

CHINA MAKES PROTEST.

Objects to Recent Covenant Between France and Japan.

Pekin, Aug. 30.—China made protest against the recent agreement between France and Japan, providing for international cooperation in the Far East.

The protest has resulted in a remarkable suppression by the authorities of public matters. It is claimed that China has been beaten from her rights, owing to the overbearing of the present Chinese Government, the cowering policy of the throne, and its overreaction of the protest which is being by Japan.

The protest which is being by Japan, for the board of foreign affairs, for the purpose of not giving offence, modified, to a mild character, is to the effect that the agreement of China's allies that the "not to be considered" opponents is "not to be considered" opponents.

The protest has aroused a nation of the Japanese, who have ignored it, leaving the French here to persuade the board to drop it. While China's resentment against the Japanese, which is assuming a position of protector, is in the position of erment is yet too weak, the Government is yet too weak, and alarmed press with other action, preferring the dangerous policy of secrecy.

The attitude of foreigners here has been at a stage of pronounced antagonism to the Japanese, especially among those belonging to the nations which are the allies of Japan.

This antagonism has been largely provoked by Japan's constant success, both in Korea and Manchuria. A new movement, headed by Chang Chin Tung, has been started among the Chinese to promote native enterprises in Peking, for the purpose of offsetting the efforts of the Japanese to obtain a foothold in that province.

AIRSHIP STRUCK SCHOOL-TOWER
Aeronaut at Toronto Exhibition Had Narrow Escape.

Toronto, Aug. 30.—The inglorious ending of a trip made by the Knabenshue airship yesterday, which decided the management to cancel the contract. The ascent was made in good style, and the craft headed city hallwards, but at Crawford street schoolhouse there was a mishap, the machine becoming unmanageable, striking the spire, and setting on fire the roof, the wooden frame being smashed. Aeronaut Gail Robinson asserts that the wind was too strong, and that he made the trip only under compulsion. The airship was carried back to the grounds in the afternoon. It is not badly wrecked, but further trips are off, as the exhibition management have issued the following statement:

"The directors of the Exhibition yesterday decided to request that the Knabenshue airship be removed from the grounds. They did this, not because the gentlemen in charge of the airship manifested any disinclination to make the ascent as promised, but because they were satisfied that the apparatus in use is not able to perform what is expected of it, and, therefore, that it is impossible to place the ship to be manoeuvred in such a way as to fulfil the terms of the contract."

"Yesterday morning an attempt was made, seemingly, to fulfil that part of the agreement calling for a trip around the City Hall tower, and back to the Exhibition grounds, but the engine acted so badly that the feat was entirely out of the question. Mr. Johnston, the man in charge, subsequently stated that it would take at least until Saturday to repair the damage done."

"In view of that fact, it was apparent to the directors that the fulfilment of the specified terms of the contract was an utter impossibility."

OFFICER GOES TO TRIAL
Chinese Raid Aftermath—The Case Against Police Goes Over.

Regina, Aug. 30.—Corpl. Hogg of the R. N. W. M. P. was yesterday committed for trial on a charge of having assaulted and unlawfully arrested four Chinamen in the police raid last Friday night. Bail was accepted.

Three other cases against Chief Harwood, Constable Gleadow and Constable Hogarth, all of a similar nature, were adjourned until Wednesday.

J. F. Frame, who appeared for the police, objected to the magistrate sitting on the case, as his son had the case for the Chinamen, and he thought the magistrate was biased.

Mr. McCausland, however, declined to ask another magistrate to take the case, and Mr. Frame said he would take steps to have him deposed.

CHARGED WITH MURDER.
Toronto Woman Alleged to Have Performed Illegal Operation.

Toronto, Aug. 30.—Mrs. Minnie Turner, a young widow, who has been conducting a maternity home at 223 Poplar Plains Road, was arrested shortly after midnight on a charge of murder. Her alleged victim, Miss Rose Winters, an orphan girl, died last Sunday night of septic poisoning, resulting from a criminal operation, which the prisoner is accused of performing.

She was brought before the magistrate yesterday and remanded for one week.

Mackenzie In Wreck.

Halifax, N.S., Aug. 30.—While returning from a tour of inspection of the Halifax & Southwestern Railway, the special train conveying William Mackenzie, head of the Mackenzie & Mann railway system, and C. W. Spencer, general manager of the Canadian Northern's eastern lines, was wrecked at Ingonish.

They escaped serious injury, but were badly shaken up.

Killed by Kick.

Chatham, Aug. 30.—Steven Brown, a Raleigh Township farmer, was kicked in the chin by a horse in his barn shortly after 7 o'clock last evening and died almost instantly. Brown had just finished his day's work and was putting the team away.

The Power Of Character

Its Far-reaching Influence Cannot be Estimated
— Men Strangely Swayed by It — The Weekly Talmage Sermon

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1907, by Frederick Dyer, Toronto, as the Dept. of Agriculture.

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 25.—In this sermon the preacher shows the uplifting power and influence of a strong upright character upon the lives and conduct of those with whom he may be associated. The text is Acts xxvii, 38. "Then they were all of good cheer."

The prejudice against ministerial passengers formerly held by sailors aboard ship was very bitter. Yet today in the scene of my text we see Paul, the gospel missionary, overcoming the prejudice of the crew. Amid the Mediterranean euroclydon we see him winning their confidence to such an extent that he becomes practically the captain instead of the captive. After weeks of tossing about upon a treacherous sea, with all bearings lost, the 275 souls aboard turn to this little Jew and beg his advice as to what they should do. They say, "We will obey your orders; we will eat when you tell us to eat and cast off our anchor cables when you tell us to cast them off." "And when he had thus spoken he took bread and gave thanks to God in presence of them all, and when he had broken it he began to eat. Then were they all of good cheer, and they also took some meat."

Now, why did these sailors upon the Mediterranean corn ship have such faith in this evangelist? In the first place because they realized that there was a supernatural power about this strange man of God. They could not tell theologically from whence it came. But they felt its power just the same, as we can feel the thrill of the electric current as soon as we place our fingers upon the handles of an electric battery. And the man of the world does not have to mutilate at a theological seminary in order to learn the power of one who is at one with God. As soon as such a man comes in contact with a spirit filled life he realizes the supernatural influence. The more worldly the man the more that spiritual influence will be made manifest to him. I was never more impressed with this fact than when I read an incident in the life of the great French surgeon Dupuytren.

Dr. Dupuytren was the greatest Parisian surgeon of his time, but he was an ungodly man. He hated the church with an intense hatred. Besides that, he was one of those brusque, cruel, unfeeling men who have no sympathy with pain. The knife in his hand was the remedy for all ills. As long as his knife could cure he cared not whether the patient suffered mental or physical anguish. Surgery was to him a business. The spiritual development of his soul seemed to be entirely lacking. But one day there came into his office an old, gray-haired, gentle, beautiful faced priest. "What do you want?" gruffly asked Dupuytren. He answered the good priest began to take off a big woolen cravat and showed the surgeon a hideous tumor upon his neck. Dupuytren looked at it a moment. He pressed it roughly with his finger and then brutally said: "You'll have to die with that. This tumor can never be cured." "Thank you," said the priest. Then he began to replace the woolen cravat as he replied, "I now know that I must prepare myself for giving up my life's work and also prepare my poor parishioners who love me much for my leaving them. The great surgeon turned his cold gray eyes upon the priest a minute, and those eyes bored straight down into the patient's heart. Then he said, with gentle voice: "Come to my hospital to-morrow and we will see what we can do. There is one chance in a thousand to save you."

The priest came to the hospital the next day. With a submissive prayer he laid himself down upon the operating table. In a month he was discharged a well man. As he was leaving he took out his pocket thirty pieces of silver and with trembling hand offered them to the surgeon, saying: "Doctor, this is all the money I have. I walked all the way from my house to pay you this." But Dupuytren said, "Keep them, man; keep them." Then he took the money drawer and took out a handful of gold and poured the napoleons into the priest's lap and said: "Here is some money for the poor. May God bless you, his servant, to labor for my many years among your people." A few years later that great surgeon died, a believing, trusting Christian, in the arms of that humble priest.

Did you ever read a story more beautiful? And yet the power of the gospel is being preached in many lives as this humble priest by his serenity and faith preached to Dupuytren. A man does not have to stand in a pulpit to be an evangelist of Jesus Christ. The spirit filled life radiates a supernatural influence everywhere. No sooner does those sailors learn that this Alexandrian corn ship was wrecked than they felt into touch with Paul that there was a supernatural power about him which they lacked. What is the spiritual influence of your life, O man? What is the spiritual influence of your life, O woman? In order that your friends and neighbors may be sure that you are Christians, do they have to go to the church books and find your name enrolled among its members? Or by your looks, by your gentle words, by your simple, trustful face, do they perceive that you are walking with God, even as Enoch walked in the early ages of the world's history? I do not ask you if you are

Children have more need of models than of critics.

preaching Christ from a pulpit, but I ask whether your light is shining, so that men seeing your daily life realize that God is in you of a truth? Is it a spirit filled life which preaches the gentleness of Jesus Christ wherever you go? The sailors of that Alexandrian corn ship believed in Paul, because Paul's face, like Moses' face, after he had been upon Mount Sinai, was shining and radiating with the supernatural love of the Divine Teacher.

But there was still another reason why Paul exerted this marvelous influence over the sailors of the Alexandrian corn ship. He had a spirit filled life. Oh, yes! Every one who came in touch with him realized that. But he was also one who was faithful in pointing out a man's past mistakes. When the ship was tossing and tumbling about in the Mediterranean cyclone he practically said: "I am a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. I am a messenger of the Lord God Almighty. Men, last night one of God's angels came to me and said: 'Fear not, Paul. Thou must be brought before Caesar, and I, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee. Yes, we are all going to be saved, every one of us.' But stop. How did Paul introduce this statement which had come from God? He turned and pointed his finger at those trembling sailors and said: "Men, the reason you are in your present plight is because you would not heed my advice in the morning. I told you not to loose from Crete. I told you we would get into difficulty if you did. But you wanted to hasten on and get to Phenice and spend the winter there in sin and carousal. You made one mistake. Now will you make another? And, my friends, you and I can never preach Jesus Christ aright unless we are first brave enough to point out to men the errors of their past life. We cannot teach men to come to Christ unless we, like Paul, are first faithful in warning men against the sinful acts of their bygone years."

It does not take very much grace to go and compliment a man on his virtues and praise him when he is doing right. But it takes lots of grit to put your finger upon the weaknesses of a man's life and tell him that he is doing wrong. It takes lots of grit for a Nathan to stand up and say to King David, "Thou art a libertine and a murderer." It takes lots of grit for the members of a privy council of King Solomon to say to the young prince Rehoboam: "Thou art wrong. Comply with the requests of the people, and they will serve thee." And when they said it they knew that their advice would cost them their official positions. It takes lots of grit for a young preacher like Henry Ward Beecher to be the head of a church in Indianapolis, where most of its members are antagonistic to the abolitionist movement, and stand up and defy a whole community and say, "The slave ought to be free." It takes lots of grit for a young clerk, when he is asked to do something dishonest, to say to his employer, "No, it will not do it, because it is wrong." It takes lots of grit for a young girl who loves a young man devotedly to say to that young man: "Harry, I love you. I love you with all my heart, but yet if you do not turn your back upon your evil associates, I must turn my back upon you." In other words, it takes lots of grit to come to your friends and neighbors and place your finger upon their weak spots, and say, "Here, you must change. In order to do right for the future you must rectify this wrong of the past." Are you willing as a friend to point out to your friends the weaknesses of their lives, as Paul warned the sailors of the Alexandrian corn ship?

For my own part I can think of no greater joy than that which would come to us if we were to go to those we love to warn them of their sins and weaknesses, which are threatening to destroy them. There is a beautiful story told of a great old man, Edward Livingston. Perhaps he was the greatest of all the great men who have borne that family name. But few men have been greater from a worldly standpoint than he. He was representative in Congress, mayor of New York city, United States senator from Louisiana, Secretary of State and Minister to France. One day in his old age a friend said to him, "Senator, what was the supreme moment of your life?" Without a moment's hesitation he replied: "Some years ago that supreme moment came when I was delivering an address at the dedication of the Masonic temple at New Orleans. I was speaking upon the duty of man loving man. Among other things I said: 'My brethren, have you searched your hearts? Do you find any lurking animosity against a brother? Have you the felicity never to have cherished or are you so happy as to have banished all envy at his prosperity, all malicious joy at his misfortunes? If you find this is the result of your serenity, enter with confidence the sanctuary of union. But if the examination discovers either ranking jealousy or hatred long concealed, or even unkindness or offensive pride, I entreat you, defile not the altar of friendship with your unallotted offering, but in the language of Scripture, "First be reconciled to thy brother and then come and offer thy gift." As a result of that plea, two brothers whom we all knew, who had been estranged from each other for years, arose and rushed to ward each other and with mutual sobbing flung themselves into the another's arms."

But there was still another reason why Paul captured the minds and the

hearts of the sailors of this Alexandrian corn ship. Paul was a man of gospel visions, but he was more than that. He was a man of fine Christian common sense. He knew that the religion which was not fitted for a practical, everyday, commonplace life was no religion at all. He believed in a gospel to live by. He believed in that practical gospel so firmly that he tried to get the men to care for their physical bodies and to look after their physical strength.

Here, for instance, is a mother. She has four or five children. Scarlet fever, one of the most dreaded of all nursery diseases, enters her home.

First one child comes down, then another and another and another. This mother is not strong at all, but she is so devoted to those children that she never sleeps outside of the sickroom. She never undresses except to take her bath. For weeks or even months she is up night and day. Her hand must give the medicine. She must nurse the children, she must feed the invalids. The doctors and the friends see her breaking down. They say: "Mother, you must stop. You must take your rest. Other nurses can sit up during the night. You will break down." "No, no," she answers. "No nurse, no nurse, no nurse, but myself. After while she pulls her last baby through. Then she falls in a dead faint. They undress her and put her to bed, but it is too late. The poor weak pulse flutters and stops. The mother is dead. "She is a martyr," says the neighbor. "Is she a martyr?" No, emphatically no. She died because she did not have any common sense. Other nurses could have taken her place while she rested. Other nurses could have taken her place while she ate. Now that she is dead no one else can take that mother's place. Women, beware! Paul is bidding you look after your health. Better join Paul for a little while in the cabin of that Alexandrian corn ship and eat your bread and look after your physical strength. Your children need you in the morning, come even more than they need you now.

But there was another reason why Paul gripped the sailors of the Alexandrian corn ship. He did not deceive those sailors in reference to their own bodies. "No, no," he said, "men, just follow me, and trust in me, and all will go well. I will give you plenty to eat and a smooth sea and a quiet voyage." Nay, that was not Paul's way. He said, "Men, put your trust in Christ. You are to have food, but not by the strength of the seas are rough now, but they are going to be far rougher. They are going to batter us about until we become a helpless derelict. Then they will fling us upon the rocks, and this great ship is to be knocked into kindling wood. But out in the struggle and the storm God is going to bring us all safely to land. Now, men, if you trust God you must be prepared to meet this struggle." Thus Paul spoke. And thus all gospel evangelists should speak when they are pleading with men and women to accept of Jesus Christ.

You cannot make a good Christian unless you are willing to battle with storm for Christ and struggle against almost insurmountable difficulties. The life of Christian ease is always the life of failure. The life of self-interest is always the life of defeat. The life of spiritual success, we must sacrifice. We must give up for Jesus, or else Jesus cannot save us and bring us to the higher Christian life. But there is one more lesson I want to draw from the Mediterranean corn ship wreck in reference to the Christian life, and then I am done. Paul did not say to those tossing, trembling seamen, "One-half of this crew shall be saved if ye abide by the ship." He did not say, "Three-fourths of this crew shall be saved if ye abide by the ship." Ah, no! Some of the men and women would have grumbled had he said that. They would have answered: "Why are some of us saved and not others? What is the difference between the saved and the lost? God hath given thee all them that sail with thee." So I come to you today and say: "Men and women and children, in the name of Jesus Christ you can all be saved through his blood if you will only cling to the cross of Jesus Christ and live. Will you accept that invitation? Will you be saved by that cross? All! Yes, all! Will you believe God and accept him now?"

And, oh, if you will only believe this and accept Christ, what a glorious time it will be when we are landed upon the other shore! I suppose when that great Alexandrian corn ship went to pieces upon the island of Malta the inhabitants of that island were down there upon the beach to help the struggling sailors and women to land. Cannot you see them plunging into the surf to drag the poor fellows out? When the time of our landing upon the celestial shore comes, cannot you see our dear ones rushing into the river of glory to drag us out? Oh, yes; they will come so near when the surges of death are rolling over us that methinks their celestial hands will almost touch our dying pillows. Aye, can you not see those hands reaching out now? Can you not see them beckoning? Will you not accept this invitation for this heavenly reunion awaiting us all? Yes, for all who will be saved through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ! Listen. Let me read: "And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land." Father, brother, sister, son, child, is that to be the record of your family's celestial advent?

Wolf Hunt In Essex.
Windsor, Aug. 29.—A wolf hunt has been in progress in Sandwich East Township, near here, since Tuesday. While cultivating corn, David Lemme came across seven wolves and is convinced they are young wolves. Wolves have not been seen in this section for several years.

Indian Girls Sold at Auction.
Vancouver, B.C., Aug. 29.—The selling of two pretty Indian girls, neither of whom was 14 years of age, to the highest bidder in open market was the chief feature of the Indian police last week at Alert Bay.

QUEEN BEE SWARMS.

One Chose a Man's Beard—Another the Beekeeper's Hands.

Perhaps the strangest settling place ever chosen by swarming bees was a man's beard. Among several interesting photographs of bee-swarms shown in the Strand one of a bald headed man with a beard of bees reaching to the middle of his breast is the most extraordinary.

The next in interest, at least to the bee man himself, shows that individual's hands covered with what looks like great thick rough mittens. As these gloves were composed of hundreds of live bees, they could at least be counted upon as warm.

Often when in dealing with the hive the beekeeper takes the queen into his hands the other bees, attracted by the queen odor, settle on the man's hands or arms, unless they find the queen herself.

This peculiarity was responsible for the predicament in which a clerical beekeeper found himself. His swarm had settled on an apple tree, but from the behavior of the bees it was clear the queen was not with them. After looking for her she was found some little distance away with a few other bees around her.

On raising her from the ground the bees that had been with her clustered round the beekeeper and were quickly joined by the swarm, which was now breaking up. The swarm consisted of between 20,000 and 25,000 bees.

They not only covered the outside of his coat, but crawled up under his long skirts, which they amply lined with their bodies. They also completely covered one trouser leg from the knees to the waist, so that the worthy clergyman presented a most extraordinary appearance. The swarm, it may be added, was successfully hived. When bees are about to swarm they fill their honey bags with a large quantity of honey and then take their flight. Whither are they bound? None of them can tell exactly. They swarm up into the sky, forming a great cloud, and then settled down to rest wherever their fancy takes them, for the swarms rarely decide to make a home at the spot where they first journey, and in the meantime they send out emissaries in search of a new domicile, which is usually selected in some cavity, such as a hollow tree trunk, a hole in a wall, or a chimney.

The swarms which settle thus often assume the most unexpected and grotesque shapes. The shape of a swarm forming a pendant to a branch of a tree is well known, but more eccentric alignments are not uncommon. There is an old custom, still followed by some people, of making a fearful noise by striking against old pots and pans or by firing off guns in order to induce the swarms to settle and thereby prevent them from going far. But this custom is proved long ago that this noise did not trouble the bees in the least or make them settle where they did not want to go. It has also been alleged that all this noise carried with it a sort of proprietorship in the swarm. This explanation may have some truth in it.

As regards the swarms, the only thing that can force them to settle is a jet of water from a syringe or pump or a spray of sand or fine dust. Some say that the bees can be brought to settle by the use of a small amount of alcohol, collecting the rays of the sun, which are then concentrated on the bees, imparting to them a continuous motion. This may be efficacious, but no matter how much noise is made the bees are not troubled by it.

NERO'S SWEET VOICE.

Cruel Emperor Took Great Care of Vocal Organs.

In an interesting paper Mr. Moore and Mr. Beaver relate the extraordinary care which the Emperor Nero took of his voice. At night Nero lay on his back with a thin plate of lead on his stomach. He purged himself with emetics and cathartics. He abstained from food and drink, and he would not let his voice. In order not to damage the purity of its sound he ceased haranguing the soldiers and the Senate. He attached to his service an officer specially deputed to take care of his voice. He only talked in the presence of this singular officer. He warned him when he spoke too loudly or forced his voice, and the Emperor, carried away by some sudden fit of passion, did not listen to his remonstrances, it was his duty to stop his mouth with a napkin.

The Caterpillar—and After.
Among the many strange growths, apparently freaks of nature, which are to be found in New Zealand, what is known as "the vegetable caterpillar" ranks readily among the foremost.

This caterpillar is several inches in length, hairless, and does not differ essentially in appearance from some of the caterpillars of our own land. Its claim to distinction lies in the fact that when it is ready to die it digs a hole for itself in the earth and completely buries itself. Later, a slender green shoot springs up from the spot. This grows to several inches in height, and bears two or more leaves near its top. Upon investigation it is found that the green shoot springs from the head of the dead caterpillar, and further investigation develops the fact that the body of the caterpillar is filled with roots. The deduction is that a plant-seed, undeveloped of vitality, has been engorged by the caterpillar before its demise.

A Duke and His Fact.
Mr. W. P. Frith, the famous artist, tells an amusing story concerning the picture which he was commissioned to paint of the ceremony when King Edward married Queen Alexandra.

Among those present was a noble duke celebrated for being the possessor of a very broad-brimmed hat and a very ordinary—not to say ugly—face. Frith wrote to the Duke for the favor of a sitting as a witness to include him in the scene. The nobleman replied: "Dear Sir, I have no time to sit for a picture. If my form must appear in your work, allow me to suggest that, in respect of my face, you might bury it in my hat, in the manner of people when they go to church."

THE MODERN WOMAN.

Must Be a Stimulating Companion For the Up-to-Date Man.

"It is rather difficult being a modern woman," remarked a matron the other day. "We are expected to be clever, active, well informed and interested in the world we live in. If we fall in these things men consider us stupid and indolent and 'no fun to talk to.' But when a woman does possess the qualities that make her a stimulating companion for the up to date man immediately croakers arise and call her a 'new woman,' with a disparaging accent, and sigh dolefully about the way their grandmothers kept house."

"Yet with all the tendency there is to make jokes about the modern woman or condemn her as too studious, too athletic, too independent, there is no doubt that she is fast mounting the pedestal which the other type of woman has so long occupied alone, or, if not a pedestal, she is taking a position which is on the whole more secure and more desirable. There has always been a theory that the ideal mother is the one who sticks to her own fireside and mends her children's stockings. This theory still lingers in spite of the fact that so many college girls and girls who have not been to college, but are nevertheless bright, keen and well informed, are marrying and proving that a mother may have outside interests and be a better mother because of them. But it is merely a theory and does nobody any harm."

"In Frank Stockton's 'Squirrel Inn' there is a scientific nurse-girl. When it is hinted that her college studies may have kept her from learning as much about babies as a nurse-girl ought to know she exclaims: 'Not know about babies? Why, I know all about babies! I have dissected one!' While this degree of education will never, perhaps, be demanded of the modern mother, the world is beginning to see that the better informed a mother is, the larger in her views, the broader in her interests, the better mother will she be."

WEDDING FEAST SALAD.

An Old Family Recipe For This Indispensable Relish.

Chicken salad is the most dependable relish to serve at the wedding feast. It never holds the possibilities of ptomaine poisoning, as fish may, and it does not wilt, as a green salad would, if the reception runs for some length. Here is an old family recipe:

This quantity should make very nearly two quarts of salad, sufficient for twenty people, if served with sandwiches and ices. Select two plump fowls not too old; simmer in boiling water until tender. Do not cut them up before cooking, and do not cook in cold water, as this draws out the juice. When tender remove from the liquor, cool and cut into dice. Add one pint of celery cut in dice, mixed lightly, sprinkled with a little salt. If you do not like oil, use this dressing: Beat the yolks of seven eggs, seven pinches of mustard and seven teaspoonsful of sugar; place in a porcelain stewpan; add slowly seven tablespoonsful of boiling vinegar; cook slowly until thick, mix with the chicken, add one cupful of good sweet cream whipped with salt and pepper to taste. If you like oil, try the mayonnaise dressing. Into the well beaten yolk of one egg add drop by drop one pint of olive oil. Boil two eggs hard, rub into the yolks a dash of cayenne pepper, one-half spoonful of salt. Add this to the yolks and oil. Now add finely chopped whites of the eggs and juice of half a lemon, mix well, then add the well beaten white of the uncooked egg, and the dressing is ready for use.

HOUSEWIFE HINTS.

When making mashed potatoes into cakes rub the hands with flour to prevent potato sticking to them.

Grass stains may be removed by dipping them in molasses and then washing this out with clean water.

If the fat in the dripping pan catches on fire, pour in at once a little milk, and the flame will be instantly quenched.

A wooden spoon should be dipped in boiling water immediately before using. This will prevent discoloration and absorbing of flavors.

When you have occasion to use plaster of paris wet it with vinegar instead of water; then it will be like putty and can be smoothed better, as it will not set for half an hour, while plaster wet with water hardens at once.

An odd but palatable dish is made by frying onions a nice brown, then adding a can of tomatoes; season with pepper and salt and one teaspoonful of allspice; cook all together a few minutes. Serve plain or on toast, as desired.

If ink is spilled on a carpet, run for the salt bag and put on salt, renewing it as fast as the ink is absorbed by it. Where this is done promptly and plenty of fresh salt used it is frequently so effective that no ink spot whatever remains.

Value of Example.

To have your child truthful, be truthful. To have him kind to others, be yourself kind to others. To have him honest, present to him in yourself a living example of honesty. The chief part of a child's knowledge comes through observation. Acts mean more to him than speech. To have him temperate, be temperate in all things. Prove to him by your life that a good name is to be chosen before great riches. Teach him that riches are not to be despised, but should never be got by doing harm to others; that when acquired should be treated as a trust, not as a hoard.

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