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WE FIGHT THE BATTLE OF THE PLAIN PEOPLE

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THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST

Before Christ came to the world, the world had no standard by which to measure moral values. Civilizations arose and fell because the persons in control could not recognize true standards of government. Whether Christ be a mere man as the Unitarians say, or an inspired prophet as the Mohammedans say, or the divine Son of God as the Christians believe, his power upon the world has been incalculable. To-day the Western nations of the world own his sway. Mankind is ever branching away from the doctrines that he taught, but there is a constant pressure brought to bear to bring the nations of the world back to the doctrines of love.

We have never liked the conduct of the three wise men from the East. They came to worship at the shrine of Christ when he was but a baby and then they went back to their deserts and never came again. Christ was too young to appreciate their worship and the wise men would have been wiser had they come to hear his doctrines later on when He could have talked to them himself.

Christ came to the meek and lowly and to the troubled in spirit. The prosperous and proud say they worship Him, but they remain in their worship both proud and prosperous. Humanity is still far from the ideals set forth by Christ and until those ideals have triumphed, there is plenty of work for all to do.

INTERNATIONAL TRADE

The United States once attempted to force Canada into the American Union by a process of starvation. The benefits of trade with America were considered to be so necessary to us that we would be forced to surrender our national existence for the sake of American dollars. Instead of being starved to death by the removal of American trade we proceeded to develop our own national resources and by so doing we have developed a stout and hardy nationhood. We find that it is a good thing to be thrown on our own resources and we would not go back to dependence on Uncle Sam even though he promised to be good and gave us his solemn pledge that he would treat us square.

Canada is not the only political entity that has been thrown on its resources and found it good. The Spartans of ancient Greece kept aloof upon all foreign commerce. They did not adopt a system of protection to accomplish their ends, but purposely adopted a debased currency. The Spartans used iron money which no other community would accept because it was valueless. The Spartans were content, and being left alone remained martial and were not contaminated by the morals of the larger communities around them. The ancient Israelites, in their primitive days, would hold no communication with the neighboring heathen. They were dead sore on international trade.

AMERICAN FOREIGN TRADE

The Americans are awakening to the fact that there is a foreign trade to be captured. Our modern ideas hold that foreign trade is a good thing. Consequently the Americans want it.

We are not persuaded that international trade is a good thing. India has a certain amount of foreign trade and she is reckoned great in proportion as her foreign trade develops. There are millions in India who are on the verge of starvation continually. Nevertheless India exports Indian grown wheat. Russia exported large quantities of food stuffs while her peasants starved by the thousands. The United States is a rich country and yet there are millions of men who are out of work and hungry. There are hundreds of thousands of people who live in shacks and there are people who go thinly clad.

The United States desires as a nation to export goods. The Americans instead of sending away their goods to foreign countries for the benefit of others, had better set their mills to work turning out useful articles which will improve the conditions of their own people. The Americans should devise

some system whereby their own people will benefit by their own efforts. At present the Americans export steel, beef, cotton and other useful things and import whiskies, silks, salome dancers and Paris thirsts for abstinence.

MILLS CLOSED DOWN

The Montreal Woollen Mills are closing down. This company has been in existence for thirty years, and has done business during the whole of that time. The reason given for the closing down of the mills is that they cannot be profitably operated under the present tariffs. Had the Conservatives gone into power a high duty on woollen goods would doubtless have been imposed and the mills would have continued in operation.

Our Conservative friends are attending the obsequies of the company with sorrowful mien. This infant industry thirty years old is dying because a wicked Liberal government will no longer shield it from the adverse winds of international competition. The government would not protect it and the brutal English are actually selling us goods cheaper than we can make them ourselves.

The woollen mills have a just complaint against the Liberal government. This complaint is not against the refusal of protection to Canadian Woollen mills, but the granting of protection to other industries whereby the cost of manufacturing is so raised that woollen mills cannot make woollen garments in Canada under a fair protection and complete with Englishmen who can buy their own materials in the cheapest market.

PROTECTION AND SPECIAL PRIVILEGE

Protection of home industries really means the granting of special privileges to certain favored industries whereby they can tax consumers without giving a return. Protection logically carried out means no protection. If all industries, agricultural as well as manufacturing, were equally protected it would mean simply that everyone would pay higher prices and no one would make a bigger profit than he would have had, had protection not been imposed. It is only when some industry can buy cheaply and sell dearly in the home market that protection benefits any trade. If steel and iron are protected it means that the steel producers are granted the right to sell their products at a higher price in the home market. Steel is the raw material of all machines and consequently those who desire to manufacture machinery, or use it, pay dear for their steel. The woollen mills are a case in point. In a protective country they find their operative expense so enormous that they must have the benefit of an enormous protection before they can manufacture profitably for the home market.

Remove all special privileges, do away with tariff, let English, American, German, and French goods come in free and Canada's trade would boom. The farmer sells his goods in England in competition with the world. He should have the privilege of buying what he needs in England. He should not listen to the siren voices of the manufacturers who want to pool him to their own profit.

Holland and Venezuela are fighting each other, and the papers are reporting their squabble for the pleasure of their male readers. If men cannot watch a big bear fight between two large nations they don't mind spending their leisure watching a little rooster fight.

A Moscow millionaire, feeling death near, drew all his money out of the banks and burnt the bank notes in order that his heirs might not be cursed with money. The loss of the heirs is a gain for the bank, and we have not struck a bank yet which feels that getting money is a mistake.

Austria is not going to fight Turkey and Turkey is ceasing to boycott Austria's goods. The power of the purse makes Turkey supreme in the same way as it does the British House of Commons.

HIGH EXPRESS RATES

A movement is on foot to lower express rates. In the United States, the postal deficit is sixteen million dollars and it is considered that if the post-office department should monopolize the cream of the express business and carry small parcels at low rates, the public would benefit while the postal deficit would disappear. In Canada the movement for reduced express charges is strong among the people, but the agitation is weak because the people do not realize their own power, but believe that the express companies are giants whom it is useless to fight.

It is inevitable that the express companies should go. It is doubtful whether

the time is ripe for their death. Express companies charge high rates. Parcels which the post-office should carry for four cents the express companies exact twenty-five cents. The profits are large and Ottawa bows before the power of money and high dividends. Moreover, the country merchants are opposed to cheap express rates. The mail order houses are taking away a large amount of business which the country merchants consider should belong to them. Were express rates reduced many country merchants would be forced out of business. Until the demand becomes insistent from the general public for reduced express rates, the beneficiaries of the present system and the government as well will stand pat on the question.



He ages not with passing time,
But smiles from out his North Pole clime,
Upon the children of our land,
And whispers to them secrets grand.

His kindly heart with joy is thrilled
At Christmas time when all is stilled,
And with a laugh to girls and boys,
He brings a stockingful of toys.

Dear Santa Claus is good and kind,
But yet he is a little blind;
So let us help his gifts to give,
And show him where poor children live.

FAITH IN THE PEOPLE

We believe in democracy; we have faith in the common people. We believe that we can fight a decadent Liberal government to the benefit of Liberal principles. Ottawa should be but the echo of Canada. Laurier, Lemieux, Borden, Foster are not great creatures who rule Canada. If they are, then Canada is no longer a democracy. Laurier, Lemieux, Borden, Foster are mere puppets set up at Ottawa to be moved as the people of Canada want them to be moved. We have nothing to do with the likes or dislikes of the little rulers at Ottawa. Our appeal is to the people of Canada. Our appeal is to the intelligence and enlightened interests of the voters in whose hands the powers of government lie. We have sufficient faith to say that the interests of the plain people shall triumph and it matters little who governs at Ottawa as long as the electors do their duty by themselves.

Our duty to the people of Canada does not lie in supporting Laurier or in supporting Borden. Both men are too closely allied with workers of inquiry to merit the confidence of the people of Canada. Our duty is to awaken, in so far as our power lies, the conscience of the electorate where it is sluggish. The moral tone of the politics of Canada is rising and we are looking forward to the day when the vast majority of the electors of Canada will cast an intelligent, fearless and unpurchasable vote.

Great Britain is presumed to be a free trade nation. Her tariffs bring her in a revenue of a hundred and fifty million dollars.

WHO SHOULD OWN CANADA

What should constitute titles to property? The Indians originally owned Canada. If prior ownership be a proper title then the Indians should own Canada. The Indians do not own Canada. The White Men came and took Canada away from them, in many cases by force. If force be a proper title, then it would be just for the strongest man or for the strongest group of men to capture our Canadian home and tax us for living in them. This is the title by which France forces the Algerians to pay four dollars a head for the privilege of living in their own country. If laws are the just title then if the working men can capture our law making machinery and make laws they are justified in legislating doctors, lawyers, merchants, hotel-keepers, manufacturers, and every body else but the mere workers out of their fine houses and compel them to live in the shacks in which the workers now live.

Our own definition of government is that amount of rights which the strong are willing to surrender in order that they may hold the rest. The Socialists endeavor to teach the actual workers that they have the power, that they do the work, and consequently, they should so legislate that they will own Canada. Doctors, lawyers, merchants and other individuals of the same class are to be considered workers in so far as they do work and render a service to the community.

Why would a spider make a good correspondent?
He drops a line by every post.

OUR POLITICS

Many of our readers are trying to make out whether this paper is Liberal or Conservative. They are puzzled and are in doubt in which category they should place us. To certain persons there are only two things for a voter or a paper to do. Things must be whopped up for the Conservative party or they must be whopped up for the Liberal party. There can be no other course for a decent paper to pursue.

For ourselves we do not care to ally ourselves with either party. Our predilection is for Liberal principles. The Conservatives stand for special privileges, but very often in history Conservative parties have introduced radical principles and to-day in Canada, while the Conservative party stands for protection, it also stands for the public ownership of railroads, telegraphs and other natural monopolies. The Liberal party pretends to stand for tariff for revenue only, yet it is almost as much a protection party as is the Conservative. Under the Liberal government vast tracts of public lands have been alienated to large exploiting companies to the detriment of actual settlers.

We oppose Conservative protection, we support Conservative public ownership. We oppose Liberal protection, and we oppose the Liberal government because it is ceasing as a matter of fact, to give good and honest government. We support Lemieux's postal policies, because they are good. We desire to oppose the wrong in either party and to support the good.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Do evil that good may come, say some. Our experience has been that when we do evil we get it in the neck.

To meditate lugubriously is sometimes considered the proper way to be religious. Christmas joys should dispel such ideas.

This is the glad Christmas time, where comfortably off friends swap presents among themselves and give the scraps to the poor.

The editorial us and ourself personally, even though we may speak personally about the editorial us, are two distinct personalities.

Many men are afraid to think upon religious question for fear of being sacrilegious. Truth will only be found by sincere and fearless reflection.

Sir Hiram Maxim considers that England is going to the dogs. As long as England shows the courage she does in facing home problems her future is safe.

The Liberal leaders want the electors to support them in all they do. Our idea is to praise them when they are right and hang 'em when they are wrong.

We want to please the public but we have not the power. The public like a dog fight but we possess no dog. Next to a dog fight the public like a newspaper fight. But, alas, there is no newspaper in our class.

The United States revolted because of the way England taxed her colonies for her support. If history repeats itself in a paradoxical way, England will revolt because of the way her colonies are taxing her for their support.

Gouin and Laurier may have a squabble over immigration from France. Laurier wants the immigrants to go West; Gouin wants them to come to Quebec. We back Gouin in the squabble.

A Toronto man has been sentenced for five months for trying to murder with a hammer a woman. If he had tried to steal money he would have probably got five years. Life is cheap, while property rights must be protected.

The Knights of Columbus are getting themselves into hot water. The Socialists of America are fighting them because they believe them to be a militant organization to conquer the States and hand it over to the Pope. The clericals of the Province of Quebec are fighting them because the clericals believe them to be a lot of Irishmen organized to bind and deliver the French Catholics over to the Anglo-Saxon Protestants. Who would want to be a secret society anyway?

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumulates and men decay." Goldsmith said the above about Ireland and was considered a great poet. Herve says the same thing about France, Blatchford about England, Debs about America, and Gribble about Canada, and all these gentlemen are not considered poets. They are considered more or less as undesirable citizens.

Lord Cecil is introducing a bill in the British House of Commons to imprison suffragettes who break up political meetings. The suffragettes have made up their minds to get votes for women. They will get them and repressive measures will only make their ardor keener.

The German Conservative papers are declaring that the Kaiser is insane. This is the unkindness cut of all. He would much prefer being assassinated like other great rulers than having his stolid Germans regard him with pity as he makes a divine right speech.

Carrie Nation went to Glasgow to smash saloons. A crowd of three thousand Glaswegians met her at the station and gave her a rough reception. The people of Glasgow have disgraced themselves. They should have remembered that Carrie Nation was at least a woman.

A BIGGER NAVY

Teddy Roosevelt wants a bigger navy. He has sent all the battle ships over to Europe and he thinks that now it is a good time to agitate for more war material. He wants eight more battle ships. The nation must have them, he says, to protect its growing commerce with other lands and to put the fear of the God of peace into the hearts of foreigners. Teddy is not likely to get his battleships.

What does America want with battleships anyway? She is three thousand miles away from foreign countries and her position at home is invulnerable. The battleships will not benefit the common people. A bigger fleet will add heavier taxes to the workers and will force many estimable persons into preparing themselves for a target to be shot at by foreign soldiers when America attempts to go around investigating things which are none of her business.

A navy is necessary for defense. America does not need a large navy for defense. No nation can attack her except through the Philippines and it would be a blessing to America if some other nation did relieve her of the task of chasing darkies through primeval swamps with a bayonet.

If America wants a navy for offense she is a disturber of the peace and will be put in the class of robber nations who believe that might makes right.

The Americans are a commonsense nation and it is our firm conviction that toothful Teddy will tot for his ships in vain.

The record for rapidity in excavation is continually being broken at the Isthmus of Panama. The latest instance occurred on October 22, when 313 10-yard dump cars were loaded in 370 minutes, an average of 1 minute and 11 seconds per car. Assuming that they were loaded to their full capacity, a cubic yard of material was placed on the cars every 7 seconds. The only interruption occurred when the dipper was cleaned and the shovel moved forward to a new position.

"Nature plans well for mankind's needs."

"I should say so. What could be more convenient than ears to hook spectacles over?"

The Christmas Sister

...By HOWARD FIELDING...

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HERE are two matters which may help to give me a book of your mind for a few minutes. If you haven't heard of one, you very likely have heard of the other.

First, I am the only original survivor of the Delphic, that was lost at sea in May of 1887; second, in partnership with Tom Campbell I discovered the Golden Bush mine in Idaho. The wreck of the Delphic figures in this story; the Golden Bush mine merely stands in the background as a source of affluence.

I was five years old when the Delphic was lost. With my father and mother and infant sister I had sailed from Liverpool in this ill-fated vessel, which was in collision before she got out of sight of the harbor. She returned and was laid up for several days, not very much damaged, but most of the passengers were sent forward by another ship. My parents chose to stay by the Delphic. I know not why.

It has always been supposed that she struck an iceberg off the banks. I can tell you only that the disaster was at night. I remember the awakening, the thrill of half-realized terror, the wild noises and the trampling. My father was carrying me, wrapped in a coat, my mother following with little Hilda. Then something crashed. I recall no feeling of a blow, but my consciousness went out like a candle.

The next thing I knew it was dawn and I was in a boat with one sailor who had a wounded head and was covered with blood. It has been supposed that this boat was lowered end foremost in true panic style and all aboard her were pitched out except the wounded sailor and myself.

Eventually we were picked up by a sailing vessel, my companion unconscious and dying. I was taken to Boston and sent on thence to an uncle in New York, by whom I was reared. He died when I was thirteen, leaving a small property in trust. I attended Columbia college and school of mines and eventually took my inheritance and went west. Two years later came the affair of the Golden Bush, and I was rich.

The larger part of the year 1907 I spent in New York and thereabouts. I had everything except a home. On the 28th of December of that year I was living in luxurious bachelor apartments, more lonely than I was in the week that I spent on the Golden Bush claim with only the haggard faces of the mountaineers for company.

On the evening of the day that I have named I returned from a rather early and very lonesome dinner and found a young man named Connor waiting for me. I had never met him before. He was a sturdy, pleasant fellow, Celtic and Dutch on the face of him, and he introduced himself by presenting a letter from a very estimable and charming young matron, Mrs. Leslie Gilbert, whose somewhat misguided charity had occasionally appealed to my pocket.

"My brother," said she, "I would have liked to tell you myself, but he insists upon his right. He is a journalist, and this is his story. My heartiest congratulations."

In my apartments the tables were littered with photographs, as they always are. My father since I was a boy has been the study of the different kinds of men and the faces that they wear. I do not study horses, but it happened that I had some photographs that had been sent up from a friend's stock farm in Kentucky, and it seemed to me that Connor saw these before he fairly got into the room. He did not notice any of the portraits of people, but plumped straight down upon the picture of a horse, which he recognized instantly, though there was no letter on it.

"Humbert," he cried and went on to give me the horse's pedigree—Borlton on one side and Humble on the other, and all the rest of it—but suddenly broke off this strain and came to the business that had brought him there.

First, with inimitable brevity and pith, he sketched the wreck of the Delphic. "You," said he in closing, "were the sole survivor."

"I have found another," said he. "There floated away from that wrecked vessel, heaven knows how, a sort of life raft, very small and not properly a part of the regular equipment of the ship, though it was stenciled with her name. There is a tradition that one of the officers of the Delphic invented this style of raft or was interested in it in some way. Anyhow, it was aboard, and it floated and was picked up by a fishing schooner out of Newfoundland. It bore the dead body of a man and a living child. The man had saved this child even after his own death, for his stiffened arms held it. A little girl!"

I took Connor by the shoulder. "You are going to tell me," said I, "that this girl was my sister. Don't do it unless you're sure. I am very much alone in the world. A sister would mean to me—well, perhaps rather more than you could easily believe."

He took some sheets of paper from his pocket. They were folded and fastened together at a corner. "There's a list," said he, "of every human being on the Delphic. I told you, that nearly all the original passengers were transferred to another vessel. What resulted? Why, just this—there was only one girl baby on the ship."

The simplicity and force of this statement staggered me. There remained, of course, many questions, but I was unable for the moment to frame one.

"Let me tell you," said he, "how I first got on the track of this. It was through Mrs. Gilbert. She is interested in the Woman's Exchange, as you're aware, and thus she came to know a very beautiful and charming girl who brought embroidery to the exchange to be sold. This girl fell ill, and—well, she was pretty hard up; that's the fact about it."

The tears rushed to my eyes. Ill and destitute, my sister, and I so rich that people pointed me out in public places as the Golden Bush man!

"Mrs. Gilbert was very good to her," continued Connor, "but I guess the best thing she did for her was to tell me that the young lady was a survivor of the Delphic and had been brought up by foster parents at a place in Newfoundland. I thought I saw a story, and I telegraphed to our correspondent in Newfoundland on my own account. When I got his answer—which was a peach, as you'll see—I made some investigations here through the agents of the line to which the Delphic belonged and had the luck to tumble straight on one old fellow who knew everything and had records and all that. Then I went to Mrs. Gilbert and told her what I had learned. You may imagine her surprise in view of her acquaintance with you and the fact that she didn't know that you were the original Delphic survivor."

"I never told her," said I, "but I supposed she knew. It has been printed often enough."

"Mrs. Gilbert says she never reads the papers," replied Connor. "There was only one kink in the story, and that was the reason why the rescue of your sister was kept so extraordinarily quiet. Why didn't your uncle hear of it? I don't know yet, but that can't alter the fact. As to her being a survivor of the Delphic, my man in Newfoundland says there is no shadow of doubt whatever. You will see in his story."

He was interrupted by a ring at my telephone. I heard the voice of Mrs. Gilbert.

"Oh, Mr. Owen, is that you? Has he told you?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it beautiful? I've told her! You must come up—you must come right up. Take an electric, you and Mr. Connor. I'll wait for you right here. The doctor is with her now."

This overwhelmed me, accustomed as I was to Mrs. Gilbert's exuberant style of conversation. I could only gasp, "Where are you?"

"At the drug store on the corner," she replied. "Mr. Connor will know. Hurry!"

It appeared that Mr. Connor really did know, and we obeyed instructions and hurried. We found Mrs. Gilbert, and she led us a little way along a rather poor street, but not squalid, and into a bleak hall bedroom in a lodging house.

That was the room my sister had used before Mrs. Gilbert had transferred her to a better one. It was a "hall room," somewhat larger than a prison cell, sparsely but neatly furnished, unprovided with any means for heating except a wretched apparatus fitted to the gas fixture. My sister had lived there. She had lain ill in that narrow bed without care, without attendance, doubtless poorly fed. I thought of it, and I remembered that evening's extravagant dinner with nausea.

I am not ashamed to say that my knees shook under me when I was summoned to the larger room. There was a bed with its head against the wall opposite the door. I saw only a part of it, but a whiteness of sheet

pillows, a background for a girl's face, and with a sort of undirected vision, more like feeling than seeing, I perceived the doctor in the shadows beyond the bed, watching.

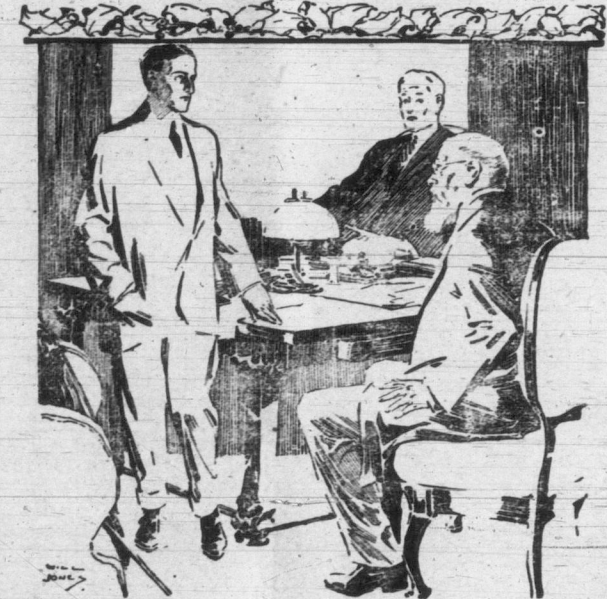
The girl's eyes were blue. They seemed very large in her pale and thin face. She spoke to me in a silent language that I knew. They reached out to my soul with a natural, deep longing.

I extended my hand to her, and she grasped it with a quick, childish clutch. "My brother!" said she, and the tears rushed from her eyes.

I have since been informed that I acquitted myself admirably. Three witnesses have testified in my favor—four, indeed, if I include my sister, whose emotional state may be held to impair the value of her testimony.

"You were a dear," declared Mrs. Gilbert. "I could have hugged you." But this is the way it appeared to me: That I was confronted by a situation utterly impossible and beyond mortal tact and discretion; that of two courses open to me I chose the worse and might have done much better than I did even with that. You must take my evidence against that of all the others, for I alone was competent to judge of my conduct, as you will presently see.

My sister told me that she had been known as Della Gray, the first name probably having been derived from Delphic. Gray was the name of the skipper of the fishing vessel that had rescued her. In his home she had lived until her ninth year, when a lady, a summer visitor in Newfoundland, had taken her away to the town of Chatham, N. H. Why the Grays had consented to have her go she did not know, but it was something about money. The lady from Chatham was a Mrs. Lawrence, and she lived in a good home. At her death two years ago my sister had come to New York and had been employed as a stenographer in the office of a lawyer, a cousin



HARDENBERG AND CONNOR BOTH STARTED BACK FROM ME, STARING.

of her late patron. He died within a few months, and then began the days of dire poverty, the days of embroidery.

Mrs. Gilbert described her meeting with my sister and spoke with tears in her eyes of the efforts she had made to induce my sister to accept "the least little thing."

"She won't let anybody do anything for her," she declared.

"Except her brother," said I, and the thin hand that still lay in mine thrilled with happiness as it answered my clasp.

Then I told her that her real name was Hilda Owen and that if there was anything in the world that she wanted her big brother Bob would go right out and get it. To which she replied by saying "Robert" several times very softly and sweetly.

The hour was up, and we were all excluded, leaving Hilda with Dr. Hardenberg and a nurse who had just arrived. Mrs. Gilbert rode home in her car, while Connor and I walked aimlessly for a matter of half an hour, when I led him to Dr. Hardenberg's house. The doctor was at work with his microscope.

"This is the best result I've had," he said. "This is absolutely confirmatory." He had been studying a part of a drop of blood taken from my sister's finger tip, wherein he saw the germ, the infinitesimal enemy that waged against her health, and recognized the creature by its aspect.

"Doctor," said I, "you have permitted me to hold a somewhat exciting interview with your patient. I hope she has taken no harm."

"Harm!" he cried. "I should think not. She'll get well in half the time." "What result would follow," I asked, "if she should now be told that I am not her brother?"

"Good heavens!" cried the doctor. "What do you mean? I wouldn't have that happen for a mint of money!"

"But you know that I'm not her brother, don't you?"

"I?" he gasped. "No. You must be. There was no other female child except your sister on that ship. How can we doubt?"

"If you were magnified as much as that you could carry the Matron building in your pocket for a matchbox. But what of it?"

"If you mean that she doesn't look like you," said Connor, "I tell you you're dead wrong. There's a strong family resemblance."

"And you're the man," said I, "who saw a horse for a few minutes two years ago and spotted a photograph of him tonight at a glance. Do you suppose I could go to the nearest stable and buy a horse—and a good one, too—and pass him off on you as a son of Bertram and Humble?"

"But your sister isn't a horse," protested Connor. "She's a human being. There's a thundering sight of difference."

"There's this difference," said I—"that it's easy to find a man who knows something about a horse. And now let me tell you what this young lady is whom I have had the peculiar pleasure of meeting tonight. She is a thoroughbred Saxon, the last one left alive. I should suppose; certainly the most beautiful example. But what am I?"

"English," said Connor promptly. "Just as English as she is."

"Both my father and my mother were born in Wales," said I. "Both had what you would call Norman ancestry on one side and Cymric on the other. I am colored like a Norman, but no person who has made even the most cursory study of the subject could fail to recognize my Cymric blood at a glance. On the other hand, there is not the faintest shadow of a possibility that this young lady has one drop of that blood in her veins."

There was a moment's silence, then Connor said, almost with a sob: "You don't like her."

It was the word of a warm-hearted Irishman. That good fellow had earnestly rejoiced in the idea that he was working to make two people happy, and now he was disappointed. I took

now he doesn't know it as he ought to. Just give me the money for the needful, and I'll manage all that. Hilda will enjoy it as coming from you, but not as gifts. Do you understand?"

"I thought I was her brother," said I. "Aren't you proceeding on the theory that I'm her husband?"

"It wouldn't make any difference if you were her father," she declared. "We don't want clothes from our fathers. We want the money for them. But we'll take diamonds. Oh, you must buy Hilda lots of pretty things! Isn't it lovely that you can do it? And isn't she a dear?"

"I surely never dreamed of having a sister like her," said I, and was surprised to find that I had told the truth.

So Mrs. Gilbert and I went shopping next day at the earliest possible hour. I had not supposed that it was possible for a man to tell so many lies in one day. I spent the forenoon with Mrs. Gilbert, and we talked of nothing but "my sister"—every word of mine a lie, of course. I spent the afternoon or most of it with Hilda, whom I called by that new name, though I knew it was not hers, and, to make matters worse, she had fallen into a dubious state of mind, and I must rehearse to her all Connor's proofs with an air of serene and blissful conviction, for if a mere shadow of doubt could so affect her spirits what would the plain truth do?

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK

WATCH FREE!

This Silver Nickel, guaranteed Stem Wind Man's Watch, given for selling only \$2.50 worth of DR. SWINER'S famous VEGITABLE PILLS. They are the greatest remedy known for indigestion, weak or impaired blood, catarrh and also for all liver and kidney troubles. Send us your name and address stating you will do your best to sell the pills at 25c a box. When sold, return us the money and we will mail you this handsome watch. We take back what you cannot sell and give you a premium for ancient gold. Please write plainly and at once.

The RELIABLE PREMIUM CO. WATERLOO, ONT.

PSALMS.

Psalms 19.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey, and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord my strength, and my redeemer.

Psalm 20.

1 The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee;

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EDITORIAL

Dear D

Dear Dame D

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LIFE

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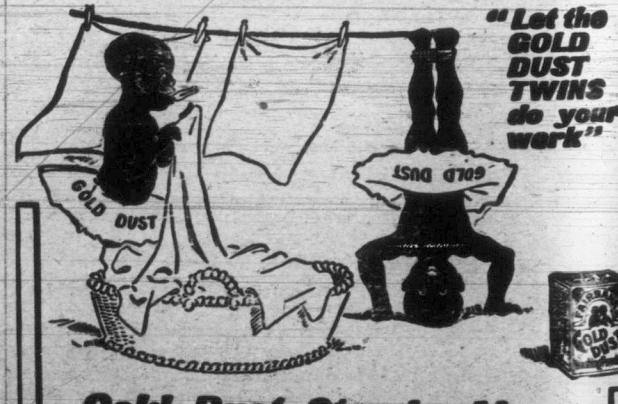
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Woman's Page

Household Hints, Well-tried Recipes and Useful Helps to Homekeepers

EDITED BY MRS. MARY COTTON WISDOM, MONTREAL

Dear Dame December

Dear Dame December sits her fire beside,
Watching the bright flames as they glow and leap,
While round the casement rings the storm-song deep,
Rising and falling o'er the moorland wide.
Shrouded in mist the moon's pale lantern swings
O'er the great holly-bush where berries gleam
And twining mistletoe like pearls a-dream,
Meet for brave garlands when the Yule-bell rings.
A little fir-tree Dame December holds,
With strong green boughs, and breath of forest air,
And for the feast gay store of fruit 'twill bear,
Till it forgets the pine-wood o'er the wolds.
But Dame December sits and smiles, and dreams
Of happy faces, and of voices sweet,
And stormy winds bring sounds of dancies feet,
While the red firelight on the fir-tree gleams.

LIFE'S PENDULUM

We women, with our modern ideas about women's rights, our common sense way of looking at the facts of life, our higher education, and our determination to be the equal of mere man, have swung far around on the pendulum of time from those olden days when chivalry and romance and love-making and beauty were the important things of life.
Sometimes I feel that, after all, we modern women, despite all our advancement, miss much of the true happiness of life. It is a solid fact, that each of us has only one life to live and we each want to be happy in that one short life. We women are all very much alike in some ways, for we must have our dreams in order to be happy.
When one can look the cold hard facts of life calmly in the face, one has lost the dream of life. As sunshine, flowers and the song of the birds, are to a summer day, so are dreams to our lives. When they cease, it leaves only the cold grey lonesome day.
We pride ourselves, we modern women, on our common sense; we follow the dictates of our heads and are rather ashamed of our hearts. Those far off days of olden times appeal to me, those days when they married for love and were proud of it. When each man was a knight, happy to fight at the drop of a glove for his king or his lady-love. When perfume, powder, patches, satin slippers, took the place of our short skirts, commonsense leather boots and votes for women. When each maiden dreamed of a lover to come and hoped to have a home and children of her own.
Being an up-to-date woman, I of course, believe in woman's suffrage, higher education for women and all the rest of it. At the same time, I wish I had been born in those days of chivalry when the men were courtly, and the ladies gracious, when charm of manner was a virtue; when the houses were big and draughty, when they wore nightgowns and slept in big four poster beds, into which they climbed with steps; when they used fireplaces and rode in coaches.
Our steam heated houses and our spring beds are very scientific, but there is nothing romantic about them. Our athletic girls of the present days are splendid specimens of womanhood, but there is a sweet winsomeness about the

maiden of olden times, walking with gentle steps along the flower bordered paths of her old fashioned garden.

Most of us, deep down in our hearts, feel the same way. We have inherited these tastes from our grandmothers, for the hopes and desires of one generation are echoed in the succeeding generation.

As the pendulum of time swings back and forth one of these days our grandchildren will have the same ideals that our grandmothers had, modified to some extent by our practical experience.

WELL TRIED RECIPES

Chicken Pie

Materials:—1 chicken weighing four or five pounds, 3 pints water, 3 tablespoonfuls flour, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 1 tablespoonful onion juice, salt and pepper.

Preparations:—Cut the fowl in pieces as for serving. Put into the boiling water and when it comes to a boil, set the pot at the back of the stove where it will simmer for an hour and half. Add onion juice, pepper and salt. Remove all bones, chop into fine pieces and put into a deep earthen ware pie dish. Thicken the liquid with the flour and pour the gravy over the chicken, lift the chicken with a spoon that the gravy may fall to the bottom of the pie dish. Set away to cool. When cold, cover with a pie crust, a little larger than the dish and about one-fourth of an inch thick. Bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Cream of Celery Soup

Materials:—1 pint of milk, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 tablespoonful butter, one head of celery, one small onion.

Preparations:—Boil celery in a pint of water till tender. Boil onion and milk together. Mix flour with two tablespoonfuls of cold milk and add to boiling milk. Cook five minutes. Mash the celery in the water in which it has been boiled and stir into the boiling milk. Add butter and season with salt and pepper to taste. Strain and serve immediately.

POTATOES

I have been studying the subject of how to cook potatoes and I have come to the conclusion that no other vegetable receives so much abuse at the hands of the average cook. The potato is in America the vegetable most commonly used. It is so easy of preparation for the table that it receives the least attention at the hands of most of us.

How many times during the year are we served with a hot, mealy, perfectly cooked potato?

The time of cooking a potato does not, like in the cooking of other vegetables, vary with age and freshness, so there need never be a failure.

The starch or meal lies in greatest quantities nearest the skin of the potato, therefore, they should be pared thin, if pared at all. If the potatoes are newly dug, they should lay for an hour in cold water. If the potatoes are old, they should be left in cold water for several hours before cooking. If very old, they will be better if soaked all night.

The potato is composed largely of starch. Cooking causes the cells to break and the starch is thus set free. The potatoes should be of uniform size so that they will all cook with equal rapidity. Nothing shows greater signs of a poor, thoughtless cook than to serve potatoes with the small ones cooked to pieces and the large ones underdone. They should be put into salted boiling water. They should boil without ceasing until they are poured, then they should be set in the stove for a few

moments with a folded cloth over them. This causes the steam to evaporate and at the same time keeps the potatoes hot. They should be served in a hot vegetable dish.

One cook I consulted on the subject gave twenty-four different ways of serving potatoes. The idea struck me that it would be a good idea if some of us should turn a little of our natural resourcefulness to the very humble subject of the potato, and cease serving up to our defenseless men folk, the everlasting plain boiled potato with which most of us grace our tables every day in the year.

Far be it from me to decry the usefulness of the plain boiled potato, but there are so many more attractive ways in which the potato can be served that are just as wholesome and far more tempting to the appetite, that the plain boiled potato should occasionally be left aside for something better.



HOUSEHOLD HINTS

To Recurl Feathers

Shake over steam until fluffy, then shake over the stove. This will make them look nice and new. Never use a curling knife if it can be avoided, as it breaks the flues.

Good Black Shoe Polish

Ivory black, one pound; olive oil, four ounces; molasses, two ounces; oil of vitriol, four ounces; alcohol, eight ounces; red flour, one pound. Mix together in a kettle to a smooth paste, but do not boil.

For the Canary

Use equal parts of glycerine and spirits of camphor mixed to restore your canary's voice. Dip a finger in the mixture and massage the throat and nostrils of the canary every morning, but do not use the solution the day the bird bathes, which may be three times a week. Be careful of drafts, and do not hang the cage out in the open air on cool days nor allow it to hang out until sundown. Cover the cage at night, and put about twenty drops of dialyzed iron in the bird's drinking water.

Dry Yeast from Hops

Two large potatoes in one and one-half pints of water, and a small handful of hops (tie in a very thin rag and boil with the potatoes.) When the potatoes are done, press through a colander, and while this water is hot pour on one cupful of flour, one half teacupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of ground ginger. Have one and one-half yeast cakes dis-

solved in a little warm water, and when lukewarm add to the above mixture. Let stand twenty-four hours, after which add enough cornmeal to roll out and cut into little cakes, then put on plates, and dry in the wind, turning when necessary. This is a true and tried recipe, and I hope those who use it will be as well pleased with it as I have been.

THE MODE IN GOWNS

In all the newest gowns for the street, one sees very little ornamentation. There seems to be a reaction against the trimming of street gowns. What trimming there is in the self tones. This applies to the hats to be worn with ones street gown as well.

Velvet is very fashionable this season for hats, turbans and toques. They are made of it and draped with it and very beautiful is the effect. The fashionable velvet of this season is not the velvet of other years but a softer material. It has a soft sheen and in some cases much resembles plush.

One of the distinctive features of this season hats is the large hatpin. It is not intended for use but is simply an ornament. They come in most beautiful and elegant variety and in various colors to match the hat. A large black hat has a large black pin, a purple hat has a purple pin, etc. It is usually stuck through a large bunch of trimming either directly in front or at the side of the hat.

It is whispered that the bonnet, so long out of favor with milady, is again to become fashionable. It has not as yet made its appearance in Canada, but reports say that it has met with pronounced success among the fashionables in the states. Of course, it is the

Directoire bonnet, and is a distinct type, not the ordinary bonnet to which we have been used.

The Directoire gown and other Directoire styles are responsible for this. The Directoire styles seem to have come to stay.

TOILET HINTS

An authority on complexions, a lady who studies the question from a scientific point of view, and who has receipts for all the ills that facial complexions are heir to, in writing to an English magazine on the subject says. "Persian ladies, who are said to have complexions whose bloom and velvety softness are simply wonderful, use no sort of ointment for their faces. Instead, they apply, half an hour before their daily bath, a coating of a white of an egg. When this has completely dried, it is sponged off with tepid water, to which is added a little tincture of benzoin, and then the skin is sponged over with cold water. The white of the egg cleanses the skin, and the treatment described, removes all the impurities from the complexion, leaving it as smooth and soft as that of a child."

One of the best complexion aids, is plain lemon juice. It is the best thing to whiten red hands, by rubbing a little on the hands every time after washing. Lemon juice will remove all stains from the hands. It is one of the most harmless and at the same time the most efficacious lotions to remove tan and sunburn. A girl who faithfully uses lemon juice, will be well rewarded for her skin will be clear, and free from freckles, tan and sunburn.

Scissors in the Kitchen

If you want to see a pair of scissors put to all sorts of queer uses just watch some young housekeeper getting vegetables ready for dinner or preparing a salad. It is declared that in nine cases out of every ten things can be cut better with the scissors than with a knife.

Especially in the preparing of salads should the kitchen scissors appeal to the housekeeper looking for labor savers. Dicing apples and celery is a matter of only a moment when done in this way, and a few green peppers may be snipped up in less time than it takes to tell about it.

The easiest way to dice green peppers is to cut off several long slivers the whole length of the pepper. Hold these firmly in one hand and with the scissors slip through the entire bunch. Several stalks of asparagus may be clipped through in the same way.

For hollowing out a tomato previous to stuffing a pair of scissors enables one to remove practically all the pulp without breaking through the skin. For fruit salads scissors are equally useful, as the fine skin which separates the sections of grape fruit and oranges is easily clipped off in this way.

But fruit and vegetable salads are not the only things for which the kitchen scissors may be brought into use. Cold-boiled chicken and lobster are easily cut into pieces, and, surprising as it may seem to those who have not tried it, chicken joints and lobster shells are no obstacles when scissors are used.

The hard parts of oysters and clams are neatly removed with a pair of scissors and slices of cold tongue and ham are often much improved in appearance if, before sending to the table, they are trimmed into shape in the same way.

When it comes to preparing cold vegetables for reheating in cream sauce or for the many popular dishes au gratin, the kitchen scissors are again a blessing. Cold boiled potatoes, cauliflower, asparagus, oyster plant, in fact, any and every vegetable may easily be snipped into pieces of the required size. Doing such work with a pair of scissors is not only much quicker and easier, but the saving of one's hands is important. No woman will believe until she tries for herself how great a labor saver a pair of scissors may prove in her kitchen.

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Uses for Old Stockings

Do the mothers of small boys find, when their sons put on rubber boots in snow time, that they are bothered by the snow falling inside, melting and wetting their feet? If they do, let me recommend a remedy.

Cut the feet off a pair of old stockings, and after the boots are on, pull one of the stockings over each of them. The ankle end will usually fit snugly over the boot half way to the knee. Pin the other end as far up on the trousers as it can be made to go. This will effectively keep out all snow and much water, and will be found to be comfortable without being clumsy.

If your girls suffer with cold arms, put footless stockings on their arms, underneath their coat sleeves. A pair of stockings cut open, trimmed off into even double squares and the two pieces joined to make one large square, will answer very nicely for an everyday muffler. If lost or mislaid it will not be regarded as a calamity, such as losing a silk neckerchief would be.

When your short-frocked daughter feels the need of extra warmth over her legs, let her wear a pair of footless stockings under her others. Until you have tried this you will not realize the warmth this means to one's nether limbs.

Woolen stockings make a good interlining for the thin coat which must be made to do duty in winter.

Stockings can be cut round and round, into long strips and then woven as rag carpet, or knit on rug needles into bath rugs. They also make first class dusters for stairs or banisters, as they take up and hold the dust so well.

Last, but not least, though let it be only spoken of with bated breath, when one has dressed a boy up in his Sunday best, all ready to go out visiting with you—his shoes neatly blackened and laced—and then when he falls down at the last moment and makes the inevitable hole in his knee, two inches of old stocking cut off and slipped under the "holey place" will effectively conceal the damage just made. It is not as neat as taking off the shoe and stocking and mending the latter, and certainly circlets of old stockings can never replace the family mending bag, but it is better in an emergency, to my way of thinking, than to shoe-blacken the skin under the hole, which so I have been informed, is the quickest first aid to the injured stocking knees. Such a scheme, while unique, has its disadvantages.

Gifts for a Man

The inexpensive prints of famous pictures may be utilized in many charming ways in home-made Christmas gifts. A token for a man which is just finished combines a shaving pad and calendar. One of the stiff gray photograph mounts is employed as a foundation. The tissue shaving leaves are clamped at the top of one side with brass paper fasteners, which not only hold them in place, but catch ribbon bows on the other side. The bows end the loop by which the card is hung. On the calendar side a copy of one of Kuisdael's Hollandish windmill scenes covers the upper half of the card. The calendar pad is pasted below.

A neat matchbox for a bachelor's room is made by covering a square with cream colored art linen which has been appropriately embroidered in some neat design. A miniature stein can be fastened to the card by means of narrow ribbon placed at the top and bottom of the stein and tied on the back of the card. This can be purchased for ten cents. They are decorated with sentimental quotations.

Needle and Thread Tree

The wonders of botany are apparently inexhaustible. One of the most remarkable specimens is the Mexican maguery tree, which furnishes a needle and thread all ready for use. At the tip of each dark green leaf is a slender thorn needle that must be carefully drawn from its sheath; at the same time it slowly unwinds the thread, a strong, smooth fiber attached to the needle, and capable of being drawn out to a great length.

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CONTINUED

Upon a round table near the front window were some scattered books, mostly of reference, a pile of unruled manuscript tablets, and a little heap of writer's sheets. There was a set of bookshelves above the writing desk, and a wire rack near it was filled with newspapers and magazines.

When Ferrars had carefully noted the appearance of the desk and its contents, he swung slowly around in the swivel chair and gazed at about him without rising. He had noted the books above him with a thoughtful gaze, and he now fixed that same speculative glance upon those upon the table. Then he got up.

"Oblige me by not so much as touching this desk yet," he said, and crossed to the table. "Your brother was a magazine man, Mr. Briery?" he queried.

"Yes," replied Briery.

Ferrars turned toward the inner room, which the others had not yet approached.

"Ah!" he exclaimed suddenly, and then, in an altered tone, "Here is Mrs. Fry's missing lamp."

His two companions came to the door of the room, where Ferrars was now looking down at the pillows of the bed.

"Briery," asked Ferrars, as they paused in the doorway, "what had your brother with him in the way of valuables, to your knowledge?"

The young man, who had been looking sharply about the room like one who seeks something which should be there, started slightly.

"Why, he had a somewhat odd and valuable watch which was given him by our father upon our setting out for Europe. It was like this," and he produced a very beautiful specimen of the watch maker's art, and held it out for inspection. "He also had a ring set with a fine opal, that was once our mother's, and a locket with her monogram. There were also some odd trifles that he had picked up abroad, saying that they would become his future wife's, no doubt."

"And you think these were still in his possession?"

"I do. In writing of Miss Grant not long ago he mentioned as a proof of her refinement and womanly delicacy that she would accept no gifts from him other than books or flowers."

"I think," said Ferrars, gravely, "that we had better have Mrs. Fry in here now, and I want you to do the talking, Briery. Doctor, if you will ask her to come up, I'll post Mr. Briery, meantime."

The doctor turned the key in the lock and then hesitated. "I dare say I will not be needed here longer."

"You!" Ferrars turned upon him quickly. "Is there anything urgent outside?"

"Not especially so—only—"

"Only you fancy yourself to drop? If you can spare us the time, we want you right here, doctor. Eh, Mr. Briery?"

"By all means."

"Then of course I am at your disposal," and the doctor went out in search of Mrs. Fry.

"I wish there were more men with his combined delicacy and good sense," grumbled Ferrars, and then he began to explain to Briery what was wanted from Mrs. Fry.

When that good woman entered, Ferrars was seated by the furthest window, and Robert Briery met her at the door.

"Mrs. Fry," he began, "will you kindly look about you, without, of course, disturbing or changing things, and tell us if you see anything that has changed? If you miss anything, or if anything, in your opinion, has been tampered with? Look through both rooms carefully, and then give us your opinion."

"You don't mean that he left it there during the day?"

"Yes, sir! This one, you see, he had two. The one he used to practice with—the one they found—was different. This one was bigger and not like any pistol I ever saw. He told me 'twas a foreign weapon.'"

"She is right," said Briery. "My brother brought a pair of dueling pistols from Paris. They were elaborately finished. He gave me one of them." He looked anxiously toward the crushed and displaced pillows. "Shall we not look?" he asked, "and find out if anything is there? Will you look, Mr. Ferrars? Or did you?"

Ferrars moved forward. "No, I did not look," he said. "But the weapon is not there; I could almost swear to it. Come—see, all of you."

With a quick light hand he removed the pillows, turned back the sheet and lifted the bolster. There was nothing beneath it, save the impression where the weapon had laid upon the mattress.

The detective turned toward Mrs. Fry. "You are sure it was here usually?" he questioned.

"I have lifted that bolster carefully every day, and have always seen it," she declared. "When I wanted to turn the mattress he always took away the pistol himself."

Ferrars turned away from the bed, and Briery resumed his role of questioner.

"What else do you miss or find disturbed, Mrs. Fry?"

She went back to the outer room after the last slow glance about the chamber.

"There is the lamp, of course," she began. "That was taken from the shelf to give them light. Then the writing desk has been opened, as you see, and the things on that table have been disturbed, the books shoved about, and the papers moved."

"I think," going slowly toward the article, "that even the waste basket and the paper holder have been rummaged."

"And, do you miss anything here?" Mrs. Fry shook her head. "I don't suppose you've searched the writing desk yet?" she ventured.

"Not yet. And is that all you observe, Mrs. Fry? The bed, the lamp, the desk, table, rack and basket?"

She went back to the table and pointed out with extended forefinger a couple of burned matches, one upon a corner of the table, one upon the floor almost beneath it.

"They lit that lamp there!" she said. "And they brought their own matches, as they call 'em!'"

She bent her head to look closer at the polished surface of the table, and then walked to the open window, where the shutter still swung in the breeze.

"It has been awful dusty since yesterday, seems to me, for this time of year. That boy's left his finger prints on this window, as well as on the table there."

"Don't touch them!" It was Ferrars who spoke and so sharply that the woman started suddenly, but not soon enough to note the swift gesture which directed his exclamation.

"Of course we may rely upon you to keep the fact that my brother's rooms have been entered in this manner, from everyone, for the present. It may be very important that we do not let it be known beyond the four of us. You have not seen or spoken with anyone as yet, I think you said?"

"I haven't, and I won't. I'd do

A Square Deal

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more than that for the sake of your brother, Mr. Briery, and you've only to tell me what I can do."

"I intend to examine my brother's papers now, Mrs. Fry, before I leave the house, and if we should need you again we will let you know."

And Mrs. Fry withdrew, puzzled and wondering much, but with her lips tightly set over the secret she must and would help to preserve.

"She'll keep silent, never fear," said the doctor as the door closed behind her. "And now, Briery, I must remind you that you will need all your strength, and that I don't like your color this morning. If you must investigate at once, get it over, for you, even more than Ferrars or I, need your morning coffee and steak."

"That is true," agreed Ferrars. "Briery, let me ask two questions and then oblige me by leaving certain marks, which I will point out to you, just as you find them."

"Your questions," Briery had already seated himself before his brother's desk.

"I have an idea that this old oak writing desk was not selected by our friend, Mrs. Fry. Am I right?"

"It is my brother's desk, bought for its compact and portable qualities."

"Good! Now, where did your brother usually keep these keys, keys and bits of foreign jewelry?"

"In one of these drawers. He kept them in a lacquered Japanese box."

"Look for them. And, before you begin, oblige me by not touching that letter file above the desk, nor the desk top just below it."

The letter held only a few bits of paper, apparently notes and memoranda, and upon the flat of the desk was a bronze ink well, a pen tray, a thin layer of dust and nothing more, except a tiny scrap of paper hardly as big as a thumb nail, which lay directly beneath the letter file. Briery cast a wandering glance over the desk top and file and set about his task.

There was quite a litter of papers, letters mostly, together with some loose sheets that contained figures, dates, or something begun and cast aside. Below some of the pigeon holes, letters lay as if hastily pulled out, and from one of these little receptacles three or four envelopes protruded, half out, half in—one, a square white envelope, projecting beyond the others. These, Briery pulled forth, and turning them over in his hand, scrutinized their superscriptions. Then, slowly, he took the square, white wrapper from among the others and drew out the letter it contained. As she began to scan the page of closely lined writing he started, frowned, flushed hotly, and then with a look of fierce anger he thrust the sheet back into its envelope, and turned toward the detective.

"Take that!" he said with a curl of the lip. "Unless I am greatly at fault, it's a document in the case."

Ferrars took the letter from him, and asked, as he thrust it into the pocket of his loose coat without so much as glancing at it, "Do you mind my running over the papers in this rack, Briery? and looking into the waste basket?"

"Do it, by all means," was the reply as Briery pulled open the top-most drawer; and then, for some time there was silence, save for the rustling of paper or the rasping of a hinge or turning knob.

When Briery had finished his silent search of the two drawers, he approached the detective with a small lacquered box in his hand.

"The watch and the foreign jewels are gone," he said, holding out the open box. "And what do you think of this? Here are my mother's keepsakes, wrapped in tissue paper and labeled in my mother's hand. 'Mementos. From my mother.' The thief has spared these."

The detective, who was now seated beside the table, holding a folded newspaper in his hand, took the box, looked at the tiny packet within, nodded and passed it silently to the doctor.

"And now," went on Robert Briery, and there was a new ring of resolution and menace in his voice. "I turn the rooms and all they contain, over to you, Mr. Ferrars, and I await your opinion, when you have read that letter in your pocket."

Ferrars drew forth the envelope and looked at it for the first time. It was only a fragment, for a large corner of its face was missing, the corner, in fact, which should have borne the postage stamp and the postmaster's seal.

Without a word he held this side toward the two men, extending it first to one, and then to the other. "You see!" he said, and then to Briery—"Was it your brother's habit to tear his letters open in such a reckless manner?"

"No. He was almost dainty in all his ways."

"Is there another letter in that desk torn as this is?"

Without a word Briery took the letter and went back to the desk, catching the letters from their pigeon holes by the handful.

CHAPTER X

The three men were now standing grouped about the table with its scattered books and manuscripts, and Ferrars bent toward Robert Briery, putting a hand upon his shoulder.

"Briery," he said, "sit down; this thing is using up your strength. I will tell you what I think of all this, and then we must look up this place for a little while just as it is."

And as Briery obediently dropped into the chair which the doctor quickly placed beside him, the detective resumed.

"Since yesterday, half a dozen theories have suggested themselves to my mind as possible explanations of

this very daring murder, for I am now fully convinced that it is nothing less; but I make it a rule never to accept, much less announce a belief until I have established at least a reasonable series of corroborative circumstances. This I have not done entirely to my satisfaction, and so we will not go into the theory of the case, but will see what facts we have established, and fact number one, to my mind is this: Your brother, Mr. Briery, was most certainly shot down with malice aforethought. He could not have shot himself, and no one in that open place, could have killed him by accident. He may have been entirely unaware of it, but he had an enemy; and the deed of yesterday was planned, I believe, long ago, and studied carefully in every detail."

Robert Briery flushed and paled. He opened his lips as if to speak but the detective's eyes were steadfastly turned away, and he resumed almost at once.

"I blame myself, that I did not establish myself here last night, as I at first thought of doing. But it is too late for useless regret. And now, about this boy. Have you, either of you, a thought, a suspicion, as to his identity?"

"You can't suspect one of the pupils, surely?" hazarded Briery.

"Be sure that Mrs. Fry knows every pupil in Glenville, by sight, at least, and this lad was a stranger, remember. It was a clever lad who first secured the key to these rooms and then deceived Mrs. Fry. I'll warrant across the town perhaps. How long must it have taken her, Doc, to go and come, in haste?"

"Quite half an hour, I should think."

"Well, we will assure ourselves of that later. Now we will suppose that this strange boy was acquainted with these rooms to some extent, and that he was, I fully believe, when Mrs. Fry is out of sight, and we know, from her story, that he was careful that she should be before he left his station upon the front porch—he slips indoors and obviously knows where to look for a lamp, which he does not light until he is inside this room."

And Ferrars put a finger upon the match remarked upon by Mrs. Fry. "Now, as Mrs. Fry observed, there has been quite a film of dust in the air for the past twenty-four hours, so that, in spite of the good woman's tidy ways, it has accumulated upon this dark and shining wood."

And he put down his finger and called their attention to its prints upon the table at his side.

"When we entered this room," he went on, "and I took it upon myself to look at that window, with the swinging blind, under pretense of opening the shutters, I first noted that the visitor had left us a clue to his identity; several clues, indeed. Before seeing these, I had thought that the boy was only an advance guard for some one else, but I saw I was wrong. It was the boy, and a very keen and clever boy, who entered here alone. See upon this table, upon the window sills, and upon the desk, the prints of one, two and sometimes all four, small slender fingers."

Ferrars paused a moment, while they examined the dust prints, faint but yet clear, upon the dark wood, and making lines of clearer color upon the painted, brown of the window sills.

"And what?" asked Briery, speaking for the first time since the detective began his explanation. "What was his real object?"

"His real object! Ah, I see you have been observant, and if I am not much mistaken, he has left some things; but the things he took were taken solely to cover up the real reason of his coming. Mr. Charles Briery's pistol, his watch and the foreign jewelry were taken. He wanted by this remarkable boy that he will no doubt get rid of them in some way at the first opportunity. All but one thing."

"And that?" asked Briery, breathlessly.

Ferrars walked over to the writing desk and signed them to follow. "Observe that letter file!" he said. "There is not much upon it, bills for school books, two or three circulars, and so on, but observe that this file hangs over the top of the desk so that anything falling from it would touch just here."

He moistened the tip of a forefinger, and touching with it a small bit of paper, lying upon the top of the desk, and just below the letter file, he lifted it deftly, and they all saw beneath it the dust of the previous day upon the polished surface.

"This," said Ferrars, holding out the bit of paper upon the palm of his hand, "was torn from something pulled from this file since Mrs. Fry dusted the furniture here yesterday morning, after Charles Briery left the house. See, as the paper was pulled from the file this bit came off, because it was attached at the corner, as you see. It is a fragment from a newspaper. If it had been a letter, the paper would not have parted so readily; it would merely have torn through."

It was, indeed, a tiny scrap of newspaper, not of the best quality, and not half an inch from the smoothly-cut corner to the ragged edge, where the file had perforated it.

"The slip of printed paper from which this was torn," said Ferrars, "was the one thing which was taken from this room because it was wanted! The rest were merely carried away as a blind."

"But," asked the doctor, "why did he make this search among the books and papers?"

"To find perhaps this very thing," replied Ferrars. "But his first and most important errand was this."

He drew forth the letter given into his hands by Robert Briery, and held it toward them. "Witness the thing itself. It bears no post-mark, it never did bear one, and it is thrust into the most conspicuous place, doubtless, after some looking about, in search of a better. I do not know its contents but I guess—"

A gesture from Briery cut short his speech. Read it, both of you, he said, with something like a groan.

"And tell me what it means."

Ferrars drew forth the sheet of note paper and slowly unfolded it. For a moment he scrutinized the page with a frown, and then began to read—

"Mr. Charles Briery: I don't know why I should be drawn into your love affair any further, and I have said my last word about your friend, Miss G.—One would think that the proofs you have already had would be more enough. She is not the first woman, with a pretty face and an innocent way, who has fooled and tricked a man. Why don't you ask her and have it out? You'll find she can scratch as well as the rest of her sex. One word more, when you have had it out with her, beware! Especially if she weeps, and forgives you. Remember the 'woman scorned.'"

"Don't write me again. I shall not answer any more questions. And, remember your promise, don't let her dream that you ever heard of me. I shall feel safer. So good-bye and good luck. Yours, J.B."

Ferrars folded up this strange letter slowly, saying—

"This document has no date and no postoffice address." He held it in his hand for a moment in silence, looking at it thoughtfully, then "I should like to retain this," he said, "in the case." And as Briery silently bowed his assent, he added: "Have you found an opinion concerning this letter?"

"I believe it is a shameful trick," declared Robert Briery, hotly. "An attempt on the part of some person or persons to injure Miss Grant, who stands to me as a sister henceforth. If I am any judge of womankind, she is as good as she is lovely, and I believe that she mourns my brother's awful death as only a good, true and loving woman can. I wish you could and would say the same, Mr. Ferrars."

"I can say that you have said the only right and manly thing, in my opinion. You don't want to know what I think, however, but what can be done? And, first, this affair must be kept between ourselves. This letter makes it all the more important. If it had been put here to mislead justice and to make trouble, perfect silence regarding it will be the most baffling and perplexing course we can pursue. And it may lead to some further manifestation."

The word must go out at once that Mr. Briery has desired these rooms closed for the present, with everything to remain untouched. Meantime I consider that we have got our hands upon some strong clues, if we can find the way to develop them. Don't ask me anything more now, gentlemen. I want time to study over this morning's discoveries, and Mr. Briery, it is time you breakfasted."

At this moment there came a quick tap at the door, and Mrs. Fry's voice was heard without. At a signal from Ferrars, Doctor Barnes opened the door.

"Gentlemen," began the little woman in eager explanation, "I don't want to interrupt."

"We are just going," said the doctor, politely.

"Oh, well, I got to thinking, after I went down stairs, and it came into my mind that I didn't see Miss Grant's picture on the top of the writing desk up here. Mr. Briery had had it three weeks or so, and he showed it to me himself and says, 'Mrs. Fry, this picture is in its proper place here in my room. You and Nellie both know and love Miss Grant and I may tell you that she is to be my wife some day, God willing.' The woman's voice broke at the last word, and Robert Briery made a quick stride back toward the desk. But Ferrars said, unconcernedly, "Thank you, Mrs. Fry, we shall find it in the desk. I say," and then he explained to her Mr. Briery's desire that the rooms remain closed to all curious visitors until further notice, adding that they would close the outside blinds, and be down stairs directly, then shutting the door upon the woman's retreating form, and softly turning the key in the lock again, Ferrars went to the desk, and catching back Briery's extended hand, said, "Wait!"

He came closer to the desk and bent to scan at the top shelf.

"Look," he said at a moment, "do you see that line, close to the back, where the dust is not quite so adherent? The picture has been taken from there."

He took hold of the back and pulled the desk from the wall a few inches.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "I thought so!" and dropping upon one knee he drew out two pieces of card board.

"I thought so," he repeated, as he arose and there was a steady gleam in his eyes as he held out to view the two halves of a fine picture of Hilda Grant, torn across the middle as if by a firm and vindictive hand.

"This helps me," he said, with a touch of triumph in his voice. "It helps me more than all the rest."

He made a movement as if to put the picture together with the letter which he had put down upon the desk, into a capacious inner pocket, and then suddenly withdrew his hand and bestowed them elsewhere, for, thrust into that safe side pocket, so convenient and capacious, was a folded newspaper, from which a "clipping" had been carefully cut, a paper which he had found in the rack, near the desk, and had secreted as he thought, unseen, at his earliest opportunity.

CHAPTER XI

During the day that followed the discoveries in Mrs. Fry's upper chamber, Mr. Ferrars did a variety of things that surprised the brother of Charles Briery; yes, and the doctor as well, and he said some things that seemed quite incomprehensible. For the detective was somewhat given to half uttered soliloquy when he knew himself among "safe" people, and could therefore afford to relax his guard. Likewise he failed to say the things which Briery, at least, expected, and much desired to hear.

TO BE CONTINUED

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(References Molsons Bank)

PUBLIC NOTICE

Province of Quebec }
County of Bromont }
District of Bedford }

Public notice is hereby given that after the expiry of two months from the date of publication of this Notice, application will be made to the Lieutenant Governor in Council to confirm to or in favor of the hereinafter named applicants two certain deeds of gift or grants from "The New York Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends," and "The Farnham Monthly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends," two corporations duly incorporated according to law, the former having its chief office and principal place of business in the City of New York, in the State of New York, and the latter in the State of New York, one of the United States of America, and the latter in the East Part of the Township of Farnham, in the County of Bromont, and District of Bedford, passed before Moses H. Hart, Notary, on the eighth day of January, 1896, of the following pieces or parcels of land, for the purposes of a Protestant Christian Burying Ground or Cemetery, the said pieces of land being lots numbers twenty-nine (29) and two hundred and fifty-three (253) of the official plan and book of reference of the East Part of the Township of Farnham in the said County of Bromont and District of Bedford, and to incorporate the said applicants into a burial society to be known as "The Friends Union Cemetery Company," with power to take over said lots of land, and to acquire such further land adjoining said lots as may become necessary, the whole in conformity with articles 623 and seq., and amendments thereto of the Revised Statutes of Quebec regarding Cemetery Companies.

The names and residences in full of the said applicants are as follows: Philip W. Taber, Merritt Stevens and Eli W. Hall, all of the East Part of the Township of Farnham, in said District of Bedford, and Moses H. Delee, of the Village of Knowlton, in said District of Bedford, and Robert H. Sturges, of the Village of Cowansville in said District.

J. E. FAY,
Attorney for Applicants
Knowlton, Que., Nov. 2, 1908.—12-24

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WITH OUR YOUNG FOLKS

XMAS FOR ALL

CHORUS OF LITTLE RICH CHILDREN
Christmas Day will soon be here,
Oh, how merry we shall be!
Stockings full of lovely gifts,
And a shining Christmas tree!
Every one is good to us,
Everything is bright and gay,
Surely no one need be sad
On the happy Christmas Day.

THE FIR TREES IN THE FOREST

Oh! Oh! The cold winds blow
Out in the forest in the snow.
Here and there our ranks are thinned—
The lucky go; we stay behind.
Candles and lovely gifts they wear,
Beautiful fruit their branches bear.
Oh! Oh! We fain would go
Shake off our wraps of feathery snow,
For the unknown children far away!

THE UNHUNG STOCKINGS

Will nobody buy us, unfold us and tie us
Up by the chimney where Santa
Claus comes
To fill us with trumpets and dollies
and drums,
With candy and toys for the girls and
the boys?
Oh, gladly we'd suffer things even to
holes.
We'd freely give everything, even our
soles,
To please the poor children—so many
'tis shocking!—
For whom no one hangs up a long
Christmas stocking.

UNBOUGHT TEDDY BEARS

Please take us to a happy home,
Oh, how we long to speak!
Give us a little boy to tease us,
To hold and hug us, pull and squeeze
us
And make us squeak!

MOTHERLESS DOLLS

When will our little mothers come?
We wait here lonely, dull and dumb,
Although their empty arms are aching,
Their tender little hearts are breaking,
'Tis hard to hear them cry, when we
Could make them glad so easily!

UNPURCHASED CANDY AND TOYS

The wistful children linger by,
Or loiter to and fro;
We cannot move, but helpless lie
And see them sadly go.
We long to feel their eager lips,
Their hands which give us pain.
Will no one help us to be theirs?
Oh, were we made in vain?

CHORUS OF LITTLE POOR CHILDREN

The world is full of beautiful things—
Dolls and candy, horses and rings—
Treasures we long for in our dreams;
Sorry and sad—how sad!—it seems.
Oh! Oh! Does nobody know,
How we wait and need them so?
Give us a few of the broken toys
Spoiled by luckier girls and boys.
These we would kiss, renew and mend,
These we would love, caress and tend.
Just a few—oh, one or two!
If happy children only knew!

A Problem in Very Long Division

Three men—Thomas, Richard, and
Henry by name, but called familiar by
their nicknames of Tom, Dick and
Harry—kept store together and on
going out of partnership found they
had 7 full bottles of sarsaparilla, 7 half-
full bottles, and 7 empty bottles to be
divided equally between them. As the
empty bottles were worth a cent apiece,
it was also necessary that each man,
besides receiving the same amount of
sarsaparilla should get the same num-
ber of bottles as the others. Now, how
could they make an equal division?

(The problem requires some nice fig-
uring, but the answer is that Tom gets
2 full bottles, 3 half-full and 2 empty
ones; Dick gets the same, and Harry
gets 3 full ones, 1 half-full and 3 empty
ones. Thus each receives 7 bottles,
containing 3½ bottles of sarsaparilla.)
This is a good puzzle-problem to try on
smart folks.

What to Give

A little desk ornament consisting of
pincushion, clip holder and paper
weight all in one.

Sachets of fancy ribbon attached to
elaborately constructed girdles all shir-
red and gathered.

Smoker's sets in the form of human
skulls, consisting of cigar holder, ash
receiver, match safe, etc.

Wicker chairs made on very massive
lines and finished with seats and backs
of grain leather studded with heavy
brass nails.

Small brass tablets about 4 by 6
inches bearing various mottoes and
well known sentiments, these being
mounted on plaques of dark colored
wood.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod

Wynken, Blynken, and nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew;
"Where are you going and what do you
wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-
fish
That live in the beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we."
Said Wynken Blynken, and nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all, night
long

Ruffled the waves of dew,
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea;
"Now cast your net wherever you wish,
Never afared are we"

So cried the stars to the fishermen
three—
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the
wooden shoe,

Bringing the fishermen home,
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream
they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen
three:

Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

Wynken, and Blynken are two little
eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the
skies

Is a wee one's trundle bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sight that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea

Where the old shoe rocked the fisher-
men three,
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

—Eugene Field.

Make Complete Gifts

When you make a gift, whether it be
at Christmas or any other time, let it
be something complete in itself, some-
thing that does not require either labor
or the expenditure of money on the
part of the recipient before it can be
utilized. For instance, if a good framed
picture is not within your figure, do not
give a picture without a frame, but give
something else.

Not long ago I heard a woman say,
"I am getting rather tired of giving
presents to Margaret, she shows so
little appreciation, and yet I felt that I
knew her well enough to have said that
what I have selected for her from time
were things that would have pleased
her greatly. Last Christmas I sent her
a pretty etching, but she hasn't taken
the trouble to give it a place on her
walls; and before that I sent her a
beautiful embroidered sofa-pillow top,
and I do not think she has ever had it
made up; of course I wouldn't ask
about it, but I've never seen the baby
wearing the lovely knitted slippers
Florence sent her last Easter."

The truth was that what with Hor-
ace's sickness and Bertha's shooing,
Margaret was compelled to do so much
"close sailing," she simply could not
spare the money for a suitable frame
for the really exquisite etching, and she
was unwilling to cheapen her friend's
gift and offend her own good taste by
putting on it an inferior one; she had
not a moment to spare that spring, and
the "lovely knitted slippers" had come
minus soles; the "beautifully embroid-
ered pillow top" had to be laid away
until such time as she could afford mat-
terial for a pillow in some degree in
keeping with the rich and elaborate
top. Do not take too much for granted
in assuming what the circumstances of
your friends are—the very appearance
of a sufficiency may be maintained by
the practise of a rigid economy. It is not
in very good taste, to say the least, to
assume that what we give is of a value
warranting the further expense and
work put upon it to make it a complete
thing.

What fosters the citizens by talking
of revenue? The saloon.



SANTA CAME TOO EARLY

Christmas Hints

Corset bags of ribbon are not new,
but those with outside pockets, contain-
ing suspenders and corset laces, are a
novelty.

If there is a baby to be remembered,
a little sack of soft cashmere is a sug-
gestion. It could be made in night-
gale style.

Ribbon corset bags made on the or-
der of the toothbrush case minus the
rubber lining would be a welcome gift
when dainty sachet pouches are sewed
up to the bottom.

Lancher—Is this meant to be short-
cake?

Waitress—Yes, sir.

Luncher (sarcastically)—Then take
it away and berry it.

"I jes' made a 'markable discovery,
massa!" exclaimed the grinning color-
ed man.

The Englishman looked up.

"Yo' an' me war both born on de
same day," said the darky.

"Delighted, indeed to hear it!" said
the master, without enthusiasm.

"Yo' am fo'ty seven years old, sah?"

"I am."

"And yo' war born de twenty-fifth
October, 1861?"

"Yes."

"Yaas, sho', sah!" exclaimed the
darky, shaking with rapture. "Yaas,
sah; yo' an me am bofe twins!"

Arthur—They say, dear, that people
who live together get to look alike.

Kate—Then you must consider my
refusal as final.



A HAPPY FAMILY

"My affianced bride is in the hospi-
tal and I am the cause of it!" lamented
the prospective bridegroom.

"How is that?" inquired his friend.

"You see," he explained, "I went
to her house to ask her to be my wife.
She was upstairs at the time, and when
she appeared at the head of the stairs,
for fear I'd lose my nerve when she got
closer, I called up, 'Deary, will you
marry me?'"

"Well?"

"She tumbled all the way down
stairs!"

Are These True?

Carrying around a stick of dynamite
is a dangerous business. Likewise carry-
ing around an evil temper; both are
liable to explode.

Heaven is a prepared place for a pre-
pared people. Undoubtedly some people
will feel very much out of place if they
really get there.

Lies are the devil's stock in trade and
are handed out for the asking. Jealousy
is his clerk, and envy his commercial
traveler.

EASTERN TOWNSHIPS BANK

Proceedings at the Annual Meeting of Shareholders

The 50th Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Eastern Townships Bank was held in the Board Room of the Bank, at Sherbrooke, Que., at two o'clock on Wednesday, December 2nd. There were present: Messrs. Wm. Farwell, S. H. C. Miner, C. H. Katham, Gardner Stevens, A. C. Flumerfelt, G. G. Foster, K. C., O. A. Robertson, W. E. LeBaron, C. C. Davis, F. M. Sherman, F. N. McCrea, W. R. Webster and Mathew Read.

The President acted as chairman, and the General Manager as Secretary. Messrs C. C. Davis and W. E. LeBaron were appointed as scrutineers of votes.

The Directors' report was as follows:

In submitting the financial statement for the past year your directors believe that the result will be considered satisfactory by the shareholders, showing as it does net earnings on the current year's business exceeding 12 per cent., out of which a dividend of eight per cent. has been paid, and also a bonus to the employees and a grant to the Officers Guarantee Fund, leaving a balance of \$215,305.98 to be carried forward.

Owing to the general financial disturbance, more particularly affecting the United States, where several Banks and Trust Companies temporarily suspended, your Directors felt it advisable to use extreme caution, and to materially strengthen the cash reserves and quick assets, which somewhat lessened the earning power for the period under review.

Early in the year your bank joined a number of other Banks and came to the relief of the depositors and customers of the Sovereign Bank by taking over several branches and assuming certain responsibility in connection therewith. By adopting this course it prevented any financial disturbance and we are glad to announce to our shareholders that such responsibility entails no loss to the underwriting banks.

The severe drouth during the summer has caused serious loss to the country generally in certain parts of Canada, as well as loss to the pulp and timber interests by fire. Better prices, however, are being realized, which will recoup the sufferers to a great extent, so that this may not be as serious as many anticipated.

The crops throughout the Northwest of Canada have been the largest in the history of the country, and as transportation facilities have been greatly increased, satisfactory results to the country will be achieved much more quickly than in previous years, and as a result of which a large sum of money will be almost immediately available for Western Canada. On the whole the outlook is encouraging, but great economy should be continued in order that the country may retain its strong financial position.

Our Bank and Office Building in Montreal will be ready for occupation next May. It is gratifying to be able to report that the offices are rapidly being leased by desirable tenants, and that the Bank will have a home in the business centre of Canada at a net cost to the shareholders that will compare favorably with other financial institutions. The building itself will not only be an ornament to the city of Montreal but should be a permanent source of profit and pride to our Shareholders.

Your Directors regret to have to record the death of one of their members in the person of the late Mr. Newell W. Thomas, of Coaticook, who held the position as Director of this Bank for over 20 years. The vacancy caused by his death will have to be filled at this meeting of the shareholders.

The Head Office and Branches have as usual been inspected during the year. In conclusion your Directors desire to record their appreciation of the zeal of the General Manager as well as the other officials of the bank.

Respectfully submitted,

WILLIAM FARWELL,
President.

Sherbrooke, Que., 2nd December, 1908.

The President, in presenting the report, commented favorably on the showing and dwelt specifically on the financial situation of the country generally. He was followed by the Vice-president, the General Manager and others, with short addresses.

Votes of thanks were passed to the President and Directors, the General Manager and officers and staff.

The result of the ballot for the election of directors was as follows: Wm. Farwell, S. H. C. Miner, Gardner Stevens, C. H. Katham, J. S. Mitchell, A. C. Flumerfelt, F. Grundy, O. A. Robertson, G. G. Foster, F. N. McCrea and B. C. Howard. At a subsequent meeting of the directors, Mr. William Farwell was reelected President, and Mr. S. H. C. Miner, Vice-President.

STATEMENT OF PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

For the Year ended 14th November, 1908

Balance at credit of Profit and Loss brought forward from November 15, 1907	\$100,677.44
Profit of Head Office and Branches after deducting charges of Management, interest due depositors and provision for losses	367,111.88
	\$467,789.32
Appropriated as follows:—	
Dividend of 2 per cent., paid April 2nd, 1908	\$60,000.00
Dividend of 2 per cent., paid July 2nd, 1908	60,000.00
Dividend of 2 per cent., paid October 1st, 1908	60,000.00
Dividend of 2 per cent., payable January 2nd, 1909	60,000.00
Transferred to Officers' Guarantee Fund	2,000.00
Bonus to Officers	10,483.34
	252,483.34
Balance carried forward	\$215,305.98

J. MACKINNON,
General Manager.

GENERAL STATEMENT, 14th NOVEMBER, 1908

LIABILITIES.	
Capital paid up	\$3,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	2,000,000.00
Balance of Profits carried forward	215,305.98
Reserved on account of Rebate on Bills Discounted unmatured	\$35,000.00
Dividend No. 104, at the rate of 8 per cent, per annum, payable 2nd January next	60,000.00
Dividends unclaimed	2,892.75
	97,892.75
Notes of the Bank in Circulation	\$2,667,665.00
Deposits not bearing interest	2,737,647.32
Deposits bearing interest	10,887,756.83
Balances due to other Banks in the United Kingdom	118,851.25
	16,411,920.40
	\$21,725,119.13

ASSETS	
Gold and Silver Coin Current	\$411,058.59
Dominion Government Notes	891,378.00
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of Bank Note Circulation	123,000.00
Notes and Cheques on other Banks	599,383.95
Due from other Banks in Canada	779,927.96
Due from other Banks in the United Kingdom	5,317.42
Due from other Banks in Foreign Countries	1,897,861.02
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	167,073.42
Canadian Municipal Debentures and Foreign Public Securities	471,100.00
Other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	334,901.78
Call Loans on Bonds and Stocks	1,727,028.35
	7,408,030.49
Current Loans, Discounts and Advances to the Public	\$13,281,643.05
Loans Overdue (estimated Loss provided for)	67,991.45
Real Estate (other than Bank Premises)	336,608.28
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank	50,716.00
Bank Premises and Furniture, including safes and vaults at Head Office and Branches	509,788.43
Other Assets	70,741.43
	14,317,088.64
	\$21,725,119.13

News from the Eastern Townships

WEST BROME

The Misses Draper and Watt spent the 8th, guests of Mrs Frank Darrah. Mr A. Crittenden is away at Knowlton Sanitarium undergoing treatment for rheumatism.

Mrs Lanoue has been spending a few days in Montreal.

Mr Frank Durkee and Mr Clifton Milmore have both been suffering with neuralgia during the last few days.

Mrs S. Kathan has been on the sick list, but is around again now.

Mr R. Cooley purchased 10 fine sheep in Magog last week.

Mr C. Pettes had the misfortune to take off the end of his left thumb, on the 10th, while hewing a stick.

Brome Valley butter factory closed last Saturday for the winter.

Mr J. McPettes shipped 36 hogs at 6c last Saturday.

Mr Murphy shipped 3 car loads of pulp wood on the 11th.

Mrs G. S. Schagel entertained the Sutton Ladies Aid at the Parsonage on the 11th.

The Rev. I. Nelson preached the Missionary sermon and took duties here for the Rev. G. S. Schagel on the 13th. The old residents here were glad to have Mr Nelson with them again.

The Rev. G. S. Schagel returned this morning from Clarenceville after taking duties for the Rev. I. Nelson on the 13th.

The Ladies Guild met at the home of Mrs C. Pettes on Wednesday last. It was decided that the annual Xmas Tree should be held in the basement of the Church of the Ascension on Saturday the 26th. A 10c lunch will be served and an entertainment given afterwards. All are heartily invited.

The Methodist Xmas Tree will be in the hall on Dec. 23rd. A 10c lunch will be served (children free) and an entertainment given afterwards. One of the special features of the latter is music by the West Brome orchestra. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Friday was an unlucky day for the man who fell down the hay chute and the heifer that followed him. There were no limbs broken, but a few black patches here and there so we have heard.

Mr Bottlemann of Montreal, was the guest of Mrs M. Derby last week end.

Miss Taylor of New York, spent a few days last week with her niece, Mrs Clifton Milmore.

The local Methodist's have seized time by the forelock and are rehearsing vigorously for their Xmas entertainment. The Episcopalians are somewhat behind hand but hope to do something in that line by the 26th.

All children taking part in the Methodist entertainment are requested to meet at the hall on Saturday next early in the afternoon.

Children taking part in the Episcopal Church entertainment are asked to meet in the Church basement Saturday next at 2 o'clock.

FARNHAM CENTRE

W. T. Burnet spent a day or two with his parents Mr and Mrs James Burnet last week.

Mrs Ella Corey visited her daughter, Mrs Henry Buck recently.

Mr D. Knowlton of Boston, Mass., is spending a week with his uncle, James Hamilton.

John Rodgers has arrived from Weyburn, Sask., and after visiting friends for a few days will take a trip to England, his old home.

Chancey Burnet of Montreal spent Sunday with Mr and Mrs T. L. Burnet.

Mrs F. Tilson, Mrs Andrew Cameron and Mrs Elwin Johnston were out of town visitors at the Ladies Aid last week.

EAST FARNHAM

Recent arrivals are: Mrs Harry Wright of Ottawa; Mr and Mrs Keet of Iron Hill; Mr Alvin Fordyce of Highgate, Vt.

Mr Morey and family have moved to Brigham.

Mrs J. J. Brimmer went to Mansonville last Friday, to act as one of the judges in their gold medal contest.

Those who attended Mrs (Dr) Nicol's lectures on Japan last Tuesday afternoon and evening were delighted with the speaker. Some beautiful pieces of embroidery work done by the Japanese girls, were on sale. While here, Mrs Nicol was entertained by Mrs J. J. Brimmer.

The Methodist S. S. will hold their annual Xmas tree and concert in the school-room of the church, next Wednesday evening, Dec. 23rd. Concert begins at 7.30. All are invited.

Concert begins at 7.30. All are invited.

Mr D. D. Brimmer held a sale last Thursday on the Fordyce farm, now owned by Mr Alvin Fordyce of Highgate. Mr D. D. Brimmer has taken up his abode with Mr Levi Shufelt and family.

The Congo S. S. will hold a Xmas tree in the basement of the Union Church, next Tuesday evening Dec. 22nd, for parents and scholars. A supper will be given the children.

A chicken pie supper will be held in Hulburd & Steven's hall, on Wednesday evening Dec. 30th, under the auspices of the Ladies Aid of the Congo Church. Admission 25c. Come one and all, as a good time is anticipated.

A good programme will be rendered, at the close of the supper.

Mr Fred Buck of Winnipeg, arrived home last week, and is visiting his mother.

Mr Brodeur had the misfortune to lose a cow last week. The animal got into the spring, and died before help could reach it.

DUNHAM

Miss Alphonsine Boulet and Miss Adelia Beauvais left on Saturday morning for Richmond to spend a few days.

Rev. Mr Hodgson, wife and son Morlie arrived in Dunham about 2 p.m. Saturday from Phillipsburg making only a short stop and returning the same evening. Mr Hodgson came after his sleigh which he left behind when moving last summer.

Rev. C. P. England and wife, of Abbott's Corner, were here on Saturday.

Mr E. A. Gear, traveller for Rowell Sons & Co., has finished his work for 1908, and is now at home with his family for the holidays.

We notice several teams hauling logs to the mill. We expect Mr Teel will build a large boarding house at Selby Lake in the spring. He is a hustler and we hope he will do well.

LADIES COLLEGE

In spite of unfavorable weather, the lecture announced last week was held on Friday, December 11th, and gave much interest and profit to those who felt able to face the elements. The attendance was of course not large, but yet embraced representatives of Farnham's Corner, Stanbridge East and Cowansville as well as residents in Dunham. The Rev. Dr. Paterson-Smyth, from his intimate acquaintance with the subject and his Irish faculty of humour, sustained the alert attention of his audience while he informed them of ancient M. S. S. versions and quotations, through which sacred writings had passed in their journey down the centuries. From the oldest extant Greek manuscript, the Vatican, Sinaitic and Alexandrian, through Anglo Saxon, Wicliffe's, Tyndale's and later English translations down to the authorized Version of King James I and the Revised Version of Queen Victoria's time, the descent was traced, and the title of the lecture was fully justified "How we got our Bible."

Mr Overing announced that other lectures were arranged for the coming months. The next to be by Rev. A. C. Ascot of Ormstown, on his experience as a missionary in the regions of Hudson Bay.

A concert takes place at the Ladies College on Thursday night, Dec. 18th. On Friday the pupils leave for their homes to spend the Christmas holidays. School reopens Monday Jan. 11th, 1909.

FARNHAM'S CORNER

Arrivals and departures include Mr Frank Harvey and little daughter to Montreal to consult a specialist regarding the latter's health; Mr Thomas Rogerson of Hartford, calling on friends here. Mr and Mrs John Taylor

Contrast this with the peaceful, balmy sleep of health. Is there anything more wearing than to lie awake at night, tossing about, nervous, with cold feet, hot head and mercy knows what else? Short of letting the tsetse fly bite us we would do almost anything for relief. How can we prevent it? Mr. George Hayes, of Union City, Pa., writes: "I had lost my appetite, was all run-down, could not sleep nights. I had tried everything without relief. Vinol was recommended, and to my surprise, it helped me at once; gave me a splendid appetite, and now I sleep soundly."

What Vinol did for Mr. Hayes, it will do for every run-down, nervous and overworked person who cannot sleep. Vinol is sold in Cowansville by Geo. W. Johnston, Druggist

THE SLEEPING SICKNESS WHICH MEANS DEATH

How many readers have heard of this terrible disease? It prevails in that far-away country—Africa—especially the Congo district. It is caused by the bite of the tsetse fly. When it bites a person, the sleeping symptoms begin and finally the sufferer sleeps until death occurs.

Contrast this with the peaceful, balmy sleep of health. Is there anything more wearing than to lie awake at night, tossing about, nervous, with cold feet, hot head and mercy knows what else? Short of letting the tsetse fly bite us we would do almost anything for relief. How can we prevent it? Mr. George Hayes, of Union City, Pa., writes: "I had lost my appetite, was all run-down, could not sleep nights. I had tried everything without relief. Vinol was recommended, and to my surprise, it helped me at once; gave me a splendid appetite, and now I sleep soundly."

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of Millington, at D. H. Ingalls; Miss Mabel Longway of Dunboro, at L. H. Harvey's; Miss Ella Perkins at T. Bryce's; Miss Sadie Buchanan at G. Russell's; Mr and Mrs Earl Drew, of Sutton, calling on relatives.

The Misses G. Wales and J. Harvey have returned home from Dunham Ladies College to spend a well earned vacation.

Messrs. H. Harvey and L. Scott took a business trip to Riceburg on Monday.

Mr Marvin Harvey is gaining slowly.

The Xmas tree and entertainment will be held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 23rd in the Methodist Church. Come.

POTTON

Mr Wm. S. Brown has sold his Phild farm to Mr S. E. Austin and Mr Brown has moved back on the old farm.

A Mr Mansfield of Enosburg Falls, Vt., has bought the L. Willard farm and moved on.

Prentiss Jenkins has rented Wm. McCoy's farm.

Rev. A. C. Carpenter conducted services in the Methodist Church Mansonville, on Sunday evening last.

We are to have an election of town councillors here. Mayor Bowen and U. Darling are the retiring councillors. Mr L. Bowen and Mr Geo. Jewett, jr., would make good councillors as they are both good temperance men.

There is to be a Xmas Tree in the Methodist Church on Thursday evening Dec. 27th, for the S. S. scholars and friends. The Baptist's are to have a tree and our Anglican friends will have their tree in the Town Hall. Union Church West Potton, will have a Xmas Tree and there will be a Xmas Tree at the C. P. R. Station schoolhouse.

NEW I. O. O. F. LODGE

The "Three Links" fraternity held full sway in this village Thursday night, when Golden Link Lodge, No. 56, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows was duly instituted by Grand Master V. E. Morrill, assisted by Bros. Irving McCabe, G. Herald; Bro. J. A. Tully, P. G. of the O. F. R. A., and a large number of brethren from Cowansville, Dunham and Sutton.

The Lodge starts out in life with a charter list of twenty-five of the well known residents of this vicinity. The meeting was held in the Masonic hall and fully one hundred were present, including the local applicants for admission into the order.

The degree work was exemplified in a masterful manner by the members of Restoration Lodge of Cowansville, who brought to Frelighsburg a double team

load of paraphernalia to assist them in the exemplification.

The officers will be formally installed at a later meeting by the D. D. G. M.; who it has been intimated is likely to be Bro. Frank T. Curley, P. C. of Century Lodge, Dunham.

Golden Link Lodge started out with bright prospects, ten or a dozen candidates being in view. It was pointed out during the speeches which followed the installation that three new lodges had been installed in Quebec jurisdiction this fall, and that two or three more were likely to be installed during January.

At the close of the meeting adjournment was made to the hotel, where the visitors were entertained at an elaborate supper by the newly made Odd Fellows of Frelighsburg.

We thank our energetic correspondent at Frelighsburg for the very full report he sent in, and regret that it has been formed necessary to cut it down, owing to the pressure on our ad. columns.

Subscribers in renewing their subscription for COTTON'S WEEKLY, can make a Canadian friend, the present of a year's subscription. We are now giving two subs for \$1.00, providing one is a new sub.



He is coming

The long expected good old friend SANTA CLAUS. Call at

J. W. T. McFADDEN'S

MAIN ST., COWANSVILLE

And find the announcement of his arrival from the frozen north. He is coming as fast as his trusty reindeer can bring him to McFADDEN'S where he has a large stock of TOYS of all kinds. Come and see for yourself.

We have a beautiful line of Glassware and Crockery at very Low Prices

Town Hall - COWANSVILLE

ONE NIGHT ONLY FRIDAY, DEC. 18

W. O. McKAY Offers that Dramatic Sensation of the Year

"THE DEVIL"

(Der Teufel)

Now playing to Crowded Theatres in all the Large Cities

THE ORIGINAL BOSTON VERSION

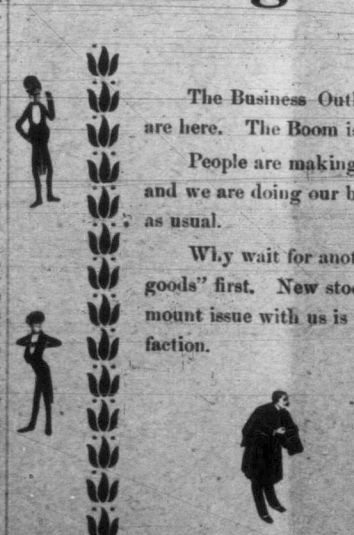
AN ORIGINAL PRODUCTION SELECTED CAST

See the Genuine "Sheath" Gown worn during the performance

Popular Prices - 25 35 50 and 75c

Seats on Sale at E. Goyette's Store

Plumbing Heating



The Business Outlook is settled. Good Times are here. The Boom is on. Christmas is almost here. People are making up their minds what to buy, and we are doing our best to please them every day as usual.

Why wait for another to "Get away with the goods" first. New stock arriving daily. The paramount issue with us is to please you and give satisfaction.



McCLATCHIE BROS.

Hardware Merchants, Cowansville

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

The one time above all others, when it is worth your while to visit this store. Never before have we had the variety of fancy and useful articles suitable for Christmas buying.

Holiday Sale of Dinner Sets.

The values have been prepared to appeal specially to purchasers in quest of practical yet beautiful gifts. Prices are decidedly low, considering quality.

Semi Porcelain Dinner Sets 97 pieces, in wall blue, green and pink decoration, very special at \$6.50.

Enamelled Ivory Porcelain Dinner Sets, 97 pieces, gilt, blue, pink, green, special at \$10.00.

In Chinaware we are showing an immense variety. They do not cost much and really fine quality at 25c, 50c, and 75c.

Toys, Dolls and Games.

We have been getting these goods on sale and have them on exhibition in rear of store. We would invite you to visit our toy department. We have a large variety of Dolls, dark and light haired, with dresses and kid body from 10 cents to \$1.50.

CHILDREN'S SLEIGHS.

Sleighing is here at last and we are selling Boy's and Girl's Sleighs. We have extra good value, good strong Boy's Sleighs at 50c and 75c; Girls 35c to \$1.50.

Skates, Hockey Shoes, Pucks, Hockey Sticks. We sell the famous Boker Hockey Sticks. "Hitch" Hockey Shoe for men, women and children; prices \$2.00, \$2.25 and \$2.50. We invite inspection.

Xmas Gifts For Men.

We are headquarters for Gifts of all kinds and if you are in doubt as to what will be suitable to give Father, Brothers or Friends, visit the Men's Furnishing Section. There you may choose from our unrivalled selection of Fancy Suspenders, Neckwear, Scarfs, Gloves, Silk Handkerchiefs, Slippers, Pipes in cases, etc., at lowest possible prices.

Christmas Gifts For Ladies

Hair Brushes, Pocket Books, Cases, Photo Frames, Snow Shoes, Skates, Ladies Companions, Ladies Travelling Cases, Ebony Manicure Sets, Ebony Sets in Cases, Handkerchiefs, Slippers, Perfume, Glove and Handkerchief Cases, Jewelry Cases.

Christmas Candies.

By the pound and in Fancy Boxes, our assortment is larger and better than ever. All kinds of Nuts, Oranges, Grapes, Bananas, Table Raisins, Fancy Biscuits, Dates, Figs.

ED. GOYETTE

The Store of Quality Cowansville

STORE OPEN EVERY NIGHT UNTIL CHRISTMAS

GLEASON'S GREAT CLEARING SALE

FOR 13 DAYS

Commencing Dec. 16th

Ending December 31st

Comprising all of our stock of Ready-made Clothing, viz

Men's, Boys, Youths and Children's SUITS and ODD PANTS

Men's, Boys, Youths and Children's OVERCOATS and PEA JACKETS. All must go at cost and under, for go they must.

Men's Sweaters and Woollenware at 20 per cent. Discount.

BOOTS and SHOES—Our complete stock of Boots and Shoes will be on sale at the same rate of reduction.

Graniteware—A large lot of Graniteware at prices less than they cost to manufacture, comprising everything required by the householder.

THIS IS A BONA-FIDE SALE

To reduce stock, and everyone should take advantage of the Great Bargains to be offered

TERMS OF THIS SALE STRICTLY CASH

E. S. GLEASON

SWEETSBURG, QUE.

COWA
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Mr. Stan
is home for
and Mrs. T.

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Mr. Leon
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A PLAIN
From Messrs.

To All Whom
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COWANSVILLE and SWEETSBURG

Mr. Stanley Dunn of Matane, Que., is home for a visit to his parents Mr. and Mrs. Thos. W. Dunn.

There are some 1909 Western Assurance Co. calendars at this office for those who are interested enough to call for them.

Mr. Leon Shufelt, of Whitehall, N. Y. returned home Saturday, after spending a couple of weeks with friends and relatives here.

Mr. Harold McDowell was a visitor over Sunday. He is now travelling in the interests of Layton Bros., piano and organ dealers of Montreal.

Advertisers will please take notice that this paper will be issued on Tuesday next, in order that the final announcements of advertisers will reach our readers well ahead of Christmas eve.

Mr. Asa Johnston, competitor for prizes at the recent Pomological Convention at Ste. Anne de Bellevue open to the Province, and out of sixteen classes which he entered, he captured thirteen first prizes.

Mr. John McCabe, Fruit Inspector, who has been employed in Montreal during the summer, is taking a trip of inspection through New Brunswick and the other Maritime provinces.

Make your friends a present of a year's subscription to COTTON'S WEEKLY. \$1.00 will pay one new and one old Canadian or English subscription and \$1.50 a Canadian and new American subscription.

Mrs. S. L. Clark, of Winnipeg, nee Miss Hazel Ruiter, has arrived in town on a visit to her father, Mr. Eli Ruiter, Mrs. Clark is receiving a warm welcome from her friends, and expects to spend some time here.

Secretary Duboyce of the School Board, is in receipt of a Government grant to Cowansville Academy of \$330. The board has authorized him to put \$223.33 with that grant, and make a reduction from the debt of \$500 and interest. This leaves the total indebtedness at \$1000.

Mr. W. H. McDowell has purchased from Mr. F. D. Butterfield the fine village property at Derby Line, Vt., and expects to take possession in the near future. Mr. and Mrs. McDowell and family have made many friends during their residence here, who regret their removal from our midst.—Compton Chronicle.

The session of the Young Peoples' Club on Thursday evening proved a very enjoyable one. The vice-president, Mrs. J. O. Dean occupied the chair and was fully equal to the duties. The feature of the evening was a Bachelor's contest. Each young man was required to trim a hat belonging to a lady club member, trimmings being supplied with the hat. Of course, there was lots of amusement, and some very creditable results, Mr. John Doherty winning the first prize and Fenton Dougall the second. The judges were Mrs. L. McClatchie, and the Misses Pearl Ellison and Anna E. Doherty. There will be no more club meetings till after the holidays.

Only tender, budding leaves grown at an elevation of 5,000 feet are used in "Salada." The rest of the preparation is done by ingenious, cleanly machines; hence the purity and strength of "Salada" Tea.

A PLAIN STATEMENT

From Messrs. McClatchie Bros. About Separators

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

We are credibly informed that Mr. Monroe Pettes, of West Bromo, local agent for the "Blue Bell" hand separator, has stated through this section that we have said the "Blue Bell" Separator was the best on the market to-day.

He is using this among prospective purchasers of separators who have confidence in our judgement in these matters, to assist him in selling the separator he represents.

We take this means of authoritatively denying such a statement, as we could not conscientiously give any such endorsement to this machine.

We have been the agents in this district for the "SIMPLEX" separator, and are still representing it, as being the best separator made, WITHOUT ANY EXCEPTIONS.

We are prepared at ALL times to demonstrate its many superior features to all interested.

Our guarantee is behind the "SIMPLEX" knowing from practical experience, that it is the closest skimmer of all the separators on the market, and we stand ready to prove this assertion.

McCLATCHIE BROS.
Cowansville, P. Q.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

The Devil Coming

Few modern plays have excited so much general comment as "The Devil," a drama by a Hungarian dramatist, Ferenc Molnar by name. The first presentations in this country were made simultaneously by Harrison Gray Fisk at the Belasco Theatre in New York city and Henry W. Savage at the Garden Theatre. Both presentations hit the popular fancy and as a result, both have been crowded to the door at every performance since. The first productions were immediately followed by those of other producers, until to-day there is hardly a city in the country that has not had an opportunity to witness a performance of Molnar's wonderful play.

It is the story of the re-awakened love of an artist for a woman who was once his fiancee, but who left him in a moment of pique and married a man for whom she had little affection. The two lovers meet after a lapse of eight years and the dormant passion is once again kindled. To prevent serious consequences, the woman suggests that the artist should marry a young girl who is a mutual friend, and he agrees. But at this moment a personage appears who calls himself a physician and claims a previous acquaintance with the artist. While no statement is made in the text, it is not very difficult to infer that this doctor is Satan in human form.

The subtlety the doctor displays and the brilliancy of his speeches, together with the diabolical ingenuity he exercises in leading on his victims, give to the play its novelty and unconventionality.

W. C. McKay's production of this wonderful play will be offered at the Town Hall, Cowansville, on Friday, Dec. 18th., by a special company of players, headed by a clever young American actor, Henry T. Crossen, in the title role. The version of the play that this company offers is the same version that was lately presented at the Castle Square Theatre in Boston for forty consecutive performances, and is an Americanized version of Molnar's play, adapted direct from the original. The company presents a first class production, and reports from other cities say that the presentation is truly one of the events of the present season. Seats are on sale at E. Goyette's store.

To prove the above we are pleased to say that Mr. C. H. Prouty the business manager of the company showed us a letter from Mr. Marie Doran who owns this version and gives Mr. McKay the exclusive right of the New England states and Canada and portions of New York State.

FORDYCE CORNER

The parents and friends of the scholars of Fordyce School are cordially invited to attend the Christmas tree to be given by the pupils on Tuesday evening December 22nd, at seven o'clock. A good programme of songs, recitations and dialogues has been prepared.

Following is the report of Fordyce School for November:

Grade II Model—Mable Jones 81.
Grade I Model—Claud Tilson 80.
Cecil Meikle 55.
Grade IV—Geraldine O'Brien 91.
Daisy Jones 89.
Grade III—Francis O'Brien 64.
Harold Tilson 63, Howard Jones 55.
Grade II—Helen Teel 61, Kathleen Moore 59, Clarence Smith 56, Myrtle Teel 56, Carl Jones 56, Alida Teel 53, Jimmy O'Brien 53, Alma Meikle 52, Lucy Smith 50, Hilton Smith 49, Orville Vaughan 49, Hollis Vaughan 48.
Grade II Junior—Ronald Meikle 60, Ena Vaughan 50.
Grade I—Earle Dryden 65, Leslie Vaughan 48.

SCOTTSBRO

Mrs. Darbe entertained her Sunday school class last Saturday to supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Miltimore were visitors at Mrs. E. S. Miltimore's last Thursday.

Mrs. M. A. Miltimore has returned home after spending a week with her parents at Caledonia.

Mr. A. E. Miltimore spent last Saturday at Telescope Hill farm.

FRELIGHSBURG

Mrs. J. Guette is very ill and not expected to live.

Mrs. Joe. Benoit from South Franklin was the guest of Mr. A. Boulet last Saturday.

Mr. J. Delphie from Montreal and friend were in town last week.

SUTTON

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union meets on Friday, Dec. 18th, at 3 o'clock at the home of Mrs. S. Palmer.

Don't lay away the things you don't need. Sell them. Put an ad. in the columns of COTTON'S WEEKLY. Somebody else wants them.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."



Josh Billings, the quaint philosopher, whose maxims are full of homely wisdom, once said: "The longer I live the more I believe a good set of bowels are worth more than a good set of brains." Celery King makes good bowels. 25 cents, at dealers or by mail. B. C. Wells & Co., Toronto.

Why Not Both

Busy Days at the Hulburd & Bell Store

**Santa Claus
WILL FIND
Useful and Fancy
XMAS GIFTS
HERE**



**Such as
Dress Goods
Clothing, Flannelettes
Furs, Boots, Shoes
Slippers**

Special Cash Prices for Next 6 Days

**Friday, Saturday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday
The next day being Christmas Day we will be closed**

One Coon Coat, Man's size, 48x50, worth \$65.00. Do you want it for \$48.

One Man's Fur Lined Coat, 50x50, good otter collar, cheap at \$35.00. Do you want it for \$26.00.

Dress Goods

All 60c-yd. Goods going at 45c. 75c yd. Goods going at 62½c. \$1.00 yd. Goods going at 87½c. \$1.25 yd. Goods going at 98c.

Clothing and Overcoats

All Men's \$6.00 Suits going for \$4.25. Men's \$8.00 Suits going for \$6.00. Men's \$10.00 Suits going for \$7.50. \$12.00 Suits going for \$10.00. \$15.00 Suits going for \$12.00.

All Men's \$7.00 Overcoats going for \$5.00. Men's \$9.00 Overcoats going for \$7.00. Men's \$10.00 Overcoats going for \$8.00. Men's \$12.00 Overcoats going for \$10.00. Men's \$15.00 and \$16.00 Overcoats going for \$13.00.

Boys and Youths Suits selling Cheap.

Carpets and Squares

65c and 75c Tapestry Carpeting 27 inches wide, going for 50c. 45c Union Carpeting 1 yd. wide, nice patterns for 37c. Splendid Squares in Wool and Union, cheap Rugs and Matting.

Flannelettes

8c Colored Striped Flannelette for 6c. 10c Colored Striped Flannelette for 8c. 12½c Colored Striped Flannelette for 10c.

White Domet and Flannelettes 8c. 10c and 12c.

Boys Sweaters

Men and Boys Sweaters all reduced. Men and Boys Underwear, in Wool, Fleece lined and Cotton, all reduced.

Fancy Goods, Fancy China, Toys, Dolls, Perfumes, Games, Books and many interesting articles to please Children. These goods we want to clear out before Xmas. Come and take them away at cost price.

Ladies Coat Bargains

We have a few of Ladies Winter Coats left, good sizes, worth from \$6.00, \$8.00 to \$12.00, good styles and quality, your choice \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$7.00.

Men's Caps all the way from 50c to \$1.25, now reduced to only two prices 48c and 87c.

Groceries, Confectionery Fruit, Nuts, Raisins

20 lbs. Redpath's Granulated Sugar, \$1.00.
3 lbs. extra selected Raisins, 25c.
3 lbs. extra cleaned Currants, 25c.
1 lb. best pure Cream Tartar, 30c.
1 lb. mixed Candied Peel, 20c.
3½ lbs. Pulverized Sugar, 25c.
3 lbs. our 40c Green Tea, \$1.00.
3 packages Corn Starch, 25c.

3 packages Bee Starch, 25c.
1 tin fine Cooking Molasses, 10c.
1 gal. Cooking Molasses, 40c.
3 lbs. new fresh Dates, 25c.
1 lb. new fresh Table Figs, 15c.
1 lb. new layer Table Raisins, 20c.
Good Dairy Butter, 26c.
Fine Creamery Butter, 28c and 30c.
Fine Old Cheese, 16c.
Mixed Nuts, 5 varieties, Peanuts, Almonds, Filberts, Walnuts and Brazil Nuts, per lb. 20c.
3 lbs. fine new Mixed Candies, 25c.
2 lbs. our special Candies, 25c.
1 lb. Chocolate Cream Mixed Candies, 20c.
1 lb. No. 1 Chocolate Creams, assorted flavors, 40c.
1 lb. Clear Toys and Ribbon Candies, 20c.
1 doz. good sweet Valencia Oranges, 20c.
1 doz. fine large California Oranges, 40c.

Everything reduced for the next 6 days.

HULBURD & BELL, Main Street, Cowansville



The Best CHRISTMAS STORE

WE'RE making it worth your while to do your Christmas shopping at home this year instead of sending away for goods. This store is making a big specialty of strictly holiday stocks, such as

—CHINA NOVELTIES
—LEATHER NOVELTIES
—DOLLS AND TOYS
—BOOKS AND GAMES
—FINE CUT GLASSWARE
—JAPANESE CHINAWARE

and we allow no one to give you a greater equivalent for your money. Our Christmas plans are on a larger, better scale than ever before, with goods and prices that show at a glance that we mean business. Keep your trade at home and do your shopping early. Anything wanted we can get. No occasion to send away for a single thing.

FRANK E. DRAPER
Jeweller and Optician

COWANSVILLE

A REMINDER

That BOOTS AND SHOES are Re-paired at

A. H. WOODMAN'S
Main Street, Cowansville

LOST

FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.

Friday night, December 11th, between the C.P. R. Station and the residence of Miss Cotton, an Alaska Sable Muff. Finder please return to Miss Cotton and receive above reward.

To Old Subscribers

Why not renew your subscription, now, and thereby make a nice Christmas present to some friend or relative. COTTON'S WEEKLY will be a welcome visitor 52 times a year to those from the Townships in other parts of the country. See ad. on another page.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Where Gifts are Easily Selected

In extent and variety our stock far exceeds anything ever seen here before. There is hardly an item that is worth giving that you cannot find here.

GIFTS OF UNUSUAL QUALITY

Next to the magnificence of our assortment, the chief characteristic of our stock is its unusual high quality. Whether the price be high or low, quality decides its acceptability, and we make you safe in this regard.

COME EARLY AND OFTEN

Our stock is too big to give you an idea of its size and high character in this space. We don't want to tell you—we want you to come in and see for yourself. Come early while the assortment is complete and avoid the usual worry that always comes when the choosing is put off until the last minute. Here are a few of the lines that we are especially strong on.

Books
Stationery
Shaving Sets
Manicure Sets
Playing Cards
Xmas Cards
Chocolates
Fountain Pens

Military Brushes
Travelling Sets
Oxford Bibles
Post Card Albums
Calendars
Ebony Goods
Souvenirs
Perfume

Burnt Leather Goods
Passe Partout Outfits

GEO. W. JOHNSTON

Medical Hall, Cowansville

LEND US YOUR EAR

For a minute or two. We want to do your Plumbing and other jobs of this nature. Our staff will take charge of any Roofing, Steamfitting, etc., in a creditable manner, and our prices are very reasonable. Come and talk it over with us.

Canada Dairy Utensil Co., Ltd
Buzzell Block, Cowansville

WITH THE SOCIALISTS

The Personality, Aims and Hopes of a Rapidly Increasing Party

If Men Were Wise

What might be done if men were wise!
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right
And cease the scorn of one another,
All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs,
All vice and crime might die together,
And fruit and corn
To each man born
Be free as warmth in summer weather.
The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self respect
And share the teeming world to-morrow.
What might be done? This might be done?
And more than this my suffering brother:
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung
If men were wise and loved each other.

—By Charles Mackay.

THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

We of the Eastern Townships, are little affected by the doctrine of Socialism, as the need thereof has not become acute. Most of the farmers own their farms and work on them themselves. One of the strong tenets of Socialism is that the actual worker should own his own tools and when the farmer owns his own farm upon which he works, he is filling a niche in a Social regime. The store keeper owns his own store and runs it himself, sometimes with the help of nobody else. In short, the Eastern Townships has hardly yet developed a capitalist industrialism against which Socialism is directed. Consequently, the population has not yet felt the pressure of the support of the rich by the work of the poor to any great extent and we are likely never to experience the great suffering that is experienced in France, Germany, England, the United States and Montreal. We are persuaded that before the class struggle becomes acute among our agricultural population, that the Socialist fight will have been won in older lands and we will secure the benefit without a struggle in the same manner as we secured the benefit of democracy by the struggles of other countries as illustrated in the French Revolution and the American War of Independence.

THE SHOE BEGINS TO PINCH

Nevertheless, the shoe is beginning to pinch even here. Undoubtedly there are combines and we are being bled for the support of these combines. There are few manufacturing industries in our midst and we buy our goods from the large centres of industrial activity. Formerly the local merchants had greater opportunities for profit than they have now and we venture to predict that local-merchants throughout the Eastern Townships will find their present chances of making an honest living grow smaller and smaller as our manufacturers become more thoroughly organized. Even as it is, as the manufacturers find their position growing stronger, the local merchants are being squeezed. Long line credits are being curtailed and in some lines of goods country merchants find they must pay for their goods long before they have an opportunity of selling them. In other lines of goods the manufacturers are fixing the wholesale and the retail prices as well and the difference between the price which the country merchant has to pay and at which he is directed to sell is so small as not to allow him a decent profit. The tendency is for the manufacturers to get more of the profit and the country merchants to work harder for less profit. The good old days when the country merchant could make good profit is passing. The country merchants are forced to keep their nose to the grindstone and watch the wives and daughters of the men they buy their goods from roll lazily by the country stores in summer time in expensive automobiles.

CONDITIONS MAY CHANGE

In large cities of England and the United States, public ale houses are tied. That is to say, the brewers and

distilleries own the public houses and saloons and get someone to run them for a salary. In the United States the tobacco trust is acquiring tobacco shops and taking all the profit from the consumer, the retail as well as wholesale. The power of capital is great and it is said to be almost impossible for a young man to start in business for himself without capital. The tendency of the age moreover, is for large aggregations of capital to force into bankruptcy those in business with small capital.

The department stores of the large cities are reaching out into the country by their mail order departments for business. They succeed in taking a large amount of business away from country stores. When the time comes propitious we expect to see a million dollar company organized to open branch stores through the various small villages of the Eastern Townships. These stores with the large capital behind them could undersell most of the country merchants and force them into bankruptcy. After the country stores had been destroyed, the large organization, having a monopoly of the trade, would boost prices and take into itself the profits which formerly kept many country merchants busy and gave them a living. This process has taken place in England to the ruin of many excellent business men. The moral is "stick to your country merchant as long as you can and read up the principles of Socialism as the workers are doing in England."

THE FARMER AND MODERN CONDITIONS.

The large Socialist votes in the Western States was rolled up in country places by the farmers. "The Appeal to Reason" has been making special efforts to show the farmers where the modern system was reducing the profits of farmers and it has opened the eyes of the small Western farmer to a good many things. Here in the Eastern Townships also the farmers will be forced to learn that they will have to get into politics as a class conscious body if they do not want to see the profits on agriculture disappear. It is true that farmers are now getting more for their products than they formerly did, but it is also true that everything they buy has gone up as fast if not faster, and the actual margin of profit is hardly greater than it was years ago.

The farmer ships his milk to Montreal by express and the express companies get the cream of the profit on the farmer's cream. Under modern conditions the farmers must buy much goods. His shoes and his woolen garments and his plows and his reapers and his phosphates and nearly all that he buys has advanced enormously in price. The country merchants do not benefit because they are being squeezed by the same process by which the farmers are also suffering. While apparently independent and as free as the air, the farmers are building up fortunes for others huger than they themselves are aware of.

THE CASE OF RUDOWITZ

Rudowitz is a political refugee from Russia in the United States. Russia is seeking his extradition on the ground of murder. A strong movement is on foot among the radicals and socialists to prevent his being sent back to the terrors that await prisoners in Russia. The events in which he participated were of a political character. He was a member of a secret revolutionary society in the Baltic Provinces. The society condemned to death some of the Russian officials who were murdering innocent men and women under the pretence of martial law. The assassinations were carried out as directed. Rudowitz has not, so far, been connect-

ed with the assassinations themselves.

The question is whether Rudowitz is a political offender or a common murderer. If the latter the further question arises whether he will be given a fair trial in Russia. The last person the United States surrendered to Russia last-just sixteen minutes on Russian soil. He was hacked to pieces by Cossacks on the landing stage in the sight of the American officers who handed him to Russia.

It is extremely doubtful whether Rudowitz if surrendered would have as peaceful an end. The torture chamber awaits him, as the endeavor will be made by Russian officials to exact from him the names of his comrades still in Russia. The following are the things which await him as set forth in the columns of the Chicago Daily Socialist:

Welcome, Rudowitz, to Russia.

By JOHN CARROLL.

I am Marie Ivanovna, the wire thronged, many tongued whip which raises human flesh in series, bloody welts bordered by dripping, ruddy furrows, I sigh for thee, O Rudowitz.

I am the comb of Kiev, a little instrument which tears the pulsing human flesh into fine filaments, which shreds the tender nerves and draws them out as a beauties tresses are drawn through a silver comb held by maid in waiting, I long to caress thee O Rudowitz.

I am the Cossack, brave on vodka, rictous debaucher of women, torturer of little children and babies, I would care for thee, O Rudowitz.

I am the clerical, rich through a people in torment, anointer of the Czar, upholder of his holy government, I would see that justice was done to thee, O Rudowitz.

I am Nicholas, czar and puppet by the Grace of God, the Little Father of the People, supporter of Noble Thieves and Princely Extortioners. At my call are Marie Ivanovna and the Comb of Kiev, I await thee with a Father's welcome, O Rudowitz.

I am the dungeon, lightless and filled with vermin, ante-chamber I to the den of torture, I would shelter thee, O Rudowitz.

I am the swift and sure bullet. When thou hast told all under torment, glad would thou be when I called thee to God, I wait to send thee to peace, O Rudowitz.

Had No Attic

The minister called at the home of Tommy's father the other day and was told by Tommy, who admitted him, that his father was upstairs in bed, whereupon the reverend gentleman asked:

"Can I sit down and await your father's coming?"

To this the little fellow replied: "I don't care what you do."

After the expiration of a few minutes the clergyman ventured to ask Tommy: "Do you think that your father will be down soon?" and was rewarded by the answer, "Guess so," and this proving unsatisfactory, he decided to negotiate friendly relations between the boy and himself before questioning him further, and began by stating that God was in the room and asking Tommy if he were aware of that fact.

Tommy—God in this room?

Minister—Yes, God is in this room.

Tommy—Now?

Minister—Yes, God is here now; and everywhere.

Tommy—Is he in the other room, there? (pointing to the next room).

Minister—Yes, he is there also.

Tommy—Is he in our cellar too?

Minister—He is in your cellar, and everywhere.

Tommy—Ooh! It's dark down there, Ain't he afraid to go there?

The clergyman explains that God is everywhere and afraid of nothing. "not even the dark," and Tommy further questions, "Is God in our attic?" Again the "man of God" attests God's presence everywhere and also in the attic, whereupon Tommy's shrill treble voice exultantly cries: "You're a liar; we ain't got no attic."

A Stocking Novelty

In wondering what to give a girl friend for Christmas do not forget that a pair of silk stockings always proves acceptable. Black and white are the most popular choices for a gift, as in buying colored stockings it is necessary to know the shade of the gowns and shoes that are to be worn with them. If, however, you want something a little more elaborate, there are black silk stockings with colored tops and insets on the instep to match that are new and popular with young women who are not conservative as to the dressing of their feet.

GOOD BITS

From the Little Old "Appeal."

Socialism is a b-a-a-d thing. It is agin bog nature, you know.

If socialism prevailed there would be no incentive to work—others.

There is one thing of which labor has too much. That is patience.

Socialism is a menace to society because it would obliterate ambition.

Lies crushed to earth sometimes rise again, and slap a fellow in the face.

Socialism is impractical. It offers no chance to live without doing something useful.

Socialism is such a beautiful dream that the wisecracks recommend the nightmare of capitalism instead.

Socialism is the enemy to the kind of religion that builds battleships and sells opium to a heathen nation.

Great private wealth debases not only those from whom it is taken, but debases the possessors. The families of the rich are, as a rule, not such people as any respectable family would associate with except for their money.

Because he was rich and could afford to spend large sums on a beautiful but debased women, the ex-president of France was found dead in her house though he had a happy home and a worthy family.

According to the Capital of Oklahoma City, the oil wells of Oklahoma pour out ten billion feet of crude oil per day, and only one-tenth of this amount is saved. This is an example of the waste of capitalism that ought to impress one.

That it was not superior judgment, but luck in stumbling on to and securing a monopoly of a natural resource that made the Standard Oil an immense wealth producer, is shown by Archbold's testimony when he said at one time he offered to drink all the oil that would be produced in the mid-continent fields. These fields now produce 70,000 barrels a year.

The smart gazabo who said that the socialists want to occupy some position for which they are not fitted was not so far from the truth. They have been fitted by capitalist conditions to work like beavers and starve like greyhounds so they can develop more speed, and their insistent desire for enough to eat is as inconsistent as it would be to put fattening food into a lean stomach.

Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, a Unitarian minister of Chicago, in a recent sermon remarked: The great industrial system of which we are so proud is founded on the bodies of wage-earners. "The products are stained with the blood of children and soiled with the tears of women." If there was more truth of this nature told in the pulpit the workers would not be deserting the churches as they are now doing.

Aphorisms from Emerson

All good is eternally reproductive. Character is higher than wisdom. Success treads on every right step. Nature always wears the colors of the spirit. Beauty is the mark God set upon nature.

Why Refer to Doctors

Because we make medicines for them. We tell them all about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and they prescribe it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption. They trust it. Then you can afford to trust it. Ask your own doctor.

"The best kind of a testimonial—Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufactured by SARGENT & WELLS, NEW YORK.

Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

PANDORA RANGE

Train up a girl in the way she should bake, and when she is married she will not depart from it.

"My mother taught me how to bake, and told me why she always used a McClary Range."

"Now I have a 'Pandora', and, as with mother, my troubles are few. After fire is started, I simply bring thermometer to desired heat and leave the oven in charge of the baking. It's built for faithful service."

"While housewives with other ranges are poking fire and changing dampers, I sit and read the 'Joy of Living'."

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary

McCLATCHIE BROS., Agents, Cowansville



The announcement that the Japanese are about to open the railroad which they have built in Formosa is the latest evidence of the good work which they are doing in the island, which was acquired in 1895, at the close of the war with China. At the time of the transfer 62 miles of the road were completed. It now covers a total of 334 miles, and Japan has built the additional 272 miles at nearly \$2,000,000 less than the estimates.

Why are lumps of sugar like race horses. The more you lick them the faster they go.

The Story of Progress

In the quality of printing is too long to tell you here. Suffice it is to say that printing has reached and must keep a high standard to please the demands of customers today. Those who want

The Best In Printing

make no mistake in sending their orders to

J. J. BARKER

Job Printer

COWANSVILLE, P. Q.

All the latest styles of Printing produced in a manner not to be improved upon.

P. C. DUBOYCE

NOTARY, COMMISSIONER, ETC.

HULL'S BLOCK

COWANSVILLE, P. Q.

At Danham every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and first Monday in each month.

McKEOWN & BOIVIN

ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS, & C.

Offices:

SWEETSBURG AND GRANBY.

W. K. McKEOWN - G. H. BOIVIN

Sight Made Perfect.
Perfect sight is determined by a series of scientific tests. We render faulty eyes perfect by scientifically fitted glasses.

FRANK E. DRAPER
Jeweler and Optician
COWANSVILLE, QUE.

FOR Upholstering Furniture Repairing Picture Framing, etc.
CALL ON

Neill & Miller

Successors to E. C. McNab

COWANSVILLE

Undertaking and Embalming a Specialty.



Sam Waitely.



Harriet Hepner.

"YES, my dear," said Aunt Susan reminiscently. "I remember my school days as though 'twas only yesterday. And the spelling matches we used to have! There was old Squire Hepner, who always took a great interest in our school. He was a peculiar kind of man. Folks would call him cranky in these days, I suppose. He was so gruff and sullen that you'd think he'd snap your head off."

"Education was the old man's hobby. He had no learning himself and used to tell us how he felt the need of it. He thought that people could not be educated unless they could spell clean from b-a, b-a, to incommunicability in the speller."

"Well, Squire Hepner had heard that the Red Haw district folks were making their boasts that they could out-spell ours, and it angered him. His daughter Harriet was the best speller in our school, and they said her father offered her any cow or his place if she'd spell the Red Haw school down."

"One Friday afternoon the old squire came stamping into the schoolhouse when our school was having a spelling match. He was the director of our district, and the boldest scholar would be mute and meek when he appeared. He had two little jet black eyes that seemed to see right through you. He could make almost any scholar wobble in his seat by fastening his eyes upon him."

"The squire was the richest man in Four Mile, but he never gave any money away, and that made it all the more surprising when, just before school let out that night, he got up and in his short, jerky, gruff way said:

"You've spelt pretty well this afternoon, scholars, and I'm glad of it, for, to my thinkin', spellin' is the most important thing a body can learn. In fact, it stands to reason you've got to be good spellers 'fore you can be good readers or real good in anything. It's all well enough to know how to figger correctly, an' I reckon grammar's well enough, though I never took much stock in it. Geography an' algebray an' history an' all that is good enough in its place, but 'cordin' to my notion spellin' beats 'em all."

"An' now, to encourage you in being good spellers an' to stop the braggin' of some districts not far from here, I'm goin' to make it an object for you to study your spellers like sixty for the next few weeks."

"In six weeks from tonight, an' that will be Christmas eve, we'll have a spellin' match in this house, an' I want it circulated round that aly school in this township is free to come an' spell for the prize I'll offer, which is \$25 in gold to the one that spells down everybody."

"Now, take your spellers home with you tonight an' do somethin' else with 'em besides a-chavin' the corners off. And with that the squire made one of his stiff bows to the teacher and walked out."

"I tell you, \$25 was a large sum of money in those days, and when it was known that the prize had been offered there was more studying of our old blue backed spellers than there had ever been before. We used to take them home every night, and our fathers and mothers would give us all the best words, like 'daguerreotype' and 'bibbist' and 'receipt' and those with silent letters in them, and we would spell them over and over again."

"The offering of that prize set the whole township in a commotion, and little else was thought of or talked about. The Red Haw and Jack Oak districts let it be known that they would try for the prize, and they had some good spellers in those schools, especially in the Red Haw."

"But none of them had a better record than Harriet Hepner, and they said that in those six weeks she studied her speller night and day. Folks who passed the Hepner house at midnight declared that through the windows from the road they had seen Harriet sitting on a stool up near the fireplace, leaning her head against the wall, and the squire sitting in his old hickory chair, spelling book in one hand and a tallow dip in the other, giving out words to her, and everybody else in bed. No wonder the girl became thin and peaked."

"You see, the squire fairly hated the Red Haw district and about everybody in it. The Red Haw and ours had formerly been one district, and he opposed their being divided, because he owned land in both, and he knew that if they were divided there would be an extra tax for a new schoolhouse and a new school fund."

"The squire had a sister living in the

Red Haw district, but he had not spoken to her for years and would not allow his folks to look at or speak to her or her children."

"The poor woman had, in the first place, married against the squire's wishes. That angered him. Still, he spoke to her when they met, though they did not visit back and forth any."

"Mr. Waitely, the squire's brother-in-law, was the one that first suggested the dividing of the district and did more to bring it about than any other man, which was natural, for the district was so big and the schoolhouse so far off that the Waitely children could not go to school in the winter time."

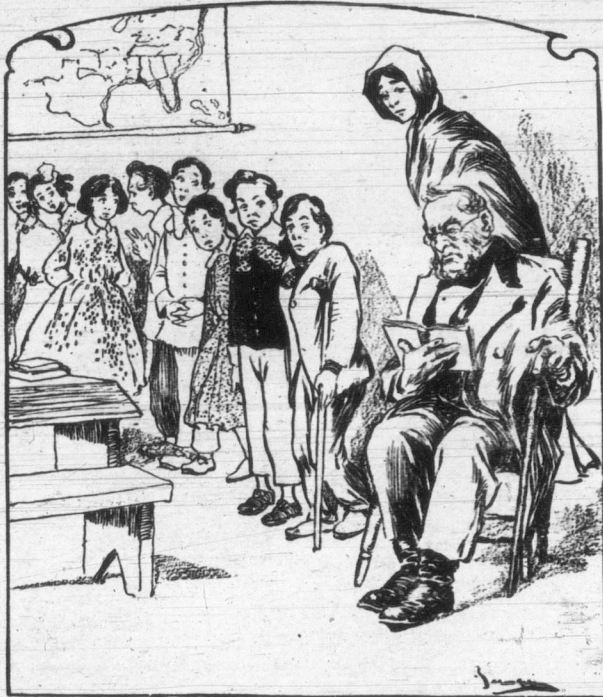
"But that didn't make the least difference to Squire Hepner. He was furiously angry with Waitely, and on town meeting day he and Waitely had some dreadful words."

"Of course Mrs. Waitely sided with her husband, and from that day the squire turned from his own kin. He

the valleys ring. Yes, and the sled upset, too, and we were all thrown into a ditch. The edge of the wagon bow caught my beau's big feet under it, and I thought I should cry from mortification when he lay there and actually bawled and snifled. I was so put out about it that I wouldn't sit by him after we got into the sled or speak to him afterward."

"When we reached the schoolhouse we found it packed so full that we could not just crowd in. Most everybody had brought a candle to stick up on the logs and some sprigs of evergreen and berries to make the room look Christmasy. There were four different teachers and well known spellers from all over the township."

"Lecta Plumb and I 'chose up.' I got first choice and took Harriet Hepner. She was pale as death and looked nervous and frightened. Lecta took Abimelech Abers, the leading speller from the Red Haw school, and I took



HE STOOD WITHIN A FOOT OF HIS UNCLE HEPNER.

never spoke to them again, not even after Mr. Waitely died. The poor man got caught under a falling tree and was killed, leaving his widow with four children and nothing but a shabby roof over their heads and three or four acres of scrubby land."

"She had a fearful hard time supporting herself and the children, but the squire never helped her. And, to make matters worse, her oldest child, little Sam, was a cripple, humpbacked and lame in one leg, so that he had to walk with a crutch. Of course he wasn't any help to his mother on the place, but she was trying to educate him, knowing that he never could do any physical work."

"Well, the spelling bee excitement became more and more intense as the time drew near, and when Christmas eve at last came the old Four Mile schoolhouse was a sight to see."

"The night was one of the coldest I ever remember. The stars shone like bright lamps in the sky. The sleighing was good and the air sharp enough to stir the blood and, if possible, still more to stimulate the boys and girls. A lot of the boys had borrowed a pair of sled runners and put a big wagon on them. Then plenty of straw was put in the box, and about twenty of us boys and girls piled in, with lots of quilts and buffalo robes and warm shawls."

"I had my first beau that night. His name was Azrael Whitehead, and of all awkward boys he was the awkwardest. I think I was the first girl he had ever asked to go with him. Anyhow, I know he fell flat on his back trying to help me out of the sled, and he let me go head first into a snow bank."

"I remember that his handkerchief was wet with cinnamon drops and that he gave me a handful of peppermint and cloves. I remember, too, how we all of us went up and down hill singing and laughing at the top of our voices. We made the old woods and

Cindy Patch, the best speller from Jack Oak."

"Then we chose everybody in the room who could spell at all. I think we had more than fifty on a side. We stood in long rows on both sides of the house against the wall, and, much to my disgust, I got my hair full of tallow from a dripping candle."

"We were about ready to commence spelling and everybody had become quiet when the people who sat near the door made way for some one who had come late, and in came little Sam Waitely on his crutch, with his mother behind him in a poor, thin, patched old faded calico dress and a thin cotton shawl, with a faded old red hood on her head. I could see a hole worn in her shoe as she put her foot up on the stove hearth."

"Sam was then about fifteen years old, but not as tall as some boys of nine. He was very thinly dressed for such a sharp night, and they had walked fully two miles."

"I felt sorry for them and spoke up at once and took Sam on my side. It happened to be my turn to choose, and I was found the poor fellow should not be slighted, whether he could spell or not."

"He had half a mind not to try, but I saw his mother reach out her hand and gently push him, and then he hobbled down to the end of the line and stood within a foot of his Uncle Hepner."

"Then the spelling commenced. I blushed to tell it, but I actually missed the very first word given me, and that was 'mermaid.' I spelled it 'maurmer.' I knew better, but I was so nervous I could not collect my thoughts. So I had to take my seat, and of course I had a little cry all to myself."

"But I nearly laughed so as to be heard all over the room when Azrael Whitehead missed 'goose.' He spelled it 'rause,' and he had told me in confidence that he half expected to get the

size and had been studying his speller for weeks."

"Electa missed 'emanate.' She spelled it with an 't' instead of an 'a.' 'Cindy Patch missed 'tranquillize.' I think she knew how to spell it, but she was excited because seven or eight had missed it before her. The Jack Oak scholars looked very sober when Cindy had to sit down."

"But you ought to have seen old Squire Hepner's eyes twinkle and his grim face look grimmer when Abimelech Abers, the best Red Haw scholar, missed 'phytochimy' and Harriet spelled it without hesitation. Bimelech got confused and thought the last letter was 'e' instead of 'y.'"

"The Red Haw people did look mortified, and the Four Mile folks were highly pleased and showed it, too, for all the best spellers were out on both sides, and only Harriet Hepner and five or six others were left. Four of them missed 'micaceous,' and Harriet was just going to spell it when Mrs. Waitely, in a scared, timid voice that could just be heard, said:

"If you please, teacher, Sammy hasn't spelled yet."

"Sammy stood down at the end of the line, and they had overlooked him. But the teacher replied:

"Oh, indeed! I thought he was done long ago."

"I thought he said it sincerely, and he gave Sammy the word in a tone that said plainly, 'You can't spell it anyway.'"

"But what did Sammy do but spell it correctly without the slightest hesitation."

"Then the others who were standing missed 'dromedary,' and that left Harriet and Sammy alone. I tell you, you might have heard a pin drop then. Everybody was half crazy with excitement."

"Old Squire Hepner did not move a muscle. He had the money, five gold five dollar pieces, and a fancy purse and was to give them himself to the winner."

"It seemed to me that that poor crippled boy got help from on high that night. I never saw anything like it. At first he was so shy that his voice almost trembled, but when he and the cousin he had never spoken to stood up there alone and his fierce old uncle glared so contemptuously at him the little fellow raised himself to his full height and from that moment never flinched."

"His large eyes glistened, and he threw back his head and looked boldly at his uncle and spelled the words in a loud, clear tone that fairly took people's breath away."

"His mother had quietly slipped through the crowd and taken her seat behind him, and those that sat near said she got one of his hands in hers and held it, while the tears streamed down her face."

"The two spelled against each other for a full half hour, and all the time poor Harriet was as white as a sheet, and I could see that she was trembling from head to foot."

"At last the teacher gave the word 'tyrannously.' Harriet spelled the first syllable, then stopped and stammered, looked imploringly at her father and then tremblingly went on and spelled it with one 'n.'"

"How did you spell it, Harriet? Did you have only 'n'?"

"Squire Hepner had been looking on a spelling book too. Now he turned sharply round to the master and in his hardest, coldest voice said:

"She missed it, sir. Pass it to the next."

"Sam spelled it without hesitating an instant."

"You could have heard a pin drop in that room. It was still as death. Harriet dropped into her seat and buried her face in her hands. Squire Hepner's face never changed. Without a word he rose, reached out his long arm, beckoned to Sam to come to him and then dropped into the lad's outstretched hand the purse. Turning and facing the breathless people, he said:

"I want you all to know that I think this has been a fair and square match, and my nephew deserves the prize."

"Without further words he took his hat and marched out of the house."

"Well, the Red Haw people actually carried Sam home on their shoulders, with Mrs. Waitely close behind, crying as if her heart would break with joy and nervousness. But she had on a long, warm, plaid shawl that I saw Mrs. Squire Hepner throw over her as she stepped out of the door."

"One of my sisters went home with the Hepners that night, and she said Harriet cried all the way home and was in mortal terror at the thought of meeting her father. She stopped on the doorstep a long while, and when she did finally step into the room, trembling and fairly mourning, her father, who was sitting with his head between his hands before the fire, got up and walked over to her and actually kissed her there before them all. Then he went off to bed without a word."

"But what followed was better still. Christmas day the squire took his big sled, put in lots of hay and blankets and drove off like Nimshi himself to his sister's. No one ever knew what happened there, but it ended in Mrs. Waitely and all the children going home with the squire. And a big Christmas day they had, folks said."

"The squire declared it was an honor to know a boy who could spell like Sam. They say he had that boy spell the dictionary half through that winter and nearly hugged him when he spelled correctly the longest word in it."

"The squire was the strangest man on the subject of spelling that I ever heard of. Nothing but Sam's knowing how to spell so well ever softened his heart toward his sister and her children. And nothing pleased him more than to have Sam and Harriet spell against each other for hours at a

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If Men Were Wise

What might be done if men were wise!
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right
And cease the scorn of one another,
All slav'ry, warfare, lies and wrongs,
All vice and crime might die together,
And fruit and corn
To each man born
Be free as warmth in summer weather.
The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self respect
And share the teeming world to-morrow.
What might be done? This might be done?
And more than this my suffering brother:
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung
If men were wise and loved each other.
—By Charles Mackay.

THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

We of the Eastern Townships, are little affected by the doctrine of Socialism, as the need thereof has not become acute. Most of the farmers own their farms and work on them themselves. One of the strong tenets of Socialism is that the actual worker should own his own tools and when the farmer owns his own farm upon which he works, he is filling a niche in a Social regime. The store keeper owns his own store and runs it himself, sometimes with the help of nobody else. In short, the Eastern Townships has hardly yet developed a capitalist industrialism against which Socialism is directed. Consequently, the population has not yet felt the pressure of the support of the rich by the work of the poor to any great extent and we are likely never to experience the great suffering that is experienced in France, Germany, England, the United States and Montreal. We are persuaded that before the class struggle becomes acute among our agricultural population, that the Socialist fight will have been won in older lands and we will secure the benefit without a struggle in the same manner as we secured the benefit of democracy by the struggles of other countries as illustrated in the French Revolution and the American War of Independence.

THE SHOE BEGINS TO PINCH

Nevertheless, the shoe is beginning to pinch even here. Undoubtedly there are combines and we are being bled for the support of these combines. There are few manufacturing industries in our midst and we buy our goods from the large centres of industrial activity. Formerly the local merchants had greater opportunities for profit than they have now and we venture to predict that local merchants throughout the Eastern Townships will find their present chances of making an honest living grow smaller and smaller as our manufacturers become more thoroughly organized. Even as it is, as the manufacturers find their position growing stronger, the local merchants are being squeezed. Long line credits are being curtailed and in some lines of goods country merchants find they must pay for their goods long before they have an opportunity of selling them. In other lines of goods the manufacturers are fixing the wholesale and retail prices as well and the difference between the price which the country merchant has to pay and at which he is directed to sell is so small as not to allow him a decent profit. The tendency is for the manufacturers to get more of the profit and the country merchants to work harder for less profit. The good old days when the country merchant could make good profit is passing. The country merchants are forced to keep their nose to the grindstone and watch the wives and daughters of the men they buy their goods from roll lazily by the country stores in summer time in expensive automobiles.

CONDITIONS MAY CHANGE

In large cities of England and the United States, public ale houses are closed. That is to say, the brewers and

distilleries own the public houses and saloons and get someone to run them for a salary. In the United States the tobacco trust is acquiring tobacco shops and taking all the profit from the consumer, the retail as well as wholesale. The power of capital is great and it is said to be almost impossible for a young man to start in business for himself without capital. The tendency of the age moreover, is for large aggregations of capital to force into bankruptcy those in business with small capital.

The department stores of the large cities are reaching out into the country by their mail order departments for business. They succeed in taking a large amount of business away from country stores. When the time comes propitious we expect to see a million dollar company organized to open branch stores through the various small villages of the Eastern Townships. These stores with the large capital behind them could undersell most of the country merchants and force them into bankruptcy. After the country stores had been destroyed, the large organization, having a monopoly of the trade, would boost prices and take unto itself the profits which formerly kept many country merchants busy and gave them a living. This process has taken place in England to the ruin of many excellent business men. The moral is "stick to your country merchant as long as you can and read up the principles of Socialism as the workers are doing in England."

THE FARMER AND MODERN CONDITIONS.

The large Socialist votes in the Western States was rolled up in country places by the farmers. "The Appeal to Reason" has been making special efforts to show the farmers where the modern system was reducing the profits of farmers and it has opened the eyes of the small Western farmer to a good many things. Here in the Eastern Townships also the farmers will be forced to learn that they will have to get into politics as a class conscious body if they do not want to see the profits on agriculture disappear. It is true that farmers are now getting more for their products than they formerly did, but it is also true that everything they buy has gone up as fast if not faster, and the actual margin of profit is hardly greater than it was years ago.

The farmer ships his milk to Montreal by express and the express companies get the cream of the profit on the farmer's cream. Under modern conditions the farmers must buy much goods. His shoes and his woolen garments and his plows and his reapers and his phosphates and nearly all that he buys has advanced enormously in price. The country merchants do not benefit because they are being squeezed by the same process by which the farmers are also suffering. While apparently independent and as free as the air, the farmers are building up fortunes for others huger than they themselves are aware of.

THE CASE OF RUDOWITZ

Rudowitz is a political refugee from Russia in the United States. Russia is seeking his extradition on the ground of murder. A strong movement is on foot among the radicals and socialists to prevent his being sent back to the horrors that await prisoners in Russia. The events in which he participated were of a political character. He was a member of a secret revolutionary society in the Baltic Provinces. The society condemned to death some of the Russian officials who were murdering innocent men and women under the pretence of martial law. The assassinations were carried out as directed. Rudowitz has not, so far, been connect-

ed with the assassinations themselves. The question is whether Rudowitz is a political offender or a common murderer. If the latter the further question arises whether he will be given a fair trial in Russia. The last person the United States surrendered to Russia lasted just sixteen minutes on Russian soil. He was hacked to pieces by Cossacks on the landing stage in the sight of the American officers who handed him to Russia.

It is extremely doubtful whether Rudowitz if surrendered would have as peaceful an end. The torture chamber awaits him, as the endeavor will be made by Russian officials to exact from him the names of his comrades still in Russia. The following are the things which await him as set forth in the columns of the Chicago Daily Socialist:

Welcome, Rudowitz, to Russia.

By JOHN CARROLL

I am Marie Ivanovna, the wire thronged, many tongued whip which raises human flesh in series, bloody welts bordered by dripping ruddy furrows, I sigh for thee, O Rudowitz.

I am the comb of Kiev, a little instrument which tears the pulsing human flesh into fine filaments, which shreds the tender nerves and draws them out as a beauties tresses are drawn through a silver comb held by maid in waiting, I long to caress thee O Rudowitz.

I am the Cossack, brave on vodka, riotous debaucher of women, torturer of little children and babies, I would care for thee, O Rudowitz.

I am the clerical, rich through a people in torment, anointer of the Czar, upholder of his holy government, I would see that justice was done to thee, O Rudowitz.

I am Nicholas, czar and puppet by the Grace of God, the Little Father of the People, supporter of Noble Thieves and Princely Extortioners. At my call are Marie Ivanovna and the Comb of Kiev, I await thee with a Father's welcome, O Rudowitz.

I am the dungeon, lightless and filled with vermin, ante-chamber I to the den of torture, I would shelter thee, O Rudowitz.

I am the swift and sure bullet. When thou hast told all under torment, glad would thou be when I called thee to God, I wait to send thee to peace, O Rudowitz.

Had No Attic

The minister called at the home of Tommy's father the other day and was told by Tommy, who admitted him, that his father was upstairs in bed, whereupon the reverend gentleman asked: "Can I sit down and await your father's coming?"

To this the little fellow replied: "I don't care what you do."

After the expiration of a few minutes the clergyman ventured to ask Tommy: "Do you think that your father will be down soon?" and was rewarded by the answer, "Guess so," and this proving unsatisfactory, he decided to negotiate friendly relations between the boy and himself before questioning him further, and began by stating that God was in the room and asking Tommy if he were aware of that fact.

Tommy—God in this room?
Minister—Yes, God is in this room.
Tommy—Now?
Minister—Yes, God is here now; and everywhere.

Tommy—Is he in the other room, there? (pointing to the next room).

Minister—Yes, he is there also.

Tommy—Is he in our cellar too?

Minister—He is in your cellar, and everywhere.

Tommy—Ooh! It's dark down there, Ain't he afraid to go there?
The clergyman explains that God is everywhere and afraid of nothing. "Not even the dark," and Tommy further questions, "Is God in our attic?" Again the "man of God" attests God's presence everywhere and also in the attic, whereupon Tommy's shrill treble voice exultantly cries: "You're a liar; we ain't got no attic."

A Stocking Novelty

In wondering what to give a girl friend for Christmas do not forget that a pair of silk stockings always proves acceptable. Black and white are the most popular choices for a gift, as in buying colored stockings it is necessary to know the shade of the gowns and shoes that are to be worn with them. If, however, you want something a little more elaborate, there are black silk stockings with colored tops and insets on the instep to match that are new and popular with young women who are not conservative as to the dressing of their feet.

GOOD BITS

From the Little Old "Appeal."

Socialism is a b-a-a-d thing. It is agin hog nature, you know.

If socialism prevailed there would be no incentive to work—others.

There is one thing of which labor has too much. That is patience.

Socialism is a menace to society because it would obliterate ambition.

Lies crushed to earth sometimes rise again, and slap a fellow in the face.

Socialism is impractical. It offers no chance to live without doing something useful.

Socialism is such a beautiful dream that the wisecracks recommend the nightmare of capitalism instead.

Socialism is the enemy to the kind of religion that builds battleships and sells opium to a heathen nation.

Great private wealth debases not only those from whom it is taken, but debases the possessors. The families of the rich are, as a rule, not such people as any respectable family would associate with except for their money.

Because he was rich and could afford to spend large sums on a beautiful but debased woman, the ex-president of France was found dead in her house though he had a happy home and a worthy family.

According to the Capital of Oklahoma City, the oil wells of Oklahoma pour out ten billion feet of crude oil per day, and only one-tenth of this amount is saved. This is an example of the waste of capitalism that ought to impress one.

That it was not superior judgment, but luck in stumbling on to and securing a monopoly of a natural resource that made the Standard Oil an immense wealth producer, is shown by Archbold's testimony when he said at one time he offered to drink all the oil that would be produced in the mid-continent fields. These fields now produce 70,000 barrels a year.

The smart gazabo who said that the socialists want to occupy some position for which they are not fitted was not so far from the truth. They have been fitted by capitalist conditions to work like beavers and starve like greyhounds so they can develop more speed, and their insistent desire for enough to eat is as inconsistent as it would be to put fattening food into a lean stomach.

Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, a Unitarian minister of Chicago, in a recent sermon remarked: The great industrial system of which we are so proud is founded on the bodies of wage-earners. "The products are stained with the blood of children and soiled with the tears of women." If there was more truth of this nature told in the pulpits the workers would not be deserting the churches as they are now doing.

Aphorisms from Emerson

All good is eternally reproductive.
Character is higher than wisdom.
Success treads on every right step.
Nature always wears the colors of the spirit.
Beauty is the mark God set upon nature.

Why Refer to Doctors

Because we make medicines for them. We tell them all about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and they prescribe it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption. They trust it. Then you can afford to trust it. Ask your own doctor.

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Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

PANDORA RANGE

Train up a girl in the way she should bake, and when she is married she will not depart from it.

"My mother taught me how to bake, and told me why she always used a McClary's Range."

"Now I have a 'Pandora', and, as with mother, my troubles are few. After fire is started, I simply bring thermometer to desired heat and leave the oven in charge of the baking. It's built for faithful service."

"While housewives with other ranges are poking fire and changing dampers, I sit and read the 'Joy of Living'."

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The announcement that the Japanese are about to open the railroad which they have built in Formosa is the latest evidence of the good work which they are doing in the island, which was acquired in 1895, at the close of the war with China. At the time of the transfer 62 miles of the road were completed. It now covers a total of 334 miles, and Japan has built the additional 272 miles at nearly \$2,000,000 less than the estimates.

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Sam Waitely.



Harriet Hepner.

"YES, my dear," said Aunt Susan reminiscently. "I remember my school days as though 'twas only yesterday. And the spelling matches we used to have! There was old Squire Hepner, who always took a great interest in our school. He was a peculiar kind of man. Folks would call him cranky in these days, I suppose. He was so gruff and sullen that you'd think he'd snap your head off."

"Education was the old man's hobby. He had no learning himself and used to tell us how he felt the need of it. He thought that people could not be educated unless they could spell clean from b-a, ba, to incommunicability in the spelling."

"Well, Squire Hepner had heard that the Red Haw district folks were making their boasts that they could out-spell ours, and it angered him. His daughter Harriet was the best speller in our school, and they said her father offered her any cow on his place if she'd spell the Red Haw school down."

"One Friday afternoon the old squire came stamping into the schoolhouse when our school was having a spelling match. He was the director of our district, and the boldest scholar would be mute and meek when he appeared. He had two little jet black eyes that seemed to see right through you. He could make almost any scholar wobble in his seat by fastening his eyes upon him."

"The squire was the richest man in Four Mile, but he never gave any money away, and that made it all the more surprising when, just before school let out that night, he got up and in his short, jerky, gruff way said:

"You've spelt pretty well this afternoon, scholars, and I'm glad of it, for, to my thinkin', spellin' is the most important thing a body can learn. In fact, it stands to reason you've got to be good spellers 'fore you can be good readers or real good in anything. It's all well enough to know how to figger correctly, an' I reckon grammar's well enough, though I never took much stock in it. Geography an' algebray an' history an' all that is good enough in its place, but 'ordin' to my notion spellin' beats 'em all."

"An' now, to encourage you in being good spellers an' to stop the braggin' of some districts not far from here, I'm goin' to make it an object for you to study your spellers like sixty for the next few weeks."

"In six weeks from tonight, an' that will be Christmas eve, we'll have a spellin' match in this house, an' I want it circulated round that airy school in this township is free to come an' spell for the prize I'll offer, which is \$25 in gold to the one that spells down everybody."

"Now, take your spellers home with you tonight an' do somethin' else with 'em besides a-chavin' the corners off. And with that the squire made one of his stiff bows to the teacher and walked out."

"I tell you, \$25 was a large sum of money in those days, and when it was known that the prize had been offered there was more studying of our old blue backed spellers than there had ever been before. We used to take them home every night, and our fathers and mothers would give us all the hard words, like 'daguerotype' and 'philiste' and 'receipt' and those with silent letters in them, and we would spell them over and over again."

"The offering of that prize set the whole township in a commotion, and little else was thought of or talked about. The Red Haw and Jack Oak districts let it be known that they would try for the prize, and they had some good spellers in those schools, especially in the Red Haw."

"But none of them had a better record than Harriet Hepner, and they said that in those six weeks she studied her speller night and day. Folks who passed the Hepner house at midnight declared that through the windows from the room they had seen Harriet sitting on a stool up near the fireplace, leaning her head against the wall, and the squire sitting in his old hickory chair, spelling book in one hand and a tallow dip in the other, giving out words to her, and everybody else in bed. No wonder the girl became thin and peaked."

"You see, the squire fairly hated the Red Haw district and about everybody in it. The Red Haw and ours had formerly been one district, and he opposed their being divided, because he owned land in both, and he knew that if they were divided there would be an extra tax for a new schoolhouse and a new school fund."

"The squire had a sister living in the

Red Haw district, but he had not spoken to her for years and would not allow his folks to look at or speak to her or her children."

"The poor woman had, in the first place, married against the squire's wishes. That angered him. Still, he spoke to her when they met, though they did not visit back and forth any."

"Mr. Waitely, the squire's brother-in-law, was the one that first suggested the dividing of the district and did more to bring it about than any other man, which was natural, for the district was so big and the schoolhouse so far off that the Waitely children could not go to school in the winter time."

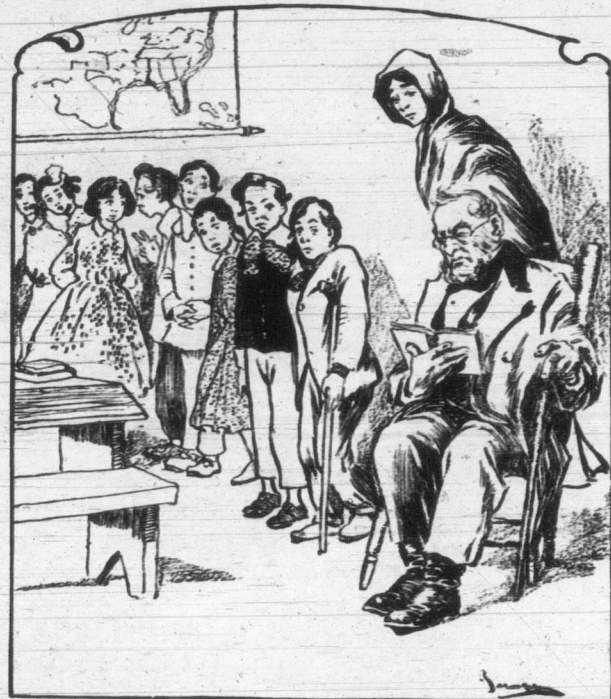
"But that didn't make the least difference to Squire Hepner. He was furiously angry with Waitely, and on town meeting day he and Waitely had some dreadful words."

"Of course Mrs. Waitely sided with her husband, and from that day the squire turned from his own kin. He

the valleys ring. Yes, and the sled up-set, too, and we were all thrown into a ditch. The edge of the wagon bow caught my beau's big feet under it, and I thought I should cry from mortification when he lay there and actually bawled and sniffling. I was so put out about it that I wouldn't sit by him after we got into the sled or speak to him afterward."

"When we reached the schoolhouse we found it packed so full that we could not just crowd in. Most everybody had brought a candle to stick up on the logs and some sprigs of evergreen and berries to make the room look Christmasy. There were four different teachers and well known spellers from all over the township."

"Lecta Plumb and I chose up." I got first choice and took Harriet Hepner. She was pale as death and looked nervous and frightened. Lecta took Abimelech Abers, the leading speller from the Red Haw school, and I took



HE STOOD WITHIN A FOOT OF HIS UNCLE HEPNER.

never spoke to them again, not even after Mr. Waitely died. The poor man got caught under a falling tree and was killed, leaving his widow with four children and nothing but a shabby roof over their heads and three or four acres of scrubby land."

"She had a fearfully hard time supporting herself and the children, but the squire never helped her. And, to make matters worse, her oldest child, little Sam, was a cripple, humpbacked and lame in one leg, so that he had to walk with a crutch. Of course he wasn't any help to his mother on the place, but she was trying to educate him, knowing that he never could do any physical work."

"Well, the spelling bee excitement became more and more intense as the time drew near, and when Christmas eve at last came the old Four Mile schoolhouse was a sight to see."

"The night was one of the coldest I ever remember. The stars shone like bright lamps in the sky. The sleighing was good and the air sharp enough to stir the blood and, if possible, still more to stimulate the boys and girls. A lot of the boys had borrowed a pair of sled runners and put a big wagon on them. Then plenty of straw was put in the box, and about twenty of us boys and girls piled in, with lots of quilts and buffalo robes and warm shawls."

"I had my first beau that night. His name was Azrael Whitehead, and of all awkward boys he was the awkwardest. I think I was the first girl he had ever asked to go with him. Anyhow, I know he fell flat on his back trying to help me out of the sled, and he let me go head first into a snow bank."

"I remember that his handkerchief was wet with cinnamon drops and that he gave me a handful of peppermint and cloves. I remember, too, how we all of us went up and down hill singing and laughing at the top of our voices. We made the old woods and

Cindy Patch, the best speller from Jack Oak."

"Then we chose everybody in the room who could spell at all. I think we had more than fifty on a side. We stood in long rows on both sides of the house against the wall, and, much to my disgust, I got my hair full of tallow from a dripping candle."

"We were about ready to commence spelling and everybody had become quiet when the people who sat near the door made way for some one who had come late, and in came little Sam Waitely on his crutch, with his mother behind him in a poor, thin, patched old faded calico dress and a thin cotton shawl, with a faded old red hood on her head. I could see a hole worn in her shoe as she put her foot up on the stove hearth."

"Sam was then about fifteen years old, but not as tall as some boys of nine. He was very thinly dressed for such a sharp night, and they had walked fully two miles."

"I felt sorry for them and spoke up at once and took Sam on my side. It happened to be my turn to choose, and I was bound the poor fellow should not be slighted whether he could spell or not."

"He had half a mind not to try, but I saw his mother reach out her hand and gently push him, and then he hobbled down to the end of the line and stood within a foot of his Uncle Hepner."

"Then the spelling commenced. I blush to tell it, but I actually missed the very first word given me, and that was 'mermaid.' I spelled it 'murmer.' I knew better, but I was so nervous I could not collect my thoughts. So I had to take my seat, and of course I had a little cry all to myself."

"But I nearly laughed so as to be heard all over the room when Azrael Whitehead missed 'goose.' He spelled it 'cuse,' and he had told me in confidence that he half expected to get the

size and had been studying his speller for weeks."

"Electa missed 'emanate.' She spelled it with an 'f' instead of an 'n.' 'Cindy Patch missed 'tranquillize.' I think she knew how to spell it, but she was excited because seven or eight had missed it before her. The Jack Oak scholars looked very sober when Cindy had to sit down."

"But you ought to have seen old Squire Hepner's eyes twinkle and his grim face look grimmer when Abimelech Abers, the best Red Haw scholar, missed 'phytochimy' and Harriet spelled it without hesitation. Bimelech got confused and thought the last letter was 'e' instead of 'y.'"

"The Red Haw people did look mortified, and the Four Mile folks were highly pleased and showed it, too, for all the best spellers were out on both sides, and only Harriet Hepner and five or six others were left. Four of them missed 'micaceous,' and Harriet was just going to spell it when Mis Waitely, in a scared, timid voice that could just be heard, said:

"If you please, teacher, Sammy hasn't spelled yet."

"Sammy stood down at the end of the line, and they had overlooked him. But the teacher replied:

"Oh, indeed! I thought he was done long ago."

"I thought he said it sneeringly, and he gave Sammy the word in a tone that said plainly, 'You can't spell it anyway.'"

"But what did Sammy do but spell it correctly without the slightest hesitation."

"Then the others who were standing missed 'dromedary,' and that left Harriet and Sammy alone. I tell you, you might have heard a pin drop then. Everybody was half crazy with excitement."

"Old Squire Hepner did not move a muscle. He had the money, five gold five dollar pieces, and a fancy purse and was to give them himself to the winner."

"It seemed to me that that poor crippled boy got help from on high that night. I never saw anything like it. At first he was so shy that his voice almost trembled, but when he and the cousin he had never spoken to stood up there alone and his fierce old uncle glared so contemptuously at him the little fellow raised himself to his full height and from that moment never flinched."

"His large eyes glistened, and he threw back his head and looked boldly at his uncle and spelled the words in a loud, clear tone that fairly took people's breath away."

"His mother had quietly slipped through the crowd and taken her seat behind him, and those that sat near said she got one of his hands in hers and held it, while the tears streamed down her face."

"The two spelled against each other for a full half hour, and all the time poor Harriet was as white as a sheet, and I could see that she was trembling from head to foot."

"At last the teacher gave the word 'tyrannously.' Harriet spelled the first syllable, then stopped and stammered, looked imploringly at her father and then tremblingly went on and spelled it with one 'n.'"

"How did you spell it, Harriet? Did you have only 'n'?"

"Squire Hepner had been looking on a spelling book too. Now he turned sharply round to the master and in his hardest, coldest voice said:

"She missed it, sir. Pass it to the next."

"Sam spelled it without hesitating an instant."

"You could have heard a pin drop in that room. It was still as death. Harriet dropped into her seat and buried her face in her hands. Squire Hepner's face never changed. Without a word he rose, reached out his long arm, beckoned to Sam to come to him and then dropped into the lad's outstretched hand the purse. Turning and facing the breathless people, he said:

"I want you all to know that I think this has been a fair and square match, and my nephew deserves the prize."

"Without further words he took his hat and marched out of the house."

"Well, the Red Haw people actually carried Sam home on their shoulders, with Mis Waitely close behind, crying as if her heart would break with joy and nervousness. But she had on a long warm, plaid shawl that I saw Mis Squire Hepner throw over her as she stepped out of the door."

"One of my sisters went home with the Hepners that night, and she said Harriet cried all the way home and was in mortal terror at the thought of meeting her father. She stopped on the doorstep a long while, and when she did finally step into the room, trembling and fairly mourning her father, who was sitting with his head between his hands before the fire, got up and walked over to her and actually kissed her forehead before them all. Then he went to bed without a word."

"But what followed was better still. Christmas day the squire took his big sled put in lots of hay and blankets and drove off like Simsbil himself to his sister's. No one ever knew what happened there, but it ended in Mis Waitely and all the children going home with the squire. And a big Christmas day they had, folks said."

"The squire declared it was an honor to know a boy who could spell like Sam. They say he had that boy spell the dictionary left through that winter and nearly hugged him when he spelled correctly the longest word in it. "The squire was the strangest man on the subject of spelling that I ever heard of. Nothing but Sam's knowing how to spell so well ever softened his heart toward his sister and her children. And nothing pleased him more than to have Sam and Harriet spell against each other for hours at a

"OXOL"

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Christmas at the White House

SUNSHINE and shadows, happiness and misery, have mingled together in the celebration of Christmas at the White House since the days of President Adams to the present.

Mrs. John Adams, the first mistress of the White House, had an unpleasant experience. Her husband had taken the oath of office in Independence hall, Philadelphia, on the 4th of March, 1797, and on the 10th of November, 1800, came to Washington, the White House being announced as ready for occupancy. But the good lady found the building anything but ready, and in a letter to a friend she said that not a single apartment was finished; no fence, no yard, no convenience whatever without, and the great unfinished audience room made a drying room of the hanging up the clothes in. Two articles we are much distressed for. One is bells, but the more important one is good. Yet you cannot see for trees. We have used about nine cord trying to dry the walls of the house. Congress poured in, but

1817, when his husband became chief executive, and along with the Christmas turkey, baked in the "Ole Virgin" style, outlandish dishes came into vogue.

Although it is a matter of history that in 1826, about a year after John Quincy Adams took the oath of office as president, congress protested against a bill for billiard tables for the White House, declaring billiard playing a species of gambling and "alarming to the religious, moral and the reflecting portion of the community." President Adams was not a spendthrift, and it was a difficult matter to get him to agree to Christmas celebrations. He believed in great simplicity, and economy controlled every action of his life, even to wearing one hat for ten years. He was notably the shabbiest dressed man that ever occupied the White House. To celebrate Christmas after the New England style was sufficient for him, and Santa Claus did not cut much of a figure during the four years of Mr. Adams' administration.

President Andrew Jackson during his two terms saw that Christmas was celebrated after the good old style of Tennessee. Mrs. Emily Donelson, whose husband was the president's secretary, assumed the duties of first lady, and she was Jackson's niece, but he called her "daughter," and she was very fond of the sad hearted man and was of great assistance to him in the turbulent administration. During the eight years the president left in the hands of "daughter" all arrangements for Christmas.

President Lincoln took a leading hand in all the holiday festivities. When he entered the White House he had three sons, but the second one, William, died in 1862. Tad, another son, died shortly after the assassination of his father. Like her husband, Mrs. Lincoln believed in giving the children all the pleasure possible, and each Christmas found a splendid Christmas tree laden with presents not only for the boys, but for the employees of the White House, regardless of color.—Washington Star.

The Only Exception.

The Suburbanite—I suppose the folks next door don't know we have a Christmas tree.

The Wife—What makes you think so?

The Suburbanite—Well, they haven't sent in to borrow it.—Brooklyn Life.

Santa and The Merkid.

The pole where Santa has his shop is now a wireless station.

And messages which reach its top arrive from all creation.

The other day one landed there that set the saint to guessing:

"The merkid wants a Teddy bear!"

Good gracious, how distressing!

For this was what made Santa blue

And roused such sad emotion—

The merkid lived a mile or two

Beneath the bounding ocean.

(A mermaid fair, a merman strong,

Whose habitat was water,

Had been merman and wife for long;

The merkid was their daughter.)

Old Santa gave a dismal groan

And muttered: "Jumpin' jimminy!

I don't believe the merman's own

A cubic foot of chimney.



SOON APPEARED UPON THE SCENE AMONG THE WAGGISH MERMANS

And yet I simply must not fail

The merkid without striving.

For just to see it wag its tail

Would pay for miles of diving!"

The reindeer would not leave their shed

And braked at ocean cruising.

"It gives us mal de mer," they said,

"Our meals we'll all be losing."

So Santa took a submarine

He'd borrowed from the Germans

And soon appeared upon the scene,

Among the waggish mermans.

But when they saw the Teddy bear

No fishlike tail was wagging

The merkid and the merman pair

Gave Santa Claus a ragging.

Their rage, alas, knew no restraint

Toward Teddy and his maker.

They set the dogfish on the saint

And called him dogfish fakin'.

—Early Hooker Eaton in Harper's Weekly.



Gleanings.

The council of empire at St. Petersburg has raised the Russian legation at Tokyo to an embassy.

A Chicago child before a police magistrate said that she had never heard of the Bible, "but we got an almanac," she added eagerly.

The Quebec legislature has refused to allow the city of Three Rivers to take land belonging to one of the cemeteries, an act that will prevent the removal of the bones of St. Didace, now lying under the Episcopal church.

All persons who have crossed from America to Europe are familiar with the Fastnet rock, the first spot of Erin that they see on the eastward voyage. Thereon has been erected a new lighthouse, which has cost the record sum of \$403,200.

The chief criminal court in Vienna sat until 4 a. m. recently in order to finish a case. One jurymen asked the judge for a certificate that the trial had lasted until that hour. "Otherwise," he said, "my wife will never believe me." The judge granted the certificate.

Industrial Items.

There are 300 paint factories in this country making over 100,000,000 gallons of paint per year, and the business demand is increasing faster than the facilities.

Australian mining men rejoice in the possession of a new diamond drill weighing only 400 pounds, while the weight of the machine now in use is three or four tons.

English trades unions will not allow a workman to carry a load of more than fourteen pounds. If his tools or the material weighs more than that, he must have a helper.

Large quantities of machinery are being ordered by Japan from Great Britain. Among the latest orders is an immense heating plant for a group of manufacturing and a complete outfit for a new sugar making industry.

First Ice Machine.

Dr. John Gorrie, a native of Charleston, S. C., was practicing medicine in Apalachicola, Fla. He was a scientific man and fond of making experiments. He conceived the idea of artificially cooling the air in the rooms occupied by fever patients by taking advantage of the absorption of heat from surrounding objects by expanding volatile gases. He was so successful as to make actual ice as early as 1845.

In 1850, in the Madison hotel, in his home town, he publicly exhibited his machine and made ice with it. He was granted the first patent for an ice making machine in the same year. The New York papers made fun of the invention, and Dr. Gorrie could not get enough money to enable him to make experiments along large lines. He died in 1855, without having seen the success of the line of work which he had begun.

Jacob Perkins, an American engineer living in England, had made some successful experiments with cooling apparatus several years before. Professor Alexander Twining, in America, and James Harrison, of Australia, as well as several French scientists, came along about the same time with experimental machines.

But the first ice factory of importance in the world was established in New Orleans in 1860, and it became the forerunner of the thousands of plants now being operated. The Australians were first to think of freezing meat to preserve it for long keeping, but the notion was adopted in the United States without a moment's delay.—Exchange.

one language. The essentials of artistic singing are purity of tone, purity of style and purity of diction. When a tone is properly placed the word need not affect it, but a great deal of harm is caused by applying the word too early and beyond this by using several languages.

"It is a question, and a serious one, whether those who teach singing understand the application of the word to the tone, and the dangers are obvious in languages where nasals and gutturals prevail. Italian is the easiest language to sing; then comes Russian, and I should put English next. All languages affect the tone unless the tone is first able to carry the weight of the language.

"A singer may study in any language, but in only one until after the tone is placed beyond any possibility of being affected by the demands of the different languages. Studying in several languages is very bad for the voice and must of necessity retard the growth more than months of serious study can overcome. Few people realize what a delicate organ the voice really is, and probably no other is more abused."

Paris Maid of All Work.

The "bonne a tout faire" is the typical servant of the middle class French household and may be said to exemplify middle class French life. The Paris maid of all work may, writes Mme. Marcotte in the London Daily Mail, indeed, be aptly described as "the best man in France today."

Nearly all French female servants start in life as "bonnes a tout faire." The position gives knowledge and experience. Some specialize later on as cooks or housemaids, according to their tastes, but owing to the usual arrangement of flat life in Paris the "bonne a tout faire" is the only indoor servant kept by most bourgeois families, even by those in well to do circumstances.

The "bonne a tout faire" can cook and do the housework as well as the marketing. She can wash, iron, sew, look after the children and accompany the "jeunes filles" of the house outdoors. She can, in a word, turn her hand to anything, and she does most things well.

If she is not always as respectful in her speech as she might be with her employers, it is owing to her republicanism of soul and tongue.

Automatic Duster Wanted.

Every woman, rich or poor, who is anywhere near normal is interested in her home, and when it is considered how many useful domestic articles have been invented by women it seems remarkable no one yet has devised an automatic duster. There is the carpet sweeper, which requires only to be pushed gently along the floor and not only sweeps, but picks up the dust. Would not a duster machine be useful in every household? It need be only a simple device, something on wheels to be propelled by light pressure, with an arm that would raise and lower itself automatically to dust articles of various heights. If it brushed the dust off everything and gathered it in a box, as the carpet sweeper does, it would be not only a boon to housewives and housemaids, but a highly sanitary device. Doubtless the invention will come soon or late. Why not soon?

Southern California yields 2,000 tons of salt per year.

Many important drainage projects are under way in the marsh land of Louisiana, which will ultimately make it a great agricultural country.

Statistics gathered recently for a report to the national conference on charities and corrections show that Nebraska has the smallest number of criminals and dependents in proportion to the population of any state in the Union.

Polly's Joke.

By PHILIP KEAN.

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Having packed everything into a suitcase that could be crowded therein, Mrs. Merriman said, "I am ready," with the air of one being led to the stake.

Her husband, watching her gloomily from the top of a trunk, said politely, "At least you will wait until the shower is over?"

"No," said his wife, with decision; "I wish to go at once."

"But"—began the gentleman on the trunk.

"At once," Mrs. Merriman reiterated, and her husband's gloom relaxed suddenly into a smile.

"Oh, Polly," he said, "you look so funny when you try to be stately."

She gasped.

"Will you kindly order my cab?"

Merriman slid down from the trunk.

"I'll do anything," he said miserably, "if you will only tell me why you are going."

But Mrs. Merriman had picked up the suitcase, the weight of which made her sag dreadfully to one side.

"Let me carry that," her husband insisted. "It's too heavy for you."

But she clung to it desperately.

"I might as well begin to bear my burdens alone," she said, "for I shall have to do it hereafter."

"Oh, piffle," said Merriman and then begged pardon, like a gentleman. "I know how you hate slang, Polly," he said. "I should not forget."

"It is rather late," his wife reminded him, "to be considerate of my feelings."

"Oh, piffle," her husband began, and then he stopped. "I'll telephone for the cab at once."

When he had gone Mrs. Merriman sat down on the suitcase and sighed. The severity died out of her countenance and was succeeded by a sweet seriousness. "Oh, dear!" she murmured.

When Merriman came up to announce the cab, however, she was standing at the window looking out.

"It is raining very hard," Merriman said. "I wish it might induce you."

She turned around with uplifted hand. "Not another moment," she said, "will I stay in this house."

Merriman crossed the room quickly.

"Polly," he demanded sternly, "what is the meaning of this. When I left for the office this morning you were

AS HE GASPED IN ASTONISHMENT POLLY OPENED HER EYES.

the same sweet wife I have always known—everything was the same. I came home tonight to find your trunks packed and you dressed and ready to leave me—forever!"

His voice broke, and for a moment Mrs. Merriman seemed to waver; then she again picked up the suitcase with determination.

"I'll write," she said, "from mothers."

And so he was forced to let her go.

He stood for some time on the front steps in the rain, watching the cab as it was swallowed up by the grays, and then he went into the empty house.

Everything seemed to speak to him of Polly, of their two happy years of married life. There was the mission furniture in the library, the fascinating bookcases with leaved glass, the books that they had read together, the motto over the fireplace on which they had looked night after night when the lamp was out and only the flames lighted the dimness of the big room. There was— But he left the library behind him and went upstairs, only to be reminded again and again of Polly as he tripped over her Turkish gold embroidered slippers on the threshold of her pink and white room and noted her frilly dressing gown hung across a chair, her cut glass bottles on the chiffonier, her ivory brushes on the dressing table.

A sudden thought came to him. Why had she left these things behind?

She had been elaborately locking the big trunk when he came in that afternoon. "I'll send for it later," she had informed him and had crushed the remaining articles into her suitcase.

Why hadn't she taken her brushes?

Why hadn't she taken her dressing gown?

Why were the slippers left?

As a dawning thought came to him his face brightened. He went over to the trunk and lifted it. It was so light that he moved it easily. Then he sat down on the floor deliberately and picked the lock and opened it. It was empty.

Still smiling, he went over to the

closet and threw the door wide open. It was full of Polly's clothes.

Evidently Polly was coming back.

With a mind at ease, he returned to the library and prepared to wait for her. With a book and a cigar and the comfort of his easy chair the time would pass quickly. But it did not pass quickly. He missed Polly awfully, and he grew very serious as he thought what it might mean if she should never come back. And in the terror of that thought he went to the telephone and called up Polly's mother.

Polly's mother, answering sleepily, said that Polly was not there, had not been there, and it was midnight. Why was he asking her? What had happened to Polly—what?

Merriman quieted her fears. Polly was out and was late getting home. But, of course, nothing had happened. And then he hit upon the receiver.

But he could not quiet his own fears. Polly had never been so late. Perhaps the cabman wasn't trustworthy. Perhaps—oh, there were so many dreadful possibilities.

He stumbled upstairs to get his street coat. He would go out into the night and look for her; he would hunt up that cabman; he—and then he stopped dead still on the threshold of the pink and white room, for there in the big chair, with her shining hair falling all about her, with the gold embroidered slippers peeping from beneath the folds of the frilly dressing gown, was Polly, fast asleep!

And pinned to the top of her chair was a placard on which in big letters was written:

"April Fool!"

As he gasped in astonishment Polly opened her eyes.

"April fool," she smiled sleepily.

"How did you get in?" he demanded as he came and stood over her.

"I had the cabman drive me for four blocks, and then he drove me back, and I slipped through the dining room window. I left it open on purpose. I had expected to run right in and confess that I was fooling, but when I came up and found the trunk open I thought I'd stay here and let you wonder a bit. And then I went to sleep, and that's all," said pretty Polly.

"Oh, Polly," her husband reproached her, "how could you—how could you joke on such a serious subject?"

"I wanted to see how you would act," Polly told him, "if you thought I was going to leave you."

"But"—His voice was very stern.

"I wanted to get even." Polly sat up and talked fast. "You remember last year, Bob. You came home and told me the bank had failed and that you had lost your money. You wanted to see if I could love you if you were poor, and then you told me it was an April fool."

Merriman looked crestfallen. "I forgot that," he said, "but—"

"And what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," said his wife serenely.

"Yes, it is," Merriman admitted manfully as he drew his wife into his arms, "but I think we'd better let such jokes alone in future, sweetheart. It hurts too much, you know."

Polly put up her lips to be kissed.

"Yes, it does," she whispered. "I came near giving in when you looked so miserable."

"Oh, Polly, how could you?" He was holding her close. And Polly, repentant and beautiful, confessed in his ear:

"It was because I was a little April fool, Bob. We are both a pair of April fools."

An Anchor to Windward.

The solemn faced man who drove the stage between Willowby and Greenfield never lost an opportunity to display his knowledge to a new passenger, nor had he ever been known to suppress his opinion on any subject, no matter what it might be. "They tell me you're the man that wrote the story that's running now in one of the big magazines. I forget which 'tis," he said one day to a cheery passenger, who had been endeavoring to ask a few questions himself.

"I believe I am," admitted the gentleman.

"I've never turned my hand to writing," said the stage driver, flicking his horses in meditative mood. "No, sir, I've been too much took up with other things, but I read everything most—I was having a little talk with Bill Sears about your yesterday. We'd both been reading your last book before this new one. Now, do you rely entirely on what you write for a living?"

"Not entirely," said the author, with due humility.

"That's what I thought when I finished the book," and the stage driver looked kindly at the man of letters.

"I'm real glad for ye that you're other means," he said benevolently. "Got 'em well invested, I expect, too. I told Bill Sears that was most likely the case."—Youth's Companion.

Only a Certain Kind.

There is a story told among the peasantry of Silesia, the former Danish province annexed after the war in 1864, of how Prince Bismarck was confounded by the tongue of a shepherd lad. Shortly after the close of the war Prince Bismarck went on an inspection tour through the provinces, as he desired to study the feelings and sentiments among the people. He talked with the peasants, getting valuable though not always agreeable information. For days he was annoyed by constantly hearing dogs called "Bismarck." Desiring to know what it meant, he called out in a gruff voice to a shepherd boy who had uttered the dreaded chancellor's name in connection with his dog:

"Are all dogs in this country named Bismarck?"

"Ach nein, mein herr," the archbishop replied as he doffed his cap; "es ist bloss die schweinhunde" ("Oh, no, sir; it is only the pig dogs").

For Temperance People

Editorial Views and Other News on the Great Prohibition Movement

Our temperance and prohibition page seems to have many interested readers judging from requests sent in to keep it going brightly. Many of our readers might like to contribute short articles to this page, and we hereby extend a cordial invitation to use our columns. The temperance sentiment is growing steadily, and is supported by all right thinking people.

A Compromise

"Twixt Optimist and Pessimist the difference is clear;
The first one thinks that life's a smile,
the other one a tear.
One thinks that life is wholly day, the
other wholly night,
And it is plain to men of sense that
neither one is right.
For me, as I regard my days and con-
template my crop
Of cares and blessings, I'm inclined to
be a Pessimist!"
—John Kendrick Bangs.

METHOD OF REFORM

The idea that certain things are wrong generally originates in the brain of two or three men. These men proclaim the things to be wrong while the world laughs and jeers. Thus are born prophets and martyrs. These individuals get a few followers who carry on the work of their leaders and try to win the people to view the evil as they themselves see it. To awaken a sleeping people it is necessary to use strong and vigorous language. Thus the fiery prophets of temperance in former days depicted in fearful terms the woes arising from drunkenness and drew tragic pictures of the homes of the drunkards. These temperance prophets were uneasy people to dwell with. They were laughed at and scorned, but, led by their great vision of temperance nations to be, they kept at their self-appointed task.

When the majority of the people finally come to see the evils with the prophet's vision, the prophet has finished his task and the days of denunciation are over. The task of turning the public sentiment into actual practice then devolves upon the practical legislator. We are now in this second stage of temperance reform. Many newspapers are surprised at the practical tone of temperance addresses and congratulate the temperance forces on their restraint. It is nothing but natural that the temperance people should now regard the question in a quiet and practical manner. They have won their great fight in winning public opinion to their side. They are now busy helping legislators enact temperance laws; and the privileges of the saloon are being curtailed in every direction preparatory to the final extinction of that unnecessary evil.

CASHING OF PAY CHECKS

The Licensed Victuallers Association of Montreal, at its recent annual meeting protested against one of the recent laws enacted by the Gouin government. This law forbids working men's pay checks being cashed by licensed saloon keepers. The plea was put forth that the law worked a hardship for the labourers inasmuch as it took away a convenient opportunity for the laborers to get cash for their checks and that the workers had to make a double trip, first to a bank and then to a saloon, to get a drink.

The protest of the association shows that this law is taking away their profits and by doing this the law is doing good. The working men have all they can do to buy what is needful for themselves and their families and any law that will turn the hard earned dollars away from the saloon is beneficial. Formerly the workers found it convenient to get their checks cashed by the saloon keepers. The worker, however, who cashed his check and would not take a drink would find in the majority of cases that the saloon keeper would refuse to act as a banker for him. One drink having been taken the worker with lots of money in his pocket, would likely take more and in many cases the saloon keepers would have the

check and the money they had paid for it in addition. When the worker now goes somewhere else to get his money the chances are he will avoid the saloon. One small law makes a great difference in whiskey profits. A few more small laws would make a still greater difference.

John Wesley on Drink

John Wesley's inflexible attitude toward the drink habit was well known. A friend of his related that on one occasion at dinner Mr. Wesley saw him take a small portion of brandy. The great divine in surprise asked the reason and was told that it was for digestion. "Ah," observed Wesley, "you take a teaspoonful now; that will soon lose its effect and then you will take two; from two you will go to a glass and then to two glasses and so on, till in the end you may become a drunkard." He pleaded with him to stop it all together, and the friend wisely heeded the plea.

A DYING EVIL

Humanity is so awake to the curse of intemperance that the evil is slowly dying. If some writer should arise and write a cynical novel upon the liquor traffic it would kill it. State after state is going dry, community after community throughout Canada is abolishing the bar-room, and even in England breweries are failing and the trade is thoroughly alarmed over the decrease in the drinking habit of the common people.

Victory is in the air for the prohibitionists and with the hope of victory, the efforts of the temperance people are becoming redoubled.

Formerly everybody used to drink and the man who could drink the longest and hardest and be the last to fall under the table in a senseless condition was regarded with respect. Now the man who shows the slightest signs of intoxication is looked down upon. Those interested in the sale of alcoholic beverages must face the situation and look out for hard times. The nations of the world have set their faces against the consumption of alcoholic beverages, and even in the Eastern Townships where signs of actual restriction in the sale of alcohol are not numerous nevertheless the habits of the people are changing and men are drinking less every day.

If you can't find the devil in a saloon it is no use looking anywhere else for him.

THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH

Seem To Be Nature's Provision For Keeping Man Healthy and Warding Off Disease.

Cereals, vegetables and meat supply the elements needed for man's nourishment. Yet fruit—though it has very little food value—has proved to be absolutely necessary for perfect health.

Careful investigation has shown that all the common fruits act on the Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and Skin. These are the organs that rid the body of dead tissue and waste products, and the fruit juices stir them up to more vigorous action, thus keeping the whole body clean and healthy.

But few people eat enough fruit. Realizing this, after several years of experimenting, a prominent Canadian physician succeeded in combining the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes in such a way that the medicinal action is many times multiplied. Then he added valuable tonics and made the combination into tablets called "Fruit-a-tives." They are really Nature's cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness and Stomach Troubles. Mild as Nature itself—be more prompt and effective. Sold by dealers at 50c. a box—6 boxes for \$2.50—trial size box 25c. Fruit-a-tive Limited, Ottawa.

It won't help your own crop any to sit on the fence and count your neighbor's weeds.

Some people are so big with pride that they can't find room to enter the narrow way.

THE SOCIABLE SALOON

Republished by Request



What Jovial Joy, what Genial Bliss
To live where Licensed Whiskey is

A CIRCUMSCRIBED TRADE

The Montreal Licensed Victuallers Association recently put forth the plaintive plea that their trade was legislated against and circumscribed in all possible ways. It hurt the feelings of the members of the association that their business was not regarded with favor by the public in general, and that they were legally put on a different footing from bakeries, dry-goods stores and other ordinary businesses.

The saloon keepers and whiskey dealers are in the business for the money that is in it. They are considered at best a necessary evil. Being an evil they must expect their powers for evil to be restricted as much as possible and they must look forward to the time when the civilized nations shall stop their business all together.

There are certain trades and professions which are looked down upon. The liquor traffic is one, the opium trade is another. Ordinary, decent men will not engage in these trades if they can possibly avoid it. Such being the case the liquor traffic and opium trade become businesses in which there is little competition and those who engage in them can make large profits if they will only stoop to the work. They get their profits but they assuredly should not whine if their business is looked down upon.

If we don't wish to trade with the devil, we should keep away from his shops.

A Mere Wine Booster

Horace the Latin poet, was nothing more than an artful press agent, who extolled for gain the surpassing advantages of the native wines according to Gagliemo Ferrero, the Italian historian.

Signor Ferrero devoted his lecture before the Lowell Institute, in Boston recently to "Wine in Roman History." "I wish I had some of Horace's wine poems here to read to you," he said. "The effect of them on the Roman people—not only the men, but also the woman—was to make them great wine drinkers, and they also induced their friends to drink."

"Practically all of the literature of that day was written to promote the wine industry."

"The Odes of Horace were not written in striving for literary merit, but for a commercial reason. Vineyards and olive orchards in his time covered practically the whole of Italy. Consequently the people were peaceful and did not want war, because war might injure these industries."

"To realize the position of Horace in his time imagine one of the great poets of Europe today writing a magnificent poem extolling the use of opium and the pleasure to be derived from that drug."

Before some preachers will throw a stone at sin they want to know who is hiding under it.

Temperance Notes

The workman must be made to see and feel that the saloon is not helping him as he imagines.

Never so much trying to settle the liquor question on non-partisan lines; never so many political conventions having trouble with it. Happy the man who can see the drift of things.

Doctors say that alcoholic drinks give no strength. On the contrary, drink builds up no muscle, but destroys its power and makes it less active for work.

There is scarcely a crime that is not directly or indirectly caused by strong drink.

It has been found by a noted doctor, that out of every hundred alcoholics attacked by pneumonia seventy die, while out of every hundred non-alcoholics so attacked only twenty-three die.

Total Abstinence Best

An old man died not long ago in New England who was esteemed as a good citizen. But he had early contracted a fondness for ardent spirits, and drank temperately and daily for the greater part of his life. He gave a little to his children as they grouped around him; and they thought what their father loved must be harmless. But with their growing years a fondness for the stimulus increased, and this aged man lived to mourn the death of half his sons and forty descendants, who went down to the grave drunkards.

It has been said tersely that "the cup

kills more than the cannon." Drink's death-roll of victims in the United States is estimated at 100,000 a year! All the wars of all the ages could hardly equal the cumulative slaughter by this monstrous vice. —Christian Herald.

Letter to the Editor

EDITOR COTTON'S WEEKLY:

In your last issue, I notice you ask for any thoughts on the temperance page. I have since been looking up the matter, and I found some things which I noted down years ago, and will transcribe them, and if you think them worthy of space in your valuable paper, you are welcome to use any one or all of them.

One of the greatest sayings of Gladstone's defines the purpose of law to be to make it as possible to do wrong, and as easy as possible to do right. This profound utterance of this, the greatest statesman of the century, is worthy to be stored in every one's memory as a proverb, an antidote to that old time sophistry: "You can't make men moral by act of Parliament."

But men are made immoral by law, as the licensing of liquor selling abundantly proves, by instigating all crimes, and degrading not only the perpetrators themselves, but lowering the standard of their families, and setting a law-granted example to the community in which they live. If you can't make men moral by legislation; then you can't make men healthy by sanitation.

Yet health laws have reduced the death rate and raised the average length of life in whole nations. We believe moral sanitation can as surely lessen vice and crime through prohibition. Law has no higher work than to make the streets and thoroughfares safe for the young and the weak. The personal liberty cry, selfishly and thoughtlessly assumes that all are mature and strong. Even if a strong man could claim the liberty to use intoxicating liquors, he certainly has no right to make it a business to promote an appetite that will inevitably produce crime, and I deny any man's right to use intoxicating beverages; for these poisons not only injure him but render him liable to injure others.

What the law aims at is not individual vice, but vice traffics, and these, not alone because they endanger the child or citizen, but because they imperil the security, yea, the very life of the state.

"NON-EX."

HARD HITS

A gossip's mouth is the devil's mailbox.

Some people would much rather pay compliments than bills.

The men of most means, are very often the meanest of most men.

Some people don't have to take music lessons to sing their own praises.

With some people personal service is not purse-an-all service.

Grumbling, like butter, does not improve with time, though it may increase much in strength.

A Saloon Catechism

What curses the unborn babe?

The saloon.

What robs the little child of clothing, food and love? The saloon.

What takes the tender youth out of school, sending him to work? The saloon.

What causes the manly boy to blush for his father? The saloon.

What takes the pictures, furniture and comforts from the home? The saloon.

What sends a mother out to scrub? The saloon.

What turns a deaf ear to the pleading wife? The saloon.

What impoverishes but never helps? The saloon.

What is the only business built up by debauchery? The saloon.

What fills the jails, reformatories and prisons? The saloon.

What constantly defies the law? The saloon.

What costs the county and city more than all other things? The saloon.

What bribes legislatures, cities and corporations? The saloon.

What ruins body, mind and soul? The saloon.

What makes a man make a fool of himself in public? The saloon.

What makes a man a demon in private? The saloon.

What would reduce our taxes and replenish pocketbooks and banks? The abolishment of the saloon.

STATISTICS IN MEDICINE

OLD REMEDIES RETAIN THEIR POPULARITY

Investigations of French Physicians Show that Large Production of Synthetic Medicines is Not Crowding Out the Old Favorites.

A late despatch from Paris says: Prof. Grimbart presented a notable paper before the Academy of Medicine on therapeutic tendencies in the last ten years. Basing his figures on medicines furnished to 219 large asylums and hospitals by the State Pharmacy, he finds that the old-fashioned medicines retain their popularity.

An expert authority on being interviewed states that the tendencies of the medical profession in Canada are along exactly the same lines. He gives the following old-fashioned vegetable mixture as the safest and best treatment for all stomach and liver troubles, constipation, disorder of the kidneys and bladder, and states that many of the leading physicians use these ingredients in some form, often by some fancy and expensive name.

Fluid Extract Cascara..... ½ oz.
Syrup Rhubarb..... 1 oz.
Carranna Compound..... 1 oz.
Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla 5 oz.

Take one teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

This acts in a pleasant way, and is free from the bad effects of strong purgatives and synthetics. We advise all our readers to cut this valuable formula out and use it. Any druggist can supply these ingredients at a small expense. You can mix them at home if you prefer.

THE Brome County Asbestos COMPANY, Limited

Public notice is hereby given that under the first part of chapter 79 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, and known as "The Companies Act," letters patent have been issued under the seal of the Secretary of State of Canada bearing date the 17th day of September, 1908, incorporating Frederick A. Olmstead, Merchant, of the Village of Sutton, in the Province of Quebec; Charles A. Nutting, Advocate, of the Town of Waterloo, in the said Province; Herbert H. Williams, Mining Engineer, of the Township of Broughton, in the said Province; Albert C. Lytle, Railway Manager, of the Village of Eastman, in the said Province; and William Johnson, Broker, of the City of Montreal, in the said Province, for the following purposes:

(a) To carry on a mining industry in all its details.
(b) To explore, develop, work, improve and maintain gold, silver, copper, chrome, iron and asbestos mines.
(c) To acquire, buy, possess and dispose of all mines and all property necessary for the working of their business.

(d) To convert minerals into commercial products using for this purpose steam, water, electric or other motive power.

(e) To sell the products of the mines in the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere.

(f) To further acquire all movable and immovable property and timber limits.

(g) To build boarding and other houses.

(h) To acquire, construct, operate and dispose of mills.

(i) To buy and sell goods, wares and merchandise.

(j) To construct and operate railway lines for the purposes of their business on lands owned or controlled by the company.

(k) To acquire chrome and asbestos lands, mines, claims, mining rights, rights of way and other rights and properties and to pay for the same either in money or in full paid up shares or debentures or bonds of the company or partly in money and partly in such shares, debentures or bonds, and to sell, lease or otherwise dispose of the same or any of them.

The operations of the said company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere by the name of "THE BROME COUNTY ASBESTOS DEVELOPMENT COMPANY (LIMITED)," with a capital of two hundred thousand dollars divided into two thousand shares of one hundred dollars each.

The chief place of business of the said company shall be at the Village of Eastman, County of Brome, in the province of Quebec.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State the seventeenth day of September, Nineteen Hundred and eight.

R. W. SCOTT,
Secretary of State.

OGHTRED & PHELAN,
Attorneys for "The Brome County Asbestos Development Company (Ltd)."
Nov. 26-11



M. B. JUDSON
Undertaker and Embalmer

Personal attention. Prices moderate. Calls attended Day or Night

MAIN STREET COWANSVILLE
PHONE NO. 47

COTTON'S WEEKLY

FORMERLY
"THE OBSERVER"

Is published every THURSDAY at Cowansville, P. Q., for the broad field of Canada in general and the Eastern Townships in particular.

OUR PLATFORM—THIS PUBLICATION IS DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE PLAIN PEOPLE OF CANADA. WE BELIEVE IN AN INDUSTRIAL AND POLITICAL DEMOCRACY, BASED UPON A SOUND AND WIDE ELECTORATE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS—The regular rate for subscriptions in Canada and the United Kingdom is \$1.00 per year. Two subscriptions for \$1.80, providing one is new. Single subscriptions to the United States, \$1.50. One Canadian and one new U. S. subscription \$1.50.

DISCONTINUANCES—If you wish Cotton's Weekly stopped, an explicit notice must be sent us, otherwise it will be continued. All arrears must be paid.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS—Subscribers must give old as well as new address. If you do not get your paper promptly notify us. We will supply missing numbers free if requested in time.

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ERRORS—We make them sometimes. If you have cause for complaint try to write us patiently. We will do our part. Give us credit for the intention to deal fairly.

Guaranteed circulation, 2,000

This issue, 2,250

WM. U. COTTON, EDITOR AND PROP.

H. A. WEBB, BUSINESS MANAGER

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1908

HINTS WITH A JOKER

Christmas is likely to be made a trying time by some folks. Some attempt to do too much, and others are not forehanded. We give here a few hints which may help to make Christmas 1908 a little easier for you. When you come to the last hint, please imagine that we are looking at you steadily with the right eye, while the left is closed. That is our little joker; but if our hints have not helped you, don't take the joker hint.

1—Let the children, and make father help. Your children will know what your brother's children want.

2—Make a list of all the folks to be remembered. Do it now. Divide the list among the members of the family, and let the ones whose judgment you doubt report plans before making purchases.

3—If you have a tree, make a lark instead of labor of decorating. Let all the adults help, and neighbors who have no children.

4—A gift is supposed to represent your wealth of affection, not your bank balance.

5—You will give more pleasure with a thoughtful gift than with an expensive one.

6—Getting a big show for the money may do for some wedding, but never for any Christmas.

7—If the panic or any other upset has made it impossible for you to give as usual, write letters instead. Your friends will like you better, sure.

8—Don't leave letters and cards till the last moment. Write them at your convenience and hold them till the proper time.

9—Mail everything to reach your friends before Christmas, and mark the packages "Open Christmas." Late guests and late Christmas packages are of a class.

10—Do your shopping early; and avoid the crowd; you help the merchant and salespeople, and get a larger selection.

11—Wrap your gifts carefully and daintily. They give so much more pleasure than a sloppy package, evidently rushed as if you begrudged the time.

12—Remember the people who have served you.

13—Any poor near you?

14—And here is the joker: Remember that a year's subscription to COTTON'S WEEKLY makes a splendid Christmas remembrance. Old subscribers can renew their subscriptions and send it to a friend absolutely free.

A SEA VOYAGE

Miss Muir Writes Interestingly of the Trip to Barbadoes

The Danish West Indies

On board S. S. Gilman,

November 17th, 1908. Nearly five days out from New York. For two days the thermometer has been at 80. The sea is quite calm and the ship steaming ahead at the rate of 300 miles a day; nothing to break the monotony except an occasional shoal of flying fish that look like a bunch of animated cigarettes. "Land ahead." What a joyful sound. We all rush forward and there on the horizon is the faint outline of a large mountain. It is St. Thomas about 50 miles away.

How delightful to see the beautiful green as we draw nearer and once more see the blessed land. Passing the end of the island and sailing near to the bold rocks on the shore, we approach the harbour of Charlotte Amelia. The anchor is dropped, the landing ladder lowered and we wait anxiously for some one to come from shore. Soon the ship is surrounded with small boats, two of them filled with boys nearly naked. How brown their bodies are. "This side Mistress," "Over here sir," they shout and as cents and dimes are thrown into the air they dive and bring them up. The purser stands out on the landing stage with a large envelope in his hand. Bill of health is the inscription on it. The doctor is by his side and we all wait for that important person the health officer. Ah! here he comes in a row boat with the Danish flag at the bow. He is a man with a fierce mustache, who keenly examines the six passengers who are to land, making them answer to their names on his list. As there is no cargo for St. Thomas we are soon off again.

St. Thomas is a long high island, 1,413 miles from New York. The capital, Charlotte Amelia, is built upon and between three rounded hills nestled in the centre of a semi-circle. The red roofs of the houses of the homes look pretty among the gardens. There is a French man of war in the harbour and a few small crafts. In 1867 a great tidal wave came up just where we are, lifting the ships like toys, carried them far on shore, rushing over the town in a devastating flood.

We watch the receding shore as long as possible, then look south where soon we see the outline of St. Croix, 39 miles distant. It is quite dark when we enter the harbour of Fredericksstad and the electric lights gleam very prettily. The anchor is lowered and everything made ready for landing. As there are 1200 packages for here, we will not leave until 5 p.m. the next day. So no one goes ashore and we all wait until morning.

What a lovely sight greets us as we come on deck in the early morning. The deep shade of the olive green, made by a tree something like our elm, is quite strange and beautiful; the fields of sugar cane are a vivid emerald green and how strangely the tall palms stand up against the sky in places. In the hatches all is bustle. The workers are black men and the lighters are only scows; they line the sides of the ships and it is very interesting to watch the winches and cranes at work and see the goods taken from the hold and lowered over the side into the lighters. As one is full it is towed ashore by a row boat.

It is a novel experience, going down the long landing ladder at the side of the ship and going ashore in a small boat; fortunately the sea is calm. How delightful to be on land again and how curious and interesting the houses and the people are. Every one speaks English, and the colored people as we pass greet us with a pleasant "good morning." As this steamship line is the only one coming into St. Croix, there is quite an interest taken in strangers.

St. Croix or Santa Cruz is 19 miles long and is very fertile, not so rocky as St. Thomas, and it has rich sugar estates. Denmark very wisely has reduced the number of highly paid officials and keeps only thirty-five soldiers at the fort, so the islands are able to meet their own expenses. Across the island, fifteen miles away along a good road lined with coconut and cabbage palms, is Christianstad the capital of the Danish West Indies. A large schooner has been loading at the aft hatch for this place and now four sails are hoisted and she sails away. All the cargo is discharged, the anchor weighed and we are off once more. We pass through a shoal of porpoises. Soon the scene disappears behind a bank of clouds and now we are having one of those wonderful sunsets at sea. For some time the great Divine Artist paints for us the most beautiful pictures. On one side cool shades of pearl grey and blue, white clouds banked up at the south, the glory is in the west and north. Suddenly as if done with a broad brush a band of cerise, such a strange shade in sunsets, appears over a shaded grey cloud. To the south it dark and soon night begins to draw down the curtains.

Balloons and mountain-climbers have long known that the temperature of the air falls as the altitude increases. It has recently been discovered that this decrease in temperature has its limits. "Sounding" balloons, freighted with automatic recording instruments, have been sent to heights far exceeding those which any balloonist can hope to reach. The records obtained show that at a height of about eight miles the thermometer ceases to fall, and may even rise.

SHEAR WIT

Amusing Stories to While Away the Lighter Moments

"Speakin' of de law of compensation," said Uncle Eben, "an automobile goes faster dan a mule, but at de same time it hits harder and balks longer."

A coal company in the Hocking valley, Ohio, employs both men and mules. One mule costs \$200 and, in point of work equals six men. The company has this order standing on its books:

"When the roof gets weak, take out the mules."

Miss Bridge Fiend—You ought to be able to write fine comedies, Mr. Post.

Young Author—You flatter me, Miss Beatrix. Why ought I to?

Miss Bridge Fiend—Because you make such amusing plays.

"Really," said the stylish lady, enthusiastically, to her friend, "it is quite worth while going to the Zoo, if only to see the wonderful display of rhododendrons." "Is it?" replied her friend, languidly; "I like to look at the great big clumsy beasts, too, but it always smells so unpleasantly around the cages."

It Was Strange

The other day an ingenious-looking person called with the message to the housewife that her husband had sent him for his dress suit, which was to be pressed and redone by the tailor, says the Chicago News.

"Dear me," said the housewife, "he said nothing to me about it. Did he look quite well?"

"Yes, mum; he was in good health and spirits."

"And he seemed quite as if he knew what he was about?"

"He did that, mum."

"And did he look as if he were quite content with things about him?"

"He was all that, mum."

"Well," said the lady, "it seems strange that he should only think of that dress suit now, because it's ten years since he's dead and buried, and I've often wondered how he's been getting on."

Christmas Goods

AT XMAS PRICES

WE are now prepared to give you Lots of Xmas Goods at Xmas Prices. Come and see for yourself.

A nice Mixed Candy, 3 1-2 lbs for 25c

Nice Fresh Dates, 3 lbs for 25c

Nice Fresh Figs 15c a lb

Valencia Oranges 20c per doz.

California Naval Oranges 30c per dozen.

Lemons 20c a dozen

Nice fresh Canned Goods: Tomatoes, Peas, Corn, Pears, Peaches, Blueberries.

Catsup, Pickles, Mixed Peels, Nuts, etc.

Fancy Vests and New Ties

Don't forget that we have some fine New Fancy Vests, some dandies, and lots of nice New Ties.

See our nice new line of Xmas Ties. A very large line to choose from at 19c to 50c

5c, 10c, 15c and 25c Counters

A splendid assortment of 5c, 10c, 15c and 25c goods laid out on tables which are very easy to choose from. And there are some good bargains. Come early and you will get the best choice.

Now is the time to get a New Suit. Not wait till the last minute when you will not be able to get as good a fit as now when you have plenty of time to choose.

Lots of Water Sets Glass Table Sets
Cracker Jars Tie Cases
Collar Cases Cuff Boxes Albums
Post Card Albums Booklets
Several kinds of Mechanical Toys

REMEMBER THE PLACE AND COME DIRECT TO

H. H. MINER'S
DUNHAM

"My grandfather was a captain of industry."
"Well?"
"He left no sword, but we still treasure the stubs of his check-books."

Cedar Shingles

High Grade 16 Inch N. B. Cedar Shingles

We have the largest and best equipped Shingle Mill in the Province, with a yearly capacity of ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS, and are always in a position to ship promptly all orders entrusted to us.

We also make a specialty of Planed and Matched SPRUCE LUMBER.

The best of Raw Material, combined with careful attention to details of manufacture and milling, ensure perfect satisfaction to our customers. Address

The Metis Lumber Co.
PRICE, RIMOUSKI CO., P. Q.

Province of Quebec Superior Court
District of Bedford No. 8061

Thomas W. Page, of the Township of Bolton, West Part, in the district of Bedford, farmer, PLAINTIFF

Vs. W. S. Ball, of the City of Regina, in the Province of Saskatchewan, Canada, DEFENDANT

The Defendant is ordered to appear within one month.
J. E. FAY LEONARD & NOYES
Attorneys for Plaintiff P. S. C.
Saskatoon, Dec. 15th, 1908. 17-21

Eastern Townships Bank.

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND NO. 104

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of eight per cent. per annum upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st December, 1908, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after the first day of January next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 31st Dec. both days inclusive.
By order of the Board,
J. MACKINNON,
General Manager.
Sherbrooke, 30th Nov. 1908.

SNOW

TENDERS are invited for removing Snow from sidewalks during winter months of year 1909 and 1910 in Corporation Village of Cowansville.

W. H. MACFARLANE
Secretary-Treasurer
Cowansville, Dec. 4, 1908—10-21

THE HUB

The Bargain Centre of Missisquoi and Brome

=====



Buy Useful Serviceable Gifts

=====

WE ARE

Ready for Xmas Shoppers

With a good assortment of useful, serviceable Articles suitable for gifts. Visit our Fur Department where you will find a good supply of warm Fur Coats and Jackets, and a nice assortment of Small Furs. Remember you have a stock of over \$3,000.00 to select from.

WE HAVE REASSORTED our general Dry Goods Stock and strengthened up on all lines for Xmas selling. Dress Goods make very acceptable Gifts and this line is in very good condition.

Neckwear, Belts, Fancy Combs, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Boots and Shoes, Over-shoes, Rubbers, Skating Boots and Moccasins are some of the lines we sell for gifts. We have also reassorted our Handkerchiefs in both Men's and Women's.

We have not neglected the SLIPPERS for Men and Women. We are showing a nice line of Men's Dressing Gowns at extremely moderate prices, \$5.75 each, and they are really very pretty.

We have just received for Xmas selling, a nice assortment of Men's Ties, Wraps, Mufflers, Sweaters, Sweater Coats.

Millinery Millinery

Kindly bring in your orders for Xmas now. Good assortments await your inspection.

GROCERIES

Twenty lbs. Granulated Sugar \$1. 3 lbs. extra good choice Raisins for 25c. 3 1/2 lbs No. 2 Raisins for 25c. Good Cream Tartar 30c per lb. 2 packages Gold Bar Seeded Raisins for 25c. Salt Salmon, Salt Lake Trout and Codfish.

We have stocked up our Grocery Department for the Xmas trade and you will find the quality of our goods all that can be desired. We do our best to have Butter and Eggs on hand at all times and fresh. Try our Grocery Department.

Wanted

Maple Sugar in any sized cakes up to 7c per lb.
Fresh Eggs, strictly New Laid, at 30c per dozen.
Fresh Dairy Butter at 26c a lb.
Potatoes at 65c per 60 lbs.
Washed Wool 15c per lb., unwashed 1-3 less.
Beans at \$1.50 per 60 lbs.
Hard Block Wood at \$2.00

The Hub, Cowansville

The Eternal Question

WHAT SHALL I?
GIVE FOR XMAS?

Every Article in Our Store is an Answer

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RACON

A few years were describing the New England type of the Englishman, and under England atmosphere influence the eye and the cheek elevated.

This satisfied while. They about and they ed queer enough. Now, another forth. It is some a melting which the Asian races will become will not produce of the earth. fusion of the inherent obliterated will reappear.

This theory it and will Americans. In the are said to have of a man, who seventy thousand all fours. We dict how some combine this last and strange consumption of credulous Americans.

ON

Those who learn to serve men. When individuals cease services to man persons of that come a dead workers of the

Our present the theory that al is the good individual should amount of latitude good. This idea free play because together to promote at the expense of The groups own interests do their organization the public. The corporation and who has not ations and has tise. This is do preventing ignorance the public and Yet it is the com and the States t is detrimental the public and the extent is right in

UNDER T

F.

Those who at searching power it is thrown fro in the rear of the who perform on more beautiful a under the benign cum lamp. Or what cruelty the nifies the facial beautiful girl, every wrinkle at cheap performance cheaper; but it seem an artist magic influence concentration of Though, of course thinking objects a slate or the bo son are impervious power of the spo here in a broad qualities and cha ever at its m There is some nature and use capable of an ap We are all actor the stage of life good, and some void of those in make for success Very few stop