

## TYROLESE CUSTOMS.

**Peccant Manner in Which Proposals of Marriage Are Made.**

There is an old custom prevailing among the Tyrolese regarding proposals of marriage. The first time a young man pays a visit to a young woman he brings with him a bottle of wine, of which he pours out a glass and presents it to the object of his desires.

If she accepts it the whole affair is settled. Very often the girl has not yet made up her mind, and then she will take refuge in excuses so as not to drink the wine and yet not refuse it point blank, for that is considered a gross insult, proving that she has been merely trifling with the affections of her lover.

She will, for instance, maintain that the wine "looks sour" or that wine disagrees with her or that she is afraid of getting tipsy or that the priest has forbidden her to take any—in fact, she makes use of any subterfuge that presents itself at that moment.

The purport of these excuses is that she has not come to a decision and that the wine offering is premature.

This strange custom, dating very far back—according to one account, it was known as early as the ninth century—is called "bringing the wine" and is synonymous with the act of proposing. Shy lovers, loath to make sure of their case beforehand, find it a very happy institution. Not a word need be spoken, and the girl is spared the painful "No" of civilization.

If any of the wine is spilled or the glass or bottle broken it is considered a most unhappy omen—in fact, there is a peasant's saying for an unhappy marriage, "They have spilled the wine between them."

## SACRED CROCODILES.

**The Famous Shrine and the "Labyrinth" in Egypt.**

The crocodile, one of the most sacred animals of the east, has given its name to several ancient sites. Of the various cities of crocodiles the names of which have been handed down to us by Herodotus, Ptolemy and Strabo, perhaps the most striking was the "Crocodilopolis" of the ancient Egyptian province of Fayum, which, according to tradition, was built by that pharaoh who "made the lives of the children of Israel bitter with hard service." This province lies within an almost complete circle of hills—a little oasis in the midst of the desert, where roses and grapes mingle with figs and olives and luxuriant palm trees grow almost into forests. Its capital is Medinet, and a little to the north of the city are a number of irregularly shaped mounds. Beneath these are the ruins of the pharaoh built "Crocodilopolis," the "City of Crocodiles," later called Arsinoe and the shrine of the sacred crocodile of the neighboring Lake Moeris, which was then 450 miles in circumference. This lake held the sacred crocodiles, and as each died in turn it was buried in one of the 1,500 underground sepulchers of the world famed "labyrinth" at hand, side by side with the embalmed bodies of successive pharaohs.

## Holy Saturday in Naples.

Naples celebrates in a curious manner Lent and the end of Passion week. Ropes are stretched from house to house across the streets in the ancient districts on the day of the carnival, and dolls made of rags, wearing the traditional Neapolitan costume and carrying a distaff and bobbin, are suspended from these ropes. At the feet of the spinner is attached an orange containing seven feathers, corresponding to the seven weeks of Lent. Each week one feather is plucked, so that only one remains at Holy Saturday. Then, as soon as the cannon of Port St. Elmo and the church bells announce the noon hour and the resurrection of Christ, firecrackers, which have been tied in long strings to the orange at the dolls' feet are lighted, and the Quaresima figure explodes amid the cries of the crowd, wherein pious formulas and profane phrases alternate.

**London's Most Ancient Court.**  
The ancient court of hustings is of Saxon origin, and the name is derived from hus, a house, and thing, a matter of cause—that is, a house or hall of causes. Courts of the kind were established in all the great cities, and, as regards London, it is the supreme as well as the most ancient court and is the court of appeal from the sheriff's court. In the earliest times it was held weekly, but it is now summoned only as occasion requires.

## Golf.

A writer in an English paper has this to say regarding the game of golf: "Golf is a great game, but shiver me nibbicks if I think it comes up to tid-dle-winks. It is played with a couple of farms, a river or so, two or three sand hills, a number of implements resembling dentist's tools, a strange language much like Hindoostanee, any old clothes and a large assortment of oaths."

## Two Looks.

He climbed down from the pay car, with his month's wages still in his hand.

"Sure, ye must be feelin' rich, Pat, with all ye have there," said a bystander.

"And what does this signify to me?" answered Pat. "Just two looks, man, while I get it and then I give it to the old woman."—Life.

## Just as Well.

Singleton—No man can tell just what a woman will do next. Weddery—And it's just as well he can't. Otherwise she'd be sure to do something altogether different.—Chicago News.

He that runs out by extravagance must retrieve by parsimony.—From the Dutch.



## Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

Mooney's Biscuits are an evenly balanced, wholesome, nourishing food, equally good for young and old. Made from Canada's finest wheat flour, rich cream and pure butter. Baked by the Mooney baker in the Mooney way.

Sav' Mooney's to your grocer.

## MONTREAL MAN FOR CORNER.

**Will Conduct Inquest on Two Men Killed in Buckingham Riot.**

Montreal, Oct. 24.—Coroner McMahon of this city will conduct the inquest into the death of the two men, Belanger and Theriault, who were killed in the labor riot at Buckingham.

The inquest will likely open on Thursday, and the coroner will be sworn in as joint coroner for the district of Ottawa at Hull to-day.

**Buckingham Strike Over.**  
Ottawa, Oct. 24.—The Royal Dragoons have been withdrawn from Buckingham, and the strike is practically over. Nearly all the strikers have got work, and the MacLaren mills are running.

The inquest on the bodies of Belanger and Theriault will begin to-day.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science, however, has discovered that Catarrh is a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**\$1,200 For Breach of Promise.**

Toronto, Oct. 24.—Mrs. Jennie McArthur, a widow, 32, was the plaintiff in a breach of promise suit in the Assize Court yesterday. She resides in Galt. It was there she met W. J. Patterson, now of the Union Life Insurance Co. They met on the street. She worked in a laundry and he would wait for her. They became engaged in March, 1904, the marriage to take place in January, 1906. When the time came W. J. failed to appear. The jury yesterday gave her a \$1,200 verdict. The defendant did not appear in court.

## ONE OF THE SADDEST STORIES.

First it was a cold, neglected, of course, and catarrh developed. Nothing was done and consumption followed. Watch the little cold, keep it from growing by using Catarrh Cure. Nothing simpler than inhaling the germ-killing vapor of this grand remedy. Colds and catarrh flee as before fire. Every trace of throat and bronchial trouble yields immediately. Catarrh Cure is scientific and absolutely guaranteed for preventing and curing catarrh and kindred ills. Two sizes, 25c. and \$1 at all dealers.

The self-made man has a profound contempt for pedigrees.

## NINETY-EIGHT PER CENT.

There is a fascination about big profits to a business man. But the conservative and cautious trader prefers to have the lesser per cent. of interest and the larger per cent. of safety in his investments. There is no business man who would not consider it a sound proposition to invest in an enterprise in which absolute loss was impossible and which offered ninety-eight per cent. of a hundred of a rich profit. The statistics of cures effected by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery show that "weak lungs" can be absolutely cured. Almost, if not all, forms of physical weakness may be traced to starvation. Starvation saps the strength. The body is just as much starved when the stomach cannot extract nutrition from the food it receives as when there is no food. "Weak lungs," bronchial affections, obstinate coughs, call for nourishment. "Golden Medical Discovery" supplies that nourishment in its most condensed and assimilable form. It makes "weak lungs" strong, by strengthening stomach and organs of digestion which digest and distribute the food, and by increasing the supply of pure blood.

Too much humility is just as tiresome a quality as too much conceit.

## SARTORIAL NEWS.

**Turbans and the Modish Headgear—Brown and Gray—A Smart Combination.**

Turbans are to be the fashionable fall and winter hats for general service. They are smartly trimmed at the back with wide, outstanding bows.

Many of the new coats show position backs. This is a style that looks up on the modish horizon every few years, but it is not taken up with much enthusiasm.

If you want to have a smart costume this winter let it be in tones of brown and gray. The combination is not alluring or wildly becoming, but it is very fashionable.

Lace will be used quite as much on gowns this winter as it has for the



NAVY BLUE SUIT.

past few seasons. There is a leaning in favor of Spanish laces, due to the popularity of the new queen of Spain. Pink is a popular shade just now, and there is one shade of very pale pink that is charming on the red hair and blue eyes, and she may also wear a deep wine red, dark green, navy blue, lemon color and pale green. Piping will appear on many of the winter suits. This trimming is particularly attractive on mixed chevrons and tweed costumes.

Bolero jackets and jaunty little coats of black lace are to rival the same effects in white lace that have been so smart for several seasons. Then there are all kinds of fancy yokes, chemises and chemisettes carried out in black Spanish lace.

All the fall tailor makes have a touch of dressiness about the bodice or coat in the form of inset appliques or fancy braids.

Navy blue broadcloth makes the attractive gown in the cut. The plain skirt is stitched in several rows at the footline. The bolero has a design of black braid in geometrical pattern. About the U shaped neck is a dainty finish of plaited white mull. The flaring cuffs on the short sleeves show this plaited edge. JUDIC CHOLLET.

## WHAT IS WORN.

**Embroidered Button Fast-Hats For School Women—New Sash Fancies.**

Embroidered buttons are so smart and attractive that many women are embroidering their own little circles of silk, which are afterward used to cover button molds.

Light felt hats are to be modish for early fall wear for school children. The pretty fashion of wearing fringed sashes, copied from French children, is being taken up by mothers who are just a little tired of the ubiquitous belt. These sashes are made of wide ribbon—the soft, droopy kind—finished with a fringe of heavy silk knotted on in simple or intricate fashion, according to whim. They are worn long enough for the fringe to come to the very edge of the hem or, as in Paris, just below it.

In spite of a strongly increased demand for a larger hat there is a tendency toward a rather greater vogue of the turban. It is a somewhat long

shape and like most of the modish hats is built up at the back with a bandeau. The trimming is also massed at the back and it not infrequently consists of several short but fluffy ostrich plumes. Occasionally a large bird of a paradise tail is perched on the back of one of these smart turbans and then one knows that the creation is straight from Paris.

The cut shows a flat sleeve model. The puff and tight fitting cuff are made of fillet net, while the quality shaped elbow effect with tabbed ends is of cloth. Most attractive, too, is the lace neckpiece illustrated with its knotted tie of soft silk. JUDIC CHOLLET.



A NEW SLEEVE DESIGN.

Do not allow idleness to deceive you, for while you give him today he steals tomorrow from you.—Crowell.

Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is a wonderful tonic. It drives out all impurities. A good thing for the whole family. Keeps you well all winter. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

Time has no odd days or holidays in his calendar.

If you would lose that dull old head, ache, And feel as lively as a flea, Make haste to your druggist And buy some Rocky Mountain Tea.

A. I. McCall & Co.

## A Friend Told Me About Bu-Ju

THE GENTLE KIDNEY CURE

Hundreds of people, who have been cured of Kidney Trouble by Bu-Ju, were first induced to try this wonderful remedy by friends who had themselves been cured. The sales of Bu-Ju are daily increasing, because everyone who takes them is benefited—and these in turn, tell others. So the good news is spread.

Here is what a Pictorial man says about Bu-Ju—

"I have used Bu-Ju with great benefit to myself, and cheerfully recommend it to all who, I think, are suffering from Kidney Troubles and Rheumatism."

"I think Bu-Ju the best remedy made."

Yours sincerely, JAMES MILLER.

THE CLAPLIN CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED.

Windsor, Ont. New York.

Clam's Eggs.

The clam's eggs are carried by the mother on her gills. When there are fish in the water with them the mother clams discharge the eggs which soon hatch, but if there are no fish they carry the eggs until they decay. The reason of this strange behavior is this: When the eggs are set free in the water they soon hatch and the little ones swim about until they find some fish to which to attach themselves. They live for a time on the mucus of the fish and then drop off, sink to the bottom and form burrows for themselves. This curious semiparasitic life is no doubt a reversion to the habit of some ancient ancestor.

## SELECT YOUR MEDICINE WITH CARE.

In debility and weakness medicine should be mild and far reaching. Many pills and purgatives are too harsh, are drastic instead of curative. Excessive action is always followed by depression, and knowing this, Dr. Hamilton devised his pills of Mandrake and Butternut so as to mildly increase liver and kidney activity, flush out the elementary canal, tone and regulate the bowels. Thus do Dr. Hamilton's Pills eliminate poisons from the body, restore clearness to the skin, bring strength and that sweet restorer of health—sleep. Best medicine on earth, 25c. per box at all dealers.

## One Man's Wisdom.

Green—Who was it that said, "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws?" Brown—I don't know the man's name, but he was a wise guy, all right. Gree—Because why? Brown—Because it is possible to evade the laws, but one can't get away from the songs, especially when they become popular.

## HOW IT SPREADS.

The first package of Dr. Leonard's Hem-Roid, the infallible Pile Cure, that was put out went to a small town in Nebraska.

It cured a case of Piles that was considered hopeless.

The news spread, and although this was only two years ago, the demand prompted Dr. J. S. Leonard, of Lincoln, Neb., the discoverer, to prepare it for general use. Now it is being sent to all parts of the world. It will cure any case of Piles. There is a month's treatment in each box. It is for sale by druggists, or by The Wilson-Fyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

## The Price of Vanity.

What became of that life guard who had forty-one medals for saving people's lives?

"The poor fellow fell out of a launch with them all on, and the combined weight sank him."

Fidelity that is purchased with money can by money be destroyed.

## A WELL-KNOWN MAN.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Dear Sirs—I can recommend your MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains, as I have used it for both with excellent results.

Yours truly, T. E. LAVERS.

St. John.

Must Have Seen Smart.

Signora P.—I had a dozen proposals before yours, all from smarter men than you too. Signor P.—They must have been. How did they manage to crawl out of it?—La Caricature.

Do not allow idleness to deceive you, for while you give him today he steals tomorrow from you.—Crowell.

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## IN THE LAST WALTZ

By BEATRICE STURGES

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Even a careless glance around the room showed that it was the last. The throng of dancers was thinning out, flowers were drooping, scraps of confetti strewn the floor, frills and flounces were looking a bit bedraggled, and a subtle somnolence marked the languid movements of the dancers, who were now circling the floor to the throbbing strains of the old but ever loved "Blue Danube."

In one corner of the room stood a girl with pink cheeks and hazel eyes, around her were four young men all held up her card, which showed a blank line opposite that number.

"Yes, I know," said one in reply to this, "you wouldn't let me write my name, but you promised just the same."

"Exactly," said another.

"Same here," ejaculated the fourth.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the girl in a confidential manner that made each man think she meant him especially.

"Yes?" they asked in concert.

"Let's all sit it out together."

"No," argued the man who thought he had the inside track; "let's take turns. I'll begin." And he started to suit the action to the word.

"No, you don't," objected the others, holding him forcibly. "We'd never see her again."

"My private opinion is that she gave it to somebody who hasn't shown up, and she's really waiting for him," laughed one.

Some of the color left the pink cheeks. Could they have guessed how near the truth his jesting remark came? Why had she not slipped away before this last waltz, which she had purposely withheld all the evening? As a matter of fact, she had promised it two weeks ago, but much had happened in those two weeks, and now—well, no one should laugh at her or say she was breaking her heart for a man who didn't care for her. If she only could get through this waltz safely she thought she would have courage enough for anything else.

"The idea!" she exclaimed with a little laugh, shifting her big bunch of pink roses to her left arm; "I'll dance it with all of you. I love the 'Blue Danube' and I never miss it."

She stood ready and the first of the four was just about to swing her off into the throng when a tall young man with a clean cut jaw and steady blue eyes somehow stepped out of the

crowd, disengaged his arm with a quiet "This is my dance," and swept the girl away before any of the rest of them could say a word.

"How could you?" she protested. "I didn't want to dance."

"You looked ready to start," he retorted. "Besides, didn't you promise me two weeks ago?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then don't spoil it now. It's the same old tune, Marian, that we've danced so often. The same old thrub and the same old thrill, and I suppose it will always bring the same old ache. It will always make me think of you." He held her hand closer.

She flushed painfully. "Please don't," she whispered. "It isn't fair, Fred, and you know you don't mean it."

"Don't mean it? You ought to know that I have meant every word I have ever said to you."

She gave a bitter little laugh and looked over his shoulder with unseeing eyes. "I wonder then if you could explain to me just what you meant that night, two weeks ago, when you too made a promise, a promise that seemed to me a little more important than a waltz. Not only a promise, but an offer that seemed to me then very sincere and beautiful, and which I accepted, but I haven't seen you since and I heard yesterday that you were going away. Why did you come for this dance in this way tonight? Did you want to make a spectacle of me before them all?"

He looked at her in amazement and almost ran into another couple. "But I went to see you the next day and you were not at home, nor the next, nor the next, and you did not answer my note. What was I to think? Only that it was

a pleasant evening's flirtation for you. Then, unexpectedly I had this opportunity to go west to work with my uncle and it was too good to refuse, especially when there was nothing to keep me here. So I have bought my ticket and am going tomorrow. I did not mean to come to this affair tonight, but when I thought of this waltz I was determined to have it, so I came to say good-by."

"Oh, it is cruel to tell me this now," she exclaimed. "I saw you go driving past our house with some girl I didn't know, so naturally I went out myself for the afternoon."

"It was a friend of Sister Clara's I was taking to the station," he interrupted.

"Then the next two days I had to go see Aunt Julia, who was ill. Nobody told me that you came; I wasn't going to ask, and I never got any note."

"I put it in the box on the big elm in your front yard myself."

"We haven't used that box in years," she answered. "You couldn't very well expect me to write and ask you if you had written to me, could you?"

"Well, could you expect me to write again to you and ask you if you were going to write to me?" he retorted.

"What was in the note?" she asked, by way of reply.

He looked down on the wavy brown hair, caught a glimpse of the pink cheeks and the white neck rising from a soft pink gown.

"The same thing I told you before, Marian, the same thing this music tells you, the same thing your own heart tells you—I love you."

The whole room seemed to sway with the rhythm of the music then, the odor of her crushed roses filled the air, the painful tension of the past two weeks was gone, a delicious sweetness seemed to settle on her heart. She felt his eyes upon her, though she had not raised hers.

"Look up, dear," he said; "look up if you love me."

"Sweetheart," she whispered through her quivering lips.

And the waltz was over.

They walked home slowly under a full moon. One of her pink roses had found its way to his coat and her hand was clasped in his.

Under the shadow of the big trees of her yard she paused.

"About going west?" she began tentatively.

"Must, right away," he answered, "but I'm coming to see you first. Mind you're at home tomorrow."

"But your ticket?"

"I'll change it for next week if you'll go with me."

She hesitated. "Make it two weeks and I will," she replied.

"Done!" And he kissed her to seal the promise.

"Dear," she whispered, "wasn't it a lovely waltz?"

Men and Women.

"Men," she said, "are continually asking in the newspapers the questions:—

"Why does a woman always want to know if her hat is on straight?"

"Why does she sharpen pencils with her husband's razor?"

"Why will she ruin a fifty dollar gown in a struggle to save 2 cents at a bargain counter?"

"I think it is about time we women should retaliate on the men with some questions like these:—

"Why does a man when he finishes with a newspaper always throw it in a heap on the floor instead of folding it up neatly?"

"Why when sent to look for something in bureau or closet does he always return and say it isn't there?"