

Our Scotch Corner

Duffy on Drink.

(Neil Munro in Glasgow News.)
 "What's your opinion of the Government's Licensure Bill?" asked Erchie.
 "It should be allowed," said Duffy; "gives drink hard enough to get already without a lot of nifty spinin' a' the pleasure o' the workin'-man. They would tak' the bottle out o' your very mouth."
 "Ay, but drink an awfu' commandin' thing," remarked Erchie. "It sometimes think, myself, we would be far better wairin' it."
 "I've felt that wye, myself, whiles, on a Sunday mornin', but whit could ye ha'e in place o' it? There's nae ither thing near so handy to pass the time."
 "Books," suggested Erchie.
 "There's naething worse for spinin' the eyes; look at the lot o' folk ye see wif spees on since Carnegie started a' them fancy libraries! A book's maybe no' bad in its ain place, and that's on a shelf or under the log o' a coggy table, but when it comes your turn to stam' your hands, ye canna afford to pay for a round o' 'Pilgrim's Progresses.'"
 "And there's the Art Galleries," said Erchie. "I'm told the pictures in them's jist top!"
 "But they're no' put up in flet bottles, thet'll fit the pouch," said the coalman, "and it's no' every workin'-man has the claes for perusin' round a picture gallery. Pictures are solemn things the same as organ music; there's some that bad they mak' ye feel releegious."
 "There's the soothin' charms o' music, too," persisted Erchie.
 "It's easy seen there's no' a' gramophone in your house!" said the coalman. "It's the talkin' machine and Harry Lauder a' the time wif nae kilts on and his heid in a canister that's drivin' the decent workin'-man on to the Mull o' Kintyre Vaults as soon's he's done wif his tea. The worst o' music is that it spoils the conversation; ye might as wael be passin' the time wif your wife."

Our Liquor Bill.

"Still-and-on," said Erchie, "there's a lot o' drink drunk in Gleska. I was readin' the ither day that in wan year Gleska spent twa and a half million pounds on wines, spirits and ales."
 "It's things like that mak's us workin'-men Socialists," said Duffy, gloomily. "When we're drinkin' and toilin' awa' wif nae chance o' gettin' ony o' except on Saturday, the upper classes is round at their fancy bars and drinkin' the best o' everything. Twa-and-a-half million! Man, I couldna drink the half o' it in twa years, even if I stop't my t'red and did naething else."
 "It's an awfu' money!" said Erchie, thoughtfully. "It was build a couple o' Dreadnought men-o'-war. We're no' sae bad as London, either; there they perish nineteen million pounds a year, and that's no' countin' the price o' half a million o' Kintyre Vaults and a hundred and sixty-six and a half million spent on drink in Britain every twelve months."
 "Fancy that!" said Duffy; "and my wife mak's a sang about the wye drap I tak' if she read the papers and find figures like that afore her! She wad see I was almsaist what ye might ca' teetotal. And there's no' a t'red that mak's ye thirstier than cryin' coals. Whit's mair than that, it spoils yer voice and mak's the publicans suspicious. Last Saturday, and it's no' ten o'clock, I went to the Mull o' Kintyre Vaults and asked a schooner o' beer. MacLennan, the barman, no' bein' very lang on the job, said, 'Ye'll no' get onything here, my man; ye're jist as much as is guid for ye.' 'Hoo do ye mak' that out?' says I. 'I ken by your voice,' says he; 'if ye had another schooner o' beer, ye would be a dummy. Awa' like a guid chap and ha'e a sleep to yersel' and ye'll be a' richt in the mornin'.' I tried to argue the thing wif him as man to man, but he lost his temper and gied me the heave; he hadna' ony wine and go wif him at a' regular cuddy!"

A Sad Experience.

"It was five minutes to ten o'clock; I kent by the wye the folk was runnin', so I tried the Glue Pot at the ither corner."
 "The Glue Pot?" said Erchie, interrogatively.
 "Maerac's, ye ken; it's ca'd the Glue Pot because the customers stick like glue to the counter yince they're up against it. But the Glue Pot man was every bit as suspicious as the Mull o' Kintyre Vaults; they're gettin' awfully pernickety. 'A schooner of beer,' says I. 'No wif a voice like that!' says he; 'what ye needs a bottle wif glycerine in't at the apothecaries.' 'Look here!' I says, 'as shair as I have anythin', I havena a drop o' drink the day.' 'Did ye no?' says he; 'then ye're in the wrang shop; ye should try the Eye Infirmary, and jist got into another pub. In time.' 'A schooner of beer,' I said, tryin' to speak like a tenor, and the man said it down in front o' me. 'It's been a waf, mochy day,' he says, quite ceevil, and I liked the looks o' the chap, though I never gang much about his place. It's been that sort o' day that it spoiled a' my voice,' said I, meanin' to be quite nice to him, and show him what a lot o' idiots they were in the opposition pubs. 'Dae ye notice ony sign o' drink about me?' 'No,' said he, lookin' at me; 'I wadna say there was much oot o' place wif ye if ye had yer face washed.' 'That's wif my t'red,' I explained. 'I'm a coalman. Ye'll hardly believe, but no Kintyre, and in the Glue Pot, they refused to serve me because they thoct I had plenty already.' 'Did they, faith?' said the barman, and he grabbed the schooner afore I could get haud o' it. 'If they refused ye, then I'm no' takin' ony risks; there's yer tuppence back.' I was out in the street again afore ye could say knife, and every other shop was shut!"

The Champion Thirst.

"There's a moral about that story somewhere," said Erchie.
 "It's a moral that I was a gey dry man, I'm telling you," said Duffy. "It learned me a lesson—never to put time when there's a schooner o' beer in front o' ye. And I had such a thirst! A beer thirst!"
 "What's the particular specification o' a beer thirst ony mair than another kind o' thirst?" asked Erchie.
 "Ye can wagger it's no' a thirst that'll bend the knee to Boston Cream or a bottle o' Kola," said the coalman. "The champion beer thirst ever had in my life was wan time down in Rothsay at the Gleska Fair. It's a droll thing, but there's naething mak's me thirstier than the sight o' saut water; I think the thirst must gang in by the pores o' the skin. It was the year I married the

second wife, and I was every noo and then a Templar; so I was drinkin' ony thing but beer. I had been oot oot oot round Rothsay Bay a' the evenin' with the wife and another woman; and the weather was so awfu' warm, and the water looked that saut, I got thirstier than ever I was in my life afore or since. If I hadna been lookin' at the time, I would likely jist ha'e cared in to the quay as fast as I could and made a breenge for the nearest bar, but I thoct to myself, 'This is a thirst that's so oot o' the ordinary, it's worth studyin' in.' It was a thirst that gied down to the very soles o' my feet, and made my tongue and palate cheep like a pair o' Sunday boots. I egged it on for a while wif thinkin' about beer in jugs, and cans, and barrels, and I didna gang in wif the boat for nearly another half-oor. I sent the women awa' haam, and I hurried up to the nearest bar, but jist at the door o' I said to myself, 'No; I'll thole five minutes langer, for this is the thirst o' a century. I'll walk the length o' the street to the next bar, and then—! But when I got to the front o' the next bar I made up my mind other five minutes mair would make beer taste five times better, and I turned at the door and walked for a while on the Esplanade. I did the same wif other twa public houses till at last my thirst got desperate, and I went into a corner shop. 'A quart o' beer,' I gasped, quite dazed wif thirst. 'This is a temperance cafe,' says the man in charge. I ran oot, and made for the only other bar that I could see, and was jist the length o' the door when the man shut it in my face. It was ten o'clock. That was a lesson for me."

TO TREAT INSANITY FEAR.

Special Ward in a State Hospital For Those Threatened With Madness.

A ward specially designed for the treatment of people who fear that they are threatened with insanity is being built at the Hudson River State Hospital, near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and will be opened in a few weeks. It is the plan of the State authorities to accept voluntary application for treatment. There will be no red tape to go through with, and if the individual recovers or finds that his fears were groundless there will be no court record of insanity to plague him and his heirs.

The psychopathic building, as it is termed, will have room for 80 patients. There will be a free clinic in connection with it, which will also be an innovation. The plan of treatment of incipient cases of insanity has been successfully tried in Germany. It will be tried this year also at the Binghamton hospital, and next year it will be extended to the hospital at Middletown and Utica.

Superintendent Pilgrim, of the Hudson River State Hospital, is strongly impressed with the possibilities of the new method. "The patients," he said, "need never see any of the regularly committed patients to the hospital proper. Legislative consent will be asked to receive and discharge them without an order of the court. This will make it possible to carry on a humane work of practically limitless scope in the field of mental weakness."

State officials in charge of the insane say that in the majority of cases patients committed to institutions for treatment are in an advanced stage and hard to cure.

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If Snow Never Fell.

If all the condensed moisture of the atmosphere were to fall as rain, and none of it was snow, hundreds of thousands of square miles of the earth's surface now yielding bountiful crops would be little better than a desert. The tremendous economic gain for the world at large which results from the difference between snow and rain is seldom realized by the inhabitants of fertile and well-watered lowlands.

It is in the extensive regions where irrigation is a prime necessity in agriculture that the special uses of snow come chiefly into view. All through the winter the snow is falling upon the mountains and packing itself firmly in the ravines. Thus in nature's great ice-house a supply of moisture is stored up for the following summer.

All through the warm months the hardened snowbanks are melting gradually. In trickling streams they steadily feed the rivers, which as they flow through the valleys are utilized for irrigation. If this moisture fell as rain it would almost immediately wash down through the rivers, which would hardly be fed at all in the summer, when the crops most needed water.

These facts are so well known as to be commonplace in the Salt Lake Valley and in the sub-arid regions of the west generally. There are not so well understood in New Jersey or Ohio, where snow is sometimes a picturesque, sometimes a disagreeable, feature of winter. In all parts of the country the notion prevails that the snow is of great value as a fertilizer. Scientists, however, are inclined to attach less importance to its service in soil nutrition—for some regions that have no snow are exceedingly fertile—than to its worth as a blanket during the months of high winds. It prevents the blowing off of the finely pulverized richness of the top soil. This, although little perceived, would often be a very great loss.

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A Sun Motor.

A sun motor was one of the objects shown at the recent exhibition in Madrid. It is useful for pumping water, working threshing machines, creating electricity, etc., and, of course, after the machine has been bought there is no further expense. On a cloudy day, however, it would be impossible for much work to be done.

OUR GOOD FRIEND, MONEY.

(By Graham Hood.)

I don't think it would be right to go so far as to say that money is a man's best friend, and yet it helps out so wonderfully when troubles threaten that I certainly believe that it is the duty of everybody to lay at least a little cash aside in anticipation of such times of emergency. To do this it is not necessary that any of us should be either miserly or selfish. A man must be very poor if he cannot save a little. The trouble with most of us is that we neglect to form the habit of economy during that period of our life when such habits are most easily formed.

As a matter of fact, it ought to be every man's ambition to save a certain amount every year. He should make up his mind that the expiration of each twelve months shall find him with at least a little larger share of the world's goods, either banked securely or invested in some safe and more profitable manner. In other words, he should



King Haakon and a view of the royal palace at Christiania, which the people are furnishing in view of the visit of King Edward and Queen Alexandra.



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make this one of his obligations, and he should prepare to meet this demand as conscientiously as he would pay his rent or his bill at the butcher's. To save money regularly, we must establish a system of saving, and we must adhere to it as religiously as we would ordinarily follow any other system upon which we depended for many material advantages.

Of course, many persons are so constituted that they never seem to anticipate emergencies. When they have money in their purse they spend it as heedlessly as though they were the proud possessor of a goose that made a practice of laying golden eggs. When they have a position, the thought that by some possibility they may lose this opportunity to earn a weekly or monthly wage never appears to occur to them. It is the same way about everything. When they enjoy good health and they seem to feel that the possibility of sickness is too remote to be considered seriously.

And yet they are all certain to come, sooner or later—the ill health, the lack of employment, the financial depressions and the only way in which we may prepare to meet them is to lay aside something during the days of plenty.



This is the latest photograph of Crown Princess Danilo, of Montenegro, one of the most beautiful princesses of Europe, who is a pianist, artist, needlewoman and expert Jiu-Jitsu. She took up the art of wrestling to build up and cure her husband who was in danger of dying from consumption, and who is now strong and healthy as the result of his many bouts with his wife.



Queen Maud, of Norway, who expects a visit from her father and mother.



King Haakon and a view of the royal palace at Christiania, which the people are furnishing in view of the visit of King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

may even live in decent quarters, and may enjoy many of the so-called luxuries of life. In fact, the only thing that is required of us is good common sense, the common sense that will give us the judgment to determine between the things that we actually need and the things that we only think we need.

That is the secret of the whole matter, and the quicker we come to that conclusion the better it will be for us. The great wastefulness of the American people is due to the fact that they have not learned to solve this problem. This is a money spending age—an age when currency seems to burn a hole through the pocket of the average man of economy. If we have money we spend it, and in many cases we spend it so foolishly that we have absolutely nothing left to show us where our cash has disappeared. Accordingly, when the emergency arises when we have need for a little financial assistance, we search in vain for anything which we can convert into cash. It is then, and not until then, that we really begin to appreciate the sterling qualities of our good friend, Money.

PISTOLS NOT SOLD IN TEXAS

But Leased for Fifty Years Instead on Account of a Tax Law.

Austin, Tex.—A cowboy walked into a hardware store here and asked for a good six-shooter.
 "How much is it?" he asked, when he had looked it over.
 "I can't sell it to you," the dealer replied, "but I will lease it to you for fifty years for \$15."

"This is a dad blamed funny kind of a joint," the cowboy said.
 "I want to lease a gun, I want to own it," he started to walk out, but was called back by the dealer, who explained that the last Legislature passed a law which imposes a tax of 50 per cent on the proceeds from the sale of pistols.

"If I sold you this six-shooter for \$15 I would have to pay the State a tax of \$7.50," the hardware man explained. "I can lease it to you for fifty years and won't have to pay the State anything."

The cowboy saw the point and leased the gun.
 The law which was enacted for the purpose of taxing pistols out of existence in Texas has been in effect more than nine months. During that period only two pistols have been sold in Texas, according to the tax receipt records of the State Comptroller's office.

One of these weapons was sold the other day in Amarillo for \$15 and the dealer made a remittance of \$7.50 tax on the sale. The other pistol was sold at Gainesville several weeks ago for \$10, one-half of which sum passed into the coffers of the State.

It is said that dealers all over Texas are evading the new law by leasing pistols for fifty years and more. Pistol totting is not openly practised in any part of Texas. Many men still wear six-shooters, but the weapons are hidden. There has been a wonderful change throughout the Southwest in this respect during the last fifteen or twenty years.

In the early days almost every native in this region wore one or two six-shooters in holsters attached to a belt around his waist. Then the moral wave which wiped out gambling and is about to do away with the saloon in Texas came along and the six-shooter lost its popularity.

Only a few days ago a man here was fined \$100 for carrying a pistol. Not a great many years ago \$1 and costs was the usual punishment inflicted.
 It is said that the fight against carrying pistols has greatly lessened the mortality rate in Texas. Murders are still committed, but there has been a decrease in the indiscriminate shooting and killing that formerly took place in the State.

Have You Throat Droppings?

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Bats on Pacific Isles.

Bats were the only family of native mammals found on the thousands of small islands in the Pacific. These islands are so far away from the great continents that no mammals but the flying bats could reach them. The number of bats known on earth is about 400.

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TOOTH THE KEYNOTE.
 From It the Expert Anatomist Can Reconstruct the Animal.
 Teeth are not bones, as most people imagine them to be. Though they are attached to the skeleton they are not a part of it. They develop from the dermis or skin and are as a rule made up of three substances—dentine, cement and enamel. Enamel is the hardest of all animal substances. It actually contains more than 90 parts in one hundred of mineral matter—mainly phosphate of lime—while bone contains only 60 per cent. This accounts for the fact that teeth are more indestructible than any other part of the animal frame.
 What is more wonderful still is that the tooth is the keynote of the frame. An expert anatomist needs only to be shown a tooth or two in order to reconstruct from them the animal from whose jaw they originally came—and this although the animal itself has been dead hundreds of years and its kind extinct for almost as long.
 Not only do the teeth show what their owner looked like, whether it was animal, lizard, fish or bird—some extinct birds used to possess teeth—but a study of a set of these useful organs will show what the creature used to feed on, and incidentally tell a great deal about its life and habits.
 Teeth vary in form and number more than any other animal organs. An elephant, for instance, has usually only four teeth in use besides his tusks. But they are big enough to make up in size what they lack in number. The teeth of the elephant tribe are so different from those of other animals that when a fossil is dug up the geologist can at once be certain to what race of creatures it belonged, and is able to reconstruct the gigantic mastodon or hairy mammoth in whose jaw it originally grew.
 At the other end of the scale, in point of number of teeth, comes the snail. The common garden snail is the happy possessor of 135 rows, each of 165 teeth, or a matter of 14,175 teeth in all.
 The teeth of fish vary more greatly than those of any other known creatures. Their teeth are not divided into incisors, canines and molars, as in animals, but almost every different kind of fish has differently shaped teeth.
 Sharks, for instance, have several rows of teeth, all extremely sharp pointed. The front row stands up erect, but those behind are more or less recumbent. There is never difficulty in identifying a shark's teeth.
 Most fish have a great number of teeth. The dolphin, for instance, possesses two hundred, but there are others—like the sturgeon—which have no teeth at all. Almost all fish—sharks especially—shed their teeth frequently and grow new ones to replace them.
 Snake's teeth—the poison fangs, that is—have the same peculiarity. There are always fresh ones in reserve to take the place of those which get broken. A rattlesnake may have as many as ten of these reserve teeth.
 The sharp tusks of the crocodile and all flesh eating lizards need only to be seen once to be easily identified afterward. Some reptiles are toothless, these are tortoises, turtles and toads. A frog may easily be distinguished from a toad by the fact that the latter has no teeth, while the former has teeth in the upper jaw, but none in the lower.—London Answers.
Information Gratis.
 As a rule, engineers are anything but a frivolous class of men; but occasionally one comes across a black sheep. Recently a solemn-looking individual strolled into the refrigerator engineering room and Mr. Guppy, the light-hearted second, to give him a little information about his engines.
 "Why, certainly," said Guppy, "those two brass knobs over there are called the jeremiadlers, and the thing like a distorted mangle is the freezer. Now the jeremiadler—so called because of its resemblance to a boiled owl—is really generating electricity flavored with red currents—you understand? Well, when we stir up the conflicting elements with a brass poker and an old clay pipe, the jeremiadler is connected with the freezer, and owing to the ammonia extracted from the pipe missing with the electricity, it freezes so cold that we have to find out the temperature with a six foot thermometer, and—"
 "My word," said the questioner, "that's wonderful!" and he walked off.
 "Hear me kidding the old chap?" said Mr. Guppy, with a wink, to the chief, who had been standing by. "He's as green as a new cheese."
 "Yes, I've often thought so," said the chief quietly, "but he's the inspecting engineer for the company, all the same."
 —American Manufacturer.