OW ME TO PRESENT
MY BEST FRIEND
ROYAL
YEAST
CAKES

GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO.
MONTREAL.

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND.

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What is Going on in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

A Liberton lady is reported to be suffering from "infantile paralysis" at the age of 56.

A great quantity of maize has been destroyed by a fire at the Ardrossan Distillery, Greenock.

Extensive additions are to be made to the Edinburgh and East of Scotland Agricultural College.

The Caledonian Railway directors have decided not to run Sunday trains to Balloch this summer.

The new epileptic colony of Glasgow Parish Council at Stonyetts, Dawsholm, has now been formally opened.

For the financial year of the Glasgow Tramway Department the revenue amounted to over $5,000,000.

Over 500 Dundee excursionists were stranded for four hours at Montrose when one of the river steamers broke down.

Mrs. Helen Kerr, Newcastleton, has just completed her 103rd year. She is a great smoker, relishing a pipe of tobacco.

George Gardiner, first weighman to Berwick Salmon Company, has just accomplished his seventeenth rescue from drowning.

The Paisley District Tramway Company has now completed an extension of the main tramway line to the centre of Kilbarchan.

Warder George Mears, gatekeeper at the Gulton Prison, has retired after thirty-six years' service at the Edinburgh institution.

Girvan Town Corporation is getting information regarding trackless cars with the intention of starting the car system in the upper part of Greenock.

Fifty thousand dollars' damage was done by a big fire that broke out in the premises of Messrs. W. & W. Dingwall, chocolate works, Edinburgh, and two horses were suffocated.

The death has occurred suddenly at his residence, The Knowle, Berwick, of Mr. George Cadell Stewart, of the well known firm of Love & Stewart, shipowners, Business and Glasgow.

Work has been started in connection with the erection in Vicarton Street, near Girvan passenger station, of a new motor garage, to cost £2,000, and will accommodate 40 cars.

Lord Rosebery has sent to the Lord Provost for presentation to the Edinburgh City Museum an old tobacconist sign which formerly belonged to J. Gillespie, the founder of Gillespie's Hospital.

Great havoc has been wrought recently by the malady known as the Woolly disease amongst sheep of beds throughout Fife, and in one case an owner has incurred a loss of over $250.

A distressing tragedy occurred at 5 Norfolk Street, Glasgow, when a man named Lipowisky threw a quantity of nitric acid over his stepmother's face and then fatally cut his throat. The woman was severely burned.

A New Scotch Story.

The following good story is told in the London Tatler: Of two old ladies in a train who were distressed to see the unhappiness of a married friend. "Ay, ay," said one, Jamie Thomson in his 'a sair life that he's got to lead.' 'They say,' said the other, 'that he's a reckless creature after women,' for only last year Mrs. — had nae time to hear the man in such a state. 'Why, I was courtin' Peter for twenty year.' An old gentleman, overhearing the dialogue now referred to, broke in with a long-drawn sigh of connubial bliss, 'Ah, madam, I courted for three years, and I courted for three years, and in all that time I kent the woman I married as well as I did my own mother.'

Come Down Pats.

The following story of Mr. Gladstone's early work as a reporter is going the rounds. One morning saw a wild cat up a tree. Pat went to strike him off. Mike stood below to catch him as he fell. But they were successful. Mike and the wild cat came down, and tumble on Pat. Pat called out: 'Shall I come down and give ye a hold, Mike?' 'No, no,' says Mike, 'come down, and I'll let him go.'

CLOUDED BRAINS.

Clear Up On Change in Proper Food.

Coffee can work with its poison into the brain and nerves, and all the while the victim does not realize that the food, but is ferment [illegible] etc. A [illegible] to be [illegible] perience in [illegible] and relief [illegible] greasy buckwheat [illegible] to down [illegible] by instead strong, [illegible] cream good [illegible] and dull [illegible] a case of [illegible] all reme- [illegible] The Road to Wellville, in some [illegible] way [illegible] into my [illegible] and may Heaven's richest [illegible] on the man who was [illegible] and directions carefully, [illegible] all, using [illegible] and cream, [illegible] and hot bis- [illegible] entirely out of my bill of fare. [illegible] I am in perfect health [illegible] more.

I never realized I have nerves, [illegible] my stomach and bowels are in [illegible] condition. My brain is per- [illegible] clear and I am [illegible] ing that [illegible] I intended [illegible] enjoy, and [illegible] by giving their food," [illegible] Canadian Postum [illegible] to Wellville, Ont. Read "The [illegible] pkgs.

There's a reason.

Have read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

IN THE WILDS OF THE NORTH

TRAIL BETWEEN VANCOUVER AND HUDSON BAY.

Early 19th Century History Made Available by the Royal Society.

It is stated in the school histories of Oregon that the Hudson's Bay Company, which controlled the coast region from about 1820 to 1840, communicated regularly with the home office of the monopoly by means of overland expresses. A party of capable men with a well-tried leader set out from Vancouver every spring and made their way to Fort York, near the mouth of Nelson River, on Hudson Bay. At about mid-summer another party left Fort York for Vancouver, going over the same route in the opposite direction. Dispatches and other important matter were carried both ways. Ships from London reached Fort York at fixed intervals, and thus communication was maintained without interruption between the most distant parts of the Hudson's Bay Company's vast empire and the heart of the civilized world. Hitherto not a great deal of information has been available to the public about the country through which these expeditions travelled. Imagination, having but a few facts to work with, has pictured it as a forlorn desolation wrapped in perpetual snow and haunted by the terrors of starvation and arctic cold.

No Great Hardships.

An account of some of these trips which has lately been published by the Royal Society of Canada puts a different face upon them. The men, when they were properly inured to that kind of travel, underwent no excessive hardships and experienced only such deprivations as made hunting enjoyable and brought into play the arts of the expert woodsman. The Hudson's Bay clerk whose entertaining journal has thus been made accessible was Edward Ermatinger, who served the company for ten years, beginning in 1818. He wintered one year at Island Lake, another at Oxford House, and spent two winters at York factory, on Hudson's Bay. Then he passed a year at Red River, and finally went to the region of the Columbia, where he stayed three years. On March 20th at a quarter before six in the evening he left Vancouver at the head of an express party for Fort York. With his company were various persons well known in Oregon history. Dr. McLoughlin, who was then chief chief factor of the monopoly, was the most distinguished, but Pierre Chrysologue Pambrun, whom Bonneville encountered at Walla Walla in 1832, was also with the expedition. So was the botanist, Davis. Douglas, who wrote an interesting account of his scientific and other experiences in the Canadian wilderness.

As Far as Walla Walla

the gentlemen of the party rode horseback most of the way on such sorry beasts as they could obtain from the miserable savages along the river. These Indians as we see them in Ermatinger's journal present very little to console the admirer's of the noble red man of fiction. One of their old women who had chanced to die at an inconvenient moment was found by the travellers thrust into a pit beside the trail and left there, without a rag, of covering, for the coyotes to devour. On another occasion some of the travellers forgot a gun at the morning campfire. Returning for it, they found it in the possession of a red-faced scamp, who gave up the booty only under threats of death. Ermatinger found the Indians south of the Columbia hopelessly filthy and depraved. Efforts to convert them were total failures, and they usually repaid kindness with treachery.

Ermatinger's party followed the course of the Columbia to Athabaska Pass, in the Rocky Mountains. Here the great river flows from the south-east, making a sudden bend in its course, and the mountains form the water parting between the Pacific Ocean and Hudson's Bay. In crossing Athabasca Pass, which they reached on May 1st, the travellers were obliged to use snowshoes. In fact, the trail was obstructed by snow until they had descended far down the Athabaska and Whirlpool rivers, which, with the Saskatchewan, determined their route to Winnipeg Lake.

On the Athabaska

their daily advance was hindered not only by deep snow, but also by a heavy growth of timber. The soil consisted of gravel deposits, no doubt of glacial origin, in a flat valley, and on this an almost impossible forest had grown up. Ermatinger, who was more interested in fur-bearing animals and buffalo than in trees, does not tell us to what species the forest growth belonged, but it is easy to guess that they were evergreens. By May 5th they had made their way through the snow and the swampy woods and came to a point where canoes could be used again. Ermatinger now had only six men with him. Dr. McLoughlin had left the party a little below the 49th parallel at Old Fort Colville. From this point to Winnipeg lake fish and game were plentiful. The party saw herds of buffalo and shot as many as they needed. It is interesting to learn from Ermatinger's faithful journal that only bulls were slain. If American hunters had been wise enough to pursue the same policy, these animals would not have been exterminated, but on the plains to the southward they were killed by the thousands for their hides and horns, no age or sex being spared.

Besides the intrinsic interest of Ermatinger's narrative, it derives some economic importance in our day from the project of the Canadian government to build a railroad from the Pacific to Fort York, on Hudson's Bay. Such a road would naturally follow the course of the Columbia to Athabaska Pass and then proceed down the Saskatchewan to Winnipeg Lake. Thus Ermatinger's sketchy but entirely reliable observations might become the basis of scientific survey.

REAL IRISH HUMOR.

Bulls and Unconscious Wit—Many Stories Have Not True Ring.

It is the complaint of natives and true lovers of the Emerald Isle that the anecdotes which are frequently related as illustrations of Irish wit and humor are by no means characteristic of the Irish people, and are, in fact, but inferior imitations of their sayings.

Mr. W. T. Stead once told a story of a bet which was made by two Irishmen. It was to the effect that Pat would not carry up three ladders a hod of bricks with Mike sitting on the top of the hod. Two of the ladders were ascended without mishap, but on the third Pat missed a step. He held on, however, and thus saved himself and Mike from falling a distance of 40 feet.

"I have won the bet?" he exclaimed, when he reached the top.

"Yis," replied Mike; "but when ye slipped I thought I had ye."

A writer on Irish humor in the Times mentions this as the type of story which is often told to illustrate the humor of the Irish people, but which rings hollow "in ears attuned to the sound of the real gold of Irish fun and feeling." The following are cited as real examples of peasant humor:

A laborer who fell off a building and fractured his ribs was awarded £23 compensation by the court. But his solicitor kept £15 for professional services. The laborer gazed at the ten sovereigns that were handed to him in great surprise.

"What are you looking at?" asked the solicitor.

"Well, as you ask me, sir," replied the workman, "I was just wonderin' which of us it was that fell off the buildin' and broke his ribs."

During the great railway strike of 1911 an amateur engine driver, in pulling up at a country station, took the train a long way past the platform, and then, backing the train, went as far again beyond the platform at the other end.

"Stop where ye are," shouted a Dublin playboy among the pickets; "we'll shift the station for ye."

In some notes on Irish bulls the same writer says: "It is a curious effect of an Irish 'bull' that, however it may turn a thing the wrong way round it always tends to its completer and more perfect understanding." Simple and true to Irish nature was the description recently given by a Nationalist member of the desolation of a farm in Ireland. "The only animals that can live on it," said he, "are the seagulls which fly over it."

Happy, again, as an example of the fundamental incongruity between the ideas associated in a 'bull' is the retort of a thirsty car driver to his English fare, who had just refreshed him at a roadside public house.

"Well, has that made another man of you?" said the traveller.

"Faith, it has, sorr," replied the jarvey; "an' he's dry, too."

A member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, taking the agricultural statistics of a rural district, called at a farmer's house when the occupier was out, and was directed by one of the family—a young lad—where he would find him.

"He's out in — paddock wid the ass," said the boy. "You'll know father by his straw hat."

As an example of unconscious humor this story may be told:

"How does this damp weather agree with you, Mrs. Maloney?"

"Badly, thin. I'm just contrivin' to keep out of the hands of the undertakers."

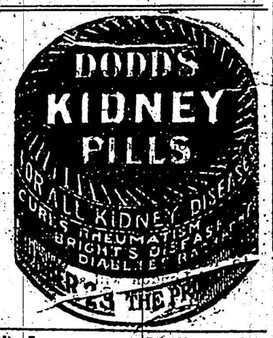
"Faix, an' I'm sorry to hear that same, ma'am."

Matter of Record.

The lesson in history was in progress, and in vain the teacher coaxed her class to answer. At last she brightened up. She had reached the star pupil of her little class.

"Now, Tommy," she said, "Mary followed Edward V., and who followed Mary?"

Yes, Tommy knew that, and his answer was swift. "Her little lamb, teacher," he shouted triumphantly.



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FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

A yard of Irish linen was sold recently for $375, which is a record.

At a meeting of County Carlow Agricultural Society it was decided to hold a dog show on August 6th.

The death has taken place at the Rest, Camden Road, Dublin, of Eliza Graham, at the age of 100 years.

George Boggs, a farmer of Malin Head, was knocked down by an infuriated bull and gored to death.

Damage to the extent of $2,500 was done by a fire that broke out at "Duntreath," Kingston, the home of Miss Craig.

A halibut caught in Ballycotton Bay by Jeremiah Lynch, a local fisherman, scales 123 lbs. It fetched the high price of $12.

There is a churchyard in Ireland at the entrance to which is a motto, "Only those living in the parish buried in this graveyard."

It was stated at Letterkenny Quarter Sessions that the census collector had not visited Innishaven Island for seven years.

A salmon which turned the scale at 50 lbs. has been caught in Newport River, County Mayo, by Mr. Wright, after five hours' skillful angling.

Constable James Smyth, one of the best known members of the County Kildare Police Force, shot himself by placing a rifle between his legs.

A young man named Coolly, of Woodend, Strabane, has been the winner of $2,500, the first prize in a competition in an English paper.

Terrorism is rampant in County Cavan. A McGlonghlin has received warning letters and other houses have been fired into at night.

The police barracks at Crosedonry has now been done away with and all the constables sent to other stations. The barracks were established in 1867.

A fresh outrage in the Holmpatrick graveyard, Skerries, has been brought to the notice of the police, all the wreaths on a large tomb being found broken.

When the postman arrived with the mails at the Duffy's Cross post office near Ardee, Mr. Lynch, the postmaster, fell among the mail bags and expired almost immediately.

A fire occurred in the back premises of the Farnham Hotel, Main Street, Cavan, and resulted in the total destruction of the stables and electric light battery room.

George Gregory, U.D.C., who recently retired from the position of head postman at Portadown after 40 years' service, has received the Imprial Service Medal.

Michael Kelly, Denahrack, was out shooting when one of the barrels of his gun discharged into the palm of his hand and inflicted such terrible injuries that the forearm had to be amputated.

Luminosities.

There are always times when we wish we could see something which the darkness hides. Luminous paint solves all these and scores of other dark difficulties. And all that is required is to add a small quantity of calcium sulphide to ordinary white paint. A watch light for use at night—avoiding the striking of a match—can be made by putting a small piece of phosphorus into a long glass phial, and then filling it one-third full with hot oil. Cork it tightly, and when light is needed uncork for a moment and close again. The top part of the phial will be luminious, and you can see the time.

Clarence—Miss Sharpun has brains enough for two, by Jove! Florence—Then why don't you marry her, Clarence?

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

TICKLING A SHARK.

How the Natives of Tahiti Capture the Sea-Tiger.

Tickling a shark in order to make the fish amenable to capture is a singular practice among the natives of the island of Tahiti. A writer, who watched the sport while seated in a canoe manned by two natives, thus describes it:

Peering into the clear water, where you can see to a depth of four or five fathoms, you catch a glimpse far down among the seaferns and coral cups of the long, lithe tail of a shark, and of a huge pectoral fin that sways continually with a sidewise motion, and sends up little ripples to the surface.

The native diver picks up a coil of coaconnut fibre with a slip-noose already tied in it, seizes a knife in his teeth, and quietly slips into the water. It is done with wonderful skill. The native keeps close to the reef, and pulls himself down through the water by means of the sea growths till he is right over the waving tail. Slowly a black hand stretches out, and starting behind the pectoral fin, begins to stroke the sea-tiger. There is a faint movement of the body, and the fins sway more rapidly.

Again the hand moves forward, and as it strokes the fish, the other hand leaves the slip-knot hanging loosely near the spread of the tail. Then the native comes quietly to the surface, and the spectator breathes freely again. The sail is set, the steersman takes his place on the outrigger, and the diver in the bow, with a yell of "Hula!" pulls hard on the rope.

On the occasion that I speak of, the shark splashed about in wild frenzy for a moment or two, and then settled down to a tour of the lagoon. Twice he circled about, and the canoe plowed along, with the water bubbling and frothing at the bow, where the keen-eyed native intently watched the tightened rope. Suddenly it slackened, and the diver went over the side like a flash, with a knife in his hand. A minute later the surface of the water was a brilliant red, and the native was scrambling back into the canoe. We towed the shark to the beach, and measured him. He was sixteen feet long.

Analogous.

She—But don't you think that everybody should learn to swim?

He—Certainly not! What would you think of a fish that insisted on trying to learn to walk on dry land?

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

"Did you ever tell that young man that late hours were bad for one?" asked the father at the breakfast table. "Well, father," replied the wise daughter, "late hours may be bad for one, but they are all right for two."

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If you have Red, Weak, Watery Eyes or Granulated Eyelids, Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, 50c. Eye Books Free by Mail.

An Eye Tonic Good for All Eyes that Need Care

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"It's one thing to love your enemies, but another thing to get your enemies to love you.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Everything She Wants.

"Money isn't everything in this world."

"Gee, I wish you'd convince my wife of that."

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It'll Never Do.

An old Irishman was offered a post at a level crossing near a small railway station. He looked dubious as the duties of the office were explained to him and the meaning of the various flags was stated. "In case of danger with a train coming you wave the red flag," said his instructor, proceeding with his explanation. "Man, it'll never do!" said Patrick, shaking his head solemnly, "I could never trust meself to remember to wave a red flag whin there was a green wan handy."

Sweet Innocence.

A newly married man returned home one evening to discover that his wife was "all tired out." "You look dreadfully fatigued, little one," he said, in a sympathetic tone. "I am," was the reply. "You see, dear, I heard you say that you liked rabbit, so early this morning I went to the market to get you one. I meant to surprise you with a rabbit for dinner, but I'm afraid you will have to do without it. I've been hard at work on it all day, and I haven't got it more than half picked!"

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Setting the Pace.

The importance of inconsiderate personal influence is better enforced by illustration than by argument. A professor was once walking through the streets at night when he heard a boy in some back yard drumming. Being naturally fond of rhythm he fell into step and marched up the hill to the little fellow's drum-beat. Then this thought came to him. "He doesn't know what I am doing, yet I am keeping step to his music. Some life and mine may be setting the pace" to lives we know little about.

My mare, a very valuable one, was badly bruised and cut by being caught in a wire fence. Some of the wounds would not heal, although I tried many different medicines. Dr. Bell advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, diluted at first then stronger as the sores began to look better, until after three weeks, the sores have healed, and best of all, the hair is growing well, and is NOT WHITE as is most always the case in horse wounds.

Weymouth. F. H. DOUGHTY.

Hard to Find.

"Not going to a summer cottage this year?"

"No. Pa and Ma couldn't find a place to suit 'em."

"What's the trouble?"

"Ma wanted to go somewhere where she wouldn't have to cook all the time, for Pa's relatives, and Pa insisted on a 'place where he wouldn't have to spend every other day rowing Ma's folks around the lake."

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Children Need Sugar

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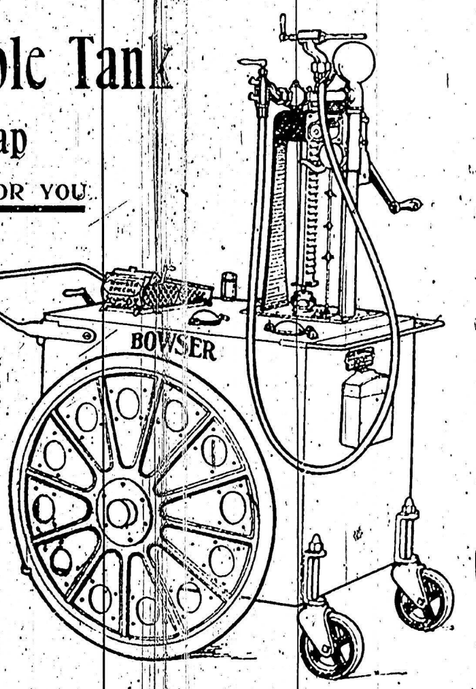

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