

VETERINARY SURGEON.

DR. DECOY is prepared, as usual, to furnish first-class orchestra for dances and other entertainments at reasonable rates, any number of pieces furnished, also violin and tenor soloists. Pupils taken on violin, and all orchestral and band instruments. Studio, Centre St.

MEDICAL.

DR. J. P. SIVEWRIGHT.
Office, Opposite Grand Opera House,
URQUHART BLOCK
(Upstairs) Phone 236

DR. E. O. MILLAY
OSTEOPATHIST
At the Garner House, Chatham, Tues.
and Sat. Afternoons and Evenings.
232 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Phone Main 4597

LODGES

PARTHENON LODGE, NO. 257, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets first Wednesday of every month in Masonic Temple, King Street. Visiting brethren always welcome.
J. M. PIKE, W. M.
J. W. FLEWES, Sec'y

WELLINGTON LODGE, NO. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month in the Masonic Hall, Scene Block, King St., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.
GEO. MUSSON, W. M.
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y

LEGAL

S. B. ARNOLD—Solicitor etc., Chatham, Ont. Money to loan at lowest rates on easy terms.
BOUSTON & SPON—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office upstairs in Sheldrick Block, opposite H. M. Johnson's store, M. Houston, Fred Stone.

SMITH, HERBERT D.—County Crown Attorney, Solicitor, etc. Harrison Hall, Chatham.

THOMAS SCULLARD—Barrister and Solicitor, Victoria Block Chatham, Ont.

WILSON, PIKE & CO.—Barristers, Solicitors for the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money to loan on Mortgages at lowest rates. Office, Fifth Street, Matthew Wilson & Co., 11, Pike Barrister.

MONEY TO LOAN.

MONEY TO LOAN—Company and Private Funds, Farm and City Property for Sale. W. F. Smith, Barrister.

Money to Lend

On Land Mortgage, on Chattel Mortgage, or on Note.
LOWEST RATE. EASY TERMS.
May Pay Off Part or All at Times to Suit Borrower.

J. W. WHITE, Barrister,
Opposite Grand Opera House, Chatham.

MONEY to LOAN

ON MORTGAGES

Lowest Rate of Interest
Liberal Terms and privileges to suit borrowers. Apply to
Lewis & Richards
CHATHAM

WE HANDLE THE
NATIONAL PORTLAND
CEMENT

THE CEMENT OF QUALITY, ONE
GRADE—THE HIGHEST, ALSO
Lime, Plaster, Sewer Pipe, Fire
Brick, Etc., at Lowest
Possible Prices.

J. & A. Oldershaw

King St. West Telephone 85

IN FLOWERS...

We are prepared to offer the latest creations in Design Work and Floral Combinations. Seasonable Cut Flowers for Wedding and Birthday Gifts always on hand. Hundreds of the Latest Varieties of Ferns to pick from. Palms and Plants to Rent for all kinds of Decorations.
PHONE 370.

BAXTER, Florist
CHATHAM

POCKET MAPS

OF THE

OIL FIELDS

FOR SALE AT

THE PLANET OFFICE

PRICE \$1.25

BANK OF MONTREAL

NOTICE TO DEPOSITORS IN

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Interest will be credited quarterly on the last days of March, June, September and December.

An Automobile
Widow.

By Helena Smith Dayton.

Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague.

"Really, Elizabeth," protested Judge Ferris, "I think so much of you both I can't mix up in your trouble."

"That's why I came to you," argued Mrs. Bradbury. "You see, when one is married one has one's favorite clergyman, so when one is unmarried why not one's pet lawyer? It seems kinder."

"Kinder? Going to make it a function with caterers and flumadiddles?" demanded the judge.

"At least you will inform Ned of my decision," ignoring the flippancy.

"Why, Bess, surely you've no grounds for a divorce. You can't wheedle your freedom out of a court because Ned perhaps forgot to give you violets on your birthday or—"

"I have a reason," jolly.

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed the judge. "May I ask her name?"

"It's an automobile!" explained Elizabeth. "In what is called an 'automobile widow.'"

"A new one to me," commented the judge musingly.

"We've quarreled ever since he bought that big circus chariot of his. I wanted horses instead—I'm originally from Kentucky, you know, and I vowed I'd never step foot in that car, and I haven't! He spends all his time in it, he says I'm unreasonable, and—"

Elizabeth broke down.

"Proceed," prompted the judge.

"The last two days he hasn't even gone through the formality of asking me to accompany him, though of course I wouldn't have gone! Yesterday he whizzed by with that blond Johnson girl and today with Mrs. Wheeler. However, I'm not jealous of a mere woman. It's the car!"

"Ned probably wanted to show you if you wouldn't motor with him—others would," suggested the listener.

"Shows how demoralizing the craze is," stormed Elizabeth. "Recall the



"OH, HO!" EXCLAIMED THE JUDGE. "MAY I ASK HER NAME?"

There was when women first took to cycling? Well, since men have taken to motoring the reformers ought—"You aspire to start a reform by making an example of Ned? Have you a photo all ready for the newspapers?"

"I'm not seeking notoriety," she snapped. "I simply want a nice quiet divorce. I may as well be a grass widow as an automobile widow."

"Come, Bess, you can't be serious. Go home, but stop en route and buy some ripping motor togs. Get red silk to show you are enthusiastic and then—"

"I'm not here to consult you about toilets," she cut in. "I came to apply for a divorce. What's more—fancy red with my hair!"

"No one dare call it anything but Titian in my presence! But, seriously, you will go home and make peace with Ned?"

"If you wish to communicate with me further, I shall be at Clara Lincoln's. Good afternoon." She swept out and into the elevator. "But I mean business."

"Bess will purchase motor togs yet!" smiled the judge. "But I must give expert advice to Ned—surely one's 'pet lawyer' can be 'kinder'!"

Mrs. Bradbury went directly to an attorney who knew neither herself nor her husband. She decided it poor policy to do business with friends. Young Lawyer Elkins, she found, had no scruples.

"Has the defendant any property we could attach?" asked the splinter of the bar pompously.

"I wouldn't take a penny from him!" protested Elizabeth.

"We could worry him a lot!" tempted the legal adviser.

"Could I attach his automobile?" cried Elizabeth eagerly.

"I shall get out the writ at once!" he said decisively.

"I suppose it is a clever way for an automobile widow to avenge herself," sighed Elizabeth. Then briskly, "You will find the car at the Westminster garage."

Elizabeth went to Clara Lincoln's rejoicing at her coup d'état. Clara, being of the Miss Hobbs type, congratulated her on her admirable spirit. Clara was propping up the "admirable spirit" when Elizabeth's lawyer called her to the telephone.

"Hello! Yes, this is she. The car is

not there? A sheriff and two detectives searching? My goodness, every one in town will hear about it! Necessary? Oh, very well!"

Later another call came.

"Yes. Located the car at the Appleby Coach company? Bring it away at once—On the third floor? Well, bring it down the way it went up! Man refuses to operate the elevator? Can't you force him to? Then get a trained elevator man, and I'll pay for his time. They refuse to allow the elevator to be operated—ridiculous! Equipped with a writ to seize property, but balked because there's no law to force them to help you get it! Lawyer Elkins, are you there? Take it out a window; the wall must be full of windows. Windows too small? Take the machine apart. Gracious! Five hundred dollars to put it together again? You suggest leaving it there with a sheriff to guard it? Very well!"

Elizabeth passed an unhappy night. What would Ned do? She speculated about the blond and Mrs. Wheeler and worried about the sheriff sitting alone through the long night on the third floor of the Appleby repository with Ned's big cream colored motor car shining like a ghost out of the gloom. She feared she was punishing the sheriff more than Ned.

Next morning a strange lawyer called—Ned's lawyer! She shuddered.

"Mrs. Bradbury," began Lawyer Snyder, "how much will you take for your interest in the car?"

"It's not money I want," she explained loftily, "but the car."

"This is certainly the motoring season," he agreed, "and the dealers can't deliver a car under six weeks. That's why the other two ladies were so anxious to secure this one."

"What two ladies?" Elizabeth demanded.

"Why, a few days ago Mr. Bradbury advertised his car for sale, and he gave demonstrations to two lady prospects."

"The blond and Mrs. Wheeler?" gasped Elizabeth, light dawning. "He was selling to please me. What a mess I have made of everything!"

"Any message to send my client?" asked Snyder, rising.

"Wait, please," cried Elizabeth wildly. "I'm going down to Mr. Bradbury's office myself. There's really nothing more you can do on the case."

Elizabeth was smiling on the lawyer recklessly.

"May I take you down in my automobile?" he suggested.

"Oh, would you?" she asked gayly. "Automobiles go so delightfully quick! But pardon me a moment. Hello, central! Give me 6006 Blue. Is that Judge Ferris? O-o-h, Dicky. I thought you'd be relieved to know I've decided on the color for my motor outfit. Red may denote enthusiasm, but gray is much more serviceable, and you know, Ned has talked of some long trips. Besides, gray is so harmonious with Titian tresses. That's all. What? Ned there? How lovely! I'll be right down."

When the Spider Goes Courting.

"The male spider is the bravest and most demonstrative of all lovers," says a naturalist. "He approaches the female, runs round her a few times in little circles and then begins a violent oriental dance. He twirls round and round. Drawing in his legs, he writhes and crawls, serpentine, along the ground. Straightening his legs and erecting his body, he towers above the lady grandly. And the mischief of it is that the female spider is always stronger than the male and when his dance is done she either accepts him for her mate or else, falling upon him fiercely, she tears him to pieces. Imagine a human lover trying to please his mistress with the knowledge in his heart that, if he failed, he would be murdered. His efforts would be lukewarm and distrustful. Yet the humble spider, whom we are accustomed to despise, dances, death staring him in the face, with a gayety, a warmth and an abandon seldom to be met with north of Africa."

Scotch Dialects.

The written language is so far from the spoken in Scotland that spelling reform is an academic question. A story which illustrates the many dialects is told of an examination at Aberdeen university. The examiners were an English clergyman and a lowland Scotchman. The master of the scholars put many questions to them which were admirably answered. The boys brought the Israelites out of Egypt with a simple directness which Moses would have envied. Then the clergyman asked, "How did Pharaoh die?"

The boys sat dumb. The lowlander, to make it more plain, repeated the question, "Hoo did Phawraoh dee?"

Again there was a dead silence. Next the master himself took the matter in hand—"Fat cam' to Phawraoh at his hinder end?" The boys answered as with one voice, "He was drooned!" To "dee" means in the Aberdeen dialect to die in one's bed. These careful scholars knew that Pharaoh had not "deed."

Queer Damage Calculation.

That spirit of thrift popularly supposed to pervade New England is amusingly illustrated by the observation of a Connecticut farmer. The good man had been seriously ill in midsummer, but by reason of his strong constitution he quickly rallied. On being asked in the autumn how he was feeling he replied in a cheerful tone:

"Pretty fair, now, thanks. Anyway, it don't make much difference, seem' that the farm's well fixed up. If I'd died in hayin' or harvestin' time, I calculate it'd been \$50 damage to me."

Then, after a pause, he added:

"Come to think of it, that's too low a figure. Sixty-five dollars would be nearer it!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

ABSOLUTE
SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Carter

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.
PURELY VEGETABLE.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Not Too Abrupt.

Radical changes in clothing are seldom safe, at least so the old-time grandmothers held. The putting off of winter underwear was likely to be a gradual and prolonged process. That this belief in deliberate adjustment was widespread and inclusive is shown in W. P. Firth's story of his life. He was engaged in painting a portrait of Mrs. Birt, the wife of a prominent business man, who used to bring her little dog to share her sittings.

Mr. Birt was a great lover of dogs, but he entertained a strong aversion to dog collars, so I was surprised one day when Mrs. Birt brought her favorite dog, Ducky, to see a band around the little animal's neck.

"I thought you objected to dog collars, Mrs. Birt," I said. "I see Ducky sports one today."

"Oh, no, that's not a dog collar," returned the lady. "It's only a piece of flannel. The poor dear has had a dreadful cold and a sore throat. She has worn flannel night and day."

"Surely that is too narrow to do any good. The strip is no wider than a collar."

"Oh, it was wider, of course. We have gradually lessened it. She is leaving it off by degrees."

The crowning glory of a "high ball," "fizz" or "rickey"—is
Sanitaris
THE MONARCH OF MINERAL WATERS
AT ALL DEALERS
F. A. Robert, Agent, Chatham.

F. A. Robert, Agent, Chatham.

Canned Foods.

Bright colors should be regarded as a flag of danger in the selection of canned foods, for they invariably indicate artificial coloring. A bright green color, such as is seen in canned peas and beans, indicates the presence of copper or iron. The brilliant red of catchup and canned tomatoes and fruits usually comes from aniline dye.

A bright yellow, such as is found in mustard, extract of lemon and noodles, is also aniline in its origin as a general thing. The abnormally white color of canned corn and other foods indicates bleaching.—What to Eat.

Indian Cannibalism.

Writing in Canada, a special contributor says: Father Arnaud, the Oblat missionary, who is still living, relates that he once met, at Sept Isles, a Nasapee woman who, before conversion to Christianity by Father Duroches, was not only a noted sorceress of her tribe, but an inveterate cannibal as well. Her first victim was her husband, who had died of hunger and starvation, and she continued to feast until she had devoured three of her children, two of whom had died of starvation, while the third was killed by its unnatural mother. She next raised her hand against a woman of her own tribe, who had herself fed on the dead body of one of her children, and became food in turn for the miserable Veronique, as the wretched woman was called, after her conversion and baptism. It was the horror of the tribe, in fear and trembling, and not her own remorseful conscience, that took Veronique to the missionary. They wanted the fear of the Great Spirit put into her, and the missionary commenced operations by having all her hair cut off and hung on a pole, at the entrance to the Indian cemetery, and kept her on her knees outside the church door during the whole continuance of a mission. Another missionary tells of the murder, during the same year, by another Indian woman, of two entire families, with the exception of one young man. Her victims included two men, two women, three boys and four girls, and she subsisted for some time on their flesh.

Stomach Troubles.

To wrong action of the stomach and impaired digestion a host of diseases owe their origin.

When the food is imperfectly digested the fullness is not derived from it by the body, and then stomach troubles start to appear.

Thus you become thin, weak, nervous and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vigor are lost and in their place come dullness, dizziness, loss of appetite, depression and languor. The great point is to get the stomach back into good shape again so it can properly digest the food, and the easiest, quickest and best way to do it is by the use of

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Miss Lizzie Furlotte, Jaquet River, N.E., writes: "I was very much troubled with my stomach and did not know what to do. I consulted several doctors, got medicine from them, but all to no purpose, and was constantly growing worse. One day I had the good luck to meet with a friend who had been troubled in the same way as myself. My friend told me of the wonderful cure Burdock Blood Bitters had made with her and advised me to try a bottle. I did so, and what a happy change the first bottle made. I took two more and am completely cured, and I shall ever sing the praises of B.B.B."

Price \$1.00 per bottle or 6 bottles for \$5.00.

A vote cast for principle is never lost even though it be the only one in the ballot-box.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

SUNDAY REST IN ENGLAND.

Movement to Secure Larger Observance of the Sabbath.

England is moving in the direction of the better observance of Sunday, and it may be said, in fact, that a large part of Europe is tending in this direction. The following mighty words are from that great organ of public opinion, The London Times: "It is the bare truth to say that the weekly rest is now accepted as an axiom of democracy. Again, whatever may be the grounds on which it is pressed for, universal consent urges that it should be Sunday. This seems natural enough when legislation or custom is guided by a predominantly religious influence, but it is significant that when the repos hebdomadaire was enacted in France last year, though the law was by no means based on Sabbatarian grounds, most of the employees insisted on simultaneous Sunday closing instead of the alternative methods provided by the measure. The reason, doubtless, is that Sunday's claim is unique and unapproachable, because it gives people, not only special opportunities for religious worship, but also a chance of rest in common instead of rest in isolation. Hence, whether was look at the home, or a wider range of social intercourse, there is no other plan of rest that can compete with it. At the same time, since the ideal of every one resting at once is by no means easy to work out in practice, some people may have to be prepared to take their Sunday rest in rotation. It is really a new science, which we are only just beginning to learn. The French law, which is struggling with a good deal of prejudice and many practical difficulties, will furnish a valuable starting-point for experience. That it has taken considerable effect already is plain to any traveler who passes a Sunday in a French town. In this country we have not yet reached the stage of fresh legislation, though the old Act of 1677 with regard to Sunday trading still survives. But the unremitting efforts which Lord Alverly has been foremost in making cannot long remain without effect, and the favorable report of a joint committee of both Houses of Parliament marks a further definite stage in our recognition of the problem. To call it a problem has become, indeed, misleading. It is no longer a problem, but a received opinion that work—above all, our modern work under high pressure—is impossible for man unless he is allowed at least one day in seven to rest his mind and body."

60,000 MILE WALK.

King Receives Pedestrian Who Has Achieved Adventurous Feat.

Mark All, the champion pedestrian of the world, who started out on August 6, 1900, to walk 60,000 miles in seven years, meanwhile earning his living by the exercise of his trade of working engineer, has completed his appointed task with nearly six months to spare.

His object was to prove that a workman is not, as is often alleged, used up at forty-five. Mark All was born in 1838, and was over sixty when he started on his tramp. He claims to have been in every town in Great Britain.

He has traveled Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Portugal, and Spain. He has twice been through France. He speaks no language but English.

He has had plenty of adventures. He has been five times lost in snow-drifts, he has been struck by lightning, stoned, stabbed, shot at, robbed, and stripped to the skin.

He recently had an interview with King Edward, who, he says, has never refused to receive him, and has always shown him the greatest kindness.

Writing in Canada, a special contributor says: Father Arnaud, the Oblat missionary, who is still living, relates that he once met, at Sept Isles, a Nasapee woman who, before conversion to Christianity by Father Duroches, was not only a noted sorceress of her tribe, but an inveterate cannibal as well. Her first victim was her husband, who had died of hunger and starvation, and she continued to feast until she had devoured three of her children, two of whom had died of starvation, while the third was killed by its unnatural mother. She next raised her hand against a woman of her own tribe, who had herself fed on the dead body of one of her children, and became food in turn for the miserable Veronique, as the wretched woman was called, after her conversion and baptism. It was the horror of the tribe, in fear and trembling, and not her own remorseful conscience, that took Veronique to the missionary. They wanted the fear of the Great Spirit put into her, and the missionary commenced operations by having all her hair cut off and hung on a pole, at the entrance to the Indian cemetery, and kept her on her knees outside the church door during the whole continuance of a mission. Another missionary tells of the murder, during the same year, by another Indian woman, of two entire families, with the exception of one young man. Her victims included two men, two women, three boys and four girls, and she subsisted for some time on their flesh.

Writing in Canada, a special contributor says: Father Arnaud, the Oblat missionary, who is still living, relates that he once met, at Sept Isles, a Nasapee woman who, before conversion to Christianity by Father Duroches, was not only a noted sorceress of her tribe, but an inveterate cannibal as well. Her first victim was her husband, who had died of hunger and starvation, and she continued to feast until she had devoured three of her children, two of whom had died of starvation, while the third was killed by its unnatural mother. She next raised her hand against a woman of her own tribe, who had herself fed on the dead body of one of her children, and became food in turn for the miserable Veronique, as the wretched woman was called, after her conversion and baptism. It was the horror of the tribe, in fear and trembling, and not her own remorseful conscience, that took Veronique to the missionary. They wanted the fear of the Great Spirit put into her, and the missionary commenced operations by having all her hair cut off and hung on a pole, at the entrance to the Indian cemetery, and kept her on her knees outside the church door during the whole continuance of a mission. Another missionary tells of the murder, during the same year, by another Indian woman, of two entire families, with the exception of one young man. Her victims included two men, two women, three boys and four girls, and she subsisted for some time on their flesh.

Writing in Canada, a special contributor says: Father Arnaud, the Oblat missionary, who is still living, relates that he once met, at Sept Isles, a Nasapee woman who, before conversion to Christianity by Father Duroches, was not only a noted sorceress of her tribe, but an inveterate cannibal as well. Her first victim was her husband, who had died of hunger and starvation, and she continued to feast until she had devoured three of her children, two of whom had died of starvation, while the third was killed by its unnatural mother. She next raised her hand against a woman of her own tribe, who had herself fed on the dead body of one of her children, and became food in turn for the miserable Veronique, as the wretched woman was called, after her conversion and baptism. It was the horror of the tribe, in fear and trembling, and not her own remorseful conscience, that took Veronique to the missionary. They wanted the fear of the Great Spirit put into her, and the missionary commenced operations by having all her hair cut off and hung on a pole, at the entrance to the Indian cemetery, and kept her on her knees outside the church door during the whole continuance of a mission. Another missionary tells of the murder, during the same year, by another Indian woman, of two entire families, with the exception of one young man. Her victims included two men, two women, three boys and four girls, and she subsisted for some time on their flesh.

Writing in Canada, a special contributor says: Father Arnaud, the Oblat missionary, who is still living, relates that he once met, at Sept Isles, a Nasapee woman who, before conversion to Christianity by Father Duroches, was not only a noted sorceress of her tribe, but an inveterate cannibal as well. Her first victim was her husband, who had died of hunger and starvation, and she continued to feast until she had devoured three of her children, two of whom had died of starvation, while the third was killed by its unnatural mother. She next raised her hand against a woman of her own tribe, who had herself fed on the dead body of one of her children, and became food in turn for the miserable Veronique, as the wretched woman was called, after her conversion and baptism. It was the horror of the tribe, in fear and trembling, and not her own remorseful conscience, that took Veronique to the missionary. They wanted the fear of the Great Spirit put into her, and the missionary commenced operations by having all her hair cut off and hung on a pole, at the entrance to the Indian cemetery, and kept her on her knees outside the church door during the whole continuance of a mission. Another missionary tells of the murder, during the same year, by another Indian woman, of two entire families, with the exception of one young man. Her victims included two men, two women, three boys and four girls, and she subsisted for some time on their flesh.

Writing in Canada, a special contributor says: Father Arnaud, the Oblat missionary, who is still living, relates that he once met, at Sept Isles, a Nasapee woman who, before conversion to Christianity by Father Duroches, was not only a noted sorceress of her tribe, but an inveterate cannibal as well. Her first victim was her husband, who had died of hunger and starvation, and she continued to feast until she had devoured three of her children, two of whom had died of starvation, while the third was killed by its unnatural mother. She next raised her hand against a woman of her own tribe, who had herself fed on the dead body of one of her children, and became food in turn for the miserable Veronique, as the wretched woman was called, after her conversion and baptism. It was the horror of the tribe, in fear and trembling, and not her own remorseful conscience, that took Veronique to the missionary. They wanted the fear of the Great Spirit put into her, and the missionary commenced operations by having all her hair cut off and hung on a pole, at the entrance to the Indian cemetery, and kept her on her knees outside the church door during the whole continuance of a mission. Another missionary tells of the murder, during the same year, by another Indian woman, of two entire families, with the exception of one young man. Her victims included two men, two women, three boys and four girls, and she subsisted for some time on their flesh.

Writing in Canada, a special contributor says: Father Arnaud, the Oblat missionary, who is still living, relates that he once met, at Sept Isles, a Nasapee woman who, before conversion to Christianity by Father Duroches, was not only a noted sorceress of her tribe, but an inveterate cannibal as well. Her first victim was her husband, who had died of hunger and starvation, and she continued to feast until she had devoured three of her children, two of whom had died of starvation, while the third was killed by its unnatural mother. She next raised her hand against a woman of her own tribe, who had herself fed on the dead body of one of her children, and became food in turn for the miserable Veronique, as the wretched woman was called, after her conversion and baptism. It was the horror of the tribe, in fear and trembling, and not her own remorseful conscience, that took Veronique to the missionary. They wanted the fear of the Great Spirit put into her, and the missionary commenced operations by having all her hair cut off and hung on a pole, at the entrance to the Indian cemetery, and kept her on her knees outside the church door during the whole continuance of a mission. Another missionary tells of the murder, during the same year, by another Indian woman, of two entire families, with the exception of one young man. Her victims included two men, two women, three boys and four girls, and she subsisted for some time on their flesh.

Writing in Canada, a special contributor says: Father Arnaud, the Oblat missionary, who is still living, relates that he once met, at Sept Isles, a Nasapee woman who, before conversion to Christianity by Father Duroches, was not only a noted sorceress of her tribe, but an inveterate cannibal as well. Her first victim was her husband, who had died of hunger and starvation, and she continued to feast until she had devoured three of her children, two of whom had died of starvation, while the third was killed by its unnatural mother. She next raised her hand against a woman of her own tribe, who had herself fed on the dead body of one of her children, and became food in turn for the miserable Veronique, as the wretched woman was called, after her conversion and baptism. It was the horror of the tribe, in fear and trembling, and not her own remorseful conscience, that took Veronique to the missionary. They wanted the fear of the Great Spirit put into her, and the missionary commenced operations by having all her hair cut off and hung on a pole, at the entrance to the Indian cemetery, and kept her on her knees outside the church door during the whole continuance of a mission. Another missionary tells of the murder, during the same year, by another