

## HAS EYES LIKE OWL.

Daylight is as Darkness to This Canadian Woodman.

Because he has eyes like an owl and is unable to see during the day, Jacques Lombard, of the Lake St. John district, Quebec, is compelled to do all his hunting and trapping at night. He is the wonder of all the men in that district and many doubted the story until a fur trader named Jepsen, who was never known to tell an untruth, went to see the man with the "night eyes."

As Lombard has never visited a physician, the cause of his affliction is not known, but it is believed to be due to an ultra-sensitive retina. Whatever may be the reason, it is certain that he cannot stand ordinary light, while at night he is able to see well. The extent of his vision may be judged from the fact that he shoots accurately at two hundred yards and can find a pin dropped among leaves when the night is so black that an ordinary man would be forced to grope his way through the forest. The darker it becomes the better is the trapper's vision; moonlight nights being less suited to his work. When light is entirely absent the pupils enlarge so as to seem to glow with fire, while at noon on a bright day the pupils are the size of pin points.

Shortly before Jepsen visited the trapper Lombard was forced by circumstances to subject his eyes to strong light, and the light was greatly inflamed. But this condition disappeared after he had remained in a dark room twenty-four hours. To him the room was light until a lamp was introduced, when, as he expressed it, darkness radiated from the lamp. This explanation brought out the fact that the flash from a rifle appeared to him to be a black streak, momentarily clouding the atmosphere. To his eyes a searchlight would darken all objects touched by its powerful rays, and the letters of an electric sign would spell in black.

The trapper's visual affliction has rather added than interfered with his work, as most of the animals whose pelts he seeks are nocturnal rangers and he can observe their habits with his own eyes. He has a cabin at the outlet of a small lake, which forms the source of the River Croche, lying due west of Dablon. Here Lombard sleeps during the day, and commences his duties at night. His traps are strung for three miles along the lake and in the forests adjacent to it, and the rounds of them are made while other trappers are asleep.

While Lombard's life has been particularly free from woodland mishaps, he has had some exciting experiences with wild animals, and on several occasions has been slightly wounded. His hurts have never been serious, and his physical health has been almost perfect. His one ailment has been chills and fever, which come when the heavy dew appears in the spring and summer.

The trapper never lacks for meat, for he is able to take sleeping birds without effort. When it comes to capturing partridges it isn't even necessary to use a gun. They can be lured on the hand with a stick. In fishing he isn't so successful, as trout seldom bite at night, and even on cloudy days the light is too strong for him. Deer are nocturnal, as are moose, but Lombard says they are easily shot at night, as it is then they come to the water to drink and feed on lily pads. In the daytime they hide and take their rest.

Jepsen's story differs from former reports in that the trapper has possessed "night eyes" since birth. Formerly it was understood that Lombard had been partly blinded by the explosion of a pan of gunpowder and that thereafter he was sensitive to light. However this may be, it is true that the trapper's sight is better now than it was ten years ago. He is about forty years old, and is thoroughly contented with his lot. Apparently he has no inclination to have his eyes treated, although he has been told that he might be helped.

## Some Modern Follies.

"Simplicity," said Dr. Farrow of New York at a recent Methodist meeting in Toronto presided over by Speaker St. John, "is closely related to the mind, the body, the spirit. It touches the individual, the home and society."

"No man can make the best or the most of life without simplicity—simple needs, simple pleasures, simple faith. Those who have lived the simplest lives have developed the highest types of character," and pictures of the late Queen Victoria, of John Bright, William E. Gladstone, Abraham Lincoln, Benjamin Franklin, and John Wesley were shown to enliven the accompaniment. He added, in part:

"We perhaps have more knowledge than our forefathers, but are we as strong, as healthy, as good, and as spiritual as they were?"

"A strong, sound body, a clear, active mind, can only be obtained by following certain prescribed rules."

"If one gets away from nature's simple problem, the greater the penalty he has to pay for it."

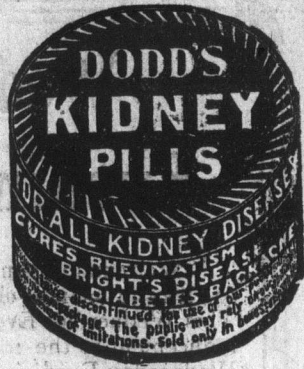
"In gratifying our ambitions for the luxuries of life we have deprived ourselves of some of its greatest pleasures."

"Many a young man, upon coming to the city, forgets the simplicity of the old home. With his first cigarette and glass of beer he loses the memory of the little church pews from him. Conscience often calls him to consider. The Church door is as open here as it is in the village, and friends there are many who will prove as dear. There are many temptations, but the simple life is as potent and as possible here as in the country."

"Simplicity is no man's prerogative. No one individual can purchase it, the ruler cannot command it, nor the strong man acquire it by force."

## English Society.

Cockney is rapidly becoming the current dictum of the best English society. A well brought up young lady was recently heard to call across the table at a shooting lodge to a man with Wellingtonian nose and dome-like forehead. "Now, then, bird face, pass the rabbit food."—Vanity Fair.



## SULTAN WILL YIELD.

France's Prompt Action Causes Consternation in Court at Fez.

Paris, April 8.—The official despatches received from Fez say that the French claims were presented to the Sultan March 3. The news of the occupation of Oudja by French troops arrived at the Moroccan capital March 29, the day the column entered Moroccan territory. The impression prevails that the Sultan will concede all the French demands. The energetic action of France caused consternation among the court entourage at Fez, and is expected to result in a prompt reply, but no official notification of its nature has yet arrived here.

## PITY THE BUSY OFFICE MAN.

He feels half dead, a sense of nausea, headache and nerve strain. He is on the verge of breakdown owing to overwork and lack of exercise. These difficulties are best overcome by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which make the bowels active, stimulate kidneys and liver and thereby free the system of impurities.

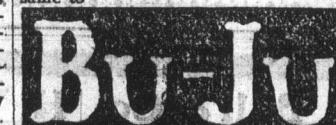
To revitalize and stimulate your whole being, to shake off lethargy and tiredness, nothing compares with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which do make good looks, good spirits, good health. Sold everywhere in 25c. boxes.

## Bruchesi Still Busy.

Montreal, April 8.—Archbishop Bruchesi is extending the scope of his censorship. He now expresses his conviction that such books as the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, and others ought not to be included in the Civic Library at the Monument National. The City Hall Committee in charge of the Civic Library have been discussing the question with him, and it is thought that they will comply with his request and remove what he calls "objectionable" books from their list.

## SCIATICA

Inflammatory or Muscular Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia—they are all the same to



Don't suffer needlessly when you have a positive and guaranteed cure in "Bu-Ju." Money back if they fail. 50c. a box. At druggists, or by mail direct from The Claffin Chemical Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

To turn out a hot pudding plunge the mold or bag into cold water for thirty seconds. If it is a cold pudding, a jelly or blancmange, dip it for an instant in very hot water. If ice cream refuses to leave a mold after being loosened wrap for an instant around the mold a cloth wrung from boiling hot water.

A lazy liver may be only a tired liver, or a starved liver. A sick is all right for the back of a lazy man. But it would be a savage as well as a stupid thing to beat a weary man or a starving man because he lagged in his work. So in treating the lagging liver it is a great mistake to lash it with drastic drugs. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a torpid or sluggish liver is but a symptom of an ill-nourished body, whose organs are weary with over-work. Let your liver alone. Start with the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Put them in proper working order, and see how quickly your liver will become active and energetic. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made many marvelous cures of "liver trouble" by its wonderful control of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the normal activity of the stomach, increases the secretions of the blood-making glands, cleanses the system from poisonous accumulations, and so relieves the liver of the burdens imposed upon it by the defection of other organs. Formula printed on wrapper.

To clean zinc clip a piece of flannel in paraffin and with it well rub the zinc, which should then be washed with hot water and soap to remove the smell of the oil and polished with a dry cloth.

When running brass rods through window curtains put an old glove finger over the end that is being pushed through the hem. Unless this is done the material is apt to tear.

A dyspeptic can eat and retain raw eggs when nothing else will stay on the stomach.

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## Cinderella to Date.

By HELEN MAXFIELD.

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"I suppose you have read in the papers—if you have time to think about anything except yourself—that the Westfield bank is wrecked. They have arrested Mr. Hartley and Mr. Manners, but that does not help the rest of us. In a short time I presume I shall be on the country. If you had married Dan Martin, as I wanted you to do, I should not be facing this terrible situation, but you always were headstrong, and my whole life has been sacrificed to the effort to raise you as your dear dead mother would have had me. Even now Dan is willing to forgive you fully and marry you. He will have the house all done over, and his sister will go to John's to live, and there will be only Dan and you and me."

The letter covered five closely written pages, and Annabel read it through twice with firmly set lips and dry eyes. Then she deliberately set out on her coat, hat and gloves and went out for a long walk in the snowy park, where motor cars filled with fur clad figures flew past and laughing children pelted her with harmless balls of feathery whiteness. It was a glorious day, and when she came back to her dingy hall room she was smiling, and the hard lines had faded from her face. Then she wrote her answer:

My Dear Aunt Molly—I am so grieved to hear of the bank wreck. I had not read of it in the papers, because we have been enjoying the privilege of some special instruction under Professor of New York, and I have been working at the academy night and day. Perhaps the bank receivers may save something, and in the meantime you must not worry. I will have the store decorated to you, and the rent will move from keep your house going, and each week I will send you some of my earnings. I am inclosing a money order for \$25 that I happen to have in hand. Have Mr. Gregory arrange the transfer of the store property. As to Mr. Martin, please do not urge that upon me again. I still feel that I have some right to happiness, and I know it will never come to me through Dan Martin.

Not one word of reproach, no reminders of a dun colored childhood and a dreary girlhood, spent under nagging of the most trying sort, no reference to the fact that her own patrimony had gone under with her aunt's small fortune in the bank wreck; no intimation that she had sent almost her last dollar in the money order and must now drop her art studies and seek a position in the workaday world. She smiled grimly as she mailed the letter. Her aunt would accept the sacrifice and wait to Dan Martin over Annabel's lack of appreciation.

Dan Martin! How she hated every inch of his underlined person, his small beady eyes, his perpetual smile, his weak, receding chin! She mailed the letter with a strange feeling of independence achieved, for now she had paid to her own satisfaction the debt of gratitude imposed by her aunt, which had hung over her young life like a pall. She was free now to work out her own happiness.

But for the next week happiness seemed to move farther and farther away. In later years she never thought of those days without shuddering.

The holidays were over. Nobody wanted to hire clerks or buy illuminated cards or telephone records or any of the pretty things she paraded. The room rent was again due. She might sell her few casts and painting outfit. She set her lips firmly and climbed the stairs to a fashionable employment agency. The manager was sitting at the telephone when Annabel entered. She hung up the receiver with an impatient frown.

"What do you want—a position as governess or companion? Nothing like that in view; a hundred applicants for every position. Oh, wait a minute! You look bright. Can you do manicuring and dress hair a bit and mend laces? If you can do it even halfway, I wish you'd try this place. I've sent the customer a dozen girls, and they always part after a terrible scene. The woman's a crank, but you look as if you had tact."

The upshot was that Annabel, with 25 cents in her purse and a notice of rent due under the door of her hall room, went to see Mrs. Cartwright Brown, and that highly strung personage said with dissatisfaction and suspicion in her voice that she would give the girl a trial.

The father had made an enormous fortune through his own efforts and was proud of it. The mother was so burdened by it that she was on the verge of nervous prostration. Annabel saw it was nerves and not temper and took heart. Later she learned that there were a son and a daughter away at college who were just a little ashamed of their new riches.

Nobody, Annabel least of all, knew how it happened, but she became the virtual head of the Cartwright Brown household. Mrs. Brown vowed that she could hire a visiting manicurist and hairdresser, but no one could stand between her and domestic and social worries as Annabel could.

It was Annabel who reorganized the staff of servants and installed a competent housekeeper. It was Annabel who had the conservatories brought up to date, Annabel who made out congenial dinner lists, Annabel who conferred with Mrs. Brown's modiste and Mr. Brown's tailor, Annabel who shipped smart, suitable clothing and room furnishings to two colleges.

Annabel's position in the household was peculiar. She was neither house-

keeper nor private secretary—just "Miss Annabel." She did not receive with Mrs. Brown on Wednesday afternoons, but she did join the family occasionally at the theater or in viewing art exhibitions. And it was after one of these rare occasions that she realized the full extent of her happiness. She had been hunting congenial work, not an art career. She knew now that her small talent for drawing had offered her only an excuse for feeling an unhappy home life, but that she never would have become a great artist, while she was a competent manager of the Cartwright Brown home. She sent her aunt's allowance regularly and gave no thought to the future—until the two young people came home from college. The daughter was a mere butterfly, who neither appreciated nor resented Annabel's position in the household. The son was a grave-faced chap who seemed suddenly oppressed by the responsibility of his father's wealth. He had studied theoretical sociology in college and on practical lines among the gilded youth of his class.

By this time the Cartwright Browns were at their country place, and Annabel found that her early morning rides were subject to interruption, not unpleasant, but disturbing. Norman Brown insisted upon unloading upon her capable shoulders, as his mother and father had done before him, the burden of his personal problems. But they were no longer burdensome when he found that Annabel shared his ideals about the use of wealth, and he boldly carried his plans to his father. "No more college? You're going into the works? Say, what will our rich friends think?"

"I am more interested in knowing what the men at our works will think. And Miss Annabel says"—Cartwright Brown waved his hand as if to dismiss the entire subject. "Oh, if Annabel says you are right, neither heaven nor earth could shove you. I declare that girl has this family hypnotized."

"Nothing of the sort, and you know it," replied his son hotly. "She has simply taught us how to make the best of our money."

"And cured your mother of nervous prostration. Gracious, when I think of those old days! Oh, try it if you like."

Letter from Miss Molly Sewell to Annabel Maitland:

... We were inexpressibly shocked. Of course I had watched for your name under some magazine illustrations or for some work you would send me, and when note came I sent Dan Martin to Denver to find out what you were doing. You, a Sewell and a Maitland, hiring out as a mere servant! Your mother must have been at the Westfield bank will pay 50 cents on the dollar, and we can get along somehow, and if you show some signs of settling down I think Dan will marry you after all. He isn't like some men, holding a grudge.

Letter from Annabel to her Aunt Molly:

... The wedding took place yesterday afternoon. I wanted to have you come, but we were compelled to hasten matters. There trouble at the Blackstone smelters, and Norman wants to be on the ground at once. He is a prince among men, dear aunt, and you will learn to love him when we come to see you; forwitness the fact that this prince found his Cinderella not behind the kitchen stove, but in his mother's boudoir. I am not ashamed of my work in the past, yet for it brought me the greatest happiness that can come to a woman. We were married with the full consent of his parents, and I can't write more. My cup of happiness brims over and blots out mere words.

MOLLY.

Moral Snobbery. One of the commonest forms of snobbery is not social at all, but moral. Many people are moral snobs who do not care a grain of social ambition. When Napoleon said, "I am above morality," he not only gave expression to what some great people have secretly thought about themselves, but to what thousands of their small admirers have openly said of them. They do not reflect, perhaps, as they justify their heroes, that to declare any one in the world above morality is to say that morality has ceased to exist, has been found out and exploded, nothing remaining but some utilitarian rules suitable for the guidance of mediocre minds. The moral law must be supreme or nowhere. Yet this, as it seems to us, self evident proposition is by no means easy to apply. Most of us feel that for any one to lay too much stress upon the moral shortcomings of a great man is a sign of a small mind, or at least of a defective education. We do not habitually speak of Nelson in respect of his marriage, or Bacon in the matter of his proved corruption, or Coleridge in connection with his opium habit or of Charles Lamb in his cups as we should speak of Smith, Brown and Robinson in like circumstances. Must we, then, admit ourselves to be moral snobs? The prima facie evidence is very much against us.—London Spectator.

Why They Wanted to Win. We knew of only one case in which a man has tried to select a wife by a competitive examination. Fifteen ladies entered for the matrimonial prize and sat down to a paper of questions of which the following are samples: Name seven kinds of pie and describe how each is prepared. Do you advocate the use of chewing rings for teething children? Give in 100 words your views on suitable dress when married.

The climax came when the man who set the paper proposed to the winner. She refused him point blank, and so did the other fourteen.—London Tit-Bits.

Spoil His Fun. A street car conductor sees a great many amusing things in the course of a day, but the unreasonable passengers keep him so mad that he cannot half enjoy them.—Somerville Journal.

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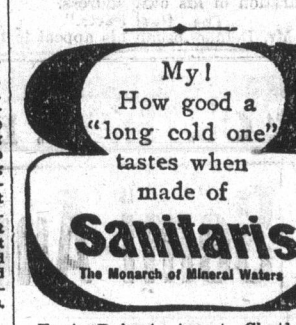
A Dainty Sandwich.

A very pleasant and healthy variation of the meat, jam, egg or lettuce sandwich can be made with the assistance of the nutritious currant. Take a teaspoonful of currants and rub them in a cloth; then butter rather thickly some thin slices of bread. Cover the buttered bread all over with currants; sift a very little castor sugar over them and make into sandwiches. This satisfying little novelty is wonderfully appreciated and will not fail to delight the children.

Kidney Search Lights. — Have you backache? Do you feel drowsy? Do your limbs feel heavy? Have you pains in the loins? Have you dizzy spells? Have you a tired dragging feeling in the regions of the kidneys? Any and all of these indicate kidney troubles. South American Kidney Cure is a liquid kidney specific and works wonderful cures in most complicated cases. Sold by W. W. Turner, Chatham.

Introduction Customs.

In introducing a woman and a man the latter should be presented to the former, as, for instance, Mrs. Jones, allow me to present Mr. Smith. In the case of two women, one elderly, the younger should be presented to the elder as a pretty mark of respect, as, Mrs. Jones, my friend, Miss Brown. In the event of one party to the introduction being an elderly man of prominence it would be proper to show him the deference and present both a man and woman if younger to him.



F. A. Robert, Agent, Chatham.

The Baby Baskets.

Nothing is better for a baby basket than a wire dish drainer, either round or oblong in shape. They only cost 10 cents at any store where kitchen goods are sold. Cover the wire with blue cambric or blue satin first. Over that place white dotted or plain muslin, rather full. Make a deep ruffle edged with baby lace to fall over the outside. Cut out a piece of cardboard to fit the bottom. Cover it with a layer of cotton batting. Cover with the cambric and then the muslin.

Sprinkle sachet powder on the cotton batting if one cares to have the basket scented. Make little pockets and pin cushion to fasten on the sides. Around the top edge sew heading with ribbon run through it. The wire frame is durable and light.

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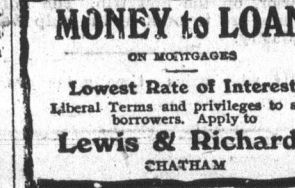
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