

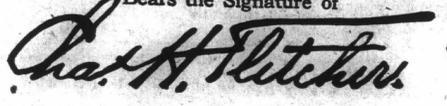
Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, gives healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of



In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

A Joint Account is a Great Convenience

for family funds. It may be opened with the Union Bank of Canada in the names of two persons, either of whom can make deposits or withdraw money when in town or when passing the bank. It is especially convenient if the husband is frequently away on trips, as it enables the wife to procure funds for expenses on her own signature alone.

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THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

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Money Saved is Money Gained.

Never Defer Saving, but Open a Savings Account today.

We solicit your account in our SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

John Elliott, Manager, Belleville Branch.
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THIS is headquarters for all kinds of information concerning prospective homes. We can tell you what to avoid—what to look for—where to look for it. At this office you will find listed the best opportunities in this section of the country for the right kind of homeseekers.

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REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE

GET UNDER YOUR OWN ROOF
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

David and Goliath

By SARAH BAXTER

Did you ever hear of the Gila monster? No? Well, the Gila looks something like a young alligator. When attacked it feigns to be dead. Its bite is frightfully poisonous. The victim lingers a long while in great agony, then dies.

There is—or rather, there was—on the plains west of the Missouri river a human monster as much to be dreaded as the Gila. This was the desperado who finds his prowling grounds in new countries. When America was being occupied by a civilized people, the "human Gila" was the renegade white man who lived with the Indians and fought with them against their enemies, including those of his own color. When the white men wished to draw the whites into an ambush they would use the renegade for the purpose, and he was not ashamed to serve them.

The Duke of Wellington was one day sitting at his library table when the door opened and without any announcement stalked a figure of singularly ill omen.

"Who are you?" asked the duke in his short and dry manner, looking up without the slightest change of countenance upon the intruder.

"I am Apollyon. I am sent here to kill you."

"Kill me? Very odd."

"I am Apollyon and must put you to death."

"Bliged to do it today?"

"I am not told the day or the hour but I must do my mission."

"Very inconvenient; very busy; great many letters to write. Call again or write me word. I'll be ready for you."

The duke then went on with his correspondence. The maniac, appalled probably by the stern, immovable old gentleman, backed out of the room and in half an hour was in an asylum.

Story of a Bunch of Keys.

After Mary, queen of Scots, had succeeded in effecting her escape from the grim old fortress of Lochleven her deliverer, William Douglas, threw the keys which had brought her free down into the waters of the lake. "There they lay till the parching summer of 1805, when a boy named William Honeyman, while strolling on its banks, picked up a bunch of five keys of antique workmanship fastened by an iron ring. These the boy carried to the parish schoolmaster, who forwarded them to the Earl of Moroun, hereditary keeper of Lochleven castle, near Edinburgh, where they still remain. They are without doubt the old keys which William Douglas threw into the loch on the eventful night when the queen escaped, only to be taken again and consigned to life long captivity.

Trick of the Lemon Growers.

By an interesting yet simple method two crops of lemons are obtained in Sicily during the year, though the second is in every way inferior. The abnormal fruit is known as the Verdelli lemon and is marketed during the summer months. The Verdelli lemon, green in color, grows contemporaneously on the same trees with the ordinary or yellow lemon of commerce and is obtained by the following method: The lemon tree, which flowers in April, is kept without water from that period until July, when the roots are heavily flooded for a time. This results in a second set of blossoms, from which will come the Verdelli lemons. The ordinary lemon crop is picked in the month beginning with October, but the Verdelli lemons do not mature until the next May.

How He "Looked."

Two young men were standing in a hotel where they had gone to a free comb and the free brush. One of them seemed to think he looked rather nifty. He had on a new suit of clothes and he turned and twisted as he admired himself in the glass. Finally he could not resist the temptation to hear the spoken word of commendation.

"How do you think I look?" he asked his companion.

The other looked at him and sniffed. "You look like an accident going out somewhere to happen," was his retort.

Barcelona's Leather.

In the Barcelona district of Spain, alone there are from 10,000 to 12,000 tanned and finished sheepskins produced daily and probably as many goatskins. The sheepskins in particular find their way into the shoe trade as well as the goatskins. Both kinds, converted into morocco leather, the goatskin being the genuine article and the sheepskin the imitation, are used extensively in the bootmaking trade.

Big Bells.

The world's greatest bells include the king of bells, Moscow, weight, 443,732 pounds; St. Ivan's, Moscow, 127,830; Peking, 120,000; Vienna, 40,200; St. Paul's, London, 38,470; "Big Ben," Westminster, 20,354; Montreal, 28,500; and St. Peter's, Rome, 18,000.

It Can Be Done.

Lester—Say, pa, what is diplomacy? Pa—My son, diplomacy is the art of making people apologize to you after you have done them an injury.

No Barrier.

Miss Playne—You can't marry Jack because I'm engaged to him. Miss Faire—What's that got to do with it?

An Artist's Criticism.

Falguere, the sculptor, told a capital story of Henner, the great artist, who although he lived in Paris all his life never lost his Abbatian peasant accent or his country manners. But Henner was a very keen critic and he was a worthy enthusiast. Falguere, whose talents as a sculptor is known all the world over, was very fond of painting, but he did not paint particularly well. One day Henner was in his studio, and Falguere showed him some of his pictures.

"What do you think of this one?" asked Falguere.

"Superb!" said Henner, with his Abbatian accent. "Marvellous!"

"And this one?"

"Broddiculous!"

"And this one?"

"Suplime!"

Then the old man picked up a little bust which his friend had just finished. "Ah!" he said. "Now, that's good!"

"I never painted after that," said Falguere.

Wellington's Coolness.

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Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction

By RUTH GRAHAM

When a story is ready made there is nothing to do but tell it. This tale, the accidents of which really happened, is one of the improbable kind which go to prove that truth is stranger than fiction. The only change in it from the truth is the names of the actors and the locations.

We must go back to that period when a German army was thrown into Belgium; when the French gathered their forces to defend their capital and the English threw across the channel what troops were available to assist their allies. Yet it was not there that our story begins, but in a colony of the British empire. War had not yet opened when a girl and her mother in Canada were discussing a ball dress for the formal, though the girl was more interested in the expected appearance at the ball of an Englishman than in her apparel.

"I hear," said Edith Warren to her mother, "that a son of the MacDermots has come out from Scotland to see his father and mother. Maybe he will be at the Scots ball this evening."

"I think," replied her mother, "that you had better wear your pink silk to the ball, Edith. It is just the shade for your complexion."

Edith wore her pink silk to the Scots ball and met Ian MacDermott, a captain in a Scotch regiment. Whether it was the dress or Edith's beauty or her charming manners that won the captain there is no record. Certain it is that she won him to Scotland from her home in America on a honeymoon trip.

Scarcely had the newly wedded pair got settled in their home in Edinburgh when England declared war against Germany and threw a force across the channel into France. The honeymoon of the MacDermots had not ended before the captain had an accident to his bride and was left in command of his company to the front.

One night the English and Germans met in a hot fight. MacDermott's regiment was obliged to give ground before a superior force. The captain was struck by a fragment of a shell and lay on the field among the dead and wounded. Then the British rallied and "covered the lost ground."

When it became possible for the Red Cross and the army surgeons to rescue the wounded a surgeon, coming upon the body of Captain MacDermott, took the identification tag from it and reported him dead.

It was a sharp blow to the bride when she received news of the death of her husband. She gave up her home in Edinburgh and removed to another locality, but only temporarily, for she designed to return to her parents in America. She was not able to leave at once, but as soon as arrangements could be made she sailed from a Scotch port for New York.

There was the usual bustle upon the sailing of a steamer. Mrs. MacDermott, in deep mourning, stood on the deck looking out upon the country in which so much happiness had been expected, grieving over the wreck of her hopes. The announcement had been made that all who were to go ashore must leave. When time had expired for this an order was given to draw in the gangplank.

At this moment an auto came dashing up on the dock, signaling for persons to get out of the way. Evidently some belated passenger had arrived, and the hauling in of the gangplank ceased. An officer in uniform jumped from the car and hurried aboard the ship.

A thin shot through the breast of the woman in mourning. She saw in the newcomer her husband. Was she dreaming? Impossible! Had she become demented by the shock of passing so suddenly from a bride to a widow? Her brain was in a whirl until the officer, coming up on the deck, spied her and, running toward her, clasped her in his arms.

.....

We left Captain MacDermott on the deck of battle, the identification tag being taken from his body. Later while the work of removing the wounded was in progress a surgeon coming upon MacDermott saw signs of life in him. The captain was removed to a field hospital. Then he was sent across the channel and placed in a regularly organized hospital for the sick and wounded of the war. There he lay for a long while unconscious.

In time Captain MacDermott was brought round and was discharged from the hospital. He made all possible haste to his home in Scotland to find that his wife had given up her home and gone elsewhere, but where she had gone he was not informed. His only means of ascertaining her location seemed to be to send a cablegram to her relatives in America. "This he did and received a reply that she was about to sail from Glasgow for home.

Such is the romance of a bride and groom which if told in a story book would subject the author to a charge of inventing what was so improbable as not to be legitimate fiction. In the case between the states there were cases of soldiers reported dead who were not even wounded. But now days every soldier carries on his person his name and other information concerning him. It would seem that the old causes of error are by this eliminated. Yet Captain MacDermott's being discovered impossible permitted the tag to tell a false story which was a long while being contradicted.

MAKING MUSIC BOXES.

Great Skill and Mergar Pay For the Experts of Geneva.

One big industry of Geneva, Switzerland, is the manufacture of music boxes. Thousands of men, women and children are employed in the factories one of which was visited by a young American, who thus writes about the staff.

An attendant invited him to take a seat. He did so, and strains of delightful music came from the chair. He hung his hat on a rack and put his traveling staff in the stand. Music came from both rack and stand. He wrote his name in the visitors' register, and on dipping his pen in the ink the music burst forth from the inkstand.

The manager of the factory explained the process of making music boxes, a business which requires patience and nicety.

The different parts are made by men who are experts in those parts, and they do nothing else year in and year out.

The music is marked on the cylinder by a man who has served several years of apprenticeship. Another man inserts in the marked places pegs which have been filed to a uniform length. The comb or set of teeth which strikes the pegs and makes the sound is arranged by a man who does nothing else. The cylinder is then revolved to see that every peg produces a proper tone.

The most delicate work of all is the revolving of each peg. It is done by a workman who has a good ear for music. He sees that each peg is in its proper place and bent at the correct angle.

When the instrument is in its case an expert examines it to see that the time is perfect and good.

The best workmen—those who mark the cylinder and adjust the pegs—earn \$1.80 a day, after serving an apprenticeship of ten or twelve years. An ordinary workman earns \$1 a day.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

POISONOUS SNAKES.

They Are Absolutely Proof Against Their Own or Other Venom.

Snake venom is a transparent fluid, yellowish in color and of about the consistency of human saliva. When dried it takes the form of flaky yellow crystals. In this shape or dissolved in alcohol or glycerin it will remain unaltered and will preserve its poisonous properties for an indefinite period. No satisfactory chemical analysis has ever been made of it, but it seems to be a very complex albuminous compound.

A curious discovery recently made is that the blood of venomous serpents is itself poisonous, containing as it does the principles that are concentrated in the secretion of the venom glands.

Venomous snakes are themselves absolutely venom proof. Rattlesnakes, dosed by injection with their own venom of their own or other venom have shown not the slightest ill effects. Another remarkable fact is that serpent venom is harmless to human beings or other animals if taken internally. The late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell found that one-fourth of a drop of rattlesnake poison would kill a pigeon if given by hypodermic injection, but a pigeon fed with six drops a day for three successive days suffered not at all in consequence.

Professor Mangill, a pioneer investigator in this line, had an assistant who boldly swallowed all the venom that could be extracted from four large vipers. No bad effects followed. The same negative result was noted by Professor Baird, at that time secretary of the Smithsonian institution, who ate the venom glands of a rattlesnake. As recently ascertained, serpent venom, because it cannot pass through the mucous membrane that lines the stomach, and it undergoes changes during digestion that allow it to enter the blood as an innocuous substance.—Every Week.

Trap For Quotation Experts.

If any one wants a catch question to spring on a gathering of self confessed literary sharps let him ask whence comes the quotation, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." This is one of the six best sellers in the world of quotations, yet not one person in a hundred knows where it comes from. It is comparatively easy to guess the author, but almost impossible to find a person who can name the work.

One could build any number of parlor games around "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Try it.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Newer if Not Better.

"Can't you use a less hackneyed expression than 'He liked for the tall and uncut timber?'" asked the editor.

"Well," said the young reporter, "I might say 'He best it to the forest reserves, where the weeping willows have never had their eyelashes trimmed.'"—Boston Truth.

Rained Pitchforks.

"Did you ever see it rain pitchforks here?" asked the city man in the country.

"Sure," replied the farmer. "My neighbors gave me a pitchfork 'show' when I was married."—Yonkers Statesman.

Johnnie's Joke.

"Pa, does the sun ever rise in the west?"

"Certainly not, my son."

"How dark it must always be out there."—Boston Transcript.

One example is worth a thousand arguments.—Gladstone.

Colonel Bunker

By M. QUAD

"You have asked me, sub," began Colonel Bunker, "which was the strangest duel I ever fought. Of the fifteen or twenty I think that two might come under the head of strange.

"Majah-Biazer and I were friends and neighbors and had been for years. Not a word of discord had ever passed between us. He had a cat and I had a dog, and they were also friends.

"One morning the majah came into my office and called out:

"Colonel, tell your dawg that if he will come over he may have a look at them."

"What is it, majah?"

"Your old cat has kittens."

"You don't say! How many of them?"

"Just twenty-one, sub."

"You counted them yourself, did you?"

"Colonel, do you question my statement?"

"Not at all, major; but twenty-one kittens in a litter is certainly a wonderful thing."

"It may be, sub, and—good morning, sub!"

"And, sub, it wasn't an hour before he sent a friend to me to arrange a duel. I had seemed to doubt his veracity, and he must clear his honor. I agree with you that it was silly, but men were mighty peppy in those days. The majah's wife came and begged that I refuse the challenge, but at the same time she couldn't show me how I could do it and maintain my honor. I asked her the number of kittens and was not at all surprised to learn that the number was only four.

"The explanation was that the majah's wife had been cunning strawberries, and in speaking of it to him she gave the number of the cans as twenty-one.

"Well, sub, the choice of weapons lay with me, and I chose swords. A week before that while out for a walk I crossed the dueling ground, and I observed that close by in a fence corner was a bumblebee's nest. We were to meet at sunrise, which is a very uncomfortable hour, by the bye, and the night before I had a confidential talk with a colored brother.

"The night passed, and the morning came. I was first on the ground, and I had time to see that the colored brother was up in the part he was to play. I asked her the number of kittens and was not at all surprised to learn that the number was only four.

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