The Georgetown Herald.

THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR. GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 19, 1902. ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

The Georgetown Herald

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GEORGE S. GOODWILLIE, M. A., BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, Georgetown, Ont.

J. B. McLEOD, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR and Commissioner for taking Affidavits, Georgetown Ont. Conveyancing done and Money Loaned on first mortgage on farm property at 4½.

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DR. A. H. ELLIOTT, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. (Successor to Dr. Rutherland). Office and residence, first door south of Baptist church.

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E. MILLIGAN, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the Counties of Peel and Halton. Real estate bought and sold. Farm stock a specialty. Orders left at THE HERALD office will receive prompt attention.

J. A. SELL, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Halton, Peel and Wellington. Residence, Church St., Georgetown. Sales conducted at reasonable rates. Real Estate bought and sold. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M.

CREDIT LODGE, No. 219, A. F. & A. M., meets Friday on or before full moon, in the Masonic Hall, McLeod Block. Visitors cordially welcomed.

R. C. McCULLOUGH W.M. T. H. HARNDEN, Sec.

HOME CIRCLE.

GEORGETOWN BRANCH, No. 51, meets in the Oddfellows' Hall, and Tuesday in each month. Any informa on regarding the Society will be furnished by the following—

J. BAIRD, J. ALLEN,
L. GRANT, H. HARPER.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

COURT CREDIT, Georgetown, meets in the I.O.O.F. Hall, on the 4th Tuesday of every month. Particulars regarding rates of insurance, &c., may be had from any of the committee: T. from R. D. Warren C.R., R. C. Adams R.S., J. W. Kennedy F.S.

BARBERS

O. K. BARBER SHOP.

DAVID GANT, Clark's Block, Georgetown. Children's hair-cutting, 10c. A call solicited.

A. NEVINS (Successor to R. Gollop.) BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER. Shop Main st., next Bellaire's. Best of satisfaction guaranteed. Agency Holmes Steam Laundry. Your patronage solicited. Also agent for music and all kinds of musical instruments. Banjos.

E. B. BOOLITTLE, No. 1, Rox Block, Georgetown. SHAVING, HAIR-CUTTING, &c., done with the highest satisfaction by first-class workmen. Agent Berlin Steam Laundry.

MISCELLANEOUS

G. S. GOODWILLIE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, Georgetown, Ont.

J. B. McLEOD, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, Georgetown, Ont.

WM. BARBER & BROS., PAPER MANUFACTURERS, Georgetown, Ont. Printing and Wrapping Paper constantly on hand and made to order.

Wm. Drinkwater

—The Leading Dealer in—

Fruit, Fish, Confectionery, Vegetables, &c.

(Wholesale and Retail.)

Special facilities for giving satisfaction.

FISH REGULARLY DELIVERED.

OYSTERS! when in season by the Dish or Quart.

W. Drinkwater MILL STREET.

Lawson Bros.,

GEORGETOWN

Planing Mill

Are prepared to do all kinds of planing, in Rough or Dressed Lumber, Sash, Doors, Blinds, &c., on short notice. A complete stock of

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, &c.

always on hand.

Bill Stuff a Specialty

LAWSON BROS.

—GEORGETOWN—

LIVERY and BUS LINE

First-class horses and rigs may always be secured at the stables.

GENERAL EXPRESS AND FREIGHT DELIVERY.

Having purchased the above from Mr. John Bulger, the business will be carried on as formerly. Special drays for moving Furniture, Pianos, &c.

Telephone No. 18.

H. A. McCOLLUM, Georgetown.

W. H. Willson

Jeweller and Optician,

Has now in stock an an attractive line of

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware

All the latest Novelties in Jewelry and Silverware.

Repairing Promptly Executed.

PRICES ALWAYS REASONABLE.

W. H. WILLSON

In J. G. Willson's Furniture Warerooms.

COLIN - MITCHELL

STEWARTTOWN.

—DEALER IN—

Groceries, Staple Dry Goods, Crockery, Glassware, Boots and Shoes, Etc.

Also a full line of Farm Implements, Wagons and Carriages.

Colin Mitchell, - Stewarttown.

T. W. Galbraith

—DOES ALL KINDS OF—

Blacksmithing!

—AND—

HORSESHOEING

at Reasonable Rates and to the satisfaction of all who patronize him.

All kinds of Woodwork and Repairing.

Shop, Next McCollum's Livery GEORGETOWN.

Insurance!

FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT.

REAL ESTATE SOLD OR EXCHANGED.

AGENT FOR THE CANADA LIFE.

Small dwelling for sale cheap.

C. C. ROE

FLORAL VIEW

GREENHOUSES,

Telephone Connection.

The Newest and Choicest Plants and Cut Flowers. Wholesale and Retail. Funeral and Wedding Designs prepared on shortest notice and shipped safely any weather.

A Nightmare

Gives point to the fact that excessive or irregular eating disturbs the digestion. Nightmare or night hag is a common correspondence in the undue fullness after eating, with the belchings and sour or bitter rising so often experienced after too hasty or too hearty eating.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures dyspepsia and other diseases of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition. When these diseases are cured, the whole body shares in the increased strength derived from food properly digested and perfectly assimilated.

"Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have been of great benefit to me," writes (Rev.) Hiram A. Oliver, of Viola, Fulton Co., Ark. "Before I used the above mentioned remedies my sleep was not sound; digestion bad; a confirmed feeling of misery. I now feel like a new man. Any one in need of medical treatment for nasal catarrh could do no better than to take treatment of Dr. R. V. Pierce. I know his medicines are all right in this class of diseases."

Sometimes a dealer tempted by the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious medicines will offer the customer a substitute as being "just as good" as the "Discovery." It is better for him because it pays better, but it is not as good for you, if you want the medicine that has cured others, and which you believe will cure you.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the clogged system from accumulated impurities.

The TOILET IS INCOMPLETE WITHOUT POND'S EXTRACT

RELIEVES CHAFING, ITCHING OR IRRITATION. COOLS, COMFORTS AND HEALS THE SKIN, AFTER SHAVING.

Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sours and often contains "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

Mrs. Tabb's Children Never Catch Cold

Mrs. Tabb lives at No. 54 Charles Street, Toronto, and in speaking of the blessing

UWANTA GRIPPE CAPSULE

treatment has been to herself and her children, says: "I strongly recommend Uwanta Capsules. They have proved themselves a never-failing remedy in our home for Colds and Grippe. I would not feel safe without a box in the house."

At your druggist's—50 cents a box—or by mail direct.

UWANTA M'F'G CO., Ltd., Ottawa, Ont.

The D&L Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

(Trade Mark.)

For Lung Troubles, Severe Coughs, Colds, Emaciation, &c., &c.

For systems can assimilate pure Oil, but as combined in "The D. & L.," it is palatable and digestible. Will build you up! Will add solid pounds of flesh! Will bring you back to health.

50c. and $1.00 bottles.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited.

AT O'NEILL'S

CARRIAGE SHOPS!

You can get

A Moel Pulper and Silver, Watson make, for $7.75, regular price $10.00.

A first-class Steel Agricultural Furnace, 45 gallon, for $15.50, regular price $20.00.

Best Wheelbarrow made for $3.50 regular price $4.75.

Walford Dandy Bar Trucks $1.75 each, regular price $2.50.

Also Second hand Cutters, Buggies and Spring Wagons at Slaughter Prices.

DON'T FAIL TO GET SOME OF THESE BARGAINS.

J. N. O'NEILL, GEORGETOWN, ONT.

POETRY.

WHO?

[illegible]

"Who's his friend now?
Who's his friend now?
Who's the man he loves best?
"I'm his real friend now!"

—The Chicago Tribune.

TO-DAY'S STORY.

How Linden Improved the Cooking.

BY CARROLL WATSON RANKIN.

"I don't like mashed potatoes," said Linden, eying her plate disapprovingly, "and I abominate lamb chops. This one isn't even cooked through."

"Try this one," said her father, pleasantly.

"Don't you like the butter-beans?" asked Mrs. Braddock.

Linden shrugged her shoulders. "I might if they were properly cooked," said she, ungraciously. "There isn't enough salt in them."

Patient Mrs. Braddock sighed. "I think Hannah does very well. You know she has been in this country only a short time, and she is only a little older than you are. She has learned our ways very quickly."

But Linden continued to grumble even up to the end of the really excellent meal. The bread, she averred, was too heavy, the butter-balls were too large, and the pudding too sweet.

"When I keep house," was her parting shot, "I shall have decent things to eat!"

"Linden is utterly unreasonable," said Mrs. Braddock, when the door had closed behind her daughter. "The worst of it is that it is largely our own fault. We always encouraged her to express her opinion freely."

"Yes," said Mr. Braddock, "we've got back and applauded when she wished he punished her. Mother says she is as badly spoiled as a really nice girl can be."

"Who began it, I should like to know?" said Mrs. Braddock, smiling. "Did Grandma Braddock give her the yellow bowl every time she cried for it, and let she let her pound the library table with the hammer when nothing else would satisfy her? Of all spoiled babies—"

"I know, I know," said Mr. Braddock, hastily. "But Linden isn't a baby any longer. Why don't you let her have a hand at the cooking for a change? She isn't satisfied with the present management? Perhaps she will enjoy things better if she prepares them herself."

"That's not a bad idea," murmured Mrs. Braddock. "I've promised Hannah a week's vacation very soon. While she is away I shall give Linden a few lessons."

Day dawned on a very busy household. Hannah had been engaged to prepare four hours when a telegram called her Mrs. Braddock to the bedside of a sick relative.

"Go right along and never mind the house," said Linden. "Don't worry about the cooking. I believe I have a natural gift for it. I can make heavenly [illegible]."

"Provided somebody else makes the bread and the fire," interposed Linden's brother, Maxwell.

"Don't discourage her," said Mr. Braddock. "If worst comes to worst there's an excellent restaurant across the street from the office. We shan't starve to death, in any case."

"Well," said Mrs. Braddock, "I shall have to go whether Linden does or not. Perhaps you can induce your sister to come for a few days."

"There won't be the slightest need," said Linden, rather loftily. "We are going, for once, to have have our bread properly broiled. You needn't feel the least hesitation about bringing a friend home to dinner, father, if you happen to feel like it."

This was said with a new-born dignity that set somewhat ludicrously upon Linden's sixteen-year-old shoulders. The patronizing tone of her voice was much for Max, who misjudged outright.

"You may laugh if you want to," said the confident cook; "but you may have a good dinner tonight. I mean to spend the afternoon in cooking it."

Mrs. Braddock, in the hustle of departure, had no time for military maneuvers alone; but it is doubtful if Linden, in her exalted frame of mind, would have yielded to anything of the kind.

The scene was clear of her mother, with a businesslike air, put on an apron and started in to inspect her domain. There was the big kitchen [illegible] shining with the polish [illegible] satisfactory, but [illegible] greatly astonished to discover [illegible] to be any disturbance [illegible] said Linden, looking [illegible] sharply. "Hannah never [illegible] dust did she spilling [illegible] last night. She must have been very careless. I should think she would be ashamed to let [illegible] such a mess. Mercy, what a [illegible] Oh, I know! They saw it up in a store. Put an apple in the mouth—that's for a white pig. There. I'm sick of the thing—whatever it is—in the oven, the way Hannah did."

So Linden slid "the thing," which happened to be a leg of mutton, from the plate into a roasting pan, and carried it to the oven.

"Why," exclaimed the astonished cook, "there isn't any fire in the stove! It's a good thing there's plenty of time."

It was a good thing, too, that there was plenty of kindling, or the fire might never have started. Some unwashed sweet and white potatoes followed the meat into the oven.

"I should have something cooking on top of the stove," said Linden, looking around with a perplexed air. "Hannah always does. Oh, coffee, of course! I think I'll make jelly of these cranberries."

"There!" she said, some time later. "Who says I can't cook? Now I'll set the table."

Linden lingered lovingly over the task of setting the table. It really looked so well that no one—least of all Linden—would have suspected that the salt, tablespoons, carving-knife and napkins were missing. When she returned to the kitchen she found that the fire had taken advantage of her absence and had gone out.

Linden rebuilt it cheerfully, adding a solitary stick of hardwood to the kindling. Then she went to the garden, where she gathered some flowers for the table and a bunch of parsley. When she returned to the kitchen the fire had again gone out.

The cook gave a gasp of astonishment, not unmixed with dismay. Then, with an anxious glance at the clock, she rekindled the fire.

"A whole hour!" said Linden, with a sigh of relief. "Surely that will be time enough. I never could see how Hannah could keep so busy with so little to do. I'm quite I could be unnecessarily busy."

Linden glanced complacently at her reflection in the mirror over the sink, and was surprised to discover a black streak on one side of her nose. She washed her face and hands, and then turned to see the fire. It was out.

"Oh, this," said Linden, "is an abominable stove!"

She devoted fifteen minutes to the rolling of a single butter-ball. She dropped four times, and the grooved butter-boards became sticky and would not [illegible]. The completed ball was grimy in appearance and anything but round. Linden consigned it to the stove and decided that plain butter was good enough for the Braddock's. Even the cutting of the bread presented hitherto unsuspected difficulties.

"Hello, the cook!" cried a hearty voice from the hallway, nearly an hour later. "How's the dinner?"

"Almost ready," said Linden, who had just emptied her first decidedly unsuccessful attempt at gravy over the back fence.

"Anybody murdered?" asked Max, as if you fancied somebody in the kitchen, dragged a body through the shed and buried it in the back yard."

"That's Cranberry jelly," explained Linden, crawling behind the stove to rescue a fugitive potato. "I wish you'd go out of the kitchen, and stay out, till dinner's ready. I can't cook with boys around."

At last the dinner was on the table. The roast, garnished with parsley, looked very much like one of Hannah's roasts, for the parsley concealed certain scarlet rivulets that trickled over the platter. The potatoes looked well, too. The cook did not suspect that they were of adamantine hardness. What was left of the gravy, by the time Linden had succeeded in transferring it from the saucepan to a glass dish, looked positively tempting.

Max took a mouthful and made a wry face. Mr. Braddock caught his son's eye, and shook his head.

"Dear me!" thought Linden, swallowing a mouthful. "I measured that sugar and then forgot to put it in."

During the meal Linden made trip after trip to the sideboard, the china closet and the pantry for missing articles. Mr. Braddock sliced a few morsels from the outside of the underdone mutton, and ate as much as he dared of the almost raw potatoes. The coffee was muddy and contained fragments of some extraneous matter. When Linden raised the cover of the coffee-pot, to allow the steam to escape, she was horrified to discover a poached egg floating serenely on a dark brown sea. She had dropped an unbeaten egg in the boiling coffee, and there it was cooked!

Mr. Braddock ate bread and butter and stewed fruit with philosophic fortitude. Max, good-natured as ever, ate everything set before him, and laughed at his sister's distress.

"Don't mind, Lin," said he, as he left the table to answer the door-bell. "Don't worry about the dinner. Get them Max, and we'll see if they're good or they look."

"We had so much else," explained Linden, apologetically, "I thought I wouldn't make any dessert."

"I'm glad you didn't," said Max, with a solemn countenance.

Linden never forgot the week that followed. She mastered one difficulty only to fall into another. Her pie-crust was like leather and her muffins were like lead. Everything went to the table either burned to a crisp or else raw in the middle. There was no limit to her ambition; but she grew humble at last. She learned how to boil potatoes, to make tea and to scramble eggs, but her conscience would not permit her to serve this trustworthy combination oftener than once each day.

Mr. Braddock and Max fortified themselves each noon with a good meal at the restaurant, otherwise it is doubtful if they could have survived the week. Linden ate bread and milk, and the fruit her father was careful to bring her. She could not touch her own cooking. She felt that she never wanted to see another scrambled egg.

But the longest week does not last forever. Upon her return Hannah was amazed at the warmth of Linden's greeting, at the condition of the kitchen floor, and at the size of the girl's appetite.

"How nice these lamb chops are!" said the deposed cook at dinner that night. "And, oh, aren't these the nicest mashed potatoes? I think Hannah is the cleverest person I know. I have the profoundest respect for anybody that can cook five or six things at once, and get them all done at precisely the same moment, instead of having the soup come lagging along about an hour behind time. I think I shall drop everything else and take cooking lessons this winter."

"I'll pay for them," said Mr. Braddock promptly.

"I won't promise to eat the results," said Max, "but I'll try the best I can."—The Youth's Companion.

WHERE PROHIBITION IS IN FORCE

Some think that the agitation for prohibition is confined to Ontario, Nova Scotia, Maine and a few other sections, but the following report will show clearly that advanced civilization is earnestly and determinedly engaged in the important task of assigning the liquor traffic to its proper place in relation to the individual, the family, the community and the nation:—

Alabama—In 50 out of 65 counties.
Arkansas—In 75 out of 65 counties.
California—In 175 cities and towns.
Colorado—In 50 cities and towns.
Connecticut—In 75 out of 125 towns.
Delaware—In fully half the State.
Florida—In 30 out of 45 counties.
Georgia—The whole of the State except four cities.
Illinois—In 650 cities and towns.
Indiana—In 140 towns.
Iowa—The whole of the State except 25 [illegible].
Kansas—The whole of the State.
Kentucky—In 90 out of 119 counties.
Louisiana—In 20 out of 59 counties.
Maine—The whole of the State.
Maryland—In 15 out of 24 counties.
Massachusetts—In 203 out of 459 cities and towns.
Michigan—In 400 cities and towns.
Minnesota—In 400 cities and town.
Mississippi—In 71 out of 75 counties.
Missouri—In 84 out of 115 counties.
Montana—In a few counties.
Nebraska—In 250 towns and cities.
New Hampshire—The whole of the State.
New Jersey—In 200 cities and towns.
New York—In 700 cities and towns.
North Carolina—In 60 out of 90 counties.
North Dakota—The whole of the State.
Ohio—In 500 cities and towns.
Oregon—In the great Indian reservations.
Pennsylvania—In 600 cities and towns and 20 counties.
Rhode Island—In 30 cities and towns.
South Carolina—The whole of the State except 10 cities.
South Dakota—The whole of the State except a few cities.
Tennessee—In 70 out of 96 counties.
Texas—In 120 out of 246 counties.
Vermont—The whole of the State.
Virginia—In 85 out of 100 counties.
Washington—In 50 cities and towns.
West Virginia—In 40 out of 54 counties.
Wisconsin—In 300 cities and towns.

It is estimated that fully 30,000,000 of people are living in the United States under prohibition, either by State law or by local option. This is more than a third of the entire population of the Republic.—The Master Method.

HILLSIDE TO BE BARE.

Death has ended the long life struggle of Henry Fiske and his wife, Mary, of Spring Valley, N.Y., but it has not added a few to the places forever [illegible] they could not speak either. [illegible] Fiske, who was so [illegible] husband, and he did not [illegible] to be [illegible] the funeral.

Mystery surrounds the origin of the quarrel that divided the little home. Neighbors knew Fiske, his wife and their four children lived. Gossipers say a mother-in-law was the firebrand, but it is thirty years gone, and no one but Fiske really knows. The Fiskes had married after romantic courtship, and were a happy and loving couple. When the villagers first heard that they had each sworn never to speak a word to the other they said it would not last. But it did.

Dividing their little frame house on the outskirts of the village, each lived in his or her part and never encroached on the other's. Mrs. Fiske cut her own firewood, carried water and tended her half of the garden. Fiske sewed on his own buttons, darned his socks and baked his pancakes. He could stay out with impunity every night in the year. There was no neighborly borrowing between the two households in one.

When the house was burned a year ago each received one-half of the insurance money. Each went to live with one of the children, but the silence remained unbroken.

WHEN PAPOOSE DIES.

The Indian mother, when her baby dies, does not believe that swift angels bear it into the sunshine of the spirit-land; but she has a beautiful dream to solace her bereavement. The cruel empty places which everywhere meet the white mother's eye are unknown to her, for to her tender fancy a little spirit-child fills them.

It is not uncommon, says the author of "Little Folks of Many Lands," to see in Mexico, a pair of elaborate tiny moccasins above a little Indian grave. A mother's fingers have made them, a mother's hand has hung them there, to help a baby's feet over the long, rough road that stretches between his father's wigwam and the Great Chief's happy hunting-grounds.

Indians believe that a baby's spirit cannot reach the spirit-land until the child, if living, would have been old enough and strong enough to walk. Until that time the little spirit hovers about its mother. And often it grows tired,—oh, so very tired!—so the tender mother carries a papoose's cradle on her back that the baby spirit may ride and rest when it will.

The cradle is filled with the softest feathers,—for spirits rest more comfortably upon feathers, hard things bruise them,—and all papoose's old toys dangle from its hood, for dead papoose may like to play even as living papoose did.

TO THE NERVOUS.

A doctor speaks thus to a nervous woman: Learn to keep still when you rest. When you move, move with the part of the body needed; do not waist your force in walking with your arms and face as well as with your legs. If circumstances force an unusual and fatiguing amount of exertion upon you, break it now and then by periods of absolute rest. No matter how brief they are they will be useful, if you make them complete and perfect in the way described. This is true of mental as well as bodily exertion. A minute or two minutes of quiet, with closed eyes if possible, with your tention relaxed and the gearing of the machinery thrown off for a moment, will help and refresh you greatly. Here again more may be gained if the ability to relax mentally can be secured, in a fashion similar to the withdrawing of muscular tension. Learn to employ your mind when not using it.

"BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY HILL."

For over ten years the Pool of Siloam has been only a name. Visitors to Palestine who have visited this famous spot of late years have found that its healing waters have vanished. This was a great blow to the inhabitants; but just recently the waters of Siloam have been made to flow once again, and there has been great rejoicing in the Holy Land. It appears that Jerusalem has been especially short of water of late, and it occurred to some of the inhabitants of Siloam to try to find out whether the spring which used to supply the pool was really dry. Tons of accumulated rubbish were cleared away, and, after about a month's work, the spring was found. The excavators discovered behind some fallen rocks an old aqueduct running away into the Valley of the Kedron, and into the aqueduct the beautiful, cool, clear water had run and been wasting for years.—Sunday Companion.

Father—Now, remember, I have forbidden you to go out with young Tompkins; don't let me catch you together again.

Daughter—No, papa; we'll try not to.

RESORTS ON GRAND TRUNK.

The Grand Trunk Railway System has made an extensive exhibition in connection with the annual sports meeting at Sherbrooke, Que., in aid of the Sherbrooke Hockey Club, which is to be held in Montreal next month. The Grand Trunk Band will be [illegible] for the occasion. The Grand Trunk [illegible] also exhibit the collection of [illegible] of game found in Canada, which is [illegible] in the Grand Trunk District situated on its line, including the Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Magnetawan River, 30,000 islands of the Georgian Bay, Kawartha Lakes, and Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching, as well as views on the Portland division, combining land and water scenery, scenes in the White Mountains, and surf bathing scenes taken on the Maine sea coast.

The space occupied by the Grand Trunk will be about 4,000 square feet, and was one of the most attractive and most interesting exhibits at the show. In addition to these pictures, several stuffed fish of a species that inhabit the Canadian waters were also included, as well as wild animals that have been caught in the hunting districts in Northern Ontario.

The Grand Trunk has expended thousands of dollars in bringing before the people of the United States and foreign countries the beauties of the Canadian districts, its efforts being rewarded by exceptional success, as the records of the passenger traffic during the past season show. In the districts embraced in what is known as "the Highlands of Ontario," nearly 80,000 tourists were carried during the summer months, the majority of whom were from the United States. These districts have become so popular that each year finds the hotel accommodation increasing and modern and up-to-date structures are being erected to accommodate the ever increasing travel that is being brought into Canada.

A NEEDED INVENTION.

It is strange that science has done nothing to alleviate the suffering every man on this earth feels every [illegible] life when he rises. It has given us the steam and electricity, with their [illegible] applications to increase the [illegible] joy of living. The man of to-day has better food, wears better clothes, [illegible] in a better house, than did the man of the first century but he gets in in the same primitive way. He has to rise and sets a time in the morning to do so. The moment arrives, and he snuggles and asks and receives a postponement for another five. He counts the seconds as they pass, and the more [illegible] calculation sends him off to dream again, and to wake again with the struggle to be renewed. All hail to the genius who discovers a means by which a man can glide from his bed to the breakfast table with the same serenity that he lays his head upon his pillow and in a minute forgets the world.

A NAGGING PROBLEM.

The population of the United States exceeds 70,000,000. The males outnumber the females by nearly 9,000,000. The foreign born population numbers more than 10,000,000, nearly fourteen per cent of the entire body. And of the native born people, more than 15,000,000 are born of foreign parents. That means that more than one-third of the American people to-day are either foreign born, or are children of those who were foreign born. Then too, the Negro population, which no amounts to 8,800,000, is rapidly on the increase, and constitutes from thirty to fifty per cent. of the population of the Southern States. We are anxious for the filling up of our country, but we do not covet such conditions as our friends across the border have to face.

FREE TO MOTHERS ONLY.

To every mother of young children who will send us her name and address plainly written on a postal card, we will send free of all charge a valuable little book on the care of infants and young children. This book has been prepared by a physician who has made the ailments of little ones a life study. With the book we will send a few samples of Baby's Own Tablets—the best medicine in the world for the minor ailments of infants and young children. Mention the name of this paper and address The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT.

Next year we may expect to read something like the following in the [illegible] papers: "About ten o'clock this morning a horseless milk wagon, loaded with cowless milk, collided with a brainless rider on a chainless wheel. The luckless wheelman was badly injured, and, being homeless, was taken in a horseless cab to the Home of the Friendless."

"Mammy," said Pickaninny Jim; "Bill is smackin' Joe agin'." "Well," said the colored woman, "you tell dem chillen dat days gotter quit playin' United States Senate. Dat game's too rough."