

Local Notes

It is reported that a large number of calves known as "bols" are being shipped from some Ontario points to Montreal, where they are being manufactured into pressed chicken, so-called. The calves need not be older than twenty-four days.

At a recent dinner given by a prominent club a man who is unusually young for the prominence he has won in his chosen field, rose to respond for the first time in a certain city to a toast. His beardless face was flushed and his manner embarrassed. In hesitating tones he began: "Gentlemen: Before I entered this room I had an excellent speech prepared. Only God and myself knew what I was going to say. Now God alone knows." And he sat down.

You Must Turn Out.

It is a common error with the public, to think that a rig caught up to on the highway does not have to turn out unless called on to do so by the party behind him. The law requires the party in front to turn out of his own accord. This is what the act says: "In case a person traveling or being upon a highway in charge of a vehicle as aforesaid, or on horseback, is overtaken by any vehicle or horseman traveling at a greater speed, the person so overtaken shall quietly turn out to the right and allow the said vehicle or horseman to pass."

Caltown Honor Roll.

Following is the honor roll for the first quarter for S. S. No. 10, Front, Yonge and Escott:

Fifth Class.—G. Ladd, M. Hunt, L. Hughes, R. Williams, L. Williams. Fourth Class.—E. Leeder, M. Ladd, E. Armstrong, H. Leeder, M. Hunt, O. Leeder. Third Class.—S. Leeder, H. Leeder, A. Ladd, L. Hunt, L. Hughes, T. Hughes. Second Class.—P. Edgley. Sr. Pt. Second.—E. Hughes. Jr. Pt. Second.—G. Heffernan. First Class.—I. Leeder. Average attendance, 17.

LOU M. STEVENS, Teacher.

Prohibition.

Rev. Dr. McKay, in a recent address delivered at Woodstock on the subject of prohibition said: "Fifty years ago the attitude of the masses towards the traffic was one of apathy, indifference, tolerance; now, in the words of our late Finance Minister, 'three-quarters of the people of Canada have set their faces against the drink habit.' Ten years ago the annual consumption of spirituous liquors averaged nearly two gallons and a half for each man, woman and child in America. Today the average is less than one gallon. It ought, however, to be mentioned that during this time the consumption of beer has greatly increased."

Beats the Kissing Bug.

Dr. L. O. Howard, of Washington, D. C., in an address before the Sigma Chi Society at Yale college, gave warning of the approach of an insect which will outlive the "kissing bug," says a New Haven despatch. The bug is known in some parts of the West as the "Blood sucking Cone Nose." The insect inhabits parts of New Mexico, and Dr. Howard states that it is moving northward. It is described as being bright and speckled, quite large, and capable of giving a most ferocious bite. The sting of the insect is poisonous like that of the so-called "kissing bug."

Dr. Howard stated that quite recently he had heard of several of them being found in a package sent home from a Chinese laundry. Dr. Howard was formerly editor of Insect Life, and is at present chief of the division of entomology in the United States Department of Agriculture.

SEED POTATOES.

The undersigned offers the Early Fortune potato for seed. It is one of the strongest growers among the early varieties, both as to early ripening qualities and enormous productiveness. Of strong, vigorous growth, it is handsome in form and its color resembles the Early Rose. I find they yield, under the same cultivation, three times as many as the Early Rose from the same amount of seed planted. Although Early Fortune was planted three weeks later than the Early Rose, they matured at the same time.

N. B.—Anyone wanting these seed potatoes, can have same at greatly reduced prices from what is generally asked by the leading seedmen.

41. Wm. Mott, Church st., Athens.

PATRIOTIC CONCERT.

A committee appointed by the lodge of Workmen of Athens request us to announce a public meeting to be held in Lamb's Hall on Monday evening, 9th inst., to arrange for a patriotic concert in aid of the Canadian soldiers now doing duty in South Africa. The invitation to take part is extended to all societies in town, the reeve and councillors of the village and township, trustees of the high and public schools, and others favorable to doing a share towards providing for the soldiers, their wives and children. The meeting will commence at 8 o'clock sharp. Let there be a good turn out from township and village.

THE POEM.

He lifted his head,
And the vision that stood there smelt
"Oh, Paul," she said,
"I have come at thy bidding; no child
Of thy fancy, dead,
But living and breathing as thou!
Take me now!"

His heart, how it burned!
But he thought, "This a dream, if
It will vanish," and yearned
With an infinite yearning and strove
With his doubts till she turned—
She, the vision—and sorrowful went
Ere he knew her intent.

He leapt to his feet
And seized on her undulant veil,
With its odor as sweet
As the Maytime, and, lo, it did trail
In his hand, all complete!
She had gone, and he cherished, forlorn,
The veil she had worn.

The veil he upraised.
He showed it to men, and they cried
As they noted, amazed,
The diaphanous wonder, "What pride
Of invention!" and praised.
But sweeter and sadder he grew
And replied, "If you knew!"
—Henry Bannister Merwin in Atlantic.

HIS THIRTIETH BIRTHDAY

On That Day He Decided to Remember
The Day He Loved.

By Lloyd Osborne.

His thirtieth birthday! His first youth was behind him, with all its heartburnings, its failures, its manifold humiliations. What had he done these years past but drift, forlorn, penniless and unattached, over those shallows where others had stuck and prospered?

In the colonies he had toiled unremittently in half a hundred characters, groom, cook, boundary rider, steamer roustabout, always sinking, always failing. Had life nothing more for him than an endless succession of not empty days on the farthest beach of Upolu, with scarcely more to eat than the commonest Kanaka and no other outlet for his energies than the bartering of salt beef for coprah and an occasional night's fishing on the reef? The noise of an incoming boat drew him to the door, and he looked out to see the pastor's old whaler heading through the pass. A half grown girl leaped into the water and hastened up to the store with something fastened in a banana leaf. It was a letter, which she shyly handed to the trader. Walter Kinross looked at it with surprise, for it was the first he had received for four years, and the sight of its English stamp and familiar handwriting filled him with something like awe.

My dear nephew—I know you're pretty old to come back and start life afresh here, but if you haven't had the unmitigated folly to get married out there and tied by the leg forever I'll help you to make a new start, if you have the grit to do it. You shan't starve if \$1,000 a year will keep you, and if you will try and turn over a new leaf and make a man of yourself in good earnest I am prepared to mark you down substantially in my will.

But, mind, no promises; payment strictly by results. You're no longer a boy, and this is probably the last chance you'll ever get of entering civilized life again and meeting respectable folk. I enclose you a draft for \$1,250, for you will doubtless need clothes, etc., as well as your passage money, and if you decide not to return you can accept it as a present from your old uncle. Affectionately yours, ALFRED BAYFORD.

The house could not contain him and his eager thoughts; he must needs feel the sky overhead and the trades against his cheek, and take all nature into his puny confidence. Besides, Valais had now a new charm for him, one he had never counted on to find. Hard and lonely though his life had been, this Samoan boy was endeared to him by a thousand pleasant memories and even by the recollection of his past unhappiness. Here he had found peace and love, freedom from taskmasters, scenes more beautiful than any picture, and, not least, a sufficiency to eat.

A little money, and his life might have been tolerable, even happy; enough money for a good sized boat, a cow or two, and those six acres of the Pascoe estate he had so often longed to buy. How often had he talked of it with Leata, who had been no less eager than himself to harness their quarter acre to the six and make them all his little paradise. Poor Leata, whom he had taken so lightly from his father's house and paid for in gunpowder and eggs of beef; his smiling, soft eyed Leata, who would have died for him! What was to become of her in this new arrangement of things.

By this time he had worked quite round the bay, and almost without knowing it he found himself in front of Paul Englebert's store. Englebert was the other trader in Valais, a peppery, middle aged Prussian, who had been a good friend of his before those seven breadfruit trees had come between them. He recalled Englebert's rough, jovial kindness, remembered how Paul had cared for him through the fever, and helped him afterward with money and trade. How could he have been so petty as to make a quarrel of these breadfruit trees? Poor old Paul! It was a shame they hadn't spoken these two years.

On the veranda, barefoot and in striped pyjamas, was Englebert, pretending not to see him. To Kinross, as he walked up the path and mounted the veranda stairs, the man looked old and sick, and not a little changed.

"How do you do, Englebert?" he said. The German looked at him with smoldering eyes. "Gant you see I'm busy?" he said.

"You might offer a man a chair," said Kinross, seating himself on the stool chest.

"There is no fare for dem dat isn't welcome," said the German.

"I used to be welcome here," said Kinross. "There was a time when you

were a precious good friend of mine, Paul Englebert."

"Dat was long ago," said the trader. "I've been thinking," said Kinross, "that I've acted like a fool about those trees."

"Dat was what I was dinking, too, dese two-dree years," responded the other.

"Take them; they are yours," said Kinross. "You can build your fence there tomorrow."

"So?" said Englebert with dawning intelligence. "De Yerman gonul has at last to my complaint listened."

"Hang the German consul! No!" cried Kinross. "I do it myself because I was wrong; because you were good to me that time I was sick and lent me the \$100 and the trade."

"And you want nothing?" asked Englebert, still incredulous.

"I want to shake your hand and be friends again, old man," said Kinross, "same as we used to be when we played dominoes every night, and you'd tell me about the Austrian war, and how the prince divided the cigars with you when you were wounded."

The German looked away. "Oh, Kinross," he said, with a queer shining look in his eyes, "you make me much ashamed." He turned suddenly round and wrung the Englishman's hand in an iron grasp. "I too, was fool. Ho, Malla, de beer!"

His strapping native wife appeared with bottles and mugs. At the sight of their guest he could scarcely conceal her surprise.

"Froist," said Englebert, touching glasses. "You know dem six agers of de Pascoe estate," he said, looking very hard at his companion; "very nice little place, very sheep, yooest behind your store?"

Kinross nodded, but his face fell, in spite of himself.

"I from the American gonul bought him," went on the German, "very sheep—\$200 Chile money."

Kinross looked black.

"Dey are yours. Pay me back when you have de money. I buy dem only to spite you. My friend, take dem."

"Paul, Paul," cried Kinross, "I don't know what to say—how to thank you! Only this morning I got money from home, and the first thing I meant to do was to buy them."

"All de better," said Englebert, "and, my boy, you blant goffe. It's de goffe dat says, and I will get you plenty leetle drees from my friend, de yooast in Utumbau blantation. Goost one glass beer. Ho, Malla, de beer!"

Kinross tore himself away with difficulty and started homeward, his heart swelling with kindness for the old Prussian. He exulted in the six acres he had so nearly lost, and they now seemed to him more precious than ever.

Then he remembered he was leaving Valais, and again he heard the hum of London in his ears.

He found Leata sitting on the floor spelling out "The Good News From New Guinea," in the missionary magazine. He sat down beside her and pressed her curly hair against his lips and kissed it.

"Of all things in the world what wouldst thou like most, Leata?" he asked.

"To have these always near me, Kinross," she answered. "Before I had no understanding and was like the black people in the missionary book, but now my heart is pained, so full it is with love."

"But if I gave thee a little bag of gold," he said, "and took thee to Apla, my pigeon, what wouldst thou buy?"

"First I would give \$10 to the new church," she began. "Then for my father I would buy an umbrella and a shiny bag in which he could carry his cartridges and tobacco when he goes to war; for my mother, also an umbrella and a picture book like that of the missionary's, with photographs of Queen Victoria and captains of men-of-war; for my sister, a Bible and a hymnbook, and for my brother a little pigeon gun."

"Tomorrow we shall go to Apla and buy them," said Kinross. "This morning the pastor brought me a letter from Britain with a present of many dollars."

"Oh, Kinross!" she cried, "it was breaking my heart! I feared the letter would make you go back to the white man's country."

His resolution was taken, be it for good or evil. "I shall never go back," he said.—*Alma's Magazine.*

Clever Engineering Feat.

A railway recently built in southern Bavaria practically carries a creek across the railway, instead of the railway crossing the creek. The stream is a small tributary of the Isar river, that in stormy times is swelled to enormous proportions. Every bridge that has been built over it has been carried away. Finally a young engineer offered to solve the difficulty.

A tunnel of strong masonry was first constructed across the valley and reinforced on the outside, turned toward the torrent with all the rocks available that had collected there. Cross walls leading from the solid rock and across the tunnel were built and strongly braced. This was done to protect the railway. The rest was left for nature to do. At the first strong rain everything happened as the young engineer had predicted. Boulders and rocks coming down with the water filled up the big hole left between the tunnel and the rocks, until the overflow carried everything across the tunnel. The bed of the torrent was raised by itself, and now there is not the slightest danger of interruption in this part of the railroad even after the most severe rainstorms.

Where is its Value.

Hicks—You know that "silence is golden."

Wicks—That means it is very precious because it is so scarce.—*Boston Transcript.*

ODD CEMETERY CUSTOM.

Two Burials For Some of the Poor of New Orleans.

The man with the broad brimmed hat had been dilating on the beauties of New Orleans. He had told of the air heavy with perfume in winter. He had described the foreign quarters where the architecture and customs of continental Europe were transplanted bodily. He had gaped for breath to tell of the old French market and of the acres of sugar barrels on the levees.

"And the poor people of the city have two days of judgment," he said finally. "To all the world there comes one day of reckoning, but New Orleans is perhaps the only American city that hales its citizens to an earthly reckoning after death."

"Owing to the fact that the city lies so low that a hole six feet deep will fill with water in a short time, there are no graves in any of the cemeteries. All the dead lie in tombs. The tombs of the wealthy make the cemeteries places of beauty. They are like miniature cities deserted. The tenements of the dead poor serve as walls for the back lines of the cemeteries. The walls resemble a series of hake ovens in that they are full of huge pigeon holes, each hole large enough to admit a coffin."

"A poor man is entitled to lie in one of these pigeonholes free for a certain term of years. A small payment will secure rest there for all time. A smaller sum will secure a pigeonhole for a limited number of years. Every few years there is a day of reckoning, or a day of judgment, as it is called there. A huge hole is dug in a corner of the cemetery, and the dead who are in arrears of rent are pulled out of the pigeonholes and cast into the common grave which has sheltered thousands in its time. Only those bodies that are beyond decay are left to the big grave, which is used over and over, being reopened whenever occasion demands."

"Over the slabs that seal the recesses are blocks of wood, and on these are tacked tags telling who is inside. Few have epitaphs. Usually merely the name appears."

"The masses down there do not read, and the newspaper plays little part in their lives. Therefore when one dies as a rule there is no announcement in a newspaper, but an invitation to the funeral is written in English or French on black bordered cards, and these are tacked to the telegraph poles in the neighborhood of the bereaved family."—*New York Mail and Express.*

THINGS WE DO NOT NOTICE.

How Many Steps to Your House or Business on Western Waiatoot.

Was it not Sherlock Holmes who convicted Dr. Watson of obtuseness because he had climbed hundreds of times up a particular flight of stairs without noticing that there were 19 of them?

It was an unfair test, because nobody ever dreams of counting any steps except those of the monument, and nobody ever goes up the monument except inquiring strangers and enthusiastic provincials. But it exemplifies as well as anything the lack of observation to be found in all men except the detectives of fiction.

There is a certain intimate circle of things which is, so to speak, inside the range of scrutiny. The stair question would have baffled Solomon himself. There is not one man in a thousand who knows how many steps connect the ground floor of his house with the first floor.

Take, for instance, a watch. This is a fairly familiar object, and if one were asked whether the numbers on the face of it corresponded to the Roman numerals you would no doubt say "Yes."

Yet if you will take out your watch and look at the system of four you will observe that it is not the customary IV, a difference which it probably never occurred to you to notice before.

Or, again, can you say how many buttons you have on your waistcoat? This, as the advertisement says, is no catch. There is no aroma of the herring and a half about it. It means what it says.

The average tailor is accustomed to sew on the average waistcoat a certain number of buttons. The precise number he knows, but how many of his customers? Lay your hand on your heart, well to the left, O masculine reader, and say, keeping your eyes in front, whether five or six or seven is the number of buttons that front your every day.

If your staircase consisted of only three steps, no Sherlock Holmes could corner you, and a three button waistcoat would be easily remembered. It is only when the number rises into the regions of the fives and sixes—where the savage afore said gives up arithmetic and takes refuge in the word "many"—that exact recollection becomes difficult.—*London Globe.*

Baby's Original Feat.

One of the clerks in the Pennsylvania railroad office who is something of a wit came down yesterday morning with a tale about his baby—his firstborn. There was nothing unusual in this particular clerk relating the experiences of his baby, for, like all young fathers, he is addicted to the practice, but this tale was out of the ordinary.

With many digressions and considerable embellishment the proud parent related how his offspring had thrown the household into consternation by swallowing a sponge and how various remedies had been applied to relieve the child. Finally one of the other clerks grew weary of the recital and broke in with: "Oh, cut it short! The kid didn't kick the bucket, did it?"

"Not exactly," replied the young parent, "but he threw up the sponge."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Gone to Hongkong.

Some time ago a large tea shop was opened in a town near London. To attract customers it was announced that each purchaser of a pound of tea would receive a check for a shilling to buy goods on a certain date.

The proprietor did a flourishing trade all the day long for the checks to be presented. Crowds of customers came and were dreadfully disappointed to see the shutters down and on them a big poster, which read:

"Our compliments to our customers, and we beg to state that we have gone to Hongkong for more tea."—*London Standard.*

Scented tea is very largely drunk in China. This is made by mixing orange blossoms with the tea and letting it remain tightly shut up for 24 hours.

Things are prone to look rosy when we run into debt, but not long afterward everything is dim colored.—*Boston Transcript.*

CHAOS IN A LIBRARY.

Sanctuary's Fearfully Bad Look With the Custodians of His Books.

Francisque Sarcey had a splendid library, of which he was very proud, and he was many stories high in Paris about the singular fates, comic and tragic, that overtook the librarians who successively looked after the late critic's books.

The first was a released convict, who pleaded that to do so much among good books would reform him. Sarcey, pugnacious in print, was the kindest of men in practice. He yielded to the plea. Unfortunately his protegee carried the ethical cure too far, for one day he decamped, taking with him the best of M. Sarcey's good books.

The second was a distinctly minor dramatist, Debruit by name and debris by nature. He had worn himself into an incurable melancholy by persistent addition to the humorist vaudeville habit. Sarcey saw that abstinence from further composition could only be secured if the man had some light occupation with a living wage. He established him in the vacancy left by the convict. A few days later as the critic, returning from the theater, drew his carriage up before his door he heard a smash of shattered glass above him, followed a minute later by what he no longer dared to call a dull thud on the pavement below. The wronged librarian, wearied of life, had thrown himself out of the window. With his last breath he cursed Sarcey as his murderer.

Third in order was one Bernard, a gloomy youth, whose blithe temperament promised relief from the gloom cast by his predecessor. In the height of his glee he pulled out all the books, so as to rearrange them in more logical order on the shelves. He stacked them in crazy pyramids all over the floor. But it happened to be the special day of the week whereon Sarcey was wont to have a few of his theatrical friends, male and female, to lunch with him. After lunch a dance followed as a matter of course. Nothing could dismay the librarian. He whisked the pyramids to four walls and joined in the dance. Next day he asked permission to go home and see his mother. He never returned. The pyramids had to be sorted out by Sarcey's manservant and put pell-mell on the shelves again.

The last librarian was Mlle. Biouska, an elderly Polish maiden, who proved an admirable assistant until she perished miserably in the fire at the charity hall in Paris.—*Philadelphia Times.*

ONE "FAKE" TOO MANY.

A Remonstrating Reporter Who Was Finally Fought Out.

"The most incorrigible fakir that ever slipped ink on a daily paper is at present a director in a big trust in the northeast," said an old reporter last evening. "The way he got out of the newspaper business was rather peculiar, and as the story is now pretty generally forgotten it may be worth telling."

"He had persuaded one of the big northern dailies to send him on a trip to Hawaii to write up the sugar industry, but after he arrived at Pricco he concluded it would be foolish to make a long ocean voyage when there were so many good cyclopedias at hand and proceeded to grind out his letters from a room in the island hotel. The correspondence attracted a good deal of attention, and his descriptions of island life were generally regarded as the most truthful and graphic that had ever been penned. Just how he managed about getting his manuscripts I don't remember, but he liked it so much and kept the thing going for several months."

"Then he was supposed to return and at last really took the train for the east. His route he got broke in a Pullman car poker game. He was then he executed his great coup. He got off at a little town in Arizona and telegraphed his office: 'Just held up by train robbers. Got all I had. Wire me \$250.' The office answered: 'Money sent. Rush in full account of hold up.' In response he promptly wired a lurid story of a train robbery on the Great American desert, which his paper printed under glowing headlines next morning, and when a few western correspondents denied it later on they weren't believed. The superintendent of the road, however, was very sore and took the trouble to send a bunch of affidavits to the weary romancer's editor."

"When the young man was confronted with the proofs, he said calmly that a chap on the Pullman had held a sequence flush against his four aces, and if that didn't constitute train robbery he would like to know what did. The argument was ingenious, but it didn't save him. He was ignominiously fired, and now, as I said before, he is a bloated trust magnate rolling in riches. I always thought he would come to some bad end."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

A Democratic Marquis.

The late Marquis of Winchester, who was killed in the South African war, was very popular with his soldiers. There was one duty, however, in connection with the Household brigade which he positively detested, and many stories are told of the marquis's stubborn protests against going on bank guard. The staff quarters assigned the officers in Threadneedle street were close and stuffy, and the marquis invariably left them with a violent headache. Once when going off duty he said to the sergeant: "This job always makes me wish such a commodity as filthy lucre had never been invented. Then there would be no bank guard."

"But, my dear lord," came the reply, "you wouldn't have had an income of so many thousand a year. That might not have been very pleasant either."

"Oh, sergeant," rejoined the marquis, with a smile, "it is not the first time in my life that I have wished I had been born plain John Smith, without a sixpence in my pocket unless I had earned it."

The Age of the Earth.

So far as I have been able to form an opinion 100,000,000 years would suffice for that portion of the history which is registered in the stratified rocks of the earth. But the paleontologists find such a period too narrow for their requirements I can see no reason on the geological side why they should not be at liberty to enlarge it as far as they may find to be useful for the evolution of organisms on the globe.—*Sir Archibald Geikie.*

A Deeply Laid Plot.

Mrs. Good—Why does your son wear your diamond ring?

Mrs. Richman—He says it is his.

Mrs. Wiseman—How do you know, and he is so young?

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