

# Cotton's Weekly

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WM. U. COTTON, B.A., B.C.L., Editor

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WE FIGHT THE BATTLE OF THE PLAIN PEOPLE

VOL. XXXVIII No. 18

## THE LINCOLN CENTENNIAL

On the 12th of February of the present year, there will be celebrated in the United States the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. Great preparations are being made for the fitting observance of this event. The corner stone of a memorial building in his honor will be laid on the site of his birthplace in old Kentucky. The whole American nation will unite to do homage to the martyr President and much money will be spent in the process.

Old Abe was a man of the people. His tall ungainly figure spoke of rugged strength and hard work. His seamed and wrinkled face spoke of strong suffering and patient endurance. He carried the weight of a nation's suffering on his shoulders. He carried that nation through a great war and saw the slave walk free. He was vilified and his actions were misrepresented. He saw men around him who were ready to seek large gains from the tortures of a torn nation and through it all he kept watch and ward, pure and undefiled, over the nation's destinies.

Now the people gather to do him homage and no doubt money that was made by self seekers in the opportunities offered during the War of Secession will be spent to do honor to the man who remained true to the nation's interests while the fortune hunters were seeking profit.

## SHOULD OLD ABE COME BACK

We wonder how honest old Abe, should he revisit the scene of his earthly endurance, would view all the fuss and excitement that is being put forth presumably in his honor. The grave kindly eyes would twinkle and the homely mouth would utter some common words that would express his practical views upon rendering homage to those who are not there to appreciate the honor.

New occasions teach new duties. The problems of Lincoln's days are not the problems of our times. Were Lincoln called back for a few moments to deliver an address at his own centennial, and were he familiar with present day problems, he would deliver an address that would stir the American nation to its deepest depths.

There is oppression of the down trodden. There are homeless men seeking a resting place. There are strong men seeking work and not finding it. There is corruption in high places, and his homely commonsense would, no doubt, point to the folly of wasting money on the heroes of the past while money is needed to fight the battles of the oppressed of the present day.

There is little sense in sentimentalizing over the dead heroes while strong men and strong actions are necessary to carry on the spirit of old Abe's endeavors, even though the hero honored be Abraham Lincoln himself.

## ROOSEVELT AND TILLMAN.

Roosevelt has declared that Senator Tillman has been connected with an Oregon land deal. Some Senators have been convicted on a land deal in that state and Senator Tillman does not like it when President Roosevelt mentions land Oregon and Senator Tillman in the same sentence.

A United States Senator receives seven thousand dollars a year salary. In the past it was a poor stick of a senator who could not make his official position yield him an income of sixty thousand dollars a year on the side. Senators who did not employ their inside knowledge of coming legislation to the benefit of their own private pockets were accounted fools, and keen observers are under the impression that the majority of the senators took particular pains not to be reckoned in that class.

So day conditions are changed. Senators still hanker after their large incomes, but the American citizens are getting their eye-teeth cut and they keep a close eye on their senators. At the present time a senator who is caught grafting is relegated to private life. The vision may be some day realized of a U. S. Senator earning his income by hard work for his country and actually being honest and living on it.

## ENGLISH LABOR

The British Labor party at its annual meeting will discuss many drastic reforms. The British old age pension scheme is not satisfactory to the laborers. They want the pension to begin at fifty-five years of age for the ordinary workman and to begin at the age of thirty for those who are incapacitated and cannot work. They want also to tax all large incomes out of existence.

The English Labor party is conservative in policy. In these days of ultra radicalism a proposal to do away with all incomes of over five hundred thousand dollars a year is conservative in the extreme.

Money is power, and any individual who is possessed of much money has much power. Too great wealth possessed by one man means great damage to the state. Rockefeller, Harriman, and Ryan are the disturbing factors in American politics.

If the state wishes to remain supreme in its own domain, it must not allow a few individuals to obtain too great a hold on the country through their immense holdings of factories and railroads which produce and distribute the necessities of life. One very crude way of preventing this accumulation in the hands of the few is the state confiscation of large incomes.

## THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT

W. R. SHIER

The International Socialist Movement is without a doubt the most important movement of these times. Beside it all other movements sink into insignificance. It is important not so much from the dimension it has already attained, but from its class character, revolutionary aims and wonderful vitality. Forty years ago the voting strength of the international social-democracy did not exceed thirty thousand. Today it is over eight million. In the United States the Socialist vote has increased from 2,064 in 1888 to 425,588 in 1908. Tho' the vote of 1908 shows very little advance over the vote of 1904, the party has increased its membership two-and-half times in these four years, increased the circulation of its papers and the sale of its books to even a greater extent and become a factor that can no longer be ignored. Moreover, the vote last year was a straight socialist vote, Bryan, Hisgen and Chafin getting the support of various radical but non-socialist elements that in 1904 voted for Debs. Thus, notwithstanding that a comparison of the socialist vote in 1908 with that of 1904 would indicate the contrary, Socialism is making great headway here in America. This it must continue to do, if not in its present form, then in some other, for all the social, ethical, political, psychological and economic tendencies of the age are favorable to its propaganda.

## LIBERTY, FRATERNITY, EQUALITY

Confucius, who lived in China some five hundred years before Christ, and who enumerated a grand moral system, taught the doctrine of the Golden Rule. Five hundred years later Christ came to the world and taught the doctrine, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

This is a good maxim and, to be interpreted correctly, must be so interpreted as to be universally applicable. We come therefore to Kant's dogma, "So act that your conduct may be a rule of universal application."

These universal maxims have been the heirloom of ages and they have been made popularly known by the French Revolution. Liberty, fraternity, equality were the guiding ideas of that great upheaval. Liberty is a great word. All men seek liberty, but that liberty must take account of other people's rights. With humanity, the idea of the brotherhood of man, fraternity. Beyond this idea comes the idea that we should all be given the same opportunities of life, that there should be equality. These three ideas have been the motive force of reform legislation during the past hundred years. The same ideas are likely to be a still greater motive force in the near future.

## A STRANGE WILL

The following beautiful and pathetic lines were the only possessions of an insane lawyer who died some years ago in the ward for the insane at the Chicago poor-house, where after his death they were found in his ragged coat. Some members of the Chicago Bar Association came into possession of the paper, and the Association passed a resolution ordering the probate of the strange will, and it was probated in due form and spread upon the records of Cook County, Illinois. Mr. Jessie B. Boote, Montana bar, while in Chicago, copied the record.

I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

That part of my interests which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no disposition of in this my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

Item: I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

Item: I leave to children inclusively but only for the term of their childhood, all and every the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against the thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the train of the Milky way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights herein-after given to lovers.

Item: I devise to boys, jointly, all the useful, idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods with their appurtenances; the squirrels and the birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbence or care.

Item: To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

Item: To young men jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports or rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness, and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and grave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

Item: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory; and bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully without tithe or diminution.

Item: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

## CENTRAL IDEA OF REFORM

Socialism has been defined as being the co-operative commonwealth. Its aim is the public ownership and control of the means of production and distribution, democratically managed. The public stand aghast at this idea and aim, while they do not perceive that all the modern reform legislation is moving towards the one central aim of Socialism.

President Baer of the Reading Railroad Company, a few years ago, declared that he owned his coal fields and his railway by the right of might and he was responsible to none but God. President Baer later modified his views on the subject and became more amenable to public opinion. The landlords of England thought they owned their land of right to do as they pleased with it. They are being made to see and to fear that their land will be taxed away from them.

Modern governments, as representing the people, are taking more and more of the private wealth in the shape of succession duties and they take this private wealth for the public good. Our own railroad commission has just abrogated the high charges of Canadian express companies. United States Courts are interfering with the charges of electric lighting and gas companies. All along the line governments are interfering more and more in industrial affairs and are curbing excessive profits and are making people carry on their businesses less and less for private profit and more and more for the general good.

## THE SOCIALIST POSITION

The Socialist are frequently told that their scheme of a co-operative commonwealth is impracticable. They are told that they are visionary revolutionists. They are advised not to waste their time and energy in such a fruitless pursuit but to get active in some practical and radical reform.

The Socialists either smile at such advice or they become provoked at the stupidity of the advisers. It depends upon the character of the individual Socialist. The most of them, having their cause deep at heart, become provoked.

Why should the Socialists bend their energies in the direction of apparent and patient reforms. The radicals are working away on those reforms and moreover, the revolutionary socialists are already at the centre of the reform movement. They uncompromisingly demand the fulfilment of the central idea towards which all the radical reforms are tending. The capitalist class and the radicals may fight over incidents. The capitalist class will have to yield on those incidents; and the more the Socialists can awaken the actual workers of the world to their true interests, the more the capitalists will have to yield.

The Socialists are looking forward to a social organization where useful productive labor will be the only standard of value. The Socialist are the central nucleus of all reform movements. They would be foolish to abandon their central position of advantage. The capitalist class may rest assured that the Socialists know where they are going and they are on the way.

## THE ATMOSPHERE OF CAPITALS

There is an enervating and soothing atmosphere that hangs like a pall over the various capitals of the world. Members of Parliament go from their country constituencies with proud hearts and confident mien. They have made numerous pledges to the voters who have elected them. They go to Ottawa, or Washington, or Berlin, with the idea firm in their minds that, in the night of their fresh opinions and in the strength of their untired courage, they will do wonders in the way of banishing the bribery and corruption that fasten like barnacles upon all governments.

When they strike their capital, they strike the soothing atmosphere. Old campaigners, who would have played the game for years, will smile indulgently at their fresh young hopes. The member begins to doubt. Lobbyists, who are old at the game of managing youthful members and of break-

ing them into the service of the corporations which they represent, will take the young recruit in hand. The member's constituency is afar off; the delights of the capital are near. Man is human and prone to evil. The Lobbyists, the old campaigners and the hangers-on of the capital know the ropes. The soothing, seductive and enervating atmosphere enters the very marrow of the young man. It takes a hard headed old man, like Dan Meigs for instance, or a fiery enthusiast like Victor Grayson, to escape the influence of the atmosphere. The only thing to do, so long as our present system continues, is for the voters to know what they want, to keep a firm grip on their member, and to make him obey the will of the people to get it.

## SUFFRAGETTES GETTING BUSY

The suffragettes are in danger. The Canadian Suffrage Association will present a petition to the Canadian governments humbly praying those august bodies to enfranchise all women whether married, widowed or spinster, on the same terms as men.

The Canadian Suffrage Association is to be a highly respectable body who will do things or attempt to do them, in a highly conventional and constitutional manner. There is, however, to be, another organization known as the Woman's Political Club which will represent the sex militant. This latter body will adopt any means by which the tyranny of man over woman may be overthrown. The members of this club will form the real body of the suffragettes.

If humanity is constantly advancing to newer ideas and to better modes of living, the suffrage movement distinctly represents one phase of advance. Any system that does not recognize that women have as many rights as men is defective. Mohammedanism possesses many admirable qualities; but Mohammedan civilizations are based on the principle of the inferiority, mentally morally and physically of the woman. This basic defect weakens the whole structure. In Turkey this system is becoming renovated and woman's sphere is becoming elevated and is being put more on an equality with that of man.

We sincerely hope and trust that the Suffragettes will render the lives of our political leaders uneasy to such an extent as to extort from our various Cabinets the rights to vote for women.

## MOVEMENTS UNIVERSAL

It is a unexplainable phenomenon that mankind moves to one spirit. When a reform wave strikes one country it strikes another. To-day the nations are awakening from their sleep. Russia, Japan, China, India, Persia, Turkey are moved with a new spirit. Austria, Italy, France, Germany, England, America are touched with the same breath.

Ancient philosophers endeavored to explain this mass movements of the intellects of humanity. They considered that man was influenced by the phases of the moon, Luna. Whence we get the modern expression loony. Some philosophers have endeavored to explain the phenomenon on the principal that we are all invisibly united to the spirit of the universe and invisible mental nerves run from the central spirit to each little intellectual spark that lights the human during life. All religions have prayer which is the endeavor on the part of the human individual to make his needs known to the central intelligence.

Whatever may be the explanation, the fact remains. Timid people are afraid of innovations. They are afraid that new spiritual expressions will disorganize spiritual relations. If the innovations be in economic matters they are afraid the new ideas and modes will disarrange the business world. Let these timid creatures remember that movements are world wide and innovations in one country mean innovations in many countries.

A Toronto clergyman declares that Toronto children are profane, saucy and idle. We always thought that Toronto was so good.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS

There must be freedom, but there must be freedom through law.

Environment moulds character. The slums produce a weak and hollow-chested race of people. Abolish slum life and you would abolish the slum type of manhood.

Thaw is to have a new trial and a chance to prove his sanity. There has been no new big case in New York, lately so the lawyers will suck the same old plum.

Milo A. Root, who was a judge of the Supreme Court at Seattle, Washington, used to let the great Northern Railway Company's officials write his decisions for him. No wonder Americans do not trust their courts.

The U. S. President is to get a salary of a hundred thousand dollars a year. Abraham Lincoln, who carried America safely through a great war, got twenty-five thousand dollars, but then Old Abe is a back number compared to Big Bill Taft, Teddy's chum.

King Edward VII is becoming frugal. He has been giving away as presents the Indian shawls given his mother in days past. King Edward has his ear close to the political ground and knows that modern peoples do not care for lavish display on the part of their Sovereigns.

A Toronto clergyman said that the children of Ontario are young ruffians while the children of Quebec are little gentlemen. If we know anything about the children of Quebec, we would say that if the children of Quebec act like little gentlemen they are little hypocrites.

Baron Edmund de Rothschild has donated ten thousand dollars to the poor. As the poor pay millions of dollars to Edmund in the shape of dividends Edmund can well afford the ten thousand. Besides Edmund gets his name in all the papers, as being generous. It is a cheap ad. for him.

Any foreigner except a Chinaman can become a citizen of the United States of America. The Americans wonder why the Chinese boycott their goods and do not like them. The Americans are supposed to be bright people, but in their wonderment over Chinese hostility they are as simple as children.

Mankind never rests still. The human race is ever pushing forward to some new experiment in government and science. They are the prophets who can from present tendencies foresee and foretell the future.

Of the great men of the world but one out of fifty have risen from the ranks of the workers. The rest have come from the comparatively small class of those who have been raised above the necessity of work.

Economic conditions and economic production of goods are in a state of transition and revolution. Conditions are changing under our eyes. Some persons deny it, but there are none so blind as those who will not see.

The day is coming when the public intelligence will not allow capitalists to make a profit by owning the homes of the workers. Men and women are crowded together in tenements so that other men and women may live in ease and do nothing.

Man advances by the discovery of some new invention or by the discovery of some new combination of old conditions. Man advances in so far as he can subdue the forces of nature to his will. Man becomes powerful and great in so far as he can use his will and intelligence to bend himself and the forces of nature to his needs.



# SOCIALIST PROPAGANDA

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

OF THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST MOVEMENT

## The Cry of the Dreamer

I am tired of planning and toiling  
In the crowded hives of men;  
Heart weary of building and spoiling,  
And spoiling and building again.  
And I long for the dear old river,  
Where I dreamed my youth away;  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming  
Of a life that is half a lie;  
Of the faces lined with scheming  
In the throng that hurries by.

From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor,  
I would go where the children play;  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity  
For burdens the rich endure,  
There is nothing sweet in the city  
But the patient lives of the poor.  
Oh, the little hands too skillful,  
And the child-mind choked with  
weeds;

The daughters' heart grown willful,  
And a father's heart that bleeds.  
No, no, from the street's rude bustle,  
From the trophies of mart and stage,  
I would fly to the woods' low rustle  
And the meadows' kindly page.  
Let me dream as of old by the river,  
And lie loved for the dream away;  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a toiler dies in a day.

—John B. O'Reilly.

## THE RED

Many people object to the Socialists because they march under the blood-red banner. They have taken as that symbol a flag of pure red, and this makes them afraid. "Red, you know, is revolutionary." "Red, why, that is a horrible color, and we don't know what kind of creatures march under it." The Socialists have adopted the blood-red banner, because it is the color of blood. It speaks of the common blood that pulses through all humanity. It has been, through the ages, the color taken by those who have wished to lead humanity to higher heights, through noble human endeavor perhaps ending in death.

The Englishman will cheer the red in his Union Jack, the American will cheer old glory, striped with red, and the French will cheer the red of the Tri-color; the Salvationists will cheer their red banner with its motto "Blood and Fire," why therefore, should not the Socialists also cheer their blood-red banner and march beneath its glorious folds to the intellectual enlightenment of the world?

There is a physical basis for the Socialists adopting the red color. Red is the color of excitement. It makes the blood move faster. That is the reason why frequently in the past the wine rooms of old toppers were draped with red. That is the reason bar rooms delight in red curtains. That is the reason why immoral resorts take to red and are known as the red light districts. It is the mission of Socialism to capture the color of red from the forces of destruction, bar rooms, red light districts, and military banners, in the same way that Wesley captured the bar room tunes for the cause of Christianity, and to set it afloat over the forces of advance to make the pulse of men beat quicker to the call of humanity's needs.

## THE REVOLUTION

It has been the history of the past that when a ruling class refuses to listen to the cries of the oppressed, vengeance, swift, sudden, terrible is meted out to it. When the voice of the weak is heard, when the governments yield to the cry of the distressed, and grant relief, the murmur of discontent becomes silent and there is peace in the land.

For centuries the oppressed of France raised their voices in vain. Jacques was broke out which were quelled with blood and death. But the nobility lived over the crater of a sleeping human volcano which eventually broke out in the cataclysm of the French revolution.

England on the other hand has heeded the cry of the oppressed more than other nations. Today she is heeding it and answering it to a certain extent. England, therefore, has escaped the terrible experiences of foreign nations.

Today in Canada and the States there

are thousands out of work. There are thousands more living on the verge of starvation. Men seek work and cannot find it. The ruling classes through the control of mills, factories and the other means of production and distribution live in ease while many starve. Should these conditions become aggravated and no relief be offered to the oppressed and plundered of America, the scientific and parliamentary Socialism of the present day may turn to riotous demagogism and to blood-stained revolution.

## PRIVATE OWNERSHIP

Private ownership of the means of production is now the rule and our laws and economic system force men to produce for profit and not for use. It thus happens that the individual or company employing workmen or employees in industry make a profit and the law of present economics is that the average producer must be cruel. He must buy in the cheapest market or else he will be crushed out by more ruthless competitors. The man who pays his workmen the least money for their work can produce the cheapest goods. Consequently, working wages by the very nature of our industrial civilization are forced down to the starvation point. The manufacturer who is the most ruthless can produce the cheapest goods and force his more humane competitors into bankruptcy. Having captured the market the ruthless competitors can raise prices to consumers and can control the market by a combine. Large wealth will roll into the stockholders and then we have vested rights which our laws will protect.

With the private ownership of industrial concerns injustice triumphs and cunning rapaciousness get the profits. The one remedy is for the vast mass of voters who at present are struggling in poverty with scant wages or who are toiling night and day, either on the verge of bankruptcy in business, or with scanty returns from the farm, to be class-conscious and to demand from the governments a change of laws.

## APPLES

Throughout the Eastern Townships there are many apples that go to waste. They rot on the ground or are fed to cattle in order that they may be used up.

Throughout the Eastern Townships there are many persons who long for apples to eat. They cannot afford to buy them. As a result apples go to waste and people long for apples.

This is a natural result of our outworn system of bourgeois industrialism, all things are produced for profit. If there is no money profit in them they go to waste.

Apples are produced for profit. The farmers fix a price they think right and hold their apples until they get it. If they don't get their price the people don't get the apples.

Under our present system the farmers can do nothing else. They cannot afford to cut the price down lower than it is at present. If the farmers began to put produce on the market below cost it would bankrupt them. The farmers cannot give away the apples they do not sell. If they did the markets for apples would become disorganized.

## LEFT ON HER DOORSTEP FOR THIS MOTHER

Mrs. A. G. Tuson, of Livermore, Cal., writes: "I picked up from my doorstep one day a little book in which I soon became very much interested. My little girl of five years of age had been troubled for a long time with loss of appetite, extreme nervousness and undue fatigue. She was all run-down and in a very delicate condition."

"This little book was very comprehensively written, and told of the new method of extracting the medicinal elements of the cod's liver from the oil, eliminating the obnoxious oil which is so hard for children to take. 'Just the thing,' said I, 'for my little daughter,' and I immediately went for a bottle of Vinol. It helped her wonderfully. She has gained rapidly in flesh and strength, and she does not take cold half so easily."

"I am extremely grateful for the good it has done her, and I hope other mothers who have weak, delicate or ailing children will be benefited by my experience and just give Vinol a trial."

VINOL IS SOLD IN COVANSVILLE BY  
Geo. W. Johnston, Drugget

ized and the farmers would be unable to find a buyer for a single apple.

Under our present system apples must rot on the ground while people long for them. The only remedy is a complete revolution in the present system of doing things. Let us do away with a system that produces for profit and let us introduce a system that produces for use.

## WHAT NEXT?

Every form of social organization becomes outworn. Humanity is constantly on the move to higher and more complex organizations. With the revolution of the ages comes the revolution of the forms of government.

Men of an older generation are constantly endeavoring to interpret modern conditions by the old, and they wonder why the younger generation will not heed, much less endeavor to apply, the maxims which guided the policy of the older generation.

"Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces and chains clank over sceptered cities," says Byron. In the swing of the ages political anarchy, feudalism, absolute monarchy, and political democracy have held sway. We are living today in an age of bourgeois industrialism and that system is breaking down before our eyes. Having fulfilled its function it must give way to something else.

What shall be the characteristics of the coming form of government? Shall it be an industrial empire with Rockefeller or his descendant as its chief potentate with princes and captains of industry and captains under him? Or shall it be an industrial democracy where every worker shall have a vote in the government of our industrial establishments? Which shall it be, an industrial tyranny or a cooperative commonwealth?

## As Seen By a Farmer's Wife

The page devoted to Socialism in COTTON'S WEEKLY has interested me, as I am a farmer's wife and naturally feel that I know the farmers' needs. They are manifold, but the farmers themselves are not progressive and do not know what they miss.

I have not always lived here and perhaps that is why I see things as they are, and not as some see them.

In our neighborhood there are three classes—as I suppose there are everywhere.

Modern machinery is scarce. We all use ponds for watering our stock.

Our houses are small, floors uneven, a toilet for some reason is considered a luxury among our elite.

For recreation we have church once a month, where we hear an old thing the minister cares to tell us concerning the bible. This church is two miles away; the roads are a series of hills, and well nigh inaccessible in winter.

Every one here seems to be contented with this state of affairs—poor souls they know no other way. In vain I picture to them the advantage of good roads, libraries and high class amusements.

The poorer farmers envy those with more acres. That is all. They love work. In fact that is all they know, and they believe that man was made to work—pleasure and idleness they tell me leads to sin. I plead with them to send missionaries among our millionaires to teach them the glory of honest toil. But as yet no one has ventured.

They are good people and undoubtedly mean well, but they need awakening; and then surely they will not be satisfied with a mule's lot, as they are now—three meals and a few hours' rest.

Now, even those with plenty of money have no desire to educate themselves; not one has expressed a desire to travel.

Their taste in music is not developed in the least. In fact, the laborer in a large city has advantages (while he works) that these people do not have. And now as to progress. We have found two families who are in sympathy with the Socialist movement. They (need I say) are people who read a great deal; for the right literature, rightly understood, leads to but one goal—Socialism.

E. L.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in his New Year's greeting to tariff reformers, predicts that this year will see a dissolution of parliament, and possibly a change of government.

Judge Wright, of New York, who a few days ago sentenced Messrs. Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison to prison for contempt of court, has received since a waste basketful of threatening letters.

The organ of sight is more highly developed in birds than in any animal.

## GOOD BITS

### From the Little Old "Appeal."

When Socialism comes the grafter will go.

If a job is worth having, it is worth owning.

The cream of society needs a good churning.

When ignorance is blister, 'tis bully to get wise.

The beginning of Socialism will be the end of poverty.

Human society is now in the grip of inhuman profit mongers.

Men are never blackballed when they join the down and out club.

Capitalism is the dread of the worker, and Socialism is his hope.

Society is a liquid with all the gain at the top and the pain at the bottom.

Capitalism wants the worker to do his level best and always get the worst of it.

Soft heads make hard times. They vote for them under the label of "prosperity."

The voter and the mule are given only one way of speaking, and that is with their heels.

Capitalism is a patch-work of fig leaves. It can no longer clothe the world, and new methods are necessary.

Civilization—do the vast armies and costly navies, that are bankrupting the nations to maintain, exist for civility?

The world is a big grindstone, and every man is trying to sharpen his knife first.

"Reuben," a Missouri humorist.

The capitalists themselves must be credited with doing a great work for Socialism. They are disgusting the people with the present system.

The mission of Socialism is merely to set the world free. When the riders are shaken loose, the workers can manage very well for themselves.

The Socialist, with his faith in a world free from want, is the true optimist. The man who thinks poverty and war are permanent evils is a confirmed pessimist.

Earth has just received the greatest seismic shock in modern history, but the social upheaval that is imminent will be more far-reaching and historical than that—not destructive, but world-wide.

Mr. Taft is reported to have said recently: "If the Roosevelt policies, which I shall continue, do not work out satisfactorily, Socialism is inevitable."

Inasmuch as times are far from booming under Roosevelt, and he is going out of office in eclipse, this is equivalent to saying that socialism is a sure thing.

According to the Catholic Sentinel, "among the richer classes, 343 persons in 1,000 live to be 60 years of age; in the middle classes 175, and of the laboring classes 150." It seems, in view of this showing, that the only way to promote long life is to make all rich in the sense that there will be no danger of want for all. The answer, as usual in all social problems, is Socialism.

President Elliot, of Harvard, is reported to have said, "My most serious apprehension concerning Socialism is that it might bring us at least to the precincts of the kingdom of heaven." Such utterances make the average man feel all the more in accord with the spirit of the Lord's prayer, which says, "Thy Kingdom come." Christians ought not to be afraid of the kingdom of heaven on earth.

For some time farmers of New Jersey have managed to eke out an existence by collecting garbage in New York city, and with it fattening hogs. But now the city authorities, in a spirit of virtue under the talk of pure food, are forbidding the use of garbage for this purpose, and the farmers have to feed their own food to the hogs while they and their children actually go hungry. Without being in the least profane, this is a bit of a world.

The population of Austria-Hungary is nearly 50,000,000. More than half of this number are Austrians.

# 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.

## WHY ONE FARMER TOOK UP WITH THE SOCIALISTS

"It's such a peculiar thing. I can't see why he should be a Socialist. He's got the best farm for miles around, with good stock and buildings tip top. His house is the largest in the township and it is finished in hardwood. He's coming over here. I'm going to ask him how it is he took up with them."

"Eric, I was just telling my friend," he continued, after introducing us, "that I could not see what makes you take any stock in Socialism. You're one of the best fixed men in the whole country, and I should think you had no reason to kick."

"Well, John, I'll tell you a few of the things that made me a Socialist. Some time ago I sold a steer to a buyer for the beef trust. He was a good steer, too, but I only got \$35 for him."

We had to buy meat for the house, of course, and I kept track of it and found that I paid \$90 to get back the same amount of beef that steer had in him."

"Remember, John, one of the buyers defending the beef trust in an argument said the beef trust was a good thing, because working on a large scale they can make the by-products—the hair, fertilizer, etc.—pay for the work of killing and these by-products would almost all be wasted if we killed on the farms."

"Counting \$7 for freight and handling—and that the by-products paid for dressing the beef, the beef trust made \$48 clear profit out of me on the beef in my own steer."

"I thought that was outrageous, but that was not the worst of it."

"Afterwards I needed a good hide to mend harness, fix aprons on the binders and a hundred other things around the farm."

"Such fine machinery is used now that it only costs about \$2 for the labor of tanning a hide. And bear in mind that I only got \$35 for the whole steer in the first place, but I had to pay \$35 to get the hide back."

When I figured it all up and saw that the beef trust had made \$80 clear profit out of me on that steer after allowing for freight and tanning and a dollar for wear and tear of machinery—well say, mister, how I did kick about the beef trust."

"It was just like you kicking against the machinery trust."

"That was the time you began to talk about co-operative packing houses, I guess, Eric."

"Yes."

"How did you come to give up the idea?"

"I didn't give it up. I'm working for it night and day. Was talking with Jimmie Higgins about it one day when he said he was in favor of it. That tickled me mightily for most of the

farmers thought the undertaking was too big. But that didn't frighten Jimmie. He says: 'It'll pay us big.' And there are over a half a million working for it already in this country—city workers as well as farmers. They favor the co-operative ownership and operation of all the trusts to begin with; then after that's done, all the industries which will pay better when run on a large scale by using the most improved machinery. Over in Denmark one wing of the movement has built co-operative packing plants which are run in the interests of the common people. They are so well managed that their products can be sold in England cheaper than those of our beef trust. Here in America there are more packing plants than we need, for they cannot be all kept running steadily. So in this country we are in favor of having the government take over the plants rather than build unnecessary ones."

"That hit me about right, John. And that's one of the reasons I took up with the Socialists," Eric continued, "if the government can run an army and a navy, to kill men, it surely can run a packing house to kill hogs and steers."—Guy Williams in Chicago Daily Socialist.

The Socialists believe in the Brotherhood of Man. They aim at an international organization of peace that will do away with war. They recognize neither kings, principalities, politics nor territories. They believe in the brotherhood of man the wide world over.

When Germany and France were trying to rush to arms over the Moroccan incident it was the Socialists of both countries who prevented the conflict. Today in Austria and Turkey the Socialists are striving for peace and it was averted it will be through the activities of the international Socialists.

Many old fogies consider the Socialists disloyal because they do not bow in honor to earth born monarchs. The patriot believes that loyalty to the King comes before all.

Yet it must be remembered that the enemy the Socialists are fighting is international. Capitalism is not loyal to the King. The Capitalist hunts dividends where he can find them. He will not invest in Canada or England unless it suits him and he will provoke a war if it is to his interests. The South American revolutions are to a great extent capitalist, and the South African war was produced through the efforts of London diamond sellers. The disastrous Russo-Japanese war arose over a big timber deal on the Yalu river. International capitalism strives for war. The Socialists in their work for peace were forced to become an international brotherhood.

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# The Temperance Movement

Editorial Views and Other News  
on the Great Prohibition Question

THE CONTRIBUTION OF SHORT ARTICLES INVITED

## THE UPWARD TREND

It is strange how the onward progress of mankind is beset with numerous phantasms and mirages of the fancy. The race of man has taken tens of thousands of years to arrive at its present position of imperfection, and it has stumbled on the road to advance frequently by accident.

The dying liquor evil was a great stumbling block to the whole of humanity. When a man drinks he feels strong for a time, brighter, better, happier, and man could not, for many centuries, distinguish between an outward reality and an inward sensation.

R. J. Campbell states that the man who drinks is seeking a larger life in the wrong direction. He is choosing a method that is, in the end, destructive. It has only been by the patient gathering of statistics, by the slow process of scientific investigation and against popular prejudice, that the liquor traffic has come to be regarded as the hugest and most hideous curse that has ever afflicted humanity.

With the suppression of the liquor traffic humanity is bound to take a great leap forward on the road to progress. The upward and onward tread of humanity to a more perfect state will be more pronounced.

Mankind has come to that stage of advance where realities are distinguished from impressions. The man who drinks knows he is doing an injury to himself, and knowledge in time will be translated into concrete total abstinence.

## THE MODERN CIRCE

In the tales of ancient Greece as sung by Homer, Ulysses in his wanderings when returning from the Trojan war, came to an island where lived a sorceress by the name of Circe. This Circe was a beautiful woman who gave of a magic drink to the followers of Ulysses, and the followers were immediately turned into swine.

This is an old tale with a strictly modern application. The modern Circe is the beautiful hotel keeper with his flashy vest and sparkling diamonds. His palace is the bar room with its mirrors and sparkling glass.

The following of Ulysses, the men who are seeking a home, drink of the magic potions of the hotel keeper and immediately become swine. They cease their hunt for a home. Home to them becomes a mere shack, a sty fit only for a pig. The home love is quelled in their hearts.

Themselves become swine. They revel in all bestial inclinations. That bright spark of divine fire, the human conscience, becomes dulled, or even extinguished in their souls. And ever after they haunt the place of the magic potion that they may drink thereof and continue in the swinish condition. Truly old Homer wrote wisely the allegory of Circe.

## CRIMINAL FOOLISHNESS

It is a great foolishness that license signers commit in attaching their names to a license petition. The men who sign a petition for the legalized sale of an attractive poison may consider themselves respectable members of society. At present, however, we are not discussing their brain power.

The man who will throw his town open to the sale of alcoholic beverages; the man who has watched the misery, wretchedness and immorality produced by the sale of alcoholic beverages; the man who, perceiving all these things, nevertheless, signs a license petition and then pats himself on the back for his moral and intelligent act is more or less of a fool.

We would like to leave him in the midst of his blissful folly. We do not like to waken him to the foolishness of his own stupidity. Yet he must be roused from his self-satisfied state for the good of humanity.

The man who will sign a liquor license application is a dangerous man to have in a community. He is ready to legalize a business that has caused many murders. He signs a license and mourns when a wretch, inflamed, or rendered melancholy, by his potations, murders his family or cuts his own throat. The license signer is in

the same class with the fool who didn't know it was loaded.

## SELF-CONTROL

All the philosophers, moral teachers and great religious leaders have taught the doctrine of self-control. Man must control himself if he wishes to control others. The weak individual who cannot rule himself is not fit to rule others. The cleared man of firm pulse and patient will is the man to whom the affairs of the world are entrusted.

The licensed hotel keeper, whether he possesses an hotel attachment or not to the license, is the greatest foe to mankind of this twentieth century. He trades on the weaknesses of men and takes their good money to pile other weaknesses upon the weaknesses already inherent in their nature.

Does a hunter desire a clear eye and steady hand to capture trophies of the chase? The saloon keeper does his best to make the eye dim and the hand unsteady. Does a workman desire a delicate touch to command high wages as a skilled mechanic? The saloon keeper tries to render his hand hard and dry and rough in order that the mechanic may not accomplish his appointed task.

Men may be foolish sometimes but they become enlightened. The saloon keeper or licensed hotel keeper is recognized as an unmitigated nuisance who foists himself upon a community to fatten on its wretchedness.

## In Exchange for Whiskey

The following extract from the Toronto Globe is published at the request of an old subscriber, now in Stouffville, Ont.

"Now that the economic value of the barroom, and the cost to the citizens of the keeping up of this adjunct to the hotel business, are under discussion the following extract from a circular issued by a number of grocery firms in an Ohio city is pertinent:—

"Anyone who drinks three glasses of whiskey a day for one year, and pays ten cents a drink for it, can have exchanged for the same money, at any of the firms whose names appear on this card:—

- 3 barrels flour
- 20 bushels potatoes
- 200 lbs. gran. sugar
- 1 barrel crackers
- 1 lb. pepper
- 2 lbs. tea
- 50 lbs. salt
- 20 lbs. rice
- 50 lbs. butter
- 10 lbs. cheese
- 25 lbs. coffee
- 10 lbs. candy
- 3 doz. cans tomatoes
- 10 dozen pickles
- 10 dozen oranges
- 10 dozen bananas
- 2 dozen cans corn
- 18 dozen matches
- 1/2 bushel beans
- 100 cakes soap
- 12 pkgs. rolled oats

and get \$15.30 premium for making the change in his expenditures."

If the year's drink bill for a moderate whiskey-drinker interferes to such an extent with the grocery business, what must be the burden of the barroom's aggregate trade on the profitable business of any community? The money spent for whiskey is not only withdrawn from the family's expenditures for food and clothing and rent and education, but the whiskey for which it pays reduces and tends to destroy the earning power of the man who drinks it. A grocery at the corner is a help to the community, but a barroom is an economic burden and a social curse. Cut out the barroom and give the grocery a chance."

## TEMPERANCE NOTES

The temperance move is a move for better humanity, and for better business.

Gustav Trensen says: "Even a thimbleful of spirits weakens all my best faculties."

Give up drink, or give up hope of holding your place in the industrial world, is the warning of John Burns to the laboring men of England.

To sell rum for a livelihood is bad

enough, but for a whole community to share the responsibility and guilt of such a traffic seems a worse bargain than that of Eve or Judas—Horace Greeley.

A leading physician testifies that he has seen scores of paralysis caused by alcohol in those who never become intoxicated. Man does not need to be so intoxicated as to deplete his reason in order to have the drug do him harm.

Thomas Guthrie once said: "If you would keep a dead man, put him into whisky; if you would kill a living man, put whisky into him."

When urged to take a little wine, Dr. Samuel Johnson replied: "I cannot take a little, and therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy for me as moderation would be difficult."

The Rev. John W. Kirtan, of England, at a meeting of the national Temperance Society in 1875, defined temperance as the moderate use of all good things, and total abstinence from all bad things.

It has been computed that 1,500,000 men and women in the United States are daily, either mentally or physically, disabled for work as the result of drinking.

The man who has taken even small quantities of alcohol feels that his brain is remarkably active and capable of great thoughts, whereas in reality his conceptions are ever so much slower than natural.

If we could sweep intemperance out of the land, said Phillips Brooks, there would be hardly poverty enough left to give healthy exercise to the charitable impulses.

The difficulty with liquor laws is said to be that they are ahead of public sentiment. To which the Boston News once suggestively added: "That's what's the matter with the Ten Commandments too."

## Known by Its Fruits

Alcohol is known by its fruits. Let us not judge it by the unopened bud, nor by the unfolding blossom, but by the ripened fruit. We must go to prisons and insane asylums to study the completed product. We find it in the hospitals, where doctors fight a hopeless battle against incurable diseases. We see it in the sanitariums, where wrecks of men struggle to revive exhausted will power. In wretched homes, in the faces of children who shrink from father's home coming, in almost every form of vice, in every phase of suffering, we find its ripened fruit.

Known by its fruits! Who will praise the fragrance of the blossom which matures in misery and death?

## They Just Had To

The American Associated Press recently sent broadcast the item that the brewers of St. Louis, Mo., have magnanimously announced that henceforth they "would obey the law" and not sell to any saloons or bars which are known to be lawbreakers. This as a voluntary act might be considered praiseworthy, but the facts are thus stated by Excise Commissioner Mulhill, of St. Louis: "This agreement was reached after I had issued a call for a meeting of the accredited representatives of every brewery doing business in St. Louis. I gave these men two alternatives—either to cooperate in upholding the law by refusing to supply illegal clubs, or expect to see fewer saloons in St. Louis."

Some 1,800 distillers, brewers, wine-makers, wholesalers, retailers, and collateral tradesmen who form the "The Model License League" have at last reached the conclusion that "radical improvement in the methods of dispensing alcoholic beverages must be made if the liquor business is to remain a legalized institution in a considerable number of States in the Union," and they desire "to hear the views of those who have plans calculated to bring about the desired improvement." The Michigan Advocate suggests the following plan: "There shall be one saloon for every eighty-five millions of inhabitants in the United States, and the said saloon shall be located at the crater of Mt. Shasta, in California, well above the glaciers that render the said mountain inaccessible." We do not suppose they really want "radical" improvements. If they do, how would it be to cut out the alcohol from all beverages which they sell? We certainly think this is radical enough, and it would undoubtedly be an "improvement."

Glass headstones, into which photographs of deceased persons are blown, are now in use in America.

Deserts cover 24 per cent. of the earth's surface.

## The Reason

"Because the saloon is a criminal institution, evil and only evil, the producer of ill health, immorality, impurity, insanity, poverty, crime, degradation and woe, increasing taxes, breaking up homes, corrupting governments, filling jails, almshouses, workhouses, penitentiaries and insane asylums, and directly and indirectly carrying 200,000 of our people annually to premature death, it is the business of government to destroy the saloon." Such was the declaration of the committee on temperance appointed by the Indiana Baptists to report to their recent convention, on the progress of prohibition and local option.

## Was Leakin'

While sojourning at a hotel in Maine last summer, a prominent physician decided to give a dinner to several friends in honor of his wife's birthday. Making inquiries, he discovered that no wines of any description would be furnished by the management, Maine being a prohibition State.

He was told, however, that should he succeed in having the desired wines delivered from outside sources care would be taken to have them properly iced and served.

The host-to-be set about to procure the necessary beverages and evidently succeeded, for about three days later a sturdy countryman strode up to the desk in a voice loud enough for all to hear demanded of the clerk:

"Is Mr. Blank any way's 'round? Tell him to hurry up down to the dock. There's a box of books down thar for him, an' it's leakin'."

Crete, at one time formed part of the Roman empire. It fell into the hands of the Turks in 1669.

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## PUBLIC NOTICE

Province of Quebec }  
County of Bromont }  
District of Bedford }  
Public notice is hereby given that after the expiry of two months from the first publication of this Notice, application will be made to the Lieutenant Governor in Council to confirm to or in favor of the herein named applicants two certain deeds of gift or grants from "The New York Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends," and "The Parham 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 Bromont, and District of Bedford, passed before Moses O. Hart, Notary, on the eighth day of January, 1908, of the following pieces of parcels of land, for the purposes of, a Protestant Christian Burying Ground or Cemetery, the said pieces of land being lots numbers twenty-nine (29) and two hundred and fifty-three (253) of the official plan and book of reference of the East Part of the Township of Farnham in the said County of Bromont and District of Bedford, and to incorporate the said applicants into a burial society to be known as "The Friends Union Cemetery Company," with power to take over said lots of land and to acquire such further land adjoining said lots as may become necessary, the whole in conformity with articles 222 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. Baker, Merritt Stevens and Eli W. Hall, all of the East Part of the Township of Farnham, in said District of Bedford, and Moses H. Beddoe, 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.—25-61

# Two for One

WE have decided for a Limited Time to make the offer of Two Subscriptions to COTTON'S WEEKLY for the price of one. But

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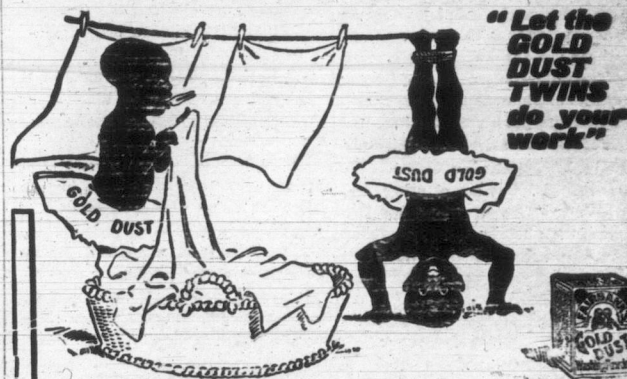
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COTTON'S WEEKLY has mapped out a line of progress for the coming year, and subscribers will get very generous value. Important changes are in store, as Cotton's Weekly will become a paper appealing to all Canada in general, and the Eastern Townships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

**GET ENROLLED NOW ON OUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST**



## Gold Dust Stands Alone

in the washing powder field—it has no substitute. You must either use

## Gold Dust Washing Powder

or something inferior—there is no middle ground.

Buy GOLD DUST and you buy the best.

OTHER GENERAL USES FOR GOLD DUST: Scrubbing floors, washing dishes and clothes, cleaning bath room, polishing brass and metal, and making the most soft soap.

Made by THE H. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal, P. Q.—Makers of FAIRY SOAP.

**GOLD DUST makes hard water soft.**

Province of Quebec }  
District of Bedford }  
In the Superior Court }  
FOR

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

The said HENRI DUPONT,

DEFENDANT.

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

E. X. A. GIBOUX

Attorney for Plaintiff.

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

**P. C. DUBOYCE**

NOTARY, COMMISSIONER, ETC.

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## A SEA VOYAGE

## Miss Muir Writes Interestingly of the Trip to Barbadoes

## Fifth Letter—First Impressions of Barbadoes

The time has come when we must leave the Guiano. At the stern of the ship the Union Jack has been floating since we left New York, the sign that she is registered in England, and forms part of that immense merchant marine that does so much of the carrying trade of the world. We are to step on the shore of England's oldest colony, where for three hundred years the Union Jack has flown and never pulled down. We are in Carlisle Bay and before us is the City of Bridgetown. The harbour is filled with shipping of all kinds, at times there are more than a hundred, and every thing is hasty and business activity, for the trade of Barbadoes, which centres in Bridgetown, is out of all proportion to the size of the island. On landing one is struck with the handsome appearance of the public buildings, the evidence of prosperity on all sides. In the square, in the centre of which is a monument to Nelson, are numbers of carriages for hire, and the street cars are gathered to start off in different directions at stroke of the clock on the hour and half hour.

Barbadoes is shaped like a ham, the large rounded part to the South. The east side is called Windward and the west Leeward, and just round the southern coast on the west side is Carlisle Bay. We are soon in a carriage and starting for a drive of nine miles, through the broadest part of the island. We pass what has been the residence of the General, and what is to be a public park; the railway station; through narrow streets crowded with donkey carts and people; past fine private houses in gardens; and now we find ourselves in the country. "What a beautiful field!" we exclaim. It is our first sight of sugar cane growing. We are driving through it. A thick mass of stalks eight feet in height, with leaves like our corn only longer, and drooping to the ground and from each stalk there rises to the height of three feet, a delicate arrow with a beautiful feather at the top. They sway back and forth in the breeze and are the color of smoke, or a cloud that is not too dense. Later when the seeds in the feather ripen, they have a lavender shade. Now we are passing a cotton field; it is quite a surprise to find that the bushes are not more than three or four feet high, covered with a yellow flower like a hollyhock; small dots of white among the bushes show that the pods are bursting, and in one corner of the field are some women and girls gathering cotton. We come to fields ready for planting, and they look so strange divided off into squares with a hole in the centre of each square. An acre is usually divided into 1740 squares, each 5 feet square, and these cane holes are always kept, no matter what crop is grown. In these fields of sweet potatoes we are passing, the vines are all on the ridges, and it is a pretty sight this net work of vines with a lavender colored flower shaped like a morning glory. Eddoes also are planted between the cane holes, and have broad leaves like some of our ornamental plants. We pass fields of corn, which are called guinea corn; it does not grow ears like ours, but has a bunch of seeds at the top. It is used for fodder for the cattle. Along the edge of the rest of the fields is a broad band of green about a foot wide; this is cut by hand and fed to the stock. Forming a sort of a hedge next to the road on some of the fields of corn are bushes twice the size of our currant bushes. On some of these are pea pods, others are covered with yellow flowers.

We have been travelling on roads that are white and clean like cement; not a weed is to be seen anywhere. When there is a depression in the land on either side of the road, there is a low stone wall, as even as the side of a house with a coping of cement, and when we pass through cuttings in the rock, there are no irregularities or unevenness; everything gives evidence of such thorough and careful work.

Women pass us on the way to town with trays of fruit and vegetables for sale on their heads. Their turbans and dresses are clean and nicely ironed. "How clean every thing and every is" is the constant remark. At regular distances we come to stand pipes by the side of the road, where any one who likes can get water free. These are usually surrounded by women, boys and girls, who fill their tin pails, many holding five gallons, put them on their heads and walk off without spilling a drop. Since we started the land has been rising in terraces, and whenever there is a rocky part unfit for cultivation, there are houses of the labourers. What boxes some of them are, I never saw such small houses. They are of wood on some sort of a stone foundation, and before each one, there is a little garden with flowers or ornamental plants, and beside many of them small gardens, where bananas were growing and vegetables and occasionally a bread fruit tree. Bright colors all about, and such neatness; the tiny plots in the garden without a weed and when it was too rocky for anything to grow the space around the house was swept. It looked to me as if the whole island had just been through a spring cleaning. I am told that it is always so, the Sanitary Inspector makes the colored people keep their places neat and they like to ornament their homes with plants. I noticed a number of crotons which are like our coleus, only they are larger bushes; such masses of colour.

Whenever we see the tall cabbage palm lifting its feathery crown, we know that we are nearing the residence on one of the estates. This is a large stone house, surrounded by a stone wall covered partly by vines in blossom, or a hedge; the prettiest being the hibiscus. The garden is filled with trees and flowers, and there will be an avenue lined with coconut trees or cabbage palms to the house. Not far off is the tall chimney of the boiling house, stables and other buildings. Everything is in perfect order. Coloured people are swarming everywhere; they must be, for if the population of Bridgetown is taken off, it still leaves 1700 people to every square mile in the island.

Unlike the other islands which are of volcanic origin, Barbadoes is of coral formation and is low and flat in comparison to the others. The highlands are near the coast and we have been gradually ascending until having reached our destination on an eminence of 900 feet above the sea, what a beautiful stretch of country lies spread out like a garden. Clumps of trees show where the buildings on the estate are. There are no fences. Fields of different crops, but mostly canes, with patches of brown earth, stretch for miles beyond the sea. The stone fence next the road is covered with coralita in bloom; the gardens on each side are filled with rose bushes, geraniums, beautiful lilies, ferns and palms. A white jasmine tree is in bloom. I am standing under a cabbage palm that is sixty feet high. The trunk is about 18 inches in diameter, smooth and straight, of a grey color. About five feet from where the leaves spring out there is a circular bunch of green and above that the trunk is a bright green. One of the leaves shaped like a fern has fallen on the ground, and is eleven feet long, and quite heavy to lift. These trees are purely ornamental as the wood is useless.

Barbadoes was once covered with forests, from many of the trees hung a beard like moss. Whence its name. The island was destitute of food-bearing plants. Now it is a garden, nearly every acre under cultivation and although only 160 square miles in size, sustains a population of 200,000. It is called the gem of the Caribbean Islands.

## A. Muir

## Schools Teach Rubbish

Harold E. Corst, whose brother, Sir Eldon Corst, succeeded Lord Cromer as British agent in Egypt, and whose father, the Rt. Hon. Sir John Eldon Corst, was twice minister for education in conservative cabinets, is un-English just to the extent that he believes America will take on with his new idea about one generation before his home land, and he is in New York, to let America get a start on old England if it wants to.

The idea is that all education taught by modern systems in Anglo-Saxon lands and some others is bosh and rubbish. Mr. Corst knows this idea is revolutionary, but he is going to begin demonstrating this idea to America on Jan. 27, when he is to lecture under the auspices of the League of Political Education in Berkeley lyceum, New York.

In an interview he said: "Both English and American schemes of education destroy or suppress the initiative imagination and faculties for observation. They destroy thirst for knowledge, everybody being brought up under the old-time system of cramming the head full with rubbish."

"Now, you folks over here in America do not suffer from this hidebound system as we do because you are not so civilized. Ah, wait there. I don't mean just that. What I should say is that you are still in a young country and haven't reached this impassable ancient staleness that we have."

The average height of the Laplander is under five feet.

Notice is hereby given that COTTON'S WEEKLY is the registered business name of this paper. All business letters, copy, etc., should be so addressed, all money orders and cheques made payable to, and all drafts drawn on

COTTON'S WEEKLY,  
Cowansville, P. Q.

## WITTICISMS FROM PIGEON HILL

Casual Events Interestingly Noted by a Keen Observer

Phiff, have another.

The colored troops fought well.

There were four in Sodom and Gomorrah, and six in Pittsburgh.

Since the thaw discovered a thistle. But! Alas it is dead.

Storms generally are a mystery, but you can always see the drift of a snow storm.

We understand that Mr. Laurier has gone to Wheeling Virginia. Can he take it all at one load?

The man who with a hammer smashes the end of his finger, probably thinks he hasn't hit the right nail on the head.

Soup for the poor—Three parings of potatoes to a hoghead of dish water. If to rich, add a pump handle while boiling.

The government gives the farmer a tract to smooth his ire. The politician likewise gets a tract, but his is a tract of land with the homestead act cut out.

We are exceedingly sorry to chronicle the passing away of Hiram Bockus, an old and respected gentleman, whose death took place at Farnham on the third of the month. He has left a large family to mourn his loss.

## EGYPTIAN ENGINEERS

Mehemet Ali was the first to introduce steam navigation on the Nile, and determined to have the natives instructed in the mystery of working the engines. A small steamer of about ten horse power was after many lessons from an English engineer handed over to a native crew. On the first voyage after, a leakage took place in consequence of the lower joint of the safety valve giving way. The natives applied the universal panacea for all wounds and bruises, a handful of Nile mud. This proving insufficient, a second and a third of the same styptic was applied. Finally bricks and mud were built over it, but all to no purpose. At last when quite a pyramid of brick and mud failed, and the steam continued to rush out worse than ever, they gave it up in despair. "Allah! Bismillah!" they exclaimed, who can contend with fate? So saying they leaped overboard and swam to the bank, where they quietly smoked their pipes until the fires burnt out and steam went down.

## FOLLY OF PRIDE

Take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and man. Behold him, creature of a span stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes to his blood the chill of death. His soul floats from his body like melody from the string. Day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make for himself a crown of glory, to deny his own flesh, to mock at his fellows sprung from the dust to which both will soon return. Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons, is he never stopped by difficulties? When he lives, is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the common heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection.

## THE TOMB OF VIRGIL

The locality of the grave of many a genius is now lost to the world. Even the tomb of Virgil, near Naples, which has been for so many centuries visited by travellers, and regarded by them with veneration as having once retained the ashes of the great poet, cannot be pronounced with confidence genuine.

It is a small square building with a rounded roof, and stands on the very brink of a precipice immediately above the entrance to the subterranean tunnel of Posillippo a beautiful faithful view of which was given in Waugh's Italy. The old entrance to the tomb has been enlarged and a modern window cut through the wall. The interior is a vaulted cell about twelve feet square, having many small recesses for urns. The urns, if ever any filled these recesses, are now wanting, and with them, of course, the one containing the ashes of the great Poet.

J. W. L.

## YEARLY REPORT

Of Chas. S. Cotton, Sheriff of the District of Bedford.

Following are the returns of Chas. S. Cotton, Sheriff of the District of Bedford, for 1908:

No. of writs received—De Terris 1, De Bonis and de Terris 4.

No. of sales 2.

Total amount of sales.....\$ 70.00

Salary.....635.00

Fees of office.....47.00

Expenses of office.....8.50

Salary and Fees.....673.50

## Gaol Report

No. of prisoners received 1908—

Men 123, Women 6.

AGES—Under 14, 3; 14 to 20, 30; 20 to 30, 58; 30 to 40, 18; 40 to 50, 14; 50 to 60, 5; over 60, 1.

NATIONALITIES—Canada 58, England 14, Ireland 4, United States 39, other countries 14.

EDUCATION—Able to read and write 107; not able to read and write 22.

HABITS—Temperate 66, Intemperate 63.

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATION—Roman Catholic 75, Church of England 20, Presbyterian 3, Methodists 5, other denominations 26.

No. of prisoners on hand Dec. 31st, 1907, 10; No. of prisoners discharged during 1908, 10.

No. of prisoners on hand Dec. 31st, 1908—Men 10, Women 3.

No. of prisoners married; 28, No. of prisoners unmarried 101.

No. of cords of wood 30½, No. of tons of coal 4,300.

Value of wood.....\$ 61.00

Value of coal.....190.25

SENTENCES—To fine only 11, one month or less 21, two months 4, three months 6, four months 2, six months 2, 12 months 1.

To PENITENTIARY—2 years 6, 3 years 3, 7 years 1.

To REFORMATORY—2 years 1, 3 years 1, 4 years 1.

First cost of rations.....\$424.14

Clothing.....70.25

Medical attendance.....71.50

Postage.....11.75

Ice.....10.00

Transporting prisoners to Penitentiary.....139.90

Cost of every prisoner per day......45

Cost of rations for each prisoner per day.....11 4-5 cents

Total number of days of incarceration 1908, 3737; No. of escapes 2.

SENT TO INSANE ASYLUM—Men 1, Women 1.

OFFENCES—Assaults 4, indecent assaults 1, intent to kill assault 1, burglary and shop breaking 11, counterfeiting 1, desertion of service 3, disorderly 6, damage to property 3, forgery 1, fraud 4, larceny 45, false pretenses 2, obstructing railway 1, carrying weapons 1, selling liquor without license 1, vagrancy 42, keeping house of ill fame 2.

OCCUPATIONS—Barbers 2, clerks 2, carpenters 1, shoemakers 1, farmers 4, pedlars 1, cooks 3, servants 5, various mechanics 18, laborers 79, firemen 1, painters 1, no occupation 9, mason 1, machinist 1.



FRANK E. DRAPER  
Jeweler and Optician  
COWANSVILLE, QUE.

# 10 to 20 Per Cent Discount

## OFF OUR HIGH CLASS LINE OF GENTS FURNISHINGS

No lines are reserved. Those that know the quality of our Furnishings will need no more than this announcement to bring them here.

Come in and see how exactly our lines meet your wishes and take advantage of the discounts.

There is splendid choosing now, but the best things do go first. Let us show you what we have to offer in such lines as:

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 40c

Lipton's Jellys, all flavors, 10c a package

### 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, raining 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.

# Sale is Now IN FULL SWING AT H. H. MINER'S

## Goods are being Slaughtered

Just see the large line of Shoes worth \$2.00 and \$2.25 selling at \$1.39.

See the line of Corsets at 25c.

See the Line of Ribbons we are closing out at Half Price.

Children's Shoes worth \$1.25 to \$1.60 closing out at 98c. We find we have too large a stock for our capital and it must be reduced just as soon as possible, so we are giving a

## Special Discount

15 per cent. on Dry Goods  
20 per cent. on Clothing

We have a few more Neck Furs, which we will give you less 40 per cent. There is only a few and we want to clear.

Then we have three or four Men's Fur Coats at cost and three Ladies' Coats, one each 38 and 40 in Black Astrachan, and one 44 in Coon. If you want these sizes, you can get a rare bargain on these.

Come at once and do not miss the chance to Save All Kinds of Money

H. H. MINER  
DUNHAM

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COWANSVILLE

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## E. T. NEWS

## COWANSVILLE AND SWEETSBURG

Mr. I. H. Kerr left early Monday morning for Toronto.

A young son has been born to Mr. and Mrs. John J. Barker.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Kerridge of Frelighsburg were guests of friends here over the week end.

Mr. E. J. Ruiter is at Ste Anne de Bellevue for a few days installing machinery for the Macdonald College there.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church will take place at the residence of the Misses Jaques, Friday afternoon the 15th inst.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Spear and family have moved on to the W. H. Fryer property, leaving Mr and Mrs Winfield Church as tenants of Mr. W. G. Milmore's property.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Gilman returned to town, Friday, and on Monday, Mr. Gilman resumed his duties at St Johns, Que, where he is supplying as principal of the Academy, on account of the illness of the regular principal.

Messrs. H. F. Williams, Enoch Buzzel and W. F. Vilas were the new councillors nominated on Monday, and there being no opposition were elected by acclamation. Messrs. Brown, Lavery and Fuller were the retiring councillors.

The meeting of the Literary Club called for Tuesday evening failed to materialize. Evidently the literary spirit is at a low ebb in this town just at present, which is much to be deplored. Mr. Jos. Smyth, who has literary aspirations of a high order, and was much interested in the club, still hopes that the club will be resuscitated and resume the vigor of by-gone days.

The Village Gun Club indulged in a hunt after "Brer Rabbit" on Friday last, having as their guests some members of the Brome County Gun Club. The hunt took place around the West Shefford road and the party was divided into two sections, Arthur Westover and Mr. Carson as captains. The rabbits were small and elusive as usual, but Mr. Carson's party got two to the other party's one. The losing party, as is customary, stood the cost of a repast at the Ottawa House.

Several of our progressive merchants have presented a new curtain to the town hall. This improvement was sorely needed as the old one was badly frayed and torn. The fact that there are more advertisements than picture will not offend the artistic tastes of entertainment lovers, as they are not called to the hall many times in a year, but might give the patrons of the dairy board a tip every week, being rolled up out of sight. The genius who installed the curtain is replacing wornouts all over the country on the same scheme. Somner Park plan. If another expert would come along with a piano on the same scheme, sweet baritone, silvery tenors and warbling contraltos would take much pleasure in performing for the pleasure of all and sundry.

One of Cowansville's oldest and best known citizens died on Wednesday evening, January 6th, in the person of Mr. George K. Nesbitt, at the age of 72 years. The late Mr. Nesbitt was born in Sherrington, Que., and had been engaged in the milling business in this town and district for the past forty years. He also operated the electric light station and some other enterprises here. He is survived by a widow and two daughters, Mrs. Nelson Buzzell and Miss Nesbitt, and one brother, Dr. R. H. T. Nesbitt, of Waukegan, Illinois, who came here for the funeral. The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon and was largely attended. Service was held at Trinity church by Rev. Mr. Lewis, assisted by Rev. Dr. Patterson-Smyth of Montreal, and Rev. H. Plaisted, of Dunham. Interment took place at the Union Cemetery, the pallbearers being Messrs. E. Buzzell, W. F. Vilas, G. E. Short, W. Oliver, J. H. Carson and G. W. Johnston.

## ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the Eastern Townships Dairymen's Exchange, more commonly known as the "Cowansville Dairy Board," took place here on Saturday afternoon, with a good sized attendance of members present. President Bouchard was in the chair.

The principal business of the session was the election of officers for the ensuing year. The election of Directors took place first and resulted in the choice of Messrs. H. Sewell Foster, of Knowlton; E. E. Spencer, of Frelighsburg; N. C. Davies, of Abercorn; N.

Fournier, of Mystic; Loftus Smith, of St. Armand; William Curley, of Sutton; H. F. Williams, of Cowansville; Dr. F. H. Pickel, of Sweetburg; J. H. Leclerc, of Foster; A. J. Bouchard, of Bedford, and A. H. Derick, of Clarenceville.

At the Directors' meeting held later, Mr. Foster was chosen as President, and Mr. Spencer as Vice-President, and W. H. Lynch, advocate, of Sweetburg, as Secretary-treasurer, and Mr. H. F. Williams, as auditor.

The selection of Arbitrators was delayed until the first session of the Board next spring.

A resolution was proposed by Vice-President Spencer, seconded by Mr. F. A. Ayer, and adopted to the effect that: "When the boxes of any lot of butter sold on the Exchange are numbered in accordance with by-law No. 57 in such a way as to identify and distinguish the different churning thereof, if the quality of a portion only, not exceeding 40 per cent. of the whole amount be found not to be as represented, the buyer may refuse to accept that portion but shall be bound to accept the balance at the full purchase price."

## ABBOTT'S CORNER

Arrivals and departures: Miss Agnes Reynolds to Macdonald College; Mr. George Steffson left on Tuesday morning for Austin, Minn. Mr. Steffson came here about one and one-half year's ago to work for Mr. E. A. Ayer in the butter factory; Mr and Mrs C. S. Westover to Dunham to spend Sunday with relatives; Messrs. Sanford and Ami Armstrong at Mr C. S. Westover's.

A Masonic banquet was held here on Monday evening with Mine Host E. M. Shepard. A few outside brethren were invited.

A dance was held at Mr Levi Longley's on Wednesday evening, about fifty being present.

BIRTH—At Abbott's Corner, January 4th, a son to Mr and Mrs Peter Goodhue.

## FRELIGHSBURG

The death occurred Saturday morning of Mrs Levi Goddier. The deceased had been ill only a few days. She leaves to mourn her loss a husband, four sons and three daughters, and brothers and sisters. The family have the sympathy of the community in their sad bereavement. The funeral was held at the R. C. Church.

The death occurred Tuesday evening of the young son of Mr and Mrs Dupuis of the Windsor Hotel. They have the sympathy of the community in their sad bereavement. The funeral was held at the R. C. Church.

## GLEN SUTTON

Mr Simon Larocque, our village blacksmith, some time ago experienced a fall that has since rendered him unable to work.

The good roads of the present are affording a good opportunity for lumber men and a heavy supply of logs is being delivered at the siding for shipment to the mills in Vermont. Accidents in connection with this work the past week have been: Frank Smith's team broke through ice on river, extricated without harm; Gideau Stanhope's leg crushed by log in the woods.

Mr Wm. Brown of Sutton, has had a quantity of lumber and sugary utensils drawn to his cottage and sugary here known as Crystal Spring Camp.

Edward C. Brown has returned to his work in Concord, N. H.

## IRON HILL

Arrivals—Mr and Mrs T. Shufelt with their infant daughter and Mrs T. W. Glover spent Sunday at "The Highlands."

Misses Helen and Ida Tibbitts with their brother Mr John Tibbitts of Knowlton to spend the week end with Mr D. W. Sweet.

Departures—Mr and Mrs Sorensen to their home in Cowansville, after spending a few days here.

Mrs F. D. Shufelt is in Cowansville nursing.

Miss M. Derush and Mr Peter Derush have gone to spend a few days with their sister Mrs M. Curby of Bolton.

Mr and Mrs Percy Benham and daughter Ethel to Cowansville.

Mrs John Raymond and daughter Evelyn to Rockdale, Mass., visiting daughter and friends.

The friends of Mrs John Ruiter are very glad to see that her health permits her to attend Divine service again.

We are very sorry to report that Mr Joseph Raymond sr., is on the sick list.

At Washington before the Ways and Means Committee of the 60th Congress of the United States, "Salada" Tea was spoken of as the "King of Teas."

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

## DUNHAM

We have to report the death of Mr L. S. Whitcomb of Chapel Corner, who passed away on Sunday last, aged 77 years. Mr Whitcomb had not been well for some time.

Mr Israel Couture had the misfortune to cut his foot very badly while chopping in Mr Geo. Wilkinson's woods on Saturday last.

Mr A. Touchette of Adamsville, and Miss Lemer of Beranger, were united in holy matrimony at the R. C. Church on Monday morning last.

At an election of Councillors on Monday last Mr M. Curley was appointed in Mr J. G. Selby's place and Mr Frank Beauvais was re-elected.

Quite a staff of hands has been put at work on the Oddfellows' Hall and intend to rush the work as much as possible, as they are very anxious to occupy the building.

Mrs Geo. Girouard passed away to her home of rest after a long sickness, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 6th. The funeral was held on Saturday in the R. C. Church with a large attendance.

Mr Reuben Jones of Bedford, drove over to Dunham with Mrs Taylor and made a short stop at H. H. Miner's, leaving Mrs Taylor for a few days.

The Ladies College opened Tuesday morning after the holidays.

The citizens Telephone Co. have put new receivers on all their phones, and it is a great improvement. They have also issued new instruction cards and a list of subscribers.

Rev. H. Plaisted, M. A., and Mr. Baker were delegates to Montreal to the induction of Bishop Farthing last week.

## FORDYCE CORNER

Mrs C. M. Teel returned home Saturday night from Farnham.

Mr C. Sager has returned home after spending four weeks in Cornwall, Ont. where he visited his daughters, Mrs J. Strickland and Miss L. M. Sager.

Mrs Milton Dryden and two little daughters returned to their home Sunday night, after spending three weeks visiting relatives and friends in Lowell and Manchester.

We are sorry to report Mrs Geo. Teel on the sick list.

Miss Ingalls of West Brome spent the week end at Mr Henry Ellison's.

## NORTH SUTTON

Mr and Mrs Leslie Darrah were in Newport, Vt., the past week visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs T. P. Strong and children of Ware, Mass., are guests at "Maplewood" the home of Wm. Strong.

A goodly number of Odd Fellows from this place attended the weekly meeting of the order at Sutton on Friday night.

Mr and Mrs H. E. Sweet of West Brome, Mr and Mrs H. E. Fuller attended the M. A. Goddard anniversary at South Stukely on the 7th.

Mrs E. Clossey has been spending a few days with her brothers, Peter and John Kirk.

The social held at Mr Ogden Sweet's on the 8th was well attended. Proceeds were \$3.60. The icy roads caused any amount of accidents, no less than five persons were thrown from their sleighs that evening. Luckily all escaped serious injury. L. Darrah's sleigh was badly broken.

News came to us that Orville Sweet of Manchester, N. H., is in the hospital with a badly smashed foot, caused by a piece of shafting falling on it.

Mr John Johnson is still confined to his bed. On Saturday some twenty odd of the neighbors cut and hauled enough wood to keep them warm for many a day.

## EAST FARNHAM

Mr and Mrs Hamilton and baby spent the week end with her parents Mr and Mrs McClay.

Mr Alphonse Boright of the news was home for a few days recently.

The supper and entertainment given by the Ladies' Guild last Friday evening, was very successful. A fine tea was served by the Ladies after which Mr McDowell of Knowlton rendered some comic recitations and singing, which evoked great laughter. We would like to have him return again.

A business meeting of the Ladies' Aid was held at the home of Mrs Merritt Stevens last Saturday, when the following officer were elected for 1909. Mrs Merritt Stevens—President, (re-elected). Mrs George Hawk—Vice-President, Mrs Hobart Buck—Secretary, Mrs Charles Buck—Treasurer, (re-elected).

Mr and Mrs Darby and child of Ely, also Mr and Mrs Willard of Warden were guests of Mr and Mrs Lyman Hutchins recently.

Mr and Mrs Clark Hall are visiting friends in Boston.

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

## Letters to the Editor

## A Library Suggested

EDITOR OF COTTON'S WEEKLY:

Dear Sir:—I trust your Cowansville readers will pardon me for taking the liberty of suggesting to them the undertaking of a public library. I have often wondered why the town people have not made an effort to establish such a useful and educating source of happiness, and as I pass the building lately vacated by the Eastern Township's Bank, the thought has occurred to me that it would be a splendid place for a library. If a room could be obtained, I have no doubt that a good many of our citizens would subscribe liberally, and subscriptions could be augmented by entertainments given by the young people. I for one will gladly do what I can to help in any way, and be pleased to meet any that are interested in such a useful project. Not wishing to be classed as a promoter, I sign as

LIBRARY.

## KENNEDY-COUTU

At the Parsonsage Toronto, by Dr. S. Cleaver of the Metropolitan Church, on Tuesday, January 5th-1909, Louise H. Coutu of Sweetburg to W. K. Kennedy of Toronto.

## SUTTON

The W. C. T. U. meets with Mrs E. F. Jackson, on Friday, January 15th, at 3 o'clock.

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.

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

There are nearly 300 sugar factories in Russia.



Ten to One

Don't lie awake nights, nervous and feverish. Ten to one your sleeplessness is caused by a torpid liver. A few days' treatment with Celery King, the tonic-laxative, will make your nights restful and strengthen your system. 25 cents at dealers or by mail. S. C. Wells & Co., Toronto. 319

## 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, Sweetburg

## PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

## MUNICIPALITY OF THE County of Missisquoi

OFFICE OF THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL OF THE COUNTY OF MISSISQUI

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given by me, Geo. Capsey, Secretary-Treasurer of the Municipal Council of the County of Missisquoi, that the lands hereinafter mentioned will be sold at Public Auction, at the County House in the Town of Bedford, in said County, on WEDNESDAY, the Third day of the month of March next, 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the taxes and charges due upon them to the local municipalities heretofore mentioned, in default of payment of the said taxes and charges, to which they are effected and costs incurred, before sale, to-wit:

In the Municipality of the Township of Dunham  
Estate-Regis Chretien, Cadastral No. 501, 1-2 acre: Municipal Tax \$1.00; School Tax \$1.50; Special Tax \$2.79. Total \$5.29  
Trumphy Johnson, laborer—Part of Lot No. 911, 1-2 acre: Municipal Tax \$1.20; School Tax \$1.25. Total \$2.45  
Jos. Goyette, farmer—Part of Lot No. 6, 1-10 acre: Municipal Tax \$1.21; School Tax \$1.77; Special Tax \$0.45. Total \$3.43

Given at the Town of Bedford this fifth day of January, 1909.

GEO. CAPSEY,

Secretary-Treasurer Municipal Council County of Missisquoi

## ELECTORAL

## District of Missisquoi

Abstract from statement of Election Expenses of Follen Horace Pickel, one of the Candidates in the Federal Election, 26th October, 1908.

Printing and supplies.... \$ 82.14  
Rent of Halls and Committee Rooms..... 31.00  
Stationary, postage, telephones, messengers... 189.07  
Livery account..... 46.25  
Personal expenses of the Candidate..... 125.00

Total..... \$473.46

(Signed) WALTER H. LYNCH, Election Agent.

F. H. PICKEL,

Candidate

The above statement and vouchers are in my Office subject to inspection on payment of the usual fee.

E. F. CURRIE,

Returning Officer.

Bedford, Dec. 31st, 1908.

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.

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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.

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Successors to BELL &amp; KERR

Main Street, Cowansville

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HAVE you read SCROGGIE'S BIG OFFER and do you realize ALL IT MEANS TO YOU? We prepay Freight charges on orders for general merchandise including Groceries, of \$10.00 and over to your nearest railroad station within 300 miles from Montreal (except bulky Groceries such as Canned Goods, Sugar, Flour, Salt, Butter.) You can sit comfortably at home and order from Scroggie's Big Catalogue with just as much satisfaction as tho' you were here buying personally. Here's a few samples of the prices we offer, and our goods are the best money can buy.

Finest Breakfast Tea, packed in Fancy Lithographed Lunch Boxes containing 3 lbs. Black, Mixed or Japan. Mail Order price, 3 lbs. \$1.00  
Special Blend Coffee, packed in Fancy Lithographed Lunch Boxes containing 3 lbs. Mail Order price, 3 lbs. \$1.00  
Jelly Powder, Strathcona Brand, packed 1 doz. in Carton, assorted flavors, Mail Order Price per doz. 90c  
Flavoring Extracts, Strathcona Brand, packed 1 dozen in Carton, assorted in any flavors Mail Order Price, per doz. 90c  
Baking Powder, Strathcona Brand, put up in 1 lb. air-tight cans, per lb. 12c  
Finest Pearl Tapioca, 4 lbs. for 25c  
Special Smoked Norwegian Sardines, in Oil, 1 lb. Tins, per Tin 12c  
Per doz. Tins—Special \$1.40

Every home and personal need supplied by us at the same "Big Saving" Prices. Get a copy of our Special January and February Sale Catalogue. It's mailed Free. A saving made with each and every purchase. Order right Now while you think of it.

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P. Q.Start the New  
Year Right

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and Tinning

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McCLATCHIE BROS.  
Hardware Merchants, Cowansville



# Woman's Page

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

EDITED BY MRS. MARY COTTON WISDOM, MONTREAL

## TWO SINGERS

A gay little birdling, so they say,  
Sang in the sunshine all the day—  
"Chippety wink and chippety wee,  
Listen—listen to me.  
Chick-maree—from morn till night  
I sing, sing, sing while the day is  
bright.  
But when the clouds arise then away I  
fly  
And hide in the branches high, high,  
high  
For no little bird can sing, you know,  
When the clouds are hovering dark and  
low."

A dear little maiden, so I've heard,  
Sang as gaily as an any bird—  
"Trala la la—" so sweet and so clear  
That all in sound of it turned to hear.  
"Trala la la—" still day by day  
She sang in the sunshine bright and  
gay.  
But when the clouds arose her chirrup  
and trill  
Came merrier, sweeter, clearer still.  
For she said, "Tis the very time for  
cheer  
When all the world is dull and drear."  
—Anonymous.

## THE OLDEN DAYS AND NEW

It seems like irony just at this time  
when women are clamoring so loudly  
for votes, are entering all the paths  
open to men, when seemingly old  
fashioned romance and love making  
are thrown to the winds, that we should  
in our new style of dress have gone back  
to the age of chivalry. The romance  
of those olden days comes wafting down  
to us through the years, like the per-  
fume from a rose long dead. It almost  
seems as if those day with their cling-  
ing skirts, their high waisted tight  
bodies, their quaint hats, designed to  
cast pretty shadows on the face to snare  
the heart of man, had been transplanted  
into the present and makes the whole  
long list of one's wearing apparel sug-  
gestive of those long ago drawing  
rooms, wherein gentle graceful women  
studied the art of pleasing.

The ideals of those other days have  
vanished, so it seems incongruous to  
have those fashions transplanted to our  
present day, to be worn by our prac-  
tical womanhood. It is enough to make  
one laugh to think of an English suf-  
fragist (tho' mark you, my sympathies  
are with them) doing battle with the  
police, not dressed for the fray, but  
gowned in clinging robes, such as were  
worn by her gentle domestic grand-  
mothers. It verily seems as if we modern  
women can fight almost anything,  
mere man included, excepting that  
stern arbiter viz.—fashion, to whose dic-  
tates we all meekly bow.

## VELVET GOWNS

One of the most popular, and at the  
same time most beautiful, of this season's  
fabrics is velvet. Some of the handsomest  
of the imported gowns are made of this  
material. It seems to be growing more  
popular as the season advances. It is well  
adapted for the new styles with their long  
unbroken lines.

There is much to be said in its favor.  
It is not more expensive than many of  
the better suitings and at the same time  
it is far more handsome. Nothing can be  
more elaborate for afternoon wear than  
a costume of velvet.

One much admired woman at a tea  
recently wore a very dark garnet velvet  
directoire gown, cut in princess style  
and trimmed with some rich old lace.

## WELL TRIED RECIPES

### Stewed Potatoes

Materials:—One quart of cold boiled  
potatoes, cut into little dice, one pint  
and a half of milk, one tablespoonful of  
parsley, one tablespoonful of flour, two  
tablespoonfuls of butter, salt, pepper.

Preparations:—Put the potatoes in a  
double boiler with the pepper, salt and  
flour. Add the parsley, butter and milk,  
cover lightly and put on the fire to boil.  
Cook about twelve minutes. Serve  
very hot.

### Coffee Jelly

Materials:—One pint of sugar, one  
pint and a half of boiling water, half a  
pint of cold water, one box of gelatine.  
Preparations:—Soak the gelatine two  
ours in the cold water, pour the boiling

water on it, and when it is dissolved add  
the sugar and the coffee. Strain and  
turn into moulds and set away to hard-  
en. This is to serve with sugar.

### Potatoes a la maitre d'Hotel

Materials:—one quart of cold boiled  
potatoes cut into dice; one scant pint of  
milk, one tablespoonful of chopped pars-  
ley, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one  
teaspoonful of lemon juice, the yolks of  
two eggs, one teaspoonful of flour, salt,  
pepper.

Preparations:—Mix the butter, flour,  
lemon juice, parsley and yolks of eggs  
together. Season the potatoes with pep-  
per and salt. Add the milk and put on the  
fire on a double boiler, cook five min-  
utes, then add the other ingredients and  
cook five minutes longer. Stir often.

### Cream of Rice Soup

Materials:—Two quarts of chicken  
stock (the water in which fowl have  
been boiled will answer,) one tea cupful  
of rice, one quart of cream (or milk,) one  
small onion, a stalk of celery, salt  
and pepper to taste.

Preparations:—Wash the rice care-  
fully and add the chicken stock with the  
onion and celery. Cook slowly about  
two hours (it should hardly bubble.)  
Put through a sieve; add seasoning and  
the milk or cream, which has been  
allowed to come just to a boil. If milk  
is used, add one tablespoonful of butter.

This makes a very palatable, nutriti-  
ous and easily prepared soup.

## DREAMS

Where do the dear dreams come from,  
The big, big dreams and the small,  
When I go to sleep,  
When I've counted sheep,  
And the last's jumped over the wall?

Sometimes I'm a fairy princess  
With lots of beautiful things;  
Sometimes I just stand  
In Far-away Land,  
And the little birds sing and sing.

Maybe I sail on the ocean  
In a ship with silken sails;  
Or maybe I go  
Where gold apples grow  
In the loveliest, greenest dales.

Where do they go, I wonder?  
I never can tell, you see,  
I wake in my cot  
And they're half forgot  
When my mother comes in to me.

—Alice Van Leer Carrick.

## Women in Russia

We hear that the Mohammedans of  
Moscow (who number about 20,000)  
have formed an "Association for the  
Spread of Enlightenment," which has  
for one of its aims the emancipation of  
Mohammedan women. In Moscow  
also there has been started an associa-  
tion in aid of working women, and not  
only have co-operative workshops been  
instituted for the benefit of women out  
of employment, but the association has  
also organized courses of instruction in  
rural industries.

At Stavropol has been held a women's  
conference on the best means of com-  
bating the drink evil, at which none  
but women orators were allowed by the  
police to speak. After the presentation  
and reading of two reports, a discussion  
took place on the excessive facilities for  
obtaining vodka which are afforded by  
places other than the government dram  
shops, evidence of the magnitude of the  
evil being adduced by numerous speak-  
ers.

## Little Suggestions to Women

No home is really complete without  
books and music—no life is complete  
without an appreciation of poetry and  
song. Ambition is inspired and indus-  
try made easier by the little things that  
lighten the load.

If some married women could buy  
happines at the grocery's there would,  
undoubtedly, be more complaints than  
ever about short weight and substitutes.

One of the highest and best enjoy-  
ments comes through what is done for  
others. This is believed in theoretically,  
but seldom practically. The person who  
has money imagines that the way to  
enjoy it is either to keep it—accumu-  
late it—or to spend it in personal grati-  
fication; yet he misses the very delights  
—finest delights—when he refuses to  
share it or its benefits with others.

Apropos, so with our time, our talents,

and our thoughts. These, kept to our-  
selves, or used simply for our own de-  
lectation, they do not give us a title of  
the real enjoyment that they afford  
when we use them liberally for the ben-  
efit of the family, or friends, or the  
community.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Save every spoonful of gravy or stock  
as all is useful for made dishes.

When peeling apples for dumplings  
or fritters put each into cold water, as  
it is peeled, to prevent its turning brown  
and getting dry.

Window sashes may be rubbed with  
soft soap if they are inclined to stick.  
The soap will make them run quite  
easily.

Tea made with boiling milk instead  
of water, and allowed to stand for four  
minutes before being poured off the  
leaves, is excellent for invalids and most  
nourishing.

Table salt is apt to become damp and  
lumpy. Keep the jar on the kitchen  
mantle piece and the salt will be always  
dry, and can then be easily powdered  
by rolling with a pastry pin.

To remedy the damp in your cup-  
board place a box of lime in the cup-  
board; take it out every two days, dry  
near the fire and replace.

Paste for metal can be made as fol-  
lows: Boil together for half an hour,  
one quart of rain water, one pound of  
soft soap, and half a pound of powdered  
rottenstone. Pour into pots for use.

An excellent grease eradicant is made  
thus: Boil one ounce of soap, cut small,  
in one quart of soft water, add a tea-  
spoonful of saltpetre and one ounce and  
a half of ammonia. Keep this fluid in  
a bottle, tightly corked.

In cleaning kid or patent leather  
boots, if a good polish is desired, the  
shoe should first be wiped over with a  
sponge dipped in milk or soapy water to  
remove any grit or dirt. After the  
boot is quite dry, polish as usual.

Serve haricot beans, instead of pota-  
toes, with roast meat, and you will be  
delighted with the change. The beans  
must be soaked for twelve hours before  
cooking. Be sure they are quite tender  
then drain them, stir in a little dripping  
add salt and pepper, and scatter some  
chopped parsley over.

Try a salt bag when you wish to ease  
pain such as neuralgia, rheumatism, etc.  
Heat some salt in an old shovel over  
the fire, stirring it about till hot through-  
out but not discolored. Put it into a calico  
bag and place against the aching spot.  
This retains the heat for a long time,  
and is most soothing.

## Home Nursing Hints

A bread poultice should be made of  
bread crumbs well soaked in hot water.  
When thoroughly saturated, strain off  
the water and put the bread in a flannel  
bag. Apply to the injured spot as hot  
as the patient can bear it. When the  
poultice has become too cold to be of  
any use, the heat may be renewed by  
redipping the bag in hot water and  
squeezing it well before applying. It  
again to the affected part.

If a delicate child has a habit of  
kicking the cloths off at night and so  
contracting chills in cold weather, it is  
a good plan to sew a large button to  
each corner of the coverlet and attach  
a long tape loop to the corners of the  
bedstead. When fastened, this con-  
trivance will keep the bedclothes se-  
curely in place, however much the child  
may toss in its sleep.

When a sick person is inclined  
through weakness to slip down in the  
bed, a bolster placed under the lower  
sheet and pinned to the mattress just  
above the knees will do much to pre-  
vent this.

A strong piece of webbing about a  
yard and a half in length, tied to the  
foot of the bed, with a stick at the  
other end, will aid a patient in raising  
himself when the pillows require shak-  
ing or a change of position is neces-  
sary.

Flowers are a great joy to an invalid  
but they should always be removed  
from the room at night and the water  
changed at least once a day. No faded  
or withered flowers should ever be al-  
lowed to remain in a sick room.

The bars were open in Toronto on  
Christmas Day, and on that day 146  
arrests for drunkenness were made.  
They were closed on New Year's Day,  
that being municipal election day, and  
only four arrests for drunkenness were  
made. Comment is hardly necessary.

## NATURE A VERY SKILFUL PHYSICIAN

Puts Up Her Medicines in Most Tempt-  
ing Form.

Have you ever tasted anything more  
delicious than the fresh, ripe, luscious  
fruits? These are Nature's medicines.

A regular diet without fruit is posi-  
tively dangerous, for the system soon  
gets clogged with waste matter and  
the blood poisoned. Fruit Juices stir  
up Bowels, Kidneys and Skin, making  
them work vigorously to throw off  
the dead tissue and indigestible food  
which, if retained, soon poison the  
blood and cause indigestion, Head-  
aches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and a  
host of other distressing troubles.

But there is a quicker way to stimu-  
late the organs to do their work  
properly. Take one or two "Fruit-  
a-tives" tablets every night, besides eat-  
ing some fresh fruit every day. "Fruit-  
a-tives" combine the medicinal prop-  
erties—many times intensified—of  
oranges, apples, prunes and figs, with  
the best tonics and internal disinfect-  
ants added.

Their action on Bowels, Liver, Kid-  
neys and Skin is as natural as Na-  
ture's own, but quicker and more ef-  
fective. Sold by all dealers—25c. for  
trial box—50c. for regular size—6  
boxes for \$2.50. Fruit-a-tives Limited,  
Ottawa.

## Parable for Suffragettes

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is against  
votes for women. She recently joined  
the London anti-suffrage league, and  
said in a circular letter:

"The league promoters consider that  
each sex is a sphere as important as  
the other, and they earnestly deprecate  
the tendency which has been in recent  
times exhibited in some quarters to un-  
derestimate the importance of the sphere  
which specially calls for the care and  
devotion of a woman—the home.

"Nor could women undertake the  
physical responsibilities of enforcing  
any law which by their votes they might  
cause to be enacted. And if any law  
came to be popularly regarded as  
woman-made, not only might that law  
be treated with disregard and contempt,  
but it might drag down respect for law  
in general."

A suffragette sneered at Mrs. Hum-  
phrey Ward's queer logic the other day.  
"I knew the prolix lady was against  
votes for women," she said. "At a  
luncheon of suffragettes by means of a  
parable she pointed out her belief that  
the immediate home circle, not the dis-  
tant polling booth, was the true feminine  
sphere of usefulness. We did not ap-  
plaud, I assure you.

"She said an aged Scot told his min-  
ster that he was going to make a pil-  
grimage to the Holy Land."  
"And while I'm there," said the  
pilgrim complacently, "I'll read the  
Ten Commandments aloud from the top  
of Mount Sinai."

"Saunders," said the minister, "take  
my advice. Bide at home and keep  
them."

## AND THE RESULT

There is one suffragette who seems  
to have taken Mrs. Ward at her word,  
and come by disaster.

With a tinge of remorse she went out  
onto the lawn where her children were  
at play.

"Mary," she informed her children's  
nurse, "I have neglected my young  
ones for the clubs too much these last  
few years and I'm going to try and  
make amends. Now this afternoon I  
intend to dress one of them with my  
own hands and take it for an outing in  
the park."

It was quite late in the afternoon  
when the reformed clubwoman, after  
pushing a go-cart containing the young-  
ster she had selected and prepared for  
its outing about the spacious public  
park for several hours, started toward  
home. She had hardly come within  
sight of it when the nurse rushed up,  
palpably agitated.

"Oh, mum—!"  
"The child's all right, Mary," the  
mother announced by way of assurance.  
"I humored it all the afternoon with  
cakes and fruit!"

"But, mum," cried the nurse, en-  
deavoring to regain her breath. "Mrs.  
Smith next door's been scared into a  
fit, the perforce has been notified, and—  
Oh, Lawd, mum!"  
"Don't act so, Mary! Why should  
you get so excited over that hysterical  
Mrs. Smith?"

"Yes, but you've gone an' took her  
child mum!"

## Life is a Confluence

Hunger goes sleeplessly  
Thinking of food;  
Evil lies painfully  
Yearning for good.  
Life is a confluence;  
Nature must move,  
Like the heart of a poet,  
Toward beauty and love.

—John Boyle O'Reilly

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For a minute or two. We want to do your Plumbing and  
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very reasonable. Come and talk it over with us.

## Canada Dairy Utensil Co., Ltd Buzzell Block, Cowansville

## PSALMS.

### Psalm 21.

8 Thine hand shall find out  
all thine enemies; thy right hand  
shall find out those that hate  
thee.

9 Thou shalt make them as a  
fiery oven in the time of thine  
anger: the Lord shall swallow  
them up in his wrath, and the  
fire shall devour them.

10 Their fruit shalt thou de-  
stroy from the earth, and their  
seed from among the children of  
men.

11 For they intended evil  
against thee; they imagined a  
mischievous device, which they  
are not able to perform:

12 Therefore shalt thou make  
them turn their back, when  
thou shalt make ready thine ar-  
rows upon thy strings against the  
face of them.

13 Be thou exalted, Lord, in  
thine own strength: so well we  
sing and praise thy power.

## PROVERBS.

### Chapter 11.

3 A man shall not be establish-  
ed by wickedness: but the root  
of the righteous shall not be moved.

4 A virtuous woman is a crown  
to her husband: but she that  
maketh ashamed is as rottenness  
in his bones.

5 The thoughts of the right-  
eous are right: but the counsels  
of the wicked are deceit.

6 The words of the wicked  
are to lie in wait for blood: but  
the mouth of the upright shall  
deliver them.

7 The wicked are overthrown  
and are not: but the house of the  
righteous shall stand.

8 A man shall be commended  
according to his wisdom: but he  
that is of a perverse heart shall  
be despised.

9 He that is despised, and  
hath a servant, is better than he  
that honoureth himself, and lack-  
eth bread.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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# The Last Stroke.

BY LAWRENCE L. LYNCH,

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

CONTINUED

"I think it was on the third night after my return. I was going down to the Lyceum Club rooms, when something caused me to glance at a fellow on the other side of the street. You know my eyes are good!"

"Unusually so."

"Well, I came out in a very short time, alone, and the same fellow was lounging so close to the entrance that I recognized him at once."

"A bungalow, evidently."

"Perhaps," Well, I met two men whom I know—just outside, and they dragged me back with them. When at last I left the place, I started to walk home, and when I got upon the quieter streets I soon became conscious of someone keeping so evenly opposite me across the street, that I began to watch, and, as the fellow glided, as quickly as possible, under a street lamp, I recognized the same man."

"And you have seen him since?"

"Himself or another. A disguise is easy at night. I have been watched, at any rate, and followed, again and again."

"Ah! And could you imagine his motive?"

"No." A look that was almost of anger crossed Brierly's face. "But I have wondered if it was the same as yours, and Myers, when you have contrived to keep me from going here and there, or doing this or that, unless accompanied by one or the other of you two."

"He bent forward again after this utterance. His eyes seemed to challenge an answer."

"But it did not come. Ferrars only sat with that look of grave inquiry still upon his face. He knew the man before him."

"Ferrars," exclaimed Brierly, when he saw that no answer, no defense, was to be made. "Will you look me in the face and say that you, and Myers also, have not contrived to keep me under your eyes? To accompany me when that was practicable, and to prevent my going when it was not? I can recall several occasions when—"

"He stopped short, checked his utterance by a sudden, subtle change in the face of Ferrars, who had not stirred so much as an eyelid, but who spoke at once quietly, but with a certain tone of finality, of decision."

"Brierly, do you believe that James Myers is your friend, in the full meaning of the word?"

"I do! It is not that I doubt, or that—"

"And do you believe," went on Ferrars, putting aside his protest with a peremptory gesture; "do you believe that, while thus far I seem to have failed in unravelling the mystery in which your brother's death seems enshrouded, I have given it my most faithful study, my time, thought, effort and labor? That, in short, I have been true to your interest at all times?"

"I know it. You have been all that and more. You must hear me, Ferrars. And I beg that you will answer me. Why am I watched, thwarted, cajoled? Why do you and Myers fear to let me out of your sight? A few weeks ago you found, or seemed to find, your chief interest in Glenville; you looked for clues, for developments, there; and yet, you have not visited Glenville since you left it so suddenly. Even your own personal interest has not drawn you there for a single day."

"By my 'personal interest' you mean what, Brierly?"

"You know what I mean. Pardon me, and do not misunderstand me. I could not fail to see that you were interested—in Mrs. Jamieson, and why not? While Brierly spoke, the detective arose and began to pace the floor with lowered eyelids and slow tread. Brierly watched him, was silent a moment, then he seemed to pull himself together and to speak with enforced calmness. "Ferrars, do you know what thought has taken possession of my brain until I cannot shake it off?"

"Assuredly not," going on with his promenade. "But I shall be glad to hear."

"I have begun to fear—yes, to fear—that you have found some reason for suspecting me, and that your horrible acute logic has even caused Myers to doubt, too."

"Mant! Ferrars swung about and suddenly faced him. "Much meditation has surely made you mad. Now, in heaven's name, so far as may be, let us understand each other. First, you are utterly wrong."

"Ah!"

"Next, you speak of Mrs. Jamieson, and of my 'personal interest.' I admit, willingly, that I am interested in that lady. But my personal feelings and interests must be subservient for a time to your business."

"Pardon me."

"And now, I did leave Glenville to follow you, and see that you did not spoil my plans by any rashness."

"You are talking a puzzle!"

"Let me talk it out then, for you have forced my hand. But for this I should have gone on as before. And I did not dream that Mr. Myers and I were playing our game so stupidly, so openly; nor that you, owing to your present preoccupation, would prove so astute."

"You have not bungled, be sure of that. You have been most wonderfully keen and clever, but it was this very preoccupation, as you call it, my abnormal sensitiveness, in

fact, which made me study your every word and set me searching for its hidden meaning; and so I could not fail to see that you were handling me, hedging me about, for some purpose."

"Ah! You have said the word, Brierly." Ferrars resumed his seat opposite the other, and his tone became once more composed. "We were trying to 'hedge you about,' to put up a wall between you and the assassin who killed your brother. Wait! Let me say it all. It is little enough. Do you remember telling me of an 'assault' upon your brother, made by footpads, not long before he came to Glenville?"

"Yes."

"It was that which gave me my first real clue. It confirmed one of the few theories that seem to fit, or cover the case so far as known; but it wanted confirmation. I found nothing in Glenville that was in any way opposed to this theory, which I was growing to believe in, but, on the other hand, I found nothing there to strengthen it. When you left that place, I meant to follow soon. Meantime I had condoned my theory to Mr. Myers, who promised not to lose sight of you before I should arrive."

"But why? Why?"

"Because I then believed as I do now, that that attack upon your brother last summer was the first act in the tragedy which robbed you of him. I believed the plot to be far-reaching. It may be a case of vengeance, a family feud. The motive is yet to be discovered, but I will admit to you that I have had, from the first, a reason to think that the affair has not yet ended, and so, as soon as I could, I followed you to town. It was well that I did so. Before I had been your shadow forty-eight hours, I had proof that you were being otherwise watched, and followed."

"Great heavens! And—that is why—"

"He stopped short and bowed his head."

"That is why Myers and I have been such officious friends, why we have advised, remarked, and why I have tried to trace to his lair this man who has been your very frequent shadow."

"And you think he is—"

"The assassin himself or his tool."

"Good heavens! And you cannot guess his motive?"

"We might guess, of course, half a dozen motives, what I have hoped to find was something, some fact in your family history, your father's life, or your mother's, perhaps, that would fit into one of these guesses or theories, and make of it a probability."

"And then the two went all over the array of possible reasons and motives, and Brierly again protested his lack of knowledge which might serve as the feeblest of guides to the truth."

"There's one other thing," said Brierly, at last. "I want to know if the new man, whom Myers took on soon after you came to town, is one of your sleuths? He has annoyed me more than once by his persistent attentions."

Ferrars smiled. "I never supposed you a reader of the penny dreadful, Brierly," he said, "and 'sleuth' is a word which makes the actual detective smile, and which is not known to the professional vocabulary. Hicks is my man; yes, And he has followed you, by day and night, when you have not had the company of either Myers or myself."

Robert Brierly threw back his head, and folded his arms. After a moment of silence he got up and stood before the detective.

"Ferrars," he said, "I owe you and my absent friend an abject apology for my unworthy suspicions, my impatience under restraint. And now, I beg of you, let this end. I am warned, and I do not think myself a rash man. I believe I can protect myself, and how can I endure the thought that I must be hedged about by this constant guardianship, which may last indefinitely? Withdraw, Hicks, and give your own valuable time to better things. Rather than go about knowing myself so fenced in and guarded, I will lock myself up in the attic and remain a recluse and invisible. Heavens, mant am I so

stupid or cowardly a man not to be able to cope with an enemy whom I know to be in ambush at my very heels?"

CHAPTER XVI.

Much as Ferrars regretted Brierly's discovery, he was not much surprised by it, nor could he avoid, or refuse an explanation. Robert Brierly was not a child. He was a strong man, and a brave one; and Ferrars, putting himself in the other's place, felt at once the force of his words, the right of his position; and, after a day or two, withdrew Hicks from his post. At the same time he observed with surprise and some misgiving that the shadow was no longer on duty. With two trusty and able men, by turns, always on watch, within sight of the Myers place, no glimpse of him had been seen for more than a week.

And then like a lightning flash from a clear sky, the blow fell.

It was Sunday evening, and in the aristocratic uptown street where the Myers lived there reigned a Sabbath quiet, for the habitues of the little park beyond had left it with the fading twilight, and had already passed on their way homeward.

Robert Brierly had been indoors since morning, and now, shortly after Mr. and Mrs. Myers had walked down the tree-shaded street, toward the church on the avenue three blocks away, he came out upon the broad front portico and stood for a moment looking idly up and down.

There had been concessions on both sides, since that interview between Brierly and Ferrars in which the former had demanded an explanation, and the withdrawal of Hicks had been but one of the results; another had been a promise, given by Brierly, whereby he pledged himself not to walk the city streets alone after dark, but if unaccompanied to take a cab, there being a stand only two blocks away, in the direction of the park.

These cabs, when wanted, were to be called by one of the servants, and to take him from the door, but on this Sunday night, as Brierly looked up and down with a growing wish to drive about the town and have a

talk with Ferrars, he remembered that on Sunday the servants were allowed to go out, all save one who must remain in charge, and decided that it would be absurd to stand there "like a prisoner bound by invisible chains," and wait for a chance to bring either carriage or policeman. He had received on the previous evening letters from Glenville, from Hilda and Doctor Barnes, and his curiosity had been aroused by the contents of both. He had not seen the detective for four days, and he fancied that he, too, would have had news from the little lakeside town, more explicit and satisfactory news, doubtless, than that contained in his own letters.

"How absurd!" He muttered, apropos of his own thoughts. "No doubt I'll meet a hack before I reach the corner," and he lighted a cigar and went down the steps, glancing, from sheer force of habit, for the street at that moment seemed quite empty, up and down, as he went toward the cab stand.

"I was sure of it," he said again, as he neared the corner, at the end of the block farthest from his home. "There they are, both of them."

He was looking ahead, where a cab was coming at a slow trot toward him, while around the corner, still nearer, a policeman had just appeared.

As the two men approached each other the officer, who had been looking toward the approaching cab, turned his face toward Brierly, just as he was passing under the glare of a street lamp, and stopped short.

"Excuse me, sir; this is Mr. Brierly, I believe?"

Brierly nodded.

"Mr. Brierly, may I have a few words with you? I have been lately put upon this beat, sir, changed from the next lower one; and there is something you ought, for your own safety, to know. Will you walk a few steps with me? I hardly like to stop, I ought to be at the next corner right now, in fact."

Brierly looked toward the approaching cab. "The truth is," he said, "I want very much to get that cab down town; otherwise—"

"Oh, I'll fix that, sir." And the officer took a step out from the curbstone, and standing under the glare of the light just above, held up his hand, and whistled shrilly. "Follow us a few steps, Johnny," he said to the driver. "You are wanted for down town." Then, turning toward Brierly, "If you'll just step across the street after me, I'll tell you what you ought to know. It's a short story."

And he crossed the street briskly, and paused on the opposite side to await the other.

"You see, sir," he began, as Brierly joined him, "we can walk slow, for a few steps here, where all's quiet."

Brierly paused to look back. The cab was turning at the corner, and it followed them, at a snail's pace, and close behind, down the still and staid side street.

"You see, I've been noticing, for a couple of weeks, or maybe more, a fellow who just seems to patrol the street next below this, almost as faithfully as I did, and for quite a time I wondered why, and thus I began to watch him, till I found that his promenades always took him round the corner, and seemed to bring him up right opposite the house you live in. I guess I ought to step a little brisker, sir; somebody's coming. The man was not very tall, and thick set like, and if I hadn't taken notice of him, at the first, almost, I might not have recognized him, for he changed his clothes almost every trip; sometimes dressing common, sometimes quite swell, but I knew him every time."

"Make it as short as you can, officer; we're almost at the corner."

"All right, sir." The man glanced back. "Your cab's here, all right, sir. I was just going to tell you how we came to arrest the fellow."

"Ah!" Brierly smiled in the dusk.

## PHYSICIAN GIVES ADVICE

Tells Why So Many Suffer from Catarrh and Rheumatism.

A distinguished physician, famous for his successful treatment of catarrh and rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles, states as follows:—

"Our climate being more or less damp and changeable, is bad for catarrh and rheumatism, and care must be taken not to let these troubles gain headway. In addition, he states that a great many Canadians are careless in their habits, and to this as much as climatic conditions is due a great deal of the trouble. Insufficient clothing and improper eating will cause rheumatic and catarrhal troubles in any climate."

This eminent authority gives the following as the simplest and best treatment known to science, and to it he gives credit largely for his success:—

Fluid Extract Cascara..... ½ oz.  
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Directions: One teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

The ingredients are all vegetable, and have a direct and specific action on the liver, kidneys, and bowels, eliminating all poisonous matter from the system. Any druggist can dispense this, or you can buy the ingredients separately and mix at home by shaking in a bottle.

Many of our readers should benefit by this article. Save the recipe.

It had puzzled Ferrars or seemed to, the sudden cessation of the spy's visits, and now he would be able to enlighten the detective. "You have him, then? This shall be worth something to you."

"I don't want a reward for doing a plain duty, sir. Just walk on ahead for a step, somebody's coming."

Preoccupied with the story, and without glancing behind, Brierly did as he was told, and had advanced, not ten paces from the corner, when there was a swift blow, a fall and a cry, three pistol shots in swift succession, and the rattle of wheels; all so close together that the time could have been counted in seconds.

"Brierly! Are you badly hurt?" The revolver fell from the fingers of the man who had prevented the second blow, and put to flight the sham policeman, who had so deftly contrived his appearance, with the aid of the cab, between the rounds of the policeman proper, who now came up panting, his footsteps hastened by the shrill call of the whistle in the hands of the new or late comer. And then the inmates of the neighboring houses rushed out, and for the moment there was confusion, consternation and clamor.

"Is he dead?"

"How did it happen?"

"Was it a sandbag?"

"To think of a holdup on this street!"

"There was a carriage, I'm sure."

And then the policeman was flashing his lantern about among them, as he bade them stand back, and the rescuer, who looked like a workman in his Sunday clothes, looked up, from the place where he knelt, supporting the head and shoulders of the unconscious man, and said:

"Gentlemen, this is Mr. Brierly, Robert Brierly of 1030 (— Avenue) the Myers house, only two blocks away. He must be taken home at once. Has anyone a cot? No, he must be carried." For at the name of the Myers house, a gentleman had proffered his carriage at once. "And, officer, call up help, if possible. That cab must be traced. I end to stand just above and find out what cabs have left within the past quarter hour. Let someone go ahead and bring Doctor Glessner from just opposite 1030. He's at home."

"How did it happen?" asked Mr. Myers, two hours later, when the injured man—his wounded head carefully dressed—lay, still dazed and in a precarious condition in his darkened room, with a trained nurse in attendance.

Ferrars, having seen his friend in his own room, and in the hands of the doctors, had not waited for their verdict, but had set off to put in motion his plan for hunting down the would-be murderer, and he had but now returned, full of anxiety for the fate of the sufferer.

"How did it happen? After all our precautions, too?"

"It is easy to tell—how it happened," replied Ferrars with some bitterness. "It happened, first, because the enemy outwitted me, in spite of my cordon of guards; and second, because Brierly lost patience and exposed himself."

"But how?"

"I can only give you my theory for that. He was alone in the house, eh?"

"Yes. We were both out when he went."

"He wanted, doubtless, to go to town. There was no servant at hand whom he wished to send, so he walked toward the back stand, or so I suppose. At the corner he met a policeman, as he thought, of course, and so, for a moment did I. They stopped, spoke together, and the sham policeman hailed an empty cab that was close at hand; then they crossed the street, the cab following, and the policeman seemed to be doing the talking, as I saw when they passed under the light at the corner. I had suspected some new plot, from the fact that the spy had so suddenly disappeared, and I had watched your place, in person, for the past three nights."

"Oh! And that is why we have seen so little of you?"

"In part. Well, I made up my mind, when they walked away together down that tree-shaded cross-street, that there was something wrong. I was on the opposite side, and concluded to close up, seeing that the cab was getting very near and edging close to their side, against all rules of the road. I had got half way across and was just behind the cab, when I saw Brierly

step ahead of the other, and then came the blow. As I sprang forward the cabby gave a loud hiss and the scoundrel saw me, and sprang for the cab with his arm still up-lifted for another blow. I fired twice, running, the third time turning long enough to send another shot at him as he entered the carriage door. Then he was off. I think he was hit, once at least."

"He will be caught, don't you think so? A cab driven like mad through those quiet streets?"

"No. He will not be caught, I fear."

"But why?"

"Because he will have had a second vehicle, a carriage, no doubt, not far away, and he will leave the cab, which will slacken up for a moment, and then dash on."

"How can you know that?"

"Because, when I find that I am dealing with a clever rascal, I ask, what would I do in his place? And that is what I would have done."

"Well, well!" The lawyer sighed. "Poor Robert!"

"If he only had been less impatient!" exclaimed Ferrars.

"If we had been wiser, and had not left him! The boy was in a peculiarly restless mood. Even my wife had observed that since morning."

"And why since morning?"

"The lawyer looked at him gravely, for a moment. "Did you ever hear of Ruth Glidden?" he asked.

"The orphan heiress? Of course, through the society columns of the newspapers."

"Ruth Glidden and the Brierly boys grew up as the best of friends and neighbors. The elders of the two families were friends equally warm. I believe in my soul, that Glidden would gladly have seen his daughter marry one of the Brierly boys."

"And if things had run smooth—"

"—there! Brierly was accounted a rich man, and he was until less than a year before his death, when the failure of the F. and S. Railway Company, and the North-western Land concern, within three months of each other, left him a heavy loser. Even then, if Glidden had been alive all might have been well. But he died, two years before Brierly's death, and Ruth went to live with her purse-proud aunt, her father's sister. The two families had reigned for years, side by side, on this avenue."

"And where is Miss Glidden now?" asked Ferrars.

"Here in this city since day before yesterday. She and her aunt have been abroad for a year, but I believe that they care for each other, though Robert is so proud, and that is not all. The brothers have each a few thousand dollars still, and it appears that shortly before his death, Charlie—"

"—he was always a methodical fellow—instructed his brother, in case of his sudden death, to make over all of his share to Miss Hilda Grant. Robert told me of this upon his return with the body, and he also said that all he possessed should go, if needful, to the clearing up of this murder mystery."

"It may be needful," sighed Ferrars. "I fear it will be."

"Then, good-bye to Robert's hopes! With it he might make a lucky hit, might have a chance. Without it," he shrugged his shoulders, "what can even so bright a journalist, as he undoubtedly is, do to win a fortune quickly. And he won't accept help, even from me, his father's oldest friend."

"No," said Ferrars, gloomily. "Of course not. How could he? Mr. Myers, I'll be honest and tell you that I'm afraid we've struck a blank wall. Things look dark on all hands, just now, for poor Brierly."

"What! Do you think the clue, the case, is lost, then?"

"Not lost. Oh, no. Only I fear out of reach."

CHAPTER XVII.

Francis Ferrars sat in his sanctum, one could scarcely call it an office, although he received here, now and again, visitors of many sorts on business bent. For, since his coming to America, five years before, to find the nucleus of a literary magazine, he had read many another riddle, and now, as at first, he worked independently, but with the difference that he now undertook only such cases as especially attracted him by reason of their strangeness, or of the worth, or need, of the client.

Two letters lay before him, he would take up one or the other and reread a passage, and compress his lips and give vent to his thoughts in fragmentary sentences. For he had grown, because of much solitude, to think aloud when his thoughts grew troublesome, voicing the pros and cons of a case, and seeming to find his aid to clearness of thought.

"It's a most baffling thing," he declared, "taking up for the third time a letter in the strong upright hand of Doctor Barnes. I wonder just what the man meant by penning this," and once more he ran his eye over this paragraph which occurred at the end of a long letter.

"Mrs. Jamieson has not forgotten you. She asks after you now and then, when we meet, and desires to be remembered to you. She is not looking well, and I fancy, finds Glenville duller than at first."

"The wagger she does not think of me any other than I of her. And she can't know how ardently I long to stand before her and look into those changeful, blue-veined eyes of hers. What strangely mindsome eyes they are—"

"Ah! how will those eyes look then, I wonder?"

"Presently he turns the sheet and reads again."

"I think you did well to instruct your two men here to make use of, and place confidence in, Doran. He's a host in himself. And what do you think of the tramp they have traced to the vicinity of that boat on the morning of the murder? He was seen, it appears, by at least three."

"Cupful!" laying down the letter. "If you were here, my dear Barnes, I would tell you frankly—I feel just

like being brutally frank with someone—that I have no doubt that the tramp is a link—there seems to be so many of them, and all detached—a link—and that he approached the boat in that tramp disguise, after separating from his confederate at some distant point. Bah! It looks simple enough. Confederate leaves vehicle—or two horses, possibly—they could slip off the saddles and hobble them in a thicket, where they would look to the passer-by, like a pair of grazing animals, or they might have used a wagon, traveling thus like two innocent bucolics. Then, how plain to me, the assassin goes through the woods, watchfully, like an Indian. The tramp boatman patrols the shore, to signal to the other when the victim appears; or, should the assassin on shore be unable to creep upon his prey, the assassin in the boat may row boldly near, and at the signal from the other, telling him there is a clear coast, fire upon the victim. If he is sure of his aim, how easy! And if seen by the victim, well—"

"Dead men tell no tales."

"He mused, silently awhile now, puts down the doctor's letter, and takes up the other."

"This," he murmurs, "is tantalizing." And then he reads from a letter, signed "Hilda G.—"

"Mrs. Jamieson begins to complain of the dullness of this place, in spite of the fact that she has had a visit from her husband's brother, a Mr. Carl Jamieson. I do not make a long visit, and I saw but little of him. He is something of a cripple, a sufferer from rheumatism, and just back from the hot springs. I met him but once. He looks and talks like an Englishman, and has a dark eye that betokens, if I am a judge of eyes, a bad temper. I give you these details knowing that all concerning the little blonde lady is of interest to you."

"Of interest!" he muttered. "I should think so! Doubly so, now that there's so little else of interest, or—"

"He stopped short, and wheeled about in his chair. His office boy had swung open his door and was saying:

"A lady to see you, sir." And Ferrars arose to confront a visitor, a brunette so tall and lissom, so glowing with the rich hues of health and beauty, so clear of eye, and direct of gaze, that Ferrars could not at first find his usually obedient tongue, and then she spoke.

"Mr. Ferrars!" her voice was a low, rich contralto. "I am Miss Ruth Glidden, and I have come to you to seek information concerning the awful death of my friend, Charles Brierly. Pray, let me explain myself at once."

Ferrars bowed, placed her a chair, and closed the half open door.

"The Brierlys and my own people were old friends, and Robert and Charlie Brierly were my childhood playmates. I arrived home, ten days ago, after a year spent in Europe, and learned, soon, of Charlie's sad fate. While this shock was still fresh upon me, I heard of Robert's narrow escape from a like attack. Mr. and Mrs. Myers are my dear friends. I have spent much of the past week under their roof, and—"

"There was a little catch of the breath, and then she went bravely on. "And I have had a long, frank talk, first with Mrs. Myers, and then with her husband. He has told me all that he could tell. He has assured me that you are wholly to be trusted and relied upon, and, knowing my wishes—my intentions, in fact—Mr. Myers has advised me to come to you."

"And in what way can I serve you, Miss Glidden?"

"Please, understand me. I have heard the story; that there are clues, but broken and disconnected ones; that you know what should be done, but that there is a barrier in the way of the doing. Mr. Ferrars, as a

friend of Robert Brierly, I ask you to tell me what that barrier is? I have a right to know." The rich, tints of olive and rose had faded from her rounded cheeks, leaving it pale. But the dark eyes were still steadily intense in their regard."

As Ferrars was about to reply, after a moment of silent meditation, the door opened and the boy came in again, softly and silently, and placed upon the desk a handful of letters, just arrived, laying a finger upon the topmost one, and glancing up at his employer, thus signifying that there was his excuse for entering at such a moment.

The letter was marked "immediate," and the handwriting was that of James Myers.

"With a murmured apology, the detective opened it and read.

CONTINUED

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

THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1909

## The Tramp Necessary

By JACK LONDON.

Comes now the tramp. And all conclusion may be anticipated by saying at once that he is a tramp because some one had to be a tramp. If he left the "road" and became a very efficient common laborer, some ordinary efficient common laborer would have to take to the "road." The nooks and crannies are crowded by the surplus laborers, and when the first snow flies and the tramps are driven into the cities, things become overcrowded and stringent police regulations are necessary.

The tramp is one of two kinds of men; he is either a discouraged worker or a discouraged criminal. Now a discouraged criminal, on investigation, proves to be a discouraged worker or a descendant of discouraged workers; so that in the last analysis the tramp is a discouraged worker. Since there is not work for all, discouragement for some is unavoidable. How then does this process of discouragement operate?

The lower the employment in the industrial scale, the harder the conditions. The finer, the more delicate, the more skilled the trade, the higher it is lifted above the struggle. There is less pressure, less sordidness, less savagery. There are fewer glass blowers proportionate to the need of the glass blowing industry than there are ditch diggers to the ditch digging industry.

And not only this, for it requires a glass blower to take the place of a striking glass blower, while any kind of a striker or out-of-work can take the place of a ditch digger.

So the skilled trades are more independent, have more individuality and latitude. They may confer with their masters, make demands, assert themselves. The unskilled laborers, on the other hand, have no voice in their affairs. The settlement of terms is none of their business. "Free contract" is all that remains of them. They may take what is offered or leave it. There are plenty more of their kind. They do not count. They are members of the surplus labor army and must be content with a hand to mouth existence.

The reward is likewise proportioned. The strong, fit worker in a skilled trade where there is little labor pressure, is well compensated. He is a king compared with his less fortunate brothers in the unskilled occupations where the labor pressure is great. The mediocre worker not only is forced to be idle a large portion of the time, but when employed is forced to accept a pittance.

A dollar a day on some days and nothing on others will hardly support a man and wife and send children to school. And not only do the masters bear heavily upon him and his own kind struggle for the morsel at his mouth, but all skilled and organized labor adds to his woe. Union men do not scab on one another, but in stillness or when work is slack, it is considered "fair" for them to descend and take away the work of the common laborers. And take it away they do, for, as a matter of fact, a well-fed, ambitious machinist or core-maker will transiently shovel coal better than an ill-fed, spiritless laborer.

Thus there is no encouragement for the unfit, inefficient and mediocre.

Their very inefficiency and mediocrity make them helpless as cattle and add to their misery. And the whole tendency for such is downward, until, at the bottom of the social pit, they are wretched, inarticulate beasts, living like beasts, breeding like beasts, dying like beasts. And how do they fare, these creatures born mediocre, whose heritage is neither brains nor brawn nor endurance?

They are sweated in the slums in an atmosphere of discouragement and despair. There is no strength in weakness, no encouragement in foul air, vile food and dark dens. They are there because they are so made that they are not fit to be higher up; but filth and obscenity do not strengthen the neck, nor does chronic emptiness of belly stiffen the back.

For the mediocre there is no hope. Mediocrity is a sin. Poverty is the penalty of failure—poverty, from whose loins spring the criminal and the tramp both failures, both discouraged workers. Poverty is the inferno where ignorance festers and vice corrodes, and where the physical, mental and moral of human nature are aborted and denied.

## GOOD SHOWING

Socialists Put up a Good Fight in Toronto Campaign.

James Simpson was elected to the board of education in the recent Toronto election and other members of the Socialist ticket received a strong vote. Owing to property qualifications the Socialists were unable to nominate candidates for the board of control and board of aldermen. James Lindala, candidate for mayor, polled 1,735 votes, and James Simpson, candidate for member of the board of education, 8,829. The vote polled by the party's other candidates for the board of education was: F. Frost, 1,065; Wilfred Gribble, 1,053; F. H. Sangster, 765.

## Reporter Elected to Office

James Simpson has been a member of the board of education for several years. He is a newspaper reporter, a vice president of the Dominion Trades and Labor congress, and one of the best known labor men and Socialists in Canada. The party made a strong campaign in Toronto, issuing 80,000 copies of the address of the party to labor, an extract from which reads as follows:

"It surely needs no elaborate argument to prove to you that existing conditions are unjust and that the worker is despoiled of the larger portion of the wealth he creates. You are daily having this knowledge brought home to you by bitter and painful experience. You know that employment is uncertain, that few can be sure of a job from day to day.

"You know that, even when steadily employed, your wages are inadequate to the support of your families in reasonable comfort and in healthy and pleasant surroundings. You know that many of your class are, through no fault of their own, in enforced idleness and on the verge of starvation.

## Labor Conditions Famine Like

"If there were famine, war or pestilence in the land such conditions would be inevitable and might be borne with patience. But we see starvation and want in the midst of plenty. We hear the bitter cry of the hungry child in a country where barns and elevators are bursting with the yield of a bountiful harvest and stores and warehouses overflowing with the products of mechanical industry.

"There is a glut of every form of material wealth, of all the commodities necessary to comfort and luxury—but those who have labored to produce it are without the means of supplying their wants."

Several propositions were submitted to referendum at the election, and, owing to the women's vote this city of 380,000 inhabitants will have hereafter only 110 bars. This was the most conspicuous issue offered for referendum.

Of the Socialist candidates all were wage earners, Lindala being a tailor, Simpson a reporter, Frost a pattern-maker, Gribble a carpenter, and Sangster an attorney.

## THE TWO SMITHS

A certain Service Club included among its members two men who rejoiced in the name of Smith. Smith No. 1 saw in the Club letter rack a mislaid bearing his name, which he opened, only to discover an urgent demand from the tailor of Smith No. 2. On the advice of his fellow-members the letter was revealed and replaced on the rack. This was only just done before Smith No. 2 arrived. Opening the letter he scanned it hurriedly, and, conscious of many eyes upon him, merely raised the letter to his lips with an indulgent smile, and murmured—"Silly little girl!"

## SHEAR WIT

Amusing Stories to While Away the Lighter Moments

"Why did you leave your last place, cook?"  
"Couldn't stand the master and missis quarrelling."  
"What did they quarrel about?"  
"The way the dinner was cooked."

## ALL WRONG BUT ONE

A raw Scotch lad joined the volunteers, and on the first parade day his sister came with her mother to see the regiment. On the march past Jock was out of step. "Look, mither," said his sister, "They're a'oot o' step but oor Jock."

## THE "MESSIAH"

A gentleman gave his servant a ticket to go and hear the Messiah. When asked next day how he enjoyed it, he said:

"Oh, I didn't stop long! First one man got up and said he was the 'King of Glory,' then another man got up and said he was 'King of Glory,' and then a lady got up and said she was 'King of Glory.' I could see there was going to be a row, so I came out."

## THE WRONG LEG

A young lad got an injury to his leg in a local factory. His mother, who had great faith in a certain bonesetter, took her son away to see him. The lad made a great noise when the practitioner was pulling his leg to get the bone in place, and when they arrived home said, "Did not Danny, do it well, Johnny?"

"Ay," replied the boy; "bit I wisna sic a fule tae gie him ma sair leg."

## NOT PLAYING

The employees of a certain Edinburgh firm decided to have a trip "doon the water." To pass away the time it was proposed to play a new game, that the one who made the funniest face would get a prize.

After the company had twisted their faces nearly out of shape the prize was awarded to a young lady. When offered the prize she rather startled the company, when she refused to take it. "I beg your pardon," said she, "I was not playing."

## A CHANGE

"Now Molly," said the doctor as he was going away, "if the patient sees any more snakes give him a dose of this medicine. I shall be in tonight."

When he returned he found that the patient was raving.

"Did you give him the medicine?" enquired the doctor.

"No, sir," replied Molly.

"But didn't I tell you to give it to him if he saw snakes again?" said the irate doctor.

"But he didn't say he saw snakes this time," replied Molly. "He said he saw red, white, and blue turkeys with straw hats on."

## A PINT O'ORDER

The general meeting of the local Football Club meant business. Unfortunately, however, a number of the members had become engaged in a heated discussion as to the qualities of a well-known member of the team, and the proceedings were being seriously obstructed, when the Secretary rose to protest.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I rise to a pint o' order."

"Ay, man, Secretary," said a burly fellow, rising at the back of the room,

"ye're a gran' man at risin' tae a pint o' order, but it'll be a lang while afore ye'll rise tae order a pint!"

## The Truant

## The Shark

By P. Y. BLACK

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Concluded from last week

"We'll try to forget all that, Wat," said he. "But, though I am not a black man and couldn't help it if I were, yet it was a black man who saved you from the shark."

"How?"

"Because a Kaffir on the coast, a famous diver, taught me that trick, without which I could not have saved you. So, you see, Wat, it is unwise to sneer at any person of any race, black, brown or white, for it is more than likely that person may be able, knowing what you don't know, to be of service to you."

Wat bowed his head, abashed.

"Mr. de Jough," he said after awhile, "I'm coming to school tomorrow, and were the boys rude?"

"A little."

"Well," said Master Wat, "they won't be any more. They know me, and I like you, Mr. de Jough."

When De Jough rose up, he saw a long bladed open clasp-knife in his mouth and immediately dived into the water.

The shark felt the vibration caused by that plunge and darted a little way in, at once on the alert. Wat, still kneeling, watched with clasped hands and anxious eyes. The head of the master appeared, his strong arms striking out resolutely. A few yards he came, when the monster detected him and made a rush. For a moment Jan de Jough paused, then suddenly dived, and the next instant the shark leaped clear of the water and, sinking again, left behind it on the surface a great red stain. De Jough came up.

Wat saw the enraged shark's fin near the surface, saw the gleam of its white belly as it turned on its back so that its hideous mouth could bite, saw Jan de Jough once more and then saw the great fish roll over in a mess of blood and slowly sink. Jan had killed the shark in its own element. Wat leaped then, with a glad shout of thanks, and in a short time was safe on shore.

"I thank you," he cried, clinging to the student's side, "and, Mr. de Jough, I was an awful cad to say that this morning. Lick me as much as you please, and I won't cry out. You can kill me if you like. I'm ashamed of myself."

De Jough only pressed his hand and smiled.

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## THE HUB

The Bargain  
Centre of  
Missisquoi  
and BromeGreat January  
Discount Sale

~~~~~  
OPENING DAY  
Saturday, Jan. 2<sup>nd</sup>  
1909  
~~~~~

DISCOUNT UP TO 50 P.C.  
OFF ENTIRE STOCK OF

## General Dry Goods

## Clothing Furs

## Fur Coats

## Fur-lined Coats

## Gents Furnishings

## Boots and Shoes

## Carpets and House

## Furnishings

~~~~~  
Grocery List for Second Week  
of Sale

Twenty lbs. Granulated Sugar \$1.00. Three lbs. extra good choice Raisins for 35c. Three and a half lbs. No. 2 Raisins for 25c. Good Cream Tartar 30c per lb. Two packages Gold Bar Seeded Raisins for 25c. Salt Salmon, Lake Trout and Codfish.

To secure Discounts Goods must be paid for at time of purchase or by special arrangement within the 30 days. Discounts not allowed on small purchases under \$1.00.

## The Hub, Cowansville

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Always a Pleasing Price

ALL the folks in this neighborhood who want anything in the FURNITURE LINE will be wise to call at this store. Come, see our well assorted stock, and note our prices. We are sure that if you follow this procedure, you will not need to go to other towns or order by mail from Montreal or Toronto.

The experience of years is in this business, and we know how to buy right right in order to sell right. MARK THAT DOWN IN BIG LETTERS.

If you want Pictures Framed, Our  
Work will Open Your Eyes

## J. HINGSTON

The Furniture Man Cowansville