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Dr. Jowett and Bible History. The following story of Dr. Jowett as at one time current among the ndergraduates at Oxford. It had ached the master's ears that Ballol n were not so successful in the exmination in "rudiments of religion" in the classical schools, so that he etermined to call up the next batch candidates and catechise them himf in Bible history. "Mr. Smith," he reported to have said, "what prophwent up to heaven in a chariot of ?" "Elijah, sir." "It is disgraceful at a scholar of this college should be ignorant. Mr. Jones?" "Elijah, sir." They welcomed to their roofless hold r. Brown?" "Elijah, sir." At this at the library boy entered, and to ike the undergraduates with shame was appealed to. "Tell these genmen what prophet went up to heavin a chariot of fire." "Elijah, sir." en ensued a pause and then, "Well, ntlemen, perhaps it was Elijah!"mhill Magazine.

Poor Father!

woman of very real influence in own circle, the German Empress imply worshipped by her husband ddren. The love of her sons is illustrated by a story told of the Prince in his boyhood. One while giving the prince religious the court chaplain tried press him that all people are "Well," ejaculated His Im-Highness, "father may be a sinthe you say, but I'm quite sure

Would Spell Ruin. undermining of Britain's immany other nations. Our mterest as well as our duty deoution to the Empire's strength ea.-Times-Journal, Fort William.

How Canada Was Saved

By Late George Murray

The following poem was from the pen of the late George Murray, associate of King's College, B. A., Oxon., and F.R.S.C., the noted Canadian literateur, who died in Montreal on Sunday. He was a first cousia of Mr. J. J. Pearson, of Lindsay, and taught the old grammar school at Oakwood thirty-five years

> Beside the dark Utawa's stream, two hundred years ago

wondrous feat of arms was wrought, which allthe world should know.

'Tis hard to read with tearless eyes that record of the past, It stirs the blood, and fires the soul as with the clarion's blast.

What though no blazoned cenotaph no sculptured columns, tell Where the stern heroes of my song in death, triumphant, fell;

What though beside the foaming flood untombed, their ashes lie. All earth becomes the monument of men who nobly die,

score of troublous years had passed, since on Mount Royal's crest.

gallant Maisonneuve appeared, the cross devoutly blessed, And many of the saintly Guild had

founded Ville Marie With patriot pride had fought and died-determined to be free, Fiercely, the Iroquois had sworn to sweep, like grains of sand.

The sons of France irom of the face of their appointed land. When, like the steel that oft dis-

arms the lightning of its power A fearless few their country saved in danger's darkest hour. Daulac, the captain of the fort, in

manhood's fiery prime,-Had sworn by some immortal deed to make his name sublime,

And sixteen 'soldiers of the cross,' his comrades true and tried, Have pledged their faith for life and death-all kneeling by his side;

And this their oath; On flood or field, to challenge face to face, The ruthless hordes of Iroquois, the scourges of their race;

Rol quarter to accept or grant-and loyal to the grave, To die like martyrs for the land they

shed their blood to save. Shrieved by the priest, within the Each bullet aimed by bold Daulac,

church where oft they had ador-With solemn fervor they partake the

Supper of the Lord; And now, those self-devoted youths from weeping friends have pass-

And on the fort of Ville-Marie each

fondly looks his last, Unskilled to steer the frail canoe or stem the rushing tide.

On through a virgin wilderness, o'er stream and lake they glide, Till, weary of the paddle's dip, they

moor their barks below A rapid of Utawa's flood-the turbulent Long Sault.

There, where a grove of gloomy pines sloped gently to the shore, A moss grown palisade was seen - a In that same hour their swart allies fort in days of yore;

Fenced by its circle, they encamped and on the glistening air. Before those staunch Crusaders slept

arose the voice of prayer. Sentry and scout kept watch ward, and soon, with glad

a band of dark allies,-Two stalwart chiefs and forty

'braves,'-all sworn to strike a blow.

against the common foe.

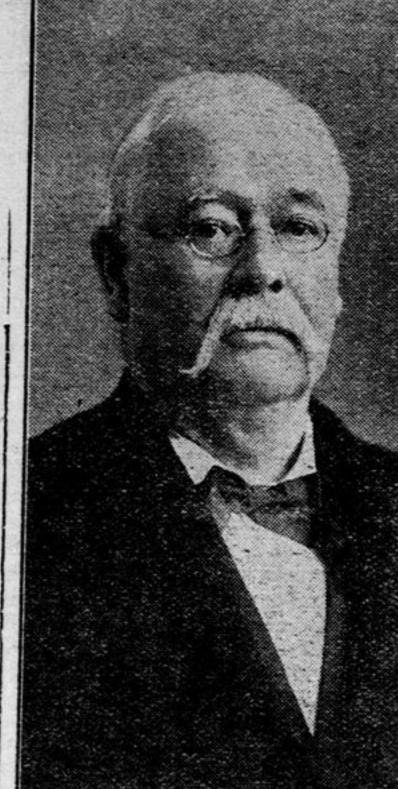
Soft was the breath of balmy spring in that fair month of May, The wild flower bloomed, the wild bird sang on many a budding

spray, tender blue was in the sky, on

earth a tender green. And peace seemed brooding, live a dove, o'er all the sylvan scene;

When, loud and high a thrilling cry dispelled the magic charm, The scouts came hurrying from the

forms-the long expected foe. hat Canada make an adequate They spring to land—a wilder brood hath ne'er appalled the sight-



LATE GEO. MURRAY Oxford' Graduate, who taught the old Oakwood grammar school,

thirty-five years ago,

es that gleam with baleful light; Dark plumes of eagles crest their chiefs, and broidered deerskin-s hide.

The blood-red war paint that shall soon a bloodier red be dyed, Hark ! to the death song that they chant,-behold them as thev

With flashing eyes and vaunting tongues, defiantly around; Then, swifter than the wind, they fly

the barrier to invest, Like hornet-swarms that heedless boys have started from a nest.

As ocean's tempest-driven waves, dash forward on a rock And madly break in seething foam

hurl'd backward by the shock So onward dashed that surging throng, so backward were they hurl'd.

When from the loopholes of the fort flame burst and vapor curl'd.

went crashing through the brain Or pierced the bounding heart of one who never stirred again,

The trampled turf was drenched with blood-blood stained the passing wave-

It seemed a carnival of death, the harvest of the grave.

The sun went down-the fight was o'er but sleep was not fot those Who, pent within that frail redoubt, sighed vainly for repose

The shot which hissed above their heads, the Mowhawk's taunting cries,

Warned them that never more on earth must slumber seal their

o'erwhelmed by craven dread Leaped o'er the parapet like deer and

traitorously fled. And, when the darkness of the night had vanished, like a ghost,

Twenty and two were left-of all-to

brave a maddened host. Foiled for a time, the subtle foes have summoned to their aid

Five hundred kinsmen from the isles to storm the palisade. In one great battle for their lives | And, panting for revenge, they speed impatient for the fray,

Like birds of carnage from their homes allured by scent of prey

With scalp-locks streaming in the breeze, they charge, - but never

Have legions in the storm of fight a bloodier welcome met

Than those doomed warriors as they faced the desolating breath Of wide mouthed musketoons that poured hot cataracts of death.

woods, to bid their comrades Eight days of varied horrors passed, What boots it now to tell And bark canoes skimmed lightly How the pale tenants of the fort he-

position would spell ruin not Manned by three hundred dusky Hunger and thirst, and sleeplessness Marred and defaced their comely forms and quelled their giant

strength, -death's ghastly aids-at length With carbines, tomahawks, and kniv- The end draws nigh-they yearn to

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die-one glorious rally more, For the dear sake of Ville-Marie, and all will soon be o'er,

Sure of the martyr's golden crown, they shrink not from the cross, Life yielded for the land they love

they scorn to reckon loss. The fort is fired, and through the flames, with slippery, splashing, tread.

The Redmen stumble to the camp, o'er ramparts of the dead;

There, with set teeth and nostril wide, Daulac, the dauntless stood And dealt his foes remorseless blows mid blinding smoke and blood

Till hacked and hewn, he reeled to earth, with proud, unconquered glance. Dead-but immortalized by death -

Leonidus of France! True to their oath, that glorious hand no quarter basely craved, So died the peerless twenty-two, so

Canada was saved.

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out of order kidneys or bladder trouble will vanish and you will feel fine. Lame back, painful stitches, rheumatism, nervous, headache dizziness, sleeplessness, worn out, sick feeling and other symptoms of sluggish, inactive, kidneys, and liver disappear. Smarting, frequent urination, and all bladder trouble ends. Fig Pilla gl at once to the discolored kidneys, bladder and urinary system and complete a cure before you know it. There is no other re edy, at any price, which will effect so thorough and prompt a cure as a 25 cent box of Fig Pills. Only curaresults can come from taking Fig Pills, and a few doses mean clean, active, healthy kidneys, bladder and liver-and no backache. For sale at Higinbotham's drug

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Showing What May Be Achieved by Nerve and Reiteration.

A LESSON IN PERSEVERANCE.

Going to Prove That Repetition Will Work Wonders if a Man Has Only the Necessary Amount of Cheek to Stand Up and Keep on Talking.

Mark Twain once told a reporter that if a man says the same thing often enough people will begin to listen to him.

"Now," said the great humorist, "there was that story about Hank Monk. That was the oldest, stalest, driest, deadest bit of alleged humor that any man ever heard. It had been circulated around Nevada and California until there wasn't a man left who would even listen to it. I had heard it so many times that I knew it by heart. It told how Hank Monk got Horace Greeley over the Glennbrook grade to Placerville.

"I was about to deliver my second lecture at Platt's hall in San Francisco-the second one I had ever de-



livered. It occurred to me that I might begin that lecture with the worst story I had ever heard and by telling it often enough start the lecture with a big laugh. I took that story and memorized it so that it would not vary in the telling, and I made it just as pointless and just as dull and just as dry as I could.

"When it came time for me to talk I stood up and with a few introductory remarks began that story. If I remember it went something like this: "'Horace Greeley once went over

the Glennbrook grade to Placerville. When he was leaving Carson City he told the driver, Hank Monk, that he had an engagement to lecture at Placerville and was very anxious to go through quick. Hank Monk cracked his whip and started off at an awful pace. The stage bounced up and down in such a terrific way that it jolted the buttons all off Horace's coat and finally shot his head clean through the roof of the stage, and then he yelled to Hank Monk and begged him to go easier-said he warn't in as much of a hurry as he had been awhile ego. But Hank Monk said, "Keep your seat, Horace, and I'll get you there on time!" And he did, too-what was left of him.'

"Now, that was all there was to the story. It was bad enough to begin with, but I made it worse in the telling. I droned it out in a flat, monotonous tone, without a gesture to mar its depressing effect. The people received it in dead silence. I had insulted every man in the audience-I had 'graveled' them with a story that was not only stale and pointless, but one which they had heard at least a thousand times. I waited a few seconds for the laughter, and then I began to hem and haw and shift my feet. I tried to appear just as embarrassed as I could, and after floundering about helplessly for a few sentences I cheered up a little and said that I would tell a funny anecdote which might be new to them. It began:

"'Horace Greeley went over the Glennbrook grade to Placerville'-

"I told it in exactly the same miserable, pointless way that I had told it before, and when I got through I waited a longer time for the applause, but there wasn't any applause. I could see that several men in the house were growing quite indignant. They had paid money to hear a humorous lecture. I took a long breath and plunged in a third time, more embarrassed and flustered and worried than ever, and backache and distress from by and by I worked around again to the time when Horace Greeley went over Glennbrook grade to Placerville.

"This time some of the smarter ones began to laugh, and this encouraged me so much that I thanked them and started right in to tell the story over again, never varying the delivery so much as a pause to take breath. The fourth time fetched 'em, and at the end of the story they stood up and whooped and yelled and cheered for some time.

"You see, I thought that if a man had sand enough to stand up before an audience and tell the oldest, stalest and most uninteresting story in the world he could make people laugh if he had the nerve to tell the story often enough. The rest of my lecture went very well. They were willing to laugh at my anecdotes the first time I told them. Maybe they were afraid I would tell them a second time.

"I felt so sure that I had discovered a new phase in human character that I tried the same thing in New York years afterward. There was an authors' reading bee one afternoon, and most of the authors read selections from their works. I sat on the platform beside James Russell Lowell. He asked me what I was going to read. I said that I wasn't going to read anything. I intended to tell an anecdote.

"Is it a funny one? he asked. "I said it would be if I lasted long enough.

"I started out without any preamble, and I told the Hank Monk anecdote. There was an awful silence at the end. I took a drink of water, mopped my forehead and told the story again. Same effect. Young man, I told that story five times before I landed 'em. When I sat down at last Mr. Lowell whispered to me:

"You have cost me dear. I have been sitting here and wasting sympathy on you.'

"That's the point, young man. Repetition will do anything if a man has the sand to stand up and keep on talk-

Pipes and Germs.

Sticklers for hygiene will be pleased to hear of the latest dictum of medical associations in eastern cities as to the germ susceptibility of a smoker's pipe. The "bit" of a pipe is every bit as much of a germ magnet as a moistened cigar end or a cigarette. Doctors have warned smokers for years against using public cigar clippers and against laying down a partly smoked cigar or cigarette on the edge of a desk, table or window sill. Recently the ban has also been placed on pipes. "Don't lay a pipe down, either," says the medicai highbrows, "particularly if it has a curved stem. A pipe will not stay 'put,' but will roll a little to readjust itself unless it is laid down with the greatest care. The saliva moistened bit could pick up a few odd million microbes just as easily as not." And so it would seem that the only safe way to lay down a pipe, except in a rack, is not to lay it down at all.-Philadelphia Record.

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DA MONK' DAT WAS A PEEG.

Las' night som' merry jontlemen

Ees geeva me da mon' For com' where dey are have da feast An' make leetla fun. Dey glad for hear da organ play

An', too, dey laugh an' shout W'en on da tables where dey eat Da monk' ees jomp about. Dey are so pleass' weeth Giacomo

Dey feed heem nuts an' sooch, An' w'en dey geeve heem wine for dreenk He like eet vera mooch, Oh, my, eet ees a shame for see How fast he leeck eet up!

You no can guess how hard eet be For mak' heem drop da cup. He like so mooch dees high tone life Dat seem so bright an' gay He try for bite me on da han'

For takin' heem away. But, oh, my frand, eef you could see Dat leetla monk' dees morn'! He ees so seeck you bat my life He weesh he nevva born. Hees eyes ees red, hees tongue ees dry.

He no can wear hees leetla hat, So beeg ees grow hees head. Poor leetla monk'! You gatta drunk An' mak' meestak' so beeg. You theenk you can be jontleman,

He looka halfa dead.

But find yoursel' a peeg. Yet, lees'en, oh, my Giacomo! Ees som' dat' worse dan you, For som' men dreenk an' nevva theenk

Dey're peegs an' monkeys too! -T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

Brought the Evidence.



Old Jake-Golly, dis here hain't George Washington Jefferson, what went to the city fo' years ago, be it? G. W. J.-Dat's what.

Old Jake-Well, I declar'! I'd nebber hab knowed yo' if yo' hadn't cum pussonelly.

Child Suicides In Russia. It may not be generally known that child suicides, so numerous in Germany, are nearly as common in Russia. During 1907 some 400 children under sixteen years of age are said to have taken their lives in Russia, nearly all of these, as with Germany's yearly 600, being pupils at secondary schools. And as these secondary schools are modeled on those of Germany and the courses of study are severer, if anything, overstrain must play a considerable part in producing the state of mind which leads a child to take its life. In some cases the abnormal precociousness of the

children was extraordinary.-West-

minster Gazette.

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