THE above picture of the man and fish is the trade-mark of Scott's Emulsion, and is the synonym for strength and purity. It is sold in almost all the civilized countries of the globe.

If the cod fish became extinct it would be a world-wide calamity, because the oil that comes from its liver surpasses all other fats in nourishing and life-giving properties. Thirty years ago the proprietors of Scott's Emulsion found a way of preparing cod liver oil so that everyone can take it and get the full value of the oil without the objectionable taste. Scott's Emulsion is the best thing in the world for weak, backward children, thin, delicate people, and all conditions of wasting and lost strength.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS
TORONTO, ONT.

50c. and $1.00. All druggists.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Interesting News Items from our Exchanges.

KILLED WHILST HUNTING

Last Thursday morning about ten o'clock, Christopher Strong of Woodbridge, met with a fatal accident while out coon-hunting in company with Roy Watson of this place, on the farm of W. J. Patterson, Second Street. He had climbed a large elm tree by means of climbers and rope which was attached to a belt. When he was over fifty feet from the ground the rope became loosened from the fastening of his belt, letting him fall, striking a stump. Death was almost instantaneous.

* * *

$10,000 FIRE AT TAMWORTH

A destructive fire occurred at Tamworth last week, which caused about $10,000 damage, three stores, a sash and door factory, four residences, and several stables being burned. Insurance not known as yet.

* * *

SALE OF PATENT MEDICINES

In the Senate to-day Hon. Mr. Scott, in reply to a question by Senator David, said the premier had under consideration the question of controlling the sale of patent medicines in a way to protect the public without injuring legitimate sales.

* * *

SAVED BY PET DOG

To his pet dog Patrick Rubery, of Kingston owes his life. While reading his evening paper by the kitchen stove, after the other members of the house had gone upstairs, he was suddenly taken ill, and before he could call for help had fallen on the red-hot stove in a dead faint. His head and arm rested on the top of the stove. With almost human instinct the dog seemed to know something was amiss, and barked loudly until assistance came. Mr. Rubery was painfully burned on the palms of his hands and side of his face.

* * *

8,000 PERSONS KILLED

Two extremely severe earthquakes occurred in the southern and central parts of the Island of Formosa. Eight thousand persons were killed and injured. There is great distress among the natives and the Japanese colonists. A number of doctors and nurses have gone to Taipeet, in the northern part of the island to relieve suffering.

* * *

MANCHESTER RUNS ITS OWN EXPRESS.

Manchester is developing rapidly a municipal express system. To the municipally owned street railway cars is added a "trailer" which carries parcels. The innovation is successful and has become popular. Men and women, who go to the central market to do their household shopping, give their parcels to a municipal employe, who puts them upon the first express trailer, whence they are put off at a station and soon after quickly delivered. Parcels from the stores are delivered in the same way. Residents along the lines of any of the street cars may stop a car and hand a parcel to a motorman. He turns it over at the first sub-station, where it is promptly forwarded in the first express trailer to its address. No parcels weighing more than ten pounds are accepted for the present. The charge for the service is very reasonable, averaging from 6 to 12 cents. The local express companies made protest against the city going into the express business, but they were unheeded. Manchester's example in establishing a municipal express service will undoubtedly be followed by other English cities.

* * *

KILLED AT SOUTH RIVER.

A bad tail-end collision between two freight trains of settlers' effects occurred on the G. T. R. last Wednesday at South River. Ernest Thurston, of Stayner, who was looking after a car of effects, was killed. An extra freight, in charge of Conductor J. L. McDougald and Engineers Wisdom and Campbell, ran into another double header in charge of Conductor Hunt and Engineers Patton and Northgraves, which was standing at the station.

Conductor Hunt saw the second train some distance away, and seeing a collision inevitable, with the speed at which she was travelling, hastened to the van and warned several settlers riding there. Then he ran along the side of the train calling to the other men in the cars. While he was doing this the collision occurred and his own train was driven past, and the first engine, the van and five cars toppled over on his side of the track, a few yards in front of him, the engine being a total wreck. The second engine kept the rails, stopping right beside Mr. Hunt. One of the settlers was driven clean through the top of a box car and escaped with a few scratches. Had it not been for the prompt action of Conductor Hunt nine men would almost certainly have been kifled.

* * *

SHOT WITHOUT A TRIAL.

Lionel Walter Rothschild, member of Parliament for the Aylesbury division of Bucks, speaking last night at Chesham on the question of exclusion of aliens and the number of poor Russian refugees excluded from Great Britain the last few months, said he possessed irrefutable evidence that every one of these men sent back was shot at the Russian frontier without trial.

* * *

MURDER AT COLLINGWOOD.

Over some disagreement a man named Louis Bartelle stabbed Fred Lewis in the Grand Central Hotel bar at about 5 o'clock last Thursday evening with a pocket knife. Bartelle struck in the vicinity of the heart and cut the main artery. Lewis passed away shortly after 8 o'clock.

Drs. McFaul, Thos. Arthur and Schlichter were called in and gave the injured man every assistance. It is not known what the trouble was, but it is thought Lewis, who is a character round Collingwood, goaded Bartelle to desperation. Neither man had been drinking, and there were but three witnesses of the murder. Bartelle made his escape and passed through the back door of the hotel. Mr. G. Eldon headed the chase and finally the fugitive was taken captive in the Grand Trunk yards near the timber piles, ex-Chief of Police Cheesman of Stayner making the arrest.

Fred Lewis was until lately bartending at Midland, and since then had been billposter for the town. His mother lives in Toronto at the corner of Markham and College streets. Louis Bartelle is of French descent and well spoken of around town, and his many friends cannot understand his action. He is in the employ of the Charlton Lumber Co., and comes from Tonawanda, N.Y.

BARRED ROCKS AS A MARKET FOWL

The admirers of the many different breeds and varieties of fowls may laud their favorites to the skies if they wish, says a writer to the American Poultry Journal, but the real test of value is the egg basket and the open market. And right there the Barred Plymouth Rock occupies the top round of the ladder. I have raised Barred Rocks twenty-four years, not for fun nor for ornament, but for plain dollars and cents, and I know a few things about them that makes me feel slightly acquainted with them. Just at the present time I'm not in the business as hard as I used to be, Why? Because I'm no longer wrestling with a mortgage. Barred Rocks scratched it off my domain, and then scratched a little pin money into my exchequer, and I am privileged to take things a little easier.

When I began raising poultry for profit, twenty-four years ago, I asked a man who handled a good deal of poultry what was the best market chicken. Without a moment hesitation he said "Plymouth Rock." That was the bird I wanted to do business with. A few days ago I asked a man who handles many thousand chickens every year what is the best market fowl. Almost before I had the question in words he said "Plymouth Rock." That's the bird for anybody who wants to get ahead in the world to do business with today.

I will admit that while I was doing a leading business in Barred Rocks, I also carried little side lines in other breeds, one at a time, for the purpose of comparison. I was after cash, and my object in testing other breeds was to ascertain whether any of them were better cash getters. Up to the present time I have not found one that is. Possibly one may be produced during this century, but it is not on deck at this writing.

It will be noted that I have been vastly more interested in the Barred Rock from a utility than a strict fancy standpoint, but I want to say that the standard shaped Barred Rock is a mighty good utility bird. The nearer one gets to the standard the better market bird he has, and I notice that people who are raising Rocks for market are getting more particular about shape and color. They are not hunting for fancy under color, but they want good surface color, and that, after all, is what makes the good-looking bird. Good surface barring, good shape, nice looking comb, and full size are what the business poultry raiser wants. He looks for these first, then for big bone (shanks) and "yaller" legs. To one hundred and sixty-two persons who came seeking good breeding cockerels I said: "There are 100 points in a perfect Rock. Now give me your idea how they should be divided." Averaging the ideas as stated by them, I have the following: Size 20, shape 15, color 20, comb 20, shanks (bone they call it) 20, minor points 5. Most of these people had never heard of the Standard of Excellence, but they thought the "main points" of a Rock should be divided as above.

The Barred Rock is, by long odds, the leading breed in Illinois and my experience has satisfied me that the poultry raisers of the state would, on the whole, be better off to-day if it were the exclusive bird. A leading dealer said to me: "All yellow skinned dressed chickens go into the Plymouth Rock grade, the highest of all. All others go into the second grade." Another said: "The Plymouth Rock sets the price on chickens. It would be money in my pocket if my patrons would raise Plymouths only." Can anybody see a nice bunch of young Rocks on the market, or anywhere else for that matter, without admiring them? They are the right color to look clean, the right shape to look meaty, they catch the buyer and broiled, roasred, fried or in pot-pie, they never disappoint him. The Barred Rock is the great corn belt bird. There's where we find him at his best, and there he is the most profitable bird that crows or cackles.

In the matter of egg production I have found that the incubating instinct can be almost entirely bred out of the Barred Rock. I have hens to lay as high as 278 eggs in one year. But I do not think it is best to breed this instinct out of the breed for the sake of exclusive egg-production. It is not at all difficult to bring the Barred Rocks up to a yield of 200 to 240 eggs a year by proper selection and without eliminating the incubating instinct. I have found it most profitable to have two strings to one's bow when seeking profit from poultry raising. Give a hen the same care an incubator must have and she will hatch 15 to 30 chickens. Give the brood the same care they must have in a brooder and all of them can be raised. When the task is ended she will if properly cared for go on with the production of eggs.

I would like to give the double-mating system the rasping it needs, but while the standard calls for the sort of coloring it now does one cannot blame the fanciers who are seeking cash prizes at the shows for employing the only method by which winning colors can be produced. But I want to advise the market poultry raiser to fight shy of breeding stock produced by that system. It is not what the market poultry raiser needs because it does not produce its like. What he wants is even-colored birds, and he cannot get them by introducing males produced as double-mating cockerels are.

The persons who want to raise poultry for the largest measure of profit can safely tie his fortunes to the Barred Rock. If he manages right he will have no roccasion to regret his choice.

- M. J. Carter -

Just a word with you, and it's about your NEW SPRING SUIT, OVERCOAT, or RAINCOAT. We won't waste words.

We are sole agents for what are admittedly the finest ready-to-wear garments offered in Canada---the 20th Century or Progress Brands of Men's Fine Tailored Garments.

Don't confuse these Clothes with the ready-made stuff. They are different and better in every respect, and the very kind of clothes you are looking for.

They are being worn by dressy men all over Canada.

They solve the clothes problem for the man who wants stylish clothes at a reasonable price. We're ready when you are.

Carter, Lindsay

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

If people will not be good and observe the Lord's Day a measure now before the House of Commons, introduced by Hon. Chas. Firzpatrick, Minister of Justice, will make it exceedingly difficult to commit offences, engage in business or take part in any pastime. The bill is certainly stringent enough to satisfy the most ardent Sabbatarian, and, if all its provisions pass and are enforced by the authorities there will be no cause to complain about the day of rest being turned to profit or gain. Some of the clauses are:

It shall not be lawful to engage in any game or contest for gain or for any prize or reward, or to be present thereat, or to provide, engage in or be present at any performance at which a fee is charged, either directly or indirectly, either for admission or for any service or privilege in any building or place for hire by the proprietors, the charge for such conveyance to be deemed an indirect payment of such fee.

It shall not be lawful for any person on the Lord's Day to run, conduct, or convey by any mode of conveyance any excursion on which passengers are conveyed for hire, and having for its principle or only object the carriage on that day of such passengers for amusement or pleasure, and passengers so conveyed shall not be deemed to be travellers within the meaning of the act.

It shall not be lawful for any person on the Lord's Day to open to the public any park or pleasure ground or other place maintained for gain, to which an admission fee is charged directly or indirectly, or within which a fee is charged for any service or privilege.

It shall not be lawful for any person to advertise in any manner whatever any performance or other thing prohibited by this act.

It shall not be lawful for any person on the Lord's Day to shoot at any target, mark or other object, or to use any gun, rifle or other engine for that purpose.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

RAID ON COCKING MAIN A GREAT HAUL OF SPORTS.

Seventy Birds and 125 Men Captured—Preparations made to Hold one of the Biggest Events on Record—A Wild Rush to Escape.

One of the biggest cocking mains on record was broken up by the police on Sunday morning in the carpenter shop of Daniel Doherty, master carter, East Notre Dame Street, Montreal. No less than 125 men were arrested, and 70 game cocks were seized by the police. The raid was made by Inspector Lamouche, Capts. Bellifleur and Brophy, and 50 policemen.

The police received a tip on Saturday night that the main was to take place, and a strong force of police was kept in readiness. It was not until 4 o'clock the next morning that the inspector received reports of activity around the place. The reports were to the effect that a couple of cabs of the nighthawk variety had been driven into Doherty's yard, and that half a dozen sporty-looking individuals, carrying bags from which strange sounds emitted, had alighted. There was no report until 6 o'clock, when news was received that four men carrying bags had arrived at the battleground.

It was not until 9 o'clock that the crowd began to arrive. Those carrying bags and hand valises came in cabs, but the majority, who used the street cars to reach the battleground, got off at the car barns and walked to the scene af the fight. Shortly after 8 o'clock Inspector Lamouche received word from one of his scouts that the main was on. The police at once proceeded to the scene. The inspector stationed a number of his men so as to surround the building, and with about 20 men walked up to the door behind which the main was in progress.

WILD RUSH TO ESCAPE.

In response to a loud knock the door was thrown open. Inspector Lamouche jumped inside and shouted so that all who were in the place could hear him: "Every man in this place is under arrest, and it is no use for any of you to try to get away." For a few seconds nothing could be heard except the cackling of the cocks. Then someone threw a piece of plank that just grazed Inspector Lamouche's head, and a wild rush was made by those inside to get out of the building, many of the men carrying their birds with them. At first it looked as if the police at the door would be overpowered, but although they were not in uniform, they had not forgotten to bring their clubs. When the crowd saw the uplifted sticks and knew that the police were ready to use their batons they fell back from the door and looked for other means of escape. Many jumped through the windows, only to fall into the arms of policemen waiting outside for them, while others crawled into the hayloft over the carpenter shop and hid themselves in the hay. Some were found under old wagons, and others in the stalls with the horses. It is not thought that more than five or six of those who were in the place when the police reached the scene succeeded in escaping.

A BIG BAG MADE.

When the prisoners were counted it was found that there was 125 of them. There were 72 bags of game cocks. One battle had been fought, as a result of which a fine black and red bird was found dead in a barrel, while his conqueror was still crowing over his victory.

It was evident that preparations had been made for holding one of the biggest cocking mains ever held in Montreal or vicinity. The pit was about two feet high and padded with canvas, with a fine layer of sawdust under it to soak up the blood. There were plenty of soft drinks, sandwitches and cigars, so that there was no doubt but that the sports intended to make a day of it.

Many of those who were caught in the raid said that if the police had waited until the afternoon they would have caught not less than five hundred in the place, and perhaps two hundred birds. It is known that arrangements had been made to bring in a lot of extra birds about noon-time.

Among those arrested were carters, motormen, conductors, bartenders, laborers, barbers, farmers, clerks, hotel-keepers, machinists, shoemakers, butchers, molders, checkers, plumbers, waiters and horse traders. They ranged in age from 18 to 70 years. The prisoners were taken to the police station, and were all subsequently admitted to bail.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

March 17th, St. Patrick's Day, is a season dear to the true sons of Erin. Few Englishmen could tell off-hand the date of St. George's Day, many Scotsmen did not know when St. Andrew's Day was; it would need a wide search to find an Irishman who did not know when St. Patrick's Day fell. Sprigs of the national flower, Ireland's green, the green of the three-leaved shamrock, bring joy to the hearts of thousands. The popular notion is that when St. Patrick was preaching the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish he used the plant bearing three ears upon one stem as a symbol of illustration of the great mystery. The materials for a life of Ireland's apostle are scanty. The birthplace of St. Patrick has been disputed but the general evidence indicates that he was born in Dumbarton, Scotland. Taken captive in early life by pirates, who sold him as a slave in Ireland, he escaped to the continent of Europe, where he prepared himself for the priesthood, and received a mission from Pope Celestine to preach the gospel to the then heathen Irish. The date of his death is uncertain. In the words of the poet long may the Shamrock

"The plant that blooms forever,
With the rose combined
And the thistle twined
Defy the strength of foes to sever,
Firm be the triple league they form
Despite all change of weather,
In sunshine, darkness, calm or storm
Still may they fondly grow together.'

A TOAST TO THE IRISH BLOOD

Fill me a cup with the "Dew of Killarney;
Purer than chastity, essence of fire;
Ogling a laugh at ye, beaded with blarney;
Breath of the peat-smoke, and blood of desire!

Fill me a cup till I drink to St. Patrick;
Drink to the harp strains, the songs that beguile;
Drink to our emblem, the mystical shamrock!
Up with ye! Down it! The Emerald Isle!

Oh, we are the world's great lovers;
To our hearts Love fled from the skies;
For we know the secret of laughter,
And we know the passion of sighs,
And your vanity's fief to our blarney
And your soul to our Irish eyes.

We follow the star of the vision,
Who light to our souls doth stream
For us swing the ivory portals,
Where the pearls of fancy gleam,
'Mid the coarse, philistine banter:
"'Tis the mad Celt's madder dream!"

In the van of the world's great battles,
We have followed the scarlet ways.
Then, to war with our pen's stiletto!
For the losing side, always!—
And, behold the Pharisee, blatant,
Impaled on out poignant phrase.

From cerements of convention,
The heart and brain we free,—
Rebels, and mockers, and dreamers,
Of the open road and sea.
Our pelf is but love and laughter,
Lootless and friendless we!

Though broken our falling rafters,
Though our larder shelf be bare,
Better the wit and the music,
And the hearts that do not care,
And the hand that is free and ready
A crust with all to share!

Then, fill me a cup, 'til I drink to St. Patrick,
Drink to the harp strains, the songs that beguile;
Drink to our emblem, the mystical shamrock!
Up with ye! Down it! The Emerald Isle!

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.—5-52.

THE MINERAL INTERESTS OF ONTARIO.

R. R. GAMEY, M.P.P., ON THE MINERAL WEALTH OF NEW ONTARIO.

A very enthusiastic meeting was held at Omemee on Friday evening of last week, in the interest of the Public Library, Mr. J. H. Carnegie, M.P.P., officiating as chairman.

Vocal selections by Mr. and Miss Parsons, local singers were heartily received by the large audience.

Mr. R. R. Gamey, M.P.P., was the speaker of the evening, and delivered one of the finest addresse ever heard in the locality, on the mineral resources of New Ontario. A full report of this will appear in our next issue. Meanwhile, it will be interesting to note some of the points discussed.

Mr. Gamey said that a slight misunderstanding of the resources of the north could be derived from the fact that there were estimated to be 18,000,000 acres of farming lands there and that 650,000,000 feet of timber had been cut annually for the past ten years, and the mineral wealth was inexhaustible. The timber ought to be sold by the government by the thousand feet, he said, instead of by the mile, and referring to the prestige of the backward state of the mining industry he said that the investors had lost on mines because they had known little about their operation. In regard to Cobalt, Mr. Gamey thought that the successful working of the deposits there would not be marked till a cheap method of refining the cobalt ore was discovered. The deposits of copper were enormous and Mr. Gamey had himself discovered and sold the mine at Copper Cliff, the best paying deposit in the country. In regard to iron one firm had opened a mine five years ago, and were shipping the ore away at the rate of one million tons a year. The iron mines in the United States were now showing signs of approaching exhaustion, and in a few years, he predicted capitalists would be developing these mines. In conclusion, Mr. Gamey deplored the difficulty experienced in getting the government of the province to improve and develop that part of the country rapidly. It was providing a great revenue, and only a small part thereof was expended on its improvement.

Votes of thanks were tendered to Mr. Gamey and all who took part in the program and the meeting closed by singing "God Save the King."

FATALLY SCALDED.

Last Thursday Lillian Towns, the three-year-old daughter of P. G. Towns, of Douro, tripped, and upsetting a pail of boiling hot water, was so severely scalded that she died the same evening.

Maple Leaf Rubbers

"Maple Leaf" Long Rubber Boots are doubly strengthened at points where the wear is greatest, and are made throughout of only the toughest wearing material.

Insist on "Maple Leaf" brand rubbers for all purposes—they fit every shape and style of men's, women's and children's shoes.

Are warm, perfect fitting and lasting.

"Maple Leaf" brand rubbers please the dealer because they satisfy his customers and increase trade.

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Paterson's "Wire Edge" Ready Roofing

is absolutely fireproof and waterproof—and practically wearproof. It is cheaper than shingles and lasts a lifetime. We will send you a free sample. Test it yourself. We will also mail a copy of our illustrated booklet.

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