

HE WRITES US AGAIN

R. J. CARSON GIVES FLORENTE ART THE PALM.

His Pen Faltered Over Rome's Wonders, But Failed Entirely at the Beauties of Florence—At Service in St. Peter's.

Robert J. Carson has sent us another interesting letter, this one being dated Hotel et Pension Beau Rivage, Venice. May 1st. As others have been, he and his party were enraptured with the Bay of Naples, which makes such a splendid harbor. Naples, with its population of 750,000, is the centre of vast shipping, its streets are well paved and clean, and its public parks are unexcelled. Of hotels, there are 150 first-class establishments and about 200 smaller ones, any of which, Mr. Carson says, would be more than pleased to have in Kingston.

He and his party spent much time in the wonderful Neapolitan art galleries, and found specially interesting the Aquarium, wherein is every species of fish finding its home in the Mediterranean. There are many hotels in "New Naples," with large and beautiful residences, built on the mountain slopes, which are really part of the city. An amusing novelty was the sight of flocks of goats being driven along the narrow streets of the old town, and being "milked" at the doors of the houses to be milked. Sometimes the little animals mount steep stairways and stop at the right doorways, in upstairs halls, the housemistress of the "flat" examining out and extracting just as much of the lactical commodity as she needs for the day's use. It is quite common, too, to see a man driving a couple of cows along the street, halting them while someone comes from the house and milks what she needs into a jug or bottle. Thus, by the aid of a know-

GOWGANDA VERY RICH.

Visitor to City Speaks About That Territory.

Henry S. Clair, of Montreal, who has been in the Gowganda territory, Ontario, and went on to Montreal last night. He was questioned about this new territory, about which so much has been said and written of late.

Mr. St. Clair says that Gowganda is a very rich district, and he would not be surprised if it does exceed Cobalt. Some of the discoveries made there, show silver of the richest quality.

"But of course you want to make sure what you are going into before you invest," he added, "as like all mining enterprises there are a host of sharks who will take advantage of you and work up fakes."

The New Overcoat.

In a downtown office in Toronto a few days ago one of the men appeared with a new spring overcoat which immediately got a reputation for being the "loudest" thing in the office in many a month. Much fun was poked at the wearer, but it was all good-natured fun. The best of the remarks hurled at the young man was made by one of the youngsters of the office, who has a local reputation as a sayer of bright things. This young man on seeing the coat for the first time on its owner jokingly quoted the name of a melodrama which appeared in Toronto a short time ago. It was, "Why Girls Leave Home"

GREAT ASSET INDEED

THE WORK OF THE UNITED STATES HEN.

Value of Egg Crop Has Doubled in Ten Years—A Large Review of the Issue.

By Frederic J. Haskin. A Seattle broker has recently placed orders with two Iowa egg-packing establishments for fifty-one carloads of eggs, contracting to pay for these the price prevailing at the time of their delivery. This means something like 7,344,000 eggs, their total weight will be 336 tons, and if the selling price in Iowa is 20 cents a dozen, the Seattle broker will pay \$122,400 for the lot. And these will not by any means constitute the entire number of eggs that will be consumed in that city during the Alaska-Pacific-Yukon Exposition, which will be held from June 1st to October 15th, when hundreds of thousands of visitors from all over the country will be there.

As one part of Iowa alone furnishes 13,000,000 eggs a year, Seattle's demand will produce a dearth of eggs in that state. In April a New York firm ordered twenty carloads of eggs from Kansas. Greater New York consumes 9,000 cases of eggs a week. As the number of eggs in a case is either thirty-two or thirty-six dozen, this means at least 94,000 eggs a day for the city's tables, many hundreds not being able to afford eggs. It is predicted by expert authorities that the early crop will be short because far-reaching packers, anticipating a later price of 45 cents a dozen, are encouraging the best season's good prices, are beginning to store eggs.

New products have increased so rapidly in value as have eggs. Where the 1900 census showed a poultry and egg valuation of something under \$300,000,000, the latest census of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the National Department of Agriculture shows that its valuation has reached \$600,000,000. If this Kansas alone produces \$10,000,000 worth. The price in that time has gone from 17 1/2 to 35 cents. The Turkish rose 3 per cent. of the total food of the population, and with every tuberculosis patient encouraged to take at least a dozen a day, and every soda fountain mixing egg drinks for every twentieth customer, the demand for eggs will doubtless increase to a phenomenal degree this year. Chemists show that it takes a pound and a quarter of beef worth at least 25 cents to equal in nutrition five eggs worth 10 cents. On this basis the housewife often pays two and a half times as much for a meal as she might if she understood better the values of food.

According to the best authorities care of poultry for egg producing is a most remunerative occupation and the principal requisite on the part of the person who launches the enterprise is good common sense. The average annual production of eggs in the United States is only sixty-five eggs to each hen, though enterprising Maine hens have raised the average to 102.

If the poultry standard is raised among the farmers, by means of study, the reading of literature, or the attendance of lectures on the subject, there is no reason, according to experts, why the American hen may not be brought to lay 200 eggs a year, and eggs of a large size and good quality. Pullets are the best layers, and all egg layers should be killed when three and a half years old to room for younger and better ones. Massachusetts is trying to get the legislature of that state to appropriate a sum of money for educational work among poultry and egg raisers, just as Iowa has done for dairy workers, \$10,500 having been appropriated for this purpose in that state.

That the breed can be improved is noted from the fact that eggs from the poorest southern farms, chiefly from Games and Hamburgs, weigh only nine and one-fifth ounces per dozen, from the poor strains of Leghorns, constitute the chief poultry population of the Tennessee and Texas farmyards, the eggs weigh two ounces more, while Northern Iowa sends eggs from the pure bred farm flocks that weigh twenty-four ounces to the dozen. Selected brands of imported Danish eggs, such as the Danmarks import, largely from Denmark—weigh a traction under twenty-nine ounces to the dozen. It is in Denmark that the ideal method of collecting and shipping eggs is found. There are 24,000 or more farmers enrolled in the Danish Egg Association, and eggs are collected on the farms every day or three times a week. Eggs from each farm are marked with letters and numbers, so the goods of each consignee are known at a glance. The eggs are "candled" or tested under a strong light to test their quality. If one egg is found in a farmer's consignment he is fined for the first offense, and for the second offense in one year he is expelled from the association, and must thereafter get his eggs on the market through his own efforts.

In the United Kingdom like efforts have been made to protect the public in the matter of egg buying and at the same time allow the producer to get good value for the shipments. Over thirty branches or depositories have been established there so that eggs may be collected when fresh and shipped at once. Compare this with the general method of the American farmer. As a rule eggs on the average farm are collected at uncertain intervals, some from nests where hens have been sitting, and these are then traded at the country store for such commodities as the small farmer needs.

The country merchant takes his chances with the eggs, rather than lose a customer, and then ships the lot at a small price to a large city factor. There candling is generally resorted to in order that good eggs may be placed on the market, but very generally the signs on the cases might be made to read as in the Bowersy not long ago: "Strictly Fresh Eggs," "Fresh Eggs." "The regular egg farm in the United States and Canada has taken many steps already to preserve its integrity, but has to compete with the poor farm product in states where pure food laws have nothing to say in the matter. Special packing boxes are used by many of these farms, boxes that hold each a dozen eggs and that are sealed and stamped with the name of the shipper and the date on the seal. This guarantees freshness. A number of small egg farmers have a way of writing on each egg, as it is collected, the date it is laid and the breed of the hen that laid it, a

useful device if buyers for the gigantic central incubators happen to be canvassing that particular locality for eggs. Within fifty miles of San Francisco is the country's banner egg centre, Petaluma, in Sonoma county, California. Seventy-five per cent of the people in that country are poultry raisers and those in the towns and villages raise for their own needs and sell the surplus stock. On the small farms from 1,500 to 1,800 hens are kept, and on the larger ones the hen population ranges from 3,000 to 15,000. There are said to be a million white Leghorns here and that country, a specialty being made of that breed, for they are considered the best layers and rarely cease to sit. Each of these hens sets its owner never less than 50 cents a year, all laying 100,000 dozen eggs in 1907. One man in this country makes an annual profit of \$5,000 on eggs, having two helpers and the three devoting their entire time to the business.

Poultry and egg raising is declared to be strictly a man's business, requiring the exercise of the very faculties that make successful lawyer, business farmer, and requiring an expenditure of energy and time that are too great a tax on the average woman. Common sense and business sagacity are two valuable assets for the enterprise.

Eggs are best preserved in cold storage. This is the decision reached after hundreds of ways were tried and countless experiments made. An absolutely sterile atmosphere at a sufficiently low temperature and with a proper degree of humidity preserve eggs indefinitely. Eggs from corn-fed chickens will keep best. A man at Buzzards Bay picks fifty barrels of eggs a year in brine and guarantees that they will not rot when beaten a half year later. Other experimenters have packed them in charcoal—anything that will exclude air. Others have wrapped them in unsized paper and placed in cool cellars. Eggs have been preserved in water glass, a silicate of potash or soda that coats them; they have been disinfected and coated with vaseline, oil, turpentine and fats, while some have been immersed in a solution of glycerine and salicylic acid. The egg shell, being porous in order that the imprisoned chicken may have air as it hatches, makes it difficult to devise air-excluding material, and the frailty of the shell makes its handling a matter of skill.

When eggs are sent to the packing houses to be shipped or placed in cold storage they are candled and the good ones frozen or stored, the broken ones are shipped in crates and sent to another port to be dehydrated and form a convenient food for use in the navy—9,000 pounds of dried eggs forming a part of the food supply of the Atlantic fleet when it went on interation exhibition. Tainted eggs are used in the dressing of leather for goods to be bookbinding, in the padding and the frailty of the shell makes its handling a matter of skill. When eggs are sent to the packing houses to be shipped or placed in cold storage they are candled and the good ones frozen or stored, the broken ones are shipped in crates and sent to another port to be dehydrated and form a convenient food for use in the navy—9,000 pounds of dried eggs forming a part of the food supply of the Atlantic fleet when it went on interation exhibition. Tainted eggs are used in the dressing of leather for goods to be bookbinding, in the padding and the frailty of the shell makes its handling a matter of skill.

Not only do eggs form a considerable article of diet, but millions are used every year by wine clarifiers, in calico, print works, and in dye manufacturing, and others in preparing photographic plates. And all these figures in the seventeen dozen per year that are appointed out to each inhabitant. Though the majority of eggs come from the farms of the great Mississippi Valley, the Far West, the New England States and the North Atlantic have model poultry farms, and each with its preference of White Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds, Barred Plymouth Rocks, White Leghorns, Minorcas or plain every day mixed breeds, is helping to raise the standard of eggs to a conformity with the price, and help net the nation in many millions a year on this one industry.

My Valet. French cleaning, dyeing, repairing, pressing, Ladies' or men's garments, curtains, draperies, feathers, gloves, rugs, furs, etc., cleaned or dyed by experts. Prompt delivery. Warwick Bros., phone 650.

A Home Thrust. M. A. P. London. A dinner given in Edinburgh in honor of a distinguished surgeon named Wallace, the guests were somewhat startled to observe at the head of the toast list the familiar quotation: "Scots wha hae w' Wallace bled."

"Cedar camphor" will protect your furs. Buy it at Gibson's Red Cross drug store. The strong kind is sold there.

J. K. Robertson, M.A., appointed lecturer in physics in Queen's University, is a son of Hugh Robertson, Perth.

BORN. DIER.—At Sunnyside, May 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Dier, a May 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. Perry Benn, a son. JONES.—At Tyndal, May 8th, to Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones, a son. GRANGE.—At Selby, May 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Grange, a daughter. WRIGHT.—At Gannaque, on May 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Wright, a daughter.

DEPARTED. HUIBARE.—At Gannaque, on May 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Huibare, a daughter. MASTIN.—At Gannaque, May 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. George S. Mastin, (formerly of Selby), a daughter. RYAN.—At Dorland, on May 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. William Ryan, (formerly of Selby), a daughter and a son.

MARRIED. MOYCK.—At Tanworth, on May 11th, to Miss N. Mabel Lott, all of Tanworth.

DIED. PARLIAMENT.—At Castlewood, South Dakota, on 5th April, D. O. Parliament, aged 70 years. SPRAGUE.—At Big Island, May 9th, Edwin Sprague, aged seventy-two years. GRANGE.—At Selby, on 9th May, Mary Gertrude Grange, aged twenty-four years. WHITMARSH.—At Deseronto, on May 11th, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edin Whitmarsh. LANSBERG.—At Deseronto, on May 6th, Marshall Bidwell Lansberg, aged seventy-three years. WHITMARSH.—At Deseronto, on May 11th, Helena Louise, wife of Edin Whitmarsh, aged thirty-two years. LANSBERG.—At Deseronto, on May 11th, Norman W. Lansberg, son of C. W. Lansberg, London, aged thirty-nine years. Glenora Road, aged thirty-nine years.



MEHMED RESHAD, NEW SULTAN OF TURKEY.

DAZZLED THE WORLD.

REMARKABLE CAREER OF ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

This Marvel, a Master of Arts at Twelve, Died When Only Twenty-Two By His Own Sword, Which He Handed to a Defeated Foe.

On July 3rd, 1854, in a night encounter in Mantua there died a boy of twenty-two who in the last eight years of his life was the wonder and admiration of the chivalry and learning of Europe. This was James Crichton of Cluny, best known by the title given him by the French—the Admirable Crichton. He was made a master of arts by the University of St. Andrews in his twelfth year. He knew all that institution of learning could teach him when he was fourteen. At the age of fifteen he met in public debate on the subjects "many of the best minds in France and vanquished them all. He knew all the learning of his day. He had a memory so wonderful that, hearing a discourse of any length, he was able afterward to repeat it word for word and duplicate every gesture of the speaker. He was a poet, a musician of excellence, an athlete, a horseman, a soldier of trusted command before he was nineteen, a wonderful actor, a swordsman of extraordinary skill. Crichton's family was of considerable importance and wealth and claimed royal descent. His father was lord advocate first to Queen Mary and afterward to King James VI. His mother was the daughter of Sir James Stewart. Members of both families were eminent in Scottish history. The boy James Crichton was sent to grammar school at Perth. He emerged at the age of ten and immediately entered the famous University of St. Andrews. The students there were divided into what were called circles, according to the degree of their attainments. Crichton advanced from one circle to another until, when he was barely past eleven, the university turned him out with the degree of master of arts. It was the custom of young men of the time to finish their education by making the grand tour of Europe. Crichton, supplied with letters from his family and relatives to the nobles of the French court, went to Paris first.

His first action on arrival was to post a challenge in all parts of the city offering to meet all comers at the College of Navarre in debate in any one of twelve languages, in any science, liberal art, discipline or faculty, whether practical or theoretic. Such contests were common to the age, but the challenge, coming from a boy of fifteen, aroused deep interest. An immense crowd was present on the day appointed. A dozen eminent philosophers and divines presented themselves. Crichton, without the semblance of effort, defeated all who attempted to cope with him. He was congratulated by the faculty of the college, and in the month of June he returned to his native land, carrying him off to his court. The next day Crichton appeared in the town and with consummate ease remained victor in that martial struggle. The king gave him an important command in the army. He remained in France two years, dazzling the people with his accomplishments in every direction. Crichton went next to Rome and Venice. In the latter city his friends were Sperone Speroni, one of the most learned names in Italian literature; John Donati and Lorenzo Massa, secretaries of the republic of Venice. Several of the Latin poets of Crichton composed in this circle have survived. He was introduced to the doge and the senate and in their presence delivered an oration so graceful and eloquent that, according to the reports, he was esteemed a prodigy of nature. The Venetians were enraptured over his elegant manners, his learning and accomplishments. Crichton went to Padua to debate on the philosophy of Aristotle, then a subject absorbing the educated minds of all Europe. The argument lasted three days, and the handsome young Scotchman was an easy victor over all opponents. At Mantua a famous Italian duelist lived who had vanquished many challengees. Crichton sent him a challenge and next day ran the Italian through the body. The Duke of Mantua engaged him as tutor for his son, Vincenzo di Gonzaza. The court of Mantua was celebrated for its patronage of actors in Europe, denominated by the republic of Venice. Crichton composed a species of comedy for the company, satirizing the weaknesses of the varied occupations in life, then undertook to sustain himself the most prominent and difficult characters in the piece. Even the actors were carried away with enthusiasm, so marvellous was Crichton's acting. The young Duke Vincenzo, his pupil, was jealous of Crichton, who found favor in the eyes of a beautiful young noblewoman whom Vincenzo had wooed in vain. On night Crichton, walking through the streets, playing as he went along on his guitar, was suddenly attacked by six masked men. He flung away the guitar, drew his sword and quickly killed two of his antagonists, but two more to flight and disarmed

A Lady in Waiting.

BY VIRGINIA BLAIR.

Inez, having disposed of her sables in a corner of the dark settee, took off her gloves, and leaning her elbows on the table, surveyed the tearoom. "Girls," she said suddenly, "will you look!"

Her three companions turned their exquisitely coiffured heads with a jerk. "Of all things," they ejaculated, and their amazed eyes met. "It is Charlotte," they exclaimed in a second breath. As if some echo of the word had reached the waitress at the table across the room, she turned, and with perfectly immovable face gazed on them. But deep down in her eyes was a sparkle of mischievous recognition. Presently she came to take their order. "Charlotte Stetson," Inez began, but the waitress leaned over on pretense of brushing away the crumbs. "Hush," she warned. "Nobody knows me. This is supposed to be a dark disguise, and she was away before they could answer her."

She brought the soup and chops and salad and sweets, and they too, interested to eat, watched the perfection of her service as she filled glasses, carried trays, placed dollies, mopped out the check, and pocketed triumphantly the tip which Inez maliciously left on the mahogany. "Where in the world did she learn to do it?" Inez demanded as the door closed behind them and they made their way to their motor. "Charlotte always could do things," Margaret said. "But why, why is she doing it—waiting on tables in a tearoom?" "Perhaps she has lost her money," Mazie Wight suggested. "Lost nothing," Inez said, elegantly. "Why she can't lose it. I do told us only the other night that nobody made such safe investments as her father had done."

Then why?—Mary Lenox demanded, and they shook their heads and gave it up. But the next day they were back again in the tearoom at 1 o'clock. "Charlotte! You've got to tell us!" Inez said to the expert waitress. "Why are you doing such a thing?" Charlotte planted the menu card in front of her friend. "I can recommend the stuffed crabs, Madam," she said in a minced tone. "Always she went to come back presently with flaming cheeks. 'Inez, Inez,' she breathed, 'Reginald Barrett is just coming in. If he asks you about me, tell him I have lost all my money, and an earning—my living this way out!'" Charlotte came over at once. "Can you make room for five at your table?" he asked Inez. His eyes fell on the trim waitress. He gasped. "Why—why—?" and as Charlotte whisked herself away, he turned to Inez. "How much that girl looked like Charlotte Stetson?" "It is Charlotte," Inez's tone was lugubrious. "Poor thing."

"Why?" Reginald demanded. "Why 'poor thing'?" "She has lost everything and has to work." "Oh, but it can't be!" Reginald's tone was dismayed. "I had understood that her money was absolutely safe." He stopped. "I—er, of course it is very sad." Charlotte came back with the crabs, received an illuminating look from Inez. "Can I serve you?" she asked Reginald demurely, and he stammered: "Oh, yes. I'm sincerely sorry to find you here—Miss Stetson." "Please don't talk about it!" Charlotte's face was clouded—and her tone of distress seemed so genuine that Inez stared. The girls delayed long over the lunch, and Reginald delayed with them, uncomfortably watching Charlotte as she deftly made the tables ready for afternoon tea. The room was almost deserted, except for the five, when through the doorway came a big broad-shouldered figure. Charlotte, who was bringing in finger bowls, saw him first, and he stayed dropped with a crash. Her face was white as she bent to pick up the little brass bowls; her dress was wet; her crisp apron was bedraggled. As the big man sprang to assist her, she fled from the room. And then the big man walked over to Inez and demanded: "What was Charlotte doing in that dress?" "Oh, Dick!" Inez stretched out her hand in welcome. "Dick Wentworth, when did you get back from Arizona?" "Yesterday," he told her, tersely; "but I want to know what Charlotte is

waiting in a tearoom for." Inez glanced at the girls, at Reginald; and then she brought out, bravely. "She is earning her living." "She expected an expression of sympathy, of condolence, but instead the big man's face was radiant. 'Charlotte poor!' he exclaimed. 'Oh, where is she?'" "I will find her," Inez promised, "and take her home with me," and she went in search of Charlotte, whom she discovered red-checked and wet-eyed in a little room adjoining. "Oh, Inez," she gasped, when she saw her friend. "What does Dick Wentworth think of me?" "He thinks," Inez told her. "Why, he looked radiant when I said that you were poor."

On Charlotte's face dawned an expression of bliss that puzzled Inez. "What has come over you, Charlotte?" she demanded. "You look just as the little plot of my making had been carried beyond my expectations." "We can't talk about it here," Inez said. "Get your things on and come to my home, and we will talk it over." "When they reached the front door they found the three girls and Reginald and Dick—waiting for them. Reginald refused to go with them in the motor. "I am starting on a long journey," he explained, stiffly to Charlotte. "I should have told you before—but my plans have been made hurriedly." "Bon voyage," Charlotte wished him lightly, but as he went down the street she shrugged her shoulders. "Good-bye, my little man," she said and laughed, and waved her hand to his retreating figure.

"Once in Inez's luxuriant home, Dick demanded five minutes alone with Charlotte, and when he had her to himself he said: "I love you. You know it, Charlotte." "How should I know it?" she asked. "You have never told me?" "How could I tell you?" he demanded, fiercely. "When you were rich and I was poor?" "What difference would that make?" Charlotte asked, softly, "if you loved me?" "A man has his pride," Dick stated. "And a woman her love," Charlotte whispered. "Oh, Dick, Dick, don't ever let my money come between us." "It can't now," said Dick, secretly, "for you haven't any."

And then Charlotte with her head up confessed, "I am not poor. I simply tried my little plot to get rid of Reginald Barrett. I knew motives were mercenary but her mother wanted me to marry him. So while he was in New York for a few days, I planned my descent into poverty. I suppose it was silly." She stopped, then went on softly. "And then I didn't dream that you were in town—that you would know that is where my little plot carried beyond my expectations." "And now that you are rich, I must go away," Dick began, but Charlotte interrupted him with a little cry. "And now you are to be always a lady in waiting?" "I don't understand." "I shall always be waiting for your love, Dick," her mouth and eyes pleaded together. "And then—she surrendered. 'Anyhow my old mind is beginning to make good,' he stated later, "so I am not quite a beggar."

"You are rich," Charlotte told him, as she laid her flushed cheek against his coat, "you are rich because I love you, Dickie, dear." "Scalp Diseases Cured." Dandruff, scurf and other scalp eruptions of the scalp can be cured and the hair and scalp be restored to health and vigor by the use of Dr. Dawson's Hair Restorer. Restores gray hair to its natural color. In 50c bottles. Each at Wade's drug store. "If you are unable to learn anything while trying to teach others it's a sure indication that you are a has-been." "King's Plate" condition powder for horses and cattle. Sold in Kingston only at Gibson's Red Cross drug store. 25c a package. It isn't a question of how much money you have made, but how much good you have done with it. It's easy to convince a superstitious man that finding a dollar is luckier than finding a horseshoe. "New bottle brushes" for cleaning infants' bottles. Buy them at Gibson's Red Cross drug store. Anyway, there's no danger of an old toper's dying of water on the brain.

Sores Inside The Nose. The lining of the nose will crack, grow very sore and irritating. Nothing soothes away the trouble like anointing with Dr. Hamilton's Ointment. Rub it on thoroughly, and in new skin forms at once. For any sore, cut or irritation, you'll find Dr. Hamilton's Ointment best of all. Try a 50c. box.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. The Great Uterine Tonic, and only one. Monthly Regulation on which women can depend. Sold in every drug store. 50c. per box. 10c. per box. Sold by all druggists or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Add. Dr. Cook's Compound Co., Toronto, Ont. (formerly W. Wood's)

JAMES POTTINGER.

Member of the new board of Management of the I. C. R.

edge of the milkmaid's art, the Neapolitan housewife gets a pure milk supply. Vesuvius is Naples' greatest asset, for from it and other mountains comes all the material required for building purposes. The hardened lava is of slate color, not unlike our limestone, and with this the streets are paved, and it will last indefinitely. Some of the buildings are also made of material resembling sandstone, thrown up by eruptions, and easily worked. The crater also yields vast loads of material for good cement, and the sole cost is haulage. Mixed with lime and sand it makes a first-class mortar. Masons, here, get sixty or seventy cents a day, laborers about forty cents, and the country women are perfect slaves, doing most of the work in the fields, and carrying heavy loads of mortar which they have mixed for the masons.

Mr. Carson says of Naples' two noted inhabitants—beggars and leas—that to save yourself from the first you must be provided with unlimited small coins, and as to the latter, well, they are not out in force, and the sole cure of the disease cannot speak with any degree of experience. Time failed the party in the City of the Seven Hills, for Rome, with its buildings of marble, granite and sandstone, many of them six-stories high, well laid out streets, so full of wonders that the ordinary tourist can only see the most notable and dream of seeing the rest when greater leisure allows a longer stay among them. Of St. Peter's, all have read and know, but our Kingston friends took special joy of St. Paul's church, outside the city wall. They saw the pope twice, once being his first appearance in St. Peter's this year. The service he attended, and at which he gave his blessing, was at five o'clock, and at four, when Mr. Carson's party, in charge of a French bishop, they had met at their hotel, arrived, the vast church was well filled. The procession in which all the Vatican dignitaries took their place, was a wonderful sight, and Mr. Carson, from a good place under the dome, his holiness, carried on the shoulders of twelve soldiers of the Vatican guard, surrounded by the Swiss guard.

The writer says that if his pen faltered in describing the wonders of painting, and statuary, and of the ancient ruins of Rome, it failed completely when it touched on the art and sculpture of Florence. His family are very well and enjoying as much as Mr. Carson all the beauty that the old world has spread out before their eager eyes and appreciative minds. Twenty-five more new books received on Friday at Gibson's Red Cross drug store for the Tabard Inn library. During month of May life membership for \$1. The smart man knows when to quit the game, but the fool keeps overestimating it until he advertises his failure. Boys' clothing. Livingston's. Trying to be nice to his wife's relatives is awfully hard on a man's disposition. Phone 147 and have your furniture repaired at James Reid's. New wash ties. Livingston's.

Old Age Pensions and Home Rule. A liberal member of the British Parliament who has been spending the Easter recess in Ireland has come back with a piece of news which has been conigned to the London correspondent of The Manchester Guardian. It is this member's certain conviction that the old age pension act has killed Home Rule. This scheme, he says, has touched the interests and the heart of the Irish peasantry as no other measure ever passed by the British government here, and they will do nothing to imperil the boon of which they have taken advantage freely. To the suggestion that an Irish government if established would be able to continue the payment of the pensions the member said: "No, and that is the other reason why the act has killed Home Rule. It has satisfied that no Irish government set up on the lines of either of Mr. Gladstone's bills would be able to provide the money for the pensions. This is quite well known in Ireland and it explains the growing indifference of the people to the appeal of the leaders for subscriptions. They know that with Home Rule old age pensions would go. As a peasant said to me, 'The old age pension is about all the Home Rule we shall ever see.'"

Forest and Stream. He was an unkempt and melancholy looking person stretched under a tree, who, upon the approach of the pedestrian immediately executed a "hurry touch" for a dime. Now, this pedestrian had, a short distance back, been talking to a prosperous farmer, who had complained of the difficulty of obtaining labor; accordingly he said to the hobo as he handed him the coin: "About half a mile down my friend, there's a farmer looking for men to help him in the fields." The melancholy-looking person bowed as politely as possible, considering his sitting posture and replied: "Thanks. I might er strolled down that way accidental like."