

ANOTHER BOOK WITH A MORAL

Have the Writers of Feminine Foes Fallen Into a Rut?

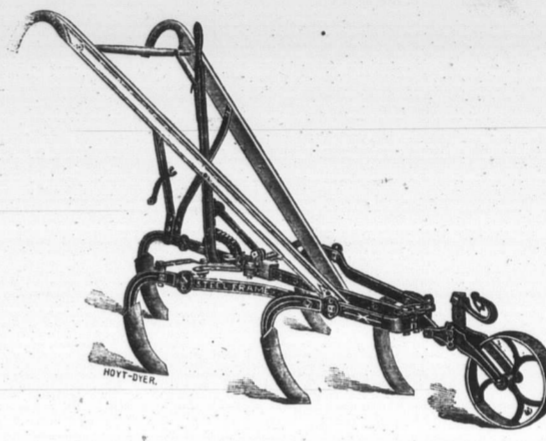
A new novel by a new woman who modestly hides her identity under the name of "The Yellow Aster" and follows the beaten path of the latter-day woman novelist. It is on the same general lines as the work of John Oliver Hargrave and Sarah Grand— which is an excellent way medicinally. The literary work of these women and others of their school is, of course, superior to that of the old-time woman novelists whose heroines went over sentimental woes for three volumes and were the caricatures of the caricatures. The new writers are brilliant and keen. They have the power to tell strong stories, the ability to tell them well, and the old cry that literature is conspicuous by its absence in their work cannot be raised. But, at the same time, they possess a sort of morbid liking for the spiritual dissecting room, and that is a place where the average man and woman does not care to go. Introspection, soul-dissection, revelations of feminine faults, follies and follies will grow as wearisome in time as the description of heroine's hair and the troubled course of her love affairs used to be. By and by when all the morbid souls and unbridled, untrained minds have been dissected, the woman question will have become uninteresting, and the woman writer will be again at a discount. There is a happy medium between the young woman whose only charms were her eyes and her woes and the young woman whose whole existence is a protest against something. And it will be rather pleasant for the reading public when some of the women who know how to write find it worth while to celebrate one of these happy mediums.

A Typical American. Two young fellows walked up Main street last Saturday night. They had been talking about skill at games of cards. One of them alleged that he could play any game of which the late Mr. Hoyle was cognizant. The other was equally sure of his mastery of the pastebards. "I will play you any game you choose for money, marbles or chalk," said the tall one. "I'll just call that bluff," said the short one. "What'll we play?" asked the tall one. "Well, we'll go up here and play a game of pedro." "No, I ain't very good at pedro." "Let's have a game of casino, then." "I never did like that game." "I'll play you poker." "That's a game I never play." "Pinocchio?" "The counting is too much bother." "Cribbage?" "Don't know that game." "Hearts?" "Hearts is no good." By this time the short one was disgusted. He stopped and said: "Well, you dog-gasted clump, what will you play after all your bluffing?" The tall one hesitated for a minute. Then he said: "I will match pennies with you." Buffalo Express.

Street Vendors in Japan. The horse is practically unknown in Japan, and the peddlers must carry their wares on their shoulders. Those who sell food carry it about in square boxes slung over each shoulder on a large pole. In one box is usually a charcoal furnace, with a pot of soup over it. The other contains a sort of curd, made of beans, which is sold in square slices that look like clear salt pork. On selling a slice the dealer transfixes it with a stick and besmears it with the soup, which is red, and so thick as to form a paste. The vendor of sweet-meats often carries his goods on his head in a box surmounted with paper flowers. He beats a drum as he goes along, and the children, who seem always happy and smiling in Japan, gather about him. A toy peddler has a little cart (everywhere in Japan a little) covered with paper decorations.

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G. P. McNish, Lyn, Ont.

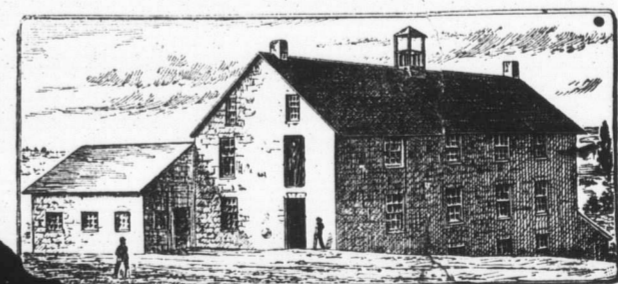
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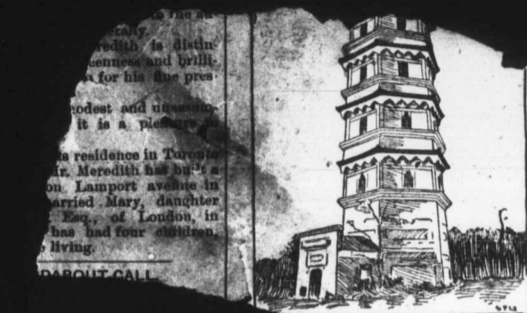
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Y KINKIANG ON THE YANGTSE.
Last night I left Kinkiang, a big town at the mouth of the Poyang river, after a stay of two weeks. I have seen the past two weeks I have seen the same number of great cities of the size of Montreal, and have traveled through the aggregate population of 1,000,000 people. All I could find this paper with the mention of the different kinds of craft and their loads. There are Chinese lifeboats, for instance, everywhere. There are low junks with oars and sails, and they watch the river during the storms and pick up such sampan and fishing boats as are overturned. They are under the control of the districts through which they go and form a sort of a river police.

ped across the river now and then, and use its mouth as a muddying agent. Its waters before you can distinguish the banks, and for the first fifty miles of our journey we passed through what seemed to be a great inland sea, ranging from twenty to fifty miles in width. Our first hills were passed about fifty miles inland. Seven hundred miles from the coast I found its width to be more than a mile, and it holds that width nearly all the way from Shanghai to Ichang, a distance of about 1,000 miles. I could fill this paper with the mention of the different kinds of craft and their loads. There are Chinese lifeboats, for instance, everywhere. There are low junks with oars and sails, and they watch the river during the storms and pick up such sampan and fishing boats as are overturned. They are under the control of the districts through which they go and form a sort of a river police.



FERRY OPPOSITE ICHANG.

Now and then they capture a smuggler or a pirate, and here and there outside of some of the villages I saw boats which had been cut in half and set up on end. I asked what they were, and I was told that they had belonged to pirates and thieves. The pirates had been caught and beheaded, and the boats were thus put up as warnings to the other boats to beware of the law. The Yangtse King is a vast river, and its course the grass is everywhere grown. Because you see no people live in villages, with walls of any plaster inside, and sometimes the huts are built at other times. The Yangtse King is a vast river, and its course the grass is everywhere grown. Because you see no people live in villages, with walls of any plaster inside, and sometimes the huts are built at other times.

At her recommendation her husband also began the use of Pink Pills. About a year before coming to New-castle he had suffered from an attack of typhoid fever, from the effects of which he did not recover his former health. His blood seemed to be thin and watery, and he was weak and easily worn out. Through all this he kept steadily at work, although he says that when night came he was thoroughly wearied and depressed. When his wife began to feel the beneficial effects of Pink Pills she urged him to try them and he did so. After taking three boxes he began to feel a wonderful change. The tired feeling left him, he had a better appetite and enjoyed his work. He had not been able to sleep for some time, but now he sleeps fully and peacefully.

Other street scenes in Japan. The horse is practically unknown in Japan, and the peddlers must carry their wares on their shoulders. Those who sell food carry it about in square boxes slung over each shoulder on a large pole. In one box is usually a charcoal furnace, with a pot of soup over it. The other contains a sort of curd, made of beans, which is sold in square slices that look like clear salt pork. On selling a slice the dealer transfixes it with a stick and besmears it with the soup, which is red, and so thick as to form a paste. The vendor of sweet-meats often carries his goods on his head in a box surmounted with paper flowers. He beats a drum as he goes along, and the children, who seem always happy and smiling in Japan, gather about him. A toy peddler has a little cart (everywhere in Japan a little) covered with paper decorations.

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