In What Barrister W. F. Smith Says About

The Cruel Treatment of Horses by Thoughtless and Careless Owners.

"Let an ordinary citizen stand on King street, and he would notice noth-ing as he watched the horses passing, but let a horseman stand there and watch and he would point out things watch and he would point out things that would make your eyes open," said Barrister W. F. Smith, on Saturday. "What drew the matter to my attention was a horse passing just now with feet so sore that they hurt him every time that he put them to the ground. You know how it would feel if you were to tear your finger nail off, and were forced to keep on jabbing the finger against a stone wall. That is the way some people jabbing the finger against a stone wall. That is the way some people treat their horses. For when people wear their horses' hoofs down to the quick and then persist in driving them, they are practising the most atrocious and awful cruelty. The sufferings and tortures that horses have to submit to, is horrible even to contemplate. Driving horses with sore shoulders is an offense that many are guilty off. None but those well acquainted with horses can tell a horse quainted with horses can tell a horse with a sore shoulder, but when you know you can easily tell. I saw a horse coming down street last fall and it, looked under the collar. A spot about eight inches in diameter was raw. It was sickening. I saw by the way the horse was travelling that

it was suffering.
"The rankest piece of cruelty I know off, and one that is practiced by refined people whom you would expect to know better, is the use of the over-check rein. It is all right for use in oneck rein. It is at the breaking a colt, because you only drive a colt a short time, but it is the height of cruelty for the farmers a horse from the plough, put a check rein on it, drive to town and leave the horse standing for hours

with the check rein fastened.
"You'see that horse tied across the street. Now, watch it when I golover and loose the over-check. It will rest its neck, which is numb from being held in an unnatural position."

The reporter watched, and the minute the check was loosed the horse stuck its head down the full length

and kept putting its head up and down slowly, resting its head, as Mr. Smith said it would do.,
"If people only realized the sufferings that horses endure in and aroun Chatham, they wouldn't believe that they lived in a civilized country. said Mr. Smith, when he had regained the side walk from his errand of mercy

Why don't the Christian ladies of this city devote a little time and money to dumb animals and not spend it all on foreign heathens who don't appreciate it. There are hundreds of dumb animais die of exposure and hunger every winter but never a word The Society for the Prevention of cruelty to animals is a good thing, and I sincerely trust that un-der its new officer it will do good work. It will stand any amount of

"Henry Dagneau is a mighty good man in such an organization. He will do what he thinks is right, without caring for anybody. Henry is a good-natured fellow, but once let him drop. on one of these people that abuse their somebody is after them."

M'KAY'S CORNERS' SCHOOL.

Arbor Day Very Appropriately Observed-A Fine Program Carried Out.

Friday, May 4th, was Arbor Day, and the scholars of S. S. No. 9-14, Harwich, came prepared for a good day's work of general cleaning up. The little rain did not dampen their spirits in the least, and soon the yard was raked clean and tidy. The trustees

furnished the maples and we soon hope to have beautiful shade trees aound the school.

The girls did their share of the work inside in a very satisfactory manner and prepared an excellent program, which was rendered after the comple-

tion of the work. The program was as follows:--Maple Leaf chorus by six girls, Chairman's speech. Recitation by Rhoda McKay.

Cradle song by three girls.
Recitation by Ada Holmes.
Solo, My Own Canadian Home, Lizzie Campbell.
Recitation by Olive Anderson.

Song, Annie Laurie, Susie Holmes and Lizzie Galbraith. Recitation, Curfew must not ring tonight, Ida McBrayne.
Song, Grandpa and I, Ethel Gal-braith and Lila Johnston.

Reading by Susie Holmes. Song, On the Banks of the Wabash, y two girls. Recitation by Winnie Anderson,

Spring song by three girls.
Recitation by Johnnie Atkinson.
Recitation by Belle Anderson.
The committee in charge, Ida McBrayne, Lizzie Galbraith and James
Clark, deserve credit for the excellent program prepared on such short no-

Two fast Trains Daily to Portland, Ore,

Via Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line. "The Overland Limit-ed" leaves 6.30 p. m., equipped with Pullman sleeping cars, tourist cars, free reclining chair cars. All meals in dining cars. "Pacific Express' leaves 10.30 p. m., with similar equip leaves 19.30 p. m., with similar equip-ment. No change of cars. Fastest time. Unequalled service. The best of everything. All agents sell tickets via Chicago & Northwestern R'y, or address: B. H. Bennett, 2 King St., East, Toronto, Ont.

When your neighbor talks louder than you, it is a sign that he is wrong and you are right.

Opportunities for Business

towns on the new lines of the ago & North-Western Railway are nmarized in a pamphlet that may obtained upon application to W. B. skern, General Passenger and Tic-Agent, 22 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill. s c21, 28,m5

A HEAP OF TRUTH THE DISTRICT

The funeral of Mrs. Barber took place of sunday and was largely attended. The farmers are busy seeding now. Fred. Dorey lost a valuable horse last

We are glad to see Thomas Hodgi

GUILDS. Miss Hilda Gordon is visiting friends in Ridgetown.
Miss Gertie Place, of Guelph, was
the guest of Mrs. Richard Smith last

Miss Ruth Goldworthy is being treated in the Orthopetic Hospital in Toronto. Her many friends trust that when she returns she will be much

improved in health.

L. Powell has returned to Toronto after spending a few weeks here with The anniversary services on April 22nd were a great success, and the lecture on Monday evening on The British Flag, by the pastor, Rev. F. E. Malett was availant.

APPLEDORE.

Malott, was excellent.

The Appledore Literary Club committee held a private meeting at the residence of Theo. McKerrall last Mon-

day evening. Wm. Mills has been busily engaged our teacher, Richard Asher, has purchased a new wheel, also Robt. Miller is the owner of a fine new bug-

Owing to the stormy day on Friday the pupils of the school will celebrate Arbor day on Monday.

Anna Lanigan, who has been suffering with rheumatism, is somewhat

The boys on the 5th concession are going to show the 6th concession fel-lows some speed, as Dwight Hanson and Raymond Langan are each training a fine colt.
Ride an 思 & D. bicycle this year.
See them at The Planet Office.

EAST BRANCH.

Mrs. A. Aikens, W. Howe and Miss A. Howe visited the Maple City re-A meeting of the W. C. T. U., of Jenners on Thursday last.

Joe Lozon and family, of Wallaceburg, have taken up their abode on the

East Branch. D. Stanley Shaw, of Toronto, is spending a few weeks' holidays under the parental roof, after which he will eave to take charge of the Methodist

Church at Merlin The Rev. Dr. Cook, of Wallaceburg called on his members up the East Branch on Tuesday last.
Ride an E. & D. bicycle this year.
See them at The Planet Office.

CONUNDRUMS

Why does a general remind one of a certain musical term? Because he above the staff. What is the difference between

cheap mule and an expensive ape One is a mere donkey and the other When must your shoes be left outside your hotel? When they won't go over the instep (inn-step).

What is the difference between a watch key and a meteorologist? One winds watches and the other watches

What is that has rods never used for fishing, poles on which you cannot hang flags, and perches upon which a bird never rested? An acre. What plant would be the warmest

Furze (furs). Why is a crying baby like a sunlower? Because it is mostly yell-o. Why does a hen never perch? Because she belongs to the lay element. What age is most often ill-treated?

Baggage. How long can a goose stand on one eg. Try it and see. Why can't a German be a dude? Because a Yankee dude'll do.

Why is the letter K like a pig's tail Because it is at the end of pork. Why is the letter F like a cow's tail? Because it's at the end of beef.

Why is the letter N like a sheep's tail? Because it's at the end of mut-

Why does a dog run across the road? Because he can't run around. When can a woman knead bread in the dark? When it is light. When can you spell dried grass

three letters? When it is hay. Spell mouse trap with three letters. Why does a dog wag his tail? Be cause the 'tail can't wag the dog.

When is a cat not a cat? When it is What 'did Adam and Eve do after Abel was dead? They raised Cain. Why don't they have ladies to run

Because their trains are always behind. What part of an engine needs the most tending? The tender part. Why do they always call an engine she or her? Because they pull a train.

What is the first thing a rooster loes in the morning? Opens his eyes. Why it is that woman would rather marry a man by the name of William? So they can have a Will of their own. Why is it dangerous to go out in the spring? The grass has blades, the shooting stars shoot and the bullrush-

What is it that everyone gives, ev

What is the difference between class of water and a glass of beer? Five cents. Why should you never tell secrets in the cornfield? Because the corn

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget

THOU SHALT NOT BILL AND Take the Name of the Lord, Thy God, in Vain.

Strong Sermon Against Swearing by

The Rev. Dr. Hannon.

In Park Street Church, Sunday evening, a large congregation heard Rev.Dr. Hannon on profane swearing. The text chosen was James, 5th chapter and 12th verse, "But

Those who swear in anger.
Those who swear to prove the truth of some statement which is questioned.
Those who swear as the result of an idle,

Then the doctor proceeded to show that

will be driven from good society and as sociation with the bad will destroy him.

Profane swearing will increase ir

reverence and irreverence will corrupt the whole nature of man. Here un-

chased story-telling, jesting and sport-ing with the scriptures, the bold, thoughtless use of the names and at-tributes of God, and the thoughtless

approaches to Him in prayer were held to increase irreverence. Shakespeare speaking of one suddenly awakened out of sleep by his dream says, "Be-

ducted in a way to produce irrever-ence. The profane swearer sets be

Profane swearing was wrong ba-cause it dishonors God. God is only honored when we praise and respect His works and His laws. Were the

ame language used in our presence

regard to our parents, our friends or the Queen, we would turn the user out

of doors, and justly so. (
Dr. Hannon's sermon was very much

appreciated by the large number pres

Upon Which British Soldiers car

Make Their Wills.

How the Government Makes Tomn

Atkins feel Good When Going

among the many things which the

British government provides for its

soldiers are blank forms for a will.

According to Harper's Weekly, "the

war office supplies every soldier that

forms of wills the first for the man

who wishes to leave all his property

to one person, the second for those

who wish to bequeath legacies we sev

married soldiers desiring to leave prop

erty to their wives and children.

eral persons and the third for use of

"The British soldier, like most other

people, usually neglects to make his

frequently walts until wounded or dy

ing upon the field. It is said that for-

merly the men would scribble their

of paper or on the inside of a helmet,

the lid of a cartridge box or Berhaps

The idea is a good one, and the Phil

adelphia Medical Journal suggests that

"if hospitals and emergency physi-

cians as well as soldiers were provid-

ed with such blanks they might prove

of great convenience in many cases of

emergency and severe illness, and legal complications might many times be

After Their Milk Bottles.

who shall before Jan. 1, 1901, return

of milk in bottles at least 11,000 of

about 5 cents each to the company

Want the Box Opened.

In 1838 Francis Douce, the antiqua

much the worse for the jam."

xception of the elephant.

A notice has been posted in the of

on a stone lying mear by."

avoided by their use."

will until the very last moment and

11111

his companions a poisonous ex-

Planet Short Story.

"Wife," said Ed. Wilbur one morning as he sat stirring his coffee with one hand and holding a plum cake on his knee with the other, and looked across the table into the bright eyes of his his neat little wife, "wouldn't it be a good joke to get bachelor Bill Smiley to take Widow Watson to Barnum's show next week.?"

"You can't do it, Ed.; he won't ask her; he's so awful shy. Why, he came

James, 5th chapter and 12th verse, "But above all things, my bretnren, swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath; but let your yeabe a yea; and your nay,nay; lest ye fall into condemnation." After stating that the civil oath for civil puposes is authorized by the Almighty and has His sanction the preacher pointed out three classes of proby here the other morning when I was hanging out some clothes, and he look-ed over the fence and spoke, but when

I shook out a night gown he blushed like a girl and went away."

"I think I can manage it," said Ed.; "but I'll have to lie just a little. But then it wouldn't be much harm under the circumstances, for I know she likes him, and he don't dislike her; but as you say he's so shy I'll just or as you say, he's so shy. I'll just go over to his place to borrow some bags of him, and if I don't bag him before I come back don't kiss me for a week,

Then the doctor proceeded to show that these kinds of swearing in common conversation were wrong. They were wrong because they are forbidden by the old and new testament. The third commandment and the weighty words of Christ on the subject were expounded. Profane swearing blunts man's nature and destroys his capacity to be influenced by God and the great spiritual realities of His universe. Swearing is so far below the standard of modern culture that the habitual swearer will be driven from good society and as-So saying, Ed. started, and while he So saying, Ed. Started, and whate he is mowing the fields, we will take a look at Bill Smiley. He was rather a good-looking fellow, though his hair and whiskers showed some grey hairs, and he had got in a set of artificial teeth. But everyone said he was a good soul, and so he was. He had a hundred acre farm as good as any in Norwich; with a new house and every thing comfortable, and if he wanted a wife, many a girl would have jump a wife, many a girl would have jumped at the chance like a rooster on a grass hopper. But Bill was so bashful—always was—and when Susan Berrybottle, who he was so sweet on, (though he never said "boo" to her) got married to old Watson, he just drawed in his head like a mud turtle drawed in ms nead like a mud turtle into its shell, and there was no getting him out again, though it had been no-ticed that since Susan had became a widow he had paid more attention to ing thus frighted swears a prayer or two." As if the prayer forced out of the soul by fright, is little better in God's sight than swearing. A so-called religious meeting may be conhis clothes and had been very regular at the church the fair widow, attend-

But here comes Mr. Wilbur.
"Good morning," Mr. Smiley."
"Good morning, Mr. Wilbur. V

"Good morning, Mr. Wilbur. What's
the news your way?"
"Oh! nothing particular that I know
of," said Ed., 'only Barnums' show
that everybody is talking about, and
everybody and his girl is going too. I
was over to old Sackrider's last night,
I see his on Gus. has got a new buggy, and was scrubbing up his harness,
and he's got that white faced colt of
his slick as a seal. I understand he his slick as a seal. I understand h thinks of taking Widow Watson to the show. He's been a hanging around there a good deal of late, but I'd just like to cut him out, I would. Susan is a nice little woman, and deserves a better man than that young pup of a fellow, though I would not blame her much if she takes him, for she must be dreadful lonesome, and then she has to let her farm out on shares, and it isn't half worked, and

snares, and it isn't half worked, and no one else seems to have the spunk to speak up to her. By jingo! if I were a single man I'd show a trick or two."

So saying, Ed. borrowed some bags and started around the corner of the barn, where he had left bill sweeping and can his cartica know hele and ing, and put his ear to a knot-hole and listened, knowing the batchelor had a habit of talking to himself when any-thing worried him. ("Confound that young Bagrider!"

aid Bill, "what business has he there I'd like to know? Got a newt buggy has he? Well, so have I, and a new harness, too! and his horse can't ge in sight of mine; and I declare I've half a mind to—yes, I will! I'll go this very night, and ask heat to go to the show with me. I'll show Ed. Wilbur that I ain't such a cald as he thinks I am, if I did let old Watson get the start of me in the first place!"
Ed. could scarbe help laughing outright, but he hastily hitched the bags his shoulder, and with a lov chuckle as his success, started home to tell the news to Nelly; and about five o'clock that evening, they saw. Bill go by with his horse and buggy on his way to the widow's. He jogged along quietly, thinking of the old singing-school days,—and what a pretty girl Susan was then—and wondering in wardly if he would have more courage now to talk up to her, until at distance of a mile from her house h same to a bridge-over a large creek -and it so happened that just as he reached the middle of the bridge, he rave a tremendous sneeze, and blew over the dash-board, and striking on the planks, they rolled over the side of the bridge, and dropped into four

fices of eight Chicago milk companies feet of water. Words cannot do justice to poor Bill offering \$500 reward to the ten drivers or paint the expression of his face, as he sat there, completely dumbfounded at his startling piece of ill-luck. Afthe greatest number of milk bottles of the company above those given out er a while he stepped out of his ter a while he stepped out or his buggy, and getting on his hands and knees, looked over into the water. "Yes, there they were," at the bot-tom, with a crowd of little fishes rubto regular customers. It is stated that since the company began the delivery these bottles have been retained by bing their noses against them, Bill wished to goodness that his the customers. The bottles are worth was as close for one second. His beau tiful teeth that had cost him so much "Get the bottles wherever you see them," was the instruction to drivers. and the show coming on and no time to get another set—and the widow and young Sackrider. Well, he must try and get them somehow—and no time to lose, for someone might come along Women keep them for preserves and pickles. Never mind what is in the bottle; let the driver throw it out on the floor. If it is strawberry jam, so and ask him what he was fooling around there for. He had no notion of spoiling his good clothes by wading in with them, on, and besides, if he did that he could not go to the widow's that night, so he took a look up and down the road to see that no one was in sight, and then quickly undersad ry, bequeathed a sealed box to the British museum on condition that it in sight, and then quickly undressed himself, laying his clothes in the bugwas not to be opened until Jan. 1, 1900. Some literary people in England gy to keep them clean. Then he ran round to the bank and waded into the are now clamoring for information as almost ice-cold water, but his teeth did to its contents, but it is unlikely that not chatter in his head—he only wish-ed they could. Quietly he waded along their curiosity will be gratified for a long time, as a great many formalities have to be gone through first. ed they could. Quietly he waded along so as not to stir up the mud, and when he got the right spot he dropped under water and came up with his teeth in his hand, and replaced them in his mouth. But, hark! What noise is that? A wagon, and a little dog barking with all his might, and his horse is starting. "Whoa! Whoa!" said Bill, as he splashed and floundered out through the mud and water. "conat Sebungwe, Africa, reports that the very rare white rhinoceros still roams the veldt in the district between the Sanyati and Zambesi rivers. Major said Bill, as he splashed and floundered out through the mud and water, "con-found the horse. Whoa! Whoa! Stop you brute you, stop!" But stop he would not, but went off at a spanking pace, with the unfortunate batchelor after him and the little dog yelping after the batchelor. Bill was certain-ly-in capital running costume, but al-Coryndon was the last to secure a of this mammoth, for in size it is the largest beast known with the

though he strained every nerve he could not touch the buggy or reach the lines that were dragging on the

ground.

After a while his plug hat shook off the seat, and the hind wheel went over it, making it as flat as: a pancake. Bill snatched it as he ran, and after jamming his fist into it, stuckit all dusty and dimpled, on his head, And now he saw the widow's house on the hill, and what, oh, what did he do! Then his coat fell out, he slipped it

on, and then making a desperate spurt he clutched the back of the seat and he clutched the back of the seat and scrambled in, and pulling the buffalo robe over his legs, stuffed the other things beneath. Now the horse happened to be one that he got from Spuire Moore, and he got it from the widow, and he took it into his head to stop at her gate, which Bill had no power to prevent, as he had not possession of the reins, besidas he was too Joury buttoning his coat up to his too busy buttoning his coat up to his chin to think of doing much else. The widow heard the rattle of the wheels and looked out, and seeing that it was Smiley and that he did not offer to get out, she went to the gate to see what he wanted, and there she stood chatting with her white arms on the top of the gate, and her smiling face turned right toward him, while the cold chills ran down his shirtless back clear to his bare feet beneath the buf-falo robe, and the water from his hair and the dust from his hat had com-bined to make some nice little streams of mud that came trickling down ha face. She asked him to come in. No, he was in a harry, he said. Still he did not offer to go. He did not like to ask her to pick up his reins for him because he did not know what excuse to make for not doing it himself. Then he looked down the road behind him and saw a white faced horse comhim and saw a white faced horse coming, and at once surmising that it was that of Gus Sickrider coming, he resolved to do or die, and hurriedly told his errand. The widow would be delighted to go, of course she would. But wouldn't he come in No, he was in a hurry, he said; had to go on to Mr. Green's place.

"Oh," said the widow; "you're going to Green's are you? Why. I was just

"Oh," said the widow; "you're going to Green's, are you'? Why, I was just going there myself to get one of the girls to help me quilt more. Just wait a second while I get my bonnet and shawi, and I'll ride with you."

And away she skipped.
"Thunder and lightning!' said Bill,
what a scrape! And he hastily
lolutched his pants from between his feet and was preparing to wriggle into them, when a light wagon, drawn by he white faced horse, driven by a boy the white faced horse, driven by a boy, came along and stopped beside him. The boy held up a pair of boots in one hand and a pair of socks in the other, and just as the widow reached the gate

and just as the wide reads and socks, Mr. "Here's your boots and socks, Mr. Smiley, that you left on the bridge when you was in swimming."

"You're mistaken," said Bill,

"they're not mine.")
"'Why," said the boy, "ain't you
the man that had the race after the
horse just now?" "No, sir, I am not! You had bet ter go on about your business." Bill sighed at the loss of his good Sunday boots, and turning to the widow said:
"'Just pick up the lines, will you please; this brute of a horse is forever switching them out of my hands. The widow complied and then he pulled one corner of the robe cautiously

down and she got in.

"'What a lovely evening," said she
"and so warm, I don't think we need
the robe over us, do we f"
("You see, she had on a nice dress and a pair of new gaiters, and she wanted to show them.") wanted to show them.")

"'Oh, my!'' said Bill, earnestly,
"you'll find it chilly riding, and I wouldn't have you catch cold for the

care for her health, and contented herself with sticking one of her little feet out, with a long silk neck-tie over the end of it."
"'What is that, Mr. Smiley, a neck

"'Yes,'" said he, "I bought it the other day, and I must have left i in the buggy. Never mind it."
"But," she said, "it was so careless,"
and stooping over she picked it up and
made a motion to stuff it in between

Bill felt her hand going down, an making a dive for it, clutched it in his and held it hard and fast. Then they went on quite a distance he still holding her soft little hand in his and wondering what he should do when they got to Green's, and she wondering why he did not say some-thing nice to her as well as squeeze her hand, and why his coat was buttoned up so tightly on such a warm evening and what made his face and hat se dirty, until as they were going down a little hill one of the traces came unhitched and they had to stop murder!" said Bill; "wha

"What is the matter, Mr. Smiley said the widow, with a start that came near jerking the robe off his

knees.

"One of the traces is off," said he.

"Well, why don't you get out and out it on?"

"I can't," said Bill; I've got—that is, I haven't got—oh, dear; I'm so sick! What shall I do?"

"Why, Willie," said she, tenderly, "what is the matter? do tell me" and she gave his hand a little squeeze, and looking into his pale face she thought he was going to faint, so she got out her smelling bottle with her left hand, and pulling the stopper out with her teeth she stuck it to his nose. Bill was just taking in breath for a mighty sigh, and the pungent odor a mighty sigh, and the pungent odor made him throw back his head so far that he lost his balance and went over that he lost his balance and went over the low-backed buggy. The little woman gave a scream as his fare feet flew past her head and covering ber face with her hands gave way to tears or smiles—it is hard to tell which Bill was "right side up" in a moment, and was leaning over the back of the seat humbly apologizing and explaining, when Ed. Wilbur, with his wife and baby, drove up behind and stopped. Poor Bill felt that he would rather have been shot than have Ed. Wilbur eatch him in such a scrape.

Wilbur catch him in such but there was no help for he called Ed, to him and will his ear. Ed. was like to burst with suppre Ed. was like to burst wath suppressed laughter, but he beckened to his wife to draw up, and, after saying something to her, he helped the widow out of Bill's buggy and into his, and the two women went on, leaving the nen behind. Bill lost no time in arranging his toilet as best he could, and then, with great persuasion, Ed. got him to go bome with him, and hunting up slippers and socks/and getting him

wormed out of bashful Bill, and how they all laughed as they went to the show together, and Bill has no fear of Gus Sackrider now.

This is the story about Bill and the widow, just as I had it from Ed. Wilbur, an dif there is anything un-

AMERICAN SALOON.

Is now Coming in for its Share of Attention.

he Social Side its Deadliest and Most

Dangerous Characteristic. rama: vice is a public menas not till a righteous hand is raised to strike it a blow do we know the deep-seated place it occupies in the moral and social life of the people. Just now the American saloon meeting-rather late, to be sureits share of attention. of social element, and the cry is raised that the poor, along with the rich, must have their share of diversion and recreation. would appear that nothing short of a voice from the infernal regions could be heard championing the saloon as a beneficient institution. It thrives for the curse, not the bene-fit, of men of the lower order of society. And the more's the pity; for if society can only hope to be safe by all men's becoming freemen having a chance of rising to higher levels, then to put such a stone of stumbling in the path of the weak is a crime against heaven.

The social side of the saloon is the deadliest and most dangerous phase of it. Just at the most dangerous period in a young man's life, when he is apt to form false notions of the restraints of home, the saloons open their doors and bid him en ter. The estimate is made that ninety per cent. of all drink-cursed lives began the career of the drunkard at

the bar of the saloon. Very strangely, we think, there are some who, with a false pity for the poor, are willing to uphold it for the sake of making what is called a "club" for the lowly. If the saloon is in any sense a club, it is such a place as creates a false appetite, creating and then fostering, inducing and exaggerating an unnatural thirst, which never can be quen-

Men have been, and are still, too much cursed by lust and passion. What shall be said of an institution which, in its influence, inflames the passions and trails all standards of right living in the dust?

If a tree may be known by fruits, we may not be charged with bearing false witness when we say the institution which makes it im possible to pass sufficient laws for civic righteousness, has no right to He who condones its presence in a community is either blind to its effects or morally on a level with it

A Fable for Parents,

A certain mother had a beautiful child. And he had attained to four years. Long were his curls, red were his cheeks, his eyes were lustrous his expression cherubic. But he was possessed of a spirit of mischief, which tried his mother sorely, so that she cried out, "Oh, I wish that vou were ten vears older might be less care!'

Now, the mother was proud of her handsome babe, for there was charm about him that envelopes only those who still retain recollection of the spirit land from

Even as she spoke, there appeared a fairy unto her, who said, "Oh foolish woman, it shall be to the even as thou hast wished. Kiss the babe farewell. Thou shalt be spared the trials and responsibilities anxieties that would surround his life to childhood, and even now shall thou have thy son that is to be." And the lovely babe, with chubby hands outsretched, as though he

would kiss his mother vanished in a mist. And a desolation spread over the woman's heart, for there came to her a tall, ungainly youth. Long were his legs; red were his hands shambling was his gait, and his face was homely. And he made as though he would caress her, but she drew tack in horror and said, "This is not my child, but a changeling Give me back my rosy boy, my darling my comfort. Let me feel his soft arms around my neck and I will bear his waywardness, and my responsibilities. What if I have gained a son, when I have lost my And there came a sound of mock-

ing laughter.

CHARING CROSS SCHOOL REPORT. Following is the standing of the pupils in the examinations during April. The marks indicate the percentage: Class VI.—K. Wilson 73, L. White

54,
Class V.—H. Weir 74, F. Hunter 70,
C. Meloche 44.
Class IV. Sr.—H. Wilson 73, B. Wilson 56, A. White 43.
Class IV, Jr.—S. Walker 92, E. Drewery 85, F. Calkins 85, C. Redmond 79,
J. Robinson 79, W. Corlett 71.
Class III. Sr.—S. Finlay 89, G. Young 88, C. Weir 70, M. Munn 36.
Class III. Jr.—C. Walker 86, R. Calkins 85, H. Drury 85, R. Young 79, L. Pearce 43.

Class III. Jr.—C. Walker 86, R. Calkins 85, H. Drury 85, R. Young 79, L. Pearce 43.

Sr. II.—F. McEachran 84, C. Hamil 79, G. Wright 79, W. Hunter 79, G. Smith 74, M. Dibbly 70, P. Walker 68, H. Hunter 68, R. Drury 64, R. Walker 64, L. Liezert 62, W. Dodds 54, W. Fluwelling 53.

Jr. II.—W. Drewery 92, N. Harvéy 92, G. White 85, G. Finlay 84, H. McEachran 83, S. Smith 78, M. Smith 70, C. Wright 63, L. Smith 61, P. Munn 60, G. Hunter 52, R. Cram 47, Names in order of merit:—Part II.—J. Walker, L. Meloche, R. Drury, M. McEachran, P. Fields, G. Walker, S. Cram, Z. Walker, G. Walker, S. Cram, Z. Walker, J. Pearce, R. Walker, A. Robinson, E. Smith, M. Harvey, J. Young, S. Munn, W. Bruly, D. Dibbly.

Part I. Jr.—G. Drury, V. White, B. White, B. Drury, O. R. EDWARDS, Prin.

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Cures **Weak Men** Free

A most successful remedy has been found for sexual weakness, such as impotency, varicocele, shrunken organs, nervous debility, lost manhood, night emissions, premature discharge and all other results of self-abuse or excesses. It cures any case of the difficulty, never fails to restore the organs to full natural strength and vigor. The Doctor who made this wonderful discovery wants to let every man know about it. He will therefore send the receipt giving the various ingredients to be used so that all men at a trifling expense can cure themselves. He sends the receipt free, and all the reader need do is to send his name and address to L. W. Knapp, M. D., 1710, Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich, requesting the free receipt as reported in this papers. It is a generous offer and all men ought to be glad to have such an opportunity. such an opportunity.

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Saturday, May 12th, will

sell for cash
Seedless Oranges, per doz
apron25c
Ginger Snaps, per lb 50
Granulated Sugar, per lb 00
Vellow Sugar, per lb440
5 lb good new Prunes200
3 lb. Lemon Biscuits
5c and 10c Shoe Polish for 3c and 6c
Monkey brand Soap 10c bars for 8c
Evaporated Peaches per lb12c
Evaporated reaches per to
Bread, per loaf 5c

Just received a quantity of new DISHES,

Dinner, Tea and Chamber Sets

We are selling more dishes this year than ever before. The public appreciate bargains when they see them.

Phone 190. Park St., East Goods Delivered

Choice ₹ Hams ➤ Bacon

Especially selected for our

EASTER TRADE Nice, Mild Cured Beaver Brand Hams Nice, Mild Cured Beaver Brand Shoulders Nice, Mild Cured Beaver

Bacon, lean Bologna Sausage and Cooked Lunch Ham always in stock

Brand Breakfast

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Ice Cream and Cream Soda

Wm. Somerville

Sterling & Kovinsky Rags, Rubber, Iron and Metal

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