, has greatly improved until I feel I can hear as well as ever. They are a household necessity in my family."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are sold by druggists at 50 cents for complete treatment and for convenience, safety and prompt results they are undoubtedly the long looked for Catarrh cure.

DISTRICT DOINGS. Carpets and Furniture

AT LOWEST PRICES

HUFFMAN'S CORNERS.

Joe Bustin has put up a new steel windmill. This makes three new ones in the neighborhood this season. John Bustin is able to be out of bed and we expect to see him about soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Vance will attend the Methodist conference, which is being held in St. Thomas this week.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. G. Tyhurst, join in wishing them well on their journey to the old land, where they expect to spend a year. They leave on Thursday.

The attendance from here at the Union Endeavor meeting held in St. Paul's church on Friday evening, was good, and a very profitable time was spent.

Hugh Morrow put down a well for Geo. Cundie last week and got a good supply of water.

Mrs. Craig, sister of Mrs. S. Huffman, visited here on Sunday.

DARELL.

The following is the report for S. S. No. 7, Chatham township, for the month of May, 1901. It is based on the regularity and punctuality of the pupils, together with the results of written examinations held during the term.

Class V.—Mary Higgs 244, John Lathrop 192.

Class IV.—Annie Craven 244, Hazel Agat 220, Ida Arnold 148.

Class III, Sr.—Arthur Jackson 293, Lyell Arnold 248, Willie Krieger 218, Tom Austin 202, Harold Hotwell 199, Winnie Krieger 176, Edna Howell 139.

Class III, Jr.—Anna Langman 240, Clarence Craven 223, George Wilcox 120, Ethel Caniff 100.

Class II.—Alfred Overstreet 110, E. Austin 95, Roy Wilcox 50, Agnes Hunt 35.

Part II, Class.—Roderick Jackson 110, Cecil Jackson 118, Ethel Smith 105, Agnes Smith 105, Blanche Krieger 78, Geo. Caniff 67, Mabel Kersey 35.

Class I, Sr.—Melvin Austin 85, Wilfred Craven 78, Mandy Arnold 68, Roy Caniff 62, Lizzie Hunt 40.

Class I, Jr.—Walter Smith 55, Jen. Kersey 30.

Mary E. Wilson, Teacher.

S. S. No. 1, CHATHAM.

Report for May.—Class IV.—Myrtle Stewart, Edith Merritt, Robert Warwick.

Class III.—Gladys Merritt, Philip Griffith, Jessie Stewart.

Class II.—A. Rice, Gracie Wright, Mary Hanson.

Class Part II, Sr.—Stanley Warnock, Arlie Stewart, George Skinner.

Class Part II, Jr.—Esther Rice, Russell Kirby, Pearl Newkirk.

Class I, Sr.—Dora Tong, Dorcy Colby, Olive Hickley.

Class I, Jr.—Bennie Hayland, Zeva Colby, Wesley Keech.

Class I, Jr.—Lillie Skinner, Leta Steen, Irene Slater.

Lena C. McCoig, Teacher.

Hugh McDonald = Opposite Garner House.

THE CHEAP BINDING.

One important point in a well made skirt—the edge—is not always the most conspicuous.

But if a worthless "binding" is used the hidden weakness becomes intolerably noticeable long before the garment itself ceases to be slightly.

A little care in insulating on Corbucci Skirt Protector will save the annoyance of a ruined skirt, to say nothing of the loss.

Every dress goods shade.

Sold everywhere.

This brand.