

TRAVELLING.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

TORONTO, Aug. 28th to Sept. 13th, 1909. Round Trip Tickets will be issued at \$4.90.

Good going August 28, 29, 30; Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and at \$3.55.

Central Canada Exhibition, Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 10th to 18th

Round trip tickets will be issued at \$3.70, good going Sept. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, and at \$2.75.

LABOR DAY, MONDAY, SEPT. 6th, 1909

Round trip tickets will be issued at SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE, good going Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Sept. 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th.

KINGSTON & PEMBROKE RAILWAY

IN CONNECTION WITH Canadian Pacific Railway

FARM LABORERS' EXCURSION

Sept. 10th, at 7.45 a.m., \$10.00, going; \$18.00 additional returning.

LABOR DAY

Return tickets at single fare between all stations, good going Sept. 3, 4, 5, 6, good for return until Wednesday, Sept. 8th, 1909.

Central Canadian Exhibition

Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 10th to 18th. Round trip tickets will be issued, Sept. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, \$2.75.

Canadian National Exhibition

Toronto, Aug. 28th to Sept. 13th, 1909. Round Trip Tickets will be issued at \$4.90.

RAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY

Train leave union station, Ontario street, 4 p.m. daily (Sunday excepted for Tweed, Sydneyham, Niagara, Deseronto, Bannockburn and points north).

Thousand Island and St. Lawrence River Steamboat Companies

In connection with the New York Central and Hudson River R. R. Co.

Lake Ontario & Bay of Quinte Steamboat Co., Limited.

STEAMERS

North King & Caspian

1,000 Islands—Kingston—Rochester.

Commencing June 27th, steamer leave for 1,000 Islands, Alexandria Bay and Gananoque at 10.30 a.m. daily, except Monday.

STR. ECELWAT

Will start regular trips to Kingston, Ont., June 12th. Leave Crawford's Wharf, foot of Princess street, 10 a.m.

It's as Good as Money

And very often Real Estate turns out to be a great deal better. It jumps in value much more than cash can earn interest.

I have investment propositions paying 10 to 12 per cent. Full particulars, D. A. Cays

57 Brock St.

WOMEN HATE THEM

SOME THINGS OF WISDOM FOR MEN.

No Man Has Yet, or Ever Will, Understand a Woman—She Wants a Firm, Lordly Man.

For better or for worse, no man ever yet understood a woman or ever will. Men may know this, but they do not realize it or they never would imagine that they could improve a woman by telling her about shortcomings.

A woman hates to be corrected by a man. A man! Thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man! This world would be a happier place if you ceased to go about trying to make women more sensible.

The sensible woman gives man his due. She admits he is stronger—stronger physically, stronger in mind. The very sensible woman admits that he should use his heaven sent power.

Man should be the wise lord of woman. He should be her steps. Men object to the mare who is the better horse. But women hate to be forced to be chiefly responsible for pulling the cart of matrimony.

Woman, I say—and I do not speak as a fool—likes well enough to be lored. What she hates is weakness in a man. She hates lack of decision. Finding it, she develops into a bully.

Then, if only the poor, henpecked husband knew it, there is nothing in the world more ardently desired by the pecking hen than that the worm should turn and bully her and overmaster her and force her to give in.

And now I have some eight or nine other wise words to speak to you, O thoughtless man! And I say to you that women like men who do things. Unless you should make a false deduction I will put it this way. A woman hates a man who does nothing.

It is given to all men to do. A woman seldom has compunction in taking the money that a man has in his hand and will share with her, but the man who cannot make money and can do nothing but part with it she holds in low esteem.

It is another example of the lacking humor of men that they should laugh at women who fight for the hair of the Kubrick or kiss the ground trodden by a conqueror.

O man—selfish, egotistical, swaggering being—listen again, and get understanding! Woman loves you and knows that you cannot love her as she loves, and she likes you to enjoy yourself and be happy.

But—She hates you to forget to say, as you were wont to say, how well her dress becomes her, how charming she is looking to-night. She hates you to forget her wedding day—she can never forget it. She hates you to interfere with the baby, because you know nothing about it. She hates to be left behind to mope when you go off on your holiday.

And she hates the way you worship your pipe. It is not fair that men should have always the consolation of their pipes and women only the consolation of their tears. Tobacco is fragrant, but tears are bitter.—London Express.

The Anniversary of Waterloo.

If nothing else perpetuates the memory of Waterloo it will be the little ceremony which on every anniversary of the great battle has to take place at Windsor—that is to say, the Duke of Wellington for the time is bound, as the condition of his tenure of Stratfieldsaye, to present to the sovereign of the realm a little French flag—a tri-color—which is then hung over the Iron Duke's bust in the guard room over against that of the Duke of Marlborough, whose living representative must perform corresponding feudal service with a French royalist flag on the 18th day of August, the anniversary of Blenheim.—London Chronicle.

The Changing Sky.

One of the most surprising results of the cross motion of the fixed stars, as projected on the background of the sky, is the gradual falling to pieces of the familiar constellations. The stars are moving in all sorts of directions, some faster and some slower, and the inevitable consequence must be that in a few centuries the whole face of the heavens will be so changed that if we could come back again to our earthly life we should not recognize them. Of course a very long period of time will be required to produce a very great transformation.

Thiers and MacMahon.

M. Thiers disliked Marshal MacMahon and never lost a chance of saying something to the soldier's discredit. "Aha," he said on one occasion, standing with his back to the fire in his drawing-room as he was wont, "have you heard MacMahon's last? He went to the hospital to see some invalid soldiers. And what has been the matter with you?" he asked a patient. "Scarlet fever," he answered. "Ah! But that's what either kills a man or makes an idiot of him. I have had it; I ought to know!"

Down to Hard Pan.

In moving and settling down, the family had subsisted on short rations, and one morning Mrs. Drew found herself facing an unknown deficit. "Nora," she said to the maid, all work, "what is there in the store-room?" "Every blessed thing is given out but the tea and coffee," Nora informed her, "and sure they will, if they last long enough."

The Only Crash.

Beekon Streets—Yes, in order to escape the noise and the confusion of the city we went to our country place out Worcester way. Dorr Chester—And you found it quiet there? Beekon Streets—Quite so. The delightful calm was broken but once. "And how was that?" "Our caretaker split an infinitive."

The Cultured Cuisine.

"So your daughter has been to cooking school?" "Yes," answered Mrs. McGudley. "I suppose she has helped along the household economies?" "Not exactly. She has made us appreciate our regular cook so much that we have to raise her wages every time she threatens to leave."

Shoot The Rapids.

Monday, 7 a.m. America, to Iroquois; one hour there. 50c. return. "Abernethy's new fan shoes are now ready! Bibby's \$2 hats for style.

Chemistry and Pulpit.

In the course of a sermon at Stoke-on-Trent the Rev. Dr. R. C. St. John conducted chemical experiments in the pulpit, with the object of illustrating his text.

Indian Rice Crop.

The final rice crop report shows that Bengal has 17,916,200 acres, against 19,836,300 last season. The normal area is 30,000,000 acres, but there was a lack of rain in Bihar sowing season. The yield of winter rice in Bengal is estimated at 71,075 tons, against 57,300 tons last year.

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YOU NEED NOT DROWN.

What to Do When Cramp Comes to You in the Water.

Ninety-nine times in one hundred drownings is the result of fright and frenzy. There is a public horror of cramps. Not one case of cramps in one thousand is dangerous if the victim knows what to do and does it.

Every long-distance swimmer entering a race expects to get cramps, yet he doesn't drown and he doesn't stop swimming either. He keeps going until his legs are in knots; still, he doesn't sink. He plugs along until there isn't another kick in him, and even now he doesn't go down. Instead of that he rolls over on his back and waits for the boat to pick him up.

When you catch a cramp in your arms or legs don't get excited. You may yell, but keep yourself under control. Don't exert yourself, for it takes little or no effort to keep afloat. Cramp down the feeling of panic. Stretch out your arm or leg, as the case may be, until you are straining to the utmost. Then strain a bit harder, and watch the lumped muscle go down.

The dangerous cramp is in the stomach. When that takes you your breath goes, and you are not able to shout for help or even to articulate a sound. I have known of just two cases among hundreds of thousands of swimmers. When you get that kind of cramp you may as well say your prayers, but you won't get it if you don't eat for two hours before going into the water.

Professional swimmers go hungry half a day before entering a race, and they never know such a thing as a stomach cramp. If a bather in trouble would use common sense he never would drown. The belief is general that three times under water for the drowning person means cramp and worse. It's true if you make the mistake of taking water for air. Hold your mouth shut when you are under water, and you'll keep going down and coming up all day.

Don't exhaust yourself struggling. Relax every muscle and don't move a hand, foot or finger. If you never sink lower than your ears, and that in a few seconds you'll rise up until your shoulders are dry. You can keep on doing this indefinitely, but, of course, if you drink water you'll be weighed, and down you'll go.

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The Vanity of Criminals.

Criminologists speak of the bragging vanity of the criminal. It is the habit of erotic offenders, perhaps. But the thief will tell of the number of times he has fooled the police merely by way of self justification. He admits the premise that he was a fool ever he becomes a criminal, and he recounts his triumphs only to indicate to you that at least he is not an absolute idiot. Also criminologists point out the childish vanity of the criminal who bedecks his person with jewels when he is prosperous. In this the criminal is no different from his honest brother. But jewels are about the only sort of property that he can safely possess, as was the case with the Jews in the old days when they were the driven race. The criminal may not wish to become a bank depositor, and he is usually too much of a spendthrift to carry a roll of cash. But he finds that if he is arrested and can show some handsome diamond ornaments and a valuable watch he will have no difficulty in securing a good lawyer and a bondsman, and will have a fighting chance for acquittal at his trial.

Lobster Well Diggers.

"Lobsters dispel drought in Australia," said a traveler. "Australian colonists, at the height of a drought, often find their dried springs miraculously flowing again. Fresh water lobsters work that miracle. In every creek and spring you see them, and large lobster settlements. If these lobsters fail to find moisture they perish; hence when their streams dry up they follow the water down into the earth. They dig, dig, dig—just like our Panama canal workers—and at the end their strong claws pierce through the soft clay covering of some hidden spring, and a rill of sweet, fresh water bubbles up. Some thousands of lobster artesian well borers, working away frantically like that, day and night, have done it. And there you see enough springs to break any reasonable drought."

No Pins in China.

When you talk of the awakening of China, its adoption of occidental ways and ideas, one class of business men will not agree with you. They are manufacturers of pins. China frankly does not like the slender, sharp pointed instruments considered so necessary by the Caucasian woman, or hooks and eyes. It prefers looms, frogs or the simple string. Even the most persuasive missionaries are very few converts. The great argument in favor of the pin-time saving—does not appeal to the Chinese. If they have anything, it is time. They were having it when our aboriginal ancestors were experimenting with common thorns, which were the pin's ancestors. They do not know what hurry means. They are not so strongly inclined toward applying its definition.—Van Norden's Magazine.

Ready to Do His Part.

An eccentric country squire agreed to employ an equally eccentric rustic to rid his mansion of its plague of flies, the terms being board, lodging and beer for three days. At the end of this period there were more flies than ever, and the squire interrogated his new employee thus: "Why are you haven't you made a start? You contracted to kill all the flies." "I'm waiting for you, gov'nor," retorted the wily rustic; "you've got to catch 'em first. I only promised to kill 'em"—London News.

Choosing a Doctor by Photograph.

Carlsbad is full of original ideas. Where else can you find the photographs of all the doctors in the place arranged together in shop windows, so that a newcomer can examine the faces and pick out the one whose looks he prefers? To have a medical man with just the sympathetic expression one likes best must surely be a great help to recovery.

Cautious George.

"George, that man across the car is winking at me." "Which one?" "The little man. There, see? What are you going to do about it?" "Guess I'll have to say something rude to him." "Well, what will you say?" "I'll suggest to him that he ought to consult an oculist."

The Naples Cigar.

"While you're in Naples," said the captain, "be sure and smoke a Naples cigar. You see, they are the most curious cigars in the world. Each of those pretty Neapolitan girls who make them is given 500 tobacco leaves, and with those 500 leaves she is expected to turn out 600 cigars. So that is why in Naples you see men as they smoke calmly removing from their cigars bits of rag, small sticks, cotton waste and lumps of clay. See Naples and die" the saying goes, but it ought to be changed to: "Smoke a Naples cigar and die."

See Bibby's swell \$15 suits.

The whims of his congregation often make the minister wish he had been content with the layman's calling. Even the right thinking man will try and make goodness contagious. Read Abernethy's advt.

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TWO CAPTAINS.

One Dies For His People, the Other People Die For Him.

Ruskin in his "Essay on War" says: "It is wholly inconceivable to me how well educated princes who ought to be of all gentlemen the gentlest and of all nobles the most generous and whose title of royalty means only their function of doing every man 'right'—how these, I say, throughout history should so rarely pronounce themselves on the side of the poor and of justice, but continually maintain themselves and their own interests by oppression of the poor and by wrestling of justice, and how this should be accepted as so natural that the word 'loyalty,' which means faithfulness to law, is used as if it were only the duty of a people to be royal to their king and not the duty of a king to be infinitely more loyal to his people.

"How it comes to pass that a sea captain will die with his passengers and lean over the gunwale like a parting host, his course, but that a king will not usually die with, much less for, his passengers—thinks it rather incumbent on his passengers in any number to die for him—think, I beseech you, of the wonder of this!

"The sea captain, not captain by divine right, but only by the company's appointment; not a man of royal descent, but only a plebeian who can steer; not with the eyes of the world upon him, but with feeble hands depending on one poor boat of his name being ever heard above the wash of the fatal waves; not with the cause of a nation resting on his act, but helpless to save so much as a child from among the lost crowd with hungry eyes for the lost yet goes down quietly to his grave rather than break his faith to those few emigrants.

"But your captain by divine right, your captain with the hues of a hundred shields of kings upon his breast, your captain whose every deed, brave or base, will be illuminated or branded forever before unescapable eyes of men, your captain whose every thought and act are beneficent or fatal from sun rising to setting, blessing or cursing, he is the captain of the night—this captain as you find him in history for the most part thinks only how he may tax his passengers and sit at most ease in his cabin."

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THE MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

Habits of the Bighorn In His Native Wilds.

The study of the habits of the mountain sheep of the Canadian Rockies is always brimful of interest, to the sportsman and nature-lover alike. The very country the animal inhabits can scarcely fail to awaken enthusiasm in even the most prosaic mind, so diversified are the scenes, whose grandeur and beauty have become justly world-famous. The great, faint mountains, piercing the clouds, that halo-like encircle their hoary heads; the gentle, wooded slopes, down which the river, born of the eternal snows, rushes in haste to join Mother Ocean; each in turn is granted its tribute of praise as the artistic eye wanders from the towering crags to the sun-kissed valley far below, is awed by the manifestation of nature's power, or lingers with kindly glance on the gentler scenes of forest and river. Here and there, a mountain lake gleams like a great emerald, where it lies cradled between two giant peaks, or flashes into silver as the sephyr-driven waves chase each other across its surface.

Rugged and strong as the mountains in whose breast he first saw the light, the mountain sheep is naturally into the great picture of which he is a living part, and nowhere are his graceful outlines seen to such advantage as when, bounding lightly along the ace of some ironing cliff, he sees a higher and safer refuge from the file of the hunter. The agility of the sheep in surmounting almost perpendicular cliffs, together with his keen sense of smell, and great range of vision, make him, perhaps, the most difficult of game animals to hunt; and even on a clear day, he scents danger while it is yet afar, and the hunter who approaches a band of sheep without making his presence known to the wary game, can reasonably pride himself on his woodcraft and incidentally congratulate himself on his good fortune as well.

Tiger Invades Camp.

The Indian mail brings the story of an exciting adventure which befell a surveying party in Assam. They were attacked by a tiger. The party were working in the Cachar district of Assam, and the tiger appeared at the camp of Surveyor Gopal Singh. It sprang at the surveyor and one of his Khalasis, but fortunately touched neither of them, and disappeared as suddenly as it had come. Three days after the tiger returned, and seized a Khalasi who was washing his cooking pots in a stream 50 yards from the camp. A native, armed with a stick, rushed to the rescue, and tried to beat the tiger off. When other men arrived the brute dropped its prey and retreated again. In a few minutes it was back and in spite of the shouts of the natives it seized the plucky native who had gone to the rescue of the first man. Once more it was driven off, and again it returned, determined to seize a third man. Dismayed again, the party sat up all night surrounded by a chain of fires. At daybreak they proceeded to a Lushai village. An armed party set off for the abandoned camp to collect the goods left behind. They found that the tent, bedding, blankets and bags of rice had been dragged about by the tiger, and on a night-rule and plane-table were marks of the brute's fangs. The first man seized by the beast died four days afterwards.

Watt and the Tea-kettle.

A cousin of James Watt, the inventor whose discoveries about the action of steam gave the impetus to modern steam industries, made an interesting record of anecdotes of his youth. Among other sketches, she writes as follows:

Sitting one evening with his aunt, Mrs. Muirhead, at the tea-table, she said: "James Watt, I never saw such an idle boy; take a book or employ yourself usefully; for the last hour you have not spoken one word, but taken off the lid of the kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, and catching the drops of hot water it falls into. Are you not ashamed of spending your time thus way?"

A French savant addressing the members of the Institute of France in 1790 said, quoting this incident: "The principal discovery of our fellow-member was a particular mode of converting steam into water, the condensation of steam in a separate vessel from the boiler and thus little James Watt before the tea-kettle prelude the discoveries which were to make him famous."

Sunspots and Trade Cycles.

Prof. Jeavons, of Cardiff University College, addressed a meeting of the members of the Cardiff Exchange on the theory of a connection between sunspots and trade cycles. The lecture was illustrated by diagrams dealing with prices, falling trade, wages, and wheat yields, all of which, Prof. Jeavons contended, went to establish the claim, originally made by his father, the late Prof. Stanley Jeavons, that the periodicity of sunspots had a direct relation to the periodicity of trade cycles. In so far as past records enabled him to anticipate the future of the coal trade, he fixed upon 1914, or possibly 1917, as the great boom year.

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