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DO YOU USE COWAN'S COCOA? The Hathison restaurant, Deseronto, received an order for a large number of hot cats.

A BAN ON SPOONING

NO PLACE FOR SWEETHEARTS AT ASHLY PARK.

Curious By-laws Met With at English Seaside Places—Dogs Must Not Bark on Beach.

The new by-law recently introduced at Eastbourne (Eng.), under which owners of dogs must not allow them to bark on the beach, is not likely to make that town popular with dog-lovers. The penalty—a fine of forty shillings—will make many holiday-makers, who are in the habit of taking their dogs with them, give Eastbourne a wide berth.

There are so many curious by-laws to be met with at the various English seaside places that the holiday-maker should make careful inquiries when visiting a new resort, if he does not wish to break the law. Ignorance of the law is no defence.

How many people know that it is illegal for a person to have in his possession an edible crab measuring less than four and a quarter inches in length? To have the crab in one's possession is an offence punishable by fine, even if one has no intention of trying to eat the shellfish.

Don't take a white bathing costume with you to Morecambe Bay, as the authorities have taken exception to this color, for some weird reason.

Many people imagine that anyone can bathe from the beach, but this is not the case at some resorts, where parts of the shore are private. At Broadstairs a portion of the foreshore is private property, and the bather is liable to prosecution.

The Ramsgate authorities object to hawkers and vendors, and only allow a limited number of these gentry to patrol the beach. Why this should be so nobody knows, as fruit-sellers and ice-cream vendors are very much in demand during the hot weather, and holiday-makers seldom care about walking into the town to quench their thirst.

Hawkers may hawk, and vendors may vend, at Morecambe Bay, but fortune-tellers must not tell fortunes—say those in authority. At some seaside resorts no hawkers at all are allowed. At Yarmouth the beach is mostly occupied by sellers of sea-shells, and only a few hawkers are to be found.

A curious regulation came into force at Scarborough some years ago, when the question of running trains on Sundays was raised. After a good deal of discussion, the authorities decided to run Sunday trains, but at the same time introduced a by-law to forbid the drivers ringing their bells when passing places of worship. Cyclists should therefore refrain from sounding their bells when passing churches in Scarborough, for they may render themselves liable to prosecution.

But English by-laws, although rather quaint, have been totally eclipsed by one introduced in America some years ago. At Ashly Park, New Jersey, a popular American watering-place, spooning is strictly prohibited! Sweethearts may not patrol the promenade, and lovers may not embrace on the beach. It is also illegal for a girl to sit with her sweetheart's head on her lap—a very favorite occupation of English maidens. Imagine the consternation the introduction of such a by-law at Scarborough of clinton would bring about! Evidently English holiday-makers have still a great deal to be thankful for.—Answers.

Aunt Julia.

Burne-Jones, the artist, used to tell a story of a little boy who on one occasion asked to be allowed to go to bed at the children's tea time, a circumstance so unique as to puzzle the domestic authorities. The mother refused, but the child whimpered and persevered and succeeded. The father was presently in his study at the back of the house looking out on the garden, when he saw the child in his little night-shirt come secretly down the steps and steal to a corner of the garden behind some shrubs. He had a garden fork in his hand. After a lapse of some minutes he came out again and stole quietly upstairs. The father's investigations revealed some freshly turned earth. Some few inches down was a closed envelope which the child had buried. On opening it he found a lucifer match and a slip of paper, on which was written in pencil the sprightly hand: "Dear Devil! Please take away Aunt Julia."

Ben Tillett's Trousers.

Ben Tillett, the general secretary of the English Dockers' Union relates an amusing story of his early engineering experiences, when he con- tested West Bradford as a Socialist! One of his ardent canvassers was arguing with a voter who was reluctant to admit that Mr. Tillett had any claims to his consideration. He could not get over the fact that the candidate was "a working man," and dressed in the "blue" of his trade. He objected: "Wot would 'ee look like in Parlymint? Look as his trahsis." The loyal canvasser was deeply offended, and answered in agitated reproach: "What's that got to do with it? Ben Tillett's trousers may be shabby, but they cover an honest heart."

Old Speed Records.

Speed counts for everything now, but so far as endurance is concerned no recent feat is more remarkable than the feat of Captain Barclay of Ury about a century ago. He drove the mail the whole way from London to Edinburgh without giving up the ribbons for a single stage, and experts pronounce that performance second only to his walk of a mile an hour in a thousand consecutive hours. Two centuries before him another wonderful feat was accomplished between the same points by Sir Robert Cary, who carried north on horseback the news of Queen Elizabeth's death in about sixty hours.—London Standard.

DON'T WORRY—AND BREATHE

If You Would Know the Meaning of Content and Health.

An English scientist, Eastace Wells by name, says that worry is one of the few things that we can lay down a law against, as it is absolutely poisonous. Unlike other poisons, it does not stimulate, but is depressing, paralyzing and breaking-up poison. It is a sheer waste of energy to be disappointed or to rebel against one's circumstances, and life would become much more bearable if only people would take things philosophically, as a matter of course. On the subject of deep breathing, Mr. Wells says that those who have mastered the art of deep and full breathing are thereby enabled to master their emotions—they can overcome pain and secure control of the mind and the circulation of the blood. The control of the breathing prevents one from becoming hurried and flurried, and one acts leisurely, although not lazily. Breathing can be adapted to various needs. For instance, in producing warmth or the need to fly further can breathe in order to become more sensitive—in fact, the all-round value of deep and full breathing cannot be overestimated. Of all physical practices this is the first and foremost, and one that can be neglected without being in the least conspicuous; if you have learned how to breathe deeply and fully, people may not suspect it—they only notice that you are calm, poised and good-tempered.

Why the Wind Blows.

In reference to air currents and the reasons why the wind blows, a recent report by the Astronomer Royal of England explains that air consists of gaseous particles, all trying to get away from one another, and that, under certain conditions, they can be compelled to come closer together by contraction, or forced to fly further apart by expansion. A quart bottle, for example, holds 22 grains of air at the temperature of 70 degrees. If the bottle be cooled by surrounding it with ice, the air inside contracts. When this occurs, more air rushes in through the bottle's neck. The weight of air now weighs more than 22 grains. If the bottle be heated, the air it contains expands, its tiny particles fly further asunder, and many of them escape from the bottle altogether. There is still a quart of air, but it weighs much less than the original 22 grains.

Now, consider the earth and the sea under the influence of varying degrees of the sun's heat. Where the heat is greatest, the air is made lighter and expands. In the same way, at least, the air is unexpanded and heavy. Both the hot and the cold air have weight, but the cold, being the heavier, is drawn more effectively down to the ground. In doing so it drives the lighter air up out of its way, just as a lump of lead, dropped into a pail of water forces some of the water upward. If the earth were equally warm at every part, and continued at a constant temperature, wind could not exist. It "blows" because of heat and gravitation. In other words, air moves from the place where its weight or pressure is most, toward the place where its weight or pressure is least.

A Bit of History.

The term windmill, used in its widest sense, means a machine by which the energy of the wind is applied to useful purposes. Windmills were certainly in use as early as the twelfth century, but their exact origin is lost in the oblivion of the past. Their introduction into Europe is generally ascribed to the Saracens, through the Crusaders. Flashing their crimson crossed banners, homeward, through Europe, the knights of Richard Coeur de Lion brought many strange customs and innovations with them. The earliest written record of windmills in England, dated in the twelfth century, deals with certain disputes in reference to tithes connected with "windmills." Since those faraway times windmills have been in constant use in Europe, America and other continents. But modern science has provided us with more efficient and reliable means of grinding corn or driving engines than the somewhat intermittent power of the wind. So, in this country, windmills have become objects of ornament, rather than use. In Holland they are largely employed in draining the polders and grinding grass.

A Sound Telescope.

The "telacoust," as lately patented in England, is a curious new instrument—a kind of sound telescope that catches a faint noise and magnifies, extending the range of the ear to four times the usual distance. The cup-shaped receiver can be pointed to any direction. The sound waves from the distant source are brought to a focus by a parabolic reflector, and are passed through a flexible tube to ear pieces. The volume of sound as thus concentrated is claimed to be 12 times as great as would reach the unaided ear. The instrument is expected to be especially valuable at sea, as it will not only pick up fog horn and other sounds, but can be used to show their direction by turning the receiver until the noise is strongest.

His Daughter's Novel.

Sir Russell Reynolds, the late eminent physician, once related how he met Thackeray at dinner shortly after the publication of "The Story of Elizabeth," by his daughter, now Lady Ritchie. "I told Thackeray how much I admired this charming novel. 'I am very glad,' he replied, 'but I can form no opinion of its merits, as I have not read it.' 'Not read it?' I exclaimed in great surprise. 'No,' was the answer. 'I dated not I dare her too much.'—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Twice-Won Medal.

A Kingston-on-Thames (Eng.) man has just received from the War Office the medal for the China expedition in 1860, in which he served with the King's Royal Rifle under Lord Elgin. During the past fifty-one years he wrote fifty letters to the War Office on the subject, so that the medal may now be considered to have been twice won.

R. H. Cook, Newburgh, sold a matched pair of carriage horses to a Montreal buyer and delivered them on September 23rd, for \$500. This team took first prize at the county show on Thursday. The renowned mare labor, Smith's Fall, where she formerly resided, for interment.

CITY OF WEIRD BEAUTY.

But in Singapore Chinese Maids Alone Are Refined and Modest.

There are worse places than Singapore but I don't recall their names at this writing; yet Singapore is really a beautiful city, writes George A. Dorsey, Ph.D., LL.D. It grows in beauty and its beauty grows on you. It is an exotic beauty, the strange, penetrating beauty of a great conservatory, the beauty of hundreds of gold mohur trees in resplendent blossom, of strange orchids, of gayly decorated richshaws, of hundreds of Chinese coolies in hats which look like inverted champagne. And of—well it would seem there are thousands of them—imported beauties from Japan and China, who monopolize the "only streets which are alive after sunset."

In these streets you will find all your friends of the ship. Singapore does not invite the sightseers during the day, but at night they sing their songs on the steps of the long arcades, the short, pudgy Japanese leading the chorus. The white women, "has an enormous influence upon reputationly ugly a white woman could be—are close seconds. The shy, demure, slender Chinese maids alone are quiet, reserved, modest. They alone wear an air of refinement, of nobility. They are still women and human beings.

There is something aristocratic about the Chinese woman, even she who works with her hands. She may be old, she is ugly. She may be poor, and her work hard, but she plays the game. She keeps her self-respect; she rarely grows gross. She never looks coarse, sloppy or slovenly. As compared with woman in similar walks of life in London, she is a perfect lady.

Sunshine and Character.

"Sunshine," says an English physician, "has an enormous influence upon character. As is generally known, the great difference in temperament between the Spaniard and the Swede is almost entirely due to the influence of the sun. Northern races—and the people of Great Britain are, of course, included among them—enjoy very little sun on the whole. They are more used to leaden skies and dull, rainy weather. In the far north they are subjected to rigorous cold for months on end. Such weather conditions produce in the long run men and women of a hard, stubborn, self-contained type. They are somewhat melancholy, it may be, but cool-headed, calculating, and business-like. Countries with little sunshine produce the thinkers and the fighters. It might even be said that they breed the highest type of man to be found in the world.

"Now we come to the countries which are flooded with warm, golden sunshine almost all the year round. It drives a curious thing to suggest, but is the sun really a helpful, progressive influence upon humanity? I do not think so—from the cold-blooded northerner's point of view. But continuous hot sunshine makes for poetry of living, joyousness, gallantry. It produces the passionate, warm-hearted, quick-tempered type of man and woman."

African Folk Lore.

Major A. J. N. Treadearne of the British army, has spent some years in Northern Nigeria, and has collected a wonderful stock of the folk-lore of the Hausas. These people attach tales, or proverbs, or special peculiarities to every well-known animal, as well as to the members of every trade or profession. Many of these he described ascribed to the spider, the pigeon, rather a fool. If a Hausa is caught telling lies he can always excuse himself by saying that the story was told in the name of the "insect king." Then there is a strange magic in the name of living, joyousness, gallantry. It produces the passionate, warm-hearted, quick-tempered type of man and woman."

Where Priests Are Beggars.

Perhaps it would interest the people at home to know how the Buddhist priest of Burma get their daily bread. Every morning after sunrise they go out in batches in Indian file, preceded by a native boy with a bell, which he rings at intervals. This warns the people of their approach, and it is wonderful to see with what reverence the people regard the priest. Immediately the bell rings a Burmese woman runs out with her offering of rice, bananas, eggs, or the best that her house can provide. No words of greeting are exchanged. The offerings are made and received in silence. The Buddhist priests may not receive money. This is why they have to beg for their daily bread.

An Old Drought Cure.

An old time specific for drought was simple enough. It was simply necessary to burn fern. An interesting reference to this belief occurs in a manuscript letter preserved in the Pococke collection in the British Museum. It is dated Aug. 1, 1686. It runs: "To My Very Loving Friend the High Sheriff of the County of Staffordshire—Sir: His majesty, having taken notice of an opinion entertained in Staffordshire that the burning of fern doth draw down rain and being desirous that the country and himself may enjoy fair weather as long as he remains in those parts, hath commanded me to write unto you to cause all burning of fern to be forborne."—London Spectator.

Road Made of Leather Waste.

Birmingham, Eng., has a road made of leather waste, which is judged to be a complete success. There had been no use for the waste leather until somebody conceived the idea of making it into a road. It was first shredded into fine bits and then treated with bitumen and tar. The road has been in existence for a year. Moreover, it makes a comfortable footing for horses.

J. P. Griffith, Deseronto, received a telegram announcing the death of his mother, Saturday afternoon, and left for Philadelphia on Sunday noon.

Mrs. Alice Noyes, of Bradford, died on Thursday. The remains were taken to Smith's Falls, where she formerly resided, for interment.

FOUND HURON VILLAGES.

New Chapter of Canadian History in Archives' Report.

A new chapter in Canadian history has been given by the Ontario Government in the report of the Bureau of Archives, just issued by Alexander Fraser, the Provincial Archivist. The volume is the record of an enquiry into the location and history of the villages of the Huron Indians. These were nearly all in what is now the County of Simcoe. For the first time their location, which has been a subject of controversy, has been definitely given.

The provinces is indebted to Rev. A. E. Jones, S.J., archivist of St. Mary's College, Montreal, for the information given in the bulky volume. The report is a veritable mine of information and is the result of five years' work of Rev. Father Jones in collaboration with Mr. Fraser. All the works extant have been drawn upon. Not only have the "Jesus Relations" that had been published been quoted, but much of them is given that has never been published, including the correspondence of the Jesuit and Recollet missionaries now in the possession of their descendants in France and Switzerland has also been secured.

Father Jones is not only the archivist of St. Mary's College, but has charge of the Jesuit records of both the North and South American continents. He has gone over the most of North Simcoe, and by actual calculation, having reference to the records, has definitely located the various villages. His maps are given in the report, as well as nine of the water color sketches of Father Martin, made in 1655.

A chronological and biographical record of the missionaries and mission centres year by year from 1615 to 1650 is given. Letters and records of the period, both in the possession of Father Jones and Mr. Fraser, now see daylight for the first time. For over forty years Father Jones has been collecting and studying these old records and is regarded as one of the leading aboriginalists on the continent. He has applied the term Huronia to this department of research, and it is now the accepted term on the continent.

Sunken Logs.

On the shore of Lake Ontario, in the Bay of Quinte, the most peculiar lumbering operations in the country are now in progress. Hundreds of logs of oak and black walnut, many of them 50 or more feet long, are being brought up from the bottom of the bay with grappling hooks operated by powerful engines and hoisting apparatus stationed on barges. Some of the logs have been submerged over twenty-five years, but when brought to the surface are found to be in as perfect a state of preservation as the day they went to the bottom.

Forty years ago the shores of the Bay of Quinte were lined with great primeval forests of pine, oak and black walnut. The pine first attracted the lumbermen and was the timber really sought for, but every tree went down before the woodman's axe during the winter months. In the ten or fifteen years required to denude the country of its forests the bottom of the bay and the adjacent coasts became carpeted with logs that to-day are worth a high price.

It was not until this summer that plans were devised for raising the sunken logs. Divers were sent down to see if there were a sufficient number to make hoisting operations profitable. The reports brought up were so favorable that scows were equipped with the necessary machinery and the hoisting work is now in full swing. Some days a scow or barge and its crew will bring up hundreds of dollars' worth of logs and on two different days the returns reached the \$1,000 mark.

An investigation is now being made in several other rivers along the banks of which lumbering operations were conducted on a large scale many ago.

Canada's Lumber Argot.

The Canadian lumber industry will furnish the dictionary maker with a generous share of his swelling word totals. If it has not already done so, say The New York Post. Timber tracts across the border are divided into "limits" or "berths." The growing timber on a tract is a "stand," and the contents of a "stand" are measured in "feet," which means a board one foot square and one inch thick, and not a cubic foot. To survey a stand of timber is to "cruise" it, the man who does it is a "cruiser," and his report is a "cruise." Trees are "felled," and the man who has "felled" them is a "sawyer." For transportation by water logs are made up into rafts, but "rafting" means hauling a raft by tugs. The cross logs that bind the raft together are "swifters," and the intervals between the "swifters" are "sections." The Canadian equivalent for lumber-jack is "shanty-man." Going up to camp is going "up to the shanties." Land that has been burned is "broody," that is to say, brule. Timber is frequently cut with four flat sides, but with part of the original circumference of the log left between the flat sides. This curve is the "wane," and the log so cut is a "waney log."

An Official Mystery.

Years ago, when Lord Anglesey was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he said once of the Irish Secretary of that day: "Mr. Stanley and I do very well together as companions, but we differ so totally about Ireland that I never mention the subject to him." Just how they transacted official business remains a mystery.

They Might Disappear.

"You want the pockets to run up and down, I suppose?" said the tailor. "No, sir," the irritable customer replied. "I prefer stationary pockets. You may make the slits perpendicular, however."

An Acre Each.

If the land in England and Wales were equally divided there would only be a little over one acre for each person.

On Wednesday, Mrs. Elizabeth Shane, widow of the late James Shane, suffering from cancer since February last, died at Toronto, at the age of sixty years. Deceased was born at Bethel, Ont., and subsequently went to Camden East. She went to Toronto from Deseronto about six years ago.

Sunlight Soap advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman washing dishes and text describing its benefits for cleaning and its availability for 5 cents.

Where To Buy Your Fall Shoes advertisement for Reid & Charles, featuring text about shoe quality and a list of shoe styles.

A New Laxative advertisement for NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES, describing its effectiveness and availability.

OUR PASTRY LEADS IN QUALITY advertisement for R. H. TOYE, 302 King St., listing various pastries and their prices.

NERVOUS HEADACHES advertisement for J. H. Sutherland & Bro., featuring text about the benefits of their products for nervousness and headaches.