

THE CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTIERS

THE TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL SESSION OF HIGH COURT.

The Most Prosperous Year for the Order in Its History — A Large Delegation in Attendance.

The twenty-ninth annual session of the High Court of the Canadian Order of Foresters opened in the city of Niagara Falls on June 9, 1908, with a large number in attendance, including High Court officers and delegates representing subordinate courts of every Province of the Dominion.

After the usual opening ceremonies and the appointment of the several standing committees, the High Court officers submitted their reports, which showed the order to be in a most flourishing condition. The progress made by the order during the past year far surpassed that of any previous year of its history.

The High Chief Ranger, J. A. Stewart of Perth, Ont., after extending a hearty welcome to the representatives present, submitted his report, which was replete with facts and figures relating to the growth and extension of the order during the past year.

On the 1st of January, 1907, the order had a membership of 64,055, and there were initiated during the year 7,912 new members, being an increase of 171 over the previous year. During 1906 3,134 members lapsed and 409 died, leaving a net membership at the close of the year of 68,424.

The increase in the insurance reserve of the order during the year amounted to \$251,818.42. On January 1st, 1907, the amount on hand in this branch was \$2,174,872.45, and at the close of the year \$2,426,690.87. The amount paid in death claims was \$413,326.24.

The Sick and Funeral Benefit Department is also in a flourishing condition. During the year no less a sum than \$134,413.44, covering 5,903 claims, was paid in this branch. The amount to the credit of this fund at the close of the year was \$112,864.48.

The High Chief Ranger in concluding his address, expressed the hope that the meeting would be a pleasant one for the members and a profitable one for the order, and felt that if ever there was a time in the history of the order when the members should all feel inspired with hope and confidence in the future of Canadian Forestry, that time was the present. In an inspiring address he urged upon the representatives to do all that in them lay to make 1908 the banner year of the order.

The report of Geo. Faulkner, High Secretary, covering the general work of the society, was next in order, and showed in detail the large volume of business transacted through the head office at Brantford.

The amount of insurance premiums received during the year was \$575,916.20, which with the interest on insurance account made the total receipts in this branch \$665,149.96. There were 409 death claims paid, amounting to \$413,326.24, leaving the sum of \$251,818.42 to carry to the reserve fund, which at the close of the year was \$2,426,690.87.

The Sick and Funeral Benefit Branch of the order also showed a marked advance. The amount of fees received during the year was \$151,650.01, and interest \$2,109.81. The total receipts amounted to \$153,849.82. There were 5,903 claims paid, amounting to \$134,413.44, leaving \$19,436.38 to carry to the reserve fund, which at the close of the year amounted to \$112,864.48.

There were 68,424 members in good standing at the close of the year, carrying \$69,053,500.00 insurance. There were issued from the High Secretary's office 8,064 insurance certificates and 7,965 membership certificates, or a total of 16,029, and in addition there were endorsements made on 1,455 insurance certificates.

The report of Robert Elliott, High Treasurer, showed the funds of the order to be in a most satisfactory condition. The receipts in the several funds were:—Insurance, \$665,149.96; sick and funeral benefit fund, \$153,849.82; general fund, \$91,669.93; total receipts, \$910,669.71. The total expenditure in these funds amounted to \$642,867.69. The surplus income over expenditure amounted to \$267,802.02.

The surplus insurance funds are invested as follows:—Municipal and school debentures \$2,187,339 59 Dominion of Canada stock . . . 150,000 00 Deposits in chartered banks . . . 20,000 00 Current accounts in chartered banks 69,351 28

The total assets of the order amounted to \$2,587,037.70, and its liabilities \$26,976.08. Assets over liabilities, \$2,560,061.62.

The report of Dr. U. M. Stanley, who has been Chairman of the Medical Board since the inception of the order, shows that the death rate during the past year was only 5.98 per thousand. This is a remarkably low death rate for an order now doing business for upwards of 28 years, and still more remarkable is the fact that, comparing the last half of the 28 years with the first half, the death rate is in proportion of 5.17 to 5.07 per thousand. There were submitted to the Medical Board during the year 9,874 applications, of which 9,084 were accepted and the remaining 790 rejected.

The report of W. G. Strong, Superintendent of Organization, showed that during the year there were 7,912 initiations, the largest in the history of the order. There were 34 new courts instituted, with a membership of 560.

At the close of the year there were 1,026 courts in the order, representing a membership of 68,424. There were 497 courts in the Province of Ontario, 175 in Quebec, 59 in Nova Scotia, 70 in New Brunswick, 15 in Prince Edward Island, 107 in Manitoba, 56 in Saskatchewan, 30 in Alberta and 17 in British Columbia.

Among those in attendance are the following:—J. A. Stewart, High Chief Ranger, Perth; D. Allan, High Vice-Chief Ranger, Grimsby; Geo. Faulkner, High Secretary, Brantford; Robt. Elliott, High Treasurer, Brantford; Dr. U. M. Stanley, Chairman Medical Board, Brantford; M. D. Carroll, Montreal; C. E. Britton, P.H.C.R., Gananoque; L. P. D. Tilley, St. John; J. A. A. Brodeur, Montreal; Mark Mundy, Galt, members of the Executive Committee. W. L. Roberts, High Auditor, Brantford; J. P. Hoag, High Auditor, Brantford; W. Walker, High Registrar, Montreal; Rev. W. J. West, High Chaplain, Bluevale; W. G. Strong, Superintendent of Organization, Brantford; Lyman Lee, High Court Solicitor, Hamilton; Hon. Colin H. Campbell, High Court Solicitor, Winnipeg; D. E. McKinnon, District High Secretary, Winnipeg; R. G. Affleck, P.D.H.C.R., Winnipeg, and R. H. Shanks, P.D.H.C.R., Winnipeg.

TOMBS OF SPANISH ROYALTY.

Most Gorgeous Burial Vaults—Marble Effigies of Children.

The escorial in which for nearly three centuries the Kings and Queens of Spain have been buried is said to be the most gorgeous burial vault in the world, says London Tit-Bits.

It is an octagonal chamber, thirty-six feet across, with its walls, save where the coffins stand, entirely overlaid with precious marbles. The staircase which leads to it is of marble with jasper walls. The general effect is unspeakably splendid. In the midst of this magnificence are the massive black marble caskets set into the walls, containing the bodies themselves. They are all exactly alike, inscribed simply with the names of the different kings and queens. There is room for just six more monarchs and their consorts.

Of another character altogether is the vault devoted to Spain's royal children—princes and princesses. Here white marble rules, and very charming are some of the effigies over the tombs. The local name for the vault is "the place of the little angels," and though many of the princes who lie here were not at all angelic in their lives the impression left by the white marble wings of the statues is one of spotless purity.

One unfortunate Spanish King, Don Jaime II. of Aragon, is daily on view in the cathedral of Palma, in Majorca. The sacristan of the place takes you to a yellow marble monument in the choir, opens a cupboard, and pulls out a very ordinary coffin with a glass lid. As poor Don Jaime died in the fourteenth century, he is not now at all a lively spectacle. His mummy is made gay, however, with imitation royal robes—colony ermine, and so forth.

BRIGHT LITTLE ONES MAKE HOMES BRIGHT

Babies that are well sleep well, eat well and play well. A child that is not rosy-cheeked and playful needs immediate attention, and in all the world there is no medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets for curing indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, teething troubles and the other disorders from which young children suffer. The mother who uses this medicine has the guarantee of a government analyst that it is absolutely safe. Mrs. J. L. Janelle, St. Sylvere, Que., says:—"I find Baby's Own Tablets the most satisfactory medicine I have ever used for constipation, teething troubles and breaking up colics. Every mother should keep this medicine in the home." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Any virtue dies as soon as it vaunts itself. He who has a work has no will to wander. It's hard to be convincing without convictions. It always makes the adversary happy to see you sad. He only is going to heaven who is bringing heaven here. He who is afraid of any truth is a friend to error and a lie. Some think to kill all the wild oats of the week by a frozen face on Sunday. A good many people have given up praying because it costs so much practicing. Many a vice is a virtue which has passed from being a servant to become a master. Many a citizen of heaven is getting ready for his rest there by dodging his taxes here. It is seldom necessary to reprove the self-made man for lack of reverence to his Maker. It's a good thing to get up on the tactics, but it takes the tactics of getting up to win a battle. It is better to see some of the saint in others than to talk all the time about the sinner in yourself. You are not likely to have strength left for fighting sin when you are busy fighting shadows. The merchant who takes his stock of goods to church with him does not get much good out of the sermon. The church must expect something beside confetti when she lays aside her hymn books and goes out gunning after sin. Any man who ever has done anything for the world has been called a fool more times than he would like to count.

POOR BLOOD BRINGS MISERY

Pale Faces and Pinched Cheeks Show That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are Needed.

Anaemia is written on the features of ninety women and girls out of every hundred. Unmistakeable are the signs of "too little blood."

The weaker sex is assailed at all ages by the evils resulting from bloodlessness, from the girl who is weak and languid, with dull eyes, pale, pinched cheeks, flitful appetite and palpitating heart, to the woman who feels never well, with gnawing pains in the back, aching limbs and nervous headaches.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are specially valuable to women of all ages, for they possess the power of making in abundance the rich, red blood without which no woman can have perfect health. They fill the starved veins with new blood so that feeble bodies are strengthened, weak, nervous systems are fortified and robust health restored.

Miss Rose D'Aragnon, Waterloo, Que., follows the profession of teaching, which brings more than ordinary strain to all who follow this calling. Miss D'Aragnon says:—"It seemed as though I was gradually going into a decline. I lost all my strength; my appetite was very poor; I was pale and suffered from frequent headaches; I was often dizzy and the least exertion would leave me breathless. I doctored for a time, but with little or no benefit. One day I read in the Waterloo Journal the particulars of a case similar to mine cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I determined to try them. In a few weeks there was a decided improvement in my condition, and by the time I had taken seven or eight boxes I was again in the best of health, and able to enjoy myself as well as any of my young friends."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50c, a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ANIMALS WORKED FOR CHARITY.

Winings of Horse Races That Built Hospitals and Helped the Poor.

The King of Sweden recently told a story of King Edward's charitable propensities, says London Tit-Bits. Just before the race for the Derby which the King's horse Diamond Jubilee carried off, his Royal Highness—as he then was—was watching the horses proceeding to the starting post. Suddenly turning to the King of Sweden, who was with him, he said, "I am most specially anxious to win to-day."

"Why so?" inquired the King. "Because," was the answer, "I always give the Princess whatever amount my success happens to bring me. With the stake money of the last Derby I won the Princess provided 1,700 poor boys with a complete outfit—clothes, underlinen, boots and all necessities—and stamped on each article "From your friend the Prince."

The Duchess of Portland some time ago presented to her husband a very handsome blotting book of Russia leather heavily mounted in silver. On the mountings are engraved the names of all the races won by that extraordinary racer Donovan. In 1889 Donovan won the Derby and the St. Leger, besides the Newmarket Stakes and many other important races. The total sum won by Donovan during his racing career amounted to £70,000, and the whole of this large fortune the Duke gave to his wife for the purpose of building almshouses for widows of the Duke's tenants and a cottage hospital for the neighborhood.

Baron Hirsch was another great turflite most of whose winnings went to charity. During his lifetime he spent more than £50,000 of turf winnings on charity. All the winnings of La Fleche, amounting in all to £34,585, were devoted to various charities.

Dogs have done much for charity. The record in this direction is held by Tim, the famous Airedale terrier which belonged to Mr. Bush, the Great Western inspector at Paddington. For more than ten years before his death Tim trotted from train to train, inviting donations to the Railway Servants' Widows and Orphans Fund. The total of his collections exceeded £800. The dog always knew when royalties were about to travel. He would sit down on the edge of the carpet laid on the platform and refuse to move until he had had something added to his hoard. On five separate occasions Queen Victoria placed a sovereign in his box, and many times the King has done the same. Mr. W. W. Astor gave Tim his record present—a check for £200—on the occasion of the coming of age of his son.

Other animals, too, have indirectly contributed to the cause of charity. At Amersham, in Buckinghamshire, the superintendent of the Baptist Sunday school adopted a novel expedient for raising money for the Congo mission. He distributed among his scholars a number of young rabbits. These they had to fatten at home, and when fit for market the creatures were sold, the proceeds going to the mission.

At Frieth, near Marlow, a pig raised a little less than £7 for charitable purposes. It was raffled for and then given back by the winner and sold again. In a Lancashire town a local butcher presented a handsome young pig to a bazaar on condition that a church member, got up in frock coat and silk hat, should drive it through the village. The procession caused great amusement and a collection realized more than £3.

CROSSING THE BAY OF FUNDY.

A Trip With All the Unpleasant Features of Crossing the English Channel.

Those who cross the English Channel usually have cause to remember it. Travellers tell you that on the short trip from Dover to Calais seasickness will get you if it can get you anywhere.

There's another short water journey which has all the unpleasant features of crossing the Channel. It is straight across the Bay of Fundy, about half way up, between St. John, N. B., and Digby, N. S.

The trip takes three hours or less and the chances are about three to one that it will be unpleasant. The swift rushing tide and the wind, which seems to blow every way most of the time, combine to make a choppy sea which gives a very disturbing motion to the vessel.

Starting out from Digby early on a pleasant afternoon there is every sign of an appy voyage, for the steamboat moving placidly over landlocked Annapolis Basin. If you haven't dined you hasten below so that you may get it over quickly and have so much the more time on deck. You are well along in your meal when the dining saloon gets gloomy. A glance to either side and there is land, apparently close up to the ports. The water seems to tumble by in an unexpected rush. The steamboat is passing out Digby Gut, the narrow entrance to Annapolis Basin, between two mountain peaks.

The vessel has acquired a motion which brings to mind the helterskeller and merry-go-rounds and seasaws of a pleasant resort all at once. A desire to be up on deck in the fresh air comes upon you. With every appearance of departing leisurely, which deceives no one, you climb to the upper rail, take a few deep breaths and gaze boldly about you.

Before, on the right and on the left, there is nothing but restless water. No waves mountain high, such as the ultramarine observers report, but sassy little waves moving now one way, now another, in a most disorderly manner.

You look astern. The North Mountain rises boldly from the edge of the bay and stretches in both directions as far as the eye can reach. The passage through which you were shot into the bay can hardly be made out.

There is a certain feeling of safety in keeping your eyes fixed on the massive front of rocks and trees. At least it doesn't move. But the eye wanders restlessly and you try to discern whether you are going.

A faint speck in the distance slowly resolves itself into an outline of land. You look anxiously for more land, but it comes into view with a tantalizing slowness. You glance at your watch only to find that the trip has just begun.

And there you sit clutching the rail tightly, hoping against hope, while Nova Scotia recedes rapidly from your vision and New Brunswick grows but little nearer. The waves go chop chop and the deck moves up and down, frontways and sideways, with a monotony that grows more unbearable every moment.

Half way over you shut your watch with a snap and realize that you simply won't. Nova Scotia has almost faded into outline and New Brunswick is near enough now so that you can distinguish bays and headlands and maybe give them a name. You feel that the steamboat is moving onward gallantly, yet the troublous expanse of water before you lessens so slowly.

But you hang on and in time the city of St. John comes into your horizon. While you are still engaged in picking out familiar objects in the city's skyline the vessel shoots by Partridge Island and you are again in calm waters.

Well, you haven't, and you realize that you are mighty hungry.

AN ALL-ROUND BOOK.

The book agent had spent a discouraging morning, and when he had an opportunity to scan the fact of Eli Hobbs at close range, he felt that there was small chance of making a sale. However, he had more than one method of suggestion.

"Sitting out here on the piazza afternoons with your wife, this would be the very book to read aloud," he said, ingratiatingly, to Mr. Hobbs, taking the other rocking-chair and opening the large red-covered volume.

"I don't read and I haven't any wife," replied Mr. Hobbs, dryly.

"Dear me!" said the book agent. "Well, if your wife is dead, perhaps there are children. Now, children find this book—" "There are no children," interrupted Mr. Hobbs. "There's nobody but myself and my cat."

"Well," said the book agent, "don't you ever want a good heavy book to throw at her, just to ease your feelings?"

TRITE SAYINGS.

It is not age but poverty, that nowadays steals women's looks away.

It is rather hard luck for a man with insomnia to marry a girl who snores. In writing a love letter, bear constantly in mind that it may some day appear in print.

By the time you are old enough to realize your ignorance you are too old to let it worry you. An engaged girl's greatest happiness is in talking it over with a girl who is neither engaged nor likely to be.

The modern world of business is so overcrowded that you can't pat one man on the back without stepping on another man's toes to do it.

Even more agreeable than he who will let you talk all the time about yourself is he who's always telling you the good things he has heard people say about you.

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POLICE METHODS IN WARSAW.

Arrested All the Men of a Certain Name and Imprisoned Them.

Sherlock Holmes would not find much to praise in the methods employed by the Warsaw police when trying to trace criminals. An instance of their brilliance is now making all those not immediately concerned therein laugh. Some time ago Mr. Hautke, a manufacturer, was shot while leaving his works, and the murderers could not be found, writes a Warsaw correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette.

The other day rumors ran through the town that one of the criminals was named Malicki. The police heard this rumor, obtained the addresses of all males in Warsaw bearing this name from the municipal address bureau, and arrested them without delay.

Then they sent for the murdered man's relatives, confronted them with some hundred Malickis in turn, and asked, "Is this the man who murdered Mr. Hautke?" As none of Mr. Hautke's relatives was with him at the time of the murder, their answers were, without exception, "I cannot say," and they were finally dismissed.

But the Malickis were not so fortunate, and are still under arrest pending further inquiries. Some of them begged the relatives to say they were implicated in the murder, so that they could at least be let out on bail. As it is, though they declare they know nothing of the crime, they are packed in cells like herrings in a barrel, and are likely to remain there till the real culprits appear.

The incident sounds more like one of Gogol's satires on Russian bureaucratic methods than of plain facts. All the Malickis vow they will employ their first hours of liberty in tracing and lynching those who floated the story of their implication in the murder.

WHERE BIRDS DRINK WINE.

The Beverage is Plentiful About Lake Maggiore.

Wine is so plentiful at the present moment on the shores of Lake Maggiore, Italy, from the village of Broino to Orselina, that it is given freely to tramps who ask for a drink.

The poorest people leave a bowl of wine on the window-sill for all comers. It is frequently refilled, and even the birds share the hospitality. The farmers, in order to make room for the coming vintage, are getting rid of their ordinary wine at nominal prices.

Parents freely give the wine to their children, and teachers complain that many of their pupils arrive at school in an inebriated condition. It is rare to see a child in the district without a little gourd of wine slung across his shoulders for personal consumption.

QUICK TRAVELLING.

An American and Englishman had embarked on a heated argument as to the relative speed of railway trains in their respective countries. Said the Englishman:—

"If you want to see speed, travel in our Flying Dutchman; the telegraph poles, as you pass them, remind you of the teeth of a small-toothed comb—they appear so close together."

Quoth the Yankee: "Waal, that's fast travelling, but we've some fast trains out West, I guess. One time I was going through Chicago, and my wife was on the platform to see me off. Just as the whistle sounded for us to start I put out my head to kiss my wife, as I thought, and found I was kissing a cow's tail about ten miles down the line. Yes, I guess we were moving that day, stranger!"

No, Maude, dear; we have never heard that in making a veal loaf it was necessary to select a lazy calf.



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