The Georgetown Herald.

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The Georgetown Herald.

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1 inch	8 00	5 00	3 00	1 00

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Publisher.

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GEORGE H. GOODWILLIE, B. A.,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Georgetown, Ont.

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DRS. WEBSTER & NIXON,
PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS AND ACCOUCHEURS.
OFFICE and residence: Mowat and Georgetown.

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

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FRANK H. WATSON, D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST.
Georgetown, Ont. Hours: 8.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sundays: 10.30 to 1 p.m., 5.15 to 6.45 p.m. Dentistry in all its branches.

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H. R. NICKELL, V. S.
(Successor to H. G. Reed, V. S.)
OFFICE AND INFIRMARY, Mr. Reed's old stand. Cattle dehorned.

W. L. DRINKWATER,
Georgetown,
VETERINARY SURGEON and DENTIST. Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College; Member Michigan State Veterinary Medical Association. Office next door to Buck's butcher shop.

AUCTIONEERS.

H. 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. BELL,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Halton, Peel and Wellington. Residence, Church st., Georgetown. Sales conducted at reasonable rates. Real Estate bought and sold. Satisfaction guaranteed.

BENJ. PETCH, Licensed Auctioneer for Halton and Peel, Glenwilliams Post Office. Sales conducted satisfactorily and at reasonable rates. Orders left at THE GEORGETOWN HERALD OFFICE, will receive prompt attention.

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.
T. J. BRIGHT W.M. T. E. KEMMY, Sec.

HOME CIRCLE.
GEORGETOWN BRANCH, No. 67, meets in the Oddfellows' Hall, 2nd Tuesday in each month. Any information regarding the society will be furnished by the following:—
J. BAIRD, J. ALLEN,
N. LONG, R. HARPER.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.
COURT CHEDIYE, 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 members, or from T. H. Kerngey C.R., R. G. Adams R.S., J. W. Kennedy F.S.

BARBERS

O. K. BARBER SHOP.
DAVID GANT, Clark's Block, Georgetown. Children's hair-cutting, 15c. A call solicited.

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

ARCHITECT.

J. H. DAVIES,
ARCHITECT and Designer, OWEN SOUND, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

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

Marble and Granite Works

FRED A. CLINE

Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Monumental Work.

SHOP AND YARD - GEORGETOWN
Main St., (Next McKinlay's Block).

WANTED—Several persons of character and good reputation in each state (one in this county) required to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary $21.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head office. Horse and carriage furnished when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed envelope. Colonial Co 334 Dearborn st., Chicago.

Stewarttown

Blacksmith Shop

Satisfaction guaranteed in all branches of the trade. Horse-shoeing and all classes of repairing.

R. Taylor,

Stewarttown.

Old Watches Made New .....

Watches Overhauled and Repaired in the most skilful manner.

Always in Stock

Gold Watches and Chains, Gem Rings, Pearl Jewelry, Scarf Pins, Bracelets, Silverware, Pipes and Cigar Cases, Berry Spoons, Soup and Cream Ladles. All of First-class quality and at Reasonable Prices.

T. J. Wheeler

Jeweler,
GEORGETOWN, - ONTARIO.

—AT—

A. B. WILLSON'S

JEWELLERY STORE.

Rings from .....50c to $60.00
Pearl Brooches, 14k from $4.00 to $20.00.
Pearl stick pins, 14k from $1.75 to $7.50.
Ladies' 10 and 14k gold chains, from $15.00 to $30.00.
Ladies' gold filled chains from $1.75 to $7.50.
Silver hair brush and comb, in case $3.00.
Silver back mirror.....$6.50.
Silver bonnet duster.....$1.50.
Silver top pomades.....50c to $1.00.
Blotter.....50c to 75c.
Purses.....60c to $2.00

Also a fine line of genuine Ebony hair, cloth and hat brushes also Ebony mirrors.

A. B. Willson

GEORGETOWN.

Van the Tailor

STILL LEADS IN HIGH-GRADE TAILORING.

We are determined to win your tailoring account on sheer merit. Every garment we turn out is a strong bid for business. Its style, its workmanship, its fit, its finish, all appeal to the good taste and ambitions of the careful dresser.

VAN ALLEN & CO.,
BELISLE'S OLD STAND,
GEORGETOWN.

A full range of Belwarp Serges always on hand.

T. W. Galbraith

1 Buggy, new, $80.
1 One horse spring wagon, new, $45.
1 Land roller, $38.
1 Disc, new, $30.
1 Low scoped hand wagon, $20.
New plows from $9 up to $27.
1 New lumber wagon, $45.
1 New market wagon, $75.
1 Second hand one horse wagon, $30.
3 Second hand buggies, your own price.
2 Chatham fanning mills, new, $20.
1 One horse wagon, second hand, $10.
Wheelbarrows always on hand, $3.25, the best that is made.
1 Machine for cutting sulas, $10.
1 Scuffler, new, $3.
1 Second hand buggy pole $1.
1 Second hand gladstone, cheap.

Shop, Next Willoughby's Livery

GEORGETOWN.

WANTED—FAITHFUL PERSON TO TRAVEL for well established house in a few counties calling on retail merchants and agents. Local territory. Salary $18.00 a year and expenses, payable $10.00 a week in cash and expenses advanced. Position permanent. Business successful and rushing. Enclose self-addressed envelope. Standard House, 335 Caxton Bldg., Chicago.

When the Lamp of Life Burns low

the strain on all the delicate organs of the body is very great. The stomach and bowels are weaken—the liver more sluggish. Constipation paves the way for dreaded kidney and liver diseases.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Nature's own aperient, is extracted from the pure juices of fresh fruit. It is not a purgative but a gently effectual and insistent laxative. It relieves the system of all impurities and acts upon the most sensitive organism without discomfort. Abbey's cleanses and purifies the blood, regulates the bowels and brings sound refreshing sleep. It cures constipation by removing the cause, and brings the entire system back to healthful vigor. Directions on the bottle. At all druggists 25c. and 50c.

SUN AND HASTINGS SAVINGS AND LOAN CO'Y

Authorized Capital - $5,000,000
Subscribed Capital - $2,000,000
Shares $100 Each
Pre-paid Dividend-Bearing Stock

IMPORTANT TO INVESTORS!

THE STOCK of this Company offers absolute security. We guarantee a dividend of six per cent. (6%) per annum, payable half yearly.

This investment is ABSOLUTELY SAFE. Correspondence invited.

N. WATSON, Agent,
Georgetown.

GOOD GOODS

Kennedy's Bakery!

I beg to announce to the public that I have purchased the Bakery, corner Guelph and Water sts., (recently conducted by Mr. J. J. Gilbeans) and shall be pleased to supply the wants of the public in this line.

All our goods are guaranteed of the highest quality, and we are in a position to give prompt and efficient service.

L. Kennedy,
Baker and Confectioner.

TELEPHONE No. 4.

FAIR PRICES

—THE—

Federal Life!

Assurance Company

HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, ONT

Capital and Assets	$2,319,025.58
Surplus to Policyholders	1,039,075.64
Paid Policyholders, 1901	182,925.67

Policies Indisputable after one year from issue. The Most Desirable Policy Contracts.

Accumulation Policies. Compound Investment Policies. Guaranteed Income Bonds.

David Dexter, Pres. and Man'g-Director
J. K. McCutcheon, Super. of Agencies
Special Agent,

J. A. TRACY, Esquesing, Ont.

POETRY.

A SINGLE OF LIFE.

Hold on, lagging people! Don't quit the race,
Work to be done in all the weather, big or small,
Where's the end,
Why, bill an' Joe's bill
An' all the world ahead,
Plenty time for livin',
An' a long time dead!

Goin' on together, where we are bound as fellows,
We'll be thankful for the starlight 'fore we get to
the shores of Heaven

Deep an' wide we wend our way,
An' all the world ahead,
Short time for livin',
An' "a long time dead!"

Goin' on together—an' that's the way to go!
Joy-time, or grief-time—reapin' as we sow.

Up hill and down hill,
An' all the world ahead,
Love, while we're livin',
An' peace—when we're dead!

—Frank L. Stanton.

TO-DAY'S STORY.

The Minister's Fishing Trip.

THE Rev. Alexander Ramsey, like some of the early disciples, was a fisherman before he became a fisher of men, and he has never lost any of his love for the gentle art of angling.

He had not been six weeks in charge of his first parish among the hills of western Connecticut when he discovered Beaver Brook, a sparkling trout stream some three miles from the village. Into its alluring pools he determined to drop a hook at the earliest possible opportunity.

Behold him, then, setting forth one dewy May morning, in an old-fashioned, mud-spattered phaeton, drawn by a spirited young mare, both willingly lent by Deacon Gould, who considered the best animal in his stable none too good for the young minister. Mrs. Ramsey, who had some gift with her pencil, went, too, prepared to sketch while her husband fished.

Beyond the red bridge which spans Beaver Brook, at the foot of Powder House Hill, Mr. Ramsey turned into an open pasture beside the road, and began to unharness the mare. Unfortunately he knew little or nothing about horses, and he stripped off the harness, bridle and all, before turning back to the carriage to look for the halter.

The mare, finding herself thus unexpectedly at liberty, and feeling the exhilaration of the spring morning, kicked up her heels and cantered gaily away to the middle of the pasture.

Armed with the halter, Mr. Ramsey set out in pursuit. But the capture proved more difficult than he had expected. The mare, feeding placidly, with a perfect simulation of indifference to his movements, would let him approach within arm's length, and then plunge off again in a sort of mischievous delight. Mr. Ramsey would thereupon patiently coil up his halter again and follow her.

Half an hour passed in the rather monotonous repetition of this performance, until Mrs. Ramsey, tiring at last of the amusement she had at first derived from her husband's difficulties, came to his aid.

With her assistance the mare was penned up in one corner of the pasture; but at the moment when success seemed assured, the perverse creature leaped a low stone wall into a pasture that seemed larger than the first, and was partly filled with underbrush and clumps of trees.

"You go back to the carriage, Mary," said Mr. Ramsey, mopping his perspiring forehead, "and see that no one makes off with that. I'll have another try for this exasperating animal, and if I can't catch her alone, I'll go for help to the nearest farmhouse."

The chase now became more active, for the minister's temper was aroused, and the best part of the day for angling was passing.

He abandoned strategy and pursued the mare hotly and rashly from one end of the pasture to the other. She led him into swampy places, where he sank nearly to his knees; through thick and tangled underbrush, which tore his clothing; through matted grass, that tripped his tired feet. His hands and face were scratched with brambles and soiled with dirt and grass stains.

After the manner of fishermen he had worn his oldest and roughest clothing and a very battered slouch hat, but they were by this time so torn and mud-bespattered that disreputable was too mild a word to apply to them.

After another half-hour of this business Mr. Ramsey, spent and exasperated, gave up the chase, and seeing from a rise of ground the gables of a farmhouse not far distant, he bent his steps in that direction in search of assistance.

Now the house belonged to a farmer named Bodfish, and within its kitchen Mrs. Bodfish, one of the most faithful and devoted, members of Mr. Ramsey's church, and withal one of the best and sweetest of women, was going cheerily about her morning's work.

And she was thinking of Mr. Ramsey as she worked—thinking how fortunate she, Widow Bunce, had proved in her choice of a husband, compared to poor Mrs. Parson Gushing, and pitying, as usual, the surprise and dismay of the young clergyman and his wife when they should see the new stepmother the parish was shortly to receive.

Suddenly approaching the window, she caught a glimpse of a ragged and dusty man crossing the yard and coming toward the house.

Her one overmastering weakness was a fear of tramps, and never had she seen a more unmistakable specimen. The man, "of Heaven," which she was softly claiming, died in her throat; she grew pale and her head swam dizzily. Her husband and her two sons were in a field half a mile from the house, and this tramp would be able to rob and murder her unmolested.

But as the man turned toward the door of the shed, or summer kitchen, Mrs. Bodfish partly recovered herself, and she thought the villain could be circumvented.

Softly hurrying across the kitchen, she shot the bolt which fastened the door leading into the shed. Then she seized a bunch of keys from a near-by nail, slipped out of the house, ran round to the back door, through which the tramp had disappeared, closed it, pushed a key into the lock and turned it.

Leaving it dangling there with its rusty fellows, she ran back into the house and seized the dinner-horn, and proceeded to draw from it such wails of distress and shrieks of alarm as no one would have supposed that monotonous instrument capable of producing. She blew until breath and strength both failed, and then sank down on the back steps to wait the coming of Mr. Bodfish and the boys.

Meanwhile Mr. Ramsey had entered the shed and begun knocking upon the kitchen door. He rapped vigorously again and again, but met with no response.

All at once the sound of Mrs. Bodfish's energetic performance upon the dinner-horn reached his ears, and he determined to go out into the yard in search of the instrumentalist. To his surprise, he found the door at which he had come in shut and locked.

He went back to the kitchen door and tried that. It was locked, too. Wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, his confused and tired brain began to recall stories of robbery and violence done upon victims trapped in lonely farmhouses. He shouted, beat upon the door and threw himself heavily against it, but it was fast. And still the dinner-horn shrieked dismally without.

The panic-stricken minister now sought escape by the only window in the shed, in front of which stood a rusty, old cooking-stove. Upon this infirm relic he scrambled, and endeavored to raise the window. In the midst of his exertions one of the legs gave way, the stove toppled, and Mr. Ramsey caught hastily at a shelf to regain his balance.

The shelf was merely a board laid upon brackets, and loaded with empty bottles and flower-pots. It gave way at once, and down came the stove, the shelf and the wretched minister among the ruins of shattered glass and pottery.

At this juncture Mr. Bodfish, accompanied by George and Nathan, came running into the yard, responsive to the call of the alarm.

"What under the sun's the matter, mother?" he shouted, hearing the crash in the shed, and beholding his wife pale and limp on the steps.

"A tramp!" she gasped. "I locked him in the summer kitchen!"

"Nathan," shouted his father, "go into the house and get your gun! George and I will get our hay-forks, and I guess we'll be enough for the fellow."

Thus armed, the three men approached the summer kitchen. It was a dramatic moment. Mr. Bodfish unlocked the door and threw it open.

"Hands up!" he shouted, while Nathan presented his gun threateningly at the man who appeared within.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" demanded Mr. Ramsey, angrily. His slouch hat had fallen off, and as he stepped out into the sunlight the recognition was simultaneous.

Mrs. Bodfish, aghast at the thought of the humiliation to which she had subjected her beloved minister, threw her apron over her head and fled sobbing into the house. The men were not long in explaining matters, and Mr. Bodfish was profuse in his apologies.

For them the affair ended in a hearty laugh, but the delicacy of Mrs. Bodfish's position was felt by them all. It was Mr. Ramsey's tact that saved the situation. He went back to his wife, whom he found calmly employed upon her sketch-book, and sent her to call on Mrs. Bodfish, while he, with the assistance of the farmer and his sons, recaptured the mare now ready enough to be caught.

Then they returned to the farmhouse, where the minister's wife had found means of consolation for Mrs. Bodfish.

Red-eyed but smiling, the little woman met them, and insisted that the Ramsey's should stay to dinner.

It was a cheerful meal. No one spoke of the unfortunate episode of the morning. The talk was of the affairs of church and farm and countryside, and when it was over the Reverend Alexander had gained a parishioner who, when he went away, was sorry to consider that he was going.

As having to go, the minister had taken to consider this a reason. Upon his brought home his fish, but that other chagrin. The next Sunday Ralph Bodfish, who had not been to church for many years, came with his wife to hear the young man preach. He came again, and again. In January he joined the church. In a larger parish he had the satisfaction of saluting as "deacon" Hafus Bodfish, the man who on their first meeting had stood ready to run him through with a hay-fork.—Youth's Companion.

The Audience Had Gone.

A great statesman, one who has had all but touched the presidency, lay dying within the walls of an old brick mansion on the eastern side of the square where I had elected to sit.

It was my first afternoon in the square when a hand organ began to grind out its turgid strains before the brick house. I looked and listened, expecting at each moment that some one would issue from the house of doom and drive the din maker away. Instead, a bright black man, evidently a butler, came and stood on the porch. An hour went by before the repertory was exhausted; then the black man gave the organ man a dollar, and the music and the man went quietly their ways.

"I should think it would disturb your master," I said to the black guardian of the porch.

"He likes it," he replied. "The organ comes by his orders. The doctor says it does him more good than the medicine."

For a full week I attended these concerts in the square. Then came a day when the hand organ did not appear. I looked at my watch; I was surprised, the concert was ten minutes overdue! What should delay him? Surely that easy dollar had its charms!

Then, as though in answer to my question, my eye caught a black flutter at the door. It was a knot of crape. The ear that had listened was dulled; the audience had departed; Blaine, secretary of state, was dead.

A Matter of Course.

The simplicity of the moral law is sometimes more apparent to the very young than to those who have learned by experience the difficulty of walking in the narrow path. The Times tells this story of a Sunday-school which Bishop Potter often visits, and of which he is very fond:

At one time a girl's sewing class was organized, and a medal offered the child who showed the best record for punctuality. At the closing exercises little Alice was called forward as having been neither absent or late, and presented with the medal, but she refused it.

"I did not have a perfect record," she said. "One day I was late." And she explained the circumstances.

Afterward Bishop Potter found an opportunity to question her.

Why didn't you take the medal, Alice?" he asked.

"It would have been telling a lie," was the answer.

"Would your teacher have known it?"

"No, sir. She didn't see me come in that day."

"Would your mother have known?"

"No, Sir, I didn't tell her about it."

"Well, who would have known that you were telling a lie?"

Alice's face grew pink. "I should," said she.

The bishop was so delighted with the child's delicate sense of honor, that he had a beautiful medal made, and sent it to her. In reply he received this letter:

"Dear Bishop. Many thanks for the pretty medal. It is much nicer than the one I didn't get. I do not understand why you send me a medal for telling the truth, when you have always told us in Sunday-school that we should never tell lies. I thought you expected us to be truthful.

"Your little friend, Alice."

BITS OF HUMOR.

She (romantic)—"When you first saw the wonderful Niagara Falls, didn't you feel as though you would like to jump in?" He—"No; I hadn't gotten my hotel bill then."

His Mamma—"I heard you swearing on the ball field to-day. Do you know what becomes of little boys who use bad words when they play baseball? Willie—"Yes'm. When they grow up they play golf."

"There are some things about poverty that are not so bad." "I know it. Poor people hardly ever have to go through the experience of getting back into working trim after going away on vacations."

"You say a woman can't keep a secret," remarked the philosopher: "how about telling her age?" "That's never a secret," replied the wise guy, yawning; "her school friends who were in the grade below her always attended to that.

"Isn't this a pretty bad climate?" "We used to think so," answered the native, "till we knew how to use it. But the climate has been the making of the place. There's so much sickness around here that some of our leadin' citizens make steady incomes writin' patent medicine testimonials."

Biblical Geography and Turkey.

The Congregationalist, published in a recent number an account of the distribution of the Bible in foreign lands through the agency of the American Bible Society. Late reports contain a story of war of the many difficulties the society meets in preparing editions in other languages.

The Turkish censor has objected to the word Macedonia as it appears in several places in the new Testament. The Turkish idea seems to be that ancient geographical terms should be substituted into modern, especially where the ancient term has distasteful political suggestion. The modern vilayet of Saloniki covers the territory, known in Biblical times as Thessalonica, and the adjoining state of Monastir was crossed by St. Paul on his journeys through Macedonia.

The Turk insists upon the modern geographical terms, rather than the ancient, in the Bible, so far as it concerns Turkish territory, of course ancient history should preserve ancient geography.

It would sound odd to hear the familiar passages changed to read:

"So that ye were ensamples to all that believe in the vilayets of Saloniki the Monastir, and Achaeia."

"For from you sounded out the word of the Lord, not only from 'the vilayets of Saloniki and Monastir,'" so forth.

"And indeed ye do it toward all the brethren which are in "the vilayets of Saloniki and Monastir."

But the translations are to be in Turkish dialects, not in English, so we cannot tell just what the effect of the proposed change will be in the Oriental ear.—Ex.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Silence is an excellent remedy for gossip.

The man who gambles picks his own pocket.

Wise is the man who doesn't write a truthful story of his life.

A man's knowledge is to little or no purpose unless he utilizes it.

While a blacksmith may have many virtues, he must have at least one vice.

It's an easy matter to master a grief that is doing a stunt at your neighbor's.

As a stuttering man always thinks twice before he speaks he ought to avoid mistakes.

Even the man who lives a useless life may serve a purpose by posing as an example to others.

A man who imagines he can run the domestic end of the combine better than his wife is a fool man.

In after years when a woman wants to take the conceit out of her husband she repeats some of the things he said during their courtship.

Good Supply.

During the early years of his career as an evangelist the late D. L. Moody was not quite the practical man of affairs which he became as he grew older and his judgment ripened. A characteristic of this period of his life is vouched for by a correspondent. He was holding a series of meetings in a small town in central Illinois, where, with his wife, he enjoyed the hospitality of a prominent citizen. At dinner one day his fancy was particularly taken with some cucumber pickles.

"I am very fond of pickles," he said, "and these are certainly the finest I ever tasted. I wish I could get some like them in our markets at home."

"I can give you all you want to take home with you, Mr. Moody," said his generous hostess.

"But I don't want them as a gift. I would like to buy them."

"Well, of course, if you would rather have them that way I can pickle a lot of them from our garden and the neighbors', and my husband can send them to you. What quantity would you want?"

"I think a barrel would be enough," said Mr. Moody, without a moment's hesitation. "Send me a barrel of them."

But here his more practical wife interfered, and the order was cut down to a small keg.

The Joke of a Scientist.

When Prof. Joseph Le Conte was taking a scientific excursion with Agassiz, he ventured on a little pleasantry, to beguile the time. They had gone by sailing vessel to the Marquesas and thence into the Dry Tortugas.

The day after their arrival Professor Le Conte was sent to examine a little island about ten miles away, and having done it he remained there becalmed all the next day. The water was about twenty feet deep a splendid place for a dive.

Le Conte stripped and plunged overboard, and amused himself by plucking sponges and corals from the bottom. While he was thus engaged, an old-time naturalist who had joined the party, something to Agassiz' disgust, came paddling round the ship in a little boat.

Le Conte, to the delight of the sailors looking on, took hold of the keel behind, lay on his back, and thus escaped, as he afterwards remarked to his companions, a very unpleasant interview with an unwelcome friend.

VICTIMS OF NIAGARA.

The Niagara River has claimed its yearly quota of victims. Perhaps the place is as specially dangerous and the rest of the falls has a fascination for adventurous souls that are willing to risk all for the thrill. And long before the days of the tub, where the French lady, coupling to fall over, sung from the rapids, fell, and was whirled away in an instant. Nothing was left of her but one; than for the space of a flash a hand toyed above the waves.

They show you the rock to which Avery clung for twenty hours, for half a day in view of the frantic crowd, who sent raft after raft to reach him, yet saw him swept like a wisp to destruction at last.

Perhaps the most tragic story is that of the young man, who was walking, with his bride on Luna Island. Just on the brink of the falls they stopped to rest a while in idyllic. The young husband, in merry mood, took in his arms a little girl of the party. Playfully he held her out over the brink, never doubting the security of his strong grasp. The terrified child struggled and screamed, and in the struggle slipped from his arms and fell into the whirl of foaming water.

Overwhelmed with the awfulness of his act, and doubtless actuated by a wild thought of saving the child, the young man leaped after her to his own death, and the two were swept away before the horrified gaze of their friends.

Perhaps that bride's fate, who stood and saw this tragedy, was sadder than the lot of the other ill-starred bride, who went rowing in a little boat with her young husband on the river above the falls. Although warned not to venture too far, they rowed on and on over the smooth treacherous, fair-seeming waters, till the terrible current seized their little skiff and whirled it into the rapids. The last glimpse of them showed them standing up in the rocking boat, clasped in each others arms. Then boat, bride and bridegroom were engulfed in the relentless waters.

Sun-Dried Bricks.

E. G. Acheson of Niagara Falls, while he was searching for the best clay to make crucibles, read the statements in the fifth chaper of Exodus about the use of straw and stubble in the manufacture of ancient Egyptian bricks. He procured some straw, had it boiled and mixed the dark-red liquid thus obtained with clay. He found that the plasticity was greatly increased. Investigation showed that the tannin was the active agent, and when he treated other clays with a solution of tannin in water he obtained surprising results. The strength and plasticity of the clay are increased, and the tendency to shrink and warp is greatly reduced. In this process sun drying is far superior to burning, and in ten days the clay is better tempered than in months or even years by the old process.

Growth of Foreign Missions.

1800—The foreign missionary societies numbered seven.

1860—The income of the seven societies amounted to $50,000.

1900—The income is over fifteen millions.

1800—The number of native communicants enrolled in Protestant mission churches was 7,000.

1900—There are 1,000,000 native communicants.

1800—The adherents of Protestant churches in heathen lands were estimated at 15,000.

1900—They number 3,500,000.

1800—There were no patients treated by Christian physicians.

1900—There are over 200,000 patients under treatment in hospitals and dispensaries established by foreign missionary societies.

1800—Medical missions were unknown.

1900—There are more than 500 medical missionaries, one-fourth of this number being women.

HEALTHY, HAPPY BABIES.

Every mother must earnestly desires to to see her little ones hearty, rosy and full of life. The hot weather however, is a time of danger to all little ones and at that very first sympton of uneasiness or illness, Baby's Own Tablets should be given. It is easier to prevent illness than to cure it, and an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets will keep little ones healthy and happy. If sickness does come, there is no other medicine will so quickly cure the minor ills of babyhood and childrenhood—and you have a guarantee that it contains no opiate or poisonous stuff. Mrs. John Mall, Petersburg, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them a superior remedy for troubles of the stomach and bowels. From my own experience, I can highly recommend the Tablets to other mothers."

Mothers should always keep these tablets in the house, ready for any emergency. Sold by medicine dealers or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box, by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.