

SOME QUEER CARS.

Rulers Have Introduced Strange Styles in Railway Coaches. What use is a balloon to a railway carriage? Few of the latter are so fitted, but there is at least one running on a mountain railway near Salzburg which has a balloon attached to it in order to assist it up the steepest portions of the line, says Tit Bits. At the summit a tank below the car is filled with water sufficient to counteract the upward pull of the gas bags, which the vehicle thus drags down with it upon the return journey. There is only one car in the world with a window fitted as a royal autograph album. It is a somewhat ancient railway saloon used in Denmark for the conveyance of royal visitors. It has become the custom for these to scratch their names on one of its panes, which now shows the autographs of King Edward and Queen Alexandra among others, including those of the late Czar, the late King of Denmark, the late Duke of Clarence and many others. Another uniquely fitted railway carriage is that containing the vestibule entrance to the train belonging to the German Emperor. This vestibule holds several fine statues—an innovation which has not been copied elsewhere, though many royal trains carry superb paintings as part of their decorations. A car with a complete verandah is another novelty introduced in the train constructed for President Diaz of Mexico, where the drawing room portion is surrounded by such a fitting. Very few trains are roofed with water, and that of the Viceroy of India is among the small number that are so. All the vehicles, eight in number, have double ceilings, which are really water tanks, holding about five tons of water. This arrangement contributes toward coolness and furnishes water for domestic purposes on the train. The train carries sixty personal servants when the Viceroy uses it. On the long distance lines in Russia each of the important trains has a car above which rises a little bell-shaped structure containing a chime of bells. Otherwise the latter vehicles are fitted as chapels, in charge of a regular priest of the Greek Orthodox faith. At Halls, on the North Somerset Railway, there is an old railway carriage which has been licensed as a mission chapel and is fitted accordingly.

On the Stand. Attorney for the Defence (to witness)—You say that on the night of the attempted murder the moon shone so brightly that you could plainly see the burglar in the room? Witness—I don't know. Attorney—Was his face turned toward you or not? Witness—I don't know. Attorney—What? You don't know whether his face was turned to you or toward the wall? Witness—No. Attorney—Your honor and gentlemen of the jury, you hear what this witness says. He could not see which way your husband's face was turned. Explain that if you can. Witness—Certainly, sir. My husband is so bald that in a dim light I am unable to distinguish his face from the back of his head.

A "Shirt Sleeve Climate." There is no bad land in Texas, and its soil could almost feed the world. It can raise sugar and tea, coffee, rice, cattle—everything needed—and it has various minerals that are rich and needed everywhere. The state needs a few million more farmers, and it is going to get them because it has a climate that appeals to millions of people, a shirt sleeve climate that only makes a coat necessary when the wicked north wind gets loose and comes whooping down in the night. On the coast one can bathe in the ocean surf all the year except when the "norther" blows, and that only lasts three days at a time.

How to Freshen the Air in a Room. Lavender salts are useful for freshening the air of the living room where smoking is occasionally indulged in. Select a large mouthed bottle—a stick candy jar which will hold a quart is just the thing—and in this place one pint of pure (not household) ammonia, add two ounces of oil of lavender and then fill the bottle with carbonated ammonia blocks. When using, shake the bottle, remove the stopper and leave for half an hour. The odor is peculiarly invigorating and not at all overpowering if not too close a sniff of the jar be taken.

The Twelve Labors of Hercules. To slay the Nemean lion, to kill the Lernaean Hydra, to catch and hold the Arcadian stag, to destroy the Erymanthian boar, to cleanse the stables of King Augeas, to destroy the cannibal birds of Lake Stymphalia, to capture the Cretan bull, to catch the horses of Diomedes, to get possession of the girdle of Hippolyte, queen of the Amazons; to capture the oxen of the monster Geryon; to get possession of the apples of the Hesperides and to bring up from the infernal regions the three headed dog Cerberus.

The Cheerful Baker. The baker says, "Some people find Cash hard to raise, I know, but just give me a cake of yeast and I can raise the dough."

THE SECRET OF GLAMIS.

A Ghost That Hovers About an Ancient Scottish Castle. "The old manor houses and castles throughout England," said the poet, "have innumerable stories of ghosts, which the old colored mummies used to call 'banes' attached to them." The most famous of them all is perhaps the one connected with Glamis castle, the country seat of the earls of Strathmore, in Forfarshire. This is the most ancient inhabited castle of Scotland, although, of course, little of the original structure still survives. It was here that Macbeth, one of the minor kings of Scotland, murdered Duncan and the principal scenes of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" are laid within and without the castle walls. It came into the hands of the Lyon family, the present owners, about 1371, and from then on a long series of tragedies marked the progress of that family. "The ghost that hovers about Glamis is a mysterious one, and the exact character of the manifestations is little known, but the point that makes it of thrilling public interest is the well known fact that there is a family secret in the Lyon family which only three living people share at the same time—the holder of the title, the heir apparent, if he has attained his majority, and the factor of the estate. Why the latter shares in the secret is not the least part of the mystery. "On the day before the heir apparent attains his twenty-first birthday—or if the then earl be sonless, the heir presumptive—he is solemnly initiated into the mystery. The opening of some hidden room or passage is connected with this initiation, and this has given rise to a legend in Scotland that a certain Earl Bearcliff of past times played a game of cards with the devil in propria persona, lost the game and his soul at the same time, and the sealed chamber in Glamis is the one wherein the game was played. This is only one of many stories which purport to account for the mystery. "As generation after generation has been initiated into the dread secret it has become widely known and advertised, and it is said in England that more than one of the heirs, when on the eve of coming of age, has promised his friends and cronies to reveal the mystery, but so far no such promise has ever been kept, nor has any factor of the house ever proved false to the trust reposed in him.

Both With Good Husbands. A short time ago in one of the public gardens in Vienna a seamstress found herself seated beside a quiet, plainly dressed woman who was also sewing. They fell into conversation about domestic affairs, telling each other how they made their own frocks and those of their children. "I like to occupy myself with this sort of work," said the seamstress. "So do I," replied the other woman. "It is one of my greatest pleasures." Then, as further confidence seemed in order, "My husband is a good man," the little seamstress continued. "So is mine," admitted the other woman. "Mine works in a railway station, as his father did before him," said the seamstress, encouraged to go still deeper into her history by her listener's interest. "My own father was a woodcutter. What was yours?" After a moment's hesitation the other woman said simply, "My father is Francis Joseph. And, in fact, it was the daughter of the Austrian emperor, the Archduchess Gisela, wife of the regent of Bavaria, who was sewing in the public garden in Vienna.

Better Tips With Overcoats. "We don't rake in near as much on tips in the summer time," said the waiter in one of the downtown eating places. "I've been noticing that for several years. As near as I can figure it out, it's because men will hand out bigger tips when they're wearing overcoats. When a man can put on a straw hat and walk out he doesn't feel as if it's necessary to hand the waiter more of anything, but when the waiter has to help him on with his coat he takes that slight service as an obligation that must be met. Anyway, I've noticed that the same men will give almost twice as much when they wear overcoats as when they don't."

Pointers For Boys. In a mother's old scrapbook we recently came across the following shoe counsel for boys: To Throw Socks—Fold each one carefully in a feather bed and give notice to all the neighborhood when and where you are going to pitch it. To Carry Gunpowder in the Pocket.—Soak it well in cold water and then wrap it up in a cover of oiled silk. To Slide Down the Banister.—Let a surgeon sit upon the lower stair, also carry a pailful of poultice in each of your hands, as you may need it. To Carry Greasy Books or Shoes.—Wear them always in going into the pantry to get some of mother's cakes and pies.

Heavy Roll. Reggy Sapp—I can feel that I am surrounded by thought waves from my own head. Miss Tabasco—Thought waves? Greasy! Now I know why you look so pale—you are seasick.

The Widow's Devotion. There was a man hanged for murder in Sydney, Australia. By his widow's consent, his figure was exhibited in a local wax works show. Every Sunday for six months the woman, dressed in deepest mourning, called and put a clean shirt on the unrecognizing form of the wax man. Then her visits stopped. Some time after, happening to meet the manager of the show, the lady explained, with many blushes, that she had married again and her new husband energetically objected to her wifely attention to the toilet of No. 1's gravestones.

WHY THE BROOK SINGS.

How the Nightingale Lost Its Once Brilliant Plumage. Long, long ago, thousands of years before man came on the earth, the nightingales wore the most splendid plumage of any bird. As they were also the sweetest singers, as now, you may imagine that none was their superior in the bird world. Of course the nightingales were very proud. This was natural. One young fellow, however, became so vain as to be almost unbearable. "Who is so fine a singer as I? Who has so handsome a dress as I?" This was the burden of his song day after day. But the time came when the young nightingale warbled no more in the moonlight. A fairy, tired of listening to his boasting, came to him. "Idle braggart," said she, "this night will you cease your prattling. Hereafter you will sing and sing and sing, but not the notes of the nightingale. And your relations will wear a less brilliant garb than this time." All at once the nightingale became a little brook. The brooks, which heretofore were silent, now murmured softly and musically, but the vain nightingale no longer burst into glorious melody of song. As for the other nightingales, although they continued to sing as sweetly as ever, their plumage became a modest reddish brown color instead of having its former radiant hues. So were they punished.

MEASURING A TREE.

Ingenious Method Pursued by the Maine Woodsman. If you were a woodcutter and somebody told you to cut down a pine tree that would give a sixty foot mast for a vessel, how would you go about selecting a tree? You could not spare the time to measure it with a tape line even if that method were practicable. Besides, being a woodcutter you should be able to select a tree of a certain height readily, not by merely looking at it, for this at best is nothing but guesswork. Now, the woodcutters of Maine have a quick and simple way of taking the measure, and it is worth telling. Assuming that a mast sixty feet in height is wanted, the cutter selects a tree that he thinks will furnish it, and then measures off on the ground from the trunk sixty feet less his own height. If he is six feet tall, therefore, he would measure off on the ground fifty-four feet. At this point he puts upright in the ground a pole exactly his own height. Then he lies down on the ground with his feet to the pole, so that his head is just sixty feet from the tree. Lying thus, face upward, of course, he sights over the top of the pole and the point on the tree trunk on a line with the top of the pole is precisely to be sixty feet from the ground.

Mounted Fishermen. On the Californian coast they fish on horseback. After a big blow enormous numbers of squid are sometimes seen washing about among the pounding breakers. When such news comes to the town every man or boy who can beg or borrow a horse goes galloping down to the beach, armed with a six-foot bamboo, at the end of which is a strong steel hook. They dash into the surf, and driving the spear steel into the squirming jelly-like creatures haul them ashore one by one, and leave them lying high and dry upon the beach, pumping ink and water, and with their long, snoker-rimmed arms coiling about like snakes. These squid sell for a couple of shillings apiece. Their flesh is good for bait, the pen, a long, oval-tipped bone which extends from the tip of the tail to the neck of the animal, forms the cuttle-fish bone of commerce, and the eyes, which when dried look like large-dull pearls, find a ready sale among curio dealers.

Fishing in Nigeria. Natives of Nigeria are remarkably skilful anglers, and their manner of catching fish recommends itself alike for simplicity and success. The fisherman grasps a small line weighted at the other end with a small stone, and at regular distances along the line he attaches a number of hooks, made of animals' bones in the form of a narrow V, while to the angle of each V is fastened a short line, made of sinews, and baited with a kind of small fish, the fish swallowing the bait and the line, swallows also the hook, which is so acted upon by the tension of the line that it expands its two prongs, and fasten them firmly in the throat. The victim struggles and whirls about the line, thus attracting its family and neighbors, to swallow the same snare.

Ancient Craft Guilds. The first notice of labor unions was given by Plutarch who wrote of various craft guilds as having existed in the Roman and Greek dominions. From Rome the idea was passed on to the young nations that followed, and in the middle ages the guilds were to be found everywhere. A guild was a voluntary association of those living near together who joined for a common purpose, paying contributions, feasting together temporarily, helping one another in sickness and poverty, and sometimes uniting for the pursuit of special objects. It was undoubtedly from these early associations that the idea of the modern labor organizations came.

Some of Each. "Somebody told him that he mustn't drink ice water during the hot weather, and somebody else told him that he must let alcoholic beverages alone. You know how very obstinate he is." "Yes." "Well, he mixes the two."

Confidences are sometimes blinding, even when they are sincere.—EPICT.

BIGAMIST DIES IN PENITENTIARY.

Brockville School Inspector Who Committed Bigamy by Marrying Renfrew Girl, While His Wife and Family Were Living in Toronto. Kingston, Aug. 26.—John B. Anderson, ex-school inspector at Brockville, who in May last was sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary for bigamy, died in the prison hospital this afternoon. He had been ill of throat trouble during most of the three months he was incarcerated, and was most of the time in the hospital. Anderson's offence was marrying Miss Jamieson, daughter of Rev. Mr. Jamieson, Methodist minister of Renfrew, in April last, while he had a wife and family living in Toronto. After a month of married life in Brockville, where he was well known and stood high in church circles, his crime was discovered by his lawful wife, and he was arrested. At Renfrew he pleaded guilty, and six hours later was in the penitentiary here. Shortly after imprisonment his aged mother died of grief. Anderson was about fifty-two years of age.

A TRAVELLING MAN.

Received the Thanks of Every Passenger in the Car. I must tell you my experience in an East bound O.R. & N.R.R. train from Pendleton to Le Grande, writes Sam A. Garber, a well known travelling man. "I was in the smoking department with some other travelling men when one of them went out into the coach and came back and said, 'There is a sick woman unto death in the car.' I at once got up and went out, found her sitting in a wretched camp cot, so had, in fact, that was almost afraid to take the risk, her hands and arms were drawn up so that you could not straighten them, and with a death like look in her face. Two or three tables were working with her and giving her whiskey. I went to my suitcase and got my bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy (I never travel without it), ran to the water-tank, put a double dose of the medicine in the glass, poured some water into it and stirred it with a pencil. I had quite a time to get the ladies to let me give it to her, but succeeded. I could at once see the effect, and I worked with her, rubbing her hands, and in twenty minutes I gave her another dose. By this time we were almost into Le Grande, where I was to leave the train. I gave the bottle to the husband to be used in case another dose should be needed, but by the time the train ran into Le Grande she was all right, and I received the thanks of every passenger in the car." For sale by R. L. Stephen.

WIFE NAMED.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is well named. For pains in the stomach, cramp, colic and diarrhoea it has no equal. For sale by R. L. Stephen. Upsetting the fishing boat while lifting the anchor, Patrick Culhane, of Deseronto, was drowned.

DIRECTORY.

Under this heading we publish in brief form notices of Municipal, Educational and Religious Institutions for the convenience of our readers. Such institutions are invited to keep us posted, so that the list may be full and correct.

POST OFFICE DIRECTORY.

MARKDALE. The P.O. will be open from 8 o'clock a.m. to 7 p.m. every working day. Mails close as follows: C.P.R. going North, 11.40 a.m. and 8.40 p.m. C.P.R. going South, 7.30 a.m. and 3.50 p.m. Traverston, Waudby and Ebor-dale, 12.30 noon Tuesday, Thurs-

"Sunshine" Furnace. Where Shaking is Respectable. A Draft of furnace dust, with no other assistance, is powerful to overcome the dust nuisance in shaking times. Only the dust rises of itself above the fire. The bulk descends into ash-pit, and unless lifted, waste outlet, is therein provided, dust will escape through ash-door silts and into operator's face. In "Sunshine" Furnace the legitimate dust outlet is provided. It's a great big dust-pipe running straight from ash-pit to dome, open to chimney. When big pipe damper is opened, all dust in ash-pit ascends to dome; then, when direct drafts are opened, all dust passes up chimney. Always the clean and quick dust route in "Sunshine" Furnace—via grate, to pan, to dust-pipe, to dome, to chimney, to open air. LONDON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG. VANCOUVER ST. JOHN, N.B. HAMILTON 1 CALGARY. JEFFREY WATLEY, L.

For registered letters and money orders, thirty minutes earlier than above. The P.O. will be open on holidays one hour earlier than above. Angus Pease, M.P.

MARKDALE OFFICIALS. Reeve—J. H. Stephenson. Councilors—J. G. Campbell, J. G. Matthews, W. J. Wilson, T. H. Wilson. Clerk—A. Macpherson. Treasurer—Wm. Lucas. Poundkeeper—Os. W. Per. Village Constable—C. E. Cutcheon. Assessor—J. G. McLeod. Collector—Chas. Healy. Fenceviewers—John Walker, M. J. Duke, Wm. Richardson. Medical Health Officer—Ego. Auditors—J. S. Rowe, J. E. Matson. Council meets last Monday of the month at 8 p.m.

MARKDALE CHURCH. St. Joseph's Church. Rev. A. J. Savage, Pastor. Service, 2nd and 4th Sundays in the month. Presbyterian. Rev. A. Shepherd, Pastor. Service every Sunday at 10 a.m. and 7 p.m. Prayer Meeting—Thursday p.m. Sabbath School—10 a.m. John Chard, Superintendent. Young People's Class—Monday evenings at 8 o'clock.

Methodist. Rev. J.S.I. Wilson, P.A. Pastor. Service every Sunday at 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School—2.30 p.m. Shortill, Superintendent. Prayer Meeting—Thursday p.m. E.L. of C.E.—Monday p.m. W. Halbert, Pres. Sec'y. Ladies Aid Society—Mrs. A. Armstrong, President. Pew Steward—J. R. Frellick.

Christ Church. Rev. J. A. Robinson, M.A. In-charge. Sunday Services—10 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Bible Class—Friday evening at 7.30, conducted by the pastor. The Guild of the Good Shepherd, every Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Holy Communion, the first Sunday in each month, at the close of morning service. On other Sundays and Holy Days at 8 o'clock a.m.

Reeve—Thos. McMillan. Deputy Reeve—Wm. W. Adams. Councilors—Thos. Stephens, A. McMillan and Wm. Adams. Treasurer—Daniel Edgar. Clerk—J. S. Blain. Registrar—Osprey. Deputy Registrar—H. Norman. Deputy Reeve—W. J. Taylor. Councilors—Thos. Stephens, E. McCallum, Henry Downs. Clerk—Thos. Scott, McIntyre. Proton. Reeve—Jas. H. Corbett. Councilors—John Alderson, Cronin, Robert Armstrong. Middleton. Clerk—Thos. Laughlin.

EDUCATIONAL. Public School Board. Chairman—J. E. Redford. Sec. Treas.—Dr. J. Ego. Rev. A. Shepherd, Wm. Howard and J. W. Ford. Public School Staff. J. S. Rowe, Principal. Miss M. Neely, J. Murdoch, M. Macpherson. Markdale Public Library. J. G. Matthews, Sec. Treas. Miss

MARKDALE. The P.O. will be open from 8 o'clock a.m. to 7 p.m. every working day. Mails close as follows: C.P.R. going North, 11.40 a.m. and 8.40 p.m. C.P.R. going South, 7.30 a.m. and 3.50 p.m. Traverston, Waudby and Ebor-dale, 12.30 noon Tuesday, Thurs-

MARKDALE. The P.O. will be open from 8 o'clock a.m. to 7 p.m. every working day. Mails close as follows: C.P.R. going North, 11.40 a.m. and 8.40 p.m. C.P.R. going South, 7.30 a.m. and 3.50 p.m. Traverston, Waudby and Ebor-dale, 12.30 noon Tuesday, Thurs-

Hardw... Builders... We'll Nail... all at your... General R... ing at tend... factio... PAINTS an... We'll Paint... the w... per... Has... THE...

SITUATIONS... with leading... LOOSE LEAF LEO... and all... GREGG SHORTHAL... school... Three Courses—St... Orangeville, Busi...

BEST BUSINESS... At Reasonable... British Canada... ness Co... Orangeville, Busi...

CENTRAL BUS... COLLEGE... The largest... FALL TERM... Address... FALL TERM... Address...

FALL TERM... Address... FALL TERM... Address... FALL TERM... Address...

FALL TERM... Address... FALL TERM... Address... FALL TERM... Address...

FALL TERM... Address... FALL TERM... Address... FALL TERM... Address...

FALL TERM... Address... FALL TERM... Address... FALL TERM... Address...

FALL TERM... Address... FALL TERM... Address... FALL TERM... Address...

FALL TERM... Address... FALL TERM... Address... FALL TERM... Address...