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WE FIGHT THE BATTLE OF THE PLAIN PEOPLE

VOL. XXXVIII No. 17

PATRIOTISM

What is patriotism? Patriotism is called love of country. Patriotism is also called the last infirmity of noble minds. Patriotism is something much discussed, little understood, and less seen.

Patriotism is called love of country. Patriotism is something more, it is an animal instinct. Patriotism is kin to homesickness. The homesick youth longs for scenes of his nativity. He is not happy away from them. The patriot wants his homeland to conquer in a war. He longs for the triumph and glory of his people. Patriotism is a root instinct in the hearts of men leading back to the primitive clan spirit of our aboriginal forefathers.

There may be beer, and landlordism and immortality in the home land. The patriot may be a drunken, worthless wretch, perhaps wealthy. He may have done many things that have injured the people of his native lands, yet should a war break out, such a wretch might be the first to lay down his life in the defense of his native land.

Our soldiers are called patriots and there is good deal of mollycoddle sentiment exhibited on their behalf. They are, however, the lowest type of patriot our country can boast. In France and Germany the armies are the stamping ground of immoral practices and degenerate traits of character.

The true patriot is one who wants to improve the conditions in his home land and, paradoxical as it may seem, he must give up the stereotyped form of patriotism to become truly patriotic.

KAISER BILL

Kaiser Bill's babbling speeches used to flow from him after the fashion of a bubbling fountain. Now he is as mum as an oyster. Kaiser Bill used to show himself in various fine military feathers on every possible occasion. Now he secretes himself after the fashion of an eremite. The people of Germany have manifested their desires. They do not want to be ruled after an autocratic fashion. They want to rule themselves. They have informed Kaiser Bill in no uncertain nor polite terms, that he must take a back seat and he has heeded the warning.

Democracy is at last coming to its own in Germany, and the patient Germans may yet lead Europe in the paths of peace. Germany, not as big as the Province of Quebec, has a population of sixty million people. Germany is the birth place of Karl Marx and his doctrines are profoundly studied by the silent workers. The downfall of Kaiser Bill may mean the downfall of landlordism and the militarism which have bowed the backs of the plain people to hard and long toil. Germany may yet be the first place where shall be tried the experiment of a peaceful, but revolutionary industrial democracy.

FREEDOM OF CONTRACT

"Ye that are strong should bear the infirmities of the weak." This is one idea. Over against this idea is the idea of the freedom of contract. Consent makes a contract. Once the contract is made all the machinery of government is put into operation to make that contract binding and to bring about its fulfillment in case either party finds the contract too onerous.

No two persons are born equal. There are superior persons and inferior persons. There are simple persons and cunning persons. If the superior cunning person can inveigle the more simple minded individual to once consent to an unequal contract the law does the rest.

The freedom of contract in operation makes the weak victims of the strong. The infirmities of the weak are taken advantage of by the stronger minded or by those who have some position of advantage. Sweat shops, underpaid shop girls, child labor, poorly paid laborers, contracting away their labor for a bare existence, all these are examples where the idea of freedom of contract is supposed to exist, but where the strong or the man with money is taking advantage of the infirmities and needs of others. Our whole civilization is based on the law of the beak and claw. They who can, get, no matter how. They who are weak go under.

ROMAN LAW

Roman Law, in the Province of Quebec, is a name to conjure with. It is the basis of our civil jurisprudence. It is the fund from which we draw our economic rules for the guidance of men. Judges give decision under it. Courts enforce its maxims; advocates must know its principles. It is the fetish of the legal fraternity of the twentieth century Province of Quebec.

Rome developed a cruel civilization. Her laws reflect the cruelty. Under Roman rule the rich controlled society. The poor were crowded together into the slums of Rome. Luxury and surfeit were the lot of the few; poverty and toil were the lot of the many. There was no possible relief under the law of the land.

During the degeneracy of the Roman empire, Justinian codified the laws. It was from this codification that Europe and Quebec derive their statutes. Today we are governed by the laws of pagan barbarous Rome in the time of her degeneracy.

No wonder we have the overfed rich and the underfed poor. No wonder people starve in the midst of plenty. No wonder the barbarisms of cynical savage Rome show from out our civilization. A civilization cannot rise higher than its laws. Ministers may preach themselves black in the face. As long as Rome laws rule, our civilization will be unjust, selfish, savage.

SOCIALISM AND INTemperANCE

In our last issue we published a letter from W. B. Hull, showing that the Socialists take no stand on the temperance question. We insert the following written by Olaf Norman and clipped from the columns of the Chicago Daily Socialist. It shows that International Socialism is more or less against the drink traffic.

"To concede that alcohol is an enemy of the working class, however, is far from admitting that all the ills to which workingmen are heir are due primarily to improvidence and the drink habit. Scientifically speaking, quite the reverse is true; and no less an authority on the drink question than the late Frances E. Willard during the last years of her life publicly admitted that from her observation and experience in temperance work it was poverty that caused drink and not the reverse."

It is not my intention to write or preach a sermon on temperance. A few thoughts on the subject of alcoholism as an international question, however, may not be amiss. American Socialists should not lose sight of the fact that the question of alcoholism and its restriction in most, if not all, European Socialist movements ranks as one of the big questions of political party policy.

In the Socialist parties of some countries, notably Belgium, Finland, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, and to some extent in England, Socialism and the temperance and total abstinence movement practically go hand in hand.

Contrary to the predictions of alarmists, the results of this arrangement have been most gratifying to the Socialist movement.

In those countries the social democratic leaders early recognized the hopelessness of leading workmen addicted to excessive use of alcohol, as frequently the masses of them were, to think along economic and political lines in their own interest. The alcoholic drink habit was the one great stumbling block everywhere encountered by the Socialist pioneers. Workmen preferred to spend their idle hours in public houses and cheap drinking places to attending Socialist agitation meetings. And so, from the beginning, European Socialists, especially in the Scandinavian countries, were obliged to take a positive stand on the question of alcoholism.

While independent temperance movements are entitled to much of the credit for the work of reducing intemperance among Finnish and Norwegian workmen, it may safely be stated that the showing now made never could have been accomplished without the powerful temperance work carried on by the Socialists.

JUDGES

Whenever we see a judge delivering a judgement according to the maxims of Roman law we pity him. The Canadian Judiciary is as fine a body of men as a country could wish under present limitations. A judge of the law is a high personage. He is clothed with all the authority of the enacted will of the people. He is looked up to and revered as the central figure and embodiment of our laws to whose word the minions of justice are obedient.

Yet his authority is limited. He must give his decisions according to the law of the land, and that law is the barbarous Roman law.

Therefore when we see a Judge upon the bench giving judgements we pity him. He is not free to decide according to the rules of justice. The exorable law must be delivered. That law may take the humble dwelling place of the poor widow away from her and give it to a rich corporation. That law may evict a penniless family in the dead of the winter from their home and turn the cold and shivering individuals on the street. The law may add great possessions to those who have and take away almost the last vestige of property from those who are on the verge of want.

Judges, while they are clothed with majesty and authority and power, are, nevertheless, bound hand and foot to the triumphant chariot wheels of a cold, hard, grasping, inhuman, legal system. Let them have their salaries and insignia of authority, if they so desire. They are forced to do the bidding of the legislators of Pagan Rome, who were brought up unknowing of the laws of love and who are now some two thousand years dead.

CANADIAN PARTIES

There are two main parties in the political arena of Canada. These two parties are the Liberal and Conservative. The Liberal party, according to its members, exists for the purpose of carrying on the government of Canada in a pure, lofty and patriotic manner. Its leaders are blameless statesmen. The Liberal party, according to its opponents, exists for the purpose of bribing and corrupting the electorate in the interests of the grafters. Its leaders are selfish politicians who are plunging Canada into a slough of debt for their own private ends.

The Conservative party, according to its members, is the only patriotic party that ever dawned on the history of Canada. It is the only possible patriotic party and its leaders are blameless statesmen. The Conservative party, according to its opponents, is a combination of incompetency and roguery. Its honest leaders are incompetent and its competent leaders are dishonest. It exists for the sole purpose of harassing and annoying the Liberal government in the fulfillment of its patriotic governmental functions.

As a matter of fact, both parties are composed of honest men, intelligent men, fools, rogues, patriots, self seekers, grafters, and political thugs. Both parties want to hold office ostensibly for the good of Canada, but in reality principally for the political and financial advancement of their respective adherents. The common people listen to a lot of oratorical rot on both side, applaud, and get fooled.

CREDITOR NATIONS

There are certain creditor nations whose inhabitants live on their loans to foreign powers or to the inhabitants of other nations. Of these creditor nations Great Britain and France are the chief. Great Britain's imports constantly exceed her exports. That means that other nations send Great Britain the means of subsistence partially for work done in return and partially to pay interest on loans borrowed.

What will happen when the loans are repaid? The United States is ceasing to borrow money and is beginning to loan abroad. Japan is tending to her own wants, and the borrowing nations are becoming fewer and fewer in proportion to the available capital.

A great deal of the unemployed problem is due to the fact that factories are

capable of turning out more goods than the workers can buy on their present wages. The surplus will be applied to extinguish indebtedness and the creditor nations will find their loans repaid and there will be no opportunity to lend their money again profitably.

France to-day is piling up great hoards of gold. If the production of gold keeps up and the modern nations keep themselves busy producing goods and products with which to pay their debts, France will find her gold useless to her. She, like England, will not be able to live on her interest but will have to produce everything she wants herself. The only thing that can keep up the demand for gold will be a great war and the capitalists of Europe are not above setting nations to the work of butchering their mutual inhabitants, in order that capitalists' gold may earn dividends.

INTERPRETING HOLY WRIT

While occasionally giving editorials on matters of a religious nature we make no pretence that we are able to interpret Holy Writ as it should be interpreted. There are so many different doctrines and faiths drawn from the same Book that the ordinary man is bewildered in his search for the truth.

There are the three Catholic and Apostolic faiths, Greek, Roman and Anglican. These three churches, while each proclaims its own particular superiority in matters of faith, sanctity and doctrine, allow a tacit recognition of the faith of the others as partially correct.

But beyond these three Catholic faiths are the Protestant and Schismatic churches. Among these may be enumerated the Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational and Baptist faiths. These all claim to found their doctrines on the Bible.

Beyond these more or less recognized Schisms may be found the ancient beliefs, popularly called, Jacobite, Manichean, Nestorian, Paulician and many others. All these also claimed to found their doctrines on Holy Writ.

With so many faiths, Catholic, Protestant and Heretical, all claiming the same authority, all relying upon faith as the mainspring of their actions and all claiming to represent correctly the contents of the central reservoir of truth, debating with each other with regard to Biblical interpretations, it is not surprising that a simple editor should not consider himself capable of drawing the correct and spiritual significance from the words of Holy Writ.

HARD TIMES

Hard times are affecting Canada. There has never been a time when Canada was so well known and been so prosperous and yet in the midst of that prosperity hard times strikes the country and prosperity wits.

Some consider that the hard times in Canada are due to over speculation. A country cannot eat its cake and have it too. Western land deals, asbestos mines, silver mines, railroads and many other things have taken up the available capital of the country and the money that usually has gone into current expenses has gone into investments.

However this may be true of Canada, it cannot be true of the whole world and the whole world is feeling the same pinch of hard times. Australia, South Africa, India, Japan, England, the United States, and many other countries have been hard hit. Not only do we have international wars, and international Socialism and international trusts; we have also international hard times.

The lauded credit system upon which most modern businesses are run is greatly to blame. Credit given to a person is a discount of the future. When too many persons have discounted too much of their future and are called upon to pay, they find they cannot fulfil their obligations. Fear possesses the heart of the people and the whole of commerce must halt until everybody has paid his debts. When business is put upon a rational basis, hard times and panics will become unknown, and we citizens of the opening years of the twentieth century will be regarded historically as a most foolish lot of people.

MARTIN LUTHER

Martin Luther is considered as the originator of the Reformation. He denounced the Papal authorities and looked to the Bible as the source of inspiration and authority. Ever since that date Protestants of a certain type have been denouncing the Papal authorities, and have been looking at the Bible as the source of all inspiration and authority.

Martin Luther has done great work for the intellectual development of Europe, but the good he did has often been misunderstood by those who consider that they walk the most closely in his footsteps. His great work was the setting up of another standard of authority and of giving an opportunity for the intellect of Europe to sharpen itself in mutual controversy.

All ideas and mental conceptions are due to two mental processes, comparison and assimilation. To get a true idea of anything it must be compared with something else. When the Pope dominated Europe and heresy was not allowed, Europe went through what was called the dark ages. Men's minds remained stagnant because they all believed alike and their wits were not sharpened by mutual controversy.

When Protestantism arose, there arose also controversy. Men's minds were sharpened by disputations and pious differences and we had the dawn of modern times. As for true religion it can be equally found among those who adhere to the Protestant and to the Catholic faiths.

ANCIENT HISTORY

When a youngster goes to school or a youth to college his instructors set him to work swatting away at ancient history. He is supposed to enjoy that sort of thing and he is supposed to gain great profit from reading what one old antique wrote about another old antique.

Most of the ancient historians are liars, and they are not historians in the modern sense of the word. The modern world is democratic and history today, to be considered history, must be a faithful report of the acts of the people. In olden times, history was written about kings and princes and their actions, and the historians would praise their kings most fulsomely and would not mention their failings. Were history correctly reported we would know more about the conditions, hopes and aspirations of ancient peoples and our school children and college youths would now have fewer grandiloquent misstatements about third-rate ancient kings and rulers, to memorize.

We get the same kind of history today. The Liberal papers tell that kind of history about Laurier and the Conservative papers tell that kind of history about Borden. Then the Liberal papers tell what awful liars the Conservative papers are, and the Conservative papers tell what awful liars the Liberal papers are. In ancient days, however, there were no opposition poets and historians. They were killed off, and we are swallowing as history the stuff put out by the supporters of the ancient political parties in power.

Canadians are thankful that conditions in Canada are not so bad as they are in the States. The only reason is that we are a younger country. Give Canada time and, unless we are on our guard, identical conditions will develop here.

Man has risen only by searching out nature's laws and obeying them. When men are crowded together in city, tenements and in dusty factories, consumption develops. The rent-hunting landlord has murdered more people by a slow and painful death than many wars by bullets.

Victor Grayson, the English Socialist, will lecture in Montreal on April 13th. Grayson is twenty-six years of age and has been thrown out of the British house of parliament for raising his voice in favor of the hunger marchers. Grayson is a coming man. At present he is being starved as an infant prodigy.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Dividends represent something a man gets for nothing.

Private wealth represents the squeeze that certain individuals have upon the labor of the world.

Man's economic condition determines to a great extent his morality. Environment moulds character.

Be good and you'll be prosperous was an old idea. Be prosperous and you will be reckoned good is the new.

President Castro has knifed Belgium and now a German doctor has knifed Castro. Turn about is fair play.

The man who works is the man who bears the burdens of the world. To him should be given the full reward of his labor.

The thought of most men is "How much can I get for nothing?" The tramp is the most successful in this line of endeavor.

The moment a man gets rich he gets selfish. There is so much misery in the world that can be relieved that a man, to remain rich, must be selfish.

Where there are palaces there are hovels. Our Canadian civilization, in building palaces for its rich, is rearing tenements and shacks for its poor.

It is impossible for any man to live on his money. If a man lives without work, whether he be rich or poor, prince or pauper, he is living on the work of others.

No, gentle reader, the Socialist does not believe in dividing up. Not at all. He don't believe in letting the capitalist have a bally thing. He wants it all himself.

The plain people distrust both the Liberal and the Conservative party. They feel that both parties are not swung in the interests of the plain people.

China's reform Mandarin has been dismissed. This may not be a victory for reaction. It may simply give an opportunity to the ultra radicals to spread themselves.

Many cattle are still tuberculous. We hope our Minister of Agriculture will devote a little thought to the question and endeavor to do something to help the farmers.

The ignorance of the average individual with regard to the principles of scientific revolutionary Socialism is colossal. It is pathetic to observe such massive, monumental and collective ignorance.

Our economic civilization forces men and women into slum life. And when the slums have done their work on the character of the inhabitants we say that it is useless to try to do anything for the inhuman brutes.

Dogs will sometimes fight for a bone. We have so organized our economic world that men must fight like dogs for business. Then we rear churches so that we may tell 'em to love one another.

There have been five great labor wars in Greece and Rome in ancient times. Millions of human beings perished, and history says little about the struggles.

The capitalist would have no chance to employ money in a healthy democracy. It is because our social organization is in an unhealthy condition that the capitalist gets a chance to add money to money.

SOCIALIST PROPAGANDA

Devoted to the Study and Discussion
of Problems Incident to the Growth

OF THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST MOVEMENT

THE CANADIAN MOVEMENT

There exists in Canada a Socialist organization for the purpose of overthrowing our present political system and for the establishment of an industrial democracy. The platform of the Canadian Socialist party is set forth in another column of this page.

The Socialist party of Canada is organizing locals throughout Canada. Each member of a local must pay a small sum of money every month towards the maintenance of the organization. These locals exist for two purposes. They are, first, clubs for the study of economic subjects from the workingman's standpoint. They are, secondly, political clubs for the election of members to the legislative body of Canada who will work for the Social revolution.

Just as feudalism was doomed and went down to defeat before democracy and capitalism, so the present capitalist feudalism is doomed and must go down to defeat before the rising tide of a workingman's industrialism.

The leaders of the Canadian Socialist movement are fiery enthusiasts and are giving their life to the propagation of the Socialist doctrines and to the bringing in of the Socialist revolution.

When the revolution comes all able bodied persons will be set to work. The luxuries of the rich will disappear and all Canadians will enjoy the maximum of comfort on a minimum of labor.

A WORKINGMAN'S MOVEMENT

Socialism is a workingman's movement. Socialism is a scientific theory of economics which no writer has yet succeeded in refuting. The over rich fight it because under a Socialist system of government the over rich would not exist.

Socialism believes not in dividing up the wealth of the world but in giving all the products of his labor to the workingman. The capitalist would get nothing. His services would be as useless to a Socialist system as they would be in a Quaker settlement.

By the ownership of mills, buildings and stores, and by the control of legislatures whereby laws are made suitable to the wishes of the capitalist class, the worker is virtually made a wage slave. This applies not only to the workers in factories, but also to the small farmer who works his own land.

The owners of mills become wealthy, the workers remain poor. Through rents, interests and profits, the capitalist class pile up indebtedness against the workers. The man who works in the mill gets from one to two dollars a day. The capitalists get the rest. There is no reason under the heavens why the capitalist should exist save the blindness of the workers to their own interests. The class conscious Socialist movement exists to-day for the purpose of overthrowing the present system and for the doing away with the capitalist class.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM

The present system of economic production is highly praised by those who draw great revenues from it. The large city papers, whose proprietors pocket a

couple of hundred thousand dollars a year from their papers, do not want Socialism and consequently fight it. The people and the workers get their ideas from the daily papers and the public can rest assured that the owners of these papers will do nothing to help Socialism. In fact Socialism is constantly misrepresented by the large dailies. They put up a straw man, label it Socialism, and then proceed to demolish the fiction of their brains. The public are like crows they cannot tell a scarecrow when they see one from the real man.

If it is a duty to do unto others as we would be done by, the maximum must be carried out and it must be carried out in commercial relations as well as in social life. When one man draws fifty thousand dollars a year from a business and another person under him draws but three hundred and when the man who draws fifty thousand dollars does nothing and the man who draws three hundred a year works from daylight to dark, there is something wrong somewhere and the golden rule is not brought into operation. The rich man to-day will do nothing whereby his income will grow less for the benefit of the worker. The capitalists to-day have entirely lost sight of the golden rule. If the golden rule cannot be applied to business under our present laws, a revolution is necessary in order that laws may be made under which it can be applied.

NATIONALIZATION OF LAND

Nationalization of all land is one of the aims of Socialism. In Canada, land has been given away in large sections. Land is regarded as private property and anyone who owns land is supposed to get as much profit out of that ownership as possible.

In Canada land is cheap. In country places it is easy to buy land and the landless man can become a landed proprietor if he wishes to work hard enough. In England, however, land is not for sale to any great extent. The landed proprietors hold on to their title deeds and make the forty million inhabitants of the British Isles pay dearly for the privilege of living in their native country. In Canadian cities land is held for all it is worth and the ordinary working man can never acquire a home out of his wages. He must drudge all his life paying rent to his landlord.

Henry George has seen the evil of the private ownership and his remedy is to tax land so highly that it will not be worth holding for a profit.

The Socialists recognize the single taxers, as the followers of Henry George are called, as partially right. The Socialists desire to eliminate private profit from land by the means of public ownership. The single taxers desire to eliminate the profit from land values by high taxation. While the single taxers, however, believe they have a complete remedy for social ills in removing the profit from land values, the Socialists hold that social ills will not be removed until the profit is removed from all commercial commodities as well as from the land itself.

The Only Way

The Man from Mars wandered into a hammock hall packed with people who were engaged in sucking their thumbs and crying for mercy.

"What is the trouble?" asked the Man from Mars.

"We are cold," answered an ill-clad wretch as he blew on his fingers.

"Why don't you put coal in the stove?" asked the Man from Mars.

"We have no coal."

"There is coal in the ground. Why don't you go and dig it out?"

"It does not belong to us."

"To whom does it belong?"

"It belongs to a few men."

"Well, how can it be secured then?"

"It must be bought, but we have no money with which to buy it."

"You say that individuals own the land containing the coal? How did they get it?"

"The law gave it to them."

"Who made the law?"

"Our ancestors."

"Why don't you make a law which will take it away from them?"

"The Constitution won't let us."
"Who made the Constitution?"
"Our ancestors."
"Why don't you take it without law?"
"That would be immoral."
"Who made the morals?"
"Our ancestors."
"What are you going to do about it?" asked the Man from Mars, finally.
"We have sent for a spiritualist to see if he can't get us some advice from our ancestors," answered the poor wretch.—Ellis O. Jones in Life.

GOOD BITS

From the Little Old "Appeal."

Senator Bourne of Oregon, has introduced a bill to increase the president's salary to one hundred thousand dollars a year. Bourne is the same gentleman who made a double-eared spectacle of himself insisting that a third term of Roosevelt was necessary to the salvation of the country. Some are Bourne asses and some had better be.

The daily press said nothing of it but the Congressional Record, on page 213, shows that the president has sent a special message to congress, recommending that \$120,000 more be paid to the Roman catholic church (that is, to the hierarchy) in Porto Rico. These things are so common they have ceased to be news, still it may be well to remember that the game is still in progress.

This country consumes one million dollars' worth of sugar each day, and it is controlled and sold by three men—Havemeyer, Spreckles and Arbuckle. They say how much the producers may have for the raw material, how much the people shall pay and of which member the people may buy. And that is what you call liberty! What would you designate as tyranny? With the sugar industry owned and controlled by the nation, it could and would be sold at a much less price, and there would be no sugar trust manipulating congress and the courts. Is that too complicated to get through your think-box?

The Pacific states are becoming exercised over a threatened raise in freight rates which they have figured out will result in a freight grab of \$200,000,000 a year. Of course this will come finally from the producers, and will go into the pockets of bond and stockholders in the east. During the late campaign much was said about the threat against railroads, and the vote was supposed to indicate that the people were willing to let the railroads alone. So soon as the election is over however, it is found that the captains of industry will not let the people alone. This assessment of \$200,000,000 a year from the people of the Pacific coast is part of the price that they pay for voting to continue a monarchy in industry.

MEANING OF "COMRADE."

Question—Why do the Socialists use the term "Comrade" in addressing each other, and what is its special significance as compared with "brother," "friend," etc.?

Answer—The word "comrade" is derived from the Latin *camara*, meaning a chamber or room; hence the original signification was a room-fellow—one of those who live or labor in a common room or shop. From that its meaning has been extended to include the fellowship of laborers; and in this sense it is used by Socialists in addressing each other.

What do you know? Did you ever sit in silence and try to look at your own knowledge? Take any subject you like, and think how much there must be about that you are ignorant of. And then think of all the subjects, any one of which could not be absolutely known even if you gave a whole life to its study! None of us are wise, but only struggling toward wisdom or the right conception of things. As a republican or democrat how much study have you put upon the subject of economics? The Socialist, single-taxer, anarchist, prohibitionist, populist, and others of that element have each done more or less thinking and reading on the subject—but have you? Are you not playing the game of government without any preparations at all? Have you a single book in your home on the subject? Or have you read a single work, and did you get any understanding from it when you did read it? There is nothing the matter with humanity association except ignorance—a wrong perception. If we knew the real facts we would not be suffering from any ills. Socialism is the study of economics, a course in the science of

PLAYING HAVOC WITH PATENT MEDICINES

An Old-fashioned, Home-Made Mixture which Cures Kidney and Liver Troubles.

A prominent local druggist states that since the celebrated prescription of a distinguished specialist has become more or less known it is interfering with the sale of secret medicines, especially the patent or advertised kidney pills. The prescription, which first appeared in a leading health journal, is reproduced here, just exactly as originally written:

Fluid Extract Cascara..... ½ oz.

Carriana Compound..... 1 oz.

Syrup Sarsaparilla..... 6 oz.

Directions: One teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

Any good druggist can dispense this, or, even better, a person can buy the items separately and mix them at home by shaking them well together in a bottle. It is stated that the ingredients being vegetable, are harmless and simple. It has a gentle and natural action, and gradually tones up the eliminative tissues, leaving the kidneys in a perfectly healthy condition.

A merchant well known in public affairs states that this recipe cured his rheumatism. Save the prescription.

government, that you may play the game with intelligence. Again I ask, what do you know?

Notes on the Movement

Socialism is bound to triumph provided it does not become respectable and fashionable. Wilshire has uttered the first plea against this danger.

Instead of being denounced and execrated by the mass of people, the Socialists are being regarded as the true reformers who see clearly what they want and are going after it.

Gaylord Wilshire, a noted New York Socialist, publisher of Wilshire's Magazine which has a circulation of 400,000, recently published a letter in the New York Times in which he deplores the Conservatism of the American Socialist movement.

In Hampden's Magazine, Charles Edward Russell publishes an article on the Socialist movement. He traces the development of Socialist movement from its first days when a socialist was regarded as a fire-eating anarchist down to the present time, when the Socialist are being praised as the leaders in necessary economic reform.

The Socialists are revolutionary beings who desire to do away with the present system of rents, interests, and profits. They want to bring about a state of society where the workers will manage things for themselves and get all the return from their work, instead of the present system where the workingman has to divide up with mill owners and tenement owners and landlords.

The Useful Spider Thread

The cultivation of certain species of spiders solely for the fine threads which they weave has an important bearing upon astronomy, the oldest physical science, says the Inventive Age. No substitute for the spider's thread has yet been found for bisecting the screw of the micrometer used for determining the positions and motions of the stars. Not only because of the remarkable fineness of the threads are they valuable, but because of their durable qualities.

Recently the set of spider lines in the micrometer of the transit instrument at the Allegheny Observatory were examined and were found to be in good condition, though they had been in use for 47 years. These threads withstand changes in temperature, so that in measuring sunspots they are uninjured, when the heat is so great that the lens of the micrometer eye-piece is often cracked.

The spider lines are only one-fifth to one-sixth of a thousandth of an inch in diameter, compared with which silkworm threads are clumsy. Each line is made up of thousands of microscopic streams of fluid. In placing these lines in the micrometer, experts are employed, who operate with the aid of powerful magnifiers. The lines are placed parallel with each other, and two one thousandths of an inch apart.

More enjoyment!

STAG
BRIGHT PLUG
CHEWING TOBACCO

The new plugs are bigger than ever.

PLATFORM

Socialist Party of Canada

We, the Socialist Party of Canada, in convention assembled, affirm our allegiance to, and support of the principles and programme of the revolutionary working class.

Labor produces all wealth, and to the producers it should belong. The present economic system is based upon capitalist ownership of the means of production, consequently all the products of labor belong to the capitalist class. The capitalist is therefore master; the worker a slave.

So long as the capitalist class remains in possession of the reins of government all the powers of the State will be used to protect and defend their property rights in the means of wealth production and their control of the product of labor.

The capitalist system gives to the capitalist an ever-swelling stream of profits, and to the worker an ever increasing measure of misery and degradation.

The interest of the working class lies in the direction of setting itself free from capitalist exploitation by the abolition of the wage system, under which is cloaked the robbery of the working-class at the point of production. To accomplish this necessitates the transformation of capitalist property in the means of wealth production into collective or working-class property.

The irrepressible conflict of interests between the capitalist and the worker is rapidly culminating in a struggle for possession of the power of government—the capitalist to hold, the worker to secure it by political action. This is the class struggle.

Therefore, we call upon all workers to organize under the banner of the Socialist Party of Canada with the object of conquering the public powers for the purpose of setting up and enforcing the economic programme of the working class, as follows:

1. The transformation, as rapidly as possible, of capitalist property in the means of wealth production (natural resources, factories, mills, railroads etc.) into the collective property of the working class.
2. The democratic organization and management of industry by the workers.
3. The establishment, as speedily as possible, of production for use instead of production for profit.

The Socialist Party, when in office, shall always and everywhere until the present system is abolished, make the answer to this question its guiding rule of conduct: Will this legislation advance the interests of the working class and aid the workers in their class struggle against capitalism? If it will the Socialist Party is for it; if it will not, the Socialist Party is absolutely opposed to it.

In accordance with this principle the Socialist Party pledges itself to conduct all the public affairs placed in its hands in such a manner as to promote the interests of the working class alone.



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The Temperance Movement

Editorial Views and Other News
on the Great Prohibition Question

THE CONTRIBUTION OF SHORT ARTICLES INVITED

FOOL KILLERS

There is a certain class of fool killers whose particular mode of operation is the treating system. Whenever they meet a friend and want him to have a nice time they ask him to have a drink. These fool-killers exist in every little licensed place.

There are some men who when once they get a taste of whisky go wild. Their fool friends do their best to get such men up at the bar. The after effects of their efforts is seen through out the length and breadth of Canada in the reports of men who perish while in a drunken stupor from some preventable accident. The effects are also in the reports of men who in a frenzy of intoxication kill those who are nearest and dearest to them. After the accident or the murder the fool treater sneaks away and keeps quiet about his connection with the crime as the first cause of the train of circumstances which led to the death or crime.

Whenever you hear one friend ask another to have a drink, just remember that the treater is in the class of the fool killers. Many of our readers will never be in a place where they will hear such an invitation. However, many of our readers will be where they will hear the invitation given, and many of our readers have lined their friends up at the bar themselves. To those who treat their friends we would simply repeat that they can be reckoned as among the fool killers.

TREATING

To treat a friend at the bar is considered an act of courtesy. We have often heard drinkers express their disgust with the treating system. The treaters wish the system were abolished because were their hospitality not excited by the sight of a friend to do the right thing by him in the usual way they would not drink. Their bon camaraderie and friendly feelings towards a fellow mortal is the cause of their drunkenness.

The above is the usual excuse of the drinking treater. For ourselves we do not believe the rot. The average treater wants to drink. With the spread of temperance sentiment he is ashamed to line himself up at the bar alone. He wants some friend to come along and share his disgrace. When that friend puts in his appearance the drinking man hails him with delight, and is most anxious to get him up to the bar. If you have ever heard the anxious urging a drinker will use to a friend to get him up to where the booze fighters show their capacity you will at once perceive the truth of our remarks.

Friendship is a sacred thing but it does not exhibit itself very often in money matters, and when you see those who are not noted for their spirit of friendly generosity urging a friend to take a drink on him you must naturally conclude there is a selfish motive behind the apparent generosity. That motive is the combination of a big thirst coupled with a feeling of shame to let it be known.

AN UNPOPULAR EVIL

There are some evils popular. There are other evils which are unpopular. The liquor traffic is an evil which has lately passed from the popular to the unpopular column. There is hardly a paper in Canada, outside of the regular publication of the trade, which now advocates and upholds the liquor traffic. The daily press is down on the trade and when the daily press gets down on anything the readers may be assured that it is something pretty unpopular.

The temperance press when it first originated was regarded with contempt. Now the temperance press is highly respectable and moral and worthy in the eyes of the community. When such a revolution in the thoughts of men have taken place the public can rest assured that King Bung is pretty nearly dead.

Aristotle, the ancient Greek, remarked that social revolutions have their roots deep in the needs of men but are produced by some trivial incident. The Boston Tea Party produced the American War of Independence. The cause of that war lay far deeper.

Some small incident will arise in the same way that will be the immediate

cause of the death of King Bung. Some drunken idiot will commit some atrocious crime such as hundreds of drunken idiots have committed in the past. The crime, however, will take hold of the public imagination and the whole fabric of whiskeydom will be smashed like a rotten pumpkin.

THE STOKER

Twenty knots, and a call for more,
And the ladders ring to the running
Down, down, down to the black iron
floor.
Down to a world of furious heat.
Where nothing matters but coal and
steam,
And men who work for a spell and
swoon
Think of the cool night wind and the
gleam
On the deck of a pale half moon.

Slice and feed and a climb to the main
For a minute's smoke and a glimpse
of the stars,
Then four hours' sleep and back again
To clear the clinkered furnace bars.
Back again to the cones of light,
The flying shovels, the white hot
glare,
And if a stoker faints to-night,
Well, the admiral, he won't care.

Below the glistening water line
He works in a heat that blights and
clings,
But he sometimes shouts a joke to his
mate
And sometimes, even sings;
And if one day his heart gives out,
Pulling and pushing the slicing rod,
Three rounds of blank and a prayer or
two
And a quiet grave, thank God.
—The Reader Magazine.

A WORD FROM RICHMOND

TO THE EDITOR OF COTTON'S WEEKLY:
Many object to the temperance movement because it "curtails their liberty."

Wise men have said that "liberty exists only in proportion to wholesome restraint." "The state must interfere with the liberty of the individual for the general good." License and liberty are two things. When it involves the liberty and happiness of others, license must suffer in the interests of liberty. The wife, the children, the neighbours must be protected against the dangerous follies of others. When drink makes people crazy and they try to put their children "in a hot oven" or "smother them in bed" or waste the substance that gives them bread, clothes and education, drink must stop. We say, by law, that a boat must not be overcrowded, that proper signals must be on railways, that railings must be put on bridges to save life. Six persons have died in Richmond in two years directly through drink. The municipality would have condemned any bridge, or stairway, or sidewalk and would have paid heavy damages for loss of life by these. But drink goes on.

In the dry time a man was fined for making a fire in his own wood lot, because it endangered the property of his neighbours. There is no one traffic so fraught with danger to life and property as the liquor traffic. The municipality puts up a lantern at an excavation in the street for protection at night. By the license of liquor selling it courts accidents.

The loss of property is the least evil. It brings moral hardness into parent's hearts, a condition that looks on suffering among children with indifference. You see bar tenders selling to men who leave their horses standing out in zero weather with no blanket on for hours; to men who have to go long distances in a drunken condition and who are liable to go astray and freeze to death; to men who are poor when it is known that their families are sick and suffering. Every year many calls for charity are made simply because earnings have been poured over the bar when the family needs are left unsupplied.

I rejoice in the outspoken way of facing this evil by "COTTON'S WEEKLY."

L. M. ENGLAND.

Richmond, Que., January, 1909.

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

IN QUAKERDOM

Imagine a millionaire going to a Quaker settlement to find an investment for a million dollars. In the Quaker settlement all the inhabitants are out of debt and comfortably off. Each farmer owns his own farm; each storekeeper owns his little store and buys his goods for cash. The mills are not owned by one man while workingmen work for a day's pittance. The mills are owned by a few Quakers who do the work themselves. There is no debt; there is no misery; there is no capitalism.

Should the millionaire invade this community and endeavor to loan the farmers money at six per cent interest, the Quaker farmers would reply "We thank thee, brother, but we do not need thy money." The millionaire would then go to the storekeepers and want to lend them money that they might increase their stock. The Quaker storekeepers would reply "We thank thee, brother, but we have sufficient stock and we do not need thy money." The capitalist would then go to the millowners and would endeavor to lend them money. He would show them how to get rich by making others work while they themselves remained idle. They could do this if they would only take some of his money at good interest. The Quaker millowners who were also the workers would reply "We thank thee, brother, but we do not need thy money, our brethren would not buy our goods under such conditions and it is not good that we remain idle."

The Capitalist would probably get out of that community in disgust. He would find no use for his money for in that community there would be practically Socialism.

HARD HITS

Borrowed troubles always demand large interest.

Don't ring the bell of prayer and run away—wait.

To go about doing good is the way to go about being good.

Some people eat green apples and then sigh about life's crosses.

Do good with your money, or your money will do you no good.

When a young man starts out to "see life" he may see death instead.

Some people are opposed to the Bible because the Bible is opposed to them.

You must first be sick of sin before you can be dead to sin.

Don't have such broad views that you can't get them through the narrow way.

The love of life should win us to the life of love.

If you lose your religion because of the example of some weak brother, you stamp yourself weaker than he.

The man who is afraid to make an enemy will never make many friends.

No man can praise God who preys upon his neighbor.—Welcome News.

The Western Union Telegraph company claims to have discovered that on the Pacific coast more than half its messages are sent and the money kept by the operators and all records destroyed. The training in graft has had its logical effect. How could you expect men to spend a lifetime extorting from the public for others and not fall into the habit of doing a little for themselves? Now, if the public operated the telegraph as a part of the postal system, messages would be prepaid by means of stamps, and every sender would know the rate and place

ALL GOOD THINGS

must win upon their merits. The International Dictionary has won a greater distinction upon its merits and is in more general use than any other work of its kind in the English language.

A. H. Sayce, LL.D., D.D., of Oxford University, England, has recently said of it: "It is indeed a marvelous work; it is exhaustive and complete. Everything is in it—not only what we might expect to find in such a work, but also what few of us would ever have thought of looking for. A supplement to the new edition has brought it fully up to date. I have been looking through the latter with a feeling of astonishment at its completeness, and the amount of labor that has been put into it."

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his stamp on the message, and there would be no temptation to steal, any more than there is for a postmaster to send letters without the stamp attached. And the public could have a ten-cent rate to any office in the nation. But the people are trained to believe that their government can reform no useful function for them, regardless of its immense expense to them. Will you never get onto the game?

The naval expenditure of great Britain for the last ten years has totalled £284,638,830, against £106,148,971 spent by Germany, £118,315,763 by France, and £103,123,828 by Russia.

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PUBLIC NOTICE

Province of Quebec
County of Brom
District of Bedford
Public notice is hereby given that after the expiry of two months from the first publication of this Notice, application will be made to the Lieutenant Governor in Council to confirm to or in favor of the hereinafter named applicants two certain deeds of gift or grants from "The New York Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends," and "The Farnham Monthly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends," two corporations duly incorporated according to law, the former having its chief office and principal place of business in the City of New York, in the State of New York, one of the United States of America, and the latter in the East Part of the Township of Farnham, in the said County of Brom, and District of Bedford, passed before Moses O. Hart, Notary, on the eighth day of January, 1906, of the following pieces or parcels of land, for the purpose of a Protestant Christian Burying Ground or cemetery, the said pieces of land being lots numbers twenty-nine (29) and two hundred and fifty-three (253) of the official plan and book of reference of the East Part of the Township of Farnham in the said County of Brom and District of Bedford, and to incorporate the said applicants into a burial society to be known as "The Friends Union Cemetery Company," with power to take over said lots of land and to acquire such further land adjoining said lots as may become necessary, the whole in conformity with articles 3253 and seq., and amendments thereto of the Revised Statutes of Quebec regarding Cemetery Companies.

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

J. E. FAY,
Attorney for Applicants
Knowlton, Que., Nov. 2, 1908.—12-91

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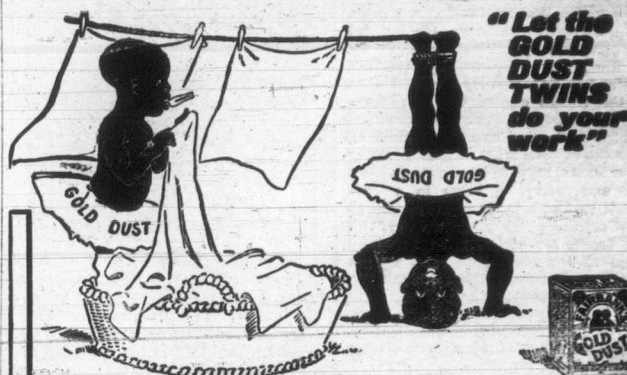
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COTTON'S WEEKLY has mapped out a line of progress for the coming year, and subscribers will get very generous value. Important changes are in store, as Cotton's Weekly will become a paper appealing to all Canada in general, and the Eastern Townships in particular.

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Province of Quebec } In the Superior Court

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No 8066

DAME JOSEPHINE NORMANDIN, wife common as to property of Henri Dupont, farmer, both of the parish of Notre-Dame de Stanbridge, said district.

PLAINTIFF

VS

DEFENDANT.

The said HENRI DUFONT,

An action-in separation as to property has been, this day instituted in this Court.

E. X. A. GIBOUX

Sweetburg, 22nd of December, 1908.—31-41

P. C. DUBOYCE

NOTARY, COMMISSIONER, ETC.

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The Truant and The Shark

By P. Y. BLACK

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"Hi! I'd like to see me!"
The small boys looked at
Master Wat with admiring
eyes.

"You chaps can go and be
taught by a burgher if you like, but
not me."

"Won't your father lick you, Wat?"
"Shut up! He's got no father, and
his mother never licks him."

Wat walked off, with his nose in the
air, and just around the corner he ran
squarely into the schoolmaster who
was to take the place temporarily of
the regular teacher, who had broken
his leg. Wat sniffed impudently and
would have walked past, but Jan de
Jough put out a hand to stop him—put
it out with diffidence, hesitatingly, al-
most as an inferior might do.

"It is time for school, Master
Thom!" said he.

"I am not going to school today."

"And tomorrow?"

"Not tomorrow."

"May I know why?"

Wat looked to one side and another,
rather abashed, and then insolently at
the young schoolmaster.

"White men," said he, "should not
be taught by—by black men."

He ran away and did not see the
flush of anger and sorrow that red-
dened De Jough's olive cheeks. The
schoolmaster looked after him for a
second and then slowly proceeded to
open the school.

This happened in Natal, where are
many men of different races—English,
Dutch descendants, Portuguese, Ma-
lays, descendants of the coolies
brought in old times from the East In-
dies as plantation workers, and Kaf-
irs. So there are many social ranks
and grades. Wat was an English boy,
brought out to the colony when a baby,
and as the English rank highest in the
country and never would think of
mingling intimately with the other
races Wat, being only twelve years
old, had a rather exaggerated idea of
his own and his people's worth.

Jan de Jough was not a black man,
though his skin was dark, like most
Italians. He was the descendant of
Dutch and Portuguese ancestors, who
long ago had owned the country
before the Englishmen took it as the
spoils of war, just as America today
has come into possession of the Philip-
pines.

Mr. de Jough was downhearted.
Most of the boys were of English pa-
rentage, and if Wat, their leader, re-
belled he foresaw a falling off in at-
tendance and the consequent loss of
his first position, his first stepping
stone. He was right. The boys, small
as they were, were impudent and un-
ruly, and Jan dismissed the school de-
spondently.

Meantime Wat, for sufficient reason,
did not go straight home. He doubted
his reception by his mother might not
be altogether cordial and appreciative.
It was hot, as it usually is on the coast
of the Indian ocean. One advantage
the heat brings to the boys is that one
can go swimming any day almost all
the year round. Wat, wandering along
by the surf, soon felt the sun oppres-
sive, and when he came to a cove
which he and his chums knew well as
a swimming place where the surf did
not break too violently he naturally
came to the conclusion that a bath
would be a good thing to break the
lonely monotony of the morning. He
was, like most boys in warm countries,
a first rate swimmer, and he had no
hesitation in plunging into the huge
Indian ocean even when quite alone.

He left his clothes on the beach near
some rocks without fear of pilfering
wanderers, for the cove was some dis-
tance from the town and a spot where
few ever wandered. He ran in with a
dash, paused to catch an incoming
breaker just at the right moment be-
fore it broke, dived beneath its crest,
swam vigorously under water for a
minute and came up puffing and blow-
ing on the glorious swell of the waves,
with the sun glowing down upon him
in warm-hearted approval.

Wat turned on his back and let him-
self be rocked luxuriously. One mo-
ment he would be lifted up so that he
could look far out to sea or inland at
the vast extent of greenery, and the
next he was down in a great hollow,
with nothing before his eyes but the
cloudless blue above and the glassy
waters reaching up at his sides like
precipitous mountains.

"Poo!—poo!—ow!" cried the boy. "This
is better than a stuffy schoolroom, with
a low burgher making you study the
idiotic history of the country. He had
a cheek to think he could teach En-
glish boys. I wish he was here, and I'd
teach him to swim. Wouldn't I duck
him? Oh, no! Certainly not!"

He was like a fish. He reveled and
played in the sea like one of its own
inhabitants. A home bred boy of a
colder climate, used to one or two
months' swimming in the summer holi-
days, would not have believed a
twelve-year-old youngster could be so
much at ease on the breast of the fath-
omless ocean. Wat struck out to deep-
er water with a bold, swift side stroke
and soon was standing, monarch of all
he surveyed, on a great black rock
which broke the force of the waves as
they strove to dash, with headlong
strength, into the quiet cove.

As he stood there, with joyous eyes,
facing the ocean defiantly, as his
race's eyes have done for centuries and
do today, sudden interest increased
their wide brightness. A quarter mile
out from the beach of the little bay,

but only half that distance from the
rock on which he stood, lay on a reef
the dark timbers of a recent wreck.
Wat remembered hearing of a little
bark rushing on the reef in a gale a
month ago, but school and cricket had
prevented his going out to the cove
until now. At once he was filled with
the desire to explore, and without a
moment's hesitation he plunged into
the deeper outside waters and swam
for the hulk. It did not take him long
to cover the 200 or 300 yards to the
wreck. When the vessel was wrecked,
monster waves, driven in by a land-
ward gale, had broken over the reef,
but now the sea about the dead ship
was comparatively quiet, and on the
lee side Wat had no difficulty in climb-
ing aboard.

Here were new and exhilarating de-
lights of the rarest sort. To explore
strange corners, to stand waist deep—
now the tide was out—in the skipper's
own cabin and, peering about with fin-
gers and toes, unearth strange things,
worthless now, but interesting; to peek
and pry with an excited heart in the
hope that he might light upon a won-
derful find—perhaps treasure overlook-
ed, perhaps—At the thought of per-
haps seeing something ghastly, al-
though he knew all the crew had been
saved. Wat suddenly felt lonely and
afraid. He ran quickly up on the broken
deck. He was startled to note
how long by the sun his walk and his
swim and his explorations had taken.
Now he felt hungry, and he knew it
must be long past time at his mother's
house. Tiffin? He looked again at the
sun and the shadows of the rocks upon
the sea and calculated correctly that it
must be 2 o'clock and school would be
coming out in an hour.

Wat ran to jump overboard. His foot
was on the broken rail, and his hands
were raised to dive. In an instant he
would have been in the water, when he
staggered back, white as flour, shaking
at the nearness of his escape. Slowly,
with lazy complacency, with hardly a
flick of his great tail, there swam be-
neath the boy most leisurely a great
shark. It moved about close to the
surface, its dorsal fin sometimes above
the water, like a sail, and its cold,
cruel, vicious, hungry eyes stared up
at the truant. Wat sank down, sick
and faint.

He had been foolish, worse than fool-
ish. Time and again he had been
warned, with the other boys, about the



Wat looked cautiously overboard.

sharks, which, though they do not ac-
tually infest these waters, are by no
means rare. The cove was compara-
tively safe, but beyond it there was al-
ways danger. It was the old story of
the wolf. "Shark!" had been cried so
often to young Wat that he paid little
attention to it. Now he was trapped.

After a time Wat got up and looked
cautiously overboard. The shark was
not there, but when he ran to the other
side it was there. The monster knew
his meal was safely cornered. Round
and round he swam, lazily and uncon-
cernedly enjoying the warmth of the
sun near the surface. Wat was unable
to withdraw his eyes from it. It fas-
cinated him as a snake does a monkey.

Now and then the fish would roll over
on its back, and then Wat would hide
his eyes, shuddering at the sight of
that hideous mouth and those gleam-
ing teeth. Once, when the shark had
been on guard for an hour or more, it
paused at the seaward end of the
wreck and then swam slowly outward.
Hope sprang in the boy's heart, and
he slipped quietly to the other end, in-
tending to glide noiselessly into the wa-
ter and strike out for shore. If he had
done so, he might have got safely away
while the shark continued to swim
about, thinking its prey was still there,
but Wat had not the great courage to
risk it. He hesitated, and in another
two or three minutes it was too late.
The brute came back, and Wat fancied
that it resumed its methodical watch
that it looked up at him mockingly.

The truant grew hysterical with fear
and horror. He was quite able to real-
ize his position. If he swam shore-
ward, he would meet a certain, cruel
death, perhaps the most horrible of
deaths. But the cove and the hulk lay
far below the sea road, and between
that road and the ocean were great
masses of trees and jungle which shut
out the sea from land passengers. Not
once in a week perhaps might any one
seek that secluded spot, while ships
passed far, far out. Thus there was
little chance of speedy help and an al-
most inevitable end by starvation and
exposure, for although the days are
warm, the nights in Natal are often
cold, and Wat was naked to all the
chill winds of the sea.

When his hysteria grew uncontrolla-
ble, his moans and tears gave place to
loud sobs, but still the placid sentry of
the hulk swam round and round. The
sobs at length ceased, and in their
stead came loud cries which soon were
shrill resounding shrieks. But the
shark swam round and round till the
truant was crazed, driven almost to
madness by that relentless watch.

At length toward evening, when the
sun was sinking fast, one piercing
scream from Wat was answered from
the beach of the little bay—answered
by a long, full toned "Hello!" Wat ran
up and down, jumping and throwing
his arms in the air, shouting "Help!
Shark! Help! Shark!" with all his
strength and all his might. To the
highest rock a figure ascended, the sun
shining fully upon it, and Wat recog-
nized the humble student, the poor
schoolteacher, Jan de Jough, whom he
had so grossly insulted in the morning.
The boy's heart sank.

"I called him a black man," he
thought, "and he isn't, and I tried to
break up the school. He'll go away and
leave me to die, and nobody will ever
know."

Still he shouted and cried and plead-
ed, and the schoolmaster, to his great
joy, instead of going away, came along
from rock to rock to a promontory
where his words could be distinctly
heard.

"I don't understand," cried De Jough.
"Are you hurt? Can't you swim
ashore?"

"A big shark is swimming around the
wreck," yelled Wat, "and I can't get
away from it! Oh, Mr. de Jough, for-
give me and save me!"

The schoolmaster did not reply for a
moment. He was startled. There was
no small boat nearer than the harbor,
three hours away. There and back
would be six hours at the very least,
and by that time it would be cold and
dark, and Wat might get so crazed with
cold and terror and loneliness—might
grow delirious, in fact—that he would
jump overboard to swim ashore, when
his fate would be awful. These things
the master thought of in a moment,
thought of something else for a mo-
ment, just the value of his own life,
thought for not a single moment of
that boy's attempt to raise a mutiny in
the school, and the next moment he
was stripped to the skin.

"Cheer up, Wat, my boy!" he shout-
ed, as if Wat was a good comrade in-
stead of an insolent pupil. "Keep a
good heart. I'm coming."

He was coming! Wat could not re-
ply. How could Mr. de Jough pass out
if he could not pass in? He looked and
saw the master on his knees praying,
and Wat knelt also.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK

Postmasters throughout the United
have commenced the payment of old
age pensions to persons over 70 years
of age. Seven hundred thousand ap-
plications have been made and two
hundred thousand of these rejected.

The British labor party will meet at
Portsmouth on Jan. 27th, and will dis-
cuss a number of drastic proposals,
including the fixing of the old-age pen-
sion limit at 55.

The United States Supreme Court
has refused the Government's petition
for a writ of certiorari in the case of the
Standard Oil fine of \$29,240,000.

The first aeroplane port is to be
opened near Paris this week. The
landing place is a mile square and has
been cleared of all rocks and trees.

One of the big power cables hanging
from the steel arch bridge at Niagara
falls parted the other day. There
was lots of fireworks but no serious
damage.

Start the New Year Right

There is a tale of Righteous-
ness following our work of

Heating Plumbing and Tinning

You get "Value Received" for your
Money.

WE are in a position to supply your
wants in the Hardware Lines and
quote you "Living Prices" for any work
done. Get your order in early for what
you expect to need next Sugar Making.

McCLATCHIE BROS.
Hardware Merchants, Cowansville

FROM ALL OVER

Interesting Items from all
Over the World

Canadian

London and Fort Stanley, Ont., have
voted in favor of Sunday street cars.

Toronto's birth rate for 1908 has
shown an increase over the preceding
year.

The License reduction by-law carried
in Toronto, forty bars will be put out of
business.

Montreal is to have license reduction,
and thirty-five is the number of bars to
go.

Lindala, the Socialist Candidate for
Mayor of Toronto, received 1,735 votes
on January 1st.

The school at Dauphin, Man., was
burned the other day, but the five hun-
dred children got out without mishap.

One violator of the Scott Act in
Moncton, N. B., has been rewarded
with a month's jail, without the option
of a fine.

A large amount of money will be
spent in improvements to the plant of
the Lake Superior corporation at Sault
Ste. Marie, according to Mr. Clergue.

Good lignite coals is said to lie in
large quantities in the Touchwood Hills
Saskatchewan, and the Saskatchewan
Coal, Land, Prospecting & Developing
Company has been formed in Montreal
to look after it.

The latest returns from Ontario are:
Twenty victories for local option, and
nine defeats; 26 places where repeal
was tried remained true to the local
option side, and in 12 places a majority
voted for local option, but the necessary
three-fifths majority was lacking.

There were 6,100 licensed places in
Ontario 35 years ago. The return for
1907, the last complete statement,
showed 2,474. It is probable that in
the license year 1909-10 they will not
greatly exceed 1,000, while of the mu-
nicipalities over 210 will be under local
option.

Foreign

Father John of Cronstadt, the famous
Russian priest, is dead.

Prohibition has gone into force in the
state of Alabama.

Chicago's New Year's Eve celebration
cost a million dollars.

The Kaiser has decided to travel less
and to live more simply this year.

The King and Queen are to visit the
Kaiser at Berlin in February.

Thirteen persons were shot, none of
them dangerously, on New Year's Eve
in New York.

The legislatures of California and
Wisconsin are considering bills similar
to the Lemieux Act.

The Australian Parliament has passed
an act imposing a fine of £100 on the
owners of every ship bringing in
Asiatic passengers or stowaways.

The French elections have resulted
in a Government victory, the Radical-
Socialist bloc making a net gain of fif-
teen seats.

1909 HAS JUST COMMENCED

And we are after more records, feeling confident that
the old policy of supplying the best goods at reasonable
prices will always be the most satisfactory in the long run.

We will always have something special to interest you,
and will ask you to KEEP YOUR EYE ON OUR ADS.

DISCOUNT SALE

Of Gentlemen's High Class Furnishings
Penman's and Wolsley Underwear
Tooke's Shirts, Collars and Cuffs
English and French Neckwear
Dressing Gowns, Fancy Vests, Pyjamas
Gloves and Mitts, Linen Handkerchiefs

AT 20 PER CENT. REDUCTION

Lipton's Teas Lipton's Coffees

Another direct shipment just received. The quality
always the same—

25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c and 70c per lb.

Lipton's Coffees in 1 lb. Tins.

Splendid Values in Women's Shoes

Women's Patent Colt and Kid Shoes, special at \$2.50.
Misses Vici Kid Lace Boots, special at \$1.50.

Children's in Vici Kid and Box Calf \$1.00 and \$1.25.

Waterproof Shoes for Men

No additional foot covering is required over our ANTI-
WET SHOE. The soles being absolutely Wet and Cold
Proof, keep the feet dry and warm when it is snowing, rain-
ing or freezing. With a pair of our Vulcanized Soles Shoes
your feet are always comfortable. Made in Box Calf at \$5.

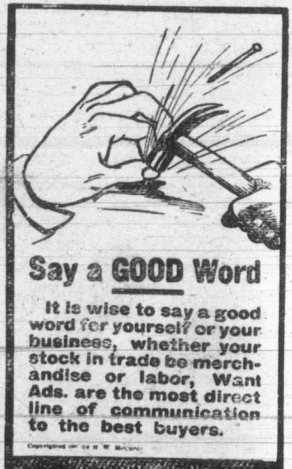
ED. GOYETTE

The Store of Quality

Cowansville

Store closes again every Tuesday and Thursday at 6 p. m.

Say a Good Word
to the Public
Through
Cotton's Weekly



25 p. c. Discount

AS we are anxious to clear out our
entire stock of LEATHER GOODS,
we are offering a Discount of 25 per
cent on our complete line, comprising
PURSES, HAND BAGS, BILL FOLDS,
POST CARD ALBUMS, Etc.

GEO. W. JOHNSTON
Medical Hall, Cowansville

E. T. NEWS

COWANSVILLE AND SWEETSBURG

Mrs. George Miner, South street, is away on a visit to Ayer, Mass.

The dates for Canada's great Eastern Exhibition at Sherbrooke are August 28th, to September 4th, 1909.

Councillor John McCabe has been laid up with an attack of la grippe. The little son of Mr. and Mrs. J. I. McCabe is ill with scarlet fever.

Thirty pictures for 25c in five positions at the Ping Pong Studio, Kerr's Block, upstairs. Open on Thursday, Jan. 7th.—21

Buzzell Bros. give notice to their customers that their store will be closed on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, starting this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Artemus Ross entertained about twenty-five guests at their home on Christmas day. All enjoyed a very pleasant time.

The rooms over Kerr's store are now open as a Ping Pong Photo Studio. All the young people in town are making a bee line to have their face pulled in every conceivable attitude.

All Cowansville and Sweetzburg stores have gone back to the arrangement in force before Dec. 1st, of closing on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and the clerks can now frequent their old haunts of relaxation.

Mr. John J. Barker, the well-known printer, has had a very successful operation for appendicitis at the Royal Victoria hospital, Montreal. He is convalescing rapidly and will soon be back at the old stand.

Mr. W. U. Cotton, editor of COTTON'S WEEKLY, left Saturday night for Montreal, where he will be engaged for some time with the law firm of Weir, McAllister & Cotton, Royal Insurance building.

An impromptu dance was held by the young people in the town hall Saturday evening. As usual the lights were left on all night and came on again Sunday night much to the annoyance of the light purveyor. Those using the hall on Saturday nights should see that the lights are turned off. It looks bad.

Mrs. P. C. Duboyce was at home to a large number of lady friends on Saturday afternoon last from four to six o'clock. Mrs. Duboyce, who is a charming hostess, was assisted by the Misses Donna Scott and Beryl Duboyce, while Mesdames Halliday and Ross poured tea and coffee.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The first meeting of the Literary Association will take place in the town hall on Tuesday evening next, at 8 o'clock. A good program is being prepared, and the first meeting should be greeted with a large attendance, especially of the young people, to whom the program will be particularly interesting and instructive.

WEST BROME

Mr. Bert Call who was taken ill in Huntington some days ago is expected home this week.

Mr. Frank Call is carrying the mail to Call's Mills for his father, who is at present in Huntington.

Miss Brown of Montreal has been spending a few days with her sister Mrs. L. Mooney.

The Rev. G. S. Schagel preached a strong sermon last Sunday evening in which he called attention to the negligence of some people in regard to the weekly prayer meeting. We therefore give the day and time of service—Thursday's at 7 p. m., during the winter.

Miss Eva Savage is leaving us to spend the rest of the winter with her grandfather, Mr. Gailor of Dunham. We can ill spare the young people of West Brome, there are so few of them already.

The church of the Ascension has gained a new member in its choir, Mr. Willie Ford who has a pleasing voice and one which will improve in strength with the practice.

Miss Edith Galley is at her home in Montreal for the vacation.

SCOTTMORE

Mr. Coombs is visiting his son here.

Mr. E. S. Miltimore is visiting his sons Dr. H. H. Miltimore and C. A. Miltimore in St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

Mrs. E. S. Miltimore is spending the week in Cowansville with her daughter-in-law Mrs. A. Miltimore.

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

IRON HILL

The service of song entitled "Over the Snow," will be given in the hall on Friday, January 8th, 1909. All are invited. Those who purchased tickets for December 30th, can still use them on the 8th.

Miss Flora Vigeant of St. Johns, is spending her vacation at her father's.

Mr and Mrs Geo. Sheldon of Brome Centre, are guests of their son, Mr Harlow Sheldon.

Mr and Mrs Thos. Jordan and family, Mr Cedric Henry and his mother Mrs Wright Henry, all of Sutton, were recent guests at Mr H. L. Hastings'.

Messrs. Thos. Jones, Harold Holden, and Thos. Sculley have gone to Manchester, N. H.

A large house party was held at Mr Jos. Raymond's on New Year's day consisting of the sons and daughters, grandchildren and great grandchildren of the venerable Mr Josiah Raymond.

The long looked for thaw has come at last. The thermometer registers 45 degrees above zero and has, at writing (Tues.) been in that position for two days.

DUNHAM

Mr A. Rykert celebrated his 80th birthday, Dec. 29th, by giving a dinner to some of his near friends.

Mr T. G. Berry, of Montreal, has been calling on friends around here the few days.

Mr Edward Poirier has been given the agency for The Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Mr Novi Piette is home on a visit from Brattleboro.

The death has occurred at Nashua, N. H., of Frank O. Cabana, son of Mr. J. B. Cabana, of Dunham, from consumption, aged 34 years. The remains were brought to Dunham on Wednesday, Dec. 30th, and the funeral took place at the church of St. Croix on Thursday morning.

FARNHAM CENTRE

Mr Harry Dougall is spending his holidays with his parents.

Miss Orrie Reid from Les Saules, Que., spent a few days at T. L. Burnett's last week.

Mr and Mrs William Perkins of Sutton visited at John Crawford's last week.

Several from here attended the drama at Stanbridge on the 30th.

W. L. Burnett and J. C. Burnett of Montreal, spent New Year at their respective homes.

Our school opened Monday after the holidays.

The Misses Flora and Alice Powers have returned to their schools at Phillipsburg and Barnston respectively.

We are sorry to report Miss Nellie McNamara sick and under the care of Dr. Fuller.

DUNKIN

We are glad to hear that Rev. John Chanpion will stay with us for another year.

The Christmas tree at the Union church was a success, and credit is due to the young ladies who got it up. Thanks are also due Mr. Champion for his able assistance and for so tastefully decorating the church.

Miss Mattie Wherry of Montreal spent the New Years holidays with Miss Agnes Crowell.

Mr Clinton Crowell is able to be at his store again.

One day last week F. H. Crowell's men cut and delivered at the siding a birch tree that made two logs, one 30 inches in diameter and 13 feet long, and the other 8 inches in diameter and 10 feet long. The whole tree measured 1170 feet of lumber.

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

EAST FARNHAM

Mr McDowell of Knowlton, will give an entertainment in Halburd & Stevens' Hall, East Farnham, in connection with the Guild of St. Augustin's church on Friday evening, January 8th, 1909. Supper will be served by the ladies. Admission and supper 25 cents.

Mr John Wilkinson is spending the winter in Montreal with his daughter, Mrs Neville.

Little Clara Horner is quite ill under Dr. Rodger's care.

Miss Leach of Knowlton, commenced her school on Monday.

On Adam's Peak, in Ceylon, at about 7,000 feet above sea level, there is a large, flat stone on which is the imprint of the human foot. Mohammedans believe this to be the place that Adam first stepped, on being expelled from the Garden of Eden. In close proximity to this are the tea gardens of the world-famed Nuwara Eliva district, where "Salada" Tea is grown.

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

WITTIICISMS FROM PIGEON HILL

Casual Events Interestingly Noted by a Keen Observer

Language is part of a man's character.

If slander is a snake, it is a winged one. It flies as well as creeps.

Live with the culpable and you will be very likely to die with the criminal.

We would like to know the whereabouts of our cow and the this'le minister.

If you see any pump men send them along. They must have wells as a side line with them.

Laziness will cover your garden with weeds. Hard drinking, if you keep it up, will cover your wife with weeds.

The latest news we have to hand is a wheel that was found in the village that fell from a dog's tail when it was a waggin'.

There is a drawback about weather and that is it renders you liable to the visitation of an axe-helve every time you turn into an obscure street after nightfall.

TREASURES IN HEAVEN

The best way to lay up a fortune is to transport it to Heaven in acts of charity and then prepare to go and enjoy it.

LIFE

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

EASTERN TOKEN OF RESPECT

A rider in the East was expected to dismount when he met a person of elevated rank. Under the influence of this ancient custom, the Egyptians dismount from their asses when they approach the tombs of their departed saints, and both Christians and Jews are obliged to submit to the same ceremony. Christians in that country must also dismount when they happen to meet with officers of the army.

In Palestine, the Jews, who are not permitted to ride, on horseback, are compelled to dismount from their asses and pass by a Mohammedan on foot.

This Eastern custom explains the reason why Ahsah, the daughter of Caleb, and Abigail, the wife of Nabal, alighted from their asses. It was a mark of respect which the former owed to her father and the latter to David, a person of high rank and growing renown. It was undoubtedly for the same reason that Rebekah alighted from her camel on which she rode, when the servant informed her that the stranger whom she described at a distance in the field, was his master, and that Naaman, the Syrian grandee, alighted from his chariot at the approach of Gehazi, the servant of Elisha.

NORTH SUTTON

Mr John Johnson is quite ill. Dr. Yeats of Dunham, is in attendance.

Mr and Mrs Wm. Macfarlane were very welcome guests of their many friends the past week, returning to their home in Cowansville on Friday.

Mr Howard Darrah, late of Winnipeg, Man., has been suffering with a sore foot. At present he is able to use it a very little.

Mr B. H. Grimes has installed a fine water system, and now has plenty of water for all purposes.

Mrs G. H. Prentice has been in Montreal the past week to have her eyes treated and fitted with glasses. Her cousin Miss Alice Derby of West Brome, accompanied her. They returned on New Year's day.

Answers to Objections

The press is filled these days with discussions of Socialism. That is good. Nearly always, however, Socialism is more or less misrepresented. This may be due to either ignorance of Socialism or to an endeavor to mislead. It would be impossible to reply to all these articles separately, so we will briefly consider some of the statements made, the same reply often answering for a dozen of these articles.

That no two Socialists agree as to what Socialism is. It is an international movement alike in all countries. Its chief demand is for the social ownership and management of industry and the consequent overthrow of the present wages profit system.

That Socialism aims at establishing a middle class and the destruction of both the high and low classes. Socialism will destroy all class rule. It will not and does not pretend to wish or hope to

make all equal in ability. As it is now, ability, save the ability of the hog to crowd others from the swill, is crushed out of humanity.

That old age pensions, the feeding of school children by the state, state support of the unemployed, and such schemes are Socialism. They are features of state capitalism, and state capitalism is not Socialism. Socialists have advocated such things as immediate demands, calculated to foster the final outcome, just as the development of the trust, while not Socialism, is received as in the line of economic development necessary to the bringing of Socialism. But let it be understood that the aggrandizement of the state as an absolute power is not the aim of Socialism. Socialism is for democracy in industry, where democracy will be simple and practical.

That Socialism demands that all means of production and distribution shall be held by the state. That is state capitalism, a thing that the old parties are working toward. Socialists aim at a diffusion of power, and wealth.

That Socialism was tried at any time by the Incas, during the French revolution, by Joseph in Egypt or at any other time or place. What was tried in Peru and Egypt was state capitalism, and in France was political democracy. These are quite different from industrial democracy.

That Socialism is the same as anarchy. Only a few still make this absurd charge. Anarchism demands the abrogation of government. Socialism a more orderly arrangement than now prevails.

That Socialism means a dividing up. This is a charge far behind the times, yet one editor labors to prove that if all the money in the United States was divided equally each would get only \$39, and there would soon be inequalities again. Yes, inequality comes, because "dividing up" with the non-producer is a necessary part of this system, and Socialism opposes it. Socialized property is illustrated in the railroads and school houses. They are not "divided up."—The Appeal.

NORTH STANBRIDGE

Mr John Watson of Toronto, called on friends here last week.

Miss Solomon of Stukely, has been the guest of her friend, Miss Nina Stone.

Mr Clinton Kemp has been in Montreal consulting a specialist in throat trouble. We have not heard the result but hope there is nothing serious.

Miss Mabel Schoelcraft gave a delightful party last week in honor of her friend, Miss Kate Newell, at which a very enjoyable time was had.

House to Let

TO LET, two storey ten room house, cement cellar, furnace, town water, barn and about one acre of land. Everything in first-class order. Apply to W. G. MILTIMORE, Sweetzburg.

Ease For Eyes.
Seeing requires a muscular strain only from those with imperfect eyes. By perfecting sight we remove all strain, then fatigue and heaviness over the eyes disappear.



FRANK E. DRAPER
Jeweler and Optician
COWANSVILLE, QUE.

Money is Tight



But there are people who are constantly looking for opportunities to lend money on good security. If you want to borrow a few dollars, or a few thousand, our Want Ads. will put you in touch with those who have money to loan.

Don't Forget Our Annual January

DISCOUNT SALE

Furs and Clothing
20 Per Cent. OffEVERYTHING DISCOUNTED
IN THE DRY GOODS LINE

Boots and Shoes

Rubbers, Leggings, Felts
Overshoes, Horse Blankets
Caps, Mitts, Gloves, Hosiery
Underwear, Flannel Blankets
Quilts, Flannellette Sheets
Sweaters, Tuques, etc.

ALL REDUCED

Fresh Groceries

Fresh stock of Groceries always on hand. Prices to compare with any store in the Eastern Townships. Best of Bread and Pastry Flour in all sized Bags and Barrels. Graham Flour, Rolled Oats and Corn Meal.

WANTED—Block Wood in exchange. Also Eggs, Butter and Maple Sugar.

HULBÜRD & BELL

Successors to BELL & KERR

Main Street, Cowansville

WATCH FOR THE GRAND

Clearing January Sale

AT

H. H. MINER'S

Posters are now out. Sale commenced on

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 6th

In which we will have tables laid out with Shoes and other goods we want to clear at astonishing low prices. If you wish to save money, this will be your chance.

THIS SALE IS TO BE CASH AND
GOODS NOT RETURNABLE

A Heavy \$3.35 Skirt at \$1.75. Shoes less 20 per cent. except the jobs on tables which are net.

A Heavy \$2.25 Skirt at \$1.25. Rubbers less 10 p. c.

Lots of Misses skirts at very low prices. Underwear less 15 per cent.

Groceries at the usual low prices. Dry Goods less 15 per cent.

Best Flour at \$3.25 a bag. All Fancy Goods less 20 per cent.

Don't forget the place and come at once. Small Posters will be sent out first of week.

Clothing at great reduction. We are going to give you a great reduction of 25 per cent, except on Overalls and Smocks, on which we only allow 10 per cent. This brings Clothing below cost, but they must be sold.

Come one and all to the great sale.

H. H. MINER
DUNHAM

Woman's Page

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

EDITED BY MRS. MARY COTTON WISDOM, MONTREAL

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS PASSED

Another Xmas has passed. The Merry Christmas alas; not of our youth, but the happy calm Xmas of our maturer years.

It is not so many years ago since we joyfully hung our stockings near the mantle on Xmas eve, then went to bed in the firm faith that Santa Claus squeezed himself down the stove pipe with his pack of toys.

In those days the joy of Xmas was almost a pain. The sun shone bright, the sleigh bells rang music; the snow fell softly.

The church service of Xmas morning was the most blessed service of the whole year. The story of the Herald angels singing on that first Christmas morning, the gifts of frankincense and myrrh, brought by the wise men, to the Infant King, the church trimmed with its evergreens and the singing of the choir, all blended together in our childish minds, till those far away days of our Saviour seemed one with the present. To this day, when I smell evergreen, I can shut my eyes and feel again the joy of those exquisite old Christmas mornings. To those early Christmas days, I must confess it, do I owe much of my present faith.

We should see to it that we make merry the Christmas of our children, for who of us shall say of a truth, that this may not be a better way of impressing the birth of our Saviour King upon the childish mind, than long prayers and much preaching.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S WEEK

Marion Harland has written yet another book, which she calls "The Housekeeper's Week." What it costs I do not know. It is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. The new book is, to my mind, the best book that Marion Harland, (pen name for Mary Virginia Terhune), has written; that is saying a good deal, for we women all know what a splendid cook-book she has edited, and have read with pleasure many of her practical treatises on housekeeping, domestic science and kindred subjects. This new book "The Housekeeper's Week," is well worth the study of those of us who are interested in home-making in all its branches.

The most experienced house-keeper among us can gain yet more knowledge from this unique book. It deals with everything in the line of housekeeping "from washing to the destruction of vermin, the cleaning of gloves and the practice of domestic gymnastics."

Any girl who gains the knowledge which this book imparts may well consider herself a practical housekeeper.

The Divided Skirt

Fashion correspondents from Paris inform us that the divided skirt has come at last. It is seen quite commonly in the Bois, that promenade of fashion.

It is not the divided skirt of usual design, hanging full from the waist which common sense dress reformers have so often tried to introduce. No indeed; this divided skirt is first cousin to the direst, whose complete lack of fullness and clinging folds have made easy its coming. It is in reality only the direst skirt divided, leaving indeed small fullness for each division, making in fact this new style of dress resemble in point of fulness a man's garment.

Fashion can do more than a whole army of reformers, so, perhaps, we are at last to have sensible dressing for women. The disappearance of the long skirt with its germ and dust collecting tendencies and underskirt of like ilk would be hailed with delight by many of us. We hardly dare to hope for the universal use of this new styled dress.

Fashions come and go with such rapidity in these days. Who can say for certainty that before many months pass, we women kind may not be wearing hoops as enormous as those of the early Victorian age?

The Sudden Change in Style

The new styles have come upon us so suddenly that we have to stop short and take a good long breath, to make ourselves realize the fact that every art-

ticle of our wearing apparel is as hopelessly out of fashion as if it had been designed twenty years ago.

A new era has dawned; tight sleeves; long coats, narrow skirts, even the high ruffling for our necks, which we were all adopting, are vanishing again.

It seems as if Dame Fashion was determined for once in her life to have a complete revolution in dress. Not content to have a new design in hats, this season she demands that every thing from milady's hat to her shoes, shall be of a new type. This is rather hard on those who are not prospective brides and are not planning for a complete new outfit.

We will have to ply our needles very industriously, or with this sudden change of style the cut of our garments will savor of the ark, when viewed by the eye accustomed to the new order of things.

WELL TRIED RECIPES

Cocoon Pudding

Materials:—1 cup butter, 3 cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, ½ cup shredded cocoon, 1 teaspoonful soda. Flavor with extract of lemon, and add flour enough to roll out.

Dominoes

Have any kind of sponge cake baked in a rather thin sheet. Cut this into small oblong pieces, the shape of a domino. Frost the top and sides of them. When the frosting is hard, draw the black lines and make the dots with a small brush, that has been dipped in melted chocolate. These are particularly good for children's parties.

Lady's Cake

Material:—½ cup of butter, 2 cups of sugar, ½ cup of milk, 3 cups of pastry flour, the whites of 6 eggs; 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, 1 teaspoonful of essence of almond.

Preparations:—Beat the butter to a cream. Add the sugar gradually, then the essence, milk, the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and the flour in which the baking powder has been mixed. Bake in one large pan or two small ones, and frost or not as you please. If baked in sheets about two inches deep, it will take about twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

Delicious Chocolate Cake

Materials:—Custard part. 1 cup of grated chocolate, ½ cup of sweet milk, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla. Stir all together in a granite saucepan, cook slowly, put away to cool.

Cake part:—1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup butter, 2 cups flour, ½ cup sweet milk, two eggs, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 1 teaspoonful of cream tartar. Mix the cake well together, then stir in the cool custard, bake in layer tins or as a loaf cake, as you prefer.

Fig Pudding

Materials:—1 cup molasses, 1 cup chopped suet, 1 cup milk, ¾ cups flour, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, ½ teaspoonful nutmeg, 1 pint of figs.

Preparations:—Mix together the suet, molasses, spice and figs cut fine. Dissolve the soda with a tablespoonful of hot water, and mix with milk. Add the other ingredients.

Beat the eggs light, and stir into the mixture. Add the flour and beat well. Butter two small, or one large brown bread mould, turn the mixture into the mould or moulds and steam 5 hours. Serve with a creamy sauce.

Date Pudding

Make the same as fig pudding, but use a generous pint of dates instead of the figs.

To Make a Bouquet of Sweet Herbs

Many of us do not know how to make a bouquet of sweet herbs, we simply add to our soups or stews, sage or parsley or thyme, as our tastes may decide. The French who are noted for their cooking, are past masters in the art of seasoning and flavoring.

A stew or soup, which would otherwise taste flat, will with a little judicious flavoring be transformed into an appetizing dish.

A very good bouquet of sweet herbs,

which can be used in stews, soups, meats, jellies and in the cooking of game, is made in the following way: put two sprigs of parsley on a plate and across them lay two bay leaves, two sprigs of thyme, two of summer savory, and two leaves of sage, tie all the other herbs (which are dry) with the parsley in a thin muslin bag. The addition of one or two cloves, according to some tastes, makes an improvement.

It is of course taken for granted that my lady has her seasonings in separate tin cans with air tight lids, neatly labelled, or better still in wide necked bottles with snugly fitting corks, all on one shelf by themselves, so that she can see at a glance just where the particular spice is that she wants. This saves not only much time when one is cooking but a vast amount of energy as well.

Can You Spell

It is some time ago since spelling bees were popular forms of entertainment in the country, but still one occasionally comes across the very superior person who tells you he can easily spell any word ever printed in a dictionary. If ever you meet this type of man, just ask somebody to dictate the following jumble to him, and see how many mistakes he will make:

"Antinous, a disappointed, desiccated physicist, was peeling potatoes in an embarrassing and harassing way. His idiosyncrasy and privilege was to eat mayonnaise and mussels while staring at the Pleiades and seizing people's tricycles and velocipedes. He was an erring teetotaler, and had been on a picayune jamboree. He rode a palfrey stallion and carried a saleable papier-mache bouquet of asters, phlox, mullein chrysanthemums, rhododendrons, fuchsias and nasturtiums."

"He wore a sibyl's resplendent turquoise paraphernalia, and ormolu yashmak and astrakhan chaparejos. He drank crystallizable and disagreeable curacao juleps through a sieve. He stole some moneys and hid them under a pedlar's mahogany bedstead and mattress."

"Like a fiend in an ecstasy of gayety I rushed after him into the maelstrom, or melee, and held him as in a vice. I could not feaze him however, and he addressed me, with autocracy, in the following imbecile words, which sounded like a soliloquy or a superseding paean on an oboe: 'You are a rateable lunamoth; a salaaming vizier; an equinoctial corpehe and an isosceles daguerrotype.'"

New Style in Hair Dressing

Many of us will be pleased to learn that a new flat arrangement of the hair is to take the place of the huge pompadors which have been so popular. From this follows the obvious fact that the rat that used to bolster up those pompadors will pass to the shades of forgetfulness, where it rightly belongs.

With the introduction of this new flat style of hair dressing, come especially for evening wear, bows of ribbon and wreaths of flowers, mounted on fine silk wire.

WEATHER SIGNS

"The sun is bright, the sky is clear, But grandma says a storm is near; And when I asked how she could know, She said the peacock told her so."

When perching on the old fence rail, He screamed so loud and dropped his tail.

The soot that from the chimney fell, Came down, it seems, the news to tell. The kettle sang the self-same tune, When it boiled dry that afternoon.

The grass this morning said so too, It hung without a drop of dew.

And then the swallows flying low, Went 'cross the river to and fro."

The Youngster's Opinion

The well-known business man who married the other day for the second time has a bright boy of eleven who should eventually climb to the top of the tree.

On his return from his honeymoon with his blushing but not too beautiful bride, the gentleman in question promptly set out to make the lady and his son acquainted.

"My boy," said he, beaming his best and brightest upon his precious offspring, "this is your new mother."

For a few seconds the youngster subjected the lady to a most critical examination, and then "I say, father," said he.

"Yes, my son," was the reply.

"Well, dad," continued the youngster, "it's a fair question, how many coupons did you get her for?"

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

Kindness to Animals

There are certain things which all boys and girls should remember:

1. Never to stick pins into butterflies and other insects, unless you would like to have somebody stick pins into you.

2. Never to carry poultry with their heads hanging down, unless you would like to be carried in the same way.

3. Never to throw stones at those harmless creatures, the frogs, unless you would like to have stones thrown at you in the same way.

4. That nearly all snakes are harmless and useful.

5. That earth worms are harmless and useful, and that when you use them in fishing they ought to be killed instantly, before you start, by plunging them in a dish of boiling water.

6. That it is very cruel to keep fish in glass globes slowly dying.

7. That it is kind to feed the birds in winter.

8. That bits should never be put in horses' mouths in cold weather without being first warmed.

9. That it is cruel to keep twitching the reins while driving.

10. That when your horse is put in a strange stable you should always be sure that he is properly fed and watered, and in cold weather that his blanket is properly put on.

11. That you should never ride after a poor-looking horse when you can help it. Always look at the horse and refuse to ride after a poor-looking one, or a horse whose head is tied up by a tight checkrein.

12. That you should always talk kindly to every dumb creature.

13. That you should always treat every dumb creature as you would like to be treated yourself if you were in the creature's place.—Dumb Animals.

Sir A. Conan Doyle, speaking at a bazaar on behalf of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, suggested the establishment of agricultural colleges for poor boys, and that instead of lads being sent away from England hundreds of boys should be placed on the thousands of acres of uncultivated land, and receive a sound farm training, to the great benefit of themselves and the country.

Farmer Medders—So th' bunco man told yew he was a son o' good ole Deacon Perkins, an' yew believed him?

Farmer Snakeroot—Not at first, Si; but when he started in talkin' religion an' tryin' ter pick my pocket at th' same time, by gum! I jes' couldn't help but believe he wuz Deacon Perkins's own son.

There has been an increase of nearly thirty percent in the net weights of letters and postcards transmitted to America since the introduction of penny postage from England to the United States. In the four weeks of September it amounted to 35,600 pounds. In the four weeks of October it rose to 45,340 pounds.

This year's potato crop in Great Britain amounted to 3,919,798 tons, 642,313 tons more than in 1907. The turnip and swede crop amounted to 23,738,207 tons, an increase of 1,652,489, and the mangel crop was 8,987,161 tons, 50,239 more than last year.

"Do you ever do anything to help your wife with her household tasks?"

"Sure I do. I light the fire every morning."

"Ah! And do you carry the coal up?"

"No—no. We cook with electricity."

The Franco-British Exhibition in England buildings are to be reopened next year for an international display of specialties, all the best and most interesting products and manufacturers that can be contributed by the countries co-operating.

MADE IN CANADA
GILLET'S GOODS
ARE
STANDARD ARTICLES

It is to the advantage of every housekeeper in Canada to use them

Magic Baking Powder.
Gillett's Perfumed Lye.
Imperial Baking Powder.
Gillett's Cream Tartar.
Royal Yeast Cakes.
Gillett's Marmoset Biscuits.
Magic Baking Soda.
Gillett's Washing Crystal.

MADE FOR OVER 50 YEARS
(Established 1857)
E. W. GILLET CO., Toronto, Ont.

AT DEATH'S DOOR

Doctors had to give her Morphine to ease the pain

Five boxes of "Fruit-a-lives" Cured Her

ENTERPRISE, ONT.

OCT. 1, 1908.

For seven years I suffered with what physicians called a "Water Tumor". I would get so bad at times that I could hardly endure the pain. I could neither sit, stand, nor lie down. Hypodermics of Morphine had to be given me or I could never have borne the pain. Many physicians treated me, but my cure seemed hopeless, and my friends hourly expected my death. It was during one of these very bad spells that a family friend brought a box of "Fruit-a-lives" to the house. After much persuasion I commenced to take them, but I was so bad that it was



only when I had taken nearly two boxes that I commenced to experience relief. I kept up the treatment, however, and after taking five boxes I was cured, and when I appeared on the street my friends said, "The dead has come to life." And this seemed literally true because I certainly was at death's door. But now I can work almost as well as ever I could, and go camping and berry-picking with the girls. I will be glad if you will publish this testimonial, if it will further the interests of "Fruit-a-lives." They should be in every household. Yours very truly, Mrs. JAMES FENWICK.

Through the whole country around Enterprise, Ont., people are talking of this wonderful cure. By their marvellous action on the kidneys, "Fruit-a-lives" cured Mrs. Fenwick when the doctors said she could not be operated on and was doomed to die. "Fruit-a-lives" cured Mrs. Fenwick when all else failed. Try them for your trouble. 25c. and 50c. a box, at dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

PSALMS.

Psalms 21:

The king shall joy in thy strength, O Lord; and in thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice!

2 Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips. Selah.

3 For thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness: thou settest a crown of pure gold on his head.

4 He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever.

5 His glory is great in thy salvation, honour and majesty hast thou laid upon him.

6 For thou hast made him most blessed for ever: thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance.

7 For the king trusteth in the Lord; and through the mercy of the Most High he shall not be moved.

PROVERBS.

Chapter 11.

27 He that diligently seeketh good procureth favour: but he that seeketh mischief, it shall come unto him.

28 He that trusteth in his riches shall fall: but the righteous shall flourish as a branch.

29 He that troubleth his own house shall inherit the wind; and the fool shall be servant to the wise of heart.

30 The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise.

31 Behold, the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth: much more the wicked and the sinner.

Chapter 12.

Whoso loveth instruction loveth knowledge: but he that hateth reproof is brutish.

2 A good man obtaineth favour of the Lord; but a man of wicked devices will he condemn.

TO BE CONTINUED.



It Goes to The Home

Our paper goes to the home and is read and welcomed there. If you wish to reach the household, the real ruler of domestic destinies, you can do so through our paper and our Classified Want Ads. form an interesting and well-read portion of it.



Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. (Inventor agency for securing patents). Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

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MONTREAL, P. Q.

The Last Stroke.

BY LAWRENCE L. LYNCH,

Author of "A Woman's Crime," "John Arthur's Ward,"
"The Diamond Coterie," "Against Odds," Etc.

CONTINUED

"We look for Briery in a day or two," the detective said, casually, as they bowed along. "He will bring a professional gentleman with him," and he turned his head and the eyes of the two met. Ferrars had found that Doran could extract much meaning from a few words, at need.

"Something in the detective line, for instance? Is that it?"

"That explanation will do for Glenville, Doran."

"Cert. Glenville ought to know it, too. We've been thinking 'twas about time one of 'em appeared," and Doran grinned.

Ferrars smiled, well satisfied. He knew that the dignified family lawyer and friend, who was coming to Glenville with Robert Briery by his own desire, would be promptly accepted as the tardy and eagerly looked for "sleuth" who would "solve the mystery" at once and with the utmost ease.

And that is what happened.

The two men arrived a day earlier than they had been expected, and the moment Robert Briery found himself alone with Ferrars he drew from his pocket a letter, saying, as he unfolded it with gentle, careful touch:

"This letter, Mr. Ferrars, is the last written me by my brother. It was in the city, passing me on the way, before I had arrived here, and I found it, among others, at the office. I have not spoken of it even to the doctor. Read it, please."

Ferrars took the letter and read. My Dear Rob: Since writing you, I have found in an old newspaper, quite by accident, something which has almost set my head to spinning. I know what you will say to that, old boy. It brings up something out of the past, something of which I may have to tell you and which should have been told you before. It's the only thing, concerning myself that is, which you do not know as well as I, and if I have not confided this to you, it was because I almost feared to. But then, why try to explain and excuse on paper when we are to meet, please God, so soon. Brother mine, what if that flood tide which comes, they say, to each, once in a life, was on its way to you and to me? Well, it shall not separate us, Rob; not by my will. But stop. I shall grow positively oracular if I keep on, (no one ever could understand an oracle, you know) and so, till we meet, adieu.

Brother Charlie.

When Ferrars had read this strange missive once, he sat for a moment as if thinking, and then deliberately re-read it slowly, and with here and there a pause, when at last he handed it back to Briery, he asked:

"Do you understand that letter?"

"No more than I do the riddle of the sphinx, Ferrars," he leaned forward eagerly as he put a question, and his eyes were apprehensive, though his voice was firm. "Do you connect that letter in any way with my brother's death?"

For a moment the detective was silent, thinking of the newspaper, and the missing clipping. Then he replied slowly as if considering between the words.

"Of course it's possible, Mr. Briery, but as yet I cannot give an opinion. If you will trust that letter to me for a few days, however, perhaps I may see more clearly. It's a surprise, I'll admit. I had fully decided, in my own mind, however much the murderer may have premeditated and planned, his victim was wholly unaware of an end of his danger."

"You were about to say, of an enemy?"

"Yes. It is what I have been saying before seeing that letter." He put out his hand and as Briery placed the letter in it he added, "Let us not discuss this further. Does your friend, Mr. Myers, know of it?"

"Not a word."

"Then, for the present, let it rest between us."

Two days after this interview, Doran dropped in at the doctor's office, and before he left had managed to put a newspaper, folded small, into the hands of the detective, quite unperceived by the other occupants of the room. For, while since Briery's return, accompanied by his friend, these two had occupied together the rooms at Mrs. Fry's, the doctor's cottage was still headquarters for them all, while Ferrars now had solitary possession of the guest chamber, formerly assigned to Briery.

Mr. Myers was a shrewd lawyer, as well as a faithful family friend. He had felt, from the first, that there was mystery as well as crime behind the death of Charles Briery, who had been near and dear to him, as dear as his own son, for the two families had been almost as one ever since John Myers and the elder Briery, who had been school friends and fellow students, finally entered together the career of matrimony.

There had been no children in the Myers household, and the two had soon learned to look upon the Myers house as their second home, and "Uncle" John Myers had ranked, in their regard, only second to their well beloved father. So that when the young men were left alone, in a broken and desolate home, that other door opened yet wider, and claimed them by right of affection.

Mr. Myers had been taken to the

scene of the murder, had visited Hilda Grant, and, by his own desire, had examined the books, papers and manuscripts in Charles Briery's rooms, and on the day of Doran's call, a longer drive than he had yet taken, had been arranged. He was going, accompanied by Briery and driven by Doran, to look at the skiff, still unclaimed and waiting upon the lake shore below the town.

Ferrars, much to Doran's regret, had declined to accompany them from the first, and when he found himself in possession of the coveted newspaper he joined the others in their desire that Doctor Barnes should take the fourth seat in the light surrey behind Doran's pet span, and the day being fine and business by no means pressing, that gentleman consented.

CHAPTER XIV.

When Ferrars found himself alone he lost no time in locking his chamber door and beginning his study of ancient news.

Taking the newly-arrived paper from beneath his pillow, where he had hastily thrust it, he spread out the mutilated copy beside it and speedily located the clipping which should explain, or interpret, Charles Briery's letter.

Putting the perforated paper over the other, as the quickest means to the end, he drew a pencil mark around the paragraph which appeared in the vacant space, and then, without pausing to read it, reversed the two sheets and repeated the operation.

This done, he took up the marked paper and sat down to read and digest the secret.

"It won't take long to tell which side of this precious square of paper contains the thing I want, I fancy," he meditated, as he smoothed out the sheet.

The printed paragraph outlined by his pencil was hardly three inches in length, and he read it through with a growing look of comprehension upon his face. "I wonder if that can be it?" he said to himself at the end. And then he slowly turned the paper and read, the pencil-marked lines upon the other side.

When he had perused the brief lines over, his brow knit itself into a frown, and he reread them, with his face still darkened by it. Then he uttered a short laugh, and laid the paper across his knee.

"I wonder if the other fellow will know which side was which?" he muttered. "I'm blest if I do!" He sat for half an hour, with the paper upon his knee looking off into space and wrinkling his brow in thought.

Then he got up and put the two papers carefully away.

"I'm very thankful that I did not speak of this to Briery," he thought as he went out and locked his door behind him. "It would be only another straw, yes, a whole weight of them, added to his load of doubt and trouble."

The two paragraphs read as follows, the first being an advertisement, with the usual heading, and in solid newspaper type:

CHARLES A. HAS FOUND YOU OUT. He will not give me your address. Be on your guard at all times for there is danger. All will be forgiven if you will come back; and F. will be by you to avoid A. You are not safe where you are. The city is better, and we cannot feel at ease knowing the risk you are running. At least stay where you are. Your brother or some friend ought to know. For your own sake do not treat this warning as you did A's other threat. He means it. Still at G. street.

The second paragraph was in the form of a would-be facetious editorial paragraph, and ran thus:

Not to have a fortune is sad enough, but to go up and down in the land a millionaire and never know it, is wretchedness indeed. Many are the foreign fortunes seeking American heirs. If we are to believe the advertising columns, and the heirs seeking fortunes are as the sands of the sea in number.

There have been the Frayles, and the Jans, and a long retinue of lost heirs to waiting estates, and now it appears that the great Paisley fortune rusts in idleness and shamelessly accumulates, while the heirs of a certain Hugo Paisley, an Englishman who was last heard from in the Canadas many years ago, are much to be desired now that the home supply of English bred Paisley stock is run out.

There was more of this screech below the line which marked the lower end of the clipping, but it contained no further reference to the Paisleys; merely dilating in a would-be humorous manner upon the degenerating influence of the foreign legacy upon the American citizen. But the advertisement upon the other side had been cut out in full, and exactly at the beginning and end.

It was puzzling and disappointing in the extreme. Ferrars had really looked upon this cut newspaper as his strongest card, when he should have found the missing fragment, and now! He thought and wondered, and re-read letter and clipping again, and again, but to no good purpose, and at last he locked away the puzzling documents and went out to make a morning call upon Mrs. Jamieson.

That evening he talked, first with

Robert Briery, and then with the family lawyer, and to both he put the same direct questions. "What could they tell him of the early history of the Brierlys? of Mrs. Brierly's family and ancestors? Had they any relatives in England or Scotland, say? Were there any old family papers in the possession of either?"

Of Robert Briery he also asked if, to his knowledge, his brother had had, at any time, a love affair; not serious, but amusing, perhaps; a student's flirtation, even. Also, when and for how long, if at all, had the brothers been separated since their school days?

And Briery replied that he knew very little of his father's ancestors, beyond the fact that his grandfather Brierly was a Virginia gentleman, and his father an only son.

The family, so far as he knew, had been Virginians for three generations, and what more pray could an American ask? As for his mother, she had been a Miss Louise Cotterell of Baltimore, her father a railway magnate of renown. In her desk, very much as she had left it, in a closed-up room in the old house, were bundles of old letters and ancient family papers, so his father had once told him; he had meant to examine them some time, but had not yet done so. If Ferrars desired it he would do this soon.

So far as his dead brother was concerned, Briery was sure that there had never been a love affair of even the most ephemeral sort. In fact, Charles had always been shy of women, and used to shirk his social duties as much as possible. Hilda Grant was, without doubt, his first and only love. As to their separations, there had been several. To begin, Charlie had been in college a year after he (Robert) had been graduated, and the following year, because the boy had seemed run down and in need of rest and change, he had spent a few months upon a ranch in Wyoming, with a college friend. Then the two had made their European tour, and since their only long separations had been when his work, as journalist, had taken him away from the city, sometimes for weeks, until Charlie had taken this school, as a relief from his theological studies.

From Mr. Myers he could only learn that the father and mother of Robert and Charles Briery were of good families, well known in their respective states, and both, he believed, were distinctly American as the war of the Revolution could make any American citizen of English descent. As to Charles Briery, Myers "didn't believe the boy had ever looked twice at a girl, until he met with that lovely, sad-eyed sweetheart who, it was plain, was wearing out her heart in silent grief for him."

Then Ferrars went to see his supposed cousin, and asked her to review, mentally, her latest talks with her lover, and to see if she could not recall some mention of a discovery, a surprise, a perplexity possibly, which he wished to lay before his brother when he should come? But she shook her head sadly.

"Was he, to your knowledge, in the habit of collecting odd things from the newspapers?"

She shook her head. "He did not think very highly of our daily papers, and seldom if ever read beyond the criminal of the day. The scandals and news reports, he abhorred," she said.

"And he never alluded in any way to family history, you say? Think, was there no mention of family facts or names?"

She looked up after some moments of thought. "I can only recall one thing which, after all, does not contain information, except as regards the two brothers. Charlie was speaking of the difference of their temperaments. Robert, he said, was intensely practical, living in, and enjoying most, the present, and by anticipation, the future, while he (Charlie) was a dreamer, loving the past, and idealizing its history. To illustrate, he told how, as boys, he loved to hear his mother, whom I fancy he resembled, tell the tales she had heard at her grandmother's knee, of the early days, the French conquests, the Indians, the colonists, the

What Ails You?

Do you feel weak, tired, despondent, have frequent headaches, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in morning, "heartburn," belching of gas, acid risings in throat after eating, stomach gnaw or burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor or variable appetite, nausea at times and kindred symptoms?

If you have any considerable number of the above symptoms you are suffering from indigestion, rapid liver with indigestion, dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made up of the most valuable medicinal principles known to medical science for the permanent cure of such abnormal conditions. It is a most efficient liver invigorator, stomach tonic, bowel regulator and nerve-strengthening.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not a patent medicine or secret nostrum, a full list of its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. A glance at its formula will show that it contains no alcohol, or harmful habit-forming drugs. It is a fluid extract made with pure, triple-refined glycerine, of proper strength, from the roots of the following native American forest plants, viz., Golden Seal root, Stone root, Black Cherrybark, Queen's root, Bloodroot, and Mandrake root.

The following leading medical authorities, among a host of others, extol the foregoing roots for the cure of just such ailments as the above symptoms indicate: Prof. R. Bartholow, M.D., of Jefferson Med. College, Phila.; Prof. H.C. Wood, M.D., of Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M.D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M.D., Author of American Dispensatory; Prof. Jno. M. Scudder, M.D., Author of Specific Medicine; Prof. Laurence Johnson, M.D., Med. Dept. Univ. of N.Y.; Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M.D., Author of Materia Medica and Prof. Bennett Medical College, Chicago. Send name and address on Postal Card to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y., of receipt for booklet giving extracts from writings of all the above medical authorities and many others endorsing in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient of which "Golden Medical Discovery" is composed.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. They may be used in conjunction with "Golden Medical Discovery" if bowels are much constipated. They're tiny and sugar-coated.

quaint living, the speech, which had for him such charms, while Robert would only hear of the fighting and would run away from the ancestral history."

Hilda, grown accustomed to his numerous queries, and scant explanations, was not surprised at Ferrars' hurried departure at the end of the doctor's cottage with just one faint little possibility as a reward for all this interviewing. He had known Mr. Myers in the city, as a successful detective, is apt to know an able lawyer, well by reputation and personally a little, and he was glad to find in him a friend to the Brierlys, dead and living.

Going back that night he said to himself:

"It's of no use to try to go on like this; a confidant will save me a lot of time, and Myers is the man. I can't call upon the doctor; he's got his profession, and he belongs here. Myers can make my business and Briery's his at need. Besides, he's a lawyer and won't be knocked entirely out by my wild theorizing, and he's the one man who can get access to the ancestral documents at need."

He found the lawyer still upon the doctor's piazza, and without the least attempt at explanation invited him into his own room, where they were still closeted when, at midnight, Robert Briery went slowly toward the Fry cottage, and the doctor, who never got his full quota of sleep, went yawning off to bed.

Mr. Myers spent five days in Glenville, and then went back to the city, taking Robert Briery with him, "for a purpose," as he said to the doctor and Ferrars. "He can come back in a day or two if he chooses," the lawyer added, "but in truth, Robert, unless you're needed here, which I doubt, you'll be better at work. Mr. Ferrars-Grant, here, will summon you at need."

When they were on board the train, and the lawyer had exhausted the morning paper, he drew close to his companion in that confidential attitude travelers fall into when they do not converse for the entertainment of all on board, and said:

"Robert, I want to tell you why I so insisted upon your company back to the city. I want you to rouse yourself, to open your house, and when you have first looked over your father's and mother's private and business papers I want you to turn over to me all such as are not too sacred for other eyes than your own; all letters, journals—if there are such—all, in fact, that deal in any way with your family, friends, and family history."

Briery turned to look in his face. "This is some of Ferrars' planning," he said.

"It is, and it has my hearty endorsement. Don't ask questions. Frank Ferrars knows what he is about."

"No doubt of it. I only wish I did."

"You'll know at the right time. And if it will be a comfort to you, I'll admit that while I am to a certain degree in his confidence, I know no more what or whom he suspects than you do; for he won't accuse without proof of guilt, however much he suspects or believes. But I know this, Ferrars is convinced that the secret of your brother's death lies in the past."

"And in whose past?"

"In his own, in that of your family or of Hilda Grant."

At the beginning of the following week Hilda Grant resumed her duties as school mistress, the place of Charles Briery being filled by a young student from the city.

Mrs. Jamieson, meantime, had called upon Hilda, the call had been returned, and the two were now upon quite a friendly and sympathetic footing; it was not long before the fair, black-robed little figure was quite familiar to the children, to whom she gave generously sweets, pleasant words and smiles.

Sometimes she met Ferrars, who would look in now and then at the recess or noon hour to keep up his cousinly character and Hilda Grant's clear eyes saw day by day, the blue eyes of the pretty widow taking on a new look and noted that, while she was at all other times full of easy, charming chat, the approach of "Mr. Grant," would close the pretty lips and cause the white eyelids to quiver and fall.

The understanding between Hilda and the detective was now almost perfect and one day, Ferrars, having asked her if she had ever heard Mrs. Jamieson speak of leaving Glenville, or name her place of residence, Hilda replied:

"I have heard her express herself as well pleased with Glenville and I think she is in no haste to go. In truth, Mr. Ferrars, I am beginning to feel that, in seeing this lady as a means toward a selfish end, we, or I, have done wrong. That she is a woman of the world and has seen much of good society, is evident, but she has lived of late, a lonely and much secluded life, she is in her late husband having been a somewhat exacting invalid; for two years before his death, and forgive me for my great frankness, I fear that because of your absorption in this trouble of mine, you have not thought, or observed, how much your acquaintance is becoming to Mrs. Jamieson. One woman cannot read another as a man cannot, and I must not let you serve me at the cost of another's happiness, perhaps."

"Mrs. Grant, is this a riddle?"

"Mr. Ferrars, no. Must I say plainly, then, that you are making yourself quite too interesting to this lady?"

Ferrars turned, his face away for a moment. Then he replied slowly, as if choosing his words with difficulty:

"My friend, I believe time will prove you the mistaken one. I cannot make this flattering idea of yours to myself and venture to believe it, but should I have the smallest foundation in reality, rest your conscience upon this candid declaration. The lady cannot feel more interested in my unworthy self than I in her."

from the first moment almost I have taken an interest in Mrs. Jamieson such as I have seldom felt for any woman. Shall we let the subject rest here? Be sure I shall not let my personal interest conflict with or supersede the work I came here to do."

In later years Hilda remembered these words.

During the next two weeks, the wheels of progress so far as Ferrars work was concerned moved slowly and even rested, or seemed so to do.

To be baffled in a small town, and by a small boy, was something new and surprising in the experience of Detective Ferrars, but so it was. Work as he would, finesse as he might, he could find no trace of the boy, "about half grown, with dark eyes and hair, freckles, a polite way with him and a cap pulled over his eyes," and this was the best description Mrs. Fry could give of the strange lad.

"If Mrs. Fry was not the honest woman she is," said the doctor, "I should call that boy a myth. How could he come and go so utterly unseen by all Glenville?"

Samuel Doran, who still believed that "Mr. Grant" was Mr. Grant, and thought it most natural that he should turn his attention to the mystery surrounding the murder of "his cousin's lover," thought otherwise.

"Shaw!" he objected, "look at the raft of half grown boys, racing up and down these streets from sunset to pretty late bed time, for kids, and how much different does one boy look from another—in the dark? Mrs. Fry, herself, only saw him, out in twilight."

Ferrars reserved his criticism and opinions for the time.

Doran had taken upon himself the investigation of the "boat puzzle," as he called it, for the skiff remained, after many days, still drawn up, unmoved and unclaimed, by the lake shore, and at last by dint of much driving up and down the lake shore road and interviewing of boat owners, he brought to Ferrars this unsatisfactory solution.

Two weeks before the murder, the skiff had been owned by a certain Jerry Small, hunter and fisherman by choice, blacksmith by profession. On a certain day, a man dressed in outing costume, had entered Small's shop, asked about the boat, and made him such a liberal offer for it that Jerry had at once closed with him. The shop stood on the outskirts of the town, and close to the lake. The man had said that he was coming out from the city in a few days for a few weeks in the country, meaning to secure board, if possible, near the lake shore. If Mr. Small did not mind, the boat might stay where it was until his return. The money was paid down and Small engaged to care for the boat.

One day, after much agitation, Small decided it must have been the day of the murder that he missed the boat, and one of his "kids" told him that a gentleman with flannel clothes and whiskers took away the boat "right early," and neither boat nor man had ever reappeared.

Then Ferrars tore his hair, and fumed at the long delay only to learn that Jerry Small had left his house, on the day after the murder, to attend a sick brother and had returned just two days ago.

"It's of no use," fumed the detective to Doctor Barnes, "I shall put a couple of fellows I know in the Jerry Small vicinity; it's right in their line of work and probably they'll find the man and the boy together—in Timbuctoo."

"And you will remain in Glenville, eh?" queried the doctor, grinning openly.

"Yes," with an answering grin, which somehow the doctor did not understand. "I'll stay—for a while longer."

As they sat at lunch the next day a small boy brought Ferrars a note from the teacher.

"Come to me at once. H. G."

"That was all it said and Ferrars lost no time in obeying the summons."

"You may not see much in my news," Hilda said, as she closed the door upon intruders. "But I have got Peter's story out of him at last."

"The foolish boy? Ah, that is something after all, at least I hope it will prove so. Well?"

"It was slow work, for the boy has been terribly frightened. His story is most absurd."

"No matter, tell it in your own way."

He says still that he saw a ghost, a live ghost. That it arose out of the bushes and waved its arms at him. It was dressed "all in white" like big sheets," Peter said, and its face was black, with white eyes. It spoke to him very low and awful, and told him to lie down and put his face to the ground until it went back into its grave. If he looked or even told that he had seen a ghost, the grave would open and swallow him too. Then it held up a "shiny big knife" and he tumbled over in sheer fright. After a long time he began to crawl toward the road and when he at last looked around and saw no ghost anywhere, he ran as fast as he could. "I am afraid," Hilda added, "that you'll think as I do, that some of the school boys have played the poor child a trick, or else that he has imagined it all. It's too absurd to credit. Still, as you made a point of being told at once of whatever I might learn from Peter, I kept my promise. I'm afraid, I've spoiled your luncheon."

She finished with a wan little half smile.

The detective's face was very grave and he did not speak at once.

"Is it possible," she ejaculated, "that you find anything in the boy's story?"

Ferrars leaned forward and took her hand. "Miss Grant," he said gravely, "I believe that poor foolish Peter saw Charles Briery's murderer."

He got up quickly. "Do you think the boy could be got to show you where he saw this apparition?"

"I asked him that. He thinks he might dare to go if he were protected by 'big men'."

"Then arrange to leave your school for a short time, at say two o'clock I shall get Doran and his surrey. Have the boy ready."

"Pardon me, I will say nothing to Peter. The surrey will be enough for him. He will be enough for me."

"That will be best then. I shall lose no time. I have a strong reason for wishing to see the precise place where this ghost appeared."

The sight of the surrey filled poor, foolish Peter with delight, and he rode on in high glee, sitting between Hilda and Ferrars, whom he had learned to know, and like, and trust. "When they were abreast of the hill Hilda bent over him."

"Now, Peter, tell me just where you saw that ghost."

Instantly the boy's face blanched and he covered in his seat, but Ferrars with gentle firmness interfered. Peter would show him the place, and then he would drive away the ghosts. Ghosts were afraid of grown men, he averred. And at last, hesitating much, and full of fears, Peter was finally persuaded, yielding at last to Doran's offer to let him sit in front "and drive one of the horses."

As they reached the lower end of the Indian Mound, the boy's lips began to quiver and one arm went up before his face, while he extended the other toward the thickest of brush wood before described by Ferrars.

"That's where," he whimpered. "It came out there."

"From among the bushes?"

"Yes."

"Did it have any feet?"

"Oh-oh! My head and arms—ugh!"

"Turn around, Doran," said Ferrars sharply, and then in a lower tone to Hilda, "I shall go to the city to-night."

When Hilda reached her room, at the close of the school, she found this letter awaiting her, "left," Mrs. Marcy said, "by her cousin."

"Dear Cousin—Even if you had been disengaged, I could have told you nothing except that what I have learned to-day impels me to look a little more closely to the other end of my line. For there is another end."

"Now that I shall have two men on duty in the south end of the county, and with the doctor and Doran alert in G—, not to mention yourself, I can go where I have felt that I should be for the past week or more. Will you keep me informed of the slightest detail that in any way concerns our case? And will you do me one individual favor? I trust Mrs. J— may not leave this place until I see you all again, but should she do so, will you inform me of her intention at once? You see that I am quite frank. I should deeply regret it, if she went away before I could see her again. Destroy this."

"Yours hopefully,"

"Ferrars."

CHAPTER XV.

May had passed, and June roses were in late bloom. The city was horrid with the warm sun-filtered air after a summer shower, and Robert Briery looked pale and languid as he stepped from an elevator, in one of the great department houses, wherein Ferrars had his bachelor quarters, and walked slowly to his door.

Possibly it was the warmth of a very warm June, or there may have been other causes. At any rate Frank Ferrars' face wore an almost haggard look in spite of the welcoming smile with which he held out his hand to greet his friend, for friends these two had grown to be during the past weeks. Friends warm and true and strong, in spite of the fact that the mystery surrounding the death of Charles Briery remained as much of a mystery as on the day when foolish Peter Kramer led the detective to the scene of his ghastly encounter.

There were dark lines beneath the keen gray eyes, which Rob Briery had declared, "compelled a man's trust," and the smooth, shaven cheek was almost hectic, symptoms which, in Ferrars, denoted, among other things, loss of sleep.

There was a moment of silence, after the men had exchanged greetings, and it seemed, almost, that each was covertly studying the other, and then Briery tossed down his straw hat, and pulling a chair directly in front of that in which the detective lounged, said, abruptly:

"I shouldn't like to quarrel with you, Ferrars, but I've something on my mind, and I'm here to have it out with you."

"Oh! Then I am in it?" the detective spoke nonchalantly, carelessly almost, and as the other seemed hesitating for a word, he added: "Give us the first round, old man. I'm apprehensive."

"He—m? You look it. Ferrars, do you know that for weeks, ever since my return from Glenville, in fact, I have been under constant surveillance?"

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WM. U. COTTON, EDITOR AND PROP.
H. A. WEBB, BUSINESS MANAGER

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1909

THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

The poor old Intercolonial Railway is having a hard time of it. Rumors have been afloat for a number of months that something was going to happen to it. It has not happened yet.

The I. C. R. has been a white elephant on the hands of the people. The Conservatives in power ran the thing and ran it into debt. The opposition Liberals loved the I. C. R. in those days. They could draw down their faces and point with gloom to its recurring deficits. They could wail over Conservative mismanagement, incompetency and extravagance. In those days the Conservatives had little love for the dear old I. C. R.

Today the positions are reversed. The Conservatives love the I. C. R. Now that the Liberals are in power and are not making the road pay, the Conservatives can draw down their faces and point with gloom to Liberal corruption, extravagance and incompetency as illustrated in the ever recurring I. C. R. deficits.

Truly the I. C. R. has been the sport of politics and the end is not yet. The road could be made to pay and should not be alienated by the country.

PROGRESS

F. C. MEARS

One does not know what an elusive thing progress is until one makes an attempt to define it. All definitions so far attempted display nothing other than the littleness of human intellect and the hopeless limitations of language. The simpler-minded students of the sphynx progress regard it as some peculiar change which is worked in things for the better. But their definition begs another equally difficult question. What is the better? Someone hastens to answer, that is better which makes us happier. Then an interminable debate is precipitated on the meaning of happiness. Every one knows how it feels to be happy, but who can give a satisfactory definition of happiness? It is just as elusive a term as progress.

This introduction is not calculated to indicate the limitations of the human mind, but simply to indicate the difficulties confronting anyone who attempts to form for himself anything like a clear and concise conception of what progress really is. Ambassador James Bryce, one of England's most eminent scholars and publicists, delivered an address at Harvard University two years ago on "What is Progress?" The lecturer showed his wisdom in not attempting any conclusions concerning the nature of progress. The best he could do and the best anyone can do in studying this much vexed problem is merely to study it from every side and be on the alert to receive even a slight hint that might help to solve this eternal riddle. The most we know concerning progress is, and this can be found through experience, that to retard it is to bring eventual disaster upon our heads, but to accelerate it is to greatly enhance our station in life. This sphynx is much like the Church. One can best aid it by believing in it. Optimism, or belief in eternal progress, constitutes a splendid stimulus to nobler and worthier endeavor and a very powerful auxiliary to progress. But pessimism, which is the result of looking at things through the wrong end of the telescope, is a very bitter enemy to progress, and is the most formidable check to evolution.

A Chicagoan who thinks for himself

says that eternal progress means to him the continual advancement of all things in the line of continuous evolution—evolution on the several planes of the physical, mental and spiritual. To him the greatest joy of all joys is the joy of going on. In order to realize the universality of this going on process is to study Nature's way of doing things. Nature is forever going on—constantly progressing. There is no standing still in Nature. Everything is on the move. The work of Eternal change is always and everywhere in evidence. Nothing endures that is on this planet. As someone has put it, "All have within themselves the conviction that things are not merely going, but going on." Everything is on the move toward somewhere, probably that far-off Divine event of which Lord Tennyson sings.

Some mental errands have enunciated a unique philosophy of progress. They call it the theory of eternal Recurrence. They hold that there is nothing in the Universe but constant change without any special object or goal—nothing but a constant doing and undoing, living and dying, ever round and round in an eternal cycle of repetition. In their eyes civilization tends nowhither. That would be a sorry piece of presumption, indeed. It isn't a philosophy that would bolster one up in times of dejection, or brighten one's path on dark days. Although the present writer was born a Liberal in politics he is inclined to cling to the philosophy of Eternal Progress and be its ardent apostle.

A recognition of Eternal Progress and its immanence will help us all to live and do our work better and leave us less fatigued at the evening hour. Mr. Atkinson says, "The human race is not all wrong simply because someone has failed to do exactly what you wanted done. Nor is the human family depraved because a few fall short of your particular standard of perfection. If you lose faith in the entire race simply because one or a few persons have failed you, your view of life must be extremely narrow."

The Master Paradox

Though it is the working class which makes all the world's clothing, it is the working class which goes shabby.

Though it is the working class which produces all the world's food, it is the working class which goes hungry.

Though it is the working class which builds all the world's houses, it is the working class which goes shelterless in panicky times.

Though it is the working class which fights all the world's wars, it is not the working class which profits by them.

Though it is the working class which maintains all the world's colleges, it is not the children of the working class who are taught in them.

Though it is the working class which produces all the world's wealth, it is not the working class which enjoys most of it.

But this sort of talk promotes that evil thing called "class consciousness."

Children of the Poor

For a piece of consummate snobbery the following from the London Daily Chronicle would be hard to surpass: "Loss of infant life is a more serious matter among the better classes, because the children of parents who can provide a decent bringing-up and good education for their offspring are more valuable to the nation." All children are equally valuable to the nation, and it is the nation's own fault entirely if some are deprived by it, when growing, of the proper means of developing into equally valuable adults. As we have contended previously, "the children are the greatest asset the state has, and the state should provide for and protect its own." If all are provided by the state with equal opportunities for mental, moral and physical development, all will be equally valuable citizens. State endowment of motherhood would be one way of furthering this end.

MOVING VERY SLOWLY

The big action of the Minister of Militia against the editor of Cotton's Weekly, formerly the Cowansville Observer, is slowly driving its dreary way as several incidental proceedings have to be disposed of. It is now stuck on a motion for particulars on the part of the defendant. It seems that the fading echoes of the elections tend to take away the vim and zest necessary to carry on such a case. Sherbrooke Record.

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A SEA VOYAGE

Miss Muir Writes Interestingly of the Trip to Barbadoes

Fourth Letter—Dominica and St. Lucia

On Sunday November 23rd, 1493, Columbus first saw Dominica, and he named it in honor of the Lord's Day. On Sunday, November 22nd, five centuries later, we saw this mountainous and most picturesque of the Leeward Islands. When Columbus was asked by his Queen to describe Dominica, he took a piece of paper in his hand, crumpled it up and threw it on a table. A dark irregular mass of lofty mountains rise abruptly from the ocean, covered with a mantle of green. When we drew near to the town of Roseau, the anchor chain was heard being let down, on and on it went, was it never going to stop. There, they have found bottom. No more chains needed, and after nearly 200 feet of chain is payed out, the anchor holds. Not far from here the bed of the sea is so deep that no sounding line has reached it. The town which is paved with cobble stones, is on a narrow strip of land near the shore, and we are told that there are now carriages on the island, all travel being done on horse back. The houses are mostly one storey boxes of wood, but every street is picturesque, green with fruit trees and cocoa palms. Near the town is the river from which it gets its name, and in all the numerous fertile valleys are streams swarming with fish. I heard there were 347 streams. Dominica is 29 miles by 16, and has the highest mountain of any of the islands, Mount Diablotin 5,314 feet. A few Caribs, the last of their race, still linger there; they have a reservation among the mountains of 1,000 acres. They seldom come to the settlement. All these islands were once inhabited by these warlike Caribs, who fought foot by foot for their territory until they were overcome by the white races.

The Caribs who inhabited all the Windward Islands, were cannibals. They ate human flesh at their great festivals. The story comes down to us, that one chief said, "they did not care much for Spaniards or French, they tasted so strong of garlic, and they did not enjoy Englishmen, for they were so highly flavoured with tobacco."

Some of our fellow passengers started off on horse-back to see the Boiling Lake, away up among the mountains over 2,000 feet above the sea. After enjoying a stroll in the public gardens, I was glad to have an opportunity of attending services at St. George's church. It is a large stone building and there was a good congregation about equally divided between white and coloured. I was glad to see that as far as seating them, there was no difference. Most of the best seats, being occupied by coloured people and all the people were well dressed. The offering was taken by four black men, and in the choir there were three white boys, the rest coloured. The rector and curate were white. Socially there is a colour line, but in God's house there is none; on perfect equality, we all knelt before the same God and Saviour. I enjoyed the hour very much, but my thoughts were often in Cowansville.

Near the church is the old fort, it is a quiet place now, but for hundreds of years, it was the scene of many fierce struggles between the French and English. Some guns are mounted pointing to the sea and at nine o'clock every evening one is fired, a signal that all rum shops must be closed. The heat is intense and we were glad to get into the boat and row toward the ship.

In the distance to the north, is the outline of Guadeloupe, in the twenty miles of sea between it and Dominica, was fought one of England's great naval battles. To refer to it may interest some of the readers of COTTON'S WEEKLY. When England's thirteen American colonies revolted, France, Spain and Holland united to tear her West Indian possessions from her. Fortunately, the Islands were then under Rodney. He took the Leeward Islands from the French and the Islands of St. Eustatius from Holland. The peace at any price party in England, led by Fox and Burke, summoned Rodney home, and in his absence most of the islands were retaken. The French fleet, now supreme, blockaded New York and Lord Cornwallis was obliged to surrender. The French admiral, Count de Grasse, hurried back to Martinique; the Spaniards had a fleet at Havana and they were to unite, capture Jamaica and drive the English out of the West Indies. It was a critical moment, Gibraltar had been besieged

for three years. One chance remained; Rodney was ordered back to the West Indies. Gibraltar was relieved and Admiral Rodney hurried back to St. Louis, which still flew the Union Jack; waited his opportunity. On April 8th, 1872, news came that the French fleet had sailed and was becalmed near Dominica. Rodney at once pursued them. The French ships were immensely superior and had 20,000 soldiers intended for Jamaica. Defeat at that moment would have meant ruin to England, but Rodney thought only of victory. On his ship Formidable he led the attack and after two days all the French ships were either sunk or disabled. The Ville de Paris the largest ship in the world only surrendered after all her masts were shattered. On the quarter deck of the Formidable De Grasse gave up his sword to Rodney. Peace followed, but it was peace with honor. The American colonies were all lost, but England kept her West Indian Islands and her command of the seas.

St. Lucia looks very pretty as we draw near to the port of Castres. The town seems to be in the centre of almost a circle, the only opening being the channel we enter. The houses in gardens, white with red roofs are built up to the top of the hill back of the town. At the points of land are fortifications which are considered the finest in America. The batteries are connected by subterranean passages. They are hid by dense foliage and have disappearing guns. Great Britain spent \$5,000,000 on them. St. Lucia was intended to be the Gibraltar of the West Indies. Of so great importance was St. Lucia considered as a naval station, that for 160 years France and England fought for it. Under the present government in England the troops have been withdrawn and the West Indies left defenceless. It is not very pleasant reading to see how the sacrifices of brave English sailors, have gone for nothing with the Home government in regard to this island. In 1728 there were large settlements of French and English in the island. It was under British rule from 1756-1763 when it was ceded to France. It taken by the British in 1778, given back by treaty in 1784. Taken again in 1795 handed back 1802. Taken again in 1803 and has remained in British possession ever since.

This is the only island where the ship has been able to come up to a wharf and it is a great coaling station. The coal piles are regularly built up in terraces on the side next the sea. On the south of the Island are two high pinnacle shaped rocks close to the sea called Pitons, one 2,715 feet and the other 2,500 feet. We sail close to them and smoke from the volcano Soufrieres was pointed out to us. So far the course of the ship has been south, now it turns east to Barbadoes.

A. Muir.

Montreal's morgue statistics for 1908 form rather a gruesome record. In all, 850 violent deaths or deaths under suspicious circumstances occurred. Of these twenty-three died from foul play and ten from Italian stilettoes. There were twenty-nine suicides, nineteen from gas inhalation; seventy-nine were drowned in the St. Lawrence, fifty were killed on the railways, twenty-two by the street railway; fifteen by explosions, ten of which were due to the Ile Perrot accident. There were 218 sudden deaths recorded, fifty-seven were burned and six scalded to death. One fireman was killed on duty.

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