

WHILE IN CANADA

LORD LANSDOWNE THEN SHOWED GREAT PROMISE.

It Was a Certain Austerity That Had Become Him—Lady Lansdowne Gave Distinction to a Young Society.

Canadians will remember Lord Lansdowne, now so prominently in the public eye owing to the contest between the British House of Commons and the House of Lords, as a general.

If he lacked the warmth or the spontaneous brilliancy of a Dufferin, or the bluff heartiness of a Stanley, he offered a dignity, a weight, a lucidity of utterance, a scrupulous exactness, a foresight which marked him out for leadership in the large place.

A certain austerity was marked, but it well became him. One could not well think of him as greatly relaxing, and yet he had warmth and geniality. At the same time he was the representative of Her Majesty; he was the copy of royalty; he was in a position requiring dignity and measured relations. In all his public functions he expressed this sense of responsibility.

In all his public speeches he offered grace and illumination. He had the chosen word, which fitted its place like a glow. His diction was polished like a cameo. Something of Celtic fervor he missed, but there was always weight and meaning, and value in his deliverance.

He showed a deep interest in the progress of art and learning, and his addresses at the convocations of the various universities were models of clearness, of weighty reflection.

With the abounding life of this country he was in full sympathy, and kept in touch with all its manifestations.

Lady Lansdowne was stately and queen-like, of a delicate, patrician beauty, and well fitted to give distinction to a young society, whose growth she encouraged in all charming ways.

The term of office of Lord Lansdowne was not marked by any large event; but it was contemporaneous with the beginnings, it may be said, of the C.P.R., and all the development which was contingent upon the completion of that system.

It may be remembered, at the same time, that a sensational episode marked the beginning of Lord Lansdowne's rule at Ottawa. His lordship owned and still owns (if he has not recently sold under the Purchase Act) extensive estates in Ireland. At that time (1893-4) the Land League was very active, and boycotting was in full force, and the lordship had rather a lively time of it. A certain unpopularity attached to Lord Lansdowne as an absentee landlord, who, it was alleged, insisted upon his "pound of flesh" in the form of rack rents.

Before Lord Lansdowne landed on our shores the press of the world was filled with the alleged details of a Land League plot to assassinate him the moment he landed in the Dominion.

Although names were mentioned, yet the story was plausibly concocted, and many in the Mother Country expected to hear of the "removal" of his lordship, and the manner of the Phoenix Park murders.

Nothing happened. The governor-general, with Lady Lansdowne and suite, proceeded to Rideau Hall unharmed. The story was made out of whole cloth. A certain news agency in London was arranged before the London courts in the connection, and admitted that beyond a few vague lines of cable from this side, it had nothing to support the story, which was written up in the office of the agency.

The incident was soon forgotten, but the story, which filled pages of the public press, gave the whole world one of those shuddering thrills, which, while it dreads, it at the same time seems to long for.

A Song of Canada. It will interest many to know that Canada has found her way into the popular songs of the motherland. An enterprising Scotsman, realizing that many of his countrymen have settled in this country, and assuming with good grounds the probability that they have sweethearts at home waiting to come out here, has written a love-song for use in the towns of the motherland, entitled "Won't You Come to Me in Canada?" It starts out:

"Across the broad Atlantic, in Canada's domain, A colonist was working for the lass he longed to gain, Inside his little cabin, he pictured day by day The image of his sweetheart, and with longing he would say 'Won't you come, come, come to me in Canada, Canada, in Canada—' 'Won't you come, come, come to me in Canada, far away across the foam? With the church bells ringing on our wedding day, We'll drive away Upon a sleigh, So if you'll be my wife We'll be happy for life In my cozy Canadian home.'"

A Beautiful Canadian. The Marchioness of Donsgall, who was Miss Violet Twining, daughter of the late Mr. Henry St. George Twining of Halifax, N.S., is one of the comparatively few Canadian women who have married into the British peerage. She is the only Canadian marchioness. Her marriage to the fifth marquess took place in England, her husband being many years older than herself. She has one son, the sixth marquess, a remarkably handsome boy, who numbers among his distinctions that of being Hereditary Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh. Lady Donsgall is a fair, slender, and very pretty woman who is always remarkably well dressed. Since her widowhood she has visited Canada on several occasions. She is devoted to travel and spends much of her time in out-of-the-way places.

Wealth of Northern Ontario. The railway surveyors estimate that the clay belt that is away north of Cobalt contains 16,000,000 acres of excellent farming land. As Ontario and Quebec have at present about 20,000,000 acres under cultivation, an idea can be formed of what the cultivation of the clay belt means to this province. Boyce & Co. Independent.

THE WEED PROBLEM.

Department of Agriculture Has Issued a Book on It.

This question of weeds is interesting to many; to the farmers it is of vital importance. That is why the Department of Agriculture has just issued a large book devoted to weeds. It is not an ordinary departmental blue book, forbidding in appearance and dry in matter. It is a book fit for the library, substantially and attractively bound, well printed on fine paper, and profusely and beautifully illustrated. And, best of all, it is filled with information presented in a most entertaining and instructive form.

Every farmer should have a copy and study it during his hours of leisure, and the approaching winter will bring to him. And, having studied it, he should begin next spring to put in practice the knowledge gained.

In this book will be found a description of practically every noxious weed known in Canada, and an accurate and full-page illustration of each. The plates are large, they have been carefully prepared, and are accurate representations of the weed in question. The book also relates the great loss sustained through weeds and it describes in detail the best manner of fighting them.

Take one weed for example, one whose bright, blue blossoms look pretty enough along a road side, and which is very common throughout Eastern Canada. It is wild celery, also called wild sweeney and blue sailor. It is said to have a history, and like the history of so many things, it is downward and not upward.

In several countries of Europe, particularly in England and France, chloery was cultivated, principally for its root, although its leaves made good food for cattle. Its blanched leaves could also be made into a salad. But it is the root that is chiefly valuable. This is roasted, ground to a coarse powder and used either as a substitute for coffee or as an adulterant of coffee.

Many people liked the additional flavor it imparted to coffee, and as it gives off a deep brown color to water in which it is infused, it added the appearance of strength to coffee with which it is mixed.

The early French settlers of Canada brought out chloery seed and planted it, and the root became widely used for the purpose of making a beverage. But control was lost of the plant and it became wild, just as it is wild in England and France. The book on Farm Weeds tells all about it and how to fight it. And there are two hundred pages in the work filled with just such useful information.

ART IN GOWGANDA.

The Prospectors Knew Fidelity to Nature When They Saw It.

Some men are art critics, and others know how to blast rock. Generally a broad chasm divides men who exercise the one of these talents from those who exercise the other. Some of the miners who took a dynamite are likely to fall in detecting the more subtle tones or outlines of a work of art.

Paint the picture of a mine, eat soup from a sieve with a fork, and the miner will be as ready as the artist to change the whole aspect of the country, the expansion of our manufactures and commerce has made steady progress. Our railway mileage has increased by thousands of miles of new lines in every part of the Dominion, and our population has grown enormously. The Canada of twenty years ago can scarcely be recognized when compared with the Canada of today—Canadian Life.

A Football Hero's Experiences. Someone, in congratulating Stronch, of the Ottawa Rugby team, hailed him as chief responsible for the Tigers' recent defeat. The big Scot declined the honor.

"People are very kind," said he, "but Williams won the game." The interviewer tried him on another tack. "Which team do you prefer, the English or Canadian?" The Rough Rider thought he couldn't express an unprejudiced opinion. He had been brought up in the Old Country style of play, and had played in Canada only two years, but the Canadian game was not much to him.

"Do they make it rough for you?" "No," said Stronch, gently rubbing the centre of his forehead where a nondescript bruise extended to the bridge of his nose.

"Just where Ben Simpson's toes landed when I threw him once," he explained. In Scotland, he volunteered, he had experienced a few knocks. His collarbone was broken and his skull fractured. "I lost the originals of these in one game," he remarked, "and I had an upper set of store teeth; 'then I had an ankle broken, and my knees haven't been any good for a long time. Finally, my best friend was the occasion of my suffering a fractured thigh, and curiously enough, he suggested the same injury at my banding later on. But it's all in the day's work."

Where Jumps Was Killed. St. Thomas Times, Oct. 18 text it will be just a quarter of a century since the famous exploit, the man who, on June 26, last, killed a moose on Grand Trunk Railway crossing at Woodworth avenue, St. Thomas. B. N. num's Circus had been exhibiting on the 12-acre lot, north of the track, part of what is known as the Mason Farm, and where circus tents have been annually pitched for years.

This historic spot, along with the 14 acres lying on the south side of the track, is now being offered for sale.

Immigration For October. The total immigration into Canada for October was 17,301, as compared with 9,029 in October of last year, 8,032 arrived at ocean ports, an increase of 78 per cent., and 9,269 from United States, an increase of 102 per cent., as compared with the same month of last year.

The total immigration for seven months, April to October inclusive, was 138,254, as compared with 109,166 for the same months of last year, an increase of 26 per cent.

Clearance Sale of Winter Goods. Prescott, Brock street, will have a great sale of ready-made clothing, fur and hats, and other goods, on Monday, the 14th of the winter.

ONLY TWELVE YEARS.

In That Time Canada Has Made Immense Strides.

No parallel to Canada's rapid development of her natural resources can be found in the history of any other country in the world. With her vast riches and especially with her agricultural possibilities; with a government policy in force for over twenty-five years by which an actual settler could obtain a free grant of 160 acres of the richest grain-producing and stock-raising land in the world, to be selected out of an area of three hundred million acres, it can with difficulty be believed that barely 1,800 persons, or less than one-tenth of one per cent. of the number that could have found homes on these fertile western prairies, actually settled there in 1896. The fact is that up to that year the West was practically an unknown region. Since then, or within the past twelve years, the number accepting the offer of free land has grown until the total grain-producing area is nearly 270,000 persons who took up free homesteads offered to actual settlers. These entries represent forty-five million acres taken up for development by farmers from Eastern Canada, the United States, Great Britain and Continental Europe. The Canadian West is no longer in an experimental stage. Its fertility as a grain-producing country is now established beyond question: Its yield during the season just closed, although not yet exactly known, is estimated by the best informed to be nearly four hundred million bushels of grain, of which one hundred and twenty-five million bushels are wheat. The population of the West is fully a million and a quarter, which is six or seven times greater than was the population of twelve years ago.

During that same period fruit-growing in the West, and particularly in British Columbia, has developed wonderfully. Where there were then less than one hundred acres in orchards, there are now one hundred thousand acres set out with apples, peaches and other varieties of fruit trees. The Yukon goldfields have been discovered and one hundred and twenty million dollars extracted from the gravel in the valleys of Bonanza, Eldorado, Hunter, Dominion and other streams in the Klondike district. The silver deposits of Cobalt during the past five years have proved enormously rich, and millions of dollars have already been taken from those rocky hills, which contain perhaps the richest known deposits of that metal in the world. The great iron industries of Great Britain and Northern Ontario have come into existence, showing vast possibilities for the future.

The discovery and development of seemingly illimitable coal areas is no less astonishing. With the opening up of the West and the oncoming of the tide of settlement in the prairie provinces, whose supply of woodfuel is limited to a comparatively small area, comes the discovery of deposits estimated by competent authority to contain sufficient coal to supply the West for thousands of years.

With these discoveries behind us, who can foretell the discoveries of the future? So far only the fringe of our resources has been touched. While this development of our natural resources has gone on, we are changing the whole aspect of the country, the expansion of our manufactures and commerce has made steady progress. Our railway mileage has increased by thousands of miles of new lines in every part of the Dominion, and our population has grown enormously. The Canada of twenty years ago can scarcely be recognized when compared with the Canada of today—Canadian Life.

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DUFFERIN'S LOSS.

Late Dr. Agn Barr, M.P., Was Beloved in His District.

The County of Dufferin is just beginning to realize the great loss it has sustained in the death of its Federal member of Parliament, the late Dr. John Barr, who died recently. Already scores of people are heard discussing the possibility of filling his place. From the busy streets of the village to the lonely homes on the township side roads a unanimous expression of regret is voiced by the people regardless of their political opinions.

Not nearly half a century he was a resident of the county and became so identified with its interests, both in his private kindnesses and public benefactions, that he was looked upon as a county institution. Some idea of his great popularity as a physician may be gained from the fact that in the Township of Osprey there was only one house to which he was not called in his capacity as medical advisor, although this township is not situated in Dufferin, its nearest boundary being 15 miles north of Shelburne.

Upon the formation of Dufferin as a separate county in 1875, he became its first member of Parliament, and with the exception of the short period when political lines were obliterated by the transient patron movement, he has been in public life ever since.

He knew the County of Dufferin better probably than any other man who ever lived in it, and always gave a sympathetic ear and did whatever lay in his power to aid them in their difficulties, and although he accumulated a fortune in the practice of his profession, he was never known to enter court to recover a claim. To these many excellent qualities he owed his great popularity as a public man, and was generally returned to Parliament with one of the largest majorities in Canada given to rural members.

As a public man, his influence was always exerted for the benefit of his constituents and he was looked upon as one who could not, under any circumstances, be influenced to betray their interests. A supporter of the Temperance and Moral Reform Movement in Parliament, he was a great lover of individual freedom in personal tastes and was looked upon as a connoisseur in all the requisites for a high standard of living.

He had the happiness to be united in marriage to a lady who had the grace of perfect breeding and enjoyed in her sphere of action an equal popularity with himself.

Melvin-Jones on the Bench. Among the prominent residents of Toronto recently fined for exceeding the speed limit with his automobile, was Senator Lyman Melvin-Jones, who contributed five dollars to the civic exchequer. This is not the first time that Mr. Jones has paid a fine and helped to swell the coffers of a large corporation.

The other incident was in Winnipeg back in the early eighties, when he was mayor of that city. It was then a common practice for men to saw wood on the streets, for the prairie capital had not acquired anything like the metropolitan air that it has today. A bylaw was passed by the City Council that no wood-sawing should be done on the sidewalk, and that whoever violated the law should be fined. The fine was set at one dollar.

He happened to meet on old Toronto friend who was a university man and familiar with art subjects, and asked him where he could get one. He would like to see one anyway. The friend took him to the South Kensington Museum, and finally came upon a small specimen of the painter's work.

"Oh, that's a little one," exclaimed the capitalist, "how much would it be worth?" "Somewhere in the neighborhood of ten thousand pounds," said his friend. "Pshaw!" was the reply. "I can buy pictures like that in Montreal for \$25 a piece."

A few weeks later the cultured friend from the capital in London again had been to Paris in the meantime.

"What about the Corregios?" queried his friend. "Oh, I bought a pair of 'em for five hundred francs," said the capitalist. "Well, I don't try to rob you over there."

And sure enough he had brand new ones bearing the signature "Corregio" in round, clear letters.

Duck Hunting With Nets. Duck hunting with nets, which is declared by E. Tinsley, chief game inspector of Ontario to be "the dirtiest form of law-breaking possible," has cropped up again in the neighborhood of Belleville, where it used to be rife some years ago, and the department is taking vigorous measures to stamp it out. One offender, who has been apprehended, in addition to having his nets confiscated, has had to pay a fine of \$20.

Chops Wood at 102. The Port Credit News, a hustling newsmonger in the ranks of Peel County journalism, says: "It is not often that we hear of a person living to the age of 102, but we have one in Port Credit, Ontario, who celebrated his 102nd birthday on Friday, Nov. 12, by a large gathering of his family and many friends. Some were present from Toronto. Mr. Long was born in Ireland, and came to Canada when a young man, and has lived in Port Credit since 1840, ever since. At present he is living with his daughter, Mrs. Joseph Block, and is enjoying good health and is able to be out each day, and often indulges in the good exercise of cutting slight wood."

Another Case of Blood Poisoning. Peristed in paying his corns with a razor. Foolish when cure is so painless and sure with Putnam's Corn Extractor. Use Putnam's only—it's the best-guaranteed and painless.

TRADE WITH JAPAN.

It Has Great Possibilities Says W. T. R. Preston.

The return to Canada of Mr. W. T. R. Preston, Commissioner of Trade to Japan and China, has given an impetus to the desire for an expansion of trade with the Far East. No western country stands in such favorable geographical relation to Japan as the Dominion of Canada. Our western ports are nearer by hundreds of miles than those of any other country. The requirements of Japan are simply incalculable. The entire area of the empire of the Mikado is less than that of the Province of Ontario, and less than one-fifth as available for successful agriculture. Within such limits there is a population of fifty millions, increasing at the rate of half a million annually.

The market this country will afford to the world is a comparatively short period, opens up a most profitable channel for very many Canadian products. The opportunities that will be offered for an expansion of the trade of the Dominion should be recognized. In many ways Japan is going to be a competitor of the West in the markets of Asia, and perhaps eventually in the western world as well. The empire must develop on some line, and as the limit of expansion has nearly been reached in its agricultural life, the only avenue likely available for expansion is along industrial lines. But the great changes that will be brought about in the life and habits of the people by such expansion, must necessarily create a demand for western commodities.

Japan's necessity, therefore, is going to prove Canada's opportunity. Japan will require very many of our natural products and raw materials. But the demand will not be any means confined to the usually accepted list, such as wheat, flour, pulp, paper and lumber. Iron and steel products from our great eastern industries will certainly find a market, not only in Japan, but in Korea and China, also. As in all these countries vast railway construction is already afoot, the Canadian Government will do well to make the best effort to cultivate and develop our trade with these eastern markets. It is evident that our neighbors to the south thoroughly appreciate the possibilities of the far eastern trade. This is evident from the fact that influential imperial business commissions are at present touring the United States for three months as the guests of the chambers of commerce of the western coast. A few members of this commission were persuaded to make brief visits to Canada, and they were deeply impressed with the resources of the country and the possibilities for an expansion of trade with this country. The subject is most important. The Government at Ottawa, in cooperation with the commercial interests of the Dominion, should leave nothing undone to foster and protect Canadian interests in the Far East.

Buying Corregios. One of the older residents of Toronto was recently telling of a capitalist, long since deceased, who had made a fortune by the purchase of rags and the development of the industries of which they are the raw material. In time he set up a mansion which he was desirous should not be surpassed in the land, and engaged in the process of filling it with works of art. Some one told him that no mansion was complete without a Corregio, and, having business in England with regard to the shipment of a vast assignment of rags, he decided to purchase a Corregio, or two if he got a chance.

He happened to meet on old Toronto friend who was a university man and familiar with art subjects, and asked him where he could get one. He would like to see one anyway. The friend took him to the South Kensington Museum, and finally came upon a small specimen of the painter's work.

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The Testimony Of The Flag

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL.

Gordon was a connoisseur in fags. He used to explain that he chose little scraps of autocracy to attend him because their breeding added to the appreciation of such a splendid product as himself.

On the first day of the term, his usual luck was waiting for him in the shape of a little blond-haired boy, with sweet, shy eyes, and a mouth that suggested maternal kisses. Gordon was a bit doubtful of the square chin. Such chins have overthrown governments.

"Your name?" he demanded in a severe tone. "The child looked up from under his long lashes, with a frightened air, but in another moment he wore a smile worthy of a Corregio cherub. 'Reginald Le Roy Matland,' he answered."

"What are you here for?" Gordon went on sternly. Then, "—to tuck some Greek under those curls, I suppose. Or, more likely, to get into mischief."

"The small hand went into a side pocket and came out with yellow tressure. 'Look at all my tips,' he said, gleefully. 'You sordid little beast, and no doubt your mamma's crying her eyes out for you this minute.'"

"The child's face grew grave. 'It's hard on mother,' he said. Gordon looked unutterable things. 'Well, you are—' he began; then broke off. 'You've got to be somebody's fag, you know. Would you like to be mine?'"

The small boy surveyed the big one from head to foot. "Confound your impudence! Are you taking an inventory of me?" Gordon cried. The lashes dropped shyly to the babyish cheek.

"I just wanted to be quite sure," he answered with a little quirk of a smile. Gordon put it down to that small square chin.

The child was rebellious for a few weeks, then adoring. He trotted at Gordon's heels like a puppy until that worthy would roar him off. He would sit and gaze at his hero until books were shied at him. Gordon confided in his peers that he liked to be appreciated as well as any man, but that infant's adoration made him feel like a fool. Nevertheless he took pains to hide his less noble self from Reginald. He solemnly exhorted the child never to smoke, drink, nor swear. He concealed what he was pleased to call "my erotic temperament" from the gaze of those blue eyes.

One night Reginald found his lord and master in a pensive mood. He was disposed to listen to the chatter of his fag, such opportunities were rare, and the small boy made the best of them. He told Gordon of his twin sister at home and of the fun he was going to have when vacation came. She must have been a wonder, this twin sister. She could climb trees like a squirrel, and watch a fellow fish in the deep pool by the willows, without giving little squeaks but every nibble. From his sister he digressed to his mother.

"She used to tuck me in when I was a little fellow—I mean before I came to school."

Gordon took his pipe out of his mouth. There was a look in his face that the fag did not understand. "Young 'un," he said, "if you're ever tempted to think I'm a bad lot, kindly remember that I never had a 'Mummy'."

"Never, Gordon?" "She died when I was born."

The fag looked around for a way out of it. Then he beamed. "Mind be only too glad to have you, she wrote just that."

Gordon gave a spasmodic laugh. "A woman who could love you, would, I fear, decline me for a 'un adopted son.'"

Reginald did not understand this. A week later the fag was introduced to tragedy. When the school assembled one morning he discovered his Gordon standing by the headmaster's desk, with an expression upon his



With a ten cent package you can make a tasty fish-ball breakfast, enough for the whole family.

face that Reginald had never seen there, a white look of repressed pain and pride. His beautiful eyes were fixed steadily upon the face of the headmaster, who seemingly conscious of that gaze, kept his own eyes turned eadly away.

What was coming? A sense of alarm oppressed one small boy in that assemblage of boys who were gazing with curiosity and sympathy at the motionless figure by the master's desk. He longed to ask those about him what was the matter, but he was too proud to let them know that he, Gordon's very own fag, did not know everything about his master. He grew anxious and restless and miserable as the suspense grew greater. He felt that they were going to hurt Gordon.

The headmaster rose and stepped forward to address the school. The fag's heart began to beat violently with fear of something terrible and strange. "John Marston Gordon," began the master, "has been guilty of a misdemeanor, for which it would appear that the motionless figure by the desk is a just reason why the offender should not be expelled let him now speak."

For a moment there was profound silence. Then a small boy rose unsteadily to his feet. "Please," he said eagerly, "Gordon never had a Mummy! She died when he was born. Please ask him! He'll tell you it's true."

That night the headmaster wrote in his private journal this record: "John Marston Gordon saved from expulsion by the testimony of his fag."

Solid Comforts To Gowganda. The Grand Trunk Railway company, announce that they are placing in the hands of their agents the necessary instructions that will permit of thorough ticketing and checking of baggage to the Gowganda district.

The service from Charlton to Elk Lake, Long Point and Gowganda will be performed by eight covered sleighs, accommodating eight passengers each, and containing foot-warmers. The sleighs are modern in every respect.

These stations from Charlton to Gowganda is forty-nine miles, and the route will lie over the new road, upon which the Ontario government has spent over \$50,000 within the past few months, making the road the finest in Northern Ontario.

The route is undoubtedly the finest—good roads and regular service being afforded.

McLeod's Witch Hazel Cream. A delightful, dainty toilet preparation for softening and beautifying the skin. Neither sticky or greasy, dries at once into the skin. Nothing to equal it for rough, chapped hands. Excellent for after shaving. Ask for McLeod's Witch Hazel Cream, in bottles, 15c., at both stores, corner King and Brock streets, and corner Central and Princess streets.

Shouting "amen" seems to be about the extent of service rendered by some men and women whose names are on the church roster.

Keep your feet warm. Wear electric insoles, 25c. per pair. McLeod's drug stores, corner King and Brock and corner Montreal and Princess streets.

Probe deep enough and you can always bring to the surface and light many imperfections in the so-called perfect man.

If you have no phone, order Bajus' XXX power, ale or lager by post card. Delivered to any part of the city direct from the brewery. In kegs or bottles.

Some people seem to forget that the right of way on the road of progress must be earned by individual effort.

To-Night!! Come to Sutherland's Big Red-Letter Shoe Sale. 25 Per Cent. Discount.