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RAILWAY TIME-TABLE

GOING WEST

	No. 1	No. 8
Brockville (leave)	9.40 a.m.	3.40 p.m.
Lyn	10.10	3.54
Seeley's	10.20	4.01
Forthton	10.33	4.11
Elbe	10.39	4.16
Athens	10.53	4.24
Soperton	11.13	4.41
Lyndhurst	11.20	4.48
Delta	11.28	4.54
Elgin	11.47	5.07
Forfar	11.55	5.13
Crosby	12.03 p.m.	5.18
Newboro	12.12	5.28
Westport (arrive)	12.30	5.40

GOING EAST

	No. 2	No. 4
Westport (leave)	7.30 a.m.	2.40 p.m.
Newboro	7.42	2.55
Crosby	7.52	3.06
Forfar	8.03	3.12
Elgin	8.08	3.22
Delta	8.16	3.41
Lyndhurst	8.22	3.48
Soperton	8.29	3.56
Athens	8.46	4.24
Elbe	8.52	4.30
Forthton	8.58	4.37
Seeley's	9.08	4.48
Lyn	9.16	5.04
Brockville (arrive)	9.30	5.30

*Stop on signal

MARTIN ZIMMERMAN, W. J. CURLE,
Gen'l Mgr. Supt.

ABOUT THINGS OF INDIA

FAST DISAPPEARING BEFORE EYES OF CIVILIZATION.

Original Members of the Order of Criminals Were Religious Devotees Who Reduced Murder to an Art — Not Mere Vulgar Slayers of Men—Criminal Life Where Son Follows Father.

It was a happy inspiration that led to the adoption of the word "thug" as a synonym for a ferocious criminal. Its very sound is suggestive of silent and sudden murder. It echoes the thug of the slingshot.

This, of course, is a mere coincidence; the word is not English, in spite of its sound. It is Hindostanee. In England it has no newspaper currency, but retains its historical meaning, a caste of Indian strangers.

In becoming popular the term has suffered some degradation, for the thugs of India were no vulgar slayers and murderers. They were religious devotees and artists in crime. De Quincey would have given them high rank among the practitioners of "Murder Considered as a Fine Art."

The thugs, indeed, were under vows to Kali Devi, the black-browed consort of Siva the Destroyer. She is that terrible personage who appears in the Hindu pantheon as a fierce but beautiful woman, riding on a tiger, and with hideous, blood-stained face, garlanded with skulls. Banded together as caste brethren, the thugs hunted men to offer them the duty of destruction, and because she required a bloodless sacrifice they killed their victim by suffocation.

The thugs, not being cannibals, could not live by mere murder, so they robbed their victims and divided the spoils between themselves and the temples of Kali. As a religious body they were protected by the Brahmins and by pious but impetuous rajahs, who licensed and taxed them. It was an easy way for a ruler to increase his revenue, and the victims were traveling merchants who would not be missed.

During the many centuries of war and anarchy in India Thuggee flourished mightily. Under Aurungzeb, to whom as a Moslem Kali was an abhorrent idol, it suffered a check. Hindu fanaticism supported it. The Nawab of Surat had captured a band of thugs and was about to release them for a ransom offered by certain Banians, who hoped to acquire "religious merit" by the act. The Emperor ordered the thugs to be strung up by the left hands in the jungle and left there to die. The Banians, prototypes of the sentimentalists who present notorious modern criminals with bouquets, banquets and stamper before the execution.

These terrors of the Indian highway are now extinct, like the sabre-toothed tiger. About sixty years ago many hundreds were executed and the remainder transported or put to death in making and other peaceful trades in strict confinement.

It was the writer's privilege a few years back to visit one of the last of these world famous strangers. He had been captured young and sentenced to imprisonment for life in a central Indian jail.

In a cool corridor that overlooked the sunlit garden a venerable old man was weaving the pattern of an Indian carpet. Tall and erect, with snowy mustache and high caste features, he might have passed in uniform for a British colonel, but he was a native of the Deccan. He showed me not a single one of the criteria of the type criminal as described by Lombroso.

Nadho, so he was called, had been so long a prisoner that he was rather curious for a curiosity, a museum specimen, than treated as a criminal. He had become an expert in weaving, and when the loom were idle was by no means unwilling to talk of his experiences as a thug. He had been born in the Deccan, and devoted early to the service of the Kali. His father led him to the secret place in the jungle and there initiated him, by the weird rite of the corpse and the dagger, into the Freemasonry of the brotherhood.

He learned their signs, how to interpret the omen of the owl, the peacock, the "ramaw" — the secret language of the craft. Being a precocious youth, as he said, he was selected to play the part of "talker," or confidence man. He was ostensibly a traveler on the Delhi road, where the Indian Midland Railway now runs, for his brother, who dealt in silks and cotton goods in a Deccan city. Of his exploits as talker of the band of Tuls Ram, a notorious thug, executed long ago for his crimes, he told this tale:

"Tuls Ram was the right arm of Kali, and I was the right arm of Tuls Ram. It was I who decoyed Nasur Khan, the rich jeweler, with coaxing words, as men take carp from a pond by tickling their sides."

"Nasur was journeying to Delhi with gems from Mysore and a caravan laden with silks in bales and rich brocades. I came before him as a poor trader, begging for permission to join his train for the sake of protection against thieves."

A twinkle in the old man's eyes betrayed his relish of the irony of the situation. "Nasur was as hard as the stones he dwelt in," he continued, "and the price he demanded for his protection was high. Then I told him that the Rajah of Mulwa had news of the approach of his caravan, and Nasur's heart became as water, for he feared the horsemen of Mulwa and the toll they take."

"Nasur's heart was glad within him when he rode aside from Mulwa, and when he met Tuls Ram merry was his greeting. Quiet merchants all, they seemed — my brothers — and Nasur's men chatted with them, as travelers, of price and grain. And as they conversed together they made a jest about the thugs so my brethren gathered around Nasur Khan and his men, two to a traveler, and when all were listening open-mouthed to a story of Haim Tal's an owl hooted twice from the jungle. That was the signal."

The old man illustrated with wrist and knuckle the act of tightening the duma, a handkerchief, around the neck of the victim. He told how the travelers were buried while warm in the duma, and how he had been prepared for them. For himself, it was his destiny to be a

thug. "It is our custom," he said. "The potter's son takes to the potter's wheel; the cooper's son to the shingle hammer."

Strangely enough, the veteran became himself a devotee to the goddess of his work. For Kali Devi is also the patroness of that source of India, cholera morbus, and next hot weather the old thug passed away during an epidemic. Kali had stretched out one of her hundred hands and called her devotees away.

From this confession it seems that winning the confidence of their victims was the mainstay of the thug business. There was not the bold over, "You money or your life" attack of the bandit, but the crafty approach of the criminal tactician. They reckoned on taking their man off his guard, as the "coney catcher" did in sixteenth century London and as the bunco man does to-day in Western America. Confidence operators are as old as grass itself.

The work of suppressing thugs was done by Col. Sleeman, one of those martyrs to exile and official duty that the Indian civil service needs and trains. In a district where he replaced black-mail and brigandage by law and order the town of Sleemansbad — Sleeman's city — stands for his monument. The long task of rounding up the thug bands was made easier by disaffection within their ranks. The powerful religious hand was broken, when unbelieving Moslems were admitted as members of the robber caste and rose to be leaders.

The Kali worship became a mere pretext for robbery and murder, and thugs fell before the more effective measures of a strong executive.

One is not surprised to hear of European criminals adopting methods more or less like those of the thugs. If a state can trust his pal, two heads and two pairs of hands are better than one. A skillful grasp on the throat by one man stifles the cry for help and safeguards the operations of his partner. But as no idea of religious duty would avail in their must stop short of strangulation or risk a charge of murder.

The garroters who infested London in the '60s choked but did not kill the returning citizens. When chloroform came into use in surgery the underworld of crime, of which they were master minds, at once appreciated its value. It was painless, it was safe for them; the victim would awake in a state of mental confusion; he could give the police no clue. The drug became popular with the scientific criminals who operated on English railroad lines, where the closed compartments secured privacy. Sometimes a subject died under chloroform by misadventure, but that might have happened at the hands of a young medical practitioner.

In Paris, however, the tricks of Indian thugs have been closely followed. Look over the files of the Parisian papers of recent years and you will find accounts of men found dead in lonely places with leather cords around their necks and empty pockets. They had resisted the attacks of stranger thieves. In other cases wealthy men, returning late from the opera on foot, fell victims to the handkerchief trick. In this case the "soulard" of heavy Lyons silk took the place of the cotton "rumor" of the thug.

A robber dressed like a workman or petit bourgeois would approach a belated clubman and offer him for sale a ring, ostensibly picked up from the pavement. If monsieur did not take the alarm the robber's partner, who had crept behind his victim, snatched his mouth and throat in a noise. Then with a quick fit-jit turn the thug heaved him off the ground on to his back like a sack of coal, and his partner stepped up and lifted monsieur's head on the pavement with force enough to stun him and the thugs made their escape.

The French gendarmes trace this clever and bloodless operation to the teaching of a professor who lectured in the criminal quarter of Paris some sixty years since. About that time the thugs of India were being brought to trial and the revelations that followed excited great interest in Europe. It is very likely that the professor borrowed his line of treatment from these published cases. But old Nadho of the jail would have said that the spirit of an executioner had incarnated itself in the Frenchman in order to propagate the mystery of thuggee in the virgin soil of France.

The thugs of India, it was said, began as devotees, but ended as brigands. Some form of brigandage, indeed, seems epidemic in Asiatic countries that are not ruled by the strong hand. Burnah is a case in point and so are the Philippines. The thugs of Burnah were called daks. During the first few years of the British occupation the troops were actively employed in small detachments in running down the "daks" and laying their traps by the heels. It was a rough school for subalterns. The nature of the warfare is well illustrated in Kipling's "The Taking of Lungtungpen," a tale of the harrying of a dacoit stronghold by Mulvaney's detachment. But dacoity is now extinct in Burnah and the country is policed by native constabulary.

New to Him.
At a musical comedy in London from last week in the stalls Clyde Fitch ticked a young man in one of the boxes of the orchestra. His companion was a critic, and Mr. Fitch said to him, "That chap in the box seems to be enjoying himself." "He is the author," said the critic. "Well, then," said Fitch, "I think he ought to have better taste than to laugh so loud." "Oh," said the critic, "he is the author, but he never heard these jokes before. They were put in by the comedian."

Stevenson's Samoan Residence.
It is reported that the Samoan residence of Robert Louis Stevenson, Vailima, will become a tourist hotel, or it may be that it will be made the official residence of the German representative. A syndicate of Philadelphians is negotiating with the present owner of the villa with the tourist hotel plan in view, while the German Government is desirous of acquiring the property and contemplating making an offer.

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CEYLON'S DEVIL BIRD.

It Gets Its Bad Name From Its Appalling Screams.

Most people who have visited the island of Ceylon and penetrated into its jungle fastnesses have heard the cry of the devil bird. This awe inspiring sound resembles nothing so much as the scream of a human being undergoing the most terrible torture. Naturalists have identified it with the *Syrnium indra*. — a brown wood owl found in Hindustan. But the devil bird, or "ulama," as the Cingalese call it, is an elusive creature, and no one has had the good fortune to kill or catch a specimen. The Cingalese — naturally a superstitious race — regard the cry of this bird with the utmost horror. They believe that its scream heard at night presages the most dire misfortune, and they are in the habit of offering sacrifices to avert the approaching disaster. The superstition is probably of very great antiquity. But Robert Knox, who was a prisoner in Ceylon for twenty years about the middle of the seventeenth century, gives an interesting account of it, although in common with the natives he believed the cry proceeded from the devil himself.

"This I can confirm," he writes "that oftentimes the devil doth cry with audible voice in the night. 'Tis very shrill, almost like the barking of a dog. This I have often heard myself. Only this observation the inhabitants of the land have made of this voice, and I made it also that either just before or very suddenly after this voice always the King cuts off people. To believe that this is the voice of the devil these reasons urge: Because there is no creature known to the inhabitants that cries like it and because it will on a sudden depart from one place and make a noise in another quicker than any fowl can fly and because the very dogs will tremble and shake when they hear it, and 'tis so accounted by all the people."

A modern account, however, is given by Mr. Mitford of the Ceylon civil service, who affirmed that he had often heard the cry while at Kurunegala, where the bird haunted the rocky hill behind the Government House. He had evidently studied the mysterious bird with great interest. "Its ordinary note," he writes, "is a magnificent, clear shout, like that of a human being which can be heard at a great distance, and has a fine effect in the silence of the closing night. But the sounds which have earned for it its bad name and which I have heard but once to perfection are indescribable, the most appalling that can be imagined, and scarcely to be heard without shuddering. I can only compare it to a boy in torture, whose screams are being stopped by being strangled."

Houses Mysteriously Went.
Ten artisans' dwelling-houses in Donegal road, Belfast, Ireland, have disappeared as completely as if swallowed up in an earthquake.

The houses were two-storied, and were there six months ago, but had become untenanted, and were allowed to fall into disrepair.

When recently the ground landlord applied for his rent he was informed by agents that there was not now any property on the ground. Somewhat mystified, he visited the place himself, and found a howling waste and wilderness where formerly there had been habitations.

The discovery that the security for his ground rents had gone was naturally a subject for serious concern. An architect to whom he turned for professional advice visited the site, but found that the very foundations had been so thoroughly grubbed up that it was only with difficulty the boundary walls could be traced.

The sewer, water, and gas pipes had all been carefully "uprooted" to the roadway, and a solitary half brick was the sole memorial that remained of a once substantial property.

Who removed the house, and why they were removed, or what became of them, neither owner nor ground landlord knows.

The Wrong Animal.
Ignorance of natural history — and some other things — played a part in a fight of which a well known actor tells a story.

A Welshman, he says, had taken boxing lessons until he thought he could whip anything of his weight. He thereupon challenged an Irishman to fight him to a finish, and the challenge was promptly accepted. The Welshman selected a fellow countryman named Davy for a second. The battle began, and after the first round the Welshman went to his corner and asked Davy how he looked.

"Look like a lion," said Davy. In the second round the Welshman had one eye closed, but Davy still declared his champion looked like a lion. At the end of the third round the Welshman was out. When he came to be looked through his swollen eyes at his second and said: "O'ow do I look now, Davy?" "Like a lion," said Davy. "I don't feel like 'un. Did you never see a lion?" "Yes, indeed, Bill Jones 'as 'un." "Hit hain't a lion, man. Hit's a jack-ass!" "Well, that's 'ow you look!"

Another Idol Tottering.
Another famous saying is now disputed. Dr. Miller Maguire contends that the Duke of Wellington never said, "Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton." Wellington himself knew very little of the playing fields at Eton. It is quite true that he was for a brief period at the famous school, but when his mother discovered that he was making no progress whatever there, either at games or at lessons, he was removed at about the age of fifteen, and sent to another school, in Brussels, where he learned most of what he knew.

At least a score of the leading officers of the British army who knew less about Eton than he did.

Anasias' Match.
Lloyd George was addressing a meeting in Wales, and his chairman said: "I half to introduce you to the member of the Carnarvon Boroughs. He has come here to reply to what the Bishop of St. Asaph said the other night about Welsh Dissentism." In my opinion, gentlemen, the Bishop of St. Asaph is one of the biggest liars in creosote; but he has his match in Lloyd George!

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