# Our Scotch Corner

Very Good Story.

No form of humor appeals to one more than the pawkie sailles of old Scotch people, and in this connection a very good story is told. An old Scotch woman was lying seriously ill, so ill, in fact, that the minister had been called in. The good man was impressing upon her that it she hore any ill-will towards any one she should forgive in case the end should come, and she then mentioned that she and her neighbor had been bitter enemies for some time. The neighbor was brought in, and the old woman said: "I'm pretty badly, Mrs. B——, and I think we should be making up oor differences in case the worst should happen." The neighbor was much affected, and the minster was glad to witness the full reconciliation of the two women. At length, the neighbor rose to take her departure, and just as she was going out at the door the old woman in bed raised herself, up and shouted: "Mrs. B——"" (Se, what is it, Mrs. G——?" "Weel, in case I should get better, of coorse, it is understood that things will just be on the same old footing!"

A Prayer in Braid Scots for Good Weather.

The following is part of a prayer by the Rev. D. Gibb Mitchell, Cramond U. F. Church, at the B sid Scots service in the Ker Memorial Laurch, Edinburgh, on Sunday night, the 27th ult.: "Great River o' oor breid, lang hae cloods low, ered an' fa'en on bomny fields, ripe an' ready for the siekle. Throws a' the farl of Dummore, who recently ready for the siekle. Throws a' the farl of Dummore, who recently ready for the siekle. Throws a' the farl of Dummore, who recently ready for the siekle. Throws a' the farl of Dummore, who recently ready for the siekle. Throws a' the same tage and the rain of the laurch and that in showin' theirsel's upset when the rain the rich two her as the narraness o' their mains, the worl' wad be a faur better place tae leeve in, an ready for the siekle. Throws a' the same and seems of the mains, and the same and seems of the marraness o' their minds, the worl' wad be a faur better place tae leeve in, an' ready for th

The following is part of a prayer by the Rev. D. Gibb Mitchell, Cramond L. P. Church at the B. joil Scots service in on Sunday night, the 2fth ult.: "Great River of oor breid, lang hae clouds low, eved an' fa'en on bomy fields, ripe an ready for the sickle. Throw a' the apring folk were eident at the plooin' and the delvin' an' the seed plantin. Syne cam' simmer; we watched the corn grow. We thook it guid to fill the lan' will also seed plantin. Syne cam' simmer; we watched the corn grow. We thook it guid to fill the lan' will also seed plantin. Syne cam' simmer; we watched the corn grow. We thought it guid to fill the lan' will also seed plantin. Syne cam' simmer; we watched the corn grow. We thought it guid to fill the lan' will also seed plantin. Syne cam' simmer; we watched the corn grow. We thought it guid to fill the lan' will also seed plantin. Syne cam' simmer; we watched the corn grow. We thought it guid to fill the lan' will also seed plantin. Syne cam' simmer; we watched the corn grow. We thought it guid to fill the lan' will also seed plantin. Syne cam' simmer; we watched the corn grow. We then the sum of the midden. Yer servants o' the land are dooncast, dowie, an' wae. Throwa a' their dool, gar them lippen to 'terse,' was been also seed the seed to the seed to the sum of the midden. Yer servants o' the land are dooncast, dowie, an' wae. Throwa a' their dool, gar them lippen to 'terse,' was dead to be a seed of the seed to the seed t

On Being a Laughing-Stock.

(By Wullie Wylie.)

Seein' the simmer's bye noc an' we've gotten the fire lichtet, I think we micht settle doon tae the consideration o' some serious subjec, an' try if we same dae onything tae improve the huran race. I've been luikin' back ower my ain achievements o' the past three morths, an' I canna help but think I micht hae been mair vissfu' in my writin', wheech ye'll admit is a healthy sign in an auld man. I wadna like tae gang tae the grave wi' the conshusness that a the worl' had been nane the better o' me, an' that's the wey I'm sae ankshis tae start an' dae something worthy o' my high ca'in'. I wad like fine tae get haud o' a subjec' that wad gar my fella c'atturs think. Of coorse, it's maybe true eneuch that I've dune some guid by makkin' folk lauch noo an' again, but ony fule cood dae that, an' I wad consider it a faur greater achievement if I cood mak' folk see the merit o' bein' laucht et. I dinna think the virtue o' being a lauchin' stock has ever gotten preper recognection in this world. In fac', it has been my experience that folk wi' or nar' common or gairden mind. beening a fluiderill stock has ever gotten proper recognection in this world. In fac', it has been my experience that folk wi' or nar' common or gairden minds disna think it a virtue ava. Some folk even gang the lenth o' thinkin' it's a shamefu' thing tae be a lauchin'-stock wherech seems tae me tae be an evidence o' an extremely limited intelligence. The fac' o' the maitter is, hooever, that the shame o' the thing is no in bein' a lauchin'-stock, in'-stock, but in the wey in wheech the maist o' folk fails tae rise tae the exceptional responsible lites o' that exaltit percetion. There's a richt wey an' a wring wey o' bein' a lauchin'-stock, an' it's the fac' that near aboot everybody tak's the wrang wey that has brocht the condection intae disrepute. Reedicule is said tae be the best corrective, because it tak's the skin aff folk's backs an' gars them men their weys jist tae saepe anither dose o' the same medsin, but if the maist o' folk wis wice they wid sawalla their reedicule wi' as muckle relish as a dish o' tea, an' naebody wad feel uncomfortable.

Ye can never mak' a lauchin'-stock in the yaesval sense o' the term o' a doon-richt sensible buddy. A sensible buddy has aye gotten his wuts aboot 'm, an' withoot gettin' red in the face or feelin' blas collar ticht he can mak' redicule direckit against himsel' appear like a compliment, an' lea the blushin', if there's tae be ony, tae him that wis expectin' tae get the lauch. Verra few will have the sumerity of the sum of the properties of the term o' a doon-richt sensible buddy. A sensible buddy has a ye gotten his wuts aboot 'm, an' withoot gettin' red in the face or feelin' blas collar ticht he can mak' redicule direckit against himsel' appear like a compliment, an' lea the blushin', if there's tae be ony, tae him that wis expectin' tae get the lauch. Verra few will have the merves and restore debilitated aystems of the lamb of the properties of

feel uncomfortable.

Ye can never mak' a lauchin' stock in the yaesyal sense of the term o' a doon-richt sensible buddy. A sensible buddy has aye gotten his wuts aboot 'm, an' withoot gettin' red in the face or feelin' bis collar ticht he can mak' redicule direckit against himsel' appear like a compliment, an' lea the blushin', if there's tae be ony, tae him that wis expectin' tae get the lauch. Verra few dalk hae learned the secret o' daein' this, ext maybe I shood say that verra few folk hae the gumption tae learn it, although everybody recognizes the vailyew o't an' everybody recognizes the vailyew o't an' everybody in their cuil moments, wad like fine if they cood aye keep it in mind. For a' that, we canna get awa' frae the apparent fae' that nine-tenths o' the population o' the worl' tak's the primitive view o' réedicule, regairdin' it as synonymous wi' dispairidgement an' contemp'. Near aboot everybody gets het an' cauld by turns if a joke is direckit against theirsel's. This is because nine-tenths o' the population o' the worl' has risen but little abune the level o' primeval man, whselubbit the verra apes if they grint at him an' sae develop't the ridecklous characteristic o' bein' fear't for reedicule. A man gets cauld a' doun his back noo a days when onybody lauchs et him, be-

But Lord Dunmore was even better known as a great fraveller and sports-man. He explored the "Roof of the World," that wild tableland in the Pamirs, went through western Thibet when it was a land of mystery, and wrote several books on his experience. He explored Newfoundland and Canada before they were crossed by railways.

### Mrs. Arthur Haverstock **Makes Public Statement**

Tells of Her Belief in the Undying Merit













# You Can't Always Dope Them.

Case of the Hen-of the Cow of the Canary of the Woman

The kind that artists never paint. Regular plain cow.
Flies all over everywhere. And bugs.
Gee whiz! Get in your eyes. No good at all. Bother cow nearly to death.
Whole bunch stand out in pasture and let flies eat 'em up. Whisk tails, stamp feet and shake heads.

Not the regular cow, though. She's no picture. Got skinny back and no color to speak of. No funny business.
She wades out into the brook Feet all wet. Muddy, too. Don't care. She ain't the sort that stands in a purple shadow and composes with two trees and a hay stack. No.
Sticks her head into the bush over the

and composes with two trees and a haystack. No.
Sticks her head into the bush over the
brook. Nothing to eat in that bush. Cow
ought to know that. She does. So do the
flies know it.
Therefore, the cow gets a little peace.
Amazing! Not all instinct! Even the
kind of cows they paint have that. No.
This is an idea. Cow idea. Made it
herself. Hail, cow!
See what I mean:

Take a dog. No, everybody takes him. Take a cat, or a duck, or a turtle. Well, say a canary bird.

Born up in the Harz mountains, where the fairy tales come from. Learns to sing before it learns to fly. Sings wonderful trills, ripples, octaves, chords.

Sings, chirrups and kiggle waggles, and outbursts. Sings arpeggios. Bird doesn't know what an arpeggio is. Neither do I. Bird sings 'em just the same. Sings other things. Sings when you don't want it to shut up. Regular sort of a cenary bird.

Shipped to New York. Nothing here to sing for. But that makes no difference. Keeps right on. Understand? It's instinct.

Fills somebody's back parlor with noise and rape seed, Pretty little thing. Some people like 'em. Catch the jdea? This particular bird, though, He's funny. Hardly sings at all. Too much to eat? Starve him. Not enough to eat? Nice and slow. Folks all sing it. Guess we'll give the bird away.

Take a hen, for instance.

Just a plain hen. The kind that they have in the country for Sunday dinner and call a pullet. See what I mean? Just a hen. And plain.

Ever see a whole yard of them oiling up their feathers because it is going to rain? Inspiring sight. Regular instinct, like a cat falling on its feet.

And all that sort of thing.
Sometimes one hen won't oil up. Goes right on scratching gravel. You feel almost like running over and telling her to look out. Regular fool hen, too hangry to bother.

Then it begins to rain.

Rain comes down all wet and splashy. First it's a sprinkle. Then a snower. Storm coming. Hens all oiled up.
All but the one. She's still scratching gravel. Nary an oil for her. No instinct, Fool hen.

By the way, where is she?

Isn't out getting rained on. Isn't over near the fence in the tail grass. Isn't running around squawking. No. Guess again. No? Give it up?
Gone inside the barn where it is dry. What do you think of that?

Wonderful. Plain hen, too. No idea hens were so smart.

Look at her again. Or let's take another hen and see. No, let's take a cow.

Regular cow. No funny business. Short hair. Long tail. Fat underneath, and skinny on top. Cow with a wet nose. Mouth full of chewing gum. You know. The kind that artists never paint. Regular plain cow.

Flies all over everywhere. And bugs. Gee whit? What do you suppose that there is going to file the sur but the real stuff. Refused offer of a horse for that bird. Sings "Mary." Way up in the sur but the real stuff. Refused offer of a horse for that bird. Sive aword. Sight. The aword. Sight taws. The same all over the world. Big world, too, Feel like a regular discover. F. Jays to keep your eyes open.

Hold on, though.

Take a woman, for instance. Don't take her so far you can't bring her back. Don't take her so far you can't bring her back. Don't take her so far you can't bring her back. Hold on, though.

Take the children out of the orea. Close the back door.

Tear the fashion page out of the morning paper and burn it up. Give her

railroads run more cars?
Look wise. But don't answer.
If they med more tunnels why don't they build them instead of talking about

If they know that anarchists are danerous why do they let them roam all,
wer the place?

Let her alone.
She was down town shopping this
storning. Only had ten minutes, but—
Good. Here's a chance to get away
rom the question. Ask her what she
ought.

from the question. Ask her what she bought.
What did she?
Well, the store was crowded so she couldn't get near all the counters. But she got some new shoes for Johnny, a spool of No. 67-8 twist, a quarter of a yard of bleached muslin, paper of tacks and a baseball.
Good. It was a busy morning.
Oh, that was before she went out and met whoever she met and went across the street to the other place where she bought a bottle of pickles, a dotted veil, a paper of hairpins, two yards of striped flannel, a new screwdriver and a cork-screw (patent thing she wondered why ney didn't sell before), a bottle of Florida water, a package of nail files, mittens for Sallie and a piece of dotted

they didn't sell before), a bottle of Florida water, a package of nail files, mittens for Sallie and a piece of dotted Swiss to mend the curtains.

Well! Well! You were busy!
Oh, fnat was before she went down the street to the other place where they were having a sale and bought a pair of crocheting needles, two saucers to replace those Johnny smashed, some hair ribbon for Sallie, a piece of wax, a flaticon holder and a bottle of ammonia.

Stop her right there.
Oh, that was before she went over to the other corner and bought—
Don't listen, that's all. Wilful waste of money.

of money. A day gadding all overstown. Time frittered away. No sense in it.
Extravagant!
Oh, as to that, she only spent 86 cents and she had to be home to get the children's dinner.
See what I mean? It's different. No parison.—New York Sup

TWO KINDS OF MISERY.

Both Are Suffered by Authors, But

One Has Compensation.

"Among the acutest of the small miseries of my existence," declares Hall Caine, in the Book Monthly, "has been that of seeing a "man, or more frequently a woman, take up and lay down, in the midst of a running fire of desultory conversation, in the trains, on the steamers, in the halls of hotels or on the seashore a story on which I might have spent all my strength and have written, as I supposed, with my heart's blood."

"Now, that's all very well," comments Keble Howard in a sketch, "but Mr. Caine must rymember that there are a

Keble Howard in a sketch, "but Mr. Caine must remember that there are a good many novelists also writing with their heart's blood who never see their stories taken up at all. When they do see them taken up there is often a large fly in the ointment.

"A week or two ago, for example, I spent five hours in a railway carriage with a wealthy gentleman, unknown to me save by name and reputation, who was actually reading one of my humble works.

"When he had finished it he handed "When he had finished it he handed the volume to his son. The son remark-ed that his mother had read the same copy. It was a sixpenny edition, sold at fourpence halfpenny. I got the half-penny."

# Recurring Headaches.

Do They Bother You?

You find life a miserable affair be-cause you have headaches, but you have neither nauseau nor are you weak—You know if you could only prevent head-aches you would enjoy perfect health. Such headaches indicate a general low-ered condition, because their arise from a general decay of the nervous system.

a general decay of the nervous system.

This depressed condition of the nervous system has its origin in the reduction of the quality and quantity of the blood.

The blood is thin—its red coloring is educed—it contains no nourishment. The digestive organs are not supply ng it with sufficient nutritive matter

The digestive organs are not supplying it with sufficient nutritive matter. The result—nerve weakness, nerve debility, ill-health.

If you had used Ferrozone you would know how powerfully all the digestive and assimilative functions of the body are stimulated.

Ferrozone does more—it supplies all the elements that are essential to the rebuilding of the body, supplies the reconstructive forces that contribute to the formation of rich, red blood.

You see, Ferrozone doesn't treat a symptom—it remedies a cause—and that's why a month's treatment will absolutely remove every vestige of recurring nervous headaches.

Notling like Ferrozone to build you up, to give the reserve of force, that happy health that contributes so much to happiness and contentment.

For rozone will make you feel like new, try it—sold by all druggists in 50e, boxes.

Genuine Kindness.

As a host king Edward is at his very best.

All the senuine kindness and geniality of his nature above itself on these occasions, when he loyes for all state and sesume the role of country gentleman. As often as not His Majesty will accompany the newly arrived guests to their rooms, poke the fire, see that refreshments are sent up to them if dinner be not within appreciable disfance, and, in fact, give a thorough look round to see that all wants have been properly ministered to.

A story is told respecting a Scotch minis-ter. who, in the old days of Patronage was forced upon a congregation at Altraes. He was coldly received; but ceiling one day upon an old elder he took a chair in spite of his gruff reception. In order to meet an awk-ward pause he took out his snuff box. "Oh, said the elder, "ye take snuff, dae ye?" "Oh, yee," was the reply, "Weel," said the older, "that's the first sign of grace I've seen in ye." "How's that? "Due ye no read o Soloum's lample," replied the elder,

PHOTOGRAPHING MARS.

Details of the Making of Andes Photographs. The Andes photographs of large were and characteristic with a can amplifying leas. This camera was tandaged to the lower and of the large tollectope of digitation lock man, and in the camera was tandaged to the planet was in the carrier of the planet will be carried of the carrier of the planet was artiful to the carrier of the specific of the carrier of

Whales Plentiful but Wild.
Capt. Porter, of the steam whaler Beluga, which arrived from the Arctic Wednesday, with 16,00 pounds of bone, seventy-two fox skins and one ebar skin, confirms the report from Unalaska that the other abigs of the fleet are safe and are coming home with big catches.

Capt. Porter, who has been going to the Arctic for many years, says that never before were whales so plentiful at this scason. Nine whales fell before the harpoons of the Beluga is whalemen. Capt. Porter added that he never saw the whales so wild. There were thousands of them, but they were very hard the beluga for the property of the beluga to the same point of the death of the point of the belugation of the point of the belugation of the point of

John Gets His Orders John Gets His Orders.

A Newmilins woman was economical to a degree that pressed rather unpleasantly on her guidman John. One fair night a neighbor cailed at their house, requesting his company for a stroll through the fair. John, sopretate the contingencies of such a circumstance, made advances to his spouse, "order to be a company of the continuous continuous

# List of Agencies

where the

HAMILTON TIMES

may be had:

G. J. M'ARTHUR, Stationer, Rebecca St., 4 deors from James

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A. F. HOUSER, Confectioner, 114 James Street South. CANADA RAILWAY NEWS CO., G. T. R. Station.

H. BLACKBURN, News Agent, T., H. & B. Station. It will pay you to use the We

whether duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming and owned by himself must notify the Axmit for the district of such intention.

Before making application for, patent the settler must give six months' notice fn writ-ing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of his Intention to do so.

MINING REGULATIONS.

MINING REGULATIONS.

COAL.—Coal mining rights may be leased for a period of twenty-one years at an annual result of \$1 per acre. Not more than 2.660 acres aball be leased to one individual or company. A royalty at the rate of five cents per ton shall be collected on the merchantable coal mined.

QUARTZ.—A person eighteen years of age, or over, having discovered minerar in plece, may locate a claim 1.000 x 1,500 feet.

The fee for recording a claim is \$5.

At least \$100 must be expended on the claim each year or paid to the mining recorder in fleu thereof. When \$500 has been expended or paid, the locator may upon having a survey made, and upon, complying with other requirements, purchase the land at \$1 per acre.

The patent provides for the payment of a

rearly

An applicant may obtain two leases to dredge for gold of five miles each for a term of twenty years, renewable at the discretion of the Minister of the Interior.

The lesses shall have a gredge in operation within one season from the date of the control of the control of two miles. Rental \$10 per annum or each five miles and five miles of the date of \$10 per cent.

W. W. CORY. Deputy of the Minister of the Interior N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this ad-risement will not be paid for.

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You can send Saturday's

Times to any address in Great Britain or Canada from now until Dec.

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The Undertaker's Bill. The Undertaker's Bill.
All the neighbor folks who knew her,
Poor, unlucky, little mite,
Came from far and near to view hee
In her little shroud so white.
The remarks of some were bitter,
Though it certainly was plain,
When the liying motor hit her
There was not the slightest pain,
And, of course, no needless towure,
Twas a sad occurrence; still,
Didt't Mr. Richley Skorcher
Pay the undertaker's bill?

Once again the seople flocking
To a house of mourning, 4ind.
More disaster, and and shocking.
That a motor learned the flocking.
That a motor learned the flocking.
That a motor learned the flocking that a motor learned the flocking that the flock

Pays the undertaker's biff.

Belis are tolling in the steeple;
There's another victim deed.

Ab! the sore-afflicted people'.

Can they not be comforted

As they mark the solemn tolling.

And the rumbling of the belis?

Is there not some thought consoling.

That their monody compels?

Sure! They know that motor's busted.

('Shattered parts are searing-setli).

And the heirs of Richley Skorsheri.

Pay the undertaker's bill.

-T. A. Daly; in Catholic Standard and Times!

London has 12,000 milk shops.

Germany has 40,000 post offices.