

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What is Going On in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

Over 100 applications have so far been received in Saltcoats for old age pensions.

A prehistoric burial place with five urns has been unearthed in Nelson street, Largs.

A Portwilliam fisherman caught a skate in Luce Bay which turned the scale at 140 pounds.

A movement is on foot at Dumfries and district to have the Nith deepened with a view to improved navigation.

James Keatings fell into a clay mixing machine at Auchinlee quarries, Cleland, and was literally cut to pieces.

Mr. Greig, a native of Fyvie, and his eldest daughters, aged 17 and 16, have been murdered by natives in the Island of Santo.

Mr. Robert McKinlay, inspector of poor for Kilmarnock parish, has retired from office, after 38 years' service, at the age of 92.

The death is announced at Edinburgh of Mr. Thomas A. Perves, late stationmaster at Helensburgh, who had held the position for thirty years.

Captain Hector Macneal, of Uga-dale, is now Provost of Campbelltown, and Mr. Dugald Cameron MacLachlan has been similarly honored at Oban.

Dr. James Reardon, Kinghorn, has been appointed resident surgeon by the military authorities for the Royal Garrison Artillery at Kinghorness Battery.

Colonel Borthwick, chief constable in Edinburgh, has obtained sanction to utilize the services of Major Richardson's bloodhounds in cases of serious crime.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has invited tenders from Glasgow firms for a 1,600 ton yacht, which will take rank among the finest private vessels in the world.

Of the 69,660 tons of coal exported from Greenock for the last financial year no fewer than 59,700 tons were shipped at the Victoria and East India harbors.

Berwick-on-Tweed magistrates are now almost on the verge of unemployment. White glove days at the Police Court are becoming quite frequent thereabouts.

A number of interesting letters by Sir Walter Scott were sold in Edinburgh recently. One of them relating to his removal from Ashiestiel to Abbotsford brought \$775.

The Merchant Company of Edinburgh have approved of the draft Provisional Order in which powers

are sought to effect important constitutional changes in the company.

Mr. J. F. Elder, a well-known native of Milnathort, has been presented by his employers in Glasgow with a silver tea tray, and by the staff with a silver rose bowl, on completing fifty years' service.

A dozen bottle of beer and a bottle of whiskey were part of the provisions a Glasgow Distress Committee's inspector found in a house he visited to make arrangements for the relief of the residents.

A public meeting at Dunfermline protested against the drastic alterations on the time-table by the North British Railway Company, and generally against the treatment meted out to Fife by that company.

News has reached Hawick that Captain McMinn, who was in command of a ship which foundered off the Orkney Islands, has been drowned. His wife and son, who were on board at the time, have also perished.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Gossip About Some of the World's Famous People.

The eminent surgeon, Sir Victor Horsley, not only enjoys the reputation of being one of the leading pathologists, but he is also known for his wit. Entering his club (the Athenaeum) a short time ago, a friend said to him, "Halloa, Horsley, can you tell us what whiskey is yet?" "The most popular poison in the world, my dear sir," was the prompt retort. Some years ago Sir Victor acted as Secretary to the Commission on Hydrophobia. During the sitting of this Commission a rather testy old doctor, now dead, who was a member of it, objected to the constant use of the words, "a mad dog." "A mad dog, indeed!" he snorted. "Who can tell me what a mad dog is, I should like to know?" "I think if one entered this room just now, Dr. — would not wait to be told what his precise condition was," interjected Sir Victor, quietly.

Prince Edward of Wales is a great favorite with the King, and the following story is vouched for on good authority. Some time ago, a tailor called at York House to measure the young Prince for a suit of clothes. As the man was waiting in the passage near the Royal children's apartments, the door of one of the rooms flew open, and Prince Edward ran out calling loudly: "Oh, do come in, there's nobody here!" The tailor protested that he thought he had better wait, as it might not be convenient for him to enter the nursery just then. "Oh, it's all right," replied the young Prince, "there's nobody here that matters—only grandpa!"

It is quite possible that, if someone asked the French President what his one great desire was, he would say, to get away from the cares of office and spend the remainder of his days amongst his beloved vineyards. The latter are situated at Loupillon, and nothing delights M. Fallieres more than to saunter through them lazily, dressed in the loose, simple clothes of a French peasant and smoking a homely pipe. He loves a day's shooting too, with his dogs and friends at Loupillon. Shooting, next to walking, is the French President's favorite recreation. Winter and summer alike he rises at six, immediately takes a cold shower bath, and then, weather permitting, starts for his morning constitutional, which is never less than five miles. After his return he works all day, strictly according to rule and method. His meals are of the simplest kind when dining at home, his only drink being a mild claret well diluted with mineral water. He is usually in bed by 10.30, and it is on this account of his fondness for early retirement that he rarely goes to a theatre.

UP AGAINST IT.

Pearl—"Percy Cauliflower is having a hard time with his courtship these days."

Ruby—"Indeed?"

Pearl—"Yes, he called on one girl and her father handled him without gloves."

Ruby—"Gracious!"

Pearl—"Yes, and then he called on another girl and her brother happened to be a pugilist and handled him with gloves."

WOMAN'S IDEA.

A woman's idea of living on Easy street is usually a swell hat for each occasion.

A man applied at the factory for a job. Amongst other questions, the foreman asked him why he left his last place. "Well," he replied, "they asked me to please leave, and I didn't like to refuse them."

"CHOOSING CHRISTMAS CIGARS."

A box of good cigars is always an acceptable present to a smoker.

The cigars selected by ladies for presents are usually chosen on account of something fancy on the box, irrespective of the quality or workmanship of the cigars themselves.

They do not stop to consider that gold lettering on the boxes, silk or plush lining, cost money to the manufacturer and must be taken out of the quality of the tobacco.

When they are choosing jewelry and silverware they always look for the Hall mark or Sterling mark on the article itself, the box being the last consideration.

Better get a dozen sterling silver spoons in a paste board box than a dozen plated ones in a plush case.

The same principle applies to the selection of cigars.

The recipient of the cigars will be much more appreciative if he is presented with a box of some standard brand.

The "Pharaoh" Cigar manufactured by J. Bruce Payne, Ltd., is well known throughout the Dominion, and may be obtained in boxes of 50 each in sealed wax-lined pockets, or in boxes of 25, 50 or 100 each packed in the ordinary way.

The dealer who does not stock the Pharaoh will tell you that he can sell you something "just as good," but in the statement he admits that his standard of quality is not fixed by his other lines.

If he says he can sell you something "better" he knows not whereof he speaks.

THIRTY YEARS IN CHAINS.

Last Chief Bourbon of Outlaws Released from Prison.

The last surviving chief of the old Bourbon brigand bands, which were a crotchety subsidized by that dynasty, and infested well nigh the whole of southern Italy in the sixties, has been pardoned by King Victor Emmanuel, and was released from the convict prison at Favignana the other day. The venerable, benevolent-looking old man, whose name is Vincenzo Rucci, is now 82 years of age. At the end of a forlorn campaign, which he carried on for six years, at the head of a big body of banditti, with the object of reinstating the Bourbons, he fell into the clutches of the soldiers of the new regime, and was sentenced to death by the Supreme Court of Langiano in 1866 for the assassination of a German engineer, named Victor, and a Liberal Catholic archbishop, Don Guiseppe, both of whom were supposed to be salaried spies co-operating with the new Government in the repression of brigandage.

The death sentence was afterwards commuted to penal servitude. Having served six years Rucci organized a clever plot, and in 1872 succeeded in escaping, in company with ten convict comrades. Recaptured after sixteen months of liberty, Rucci was kept heavily laden with chains till as late as 1902, when the Ministry of Justice sanctioned their removal.

The veteran bandit chief has passed more than forty years in the galleries, during the last thirty-four of which he was a constant inmate of the Favignana settlement.

Rucci is going to spend the eventide of his life at Atessa, where his son, Sebaston, who is 50 years old, is a well-to-do landlord and municipal councillor. There he wishes to write the memoirs of his eventful, but checkered career.

WITH THE CHILDREN.

At supper to-night will they be served the most wholesome and easily digested food, nature has provided? Not unless they have Orange Meat. This is made from the whole wheat, thoroughly and properly cooked and mixed with malt.

Orange Meat served with milk or cream combine to make a perfect food.

RENEW YOUR YOUTH.

Never before has the struggle for social and commercial success been so keen as in our own day, and to the victor and the vanquished alike comes a time when nerves and body cry for rest. Nature and science have combined to produce an environment where tired men and women may renew their youth.

On the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway System, at St. Catharines, Ontario, is situated "The Welland," where the ills of life are alleviated by bathing in the Saline Springs of the "St. Catharines Well," under proper medical supervision and attendance. Apply to J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irish-men.

Edmond Cronin died at Middleton workhouse at the age of 100.

At Annalong, Co. Down, 4½ acres of land, part of it a moss bank, was sold for \$575.

At an auction in Ardee, Co. Louth, a farm of nearly 232 acres was sold for \$8,050.

Mr. George McDonnell, I.R.O., Newry, has received 1,200 claims for old-age pensions.

All the local schools in Nenagh, Co. Tipperary, have been closed, owing to an outbreak of measles.

Several dwelling houses, the property of Robt. McKay, Kilcoan, Islandmagee, were destroyed by fire recently.

The new floating crane which is completing its tests in Belfast harbor is the largest structure of its kind in the world.

A farmer named Francis Neely, residing at Drumculion, near Aughnacloy, Tyrone, has died at the remarkable age of 100 years.

Gold, silver and lead mines are, it is said, to be worked extensively in the bleak district of Innishowen, Co. of Donegal, Ireland, overlooking the Atlantic.

The Mormon "missionaries," who have for some time past been prosecuting a somewhat futile campaign in Ireland, have reached Omagh in search of converts.

A recent meeting held in Cork in regard to the financing of the Land Purchase Act, was remarkable for the presence of both landlords and tenants, Unionists and Nationalists.

Harland & Wolff are hurrying forward the alterations and additions to their yard which of necessity precede the building of the mammoth White Star liners Olympic and Titanic.

Eight cattle belonging to Mr. Shiel, Cootehill, near Drogheda, were tied together by the tails, and in their struggles to free themselves five of the animals tore off portions of their tails.

In order to relieve the distress prevailing at Holywood, the Urban Council is starting special works on the public roads, and have also asked the Local Government Board to render assistance.

Derry guardians have decided not to interfere with the existing system of distributing tobacco of old people in the workhouse, by which about ninety aged women and men receive an ounce of tobacco each week.

The famous "Wishing Chair" from Dunluce Castle, Co. Antrim, has been sold to a friend of Mr. Pierpont Morgan for 200 guineas. Tradition has it that those troubled with a run of bad luck will leave it behind having once sat in it.

Among the recent applications for an old age pension at Greyabbey, Co. Down, was Mrs. McCoubrey, aged 96. She walked sturdily to the postoffice, filed her own application without using spectacles, and then walked home again. She only left off fine embroidery work a year ago, and still reads.

BEAUTY SHOP UP-TO-DATE.

Supported by the Society Women of London.

A remarkable manicure establishment, maintained by society women, has just been opened in a fashionable street off Piccadilly, in London. Outwardly the shop doesn't differ from the ordinary establishment of its kind, but inside is to be found a private chapel where the fair manicurists are encouraged to perform their daily devotions. The clientele includes many women of title, but only a few of the privileged few are ever allowed to penetrate the recesses of the manicurists' chapel. Fresh cut flowers and lighted candles deck the altar, and the light falls on a kneeling group of manicurists through the windows of stained glass. In solemn procession the manicurists, clad in perfectly fitting black gowns and white embroidered collars, pass into the chapel each morning before manucuring the fair fingers of a single patron. The manicurists' assistants are all girls of good birth, and all of them have made a solemn vow never, under any circumstances, to manucure a man. The girls who belong to this saintly and select band of beauty doctors may not even beautify the hands of their own brothers. A forfeiture of \$2,500 is mentioned as one of the penalties for the disobedience to this eleventh commandment of the manicurists.

BADLY RUN DOWN.

Through Over-work—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Health and Strength.

Badly run down is the condition of thousands throughout Canada—perhaps you are one of them. You find work a burden. You are weak; easily tired; out of sorts; pale and thin. Your sleep is restless; your appetite poor and you suffer from headaches. All this suffering is caused by bad blood and nothing can make you well but good blood—nothing can make this good blood so quickly as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills never fail to make, rich, red, health-giving blood. Mr. H. R. Reed, Quebec city, says: "About twelve months ago I was all run down as the result of over-work. My doctor ordered me to take a complete rest, but this did not help me. I had no appetite; my nerves were unstrung and I was so weak I could scarcely move. Nothing the doctor did helped me and I began to think my case was incurable. While confined to my room friends came to see me and one of them advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so and soon my appetite improved, my color came back and in less than a month I was able to leave my room. I continued the pills for another month and they completely cured me. I am now in the best of health and able to do my work without fatigue. I feel sure that all who are weak will find renewed health and strength in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They certainly saved me from a life of misery."

When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new blood they go right to the root of and cure anemia, rheumatism, St. Vitus dance, kidney trouble, indigestion, headache, and backache and those secret ailments which make the lives of so many women and growing girls miserable. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HAILED DOWN CONDUCTOR.

Lord Charles Beresford's Lark While Midshipman.

While Lord Charles Beresford was still a midshipman he found himself at Lima. Having leave ashore, he, in company with some other youngsters from the wardroom, went to the opera. During an interval they sought the bar in search of refreshment, desirable in such heated climate. In the primitive arrangements of the opera house they found the barroom underneath the stage. Entering, Lord Charles' quick eye observed a pair of legs dangling from an opening of the stage and resting on a ladder which gave access to it. He recognized that they belonged to the conductor, who was seated on the stage with his back to the audience, his face and waving arms to the band he was conducting, whilst his legs were disposed of in the manner indicated.

"We must haul him down," said Charlie promptly.

His companions welcomed the suggestion with wild delight. Casting about for a rope, they found a piece in a corner. They made a running loop, and with deft hands cast it round the legs of the hapless conductor. A wild shriek interrupted the ordered music of the opera. The amazed audience beheld the conductor furiously brandishing his baton, slowly disappear, emitting yells of anguished terror. It was a great lark, but it cost the middies dear. The armed police were called in, and, roughly prodding the offenders with the butt-end of their muskets, hauled them to a dirty prison, where they passed the night, being released in the morning only after payment of a heavy fine by way of compensation to the conductor.

HEIRS TO MILLIONS.

While Mrs. Horn, of Byron road, Margate, England, was dusting an old picture, she was surprised to see a document fall from it to the floor. When she examined it she discovered that it was the will, dated May 25, 1795, of Jacob Gisby, by which the testator's property, which is now estimated to be worth more than £1,000,000, was left to the members of his family. There are still descendants of Jacob Gisby living in Sandwich and other parts of the Isle of Thanet. The name has appeared in the lists of unclaimed money in Chancery, but the family was too poor to prosecute a claim.

"I can truthfully say that I believe that, but for the use of your Emulsion I would long since have been in my grave. I was past work—could not walk up-hill without coughing very hard."

THIS, and much more was written by Mr. G. W. Hower-ton, Clark's Gap, W. Va. We would like to send you a full copy of his letter, or you might write him direct. His case was really marvelous, but is only one of the many proofs that

Scott's Emulsion

is the most strengthening and re-vitalizing preparation in the world. Even in that most stubborn of all diseases (consumption) it does wonders, and in less serious troubles, such as anemia, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or loss of flesh from any cause the effect is much quicker.

Do not delay. Get a bottle of SCOTT'S EMULSION—be sure it's SCOTT'S and try it.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you Mr. Hower-ton's letter and some literature on Consumption. Just send us a Post Card and mention this paper.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto