

# The Observer

VOL. XXXVIII

COWANSVILLE, P. Q., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1908

No. 6

## BROME NOMINATION

Brome nomination passed off more or less peacefully considering all the circumstances. The largest crowd for ever gathered at Knowlton to hear the speakers. There were three candidates nominated Mr. Fisher was chosen by the Liberals; Mr. Olmstead by the Conservatives and myself was chosen by twenty-five electors of Brome County. After the usual formalities, Mr. Fisher arose and spoke in his usual style and declared that the Liberals had fought for the principles of 1896 and that under the Liberal régime, Canada had been marvellously prosperous. After Mr. Fisher's speech, Mr. Olmstead spoke for half-an-hour about the development of corruption, waste and extravagance under the Liberal régime. The third speaker was myself and we had a hard time of it as the subjects we were to discuss were very unpopular with the Fisheries Liberals. We repeated on the stand what The Observer readers have heard us discuss in The Observer. Mr. Fisher had not fought for the interests of the farmer; Mr. Fisher had not stood by the temperance cause; Mr. Fisher was prepared to let every other interest that would have money from the government, but the farmer was to have none. We dwelt on the question of tuberculosis in cattle and stated that nothing could be done to improve conditions for the farmers until Mr. Fisher was defeated. We dwelt upon the election corruption of Brome County, a subject all Brome electors are familiar with. Mr. Fisher, in reply, stated that we had insulted Brome, and should apologize. Brome County, to his knowledge was not corrupt.

Mr. Fisher in making this statement lost many supporters. The people of Brome County know that their County is corrupt. They know that their County has been corrupted for the purpose of electing Mr. Fisher and they are positive in their own minds that Mr. Fisher knows it to be corrupt. When therefore, Mr. Fisher stated that Brome County was not corrupt, his own followers were disgusted. His own followers do not mind receiving money for election purposes, but like all men of the hills, his followers like frank and open men. They hate a hypocrite and they became convinced in their own minds that they had caught their leader, whom they respected, in a disgusting exhibition of hypocrisy. After the meeting some of Mr. Fisher's strongest supporters came to us and told us that they were going to vote for us. Mr. Fisher's denial of Brome corruption had turned their votes against him.

## ANTI-MILITARISM IN JAPAN

We learn from the Avenir du Tonkin, a paper of considerable circulation in the French Asiatic possessions, says the Literary Digest of New York, whose editor follows the course of events in the Far East with a great deal of attention, that the Japanese Army is honeycombed with discontent, and the nation at large is sick of the crushing load of militarism. The rank and file think their services in Manchuria and more recently in Korea have earned them furloughs for life. Says the editor of the Tonkin paper:

"It is very significant to notice that in two Japanese regiments at least the men are deserting in squads and at frequent intervals. If well-informed Japanese are to be believed in their reports regarding the soldiers of the Sixty-second Regiment who recently fled from their quarters, it was bad treatment that drove the men to this extremity. And if the army is inclined to complain of the burden of military service, much more do the people utter energetic protests against the new taxes to meet the expenses of the last war. Their complaints are every day more emphatic. Crushing taxation, dwindling commerce, paralyzed industries, and an exorbitant budget form the burden of their lamentation. Such are the charges and recriminations which fill the newspapers from day to day."

According to the Tokyo Keio Gijika, the organ of social reform, "artisans are the kings of Japan." This newspaper observes:

"In every country the future heroes

will be the artisans. The spirit of the times demands this. In former times they used to talk of great generals, great diplomats. That era is passed. Today it is intelligence that governs the world."

The spokesman of the party in Japan which demands that civil and industrial activities be developed and militarism kept in check is Mr. Nakano, president of the Chamber of Commerce at Tokyo. Complaining of the increased load of taxation which is overwhelming the nation, he says that "while the people ought to be relieved from 30,000,000 or 40,000,000 yen of taxation, what is being done? The sum is being increased and new duties invented."

There is the same tone of angry protest and complaint in the utterances of the Migako (Tokyo) and the Nihon of the same city. The latter compares Japan to the frog of the fable. Japan is so inflating herself with militarism that she is doomed to burst. Mr. Ebara Soroku, a well-known Japanese publicist, in a speech before the Chamber of Commerce, exclaims:

"An enormous debt, an alarming budget, new taxes, but no sign of any serious efforts to increase the resources of the country! On the other hand, thousands of workmen are employed in the barracks; the same number in the naval shipyards. Each day sees the laying down of a new ship-of-war. The consequence is we have no schools to take in scholars, and no ports appropriated to trade. Of course in time of war we are a first-class Power; but in time of peace we are no such thing."

Commenting on these expressions of what it terms "the Japanese anti-militaristic crisis" the Tour du Monde, à Paris weekly of interest and intelligence, remarks:

"The Empire of the Rising Sun has been anxious to taste of glory. Japan now begins to realize how much that fickle and capricious goddess costs if she is to be retained as a follower of the colors. Perhaps this new experience will teach the subjects of the Mikado to show themselves less arrogant, less exasperating, and to abstain from preaching rebellion to neighboring peoples whose ruin they are meditating under the pretense of accomplishing their emancipation."

## A Great Blessing

"It would be the greatest blessing in life that could be conferred upon our institutions, if in every one of the two hundred and fifteen constituencies of Canada there were a hundred men who did not care a button about party, and voted as they thought was right and proper in the interests of the country. Some of these in public life would get hurt, and it would not always work right for the machine, but it would influence those high in the councils of the nation to pursue a course that would command the respect of the best and truest elements in the country."—Hon. J. W. Longley, attorney-general of Nova Scotia.

## Adopted Resolution

The Ontario Municipal Association, at its meeting in Toronto last month, adopted the following resolution:

"That the Ontario Legislature be requested to amend the Liquor License Act, making it contrary to said Act for the holder of a shop license in one municipality to establish an agency in or have an agent in another municipality canvass for or receive orders for intoxicating liquors."

Albert V. Grayson, the Socialist member of the house of commons from Yorkshire, who created a scene in the house by denouncing the members for not succoring the starving thousands on the streets of London, after which he was obliged to leave the house amid the cries of disapproval of his colleagues, has been suspended for the rest of the session.

Dan McGillicuddy of Calgary, editor of the Calgary News, has been bound to appear for trial at the supreme court Nov. 3rd, in the charge for criminal libel brought against him by Editor Edwards of the Eye Opener. The printer testified that the incriminating manuscript was in his hand writing.

## THE CLASS CONSCIOUS FARMER

The farmers of the Dominion of Canada will not secure legislation in their own interest until they become conscious of their own interest as distinct from those of the manufacturer. When in Brome County recently, an elector informed us that the overruling powers never created a Liberal good enough for him to vote for. This farmer was a Conservative and had always voted the Conservative ticket. There are other farmers, just as blind to their own economic interests, who have voted the Liberal ticket. With the farmers thus divided into two hostile bodies, it is an easy thing for the Manufacturers' Association to swing their influence to one side or the other and by so doing to obtain all the political plums in return for its political support.

The Liberal government was elected for free trade. It has not reduced protective duties. According to the 1901 census, there were 14,650 factories representing an investment of \$477,000,000 while at the same time there were 477,833 farms with an investment of \$1,787,000,000. It seems strange that manufacturers with a quarter of the interests of the farmers should get everything and the farmers should get little. It simply means that the farmers are divided against themselves while the manufacturers work together against the farmers to the detriment of the farming community.

## SOME OF THE PLUMS

The farmers are told to be patriotic and support home industry. Many farmers follow this advice and think that they are patriotic when they pay great sums for their plows, their clothing and other manufactured necessities of this twentieth century. The manufacturers, on the other hand, see to it that they themselves do not support home industries. Plows are protected to the extent of twenty per cent. The farmers if they desire to get pig iron must pay duty. The manufacturers, however, do not have to pay duty on pig iron. They can get their pig iron duty free from the United States. The pig iron manufacturers do not object to this state of affairs, because they can put their hand directly into the public treasury and pull out millions of money in the shape of bounties. The Hamilton Steel & Iron Company receive government bounties to the extent of fourteen per cent. on its capital investment. During the first few years, the four Ontario iron works (Deseronto, Algoma, Midland and Hamilton) received bounties to the extent of \$1,347,139.31, or over seventy-five per cent of their total wage bill.

The farmers must learn to combine and get a Minister of Agriculture strong enough to fight for their interests whether under a Liberal or Conservative régime.

## A MAN WITHOUT INFLUENCE

Mr. Fisher is a man without influence. In the Cabinet he is presumed to represent the farming interests of Canada. At Ottawa, however, his word has little weight. He has not had the force of character to carry out any reforms to amount to anything with regard to farming interests. The cheese and butter sellers have long desired an official weigher in Montreal. Mr. Fisher has not been able to accommodate them. The farmers have wanted some compensation for diseased cattle. Mr. Fisher has not been able to give it to them. If he ever made the demand to colleagues for money for this proposition, they have evidently turned him down 'plump' and he has taken the rebuff meekly. The manufacturers' association, the railroads, the steel industry, can go to Ottawa and get what they want. The Minister of Agriculture is put away in a corner as it were, and given a few dollars to play with just to keep him happy. The farmers of Brome County may like Mr. Fisher personally, but they are coming to see that a weak man like Mr. Fisher cannot protect their interests as they should be protected. Mr. Fisher is likely to lose his seat in Parliament from Brome County.

## PROHIBITION SET BACK

Ambassador Bryce recently declared that democracies need leaders. When a country is ruled by the representative system, the people choose certain leaders to carry out certain reforms. A well defined public opinion is slow in forming and it requires tremendous energy to crystallize a reform movement into the election of a member of parliament against the self interest of capitalized iniquity. If a member of Parliament thus elected turns traitor, and refused to live up to his election promises in the House of Commons, the movement suffers a serious set back. This is what has occurred in Brome County. Mr. Fisher was elected in 1896 upon his distinct promise to carry forward the temperance movement in the House of Commons. He has failed to carry out his promises in this direction and the prohibitory movement in Brome County has been set back a dozen years.

If Mr. Fisher is defeated in Brome County, an event we sincerely desire, he can blame nobody but himself for weakness he has shown on the temperance question.

## DANGER IN POWER OF MONEY

James Bryce, Ambassador from Great Britain, lectured at Yale Saturday on "Self interest as a hindrance to good citizenship."

"Eighty years ago," he said, "political philosophers thought that government was best which governed least. This doctrine was deserted in practice long before it was abandoned. The change took place simultaneously in England and America, and we both adapt our theory to our practice now. The state has many functions to discharge, and it ought to interfere with the private citizen in many ways. The more a government puts its finger on the man's interest the more ground it gives him for taking part in government for private interests."

"There's never was a time when politics were not tainted by selfish interests. Private interests still continue to prey on the people in general. They take the form of bribery, taxation, public works, expenses, franchises, the employment of labor by municipalities, and office holding. These public functions are at times managed for private interest, and each time to the detriment and danger of free government."

"The small and wealthy class who have private interests are active and influential, and their interests are usually paramount. Numerically the class is insignificant, but its methods are usually secret and endanger the stability of the State. The power of money is the root of all evil in government and is the real danger to democracy. The damage done by it is more than that done by apathy and indifference."

"The class who push their private interests to the front might be called the note-setting class. It is by this class that the tone for living is set throughout the country, and any evil influence by the class contaminates the stream at its source."

"It is highly creditable that the standard of public virtue is so high and that it is steadily rising. Once the standard is lowered it is hard to raise it again. Some great cause may stir men's hearts and they give their best and most disinterested service to their country for a time, but they fall back and allow selfish interests to control their actions. Publicity is a valuable engine to root out self-interest and install in its stead public interest, but prevention is better than cure, and there should be legislation and administration which will prevent men from getting rich through public life."

"The wars of the world have been of four kinds: between races; over religious subjects; for political power; and between classes to obtain power. The first three have passed or are passing away forever, and the wars of the future will be those over material possessions. Between the rich and the poor, revolutions of the poor at times have been justified."

"The condition of moderate fortunes is an ideal one, for it means that the selfish interests of the two classes will not sway large classes from the public interest. Nothing is to be more desired than that party lines should not

coincide with economic lines, and that as large a share and number of persons as possible should be willing and able to put aside selfish-interests for public good."

"The prospects in America for a solution of its great economic questions without revolution or bloodshed are on the whole encouraging."—New York Times.

## GEORGE E. FORD

Mr. Ford is deeply grateful for the reception he received at Bedford from the electors of Missisquoi County. The electors themselves were surprised at the way Mr. Ford could handle public questions. Both Mr. Ford and the electors were surprised and pleased at the general sympathy which existed between them.

Mr. Ford found the Conservatives gentlemen in every respect. He is sorry to say that the found the Liberal speakers otherwise.

Mr. Ford came out squarely for prohibition of the liquor traffic. He came out squarely in favor of reduced tariffs and he came out squarely for the principle that working men and farmers should send one of their own class to Parliament. Mr. Ford is bound in the future to go to Ottawa as a representative of Missisquoi County.

There are many men who are going to vote for Mr. Ford this time. The farmers, however, as yet are willing to be led by professional politicians. Mr. Ford means to awaken his own class to its own interests and when he does this the professional politician will have to go.

## ELECTION FORECASTS

The Liberal newspapers are making the statement that Laurier will be returned with a majority of forty-four seats. The Conservative journals are predicting a victory for their party and fifteen majority. Elections are worse than a horse race for uncertainty of results and we are making no predictions. The country is certainly disgusted with the present crowd at Ottawa and it will be only by the expenditure of immense sums that the Liberal government will be returned to power.

The Liberals are relying upon three seats in the district of Bedford. They will do well if they get one. Sentiment has changed in the district of Bedford. Dan Meigs, Esq., has a hard fight in Missisquoi. The country wants young men in its House of Parliament.

## Debt Rolling Up

The statement of revenue and expenditure for September and the first six months of the current fiscal year, is one of the most depressing documents issued by the finance department for some months. For the month alone the revenue showed a decrease of \$1,095,352, and expenditure, an increase of \$1,475,200. For the half year revenue decreased ten millions while expenditure increased \$4,000,000, plus four millions more on capital account. The debt increased in a month by \$4,354,314.

W. H. Shaw, Foster's opponent in North Toronto, is hinting that Foster has been corrupt, but dares make no open statement. The Liberals are endeavoring to run a campaign of slander, but have no materials to back them up in their charges.

A Sweetsburg lawyer at Bedford called farmer Ford an animal with long ears. Farmer Ford replied that he might have long ears, but he could not brag. The crowd agreed with Mr. Ford.

Laurier likes to spend money and cannot abide criticism on the methods of his spending. As if the country's money he is spending, the country has a perfect right to criticize.

THE OBSERVER and the Home Journal Canada's Leading Home Magazine, at \$1.25 per year. The Home Journal is a finely printed magazine, and after Dec. 1st will be worth \$1.00 per year. Get it while it is cheap.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS

Free trade will benefit the farmer. Mr. Fisher votes protection.

It took us four days to get our twenty-five names, but we got them.

Colchester tomatoes do not smell as sweet as they once did to the Ottawa Liberals.

Mr. Fisher is a man who has not the courage to go down to defeat for the sake of principle.

We believe in government by the plain people. Mr. Fisher believes in government by the Manufacturers.

We believe in purity in elections. Mr. Fisher believes in talking purity and allowing his elections to be run corruptly.

We believe in prohibition of the liquor traffic. Mr. Fisher believes in talking about prohibition but he does not believe in fighting for it.

Mr. Fisher at Knowlton declared that Brome County was not electorally corrupt. We said it was. Who was lying?

The Conservatives of Brome County are running an absolute clean election. This is more than can be said of the Liberals.

Pugsley refuses to hold joint meetings with his opponent Fleming. If Pugsley were not guilty he would not refuse to attend a joint debate.

Many Missisquoi electors were surprised at Mr. Ford's grasp of public questions. We flatter ourselves that we were the first to discover him.

Fifteen thousand Chicago children go to school hungry. The Roosevelt prosperity has been beneficial principally to the trusts.

R. L. Borden says that millions have been wasted. When Laurier hears this he replies: "Don't bother me with such trifles."

Mr. Geo. E. Ford made quite a speech at Bedford on nomination day. He may not get in this time but the people will hear from him four years from now.

Fowler and Carvell at Sussex, N. B., have been holding joint meetings. Both sides charged each other with grafting and the meeting broke up in disorder.

It is the general impression that Mr. Fisher will not be elected if the corruption funds do not get in their work. It is our opinion that Mr. Fisher will be defeated. The time comes when men refuse to be bought.

The farmers would like to have some assistance in stamping out tuberculosis from their herds. Mr. Fisher will not give them this assistance. Will the farmers of Brome crawl like whipped dogs and give Mr. Fisher their votes?

We believe that the farmers should have more than half a million dollars spent on them, particularly when the expenditure amounts to over a hundred million dollars. Mr. Fisher believes in letting the farmers have little money and lots of promises.

Mr. Fisher's elections have been corrupt. Mr. Fisher claims he knows nothing of the corruption. Mr. Fisher either willfully prevaricates or else believes what he says. If the latter is the case, Mr. Fisher is too simple a man to send to Ottawa to look after the interest of the farmer.

CLASS DIVISIONS

The fact of class divisions in America has in recent years become too obvious to be seriously questioned. On the one hand we see a comparatively small number of men and women of fabulous wealth, whose riotous luxury exceeds anything of which history bears any record, and, on the other hand, the great mass of the wealth producers, the wage earners, forced to live close to the margin of bare existence. Against the colossal and unimaginable fortunes of our multimillionaires of the type represented by Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie, we have the spectacle of the most appalling poverty. Even in the heyday of our so-called prosperity we have the bitter cry of "ten millions in poverty," with all that is implied in that cry—the hunger of babes, the heavy burdens born by wearied mothers, the grinding of child lives into profits, the hopeless despair of unemployed men, the tragic misery of the aged and toil-worn outcasts of industrial society. Moreover, these class divisions tend to become hereditarily fixed as firmly as the hereditary castes of the old world are fixed. By the very magnitude of the vast fortunes which its members must bequeath to their sons, the ruling class class tends to become hereditarily fixed. Likewise the vastness of these fortunes removes their possessors so far from the most-favored members of the working class as law and custom keep the monarchs of the old world and their subjects from each other. The chances of a worker entering the ruling class are rapidly becoming just as small and negligible under our new plutocracy as in any of the European monarchies.

ONE DOLLAR IS ENOUGH

If price is considered, there has been less improvement in the sleeping car service than in any other branch of railroading.

The Philadelphia Saturday Post calls attention to the fact that the annual meeting of the St. Paul railroad throws light upon the subject of Pullman profits.

The new government system of book-keeping reveals the following items: Sleeping car earnings, \$532,040; Sleeping car expenses, 170,353.

The capital of the Pullman company is \$100,000,000, of which at least \$44,000,000 consists of "extra stock dividends," representing no new investment of money by stockholders.

The net earnings of the company in 1907 were 11.2 per cent. upon the whole hundred million, or over twenty per cent. upon that part of the stock which represents money paid in.

The company's cars carried 18,000,000 passengers that year.

The public is vitally interested in this statement. The people pay the dividends.

One dollar is a reasonable price for sleeping accommodation such as is provided.

Two dollars for an upper berth, which jars the good nature out of a human being might be termed extortion. Halifax Herald.

WESTWARD HO!

This magazine seems to know no limit to its powers of expansion and improvement; and the October issue is certainly its best. The fiction alone runs to nine short stories covering the sentimental, the tragic, the comic, the philanthropic, the serious, and the amatory. Among them are "The Dalton Case," by Arthur Davies, an author of already attained celebrity; "Beneath the Old Poke Bonnet," by Agnes Lockhart Hughes, whose works, both prose and verse, are always appreciated and sweet; "A Fifty Thousand-Dollar Laugh," by Billie Glynn, whose name is synonymous with humor and pathos; "Black Hawk Hank," by Mrs. Ruth Everett; "The Dollar and the Cross," by J. DeQ. Donohoo; "The Measure of His Love," by Isabel R. Macdonald; "The Truth of Pretence," and others.

There are two excellent articles, one by Bonnycastle Dale on "The Opening of the Season," and one on the "Alpine Club of Canada," by S. H. Mitchell. Under diversified articles we find "Simon Fraser," by E. O. S. Soholefield, Librarian of British Columbia, whose intimacy with the subject has enabled him to give to the public a splendid memoir of the celebrated explorer; "Prince Rupert," by Rosalind W. Young; "The Morale of Clothes," by Madame D'Alberta; "Mural Decorations," by Claude W. Gray, A. R. C. A.; "B. T. A. Bell," by William Blake-more.

There are also the usual features of Editorial, Poetry, etc., while the illus-

trations throughout are numerous and appropriate. This magazine is published in Vancouver, B. C., and is a fine sample of Canadian printing.

CANADIAN RAILROAD ACCIDENTS

During the last five years no less than 2125 persons were killed and 10,635 injured through accidents occurring on Canadian railroads. This is a frightful record, all the more so because it is contended with good reason that the great majority of these catastrophes were due to preventable causes. Although railways in Canada are mostly single-track, and on that account more liable to accident, yet it is charged that, with a total mileage of 27,000, they are practically devoid of modern safety devices. But "single-track" systems above all others ought to be equipped with the best automatic protective mechanism that can be procured.

Canadian railroad officials are understood to have had the matter of railway accidents under deliberate consideration since the wreck at French River on May 29th, for the purpose of devising means for their elimination. Whether their deliberations will result in any really effective voluntary action on the part of the railroad companies remains to be seen. But whether or not a serious effort is made to lessen the risk of railroad accident, there ought to be statutory requirements for the officials to live up to, and public enquiries into the causes of all accidents involving loss of life or injury. An interlocking system of signals would have prevented the recent tragedy at Mimico, and Canadian railroads should certainly be required to install it at all points on their main lines—if not throughout all their areas.—Toronto World.

He's a Corker

The Rev. Wm. A. (Billy) Sunday, of baseball and pulpit fame, recently destroyed in a stereotyping room book plates that cost him \$3,500. A firm in Illinois had collected his uncopyrighted and melodramatic sermons, together with a history of his career, and were having the stuff published and copyrighted. Sunday said the sermons were grossly garbled, and he engaged a lawyer to prevent them being published. His lawyer informed him he was up against it, and he finally agreed to pay \$3,500 to destroy the plates and the books that had already been published. A few weeks ago he told the Presbyterian ministers of Pittsburg that they were mostly "fudge-eating Mollycoddles." Few clergymen, he asserted, are nowadays anything but "stiffs and salary quacks." As for professors in theological seminaries, the thing to do with them is to "stand them on their heads in mud-puddles." He is a recognized power in the religious life of the U. S. West.—Montreal Star.

German Socialism

The Socialist Congress which has recently been held at Nuremberg, draws attention to the rapid increase of Socialism in Germany. The Socialists are to-day the strongest political party in the empire. One-fourth of the total electorate in round numbers voted for the Socialist candidates at the last elections for the Reichstag. Though this may to a certain extent be explained by the economic evolution which has taken place in Germany since 1871, by the country's wonderful industrial development and by the concentration of capital, the success of the Socialists is largely due to their splendid party organization. The general management of the party is in the hands of an executive committee, which has full power over all Socialist organizations in the country. In every locality of any importance the Socialists are grouped into political clubs, generally called "electioneering clubs," because such clubs have the least to fear from the police.

"We are they whose bugle rings, that all ways may cease; We are they who will pay the Kings their cruel price for Peace; We are they whose steadfast watchword is what Christ did teach—Each man for his brother first, and Heaven, then, for each."

"We are they who will not falter—many swords or few—Till we make this earth the altar of a worship new;

We are they who will not take from palace, priest, or code, A meaner law than "Brotherhood"—a lower Lord than God." Edwin Arnold.

Have you anything you want to sell? Put a want ad. in THE OBSERVER.

Criss Thing Meant Kindly

CONTRIBUTED Yes, gentle reader, justice is swift and free (?)

A Child Labor Problem

THE APOSTATE

BY JACK LONDON

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION

There are three kind of liars—liars, damned liars and expects.

When knives and thieves fall out, honest men get their dues.

When a man is down, keep him down. Pile on the costs. It is real charitable.

There should be something else in life beyond self as exemplified in present day existence.

The world owes every man a living. Under present conditions, it is failing to pay its just debts.

Are not those whom we emulate to-day, the men most successful in impoverishing other men?

Election deposits and hard knocks are no obstacles to those who would dare and do.

Men rob the poor to make a fortune to spend on charity in helping the victims of their robbery.

It matters not whether the Liberals or Conservatives are elected on the 26th; the moneyed class will still be in power.

We want to stand on our two feet solid.—Value a man for what he is, not for what he seems to be.—Rip off the veneer.

It has been charged that working men have no brains, and it is painful to have to admit that there is some truth in the indictment.

A good many honest voters are wondering, not which is the best party to put in, but which will take the least out of the people while it is in.

What is the use of building more railways, factories, etc., when those we have already built are only running on short time or closed down altogether?

Why the long hours with small pay for the hard working man, and the short hours with large pay for the man with the easy job?

The keen student after truth gets to see squarely and quickly into the grafter nature of the various schemes foisted on an unsuspecting public.

Do you think the capitalists are spending thousands of dollars in this election for the opportunity of serving, and telling you how much they love you?

We seem to be getting away from that old characteristic of British political life—the honest, straightforward conducting of government business by the men set apart for that purpose.

Periodically the topic of race suicide runs the gamut of the press. Ask any intelligent man which is better—a decrease in the child death rate, or an increase in the birth rate

The day will come when the same will guarantee every child within its borders a clean, bright, happy life, with all the comforts of a good home, and an education suited to the life before it.

All women and little children can have all the beautiful things of life, if the men who have the votes once understand that there is machinery enough to produce all the necessities and luxuries for all.

There are numerous big buildings in Canada today that were built with the money that was wrung from underpaid, underfed, underclothed and underaged boys and girl workers.—The donors are the princes of the land. Perfectly true, gentle reader.

A little ad. in the wait column of THE OBSERVER will do the trick every time.

As he sat there he did not think. He was just resting. So far as his mind was concerned it was asleep. His brothers and sisters came out, and with other children played noisily about him. An electric globe on the corner lighted their frolics. He was peevish and irritable, that they knew; but the spirit of adventure lured them into teasing him. They joined hands before him, and, keeping time with their bodies, chanted in his face weird and uncomplimentary doggerel. At first he snarled curses at them—curses he had learned from the lips of various foremen.—Finding this futile, and remembering his dignity, he relapsed into dogged silence.

His brother Will, next to him in age, having just passed his tenth birthday, was the ring leader. Johnny did not possess particularly kindly feelings toward him. His life had early been embittered by continual giving over and giving way to Will. He had a definite feeling that Will was greatly in his debt and was ungrateful about it. In his own play time, far back in the dim past he had been robbed of a large part of that playtime by being compelled to take care of Will. Will was a baby then, and then, as now their mother had spent her days in the mills. To Johnny had fallen the part of little father

and little mother as well. Will seemed to show the benefit of the giving over and the giving way. He was well built, fairly rugged, as tall as his elder brother and even heavier. It was thought the life-blood of the one had been diverted into the other's veins. And in spirits it was the same. Johnny was jaded, worn out, without resilience while his younger brother seemed bursting and spilling over with exuberance. The mocking chant grew louder and louder. Will leaned closer as he danced, thrusting out his tongue. Johnny's left arm shot out and caught the other around the neck. At the same time he rapped his bony fist to the other's nose. It was a pathetically bony fist, but that it was sharp to hurt was evidenced by the squeal of pain it produced. The other children were uttering frightened cries, while Johnny's sister, Jennie, had dashed into the house. He thrust Will from him, kicked him savagely on the shins, then reached for him and slammed him face downward in the dirt. Nor did he release him till the face had been rubbed into the dirt several times. Then the mother arrived, an anemic whirlwind of solicitude and maternal wrath. "Why can't he leave me alone?" was Johnny's reply to her upbraiding. "Can't he see I'm tired?" "I'm as big as you." Will raged in her arms, his face a mess of tears, dirt and blood. "I'm as big as you now, an' I'm goin' to 'git bigger. Then I'll lick you—see if I don't." "You ought to be at work, seein' how big you are," Johnny snarled. "That's what's the matter with you. You ought to be at work. An' it's up to you ma to put you to work." "But he's too young," she protested. "He's only a little boy." "I was younger'n him when I started to work." Johnny's mouth was open, further to express the sense of unfairness, that he

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'!



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felt, but the mouth closed with a snap. He turned gloomily on his heel and stalked into the house and to bed. The door of his room was open to let in warmth from the kitchen. As he undressed in the semi-darkness he could hear his mother talking with a neighbor woman who had dropped in. His mother was crying, and her speech was punctuated with spiritless sniffles. "I can't make out what's gittin' into Johnny," he could hear her say. "He didn't used to be this way. He was a patient little angel.

"An' he is a good boy," she hastened to defend. "He's worked faithful, an' he did go to work too young. But it wasn't my fault. I do the best I can, I'm sure."

Prolonged sniffing from the kitchen, and Johnny mumbled to himself as his eyelids closed down, "You betcher life I've worked faithful."

TO BE CONTINUED

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PR The Tim Brooks And faith But goes out And never And Billy G He hates I you sh Because h Tim Brooks And get But Billy G Just think But no one And says But when B The boys Bill Gibbs h When he c He cannot d Or get his Then teacher And points But when w And cheer Sometimes game And watch He gets exci And cheer But when he And Bill is Bill quite for And never I guess I'd r Than Billy The boys out It sounds And it must To study a And go out i But never in New York Sharp Th The fact th town is a sig to. The saloon We have st long enough. The beer m should drink their beer kee "Yet More." The liquor decent; it wil ing, for in its it is indecent The man brother man wilful breaki brother and a A religious need never e to become as ful of the right any other bus ever hope to force, make i decency." When men minds that th there is alway their desire. are led off i drawn by int hardly be rea hole parasite the liquor bus bids him do money means obtained. No it as the "ski would soon pu Chaf Eugene W. inee for presid declared that several South mean defeat "If I go to Mr. Chafin, and I would all the whist call a special March 6, and twelve month be no more of the United St Say, Mr. F machine you in THE OSS

# PROHIBITION FIGHT THE WORLD OVER

## The Editor's Views and Other News on This Great Movement

### The Uncheered Hero

Tim Brooks he studies awful hard  
And faithful all the year,  
But goes out in the schoolhouse yard  
And never gets a cheer;  
And Billy Gibbs, he shirks and frets—  
He hates to work at all—  
But you should hear the cheer he gets  
Because he hits the ball.

Tim Brooks he always leads his class  
And gets his lessons done;  
But Billy Gibbs lets hours pass  
Just thinking up some fun;  
But no one cheers and throws his hat  
And says "Hurrah for Tim!"  
But when Bill Gibbs goes up to bat  
The boys all cheer for him.

Bill Gibbs he suffers awful pain  
When he comes to recite;  
He cannot do his sums again  
Or get his grammar right;  
Then teacher calls on Tommy Brooks  
And points to him with pride,  
But when we play a game she looks  
And cheers for Bill outside.

Sometimes Tim Brooks—he sees the  
game  
And watches Bill at bat,  
He gets excited just the same  
And cheers and throws his hat;  
But when he has sums in school  
And Bill is watching him,  
Bill quite forgets the Golden Rule  
And never cheers for Tim.

I guess I'd rather be like Tim  
Than Billy Gibbs, but when  
The boys outside are cheering him  
It sounds quite pleasant then;  
And it must sometimes seem quite hard  
To study all the year  
And go out in the school house yard  
But never get a cheer—J. W. Foley  
in New York Times.

### An Admiral's Testimony

Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., writing to General Barron, says:

"I do not believe that alcohol in any form ever has, or ever will, do anyone any good. I am now sixty years old, and since I have entirely given up wine, spirits and beer, I find I can do as much work, or more, physically and mentally, than I could do when I was thirty. I am always well; always cheery; laugh at the 'downs' of life equally with the 'ups'; and always feel fit and in condition.

"If only some of the young men would try going without liquor for three months, I do not believe they would think liquor at all necessary again. Get some of your splendid young men to try it, and 'report proceedings' after the three months."—Christian Guardian.

### Why Not?

From American Prohibition Press Assoc.

Detroit brewers are willing to decrease the number of saloons in that city by 200, in order to head off the prohibition wave which threatens the existence of all saloons. If the brewers really appreciated the sentiment against saloons in this country, they would understand that their Detroit proposition really strengthens the argument of the Prohibitionists.

If the closing of 200 saloons is a good thing for society, wouldn't the closing of all the saloons in Detroit be much better?

If a saloon is a helpful factor in a community, why not increase the number by 200 rather than rob Detroit of the beneficial influence of that number?—Kansas City Star.

### Sharp Things Meant Kindly

The fact that the saloon exists in any town is a sign that the voters want it to.

The saloon should be wiped out. We have stood its bestial influence long enough.

The beer makers say that "everybody should drink beer moderately." But their beer keeps saying, "More" and "Yet More."

The liquor business can never become decent; it will never become law-abiding, for in its very nature and essence it is indecent and lawless.

The man who sells liquor to his brother man gives himself over to the wilful breaking of the law against his brother and against his God.

A religious contemporary says; "We need never expect the liquor business to become as law-abiding and respectful of the rights of the community as any other business. All that we may ever hope to do with it, is by brute force, make it observe the semblance of decency."

When men really make up their minds that they do not want a thing, there is always a way to accomplish their desire. The trouble is that they are led off by arguments skillfully drawn by interested parties. It would hardly be reasonable to expect a bung hole parasite to do anything but laud the liquor business. Economic interest bids him do so. Its for money, and money means power, no matter how obtained. Now if men would look at it as the "skin game" it really is, they would soon put it out of business.

### Chafin a Reformer

Eugene W. Chafin, prohibition nominee for president, in a speech recently, declared that the loss of negro votes in several Southern border states would mean defeat for Taft.

"If I go to the White House," said Mr. Chafin, "the first thing my wife and I would do would be to clean up all the whisky bottles. I would also call a special session of Congress on March 6, and I assure you that within twelve months afterwards there would be no more distilleries or breweries in the United States."

Say, Mr. Farmer, what about that machine you want to sell? A want ad. in THE OBSERVER will dispose of it.

### Keep Sweet

Don't be foolish and get sour when things don't just come your way—Don't you be a pampered baby and declare, "now I won't play!"  
Just go grinning on and bear it: If you earn a crown, you'll wear it—Have you heartache? Millions share it;  
keep sweet.

Don't go handing out your troubles to your busy fellow men—  
If you whine around they try to keep from meeting you again—  
Don't declare the world's "agin' you  
Don't let pessimism win you,  
Prove there's lots of good stuff in you—  
keep sweet.

If your dearest hopes seem blighted and despair looms into view,  
Set your jaw and whisper grimly, "They're false, yet I'll be true."  
Never let your heart grow bitter;  
With your ear to Hope's transmitter  
Hear Love's songbirds bravely twitter,  
keep sweet.

Bless your heart, this world's a good one and will always help a man,  
Hate, misanthropy and malice have no place in Nature's plan.  
Help your brother there who's sighing,  
Keep his flag of courage flying,  
Help him try 'twill keep you trying,  
keep sweet.

Baltimore American

### Adam Smith on Strong Drink

Adam Smith, the author of "The Wealth of Nations," whose principles are still regarded as the standard basis of real political economy, lived over a hundred years ago.

It was Adam Smith who wrote "All labor expended in producing strong drink is utterly unproductive; it adds nothing to the wealth of the community."

More than two-thirds of the drunkards apprehended in London last year were women. An investigation of twenty-one public-houses in the same city showed that in four days they were entered by nearly 40,000 women, who had over 10,000 children with them. The man who says that times are not ripe for temperance reform in England does not know.—Dominion Presbyterianian.

Want to sell or buy a horse, or other animal? Try a want ad. in THE OBSERVER.

## HUMORISMS

### Amusing Stories to While Away the Lighter Moments of the Week End

"It takes a baby mos' two years to learn to talk," said Uncle Eben, "an den it takes de res' of its lifetime to learn to keep 'em talkin' too much."

"Have you given the goldfish any fresh water this morning, Mary?"  
"No, mum; they ain't drunk all I give 'em yesterday yet."

A recent novel has the following passage: "With one hand he held the beautiful golden head above the buffeting waves, and with the other called loudly for assistance."

"I was going to give Jinks a little friendly advice this morning," "And didn't you?" "No; he started to tell me how to run my affairs, and that's something I tolerate from no man."

Mother—"What! Fighting again? Such a black eye! If you'd only follow the lead of the minister's little boy—"  
Tommy—"Aw, I did try ter follow his lead, but he led again wid his left an' dat's where he biffed me."

The tides run swiftly out in the Bay of Fundy.

A summer urchin, witnessing the phenomenon for the first time, yelled shrilly: "Ma, look quick! Some one has pulled the plug out of the ocean."

"This is an age of steel," said the after-dinner speaker.  
"Permit me to suggest," interrupted the chairman courteously, "that for the benefit of the reporters present you spell that last word."

"I hope you came out of that horse trade with a clear conscience,"  
"Yes," answered Si, smiling; "but it kind o' worries me. My conscience is so onusally clear that I can't help feelin' I must o' got the wust o' the trade"

Two diners at a hotel were disputing as to what a pineapple really was. One of them insisted that it was a fruit, the other insisted that it was a vegetable. The friends determined to accept the decision of the waiter, who was called to the table.

"John," asked one of them, "how do you describe a pineapple? Is it a fruit or is it a vegetable?"  
"It's neither, gentlemen; a pineapple is always a hestra!" he replied.

The thin, pale man in the large bathing suit, standing knee-deep in the water, sighed.  
"Why," asked his friend, "are you so sad?"  
"Alas!" he answered, "the sea is the grave of my first wife."  
The friend's lips curled superciliously.  
"But you are married again," he murmured.

"Yes," said he, "and my second wife won't go near the water."

The old English mercantile houses retain the names not unfrequently of the founders of the firm who may have been dead a hundred years. The following is amusing:  
A solicitor of subscriptions calling at the store inquired: "Is Mr. Smith in?"  
"No, sir," said the gentlemen who received him, "Will he be in before long?" "I don't think he will."  
"How long has he been out?" "About a hundred years."

A little girl was sent by her mother to the grocery store with a jug for a quart of vinegar.  
"But, mama," said the little one, "I can't say that word!"  
"But you must try," said the mother, "for I must have vinegar, and there's no one else to send."

So the little girl went with the jug, and, as she reached the counter of the store, she pulled the cork out of the jug with a pop, swung the jug on the counter with a thud, and said to the astonished clerk:  
"There! Smell of that and give me a quart!"

"Do I get less keen on temperance work as I go on?" asked the Bishop of London at a meeting in support of the Licensing Bill. "No," he added, "we are at grips with one of the worst enemies of the human race."—Presbyterian Record.

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## Thoughtful Pointers

The rule of self obedience to the right will bring all things into order.—Gladstone.

Let us make the best of our friends while we have them, for how long we shall keep them is uncertain.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well what ever you do, without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

Every sin thou slayest, the spirit of that sin passes into thee, transformed into strength; every passion subdued by a higher impulse is so much character.—F. W. Robinson.

It's good to have money, and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money won't buy.—George Horace Lorimer.

### The all were Fables

The all great-deeds were proved but fables fine;  
The earth's old story could be told anew;  
Tho the sweet fashions loved of them that sue  
Were empty as the ruined Delphian shrine;  
The God did never man in words benight;  
With sense of His great fatherhood endure;  
Tho life immortal were a dream untrue,  
And he that promised it was not divine;  
Tho soul, tho spirit, were not and all hope  
Reaching beyond the bourne melted away  
Tho virtue had no goal and good no scope,  
But both were doomed to end with this our clay;  
Tho all were not, to the disgraced heir  
Would this remain—to live as tho they were.

—Jean Ingelow.

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**WEST BROME**

The News of the Week as our Correspondent Hears It

**INTERESTING BUDGET**

Mr Robert Macon lost a good horse last Wednesday. (Inflammation)

Mrs Zealand French left for a visit to Bondville on the 20th.

Mrs L. Scott is spending a few days in Cowansville at the home of A. E. Miltimore.

Miss Scott, the school teacher of North Sutton, spent last Sunday at Mr. Horace West's.

Mr and Mrs Casper Scott of Cowansville, were guests of Mr and Mrs S. G. Kathan last Sunday.

Mr and Mrs M. St. Martin left last Monday for a ten days trip to Boston.

Mr James Taylor has rented his farm to Mr E. Paquette.

Mr and Mrs Taylor are removing to Sweetburg shortly.

Messrs Bob Mason and D. Taylor have bought the Dunham farm at Iron Hill formerly owned by J. Scott. They take possession Nov. 1st.

Mr T. Shufelt takes possession of W. Beattie's farm Nov. 1st.

Mr M. St. Martin is to manage Mr James Pettes farm for the coming season.

Mr Short and family are moving from the Pettes farm to the village. Mr Short intends working for the C. P. R.

Mr T. E. White of Outremont has decided to return to his farm here Nov. 1st.

Mr E. Palmer has returned from his trip to the States.

Mrs Lanoue is away visiting friends in St Alexander and Notre Dame de Stanbridge.

There is to be a dance at the Forester's hall Friday evening.

Mr Monroe Pettes is putting a bath in his house.

McClatchie Bros., of Cowansville have men working in I. C. Miltimore's house.

The Liberal political meeting which was held last Friday in the Methodist church hall was very well attended. Mr Horace West was voted chairman. Mr F. Vilas was the opening speaker and gave us a lot of figures in his short speech. He was followed by the Hon. Sidney Fisher who was unfortunately very hoarse, but whose voice carried to the end of the hall. Nothing new was said but we found more satisfaction in hearing the Hon. Sidney Fisher than in reading his speeches. About from one's political standpoint, one always enjoys hearing a fluent extempore speaker. Whoever was responsible for the ventilation of the hall deserves credit. Last Friday was the first time we have not been suffocated there.

**BRIGHAM**

Large congregations listened to Miss Bell of Chisamba, West Africa, on Sunday in the Congregational Church at both services. Miss Bell is a most interesting speaker, and gave a very encouraging report of the work done in her field of labor. Mr. Pierce ably rendered a solo entitled "Ours Sweetly Solemn Thought" at the morning service.

Mrs Lapraik of Toronto, was the guest of her sister Mrs Boyd, and her aunt Mrs Hawthorne last week.

Mrs A. G. Doherty of Magog, was the guest of Mrs Mitchell last week.

Mr and Mrs Oscar Martin and family of Dunham, were at Mr Hawthorne's recently.

Mr F. M. Morey of East Farnham, has purchased the former home of Mr Elias Ring in this village.

Mrs A. A. Winchester of Sutton, was a week end guest at "The Maples."

Mrs Rollins of Cowansville, spent Saturday visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Mr Sidney Kemp of Nashua, N. H., was a recent guest of his sister, Mrs Toothaker.

Mr Toothaker spent a few days at Farnon recently.

Inspectors Gilman and Taylor will hold a Teacher's Institute in the Protestant school room here on Friday, Oct. 23rd.

**WEST SHEFFORD**

Mrs Fisher was in Granby on Tuesday on business, as well as calling on friends.

Some of our citizens attended the nomination at Waterloo, others those at Knowlton, on Monday.

A return match between the West Shefford and Granby Rifle Clubs, was shot on Saturday last, on the latter club ranges and resulted in the defeat of the West Shefford club.

The annual Harvest Home Service, etc., in connection with Holy Trinity church is to be held on Thursday evening. Service at 7 o'clock at which the preacher is to be the respected rector of All Saints, Dunham. Tea is to be served by the ladies of the congregation immediately after the service. The offertory is to be devoted to the missionary society of the church.

**SUTTON NEWS**

—Miss Pearl Wilson has returned from a visit to North Troy.

—Mrs. David Bickford was in Cowansville on a visit.

—The Ladies' Aid met with Mrs. Frank Jenne on Thursday last.

—Mr. Ross Paintin, of Mansenville, has been visiting friends here.

—Mr. Eugene Dyer, jr., has gone to the French country to school.

—The Clark Bros., will close next week until sleighing time.

—Mr. Stephen Newton is very ill and a cause of much anxiety to his friends.

—The Willing Workers meet every Thursday in the new parish hall.

—Mrs. Leon O'Brien has been spending some time in Burlington, with her mother, who has been very ill.

—Messrs. Reid and Kenneth Jenne and Willie Dow have gone to the Pinnacle to spend their holidays.

—Mrs. Leander Spencer is regaining her health, so her friends are glad to hear.

—Mr. Isaac Wilson is here making his mother and brother a visit before he departs on his western trip.

—Mrs. James Smith is somewhat better. Her many friends sincerely hope she may continue improving.

—Mrs. Frank Black has arrived from St. Agathe, where she and her husband have both been for their health, and visiting her parents.

—Mr. and Mrs. Amos Hawley will leave for Richford shortly to spend the winter with Mr. Hawley's sister, Mrs. Leonard Mills.

**GLEN SUTTON**

Mrs Ruth Edwards of North Troy, Vt., is visiting here.

Mrs Laplante, an aged resident, now residing with her daughter Mrs. Royce, is very sick.

The box social held Friday evening last under local Church auspices was poorly attended.

The fire that was started on Sept. 20th on the south-east side of Ball Mountain, continues to advance and is burning near several sugar places on the north foothills, having practically ruined the timber on the several hundred intervening acres. This loss is directly traceable to the lax enforcement of our game laws as the fire was started by hunters from Vermont, who started it to drive the deer where they could be more easily shot. This is not the first time in the last few years that disastrous forest fires have been started by foreign hunters or fishermen.

Elder J. S. McLucas, residing near East Richford, goes regularly to Fitch Bay, Que., to hold services there.

Rev. E. Davis was in Richford, Vt., on Tuesday on business.

**NORTH SUTTON**

The social at Mr. A. W. Smith's was largely attended. A very enjoyable evening was passed, the proceeds amounting \$1.50.

Miss Minnie Scott spent the week end with her aunt, Mrs H. N. West, at West Brome.

The organ that has done duty for so many years for all religious services in the school house, has been sold to Mr E. Farmer. A \$7.25 one has taken its place.

The next Methodist social will be held at Mr Jas. Taylor's on the 30th.

The "pack peddlers" are making themselves very obnoxious in this vicinity.

Mr F. M. Morey of East Farnham was in town on Tuesday.

Mrs A. W. Westover of Sutton Junction, accompanied by Mrs H. Soles late of Montreal, were guests at L. D. B. Fuller's on Wednesday.

Alvin Taylor was in Frelighsburg on Tuesday.

Mr Ledy Palmer is home after a few weeks stay in Concord and Manchester, N. H.

Say, Mr. Farmer, what about that machine you want to sell? A want ad. in THE OBSERVER will dispose of it.

**AROUND DUNHAM**

Latest Items from Our Correspondents There and in

**SURROUNDING PLACES**

—Mr Leon Elie of Central Falls, is visiting at Mr F. X. Beauvais.

—Mr C. P. England of Abbot's Corner, visited his parents on Friday last.

—Mrs Reuben Jones and Mrs Taylor of Bedford, were the guests of Mrs H. Miner on Wednesday of last week.

—Mr and Mrs Mainard of L'Ange Gardien, have recently returned from their honeymoon and are spending a few days with Mrs Mainard's parents; also Mr and Mrs Augustin Mercure of L'Ange Gardien, are visiting their daughter Mrs Gerard.

—The village continues to show signs of life and movement. The Oddfellows Hall is growing rapidly taller; alterations are going on at Mr. Vernal's house near the Academy, and Mr. Harvey Lee has improved the appearance of his abode on Main street by a good application of paint.

—Messrs. John Labobard, Berard Bros., H. H. Minter, S. L. Guillette, D. K. and Frank Gilbert and several others attended the Liberal Rally at Farnham, where they heard some of the best speakers to be found, especially the Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. Sidney Fisher, Brodeur and several other members at the head of the government who gave correctly the state of finances.

—A lecture will be given in the large hall of the Ladies' College at 8 p.m. on Saturday next, October 24th. The subject will be "The City of Rome," which has played so notable a part in Secular and Sacred History. The lecturer is Rev. E. L. Rexford, L. L. D., principal of the Diocesan Theological College, who will illustrate his subject with fine light views. The admission is 15c. It is sure to be an intellectual treat to all who attend, and all are welcome.

—In All Saints' Church yard a neat new headstone by Mr. Clement of Frelighsburg, has been erected to the memory of the late Mrs. Wm. C. Baker of that place; also Mr. L. K. McClarty was over from Sutton with the base of a memorial stone to the late Mr Charles Ten Eyck. Seeing the new cement steps at the west door of the Church, Mr McClarty kindly offered to cut the centenary inscription, and that very day, late though it was, he placed the date 1808-1908, leaving the name to be added later on.

**All Saints' Church**

Last Sunday the Rector read out from the pulpit a beautiful greeting from Ven. Archdeacon Forneret of All Saints', Hamilton, (Rector of All Saints' Dunham 1879-1881). It read in part as follows: "Please give my love to your people with this message: Do your utmost to extend Christ's Kingdom, in the Diocese, in the Canadian West, and in heathen lands. The call is 'Advance, along the whole line,' and the means of success is 'Not by might, nor by power, but by Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.'"

Next Sunday the Rector will read in whole or in part, the sermon that was preached 59 years ago by Rev. James Reid, of Frelighsburg, at the opening of the present Church edifice, Sept. 26th 1849, just 28 years to the day, after the opening of the first warden church in 1821. The manuscript has been in the possession of Mrs E. L. Watson.

The Rector desires hereby to thank the unknown friend who so kindly left a supply of delicious pears at the Rectory on a recent evening, in the absence of the inmates. They conferred a pleasure and a benefit.

He would also take this opportunity to express his appreciation of the manner in which so many cooperated to the happy success of the Centenary Festival both in church and elsewhere. May the encouragement be maintained and help in responding to the call "Advance along the whole line."

**EAST DUNHAM**

Mr Geo. Griggs has moved from Sutton to James Dymond's house here.

Mr and Mrs Wm. Bluet of Cowansville, were guests of Mr and Mrs J. O. Gleason on Friday.

Miss Gladys Johnston who has been

stopping with Mrs T. Brice at Farnam's Corner, returned home on Sunday last.

Mrs J. O. Lavery continues very ill causing her friends much anxiety.

Mr and Mrs Wm. Lander who have been stopping with Mr and Mrs Homer Yates for the past month, returned to their home near Toronto on Saturday.

Mrs Cameron has sold her farm on the Dunham road to Mr Pratt of Franklin, Vt.

Mr and Mrs Stow who have lived on Mr Chas. Stevens' place near Dunham have rented Mr Thomas Selby's house here.

**BIRTHS**—At East Dunham, Oct. 8, a son to Mr and Mrs M. McCullough.

At East Dunham, Oct. 9th, a daughter to Mr and Mrs Geo. Hazzard.

**Frelighsburg and Abbot's Corner**

Recent arrivals and departures: Miss McMillan, Miss Barnum, also Miss Guillette to Montreal to attend the teachers Convention.

Dr. Pichel, conservative candidate for Missisquoi County gave a very interesting speech in the parish hall, Oct. 16th, which was very largely attended.

A social dance was held at the home of Mr H. Goodhue's Thursday evening. A good time is reported.

Mr G. Salisbury is making repairs on the Baptist parsonage.

Mr and Mrs Dudley are the guests of their son Mr John Dudley.

Mr Edmond Spencer takes his departure Monday for Belleville, Ont., to attend college.

Mr Ernest Jenne has gone on the C. P. R. firing.

Mrs Campbell of St. Albans, Vt., is the guest of her niece, Mrs M. Leavitt.

Mr and Mrs R. Doherty of Cowansville; Mr and Mrs W. O'Brien were guests of Mr and Mrs C. D. Westover, over Sunday.

Rev. A. D. Carpenter and wife were here from Mansville recently.

**FRELIGHSBURG**

Rev. Mr Roi returned on Friday from Sweetburg.

Dr. Pichel, Conservative Candidate of Missisquoi County, held a meeting in our village hall on the evening of Oct. the 16th.

Mr and Mrs A. Boulet and Miss E. Boulet, were the guests of Mr and Mrs M. Delpo, on the 17th.

Miss C. Demar is better, glad to say, and is out again.

Mr Eli Paquette, of Worcester, Mass., is the guest of his parents Mr and Mrs W. Paquette.

Mr A. Boulet and Mr J. Pickering were in Pigeon Hill on the 15th.

Mr John and Olivia Jaques, both brothers of Mrs Francis Jaques, lost their lives in the terrible explosion of the grain elevator on the 7th. The former leaves a wife and two children to mourn his loss.

Mr X. Godin, is in the Notre Dame Hospital of Montreal for general treatment for blood poisoning.

**Province of Quebec District of Bedford's CIRCUIT COURT NO. 6606**

**MARSHALL F. MARTINDALE**, of the Village of Cowansville, in the District of Bedford, Livery Keeper,

vs.

**GEORGE CUNNINGHAM**, of the Same Place, PLAINTIFF

vs.

**LEONARD & NOYES**, C. C. C., DEFENDANT

THE DEFENDANT is ordered to appear within one month.

WESTOVER & COTTON, Attorneys for the Plaintiff.

Oct 15th—21

**Start Well the Day**

At breakfast time you're blithe and gay,  
It's good to be alive you say,  
When there's a loaf to start the day

**Of Daniel's Nice Sweet Bread**

There's none so tasty and so sweet  
None that so pleasing is to eat,  
None that deserves the name of treat

**Like Daniel's crispy Buns**

When once his toothsome pies you've tried,  
You'll buy again nor be denied,  
The best there is, you will decide  
Nor be mistaken

His cake is always made just right  
One reason why it's nice and light  
Be sure you keep the name in sight,

**DANIEL'S BAKERY**  
Cowansville

**THE QUALITY THAT EQUALS THE LOOKS**

Though our Underwear Stock is notable for its beauty of texture and finish, as well as for its great size and its unusual completeness. The brands are chosen as carefully, and individual kinds picked out as if each were the only one to be shown. This secures the best as well as the handsomest. Such well known lines as Penman's, Wolsey's Natural Wool, guaranteed unshrinkable, are special features of our stock.

**OUR UNDERWEAR**

Cannot Help Giving You Satisfaction

We have different weights to select from, different fabrics and weaves, and all priced to secure extra value for you, from 50c to \$2.00 the garment.

**FOR YOUR SHIRTS** you may as well have the best your money will buy, and our shirt stock represents perfection at every point. Colored Neglige Shirts, or hard bosom, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

Dent's, Fownes and Perrin's famous Gloves all represented in our stock. See our special Fownes's Glove for \$1 per pair.



**Semi-Ready CLOTHING**

In our special order samples you can have delivery in four days time any Overcoat or Suit which you may want. We have about 300 samples in all qualities in all the latest patterns of cloth.

Suits \$15 to \$30  
Overcoats \$18 to \$30

**Specials in Our Grocery Dept. this Week**

New Prunes, Large and juicy, 2 lbs. for 25c. New this season Peaches 15c per lb. New this season Apricots, 15c per lb.

New Canned Goods—Corn, Peas and Tomatoes, Peasens, Pears, Strawberries and Raspberries in one and two pound cans.

We shall have about 100 packages of those fine Seeded Raisins in 1 lb. packages, quality and weight guaranteed, 3 packages for 25c.

**ED. GOYETTE**

The Store of Quality Cowansville

**Warm Weather with Us Gold Weather is Coming**

Now that the Cold Mornings are here it makes you think of Heavier Underwear. The cold days will soon strike us, and if you are wise you will strike a bee line for

**MINER'S, DUNHAM**

YOU will find there a splendid line of Fleeced Underwear for Men and Children at 25c to 50c, and Women's Underwear at only 25c and 50c.

Women's Corsets at 50c, 75c, and \$1.00.

Do you want a Table Cloth? If so, come to Miner's. We have some very nice ones as well as a good assortment of Linen, both bleached and unbleached, from 45c to 75c a yard.

In Matting we have several pieces at 18c, and 20c, per yard.

A well assorted stock of Floor Oilcloth and Linoleum.

If you need any of these goods now is the time to get them while we have a large assortment to choose from.

**FALL SUITS**

What about that Suit you were going to buy? We would suggest that you see our Suits at \$15.00. They are fine value and worth \$18.00.

If you want Clothing come direct to us and we will make it our object to suit you. Once a customer of ours; always a customer of ours.

Snow Drop Flour at \$3.25 a bag

Soup Peas 3c a lb. Beans 4c a lb. Corn Meal 3c a lb. Graham 3c a lb.

Long or Short Handle Shovels at 65c.

A large lot of Shoes which must be cleared out at low prices, and boots worth \$3.00 and \$3.25. See them. We are busy and must keep busy if price will do it.

**In Millinery**

Just a word for Miss Beauvais. She has plenty of work but room for plenty more. You can get a hat trimmed on short notice or you can buy the goods and trim it yourself if you like. A new lot of shapes just received and prices are right, so don't forget to see her for hats and bonnets and get them on short notice.

A new lot of Trunks just in, and prices are low. Also Dress Suit Cases. So if you want to travel come to Miner's.

We have three or four more boxes of Raisins at only 8c a lb., worth 11c. Snap them up at once.

**H. H. MINER, DUNHAM**  
The Store of Bargains for Cash

**COWANSVILLE and**

A Record

ings

THESE

The Ladies church will meet at 3 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr Ernest R. burg, one of the successful lawyers in the city, will call at his home on Thursday afternoon.

The Mabel A. town hall had a fair house advertised failed who neglected much.

Montreal Rev. Melvin cupied the pulpit at both churches which was listened to good congregations here in the Methodist Ex which he is set

Written Mr Jas. Plun in Cowansville, from Nottingham he is comfortable for years, while he is comfortable towards Mr For However, the turned the table the best of it. 7 were decidedly

Attend A goodly number attended the meetings at Knowlton produced by the largest crowd for years, while were enlivened towards Mr For However, the turned the table the best of it. 7 were decidedly

The weekly Townships Dairy place in the Town on Saturday goods boarded since is fast decreasing creameries which ages of butter, weighing 25 lbs., which 129 cheese which tory inspection, spection. Mr. of the Board,

Lot A considered taking place this son has moved place to Mr. H. Accouette has a house to the De Longfellow is being vacated by L. M. Church John Foster's Winfield Church the residence of and Mrs. Will moving into the ed by Mrs. Church will shortly move nearly-completed Curley will move as Mr. McCrum McClatchie, who Sweetburg, will domicile of Mr. latter vacates.

PERSON Miss McIntosh guest of her sister farlane. Messrs. A. B. Upton have been and Mrs J. C. M. Mr F. Spoor Utensil Co., has or two visiting o Miss Evelyn M

COWANVILLE and SWEETSBURG

A Record of the Happenings During the Week in

THESE TWO VILLAGES

Ladies Aid Meeting The Ladies Aid of the Methodist church will meet at the residence of Mrs. J. W. Taylor, tomorrow, Friday afternoon.

Ill at His Home Mr Ernest Racicot, K. C. of Sweetsburg, one of the oldest and most successful lawyers of this District, is quite ill at his home.

Theatre Visitors The Mabel Aubrey company were at the town hall on Saturday night, and had a fair house. The moving pictures advertised failed to materialize.

Montreal Extension Movement Rev. Melvin Taylor, of Montreal, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church at both services on Sunday, and was listened to with great interest by good congregations.

Written from Nottingham Mr Jas. Plumb, who has many friends in Cowansville, has written to friends from Nottingham, England, and states he is comfortably settled there.

Attended Nomination

A goodly number of Cowansville citizens attended the nomination proceedings at Knowlton and Bedford. The Knowlton proceedings were attended by the largest crowd that has attended for years.

The Dairy Exchange

The weekly session of the Eastern Townships Dairyman's exchange took place in the Town Hall here as usual on Saturday last.

Lots of Moving

A considered amount of moving is taking place this fall. Mr. M. B. Judson has moved from P. A. Ruiter's place to Mr. Hull's new block; Mr. Arcouette has moved from Mr. Lavery's house to the Dent Estate house; Mr. Longfellow is moving into the house being vacated by Mr. Arcouette.

PERSONAL MENTION

The Movements Back and Forth of Residents and Visitors Miss McIntosh of Knowlton is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Macfarlane.

over the week end. She is teaching school in Joliette.

Mrs W. T. Brown is a visitor at her old home at Aylmer, Que., this week, to attend the wedding of her brother.

Recent visitors at Sunnyside, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Lawrence are: Mesdames A. G. Smith and Gillard, of St. Johns, Newfoundland.

Mrs Oscar Goodwin of Montreal is stopping a few weeks at the home of Mr and Mrs H. H. Scott, Sweetsburg, recuperating from a recent severe illness.

Mrs Matthew Ruiter left on Monday evening for her long trip to Los Angeles, California. She was accompanied as far as Montreal by Mrs McCabe, of Manchester, N. H., and Mrs John McCabe.

Mr William Johnston and his daughter, Miss Mabel Johnston, both of Montreal, were here Sunday, visiting their son and brother, Mr. George W. Johnston, the local druggist.

DID NOT LIKE IT

Men Teachers Did Not Like the Idea of a Woman President.

Though women form over ninety per cent. of the total and men merely six per cent. of the entire number of teachers in the province of Quebec, for the first time in the history of its forty-three years of existence a woman is now president of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers of Quebec.

The comment upon the whole convention, which was one of the largest in years, there being over five hundred registered members, was that it was quite the most thrilling in the memory of many members.

The steps taken by the Montreal Association of Women Teachers with regard to nominations for the executive committee took up the major portion of Saturday's session.

Inspector McQuatt was of the opinion that several of the male members, who were taking exception to the present action of the women teachers, were not so fastidious a few years ago upon another occasion within the memory of many present.

The officers elected by the convention for the coming year are as follows: President—Miss M. L. Ferguson. 1st vice-president—Dr. Rexford.

SWEETSBURG

Mr Hedley Rice has returned to Sweetsburg after spending a few months visiting his sister Mrs S. Hartwell of St Agathe, Que.

Mr and Mrs R. J. Ladd have returned from New Springfield, Ohio, after nearly three weeks visit with their daughter Mrs Clarence Ford.

Mr and Mrs H. Peters left for their home on Saturday at South Stukely.

The firm of Hebert & Archambault, butchers, have dissolved partnership here and Mr Archambault and family have moved to Frelighsburg, Que., where he intends to open up a butcher shop.

The Misses McMillan of Montreal are the guests of their uncle Mr E. Racicot.

You can have THE OBSERVER for a year and the Weekly Mail and Empire of Toronto till Jan. 1st, 1910, for \$1.50! This a genuine bargain.

HOLD RALLY The Liberal Candidate in Missisquoi Addresses Cowansville Electors

The Liberals held a rally at the town hall on Tuesday evening, which was attended by a good sized crowd, there being beside the full Liberal phalanx of Cowansville a few ladies and a considerable number of Conservatives.

Mr W. K. McKeown, the barrister, of Sweetsburg, was elected chairman on motion of C. E. Lavery, and in his address seemed hurt about somebody "groping in the gutter, etc."

Mr D. B. Meigs, Liberal M. P. for Missisquoi, was the first speaker and he did not do too bad, considering that it has always been told around Cowansville that he was no speaker.

Mr Chas. Nutting, K. C., a well known lawyer of Waterloo, was the next speaker, and made what was the most convincing speech of the evening.

Then came Mr. Charbon, of Montreal, who spoke in French. He seemed to be of the born orator type, and threw out the sonorous phrases in loud style.

And then Mr. Harvey, a barrister of Montreal, put on the finishing touches. He had the style of a scholar delivering a well learned lesson.

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You can have THE OBSERVER for a year and the Weekly Mail and Empire of Toronto till Jan. 1st, 1910, for \$1.50! This a genuine bargain.

the nominations at Bedford and Knowlton on Monday and reported an exciting time at both places.

USE THIS WantColumn

The Rates are Reasonable Results Sure

The rate for small ads. under this heading is as follows: One insertion 50c; two for 65c; three for 80c, and four for \$1.00.

Rooms to Let Two nice furnished rooms to let. Every convenience and use of kitchen if required. Apply to

MRS. FRED. VAIL, Main Street, Cowansville Oct. 22-31.

FOR SALE A Manure Spreader, new last fall, and only used a few times. This is a bargain at \$20.00 below regular price. Apply to

"A. E." care of The Observer

NOTICE I HEREBY give notice that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted in my name without my written order.

A Rare Chance THE Splendid House on Main street, until recently occupied by the late Mrs. Wilkinson is for sale, a good opportunity, either for a speculation or investment. For terms, prices, etc., apply to

THE ROSS REALTY CO. LTD. 20 St. John street, Montreal. Oct. 18-31

OUR GUARANTEE First—All trees replaced free that fail to live the first winter.

Second—All trees true to name. Third—All trees delivered in good condition. Fourth—Our guarantee is bonafide. Established over thirty-five years and in a position to fulfill our contracts.

We want a reliable agent to work for us in Cowansville and vicinity and sell our guaranteed hardy Apple Trees, Ornamental Trees, Flowering Shrubs, etc., on above terms. Good pay weekly, exclusive territory. Outfit free to right party. Write now to

PELHAM NURSERY CO. Toronto, Ontario.

Do You Wish To Know

WHY we are so very easily doing the largest Bread business in town, it is because

People always find our BREAD and ROLLS the same.

It is not a game of chance with us, to have them one day one way and the next another, but always reliable.

Beware of imposters selling our bread, there is only one FARBEN.

We still take the lead in making good pastry. All kinds daily.

QUALITY GUARANTEED DISCOUNT TICKETS DAILY DELIVERY

A. G. FARBER BOOTH BLOCK, MAIN ST., COWANVILLE

Are you Thinking of Dyeing this Fall?

If so we can assist you to Dye

DYOLA DIAMOND DYES MAYPOLE SOAP

Complete Assortment

Geo. W. Johnston Cowansville

M. B. JUDSON Undertaker and Embalmer Personal attention. Prices moderate. Calls attended Day or Night

Opp. Congregational Church COWANVILLE

PHONE NO. 47

THE HUB

The Bargain Centre of Missisquoi and Brome

Furs Furs Furs

Now is the time to make selections in Furs. We have over \$3,000 worth on display including fifteen Men's Coon Coats from \$50, all extra choice garments. Twenty-five Men's cheaper Fur Coats from \$12 up.

In Small Furs our collection is very select. We are showing very nice stoles in Mink at \$50. A Stone Martin Stole at \$35. Sable pieces from \$10 up to \$30.

Women's and Children's Cloth Jackets

We are selling more than usual in this department at this time of the year. Do not delay in making your choice. See those 7-8 Beaver Coats in black, brown, green, navy at \$12.50.

Dress Goods, Mantle Cloth Suitings

We are showing the new shadow effects in Dress Goods, and they are very popular. We are keeping this department in good supply.

Millinery Millinery

New Goods received this week makes our assortment most complete. Kindly bring in your orders early as possible.

Boots and Shoes

Fall stock all now on hand. We have made our Slipper Department very complete for Men, Women and Children. Ask to see our Solid Comfort Line of which we make a specialty.

MEN'S DEPARTMENT—Clothing, Furnishings

New Suits, New Overcoats. The best makes in Underwear, unshrinkable and all wool.

NOTICE--All Departments are being well assorted, and we are out for Big Fall Trade.

Wanted in Exchange

New Laid Eggs this week 24c. Maple Sugar in cakes 6c and 7c. Potatoes—65c per bushel—60 lbs. Block Wood \$2—must be sound and hard wood. We can handle your fresh made Butter and allow 25c. Bring in your produce now.

The Hub, Cowansville

Housekeeper's Harvest Excellent Furniture Values

Come in and look through our store. You cannot buy as good Furniture anywhere else at the price, and our guarantee goes with every piece you purchase.

IF YOU WANT A large comfortable Arm Rocker, in natural reed

- A premier quality quartered oak Morris Chair
An unbeatable bargain in a good Dining Table, made of kiln dried polished elm
Or one of those ever popular Kitchen Cabinets
An all Brass or White Enamel Bedstead
A new Princess Dresser in oak or mahogany
Or a comfortable oak Cobble Rocker.

Come to this store. There's no question about suiting you. Price and value can't be beaten anywhere.

Cowansville Furniture Store

JOS. HINGSTON, Proprietor Picture Framing a Specialty

A Year's Subscription to The Observer only \$1.00

## INTERESTING THINGS FOR LADY READERS

### Home and Other Helps with the Latest Notions from the Near-by Metropolis

#### Care of the Feet

The majority of people little know how much one's feet affect one's general health.

In the case of singers and speakers the care of the feet is nearly important as the care of the throat, as they have almost a direct influence upon the throat.

Keeping the feet boxed up in tight leather shoes, is needless for me to say, injurious in many ways. Only those nations who go barefooted, or wear sandals, have beautiful, perfectly formed feet. Tight shoes retard the circulation and compress the foot of shape.

High heels are an abomination; they throw the whole body out of poise. They have a very bad effect on the nervous system. A leading physician told me that we had little idea what a vast amount of harm was caused by the wearing of high heels. He said that they were the cause of many ills.

For a number of years I have made it a rule to change my stockings every day. When fatigued, no change of garments refreshes me more quickly than a fresh pair of stockings.

In cold weather, the feet should be oiled, this is a great protection not only against chills, but against cool feet, and corns also. In the warm weather, if the feet have a tendency to perspire, nothing is better than some good antiseptic talcum powder. Corn starch is a good substitute for powder and is very soothing for tired feet.

Every one should wear rubber heel pads; they prevent headaches and jars to the spine. Women would not be such sufferers from nervous headaches, if they adopted these simple appliances.

#### WELL TRIED RECEIPTS

The readers of "THE OBSERVER," who last week were interested in the receipts, must have wondered at sweet milk gems, in which there was no milk. The printer made a mistake in both receipts for graham gems, and left out sour milk in the first receipt and sweet milk in the second receipt.

#### Brown Bread

2 cups of sour milk, ½ cup of sugar, ½ cup of molasses, 2 cups of graham flour, 1 cup white flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt. Bake two hours.

#### Beef Croquettes

1 cup of beef chopped fine, ½ cup of bread, or soda biscuit rolled fine, 1 egg, a little mustard, and a few shakes of celery salt. Mix well with hot water and fry in lard-like fish balls.

#### Stewed Kidney

Put a kidney on to boil early in the afternoon let it simmer till bedtime. Allow it to remain in the same water all night. Next morning cut into small pieces and let it boil for an hour or more. Make a brown gravy, and just before serving add two hard boiled eggs sliced.

#### Citron Preserves

Cut the citron into slices, take out the seeds, peel it and cut it into small thin pieces, about half an inch long. Put a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, and let it stand over night, and then boil until clear. To flavor, add lemon juice. This to my tastes makes the most delicious preserve. However, some people prefer ginger for flavoring. Candied ginger cut into dice, is far nicer than root ginger. Put it in and boil with the citron.

I made two lots, and in the second, I only put three pounds of sugar to four pounds of fruit. But most people prefer the pound for pound preserve with citron.

#### Paris Styles

The other day, I had the pleasure of dining with a friend who had just returned from a summer abroad. She spent some time in Paris shortly before her return and of course she brought herself a genuine Paris hat, for who goes to Paris and does not buy a hat? I was surprised to learn from her that the large hats which are so fashionable on this side of the water, were no longer the vogue in Paris. She said that the large hats had come and gone

and now were no longer considered good form.

She said that the most popular hats of the moment with the Parisians, were a fairly large sailor, with a rather flat crown, with no other trimming than a simple rose, placed right in the front. The beauty of the whole hat lies entirely in that rose, for it is in itself a thing of art. It is very large in size, so large in fact as to cover the entire front of the hat, and nearly the whole of both sides. These roses are usually made of silk or velvet, and are shaded, light at the outer edges, and dark towards the centre. One particularly lovely rose that my friend noticed was a dark red, shading to a black centre.

#### TWO SIMPLE DESSERTS

I am always trying to find the easiest way of getting through the daily round of work. The desserts make me the most trouble, I think. I will pass on two of my very easiest rules.

Choose a very cold night for making this dessert, and when the evening meal is well out of the way, take some cream and whip it until it stiffens somewhat; then add sugar and flavoring "to taste," turn into a common tin pail, cover, and put it out-of-doors to freeze. I find it freezes nicely to set it on the piazza. Do not look at it until you serve it at the next day's dinner. The family all like it, and while it is not so nice as ice-cream made in the orthodox manner, it is a very good substitute.

Another easy dessert is to save the coffee left from breakfast, and an hour before dinner heat it up and when hot stir into it a cup of minute tapioca. Set it in a double boiler and cook until clear. Shortly before serving, add to it a cup of sugar and a good-sized lump of butter. Serve hot with cream.

After a bottle of glue or cement has been opened, rub mutton tallow or cold cream on a sound cork before inserting it and the cork will not stick fast in the neck of the bottle and break when an attempt is made to draw it. Moreover, the glue will remain liquid. Glass stoppers should be treated in the same way.

#### Peeps at Paris Hats

There are new looking metal buckles on some hats, in which colors such as old blue and dull green are combined with gold. A pendant on a link is used with good effect on some of the large flat ornaments. Ties, usually of fairly wide silk ribbon, are attached to the picture hats, and they are joined so that they can be all-wed to fall forward over the left shoulder.

Maline is used about the bands and sometimes as a trimming to relieve the furry effect of some of the feather bandeaux. Some beaded net effects are used as applique to velvet. Laces are shown by some modistes especially light effects, as a drapey for velvet, being generally black over a color, but there is a little colored lace to be seen, too.

The feather trimmings continue as profuse as ever, the idea being to combine several effects in one piece—for instance, wings at the end of bandeaux, paradise sprouting from wings, quills in connection with brule ostrich, owl heads with pheasant tail effects, owl heads with wings, ostrich, and marabout in more elaborate designs than ever, and so on.

The Tam O'Shanter crown is a factor. It is often made of beaver or plain felt, which can be obtained in hoops or plateaux. The newest plateaux are square, measuring about 30 inches each way. Where brims are of felt, heavily ribbed silk, peau de sole or velvet is likely to be employed for the tam crowns.

#### Oyster Recipes

Oysters are much to the fore these days, and so a few hints on serving them may not come amiss. To broil oysters takes a pint of large oysters, dip in melted butter, then in bread-crumbs with a little salt and pepper, broil ten minutes. Serve with Maitre d'Hotel sauce. This sauce is made by mixing two tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice, one of chopped parsley, dash of salt, pepper and cayenne, with four tablespoonfuls of creamed butter.

For Creamed Oysters for pates or

ramekin dishes take a pint of oysters parboiled or a cup of oysters and a cup of cooked macaroni; cook thoroughly two tablespoonfuls of butter and three of flour, slightly browned, one cup of hot milk or cream, half a cup strained oyster liquor, dash of salt, celery salt, cayenne, and nutmeg; or half a teaspoonful of anchovy paste, one teaspoon lemon juice and one of chopped parsley. Mix this with the oysters, fill the dishes, crumb and bake five minutes or fill the pate cases and serve without crumbing. If the macaroni in used add two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese.

#### SENSE TRAINING

An Article Contributed by Miss Ruth F. Wisdom of Dar-mouth, N. S.

CONCLUDED

We endeavor to lay such a foundation that each one of the five gateways of knowledge shall be open to the Creator's works and to information found in books.

Teachers of Science complain, that boys and girls do not examine natural objects with definiteness and accuracy, because of lack of sense training.

Teachers of English Literature complain that their pupils do not understand or appreciate the most beautiful as well as the most simple passages, because of the lack of sense training.

Our greatest writers used definite images from every sense. They describe none, neither taste nor smell.

"Milton's Paradise Lost" is especially prolific in order images. Just in eight consecutive lines I notice the following:

"Native perfumes," "Balmly spoils," "Sabean orders?" "Spicy shore," "Grateful smell."

Shakespeare speaks of "Perfumed winds," "Balmly smells," "The sweet smell that breathes upon a bank of violets," "Groves as sweet as damask roses." In order to thoroughly appreciate such images the sense of smell must not be neglected in early childhood.

Images which appeal to the sense of taste abound in the greatest writers, while those which bring up auditory and visual images, or in other words appeal to the sight and hearing, are found on every page.

If any special sense fails to do its duty because of the lack of training, knowledge must to that extent be imperfect. The time will come when it will seem as stupid, nay as criminal to neglect the proper training of all a child's senses, as to fail to teach him to read.

In our kindergarten for quick recognition of color, we have series of white cards with different shapes of colored papers pasted on. These we show the children one at a time, they being expected to tell what they saw. We study pictures and afterwards the children tell what they have seen, or, we show a picture and have some child tell what he saw.

We sometimes have a small number of objects on a table such as follows:—Shells, fruits and stones; after the children look at them, one child closes his eyes while we remove one of the objects. The child then looks and tries to discover what has been removed.

The sense of hearing is trained by such games as "Bell Ringer" and "The pebble Game," when the child is obliged to listen to the music.

In all the work we do in our "Morning Circle Talks," in our lessons, in our busy work, in our games, sense training is kept foremost. Our aim is to put the children on the road to get as Whittier so beautifully puts it:

"Knowledge never learned of school,  
Of the wild bee's morning class,  
Of the wild flower's time and place,  
Flight of fowl and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood:  
How the tortoise bears his shell,  
How the wood chuck digs his cell,  
And the ground mole sinks his well;  
How the O'icle's nest is hung,  
Where the whitest lilies blow,  
Where the freshest berries grow,  
Where the groundnut trails its vine,  
Where the wood grape clusters shine,  
Of the black wasps cunning way,  
Mason of his walls of clay,  
And the architectural plans  
Of the gray hornet artisans."

Hellbeck, professor of Psychology in Yale says:

"If the child's knowledge reaches to a solid foundation of sense training like this, the floods of time will beat in vain upon that knowledge. Other things may pass away, but that remains while the brain lasts."

As this century goes on, it will probably see a marked reformation in Education, especially in teaching the child more from the book of nature than the printed page.

#### "THE NIGGER IN THE WOOD-PILE"

Thousands of people go through life feeling more or less miserable without ever knowing the reason. They suffer from headaches, indigestion, pains in the back and at the slightest chill get rheumatism or neuralgia.

They try to cure these separate outbreaks, never suspecting that the root of the whole trouble is the failure of the bowels to move regularly, and in many cases the sluggish action of kidneys and skin. The result, of course, is that the whole system gets clogged with impurities, which soon turn to poison, and show their presence in various ways.

"Fruit-a-tives"—or fruit juice tablets—promptly stir up the sluggish liver, regulate the bowels, and stimulate the kidneys and skin to do their work properly. Thus they cure all these troubles by removing the cause, and make it possible to really enjoy life. 50c a box—6 boxes for \$2.50. Trial size 25c. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Satin slippers may be cleaned by rubbing them with stale bread or soft India rubber. If this fails try white flannel moistened with spirits of wine.

Fresh eggs may be tested by making a solution of one quart of water and two tablespoonfuls of salt. If the egg is fresh it will sink in this, while stale eggs will float.

A few slices of raw onion, left in saucers about a room are recommended for taking away the odor of fresh paint. The onion should be renewed each day for two days or so.

A pound of meat to a quart of water, is the correct proportion to use in making a good broth, a large measure of success depending on the slowness with which it is allowed to come to the boil, and the care which is devoted to skimming.

Canton flannel gloves are useful to save the hands when doing housework, and do not become unpleasantly hard like rubber. If several pairs of the Canton flannel are kept there may be clean ones each day.

A tempting luncheon dish recommended by Mrs. Rorer is as follows:—Boiled rice mixed with an equal quantity of chopped nuts, a hard-boiled egg chopped fine and a very little seasoning, salt and onion juice. Mix and put into baking dish, cover with cream sauce, sprinkle grated cheese over the top, and bake.

Another new and nourishing luncheon dish is made by covering the bottom of a baking dish with squares of toast, over this put a layer of tomatoes, peeled and cut up, then a layer of pecan nuts, after this a layer of rice, then a mixture of nuts, rice and tomatoes and finally bits of toast. Bake and serve hot.

#### The Fall Hats

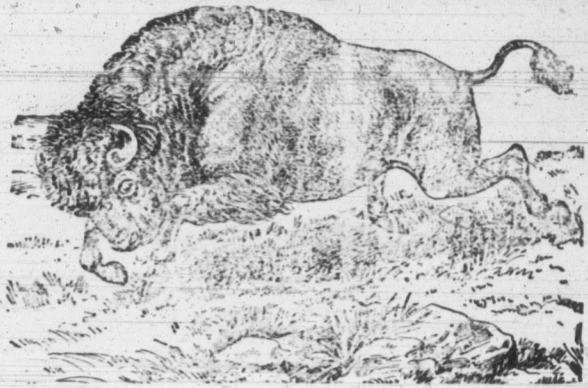
It is time to say another word or two about the shockingly ugly and offensive hats of the supposedly well-dressed women. The fall hats are worse than ever. They have greatly increased the pains and penalties of metropolitan life, as they not only offend the vision but they interfere with "personal liberty."

When the woman who wears one of the innumerable hats to the theatre, and reluctantly removes it as the curtain is rising, she places it in her lap, but it covers also the laps of the persons on either side of her; if one of these happens to be a solitary man, and there is another woman with the same kind of a hat on the other side of him, he soon feels that he might as well have been born a turtle.

Some of the hats are so large that the wearers of two of them are not to justify each other on the side walk to the point of the millinery. They are sometimes so large that the doors of the street and subway cars are too narrow for their wearers to enter comfortably. A short woman wearing one of the biggest hats in a street car can cause enough annoyance to unoffending even to make her forget the stolid dignity of manhood.

Indeed, a woman who wears a fashionable hat of the Autumn of 1908, in public place, renders herself liable to insult. The hats are not handsome; their shapes are abominable, especially those of the inverted football form. A woman looks well in one. In fact, they lend the effect of immodesty, if not indecency, to the most innocent countenance. In order to set them off properly the wearer must stick huge quantities of false hair on her poll. The most sophisticated man knows that the hair is false, and dislikes the effect. Why do supposedly self-respecting, well-bred women so disfigure themselves, offend the artistic eye, and make it unendurable to themselves in public places?—Editorial in New York Times.

## "OXOL" FOR CATTLE



### FEEDS FATTENS CURES

S. K. & T. C. Windsor, St. Paul street, Montreal (WHOLESALE ONLY)

#### PSALMS.

Psalm 18

18 They prevented me in the day of my calamity: but the Lord was my stay.

19 He brought me forth also into a large place: he delivered me, because he delighted in me.

20 The Lord rewarded me according to my righteousness: according to the cleanness of my hands hath he recompensed me.

21 For I have kept the ways of the Lord, and have not wickedly departed from my God.

22 For all his judgments were before me, and I did not put away his statutes from me.

23 I was also upright before him, and I kept myself from mine iniquity.

24 Therefore hath the Lord recompensed me according to my righteousness, according to the cleanness of my hands in his eyesight.

#### PROVERBS.

CHAPTER 8.

8 Reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee: rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee.

9 Give instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser: teach a just man, and he will increase in learning.

10 The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and the knowledge of the Holy is understanding:

11 For by me thy days shall be multiplied, and the years of thy life shall be increased.

12 If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself: but if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it.

13 A foolish woman is clamorous; she is simple, and knoweth nothing.

14 For she sitteth at the door of her house, on a seat in the high places of the city,

15 To call passengers who go right on their ways:

TO BE CONTINUED.

## HERE'S A SNAP

THE OBSERVER

And the

### FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR

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THE OBSERVER and FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR of Montreal, from now till January 1st for only 35 cents.

Advertisement text on the far right edge of the page, including words like 'COPY', 'Take that some business gentleman be I want you.', 'Then they the door closed', 'Inspector's', 'ward me.', 'and girded up', 'meet—what?', 'impossible to', 'The next of total ignorance probably to be Grey turned out', 'men; he had', 'ing him by the', 'Fairbrother you called on you murderer', 'Fairbrother was he who life on the', 'Fe? Sears? A in that moment', 'Meanwhile, the other's th', 'had seized it, stiletto from', 'fing it, cry', 'this?', 'Ah, then I s', 'In a silence', 'so called bu', 'woman, the m', 'had fallen, t', 'thought a the', 'time of the d', 'thrust under', 'face passed a', 'fear, abhorre', 'which, fool th', 'to see reflecte', 'test in Mr. G', 'The surpris', 'me chained t', 'state of stupe', 'noted the brok', 'But the intrud', 'ing his gaze', 'Mr. Grey con', 'pointed to the', 'muttering:—', 'That is wh', 'betrayal—the', 'I cannot bear', 'He stopped, around him', 'bravado.', 'Since you c', 'wife's feet in', 'finished Mr. C', 'possession.', 'I see that', 'self are not f', 'retort, launce', 'casm. Then a', 'position crush', 'assumed an a', 'accustomed e', 'hand into his', 'small box wi', 'Grey's hands.', 'The Great I', 'ply. It was the fin', 'diamond so na', 'Without a', 'opened the bo', 'contents, assu', 'carefully depo', 'in his own p', 'turned to the', 'passion of the', 'It was not', 'cried he. "It', 'me and flaunt', 'my very face', 'vet!"', 'The K', 'The blow wh', 'was a revelati', 'From the earl', 'knock-out blow', 'the temple of t', 'punches were', 'weary the fight', 'had told one of', 'most vulnerabl', 'the stomach, h', 'for an ignorant', 'home to the pu', 'the stomach is', 'out of the p', 'protect our hea', 'but the wound', 'ent to, until di', 'and knocks up', 'round and stro', 'Pierce's Golden', 'you protect you', 'able spot. "Go', 'cures "weak s', 'dyspepsia, torpi', 'pure blood and', 'gans of digesti', 'The "Golden', 'specific curative', 'surfaces and l', 'matter where l', 'may have reach', 'is well to clean', 'Eage's Catarrh', 'the "Discovery', 'Why the', "Try" cures cata', 'stomach, bowels', 'organs will be', 'read a booklet o', 'ings of eminent', 'dorsing its log', 'their curative', 'free on request', 'Buffalo, N. Y.', 'ingredients ent', 'medicines from', 'they contain no', 'triple-refined gly', 'Dr. Pierce's g', 'trated Compo', 'will be sent free', 'cent stamps, or c', 'ress Dr. Pier

# The Woman In the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN, Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Filigree Ball," "The House in the Mist," "The Amethyst Box," Etc.

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"Take that back," said he. "I have some business to transact with this gentleman before I eat. I'll ring when I want you."

Then they entered where I was. As the door closed I caught sight of the inspector's face turned earnestly toward me. In his eyes I read my duty and graded up my heart, as it were, to meet what? In that moment it was impossible to tell.

The next enlightened me. With a total ignorance of my presence, due probably to his great excitement, Mr. Grey turned on his companion—the moment he had closed the door and, seizing him by the collar, cried: "Fairbrother, you villain, why have you called on your wife like this? Are you murdering her as well as this?"

Fairbrother! This man? Then who was he who was being nursed back to life on the mountains beyond Santa Fe? Sens? Anything seemed possible in that moment.

Meanwhile, dropping his hand from the other's throat as suddenly as he had seized it, Mr. Grey caught up the stiletto from the table where he had stung it, crying, "Do you recognize this?"

Ah, then I saw guilt!

In a silence worse than any cry this so called husband of the murdered woman, the man on whom no suspicion had fallen, the man whom all had thought a thousand miles away at the time of the deed, stared at the weapon thrust under his eyes, while over his face passed all those expressions of fear, abhorrence and detected guilt which, fool that I was, I had expected to see reflected in response to the same test in Mr. Grey's equable countenance.

The surprise and wonder of it held me chained to the spot. I was in a state of stupefaction, so that I scarcely noted the broken fragments at my feet. But the intruder noticed them. Wrenching his gaze from the stiletto which Mr. Grey continued to hold out, he pointed to the broken cup and saucer, muttering:

"That is what startled me into this betrayal—the noise of breaking china. I cannot bear it since."

He stopped, bit his lip and looked around him with an air of sudden bravado.

"Since you dropped the cups at your wife's feet in Mr. Ramsdell's alcove," finished Mr. Grey with admirable self-possession. "I see that explanations from myself are not in order," was the grim retort, launched with the bitterest sarcasm. Then as the full weight of his position crushed in on him his face assumed an aspect startling to my unaccustomed eyes, and thrusting his hand into his pocket he drew forth a small box which he placed in Mr. Grey's hands.

"The Great Mogul," he declared simply.

It was the first time I had heard this diamond so named. Without a word that gentleman opened the box, took one look at the contents, assumed a satisfied air and carefully deposited the recovered gem in his own pocket. As his eyes returned to the man before him all the passion of the latter burst forth.

"It was not for that I killed her!" cried he. "It was because she defied me and flouted her disobedience in my very face. I would do it again, yet!"

## The Knock-out Blow.

The blow which knocked out Corbett was a revelation to the prize fighters. From the earliest days of the ring the knock-out blow was aimed for the jaw, the temple or the jugular vein. Stomach punches were thrown in to worry and weary the fighter, but if a scientific man had told one of the old fighters that the most vulnerable spot was the region of the stomach, he'd have laughed at him for an ignoramus. Dr. Pierce is bringing home to the public a parallel fact; that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring as well as in it. We protect our heads, throats, feet and lungs, but the stomach we are utterly indifferent to, until disease finds the solar plexus and knocks us out. Make your stomach sound and strong by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and you protect yourself in your most vulnerable spot. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures "weak stomach," indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, bad, thin and impure blood and other diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" has a specific curative effect upon all mucous surfaces and hence cures catarrh, no matter where located or what stage it may have reached. In Nasal Catarrh it is well to cleanse the passages with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy fluid while using the "Discovery" as a constitutional remedy. Why the "Golden Medical Discovery" cures catarrhal diseases, as of the stomach, bowels, bladder and other pelvic organs will be plain to you if you will read a booklet of extracts from the writings of eminent medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients and explaining their curative properties. It is mailed free on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. This booklet gives all the ingredients entering into Dr. Pierce's medicines from which it will be seen that they contain not a drop of alcohol, pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead. Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser will be sent free, paper-bound, for 31 one-cent stamps, or cloth-bound for 50 stamps. Dr. Pierce as above.

Here his voice broke and it was in a different tone and with a total change of manner he added: "You stand appalled at my depravity. You have not lived my life." Then quickly and with a touch of sullenness: "You suspected me because of the stiletto. It was a mistake, using that stiletto. Otherwise the plan was good. I doubt if you know how I found my way into the alcove, possibly under your very eyes; certainly under the eyes of many who knew me."

"I do not. It is enough that you entered it; that you confess your guilt."

Here Mr. Grey stretched his hand toward the electric button.

"No, it is not enough." The tone was fierce, authoritative. "Do not ring the bell—not yet. I have a fancy to tell you how I managed that little affair."

Glancing about he caught up from a nearby table a small brass tray. Emptying it of its contents, he turned on us with drawn down features and an obsequious air so opposed to his natural manner that it was as if another man stood before us.

"Pardon my black tie," he muttered, holding out the tray toward Mr. Grey.

Wellgood!

The room turned with me. It was he, then, the great financier, the multi-millionaire, the husband of the magnificent Grizel, who had entered Mr. Ramsdell's house as a waiter!

Mr. Grey did not show surprise, but he made a gesture, when instantly the tray was thrown aside, and the man resumed his ordinary aspect.

"I see you understand me," he cried. "I, who have played host at many a ball, passed myself off that night as one of the waiters. I came and went, and no one noticed me. It is such a natural sight to see a waiter passing over that my going in and out of the alcove did not attract the least attention. I never look at waiters when I attend balls. I never look higher than their trays. No one looked at me higher than my tray. I held the stiletto under the tray, and when I struck her she threw up her hands, and they hit the tray, and the cups fell. I have never been able to bear the sound of breaking china since. I loved her!"

A gasp, and he recovered himself. "That is neither here nor there," he muttered. "You summoned me under threat to present myself at your door today. I have done so. I meant to restore you your diamond simply. It has become worthless to me. But fate exacted more. Surprise forced my secret from me. That young lady with her damnable awkwardness has put my head in a noose, but do not think to hold it there. I did not risk this interview without precautions. I assure you, and when I leave this hotel it will be as a free man."

With one of his rapid changes, wonderful and inexplicable to me at the moment, he turned toward me, with a bow, saying courteously enough: "We will excuse the young lady."

Next moment the barrel of a pistol gleamed in his hand.

The moment was critical. Mr. Grey stood directly in the line of fire, and the audacious man who thus held him at his mercy was scarcely a foot from the door leading into the hall. Marking the desperation of his look and the steadiness of his finger on the trigger, I expected to see Mr. Grey recoil and the man escape. But Mr. Grey held his own, though he made no move and did not venture to speak. Nerved by his courage, I summoned up all my own. This man must not escape nor must Mr. Grey suffer. The pistol directed against him must be diverted to myself. Such amends were due one whose good name I had so deeply if secretly insulted. I had but to scream, to call out for the inspector, but a remembrance of the necessity we were now under of preserving our secret, of keeping from Mr. Grey the fact that he had been under surveillance, was even at that moment surrounded by the police, deterred me, and I threw myself toward the bell instead, crying out that I would raise the house if he moved, and laid my finger on the button.

The pistol swerved my way. The face above it smiled. I watched that

smile. Before it broadened to its full extent, I pressed the button.

Fairbrother stared, dropped his pistol and burst forth with these two words: "Brave girl!"

The tone I can never convey. Then he made for the door.

As he laid his hand on the knob, he called back: "I have been in worse straits than this."

But he never had. When he opened the door, he found himself face to face with the inspector.

CHAPTER XXIII. LATER, it was all explained. Mr. Grey, looking like another man, came into the room where I was endeavoring to soothe the startled daughter and devour in secret my own joy. Taking the sweet girl in his arms he said, with a calm ignoring of my presence, at which I secretly smiled:

"This is the happiest moment of my existence, Helen. I feel as if I had recovered you from the brink of the grave."

"Me? Why, I have never been so ill as that."

"I know, but I have felt as if you were doomed ever since I heard or thought I heard in this city, and under no ordinary circumstances, the peculiar cry which haunts our house on the eve of any great misfortune. You shall not apologize for my fears. I know that I have good cause for them, but today, only today, I have heard from the lips of the most arrant knave I have ever known that this cry sprang from himself with intent to deceive me. He knew my weakness, knew the cry. He was in Darlington Manor when Cecilia died, and wishing to starve me into dropping something which I held, made use of his ventriloquist powers (he had been a mountebank once, poor wretch!) and with such effect that I have not been a happy man since in spite of your daily improvement and continued promise of recovery. But I am happy now, relieved and joyful, and this miserable being—would you like to hear his story? Are you strong enough for anything so tragic? He is a thief and a murderer, but he has feelings, and his life has been a curious one and strangely interwoven with ours. Do you care to hear about it? He is the man who stole our diamond."

My patient uttered a little cry.

"Oh, tell me," she entreated, excited, but not unhealthfully, while I was in an anguish of curiosity I could with difficulty conceal.

Mr. Grey turned with courtesy to me and asked if a few family details would bore me. I smiled and assured him to the contrary, at which he settled himself in the chair he liked best and began a tale which I will permit myself to present to you complete and from other points of view than his own.

Some five years before one of the great diamonds of the world was offered for sale in an eastern market. Mr. Grey, who stopped at no expense in the gratification of his taste in this direction, immediately sent his agent to Egypt to examine the stone. If the agent discovered it to be all that was claimed for it and within the reach of a wealthy commoner's purse, he was to buy it. Upon inspection it was found to be all that was claimed, with one exception. In the center of one of the facets was a flaw, but as this was considered to mark the diamond and rather add to than detract from its value as a traditional stone with many historical associations it was finally purchased by Mr. Grey and placed among his treasures in his manor house in Kent. Never a suspicious man, he took delight in exhibiting this acquisition to such of his friends and acquaintances as were likely to feel any interest in it, and it was not an uncommon thing for him to allow it to pass from hand to hand while he pottered over his other treasures and displayed this and that to such as had no eyes for the diamond.

It was after one such occasion that he found on taking the stone in his hand to replace it in the safe he had had built for it in one of his cabinets that it did not strike his eye with its usual force and brilliancy, and on examining it closely he discovered the absence of the telltale flaw. Struck with dismay, he submitted it to a still more rigid inspection, when he found that what he held was not even a diamond, but a worthless bit of glass, which had been substituted by some cunning knave for his invaluable gem.

For the moment his humiliation almost equalled his sense of loss. He had been so often warned of the danger he ran in letting so priceless an object pass around under all eyes but his own. His wife and friends had prophesied some such loss as this not once, but many times, and he had always laughed at their fears, saying that he knew his friends and there was not a scamp among them. But now he saw it proved that even the intuition of a man well versed in human nature is not always infallible, and, ashamed of his past laxness and more ashamed yet of the doubts which this experience called up in regard to all his friends, he shut up the false stone with his usual care and buried his loss in his own bosom till he could sift his impressions and recall with some degree of probability the circumstances under which this exchange could have been made.

It had not been made that evening. Of this he was positive. The only persons present on this occasion were friends of such standing and repute that suspicion in their regard was simply monstrous. When and to whom, then, had he shown the diamond last? Alas, it had been a long month since he had shown the jewel. Cecilia, his youngest daughter, had died in the interim; therefore his mind had not been on jewels. A month—time for his pre-

vious diamond to have been carried back to the east! Time for it to have been re-cut! Surely it was lost to him forever, unless he could immediately locate the person who had robbed him of it.

But this promised difficulties. He could not remember just what persons he had entertained on that special day in his little hall of cabinets, and, when he did succeed in getting a list of them from his butler, he was by no means sure that it included the full number of his guests. His own memory was execrable, and, in short, he had but few facts to offer to the discreet agent sent up from Scotland Yard one morning to hear his complaint and act secretly in his interests. He could give him carte blanche to carry on his inquiries in the diamond market, but little else. And while this seemed to satisfy the agent, it did not lead to any gratifying result to himself, and he had thoroughly made up his mind to swallow his loss and say nothing about it, when one day a young cousin of his living in great style in an adjoining county informed him that in some mysterious way he had lost from his collection of arms a unique and highly prized stiletto of Italian workmanship.

Startled by this coincidence, Mr. Grey ventured upon a question or two which led to his cousin's confiding to him the fact that this article had disappeared after a large supper given by him to a number of friends and gentlemen from London. This piece of knowledge, still further coinciding with his own experience, caused Mr. Grey to ask for a list of his guests in the hope of finding among them one who had been in his own house.

His cousin, quite unconscious of the motives underlying this request, hastened to write out this list, and together they pored over the names, crossing out such as were absolutely above suspicion. When they had reached the end of the list, but two names remained un-crossed. One was that of a rattlepated youth who had come in the wake of a highly reputed connection of theirs and the other that of an American tourist who gave all the evidences of great wealth and had presented letters to leading men in London which had insured him attentions not usually accorded to foreigners. This man's name was Fairbrother, and the moment Mr. Grey heard it he recalled the fact that an American with a peculiar name, but with a reputation for wealth, had been among his guests on the suspected evening.

Hiding the effect produced upon him by this discovery, he placed his finger on this name and begged his cousin to look up its owner's antecedents and present reputation in America; but, not content with this, he sent his own agent over to New York, whither, as he soon learned, this gentleman had returned. The result was an apparent vindication of the suspected American. He was found to be a well known citizen of the great metropolis, moving in the highest circles and with a reputation for wealth won by an extraordinary business instinct.

To be sure, he had not always enjoyed these distinctions. Like many another self-made man, he had risen from a menial position in a western mining camp to be the owner of a mine himself and so up through the various gradations of a successful life to a position among the foremost business men of New York. In all these changes he had maintained a name for honesty if not generous dealing. He lived in great style, had married and was known to have but one extravagant fancy. This was for the unique and curious in art, a taste which, if reported true, cost him many thousands each year.

This last was the only clause in the report which pointed in any way toward this man being the possible abstractor of the Great Mogul, as Mr. Grey's famous diamond was called, and the latter was too just a man and too much of a fancier in this line himself to let a fact of this kind weigh against the favorable nature of the rest. So he recalled his agent, double locked his cabinets and continued to confine his display of valuables to articles which did not suggest jewels. Thus three days passed, when one day he heard mention made of a wonderful diamond which had been seen in New York.

From its description he gathered that it must be the one surreptitiously abstracted from his cabinet, and when, after some careful inquiries, he learned that the name of its possessor was Fairbrother, he awoke to his old suspicions and determined to probe this matter to the bottom—but secretly. He still had too much consideration to attack a man in high position without full proof.

Knowing of no one he could trust with so delicate an inquiry as this had now become, he decided to undertake it himself, and for this purpose embarked the first opportunity to cross the water. He took his daughter with him because he had resolved never to let his one remaining child out of his sight. But she knew nothing of his plans or reason for travel. No one did, indeed, only his lawyer and the police were aware of the loss of his diamond.

His first surprise on landing was to learn that Mr. Fairbrother, of whose marriage he had heard, had quarreled with his wife and that, in the separation which had occurred, the diamond had fallen to her share and was consequently in her possession at the present moment.

This changed matters, and Mr. Grey's only thought now was to surprise her with the diamond on her person and by one glance assure himself that it was indeed the Great Mogul. Since Mrs. Fairbrother was reported to be a beautiful woman and a great society belle, he saw no reason why he should not meet her publicly, and that very soon. He therefore accepted invitations and attended theaters and

balls, though his daughter had suffered from her voyage and was not able to accompany him. But alas! He soon learned that Mrs. Fairbrother was never seen with her diamond and, one evening after an introduction at the opera, that she never talked about it. So there he was, balked on the very threshold of his enterprise, and, recognizing the fact, was preparing to take his now seriously ailing daughter south, when he received an invitation to a ball of such a select character that he decided to remain for it, in the hope that Mrs. Fairbrother would be tempted to put on all her splendor for so magnificent a function and thus gratify him with a sight of his own diamond. During the days that intervened he saw her several times and very soon decided that, in spite of her reticence in regard to this gem, she was not sufficiently in her husband's confidence to know the secret of its real ownership. This encouraged him to attempt picking her into wearing the diamond on this occasion. He talked of precious stones and finally of his own, declaring that he had a connoisseur's eye for a fine diamond, but had seen none as yet in America to compete with a specimen or two he had in his own cabinets. Her eyes flashed at this, though she said nothing, she felt sure that her presence at Mr. Ramsdell's house would be enlivened by her great jewel.

So much for Mr. Grey's attitude in this matter up to the night of the ball. It is interesting enough, but that of Abner Fairbrother is more interesting still and much more serious.

His was, indeed, the hand which had abstracted the diamond from Mr. Grey's collection. Under ordinary conditions he was an honest man. He prized his good name and would not willingly risk it, but he had little real conscience, and once his passions were aroused nothing short of the object desired would content him. At once forceful and subtle, he had in his command infinite resources which his wandering and eventful life had heightened almost to the point of genius. He saw this stone and at once felt an inordinate desire to possess it. He had coveted other men's treasures before, but not as he coveted this. What had been longed for in other cases was manna in this. There was a woman in America whom he loved. She was beautiful, and she was splendid looking. To see her with this glory on her breast would be worth almost any risk which his imagination could picture at the moment. Before the diamond had left his hand he had made up his mind to have it for his own. He knew that it could not be bought, so he set about obtaining it by an act he did not hesitate to acknowledge to himself as criminal. But he did not act without precaution. Having a keen eye and a proper sense of size and color, he carried away from his first view of it a true image of the stone, and when he was next admitted to Mr. Grey's cabinet room he had provided the means for deceiving the owner, whose character he had sounded.

He might have failed in his daring attempt if he had not been favored by a circumstance no one could have foreseen. A daughter of the house, Cecilia by name, lay critically ill at the time, and Mr. Grey's attention was more or less distracted. Still the probabilities are that he would have noticed something amiss with the stone when he came to restore it to its place if just as he took it in his hand there had not risen in the air outside a wailing cry which at once seized upon the imagination of the dozen gentlemen present, and so nearly prostrated their host that he thrust the box he held unopened into the safe and fell upon his knees, a totally unnerved him, crying: "The banshee! The banshee! My daughter will die!"

Another hand than his locked the safe and dropped the key into the distracted father's pocket. Thus a superhuman daring conjoined with a special intervention of fate had made the enterprise a successful one, and Fairbrother, believing more than ever in his star, carried this invaluable jewel back with him to New York. The stiletto—well, the taking of that was a folly for which he had never ceased to blush. He had not stolen it. He would not steal so inconsiderable an object. He had merely put it in his pocket when he saw it forgotten, passed over, given to him, as it were. That the risk, contrary to that involved in the taking of the diamond, was far in excess of the gratification obtained he realized almost immediately; but, having made the break and acquired the cue, he spared himself all further thought of the entrapment and presently resumed his old life in New York, none the worse, to all appearances, for these escapades from virtue and his usual course of fair and open dealing.

But he was soon the worse from jealousy of the wife which his new possession had possibly won for him. She had answered all his expectations as mistress of his home and the exponent of his wealth, and for a year—say, for two—he had been perfectly happy. Indeed, he had been more than that. He had been triumphant, especially on that memorable evening when, after a cautious delay of months, he had dared to pin that unapproachable sparkler to her breast and present her thus beleeked to the smart set—her whom his talents, and especially his far reaching business talents, had made his own.

Recalling the old days of barter and sale across the pine counter in Colorado, he felt that his star was high and for a time was satisfied with his wife's magnificence and the prestige she gave his establishment. But pride is not all, even to a man of his daring ambition. Gradually he began to realize first, that she was indifferent to him; next, that she despised him and

lastly, that she hated him. She had dozens at her feet, any of whom was more agreeable to her than her own husband, and, though he could not put his finger on any definite fault, he soon wearied of a beauty that only glowed for others and made up his mind to part with her rather than let his heart be eaten out by unappeasable longing for what his own good sense told him would never be his.

Yet, being naturally generous, he was satisfied with a separation, and, finding it impossible to think of her as other than extravagantly fed, waited on and clothed, he allowed her a good share of his fortune with the one proviso, that she should not disgrace him. But the diamond she stole, or rather carried off in her naturally high handed manner with the rest of her jewels. He had never given it to her. She knew the value he set on it, but not how he came by it, and would have worn it quite freely if he had not very soon given her to understand that the pleasure of doing so ceased when she left his house. As she could not be seen with it without occasioning public remark, she was forced, though much against her will, to heed his wishes and enjoy its brilliancy in private. But once, when he was out of town, she dared to appear with this fortune on her breast and again while on a visit west, and her husband heard of it.

To Be Continued

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INTERESTING THINGS FOR LADY READERS

Home and Other Helps with the Latest Notions from the Near-by Metropolis

Care of the Feet

The majority of people little know how much one's feet effect one's general health. In the case of singers and speakers the care of the feet is nearly important as the care of the throat, as they have almost a direct influence upon the throat. Keeping the feet boxed, up in tight leather shoes, is needless for me to say, injurious in many ways. Only those nations who go barefooted, or wear sandals, have beautiful, perfectly formed feet. Tight shoes retard the circulation and compress the foot of shape. High-heels are an abomination; they throw the whole body out of poise. They have a very bad effect on the nervous system. A leading physician told me that he had little idea what a vast amount of harm was caused by the wearing of high heels. He said that they were the cause of many ills. For a number of years I have made it a rule to change my stockings every day. When fatigued, no change of garments refreshes me more quickly than a fresh pair of stockings. In cold weather, the feet should be oiled, this is a great protection not only against chills, but against cool feet, and corns also. In the warm weather, if the feet have a tendency to perspire, nothing is better than some good antiseptic talcum powder. Corn starch is a good substitute for powder and is very soothing for tired feet. Every one should wear rubber heel pads; they prevent headaches and jars to the spine. Woman would not be such sufferers from nervous headaches, if they adopted these simple appliances.

WELL TRIED RECIPTS

The readers of "THE OBSERVER," who last week were interested in the receipts, must have wondered at sweet milk gems, in which there was no milk. The printer made a mistake in both receipts for graham gems, and left out sour milk in the first receipt and sweet milk in the second receipt.

Brown Bread

2 cups of sour milk, 1/2 cup of sugar, 3/4 cup of molasses, 2 cups of graham flour, 1 cup white flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt. Bake two hours.

Beef Croquettes

1 cup of beef chopped fine, 1/2 cup of bread, or soda biscuit rolled fine, 1 egg, a little mustard, and a few shakes of celery salt. Mix well with hot water and fry in lard like fish balls.

Stewed Kidney

Put a kidney on to boil early in the afternoon let it simmer till bedtime. Allow it to remain in the same water all night. Next morning cut into small pieces and let it boil for an hour or more. Make a brown gravy, and just before serving add two hard boiled eggs sliced.

Citron Preserves

Cut the citron into slices, take out the seeds, peel it and cut it into small thin pieces, about half an inch long. Put a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, and let it stand over night, and then boil until clear. To flavor, add lemon juice. This to my tastes makes the most delicious preserve. However, some people prefer ginger for flavoring. Candied ginger cut into dice, is far nicer than root ginger. Put it in and boil with the citron.

I made two lots, and in the second, I only put three pounds of sugar to four pounds of fruit. But most people prefer the pound for pound preserve with citron.

Paris Styles

The other day, I had the pleasure of dining with a friend who had just returned from a summer abroad. She spent some time in Paris shortly before her return and of course she bought herself a genuine Paris hat, for who goes to Paris and does not buy a hat? I was surprised to learn from her that the large hats which are so fashionable on this side of the water, were no longer the vogue in Paris. She said that the large hats had come and gone

and now were no longer considered good form.

She said that the most popular hats of the moment with the Parisians, were a fairly large sailor, with a rather flat crown, with no other trimming than a simple rose, placed right in the front. The beauty of the whole hat lies entirely in that rose, for it is in itself a thing of art. It is very large in size, so large in fact as to cover the entire front of the hat, and nearly the whole of both sides. These roses are usually made of silk or velvet, and are shaded, light at the outer edges, and dark towards the centre. One particularly lovely rose that my friend noticed was a dark red, shading to a black centre.

TWO SIMPLE DESSERTS

I am always trying to find the easiest way of getting through the daily round of work. The desserts make me the most trouble, I think. I will pass on two of my very easiest rules.

Choose a very cold night for making this dessert, and when the evening meal is well out of the way, take some cream and whip it until it stiffens somewhat; then add sugar and flavoring "to taste," turn into a common tin pail, cover, and put it out-of-doors to freeze. I find it freezes nicely to set it in the piazza. Do not look at it until you serve it at the next day's dinner. The family all like it, and while it is not so nice as ice-cream made in the orthodox manner, it is a very good substitute.

Another easy dessert is to save the coffee left from breakfast, and an hour before dinner heat it up, and when hot stir into it a cup of minute tapioca. Set it in a double boiler and cook until clear. Shortly before serving, add to it a cup of sugar and a good-sized lump of butter. Serve hot with cream.

After a bottle of glue or cement has been opened, rub cotton tallow or cold cream on a sound cork before inserting it and the cork will not stick fast in the neck of the bottle and break when an attempt is made to draw it. Moreover, the glue will remain liquid. Glass stoppers should be treated in the same way.

Peeps at Paris Hats

They are new looking metal buckles on some hats, in which colors such as old blue and dull green are combined with gold. A pendant on a link is used with good effect on some of the large flat ornaments. Ties, usually of fairly wide silk ribbon, are attached to the picture hats, and they are joined so that they can be allowed to fall forward over the left shoulder.

Maline is used about the bands and sometimes as a trimming to relieve the furry effect of some of the feather bandeaux. Some beaded net effects are used as applique to velvet. Laces are shown by some modistes especially light effects, as a drapery for velvet, being generally black over a color, but there is a little colored lace to be seen, too.

The feather trimmings continue as profuse as ever, the idea being to combine several effects in one piece—for instance, wings at the end of bandeaux, paradise sprouting from wings, quills in connection with brute ostrich, owl heads with pheasant tail effects, owl heads with wings, ostrich, and marabout in more elaborate designs than ever, and so on.

The Tam O'Shanter crown is a factor. It is often made of beaver or plain felt, which can be obtained in hoops or plateaux. The newest plateaux are square, measuring about 30 inches each way. Where brims are of felt, heavily ribbed silk, peau de sole or velvet is likely to be employed for the tam crowns.

Oyster Recipes

Oysters are much to the fore these days, and so a few hints on serving them may not come amiss. To broil oysters takes a pint of large oysters, dip in melted butter, then in bread-crumbs with a little salt and pepper, broil ten minutes. Serve with Maitre d'Hotel sauce. This sauce is made by mixing two tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice, one of chopped parsley, dash of salt, pepper and cayenne, with four tablespoonfuls of creamed butter.

For Creamed Oysters for pates or

ramekin dishes take a pint of oysters parboiled or a cup of oysters and a cup of cooked macaroni; cook thoroughly two tablespoonfuls of butter and three of flour, slightly browned, one cup of hot milk or cream, half a cup strained oyster liquor, dash of salt, celery salt, cayenne, and nutmeg, or half a teaspoonful of anchovy paste, one teaspoon lemon juice and one of chopped parsley. Mix this with the oysters, fill the dishes, crumb and bake five minutes or fill the pate cases and serve without crumbing. If the macaroni is used add two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese.

SENSE TRAINING

An Article Contributed by Miss Ruth F. Wisdom of Dar-mouth, N. S.

CONCLUDED

We endeavor to lay such a foundation that each one of the five gateways of knowledge shall be open to the Creator's works and to information found in books.

Teachers of Science complain, that boys and girls do not examine natural objects with definiteness and accuracy, because of lack of sense training. Teachers of English Literature complain that their pupils do not understand or appreciate the most beautiful, as well as the most simple passages, because of the lack of sense training.

Our greatest writers used definite images from every sense. They describe none, neither taste nor smell. "Milton's Paradise Lost" is especially prolific in order images. Just in eight consecutive lines I notice the following:

"Native perfumes," "Balmly spoils," "Sabean orders?" "Spicy shore," "Grateful smell."

Shakespeare speaks of "Perfumed winds," "Balmly smells," "The sweet smell that breathes upon a bank of violets." Groves as sweet as damask roses." In order to thoroughly appreciate such images the sense of smell must not be neglected in early childhood.

Images which appeal to the sense of taste abound in the greatest writers, while those which bring up auditory and visual images, or in other words appeal to the sight and hearing, are found on every page.

If any special sense fails to do its duty because of the lack of training, knowledge must to that extent be imperfect. The time will come when it will seem as stupid, nay as criminal to neglect the proper training of all a child's senses, as to fail to teach him to read.

In our kindergarten for quick recognition of color, we have series of white cards with different shapes of colored papers pasted on. These we show the children one at a time, they being expected to tell what they saw. We study pictures and afterwards the children tell what they have seen, or, we show a picture and have some child tell what he saw.

We sometimes have a small number of objects on a table such as follows:—Shells, fruits and stones; after the children look at them, one child closes his eyes while we remove one of the objects. The child then looks and tries to discover what has been removed.

The sense of hearing is trained by such games as "Bell Ringer" and "The pebble Game," when the child is obliged to listen to the music.

In all the work we do in our "Morning Circle Talks," in our lessons, in our busy work, in our games, sense training is kept foremost. Our aim is to put the children on the road to get as Whitier so beautifully puts it:

"Knowledge never learned of school,  
Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
Of the wild flower's time and place,  
Flight of fowl and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood:  
How the tortoise bears his shell,  
How the wood chuck digs his cell,  
And the ground mole sinks his well;  
How the O.icle's nest is hung,  
Where the freshest lilies blow,  
Where the whitest berries grow,  
Where the groundnut trails its vine,  
Where the wood grape clusters shine,  
Of the black wasps cunning way,  
Mason of his walls of clay,  
And the architectural plaitis  
Of the gray hornet artisans."

Helleck, professor of Psychology in Yale says:

"If the child's knowledge reaches to a solid foundation of sense training like this, the floods of time will bear in vain upon that knowledge. Other things may pass away, but that remains while the brain lasts."

As this century goes on, it will probably see a marked reformation in Education, especially in teaching the child more from the book of nature than the printed page.

"THE NIGGER IN THE WOOD-PILE"

Thousands of people go through life feeling more or less miserable without ever knowing the reason. They suffer from headaches, indigestion, pains in the back, and at the slightest chill get rheumatism or neuralgia.

They try to cure these separate outbreaks, never suspecting that the root of the whole trouble is the failure of the bowels to move regularly, and in many cases the sluggish action of kidneys and skin. The result, of course, is that the whole system gets clogged with impurities, which soon turn to poison, and show their presence in various ways.

"Fruit-a-lives"—or fruit juice tablets—promptly stir up the sluggish liver, regulate the bowels, and stimulate the kidneys and skin to do their work properly. Thus they cure all these troubles by removing the cause, and make it possible to really-enjoy life. See a box—6 boxes for \$2.50. Trial size 25c. Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Satin slippers may be cleaned by rubbing them with stale bread or soft India rubber. If this fails try white flannel moistened with spirits of wine.

Fresh eggs may be tested by making a solution of one quart of water and two tablespoonfuls of salt. If the egg is fresh it will sink in this, while stale eggs will float.

A few slices of raw onion, left in saucers about a room, are recommended for taking away the odor of fresh paint. The onion should be renewed each day for two days or so.

A pound of meat to a quart of water, is the correct proportion to use in making a good broth, a large measure of success depending on the slowness with which it is allowed to come to the boil, and the care which is devoted to skimming.

Canton flannel gloves are useful to save the hands when doing household work, and do not become unpleasantly hard like rubber. If several pairs of the Canton flannel are kept there may be clean ones each day.

A tempting luncheon dish recommended by Mrs. Korer is as follows:—Boiled rice mixed with an equal quantity of chopped nuts, a hard-boiled egg chopped fine and a very little seasoning, salt and onion juice. Mix and put into baking dish, cover with cream sauce, sprinkle grated cheese over the top, and bake.

Another new and nourishing luncheon dish is made by covering the bottom of a baking dish with squares of toast, over this put a layer of tomatoes, peeled and cut up, then a layer of pecan nuts, after this a layer of rice, then a mixture of nuts, rice and, tomatoes and finally bits of toast. Bake and serve hot.

The Fall Hats

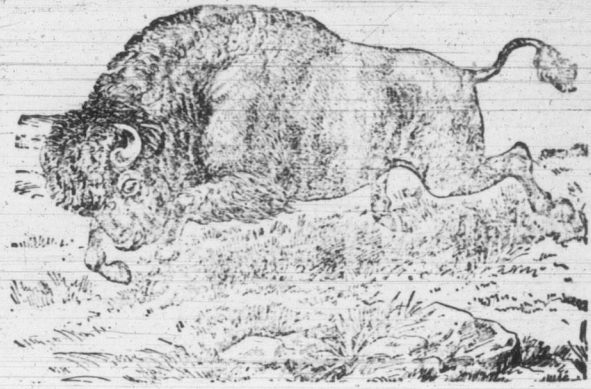
It is time to say another word or two about the shockingly ugly and offensive hats of the supposedly well-dressed women. The fall hats are worse than ever. They have greatly increased the pains and penalties of metropolitan life, as they not only offend the vision but they interfere with "personal liberty."

When the woman who wears one of the incroyable hats to the theatre, and reluctantly removes it as the curtain is rising, she places it in her lap, but it covers also the laps of the persons on either side of her; if one of these happens to be a solitary man, and there is another woman with the same kind of a hat on the other side of him, he soon feels that he might as well have been born a turtle.

Some of the hats are so large that the wearers of two of them are apt to jostle each other on the sidewalk to the peril of their millinery. They are sometimes so large that the doors of the street and subway cars are too narrow for their wearers to enter comfortably. A short woman wearing one of the biggest hats in a street car can cause enough annoyance to unoffending men to make her forget the stoidal dignity of manhood. Indeed, a woman who wears a fashionable hat of the Autumn of 1908, in public place, renders herself liable to insult.

The hats are not handsome; their shapes are abominable, especially those of the inverted football form. No woman looks well in one. In fact, they lend the effect of immodesty, if not indecency, to the most innocent countenance. In order to set them off properly the wearer must stick huge quantities of false hair on her poll. The most sophisticated man knows that the hair is false, and dislikes to effect. Why do supposedly self-respecting, well-bred women so disgrace themselves, offend the artistic eye, and make a nuisance of themselves in public places?—Editorial in New York Times.

"OXOL" FOR CATTLE



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PSALMS.

Psalm 18

18 They prevented me in the day of my calamity; but the Lord was my stay.

19 He brought me forth also into a large place: he delivered me, because he delighted in me.

20 The Lord rewarded me according to my righteousness: according to the cleanness of my hands hath he recompensed me.

21 For I have kept the ways of the Lord, and have not wickedly departed from my God.

22 For all his judgments were before me, and I did not put away his statutes from my mind.

23 I was also upright before him, and I kept myself from mine iniquity.

24 Therefore hath the Lord recompensed me according to my righteousness, according to the cleanness of my hands in his eyesight.

PROVERBS.

CHAPTER 8.

8 Reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee: rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee.

9 Give instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser; teach a just man, and he will increase in learning.

10 The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and the knowledge of the Holy is understanding.

11 For by me thy days shall be multiplied, and the years of thy life shall be increased.

12 If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself; but if thou scorner, thou alone shalt bear it.

13 A foolish woman is clamorous; she is simple, and knoweth nothing.

14 For she sitteth at the door of her house, on a seat in the high places of the city,

15 To call passengers who go right on their ways:

TO BE CONTINUED.

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T... I...

Take that gentleman be I want you. Then they the door close inspector's f ward me. I and girded up meet—what? impossible to. The next total ignoran probably to t Grey turned ment he had ing him by th

Fairbrother you called on you murderer Fairbrother was he who life on the Fe? Sears? in that mom Meanwhile, the other's th had seized it, stiletto from stung it, cry this?"

Ah, then I s In a silence so called hu woman, the m had fallen, I thought a the time of the thrust under face passed fear, abhorre which, fool th to see reflecte test in Mr. G The surpris me chained t state of stupe noted the bro But the intrud ing his gaze Mr. Grey co pointed to the muttering;

"That is wh betray—the I cannot bear He stopped around him bravado.

"Since you a wife's feet in finished Mr. G possession. "I see that self are not retort, launch casm. Then a position crush assumed an accu stomed o hand into his small box w Grey's hands. "The Great ply.

It was the fl diamond no m Without a opened the b contents, assu carefully dep in his own p turned to the passion of the "It was not eried he. "It me and flaun my very face vet?"

The R The blow w was a revealat From the earl knock-out blo the temple or punches were weary the fight had told one of most vulnerab the stomach, l for an ignoram home to the p the stomach is out of the pro protect but he but the shou ent to, until di and knocks us sound and str Pierce's Golden you protect yo able spot. "G cures "weak dyspepsia, torp pure blood and gans of digestio The "Golden specific curativ surfaces and matter where may have reac is well to clea Sage's Catarr the "Discovery gly. Why the "ry" cures cat stomach, bowel organs will be read a booklet ings of eminen dorsing its in their curativ free on request Buffalo, N. Y. ingredients on medicines fro they contain n triple-refined g Dr. Pierce's tratd Commo will be sent fr cent stamps, or ess Dr. Pi



The Woman In the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Filigree Ball," "The House in the Mist," "The Amethyst Box," Etc.

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CONTINUED

"Take that back," said he. "I have some business to transact with this gentleman before I eat. I'll ring when I want you."

Then they entered where I was. As the door closed I caught sight of the inspector's face turned earnestly toward me. In his eyes I read my duty and girded up my heart, as it were, to meet—what? In that moment it was impossible to tell.

The next enlightened me. With a total ignorance of my presence, due probably to his great excitement, Mr. Grey turned on his companion the moment he had closed the door and seizing him by the collar, cried:

"Fairbrother, you villain, why have you called on your wife like this? Are you a murderer as well as a thief?"

Fairbrother? This man? Then who was he who was being nursed back to life on the mountains beyond Santa Fe? Sears? Anything seemed possible in that moment.

Meanwhile, dropping his hand from the other's throat as suddenly as he had seized it, Mr. Grey caught up the stiletto from the table where he had flung it, crying, "Do you recognize this?"

"Ah, then I saw guilt! In a silence worse than any cry this so called husband of the murdered woman, the man on whom no suspicion had fallen, the man whom all had thought a thousand miles away at the time of the deed, stared at the weapon thrust under his eyes, while over his face passed all those expressions of fear, abhorrence and detected guilt which, fool that I was, I had expected to see reflected in response to the same test in Mr. Grey's equable countenance.

The surprise and wonder of it held me chained to the spot. I was in a state of stupefaction, so that I scarcely noted the broken fragments at my feet. But the intruder noticed them. Wrenching his gaze from the stiletto which Mr. Grey continued to hold out, he pointed to the broken cup and saucer, muttering:

"That is what startled me into this betrayal—the noise of breaking china. I cannot bear it since!" He stopped, bit his lip and looked around him with an air of sudden bravado.

"Since you dropped the cups at your wife's feet in Mr. Ramsdell's alcove," finished Mr. Grey with admirable self-possession.

"I see that explanations from myself are not in order," was the grim retort, launched with the bitterest sarcasm. Then as the full weight of his position crashed in on him his face assumed an aspect startling to my unaccustomed eyes, and thrusting his hand into his pocket he drew forth a small box which he placed in Mr. Grey's hands.

"The Great Mogul," he declared simply.

It was the first time I had heard this diamond so named. Without a word that gentleman opened the box, took one look at the contents, assumed a satisfied air and carefully deposited the recovered gem in his own pocket. As his eyes returned to the man before him all the passion of the latter burst forth.

"It was not for that I killed her!" cried he. "It was because she defied me and flaunted her disobedience in my very face. I would do it again, yet!"

The Knock-out Blow.

The blow which knocked out Corbett was a revelation to the prize fighters. From the earliest days of the ring the knock-out blow was aimed for the jaw, the temple or the jugular vein. Stomach punches were thrown in to worry and weary the fighter, but if a scientific man had told one of the old fighters that the most vulnerable spot was the region of the stomach, he'd have laughed at him for an ignoramus. Dr. Pierce is bringing home to the public a parallel fact; that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ of the prize ring as well as in it. We protect our heads, throats, feet and lungs, but the stomach is utterly indifferent to, until disease finds the solar plexus and knocks us out. Make your stomach strong by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and you protect yourself in your most vulnerable spot. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures "weak stomach," indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, bad, thin and impure blood and other diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" has a specific curative effect upon all mucous surfaces and hence cures catarrh, no matter where located or what stage it may have reached. In Nasal Catarrh it is well to cleanse the passages with Dr. Egan's Catarrh Remedy fluid while using the "Discovery" as a constitutional remedy. Why the "Golden Medical Discovery" cures catarrhal diseases, as of the stomach, bowels, bladder and other pelvic organs will be plain to you if you will read a booklet of extracts from the writings of eminent medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients and explaining their curative properties. It is mailed free on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. This booklet gives all the ingredients entering into Dr. Pierce's medicines from which it will be seen that they contain not a drop of alcohol, pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead. Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser will be sent free, paper-bound, for 31 one-cent stamps, or cloth-bound for 50 stamps. Send Dr. Pierce as above.

Here his voice broke and it was in a different tone and with a total change of manner he added: "You stand appalled at my depravity. You have not lived my life." Then quickly and with a touch of sullenness: "You suspected me because of the stiletto. It was a mistake, using that stiletto. Otherwise the plan was good. I doubt if you know how I found my way into the alcove, possibly under your very eyes; certainly under the eyes of many who knew me."

"I do not. It is enough that you entered it; that you confess your guilt." Here Mr. Grey stretched his hand toward the electric button.

"No, it is not enough." The tone was fierce, authoritative. "Do not ring the bell—not yet. I have a fancy to tell you how I managed that little affair."

Glancing about he caught up from a nearby table a small brass tray. Emptying it of its contents, he turned on us with drawn down features and an obsequious air so opposed to his natural manner that it was as if another man stood before us.

"Pardon my black tie," he muttered, holding out the tray toward Mr. Grey.

Wellgood! The room turned with me. It was he, then, the great financier, the multi-millionaire, the husband of the magnificent Grizel, who had entered Mr. Ramsdell's house as a waiter!

Mr. Grey did not show surprise, but he made a gesture, when instantly the tray was thrown aside, and the man resumed his ordinary aspect.

"I see you understand me," he cried.

"I, who have played host at many a ball, passed myself off that night as one of the waiters. I came and went, and no one noticed me. It is such a natural sight to see a waiter passing plates that my going in and out of the alcove did not attract the least attention. I never look at waiters when I attend balls. I never look higher than their trays. No one looked at me higher than my tray. I held the stiletto under the tray, and when I struck her she threw up her hands, and they hit the tray, and the cups fell. I have never been able to bear the sound of breaking china since. I loved her!"

A gasp, and he recovered himself. "That is neither here nor there," he muttered. "You summoned me under threat to present myself at your door today. I have done so. I meant to restore you your diamond simply. It has become worthless to me. But fate exacted more. Surprise forced my secret from me. That young lady with her damnable awkwardness has put my head in a noose, but do not think to hold it there. I did not risk this interview without precautions, I assure you, and when I leave this hotel it will be as a free man."

With one of his rapid changes, wonderful and inexplicable to me at the moment, he turned toward me, with a bow, saying courteously enough: "We will excuse the young lady."

Next moment the barrel of a pistol gleamed in his hand.

The moment was critical. Mr. Grey stood directly in the line of fire, and the audacious man who thus held him at his mercy was scarcely a foot from the door leading into the hall. Marking the desperation of his look and the steadiness of his finger on the trigger, I expected to see Mr. Grey recoil and the man escape. But Mr. Grey held his own, though he made no more and did not venture to speak. Nervous by his courage, I summoned up all my own. This man must not escape nor must Mr. Grey suffer. The pistol directed against him must be diverted to myself. Such amends were due one whose good name I had so deeply if secretly insulted. I had but to scream, to call out for the inspector, but a remembrance of the necessity we were now under of preserving our secret, of keeping from Mr. Grey the fact that he had been under surveillance, was even at that moment surrounded by the police, deterred me, and I threw myself toward the bell instead, crying out that I would raise the house if he moved, and laid my finger on the button.

The pistol swerved my way. The face above it smiled. I watched that smile. Before it broadened to its full extent, I pressed the button.

Fairbrother stared, dropped his pistol and burst forth with these two words: "Be a girl!" The tone I can never convey. Then he made for the door.

As he laid his hand on the knob, he called back: "I have been in worse straits than this!" But he never had. When he opened the door, he found himself face to face with the inspector.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LATER, it was all explained. Mr. Grey, looking like another man, came into the room where I was endeavoring to soothe his startled daughter and devour in secret my own joy. Taking the sweet girl in his arms he said, with a calm ignoring of my presence, at which I secretly smiled: "This is the happiest moment of my existence, Helen. I feel as if I had recovered you from the brink of the grave."

"Me? Why, I have never been so ill as that."

"I know, but I have felt as if you were doomed ever since I heard or thought I heard in this city, and under no ordinary circumstances, the peculiar cry which haunts our house on the eve of any great misfortune. I shall not apologize for my fears. You know that I have good cause for them, but today, only today, I have heard from the lips of the most ardent knave I have ever known that this cry sprang from himself with intent to deceive me. He knew my weakness, knew the cry. He was in Darlington Manor when Cecilia died and, wishing to startle me into dropping something which I held, made use of his ventriloquial powers (he had been a mountebank once, poor wretch) and with such effect that I have not been a happy man since in spite of your daily improvement and continued promise of recovery. But I am happy now, relieved and joyful, and this miserable being—would you like to hear his story? Are you strong enough for anything so tragic? He is a thief and a murderer, but he has feelings, and his life has been a curious one and strangely interwoven with ours. Do you care to hear about it? He is the man who stole our diamond."

My patient uttered a little cry. "Oh, tell me," she entreated, excited, but not unhealthfully, while I was in an anguish of curiosity I could with difficulty conceal.

Mr. Grey turned with courtesy to me and asked if a few family details would bore me. I smiled and assured him to the contrary, at which he settled himself in the chair he liked best and began a tale which I will permit myself to present to you complete and from other points of view than his own. Some five years before one of the great diamonds of the world was offered for sale in an eastern market. Mr. Grey, who stopped at no expense in the gratification of his taste in this direction, immediately sent his agent to Egypt to examine the stone. If the agent discovered it to be all that was claimed for it and within the reach of a wealthy commoner's purse, he was to buy it. Upon inspection it was found to be all that was claimed, with one exception. In the center of one of the facets was a flaw, but as this was considered to mark the diamond and rather add to than detract from its value as a traditional stone with many historical associations it was finally purchased by Mr. Grey and placed among his treasures in his manor house in Kent. Never a suspicious man, he took delight in exhibiting this acquisition to such of his friends and acquaintances as were likely to feel any interest in it, and it was not an uncommon thing for him to allow it to pass from hand to hand while he pottered over his other treasures and displayed this and that to such as had no eyes for the diamond.

It was after one such occasion that he found on taking the stone in his hand to replace it in the safe he had had built for it in one of his cabinets that it did not strike his eye with its usual force and brilliancy, and on examining it closely he discovered the absence of the telltale flaw. Struck with dismay, he submitted it to a still more rigid inspection. When he found that what he held was not even a diamond, but a worthless bit of glass, which had been substituted by some cunning knave for his invaluable gem.

But this promised difficulties. He could not remember just what persons he had entertained on that especial day in his little hall of cabinets, and when he did succeed in getting a list of them from his butler, he was by no means sure that it included the full number of his guests. His own memory was execrable, and, in short, he had but few facts to offer to the discreet agent sent up from Scotland Yard one morning to hear his complaint and act secretly in his interests. He could give him carte blanche to carry on his inquiries in the diamond market, but little else. And while this seemed to satisfy the agent, it did not lead to any gratifying result to himself, and he had thoroughly made up his mind to swallow his loss and say nothing about it, when one day a young cousin of his living in great style in an adjoining county informed him that in some mysterious way he had lost from his collection of arms a unique and highly prized stiletto of Italian workmanship.

Started by this coincidence, Mr. Grey ventured upon a question or two which led to his cousin's confiding to him the fact that this article had disappeared after a large supper given by him to a number of friends and gentlemen from London. This piece of knowledge, still further coinciding with his own experience, caused Mr. Grey to ask for a list of his guests in the hope of finding among them one who had been in his own house.

His cousin, quite unconscious of the motives underlying this request, hastened to write out this list, and together they pored over the names, crossing out such as were absolutely above suspicion. When they had reached the end of the list, but two names remained uncrossed. One was that of a rattle pated youth who had come in the wake of a highly reputed connection of theirs and the other that of an American tourist who gave all the evidences of great wealth and had presented letters to leading men in London which had insured him attentions not usually accorded to foreigners. This man's name was Fairbrother, and the moment Mr. Grey heard it he recalled the fact that an American with a peculiar name, but with a reputation for wealth, had been among his guests on the suspected evening.

Hiding the effect produced upon him by this discovery, he placed his finger on this name and begged his cousin to look up its owner's antecedents and present reputation in America; but, not content with this, he sent his own agent over to New York, whither, as he soon learned, this gentleman had returned. The result was an apparent vindication of the suspected American. He was found to be a well known citizen of the great metropolis, moving in the highest circles and with a reputation for wealth won by an extraordinary business instinct.

To be sure, he had not always enjoyed these distinctions. Like many another self made man, he had risen from a menial position in a western mining camp to be the owner of a mine himself and so up through the various gradations of a successful life to a position among the foremost business men of New York. In all these changes he had maintained a name for honest if not generous dealing. He lived in great style, had married and was known to have but one extravagant fancy. This was for the unique and curious in art, a taste which, if reported spoke true, cost him many thousands each year.

This last was the only clause in the report which pointed in any way toward this man being the possible abstractor of the Great Mogul, as Mr. Grey's famous diamond was called, and the latter was too just a man and too much of a fancier in this line himself to let a fact of this kind weigh against the favorable nature of the rest. So he recalled his agent, double locked his cabinets and continued to confine his display of valuables to articles which did not suggest jewels. Thus three years passed, when one day he heard mention made of a wonderful diamond which had been seen in New York. From its description he gathered that it must be the one surreptitiously abstracted from his cabinet and when, after some careful inquiries, he learned that the name of its possessor was Fairbrother, he awoke to his old suspicions and determined to probe this matter to the bottom—but secretly. He still had too much consideration to attack a man in high position without full proof.

Knowing of no one he could trust with so delicate an inquiry as this, he decided to undertake it himself, and for this purpose employed the first opportunity to cross the water. He took his daughter with him because he had resolved never to let his one remaining child out of his sight. But she knew nothing of his plans or reason for travel. No one did, indeed, only his lawyer and the police were aware of the loss of his diamond.

His first surprise on landing was to learn that Mr. Fairbrother, of whose marriage he had heard, had quarreled with his wife and that, in the separation which had occurred, the diamond had fallen to her share and was consequently in her possession at the present moment.

This changed matters, and Mr. Grey's only thought now was to surprise her with the diamond on her return and by one glance assure himself that it was indeed the Great Mogul. Since Mrs. Fairbrother was reported to be a beautiful woman and a great society belle, he saw no reason why he should not meet her publicly, and that very soon. He therefore accepted invitations and attended theaters and

balls, though his daughter had suffered from her voyage and was not able to accompany him. But alas! He soon learned that Mrs. Fairbrother was never seen with her diamond and, one evening after an introduction at the opera, that she never talked about it. So there he was, balked on the very threshold of his enterprise, and recognizing the fact, was preparing to take his now seriously ailing daughter south, when he received an invitation to a ball of such a select character that he decided to remain for it, in the hope that Mrs. Fairbrother would be tempted to put on all her splendor for so magnificent a function and thus gratify him with a sight of his own diamond. During the days that intervened he saw her several times and very soon decided that, in spite of her reticence in regard to the gem, she was not sufficiently in her husband's confidence to know the secret of its real ownership. This encouraged him to attempt plying her into wearing the diamond on this occasion. He talked of precious stones and finally of his own, declaring that he had a connoisseur's eye for a fine diamond, but had seen none as yet in America to compete with a specimen or two he had in his own cabinets. Her eyes flashed at this and, though she said nothing, he felt sure that her presence at Mr. Ramsdell's house would be enjoyed by her great jewel.

So much for Mr. Grey's attitude in this matter up to the night of the ball. It is interesting enough, but that of Abner Fairbrother is more interesting still and much more serious. His was, indeed, the hand which had abstracted the diamond from Mr. Grey's collection. Under ordinary conditions he was an honest man. He prized his good name and would not willingly risk it, but he had little real conscience, and once his passions were aroused nothing short of the object desired would content him. At once forceful and subtle, he had at his command infinite resources which his wandering and eventful life had heightened almost to the point of genius. He saw this stone and at once felt an inordinate desire to possess it. He had coveted other men's treasures before, but not as he coveted this. What had been longed in other cases was mania in this. There was a woman in America whom he loved, she was beautiful, and she was splendid looking. To see her with this glory on her breast would be worth almost any risk which his imagination could picture at the moment. Before the diamond had left his hand he had made up his mind to have it for his own. He knew that it could not be bought, so he set about obtaining it by an act he did not hesitate to acknowledge to himself as criminal. But he did not act without precaution. Having a keen eye and a proper sense of size and color, he carried away from his first view of it a true image of the stone, and when he was next admitted to Mr. Grey's cabinet room he had provided the means for deceiving the owner, whose character he had sounded.

He might have failed in his daring attempt if he had not been favored by a circumstance no one could have foreseen. A daughter of the house, Cecilia by name, lay critically ill at the time, and Mr. Grey's attention was more or less distracted. Still the probabilities are that he would have noticed something amiss with the stone when he came to restore it to its place if just as he took it in his hand there had not risen in the air outside a weird and walling cry which at once seized upon the imagination of the dozen gentlemen present, and so nearly prostrated their host that he thrust the box he held unopened into the safe and fell upon his knees, a totally unmovable man, crying: "The banshee! The banshee! My daughter will die!"

Another hand than his locked the safe and dropped the key into the distracted father's pocket. Thus a superhuman daring conjoined with a special intervention of fate had made the enterprise a successful one, and Fairbrother, believing more than ever in his star, carried this invaluable jewel back with him to New York. The stiletto—well, the taking of that was a folly for which he had never ceased to blush. He had not stolen it. He would not steal so inconsiderate an object. He had merely put it in his pocket when he saw it forgotten, passed over, given to him, as it were. That the risk, contrary to that involved in the taking of the diamond, was far in excess of the gratification obtained he realized almost immediately; but, having made the break and acquired the curb, he spared himself all further thought of the consequences and presently resumed his old life in New York, none the worse to all appearances, for these escapades from virtue and his usual course of fair and open dealing.

But he was soon the worse from jealousy of the wife which his new possession had possibly won for him. She had answered all his expectations as mistress of his home and the exponent of his wealth, and for a year or two he had been perfectly happy. Indeed, he had been more than that. He had been triumphant, especially on that memorable evening when, after a cautious delay of months, he had dared to pin that unapproachable sparkler to her breast and present her thus bedecked to the smart set—her whom his talents, and especially his far reaching business talents, had made his own.

Recalling the old days of barter and sale across the pine countr to Colorado, he felt that his star was high and for a time was satisfied with his wife's magnificence and the prestige she gave his establishment. But pride is not all, even to a man of his daring ambition. Gradually he began to realize—first, that she was indifferent to him; next, that she despised him and

lastly, that she hated him. She had dozens at her feet, any of whom was more agreeable to her than her own husband, and, though he could not put his finger on any definite fault, he soon wearied of a beauty that only glowed for others and made up his mind to part with her rather than let his heart be eaten out by unappeasable longing for what his own good sense told him would never be his.

Yet, being naturally generous, he was satisfied with a separation, and, finding it impossible to think of her as other than extravagantly fed, waited on and clothed, he allowed her a good share of his fortune with the one proviso, that she should not disgrace him. But the diamond she stole, or rather carried off in her naturally high handed manner with the rest of her jewels. He had never given it to her. She knew the value he set on it, but not how he came by it, and would have worn it quite freely if he had not very soon given her to understand that the pleasure of doing so ceased when she left his house. As she could not be seen with it without occasioning public remark, she was forced, though much against her will, to heed his wishes and enjoy its brilliancy in private. But once, when he was out of town, she dared to appear with this fortune on her breast and again while on a visit west, and her husband heard of it.

To Be Continued

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**THE OBSERVER**

The Leading Weekly of the Eastern Townships.

Is issued every Thursday afternoon from "THE OBSERVER" Office.

MAIN STREET COWANSVILLE

WILLIAM ULRIC COTTON,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

H. A. WEBB, MANAGER

Telephone No. 45

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Subscriptions payable in advance.  
Canada, one year \$1.00  
United States and foreign countries \$1.50

**ADVERTISEMENTS**

LOCAL READERS—First insertion—3 lines 25c, 6 lines 50c, 8 lines 70c, 10 lines 90c, 12 lines \$1.00. Subsequent insertions 50 per cent. off.

THURSDAY, OCT. 22, 1908

**CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL**

An Appeal for Aid to the Home for Crippled Children in Montreal

We have been requested to publish the following clippings from the Montreal Star. They are self-explanatory. To the Editor of the Montreal Star.

Sir,—As President of the Children's Memorial Hospital I ask your permission to present to the notice of all interested in the cure, or amelioration of the condition of crippled children a letter I have just received from a good friend whose name is withheld and which I have no doubt will give pleasure and encouragement to our friends in the city and country.

Our work has grown beyond the capacity of the present building on Guy street and it made our hearts ache at the closing exercises last month at seeing thirty-five crippled children, and to be told that no matter what their needs might be, we must, owing to lack of accommodation, send home fifteen of them as soon as the cold weather forces us to remove from the summer camp on Mr. Carsley's grounds.

We have commenced the erection of a hospital on an ideal site on Cedar Ave., but it cannot be completed and equipped without more means than we have at our disposal.

It is too much to ask every one of our friends to read the letter carefully and to spare no effort to enable the hospital to reap the full benefit of the generous offer it contains.

Our past experiences lead me to hope that we will not appeal in vain. There are many charities that deserve our support, but none more than the care of little, helpless ones whose sufferings appeal to young and old.

Yours truly,  
M. M. TAIT,  
(Montreal.)

press all subscriptions received since the end of August last.

It will afford me great pleasure to add, on that day, sufficient to double all the increases from old friends, outside the Committee, up to a total limit of five thousand dollars, and to duplicate all new subscriptions from those who have not heretofore helped the Hospital, up to a total limit of another five thousand dollars. In other words, every man, woman or child who increases his or her subscription will know that every dollar is to be doubled by the time it reaches the Treasury, and every new subscriber will have the same satisfaction. Under this arrangement every dollar on last year's basis will be converted into three dollars. This offer applies equally to subscriptions for the building, and for maintenance.

I remain, Yours truly,

Hon. Sir Melbourne Tait,  
President Children's Memorial Hospital, Montreal.

**FROM THE WOMAN'S PAGE**

**Hints About the Newest Hats**

The hats worn at present in Paris, that centre of fashion, are almost as large as umbrellas, brims ten inches wide on the left side, and six inches on the right side are commonly seen. Most of these are raised with a high bandeau on the left side.

White roses, very large in size and tinted with yellow, are the latest fads in roses for the fall hats

Steel buckles, of enormous size are being extensively used, some we observed, on the latest pattern hats, being twelve inches long, and five inches wide.

Among the swiftest hats for this winter, will be those with crowns of real fur, and having brims of velvet and trimmed with satin ribbon.

**Fall Coats**

Coats this season, are strictly maitre-d'hotel, strapped and braided, but with no fussy trimming.

The separate coats are from 46 to 52 inches long, mostly with semi-fitted backs and in plain colors.

Many of the suit coats show cut-away fronts. They are knee length and have long sleeves.

Stripes are still popular. More particularly are they used in the ready-made suits.

In the more exclusive material to be used, for tailor made costumes, one sees neat, small patterns, in broken vandyke stripes and checks.

One of the handsomest suits we observed, was of homespun in small black and white checks. The only trimming used was a number of buttons covered with the same material.

**Goldwin Smith on Race Sentiment**

Professor Goldwin Smith, writing in the Manchester Guardian, says the strenuous efforts being made by the imperialists to detach Canada more completely from her own hemisphere and attach her more closely to Great Britain are meeting with little success. "We get on pretty well with the French, except when they become the instruments of Papal policy, but I could give you strong and unpleasant proof in connection with our war against the half-breeds at Batoche of the strength of the race sentiment in French breasts. The most lively movement of a political kind in that quarter just now is one in favor of French Nationalism, headed by the rising politician, Henri Bourassa.

**Is Your Hair Sick?**

That's too bad! We had noticed it was looking pretty thin and rough of late, but naturally did not like to speak of it. By the way, Ayer's Hair Vigor is a regular hair grower, a perfect hair tonic. The hair stops coming out, grows faster, keeps soft and smooth. Ayer's Hair Vigor cures sick hair, makes it strong and healthy.

**Ayer's**

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SARASOTA, FLA.  
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**CORRESPONDENTS**

**Live News from the Surrounding Towns and Villages**

**EAST BOLTON**

Miss Emerson spent the week end at her home in Sutton Junction.

The Teacher's Institute was held in Place's Hall on the 20th inst., and was conducted by Rev. E. M. Taylor and Inspector Gilman. The teachers and friends were royally entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Place.

The Harvest Home of the Methodist Church was held at the same place on the 19th inst. A large crowd was present to which a beautiful chicken pie supper was served. Proceeds amount to about \$17.00. The entertainment consisted of addresses by Revs. Brill, Newton and Fulcher; solo by Rev. Mr. Newton, and recitations by Mrs. Newton and Miss Emerson, also music by the Choir.

Mr Wm. Jackson, son of Rev. Dr. Jackson of Farnham, spent the week end in town visiting old friends.

Mr Ed. Place of Montreal and Mr Wm. Emerson of Sutton Junction were recent visitor in town.

Mrs D. J. Randall is visiting friends in Beebe Plain.

**DUNKIN**

The forest fires have taken a new lease of life and are doing more damage at this writing than they have at any time yet. We can only hope for rain to stop the ravages.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. Holcomb's folks, whose son perished in the elevator disaster at Richford.

What makes it seem still harder is the fact that they buried a son only two years ago. The remains have not been recovered yet, but a memorial service was held at the house on Sunday.

We are sorry to announce the death of Herbert Van Dyke at his home in Richford on the 19th inst. He was formerly a resident of this place and his wife was the eldest daughter of D. E. Aiken. Lately he has been in the blacksmith and wheelright business at Richford. He leaves a wife and three children. The interment was in Dunkin cemetery on Friday.

Rev. John Champion has moved into R. G. Crowell's tenement house in the village and Frank Burnham has moved into the house vacated by Mr Champion.

Alonso Mandigo has moved on to R. G. Crowell's Gilman farm.

Ernest Aiken has returned from Mass. with his bride, and the young people gave them a little reception.

Miss Pearl Crowell visited at Richford and Mansonville last week.

Miss Ethel Bourne of Mansonville, was the guest of Agnes Crowell over Sunday.

Some from around here attended the Nomination at Knowlton on Monday. Others that intended going were kept at home by the forest fires.

**FARNHAM CENTRE**

Mr and Mrs Leland Martindale, also Mrs E. Corey were at Henry Buck's recently.

Miss Etta Gilbert of Dunham, spent several days visiting friends and relatives in this place last week.

The "Ladies Aid" held their first meeting of the season at the house of Mrs Jno. Crawford. The next meeting, which will be on the 21st inst., will be with Mrs Will Crawford.

T. L. Burnett spent a day in Montreal recently.

Mrs Henry Buck and Miss Arline left Thursday evening, on a visit to her sister in Springfield, Mass.

Dr. Pickle the Conservative candidate for Missisquoi, was at T. L. Burnett's one day last week.

**FORDYCE CORNER**

Mrs Eliza Humphrey, of Craftsbury, Vt., is visiting her brothers Messrs. C. M. and A. G. Teal.

Mrs Booth of Waterloos is spending a short time at Mr H. Jones and family. Willie Jones and Miss Mable Jones spent the week end in Waterloos.

Mr Jas. Buck was agreeably surprised by his many friends on Friday evening and a pleasant time was spent in dancing.

Mrs A. Humphrey entertained the "Mite" society of the Methodist church Wednesday and was pleased with a good attendance.

**The Canada Scotsman**

Toronto has just had an addition to the number of its periodicals in the shape of The Canada Scotsman, a semi-monthly journal devoted to the interests of Scottish life in Canada. It is an enterprise promoted by Mr. John Cowan, who, as its responsible editor, takes for his motto: "Not that we love Scotland less, but that we love the land of our adoption more." It is a good motto, and it embodies one of the leading characteristics that have enabled Scotsmen to win their way in every quarter of the globe, and nowhere more markedly than in our great Dominion. Names dear to the land of the mountain and the flood are found in all parts of Canada, which is really a second homeland for the Scot to a degree predicable of no other of the British states.

In his introductory editorial Mr. Cowan explains that the aim of The Canada Scotsman is to come into touch with the larger Scottish life in the Dominion. There are thousands to whom this object will appeal, and the new journal should certainly find a place for itself if its first promise is maintained. This initial number is attractive in appearance and still more in the quality of its contents. Interesting articles illustrative of Scotland and its people, a special letter on home events, contributed by Mr. Andrew Rae Duncan of Glasgow, which will be a constant feature, and carefully selected news, both from Scotland and concerning matters Scottish of Canadian happening, all combine to give The Canada Scotsman an excellent send off. We must commend it heartily to the attention of all hailing from the land o' cakes or bora into its glamor and romance.

**From Contemporaries**

What the Papers Say About Politics and Other Things of Interest

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is personally a very fine man, but unfortunately he is a mere figurehead for a government who are little better than a lot of looters of the public treasury and the country's resources, and it is they who administer the affairs of Canada. Sir Wilfrid just smiles and looks pleasant.

Ottawa Citizen.

How many men in Vancouver who are honestly in favor of making a white Canada can with a clear conscience go to the polls and vote for a man who gave employment to half a hundred Japanese at a time when thousands of white Canadians were out of employment? The Empire will venture the assertion that a thousand of the white Canadians who have walked the streets of Vancouver in the last year looking for jobs that they did not find will walk to the polls on October 26th, and vote for the candidate who gave the Japanese employment. Why will they do this? Because since they were born they have never done any thinking for themselves.—Prince Rupert Empire.

Were a hobo to go along the streets of Vancouver or Victoria demanding "a handout" or "a drink," he would be declared a vagrant by the better classes and would be jailed by the police. When the political leaders of the better classes roar up and down the country demanding "better terms" for themselves from the people of Canada it is "a great political issue." Instead of being a great political issue, it is the cry of political mendicants. If the people of one section of Canada are so shiftless that they are unable to raise their own food products, and are so wasteful as to spend more than a fair share of their income in drinking liquor on which there is special taxation, why should a share of their burdens be paid by the people of other sections of Canada? When a political party makes such a cry an issue, it is no about time for self-respecting people who pay their way to go to the polls and vote against candidates who endorse the cry.—Prince Rupert Empire.

**A Busy Man**

Along in the sixties Pat Casey pushed a wheelbarrow across the plains from St. Joseph, Mo., to Georgetown, Colo., and shortly after that he "struck it rich," in fact, he was credited with having more wealth than any one else in Colorado. A man of great shrewdness and ability, he was exceedingly sensitive over his inability to read or write. One day an old-timer met him with:

"How are you getting along, Pat?"

"Go 'way from me now," said Pat genially, "me head's bustin' wid business. It takes two fid-pencils a day to do me wurruk."

**Separated**

A regiment of soldiers were recently drawn up one Sunday for church parade, but the church was being repaired and could hold only half of them.

"Sergeant major," shouted the colonel, "tell all the men who don't want to go to church to fall out on the reverse flank."

Of course a large number quickly and gladly availed themselves of the privilege.

"Now, sergeant-major," said the colonel, "dismiss all the men who did not fall out and march the others to church—they need it most."

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We will sell you a splendid Rifle for

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and carry in stock the ammunition for it. They are sure to please you.

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AND THAT IS THE REASON OF OUR SUCCESS. The fall is here. If you intend putting in a heating system, it won't do to delay it much longer. We handle all our jobs in a first-class manner and quick. See us for

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**None Left Alive**

Senator Beveridge, in the course of an eloquent after dinner speech in Boston, said of child labor.

"When we consider the indifference with which so many of our great men look upon the child-labor evil, we can't help wondering if these men are so very great after all."

Senator Beveridge paused and smiled.

"An orator," he said, "was addressing an assemblage of the people. He recounted the people's wrongs. Then he passionately cried:

"Where are America's great men? Why don't they take up the cudgel in our defense? In the face of our manifold wrongs, why do they remain cold, immovable, silent?"

"Because they're all cast in bronze," shouted a cynic in the rear."

**Ain't it awful, Mabelle?**

Mrs. Mabelle Gilman Corey, who with her husband, William Ellis Corey, is sojourning on Corey's 15,000 acre hunting preserve near Ironwood, Mich., is startling the natives around the preserve with her hunting costume.

Mrs. Corey says she designed it herself. It is composed of tanned moose leather, soft and pliable and lined with lambs' wool. It consists of knickerbockers, tight-fitting gaiters, a short skirt, tight-fitting double-breasted coat, snug collar, buttoning high under the chin, and a little cap with earlaps, said to be just to cute for anything.

Because Mrs. Corey's costume is the color of the deer, her husband has issued instructions to every one about the preserve to shoot three times, "Mabelle is that you?" before he fires a shot at anything that looks like a deer.

Chicago Daily Socialist.

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