

CONTROL THE MARKET

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY'S MICA MINE.

Prices Are Determined by Its Output—A New Find and a Remarkable Composition That is Not Yet Determined.

Canadian Mining Journal. The mica-mining region of Ontario has not been extended by any new discoveries of importance since the publication of the last report.

The chief centres of mining activity are Sydenham and Merville, in the townships of Loughboro and North Burgess, respectively. In the former district, the General Electric company's mine—the old Smith and Lacey—still remains the chief producer, and employs an average staff of thirty-five men.

The occurrence of a yellowish, and rather brittle mica, whose composition and exact species have not yet been determined, in a highly metamorphosed rock in the Sydenham district, may be mentioned here as constituting a type of mica deposit in many respects dissimilar to the majority of occurrences visited.

The intrusive rock to which the mica probably owes its origin had not, at the time of its visit, been met with the depth reached by the workings not exceeding sixty feet.

Three beds, from one to two feet thick, of a reddish quartzite, are met with in the workings. These layers contain mica, and the rock in their immediate proximity is also practically devoid of the mineral.

The source of the mica is, in all probability, a basic laccolite. A similar mica is also found on lot 5, range II, of Bedford township, this occurrence being almost identical with the foregoing.

In this case, however, the country rock is limestone, belonging to the Archean formation, and is of the normal white, coarsely crystalline type. The association with the mica of secondary minerals such as vesuvianite, actinolite, garnet, etc., at both the above-mentioned mines, is interesting.

When a hard working man remains poor his wife says he is too conscientious.

Advertisement for Postum featuring a doctor's dialogue: 'Say, Doctor, what you suppose ails me, anyway?' 'Tea? Why, I've drank it 20 years, say Doc, quit chaffin.' 'I'm feeling bad.' 'Now there goes another of those infernal twists in my right side.' 'Tea congests the liver, you say? So I've got to quit. Well, what do you know about this Postum?' '(A month later) 'Mornin' Doc, yes feeling fine, thanks. Say, you did give me a scare about my liver, but it was all true, I reckon. 'When I quit the tea and went on with Postum, I began to feel better in two days and now I've quit the army of tea cranks for good.' 'Sure, I belong to the Postum army, and know where my comfort is.' 'There's a Reason' Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ontario.

"RING OUT WILD BELLS."

Kingston Business Men's Version of This Poem.

Ring out wild bells, ring out wild bells, The pure white snow, the clear cold air.

Are spreading gladness everywhere, The bees are sleeping in their cells.

Ring out wild bells, ring out full clear, And chime with joy dull care away; Ring out and let the people say, "This year shall be the greatest year."

The greatest Kingston ever knew; Ring out the bantering business deal; Ring in one prize, the peoples' weal; Ring out the chattering auction screw.

Ring out the shady business plan; Ring out the man who drops his eyes, The man who'd sell his soul to rise, Ring in, ring in, the honest man.

Ring out wild bells! Awake! Awake! The bees are sleeping, why should we? Is it "To be or not to be?" Why then "To be!" Awake! Awake!

"To be!" a slogan always new, Ring near old Kingston up-to-date, The movements ring, however late: "To be!" a summer "hotel" too.

"To be!" a Kingston harbor grand, Ring in the traffic from the west, Ring in the money to invest, Ring out our name through all the land.

That Canada may turn to see The old town booming, not too late To help to make the nation great, To build the Canada "To be!"

—TERRY FODGE.

Oratory No Longer Soars.

"Oratory is a lost art," said a Cleveland man the other day. "I used to go down to the courts just to hear the lurid speeches. Nothing doing in that line any more. The lawyers do not talk about flowers, rainbows and sunbeams any more."

Who is this man, who is he? thundered Robinson. "You know and I know that he boils his potatoes in widows' tears."

This phrase caught the jury, and Robinson won his case, but one doesn't hear any such "oratory" as that nowadays.

The constable of East Liberty, Ohio, nearly lost his life when a man crazed with drink grabbed his whiskers and dragged him through the town. The constable was rescued by the sheriff. Any man can secure an appreciative audience by letting his money talk.

ENGLISH IN DANGER

FRENCH GRADUALLY CHOWING THE ENGLISH OUT.

An Appeal to the People of Ontario—The Stir Made in Canada West—Attack on Public School System—Duty of the Hour.

Toronto Telegram (conservative). Is Ontario to remain English or to become French? Ten years ago the process of asking such a question would have had the questioner as a long-haired fanatic.

Today fourteen seats in the Ontario house are said to be controlled by voters of the French, and whole communities in this fair province are being "Quebecized" so completely that the few English who are in the communities are fleeing away to where the people may speak the English language and where the public schools educate the children in the tongue of our fathers.

More than 140,000,000 inhabitants of the earth use the English language in their business, social and domestic life. Yet here in this province of Ontario, founded by the men and women of England, Scotland and Ireland, the Canadians are facing the extinction of the English tongue in every farm house, village, town and city in the great eastern and middle sections of this English province of yesterday. The facts are so simple, so glaring, so insistent that they have thrust themselves into our public life.

The attack commences at our public school system. The machinery that is used to guarantee every child an English education is today being so skillfully manipulated that all over Eastern Ontario, and in certain northern sections, the public school system is being used to fortify the children in their knowledge and use of French, and hundreds of children in Ontario are growing up in and beyond school age who can speak English and learn no English in their schools, and who have grown into them the lesson that it must be French, and French only, that they and all their people shall speak.

The time is ripe for a plain speech to our fellow-Canadians. The papers, associations and societies that are standing between the French-Canadian and a sound English education, are courting social and financial suicide. Not even the three million French of North America can turn back the glory and the dreams of the old regime. No one is denying to the parents the right to cherish their own speech, to use it fully and freely in their homes, in social intercourse and upon the streets. But Wolfe upon the Plains of Abraham shattered a thousand dreams and vanity and vexation of spirit wait upon the men who are striving to piece those dreams together.

It is not a question of whether it would be a good thing for a child to have the culture of two languages. Let every child have as many languages as the parents desire, so long as the public school system of Ontario is used for the sole purpose of giving to every child in this province all the elements of a sound English education, and no child in Ontario should be permitted to say French to school until he or she can speak our language with freedom and ease. This province must remain English in customs, laws and language. There is not room here for two languages placed on any equality. Every child in Ontario must go from school prepared for the struggle with that preparation which can only come from a sound English education.

This is the question of the hour, and more than one politician will wear himself thin trying to dodge it. But surely the party which gave to Ontario such men as D'Alton McCarthy and N. Clarke Wallace, must have somewhere a man bold enough to face the issue squarely. English must remain the language of Ontario in all her official and commercial life, or else we shall be traitors to all for which our party lived and died.

These Chickens Talk.

Harold Sumner, a farmer living near here, says that he has found a way to make hens talk and it isn't by crossing them with parrots either. Sumner has been experimenting for some time and his neighbors testify that while his fowls do not exactly talk, they make an awful and unwarranted racket, unlike any of the sounds which have hitherto been emitted from a chicken's throat. Sumner brought several of his talking hens into town recently and gave an exhibition in front of the post office.

Before the hens would perform he gave each a tablespoonful of brown powder. Almost instantly the birds commenced to emit discordant sounds, some of which sounded like English words.

Sumner said the powder which he gives the fowls is made from granulated phonograph cylinders and discs. He says that when the phonograph records, in their pulverized state, gets into the hen's systems they can't help but do something. He calls it talking. On the afternoon mentioned he gave one hen a mixture taken from the record of "The Ravings of John McCulloch," mixed with a pinch of "All Cools Look Alike to Me." The effect was marvellous. It killed the hen—Chico, Cal.; correspondent—San Francisco—Cal.

A Kitchener Tale.

An interesting incident in the life of Lord Kitchener is told by Hermann Klein. Referring to the rehearsals of "Human Nature" at Drury Lane many years ago, Mr. Klein says: "Actively assisting in arranging an African fight, was a gentleman in a frock coat and tall hat, of undeniable military appearance, who impressed me both by his quiet, masterful manner and the imperious patience with which he directed manoeuvres. To be repeated over and over again until they were satisfactorily executed. After the rehearsal was concluded I went upon the stage. Augustus Harris was talking to his military adviser. He beckoned me to approach. 'Klein, I want to introduce you to my friend, Major Kitchener, who has been kind enough to come and help me with this "soldiering" work. What do you think of it? Did you ever see such fighting and marching on the stage before?'

PROBE TURNS TO REGISTERS.

Conspiracy to Restrain Trade Through Shifting Competition.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec. 5.—Suit was filed here against the National Cash Register company, of Dayton, Ohio, charging that the company is in a conspiracy to restrain of trade and asking that it be enjoined from further carrying on such illegal practices as are set forth in the petition.

The government does not seek to destroy the National Cash Register company as a corporation, nor to interfere with the legal and legitimate business of the company, but asks that it be prohibited from selling cash registers and other registering devices in a manner that would prevent competition.

It is further charged that the defendants have waged vicious, wrongful and unlawful wars of extermination against other competitors and have driven them out of business, securing thereby about ninety-five per cent. of the cash register business.

G.T.P. TO SEEK LOAN.

Government Will be Asked for Fifteen Millions.

Montreal, Dec. 6.—It is understood in railway and financial circles that the Grand Trunk Pacific railway company will come before parliament during the present session and ask for a further temporary loan of fifteen million dollars to assist in the completion of their railway across the continent. It is also said that special information will be forthcoming as to the exact use to which the new loan will be put by the company. It will be remembered that a couple of years ago the Grand Trunk Pacific secured a federal loan to the amount of ten millions, the same being adopted by both branches of the Canadian parliament without much opposition, the recommendation being fathered by the government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Tabacco on the Stage.

The saloon of most men and a few women was first brought upon the stage in England by Ben Jonson in "Every Man in His Humor," in which Capt. Bobadil appears smoking a pipe, in company with others addicted to the same practice, and who are contemptuously styled in the stage direction "a rout of stinkards." Bobadil is made to break out into the following high flown panegyric of the weed:

"Sir, believe me on my relation for what I tell you, the world shall not improve. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, and where neither myself nor a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world for the space of nine-and-twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only. Therefore, it cannot be, but it is most divine, especially your Trinidado. Your Nicotian is good, too. I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and most precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man."—Dundee Advertiser.

These Schools Are Rising.

No more "Drop the Handkerchief" or "King William" or, in fact, any games incorporating osculation will be permitted on the grounds of Santa Monica public schools.

"The Kissing Bug" in the November issue of the Santa Monica School Bulletin is tabooed as a post and made it fit object for an attack by the horticultural commission.

The bulletin brands the kissing practice as unsanitary, owing to the ease with which germs can be carried. The modest little high school girls declare they have not cultivated the practice, at least, not upon the school grounds, and take the bulletin as personal affront. The bulletin applies to all students and youngsters in particular.—Los Angeles Examiner.

Not Superior to G.T.R.

A prominent member of one of the large wholesale dry goods houses of Montreal, who has just returned from a trip to the Pacific coast, including Vancouver and San Francisco, writes the Grand Trunk as follows: "On our trip to the Pacific coast and return we travelled over ten different railroads, making use of the dining car service on each, and would like you to know that we did not find in any case that the service on the dining cars of other lines was superior to the Grand Trunk railway, and in many cases it was very much inferior. I take this opportunity of informing you as to what we think of the service you are giving on our great Canadian railway."

A gentleman very close to the Ottawa government is authority for the rumor that Hon. F. D. Monk will shortly be retired to a seat on the Quebec bench.

TO TAKE OVER LIBRARY

GANANOQUE RATEPAYERS TO VOTE ON BY-LAW.

W. F. Nickle, M.P., to Address Meeting in Gananoque—Liberals Are Hopeful of Winning in Leeds.

Gananoque, Dec. 6.—A special meeting of Gananoque public library association was held last evening. It was unanimously decided to petition the town council to take over the assets of the library and raise its status to that of a free library in accordance with the libraries' act. A delegation of the directors, consisting of J. C. Linklater, president, C. Sine, secretary, D. A. Mitchell, C. J. Wilson, Rev. Henry Grassie and Dr. O'Connor attended the council session and preferred their request, being received graciously by that body and after discussing the question the council consented to submit the question for a decision of the people at the municipal elections in January. The necessary by-law was given its first reading.

The funeral of the late Sarah McLellan, widow of the late Edward Rogers, of this town, took place yesterday afternoon from the home of her daughter, Mrs. William Nurse, 2366 Brock street, to Gananoque vault, and was largely attended. The service was conducted by F. J. McLennan, pastor of Grace church.

W. F. Nickle, M.P., of Kingston, will address the electors of Gananoque in the opera house, in behalf of J. R. Burgavel, conservative, in the field. Last week Mr. Burgavel, accompanied by W. J. Gibson, made a canvass of the rear of the riding, and this week some hard work will be done in the front, including Gananoque. The outlook from a liberal standpoint is very hopeful.

Allan Sheridan has disposed of his handsome frame residence on Victoria avenue to George Sauer, who will take possession at an early date. Mr. Sheridan has also purchased from the McDonald estate the brick residence on Market street, occupied for some time past by Peter Polow.

Henry Morton, King street west, a well-known hunter and trapper of this section, is reported as having met with a serious loss. Sunk, thieves broke into his barn and made off with some twenty valuable pelts.

The election campaign in South Leeds has opened with a swing, with Messrs. W. J. Wilson, liberal, and J. R. Burgavel, conservative, in the field. Last week Mr. Wilson, accompanied by W. J. Gibson, made a canvass of the rear of the riding, and this week some hard work will be done in the front, including Gananoque. The outlook from a liberal standpoint is very hopeful.

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The Banner of Truth.

J.R.M. Eternal truth, rear high thy crest. In all thy splendor shine, Where countless millions long oppressed. In mental darkness pine.

Subvert all false and hollow creeds, And blood-stained scribes o'erthrow, Uproot all rank and deadly weeds, That in mind's empire grow.

Lead knowledge to benighted claims, The human will direct, Change sounds of chains to church-bell chimes, Thy scripture, faith protect.

Thy temples build on every height, Dash idols to the ground; That mankind, basking in thy light, May worshippers be found.

Imperial tyrants curse thy name, And tremble at thy glance, And tormented slaves of vice and shame, Reel back at thy advance.

The fetters that the mind enslave, Melt at thy touch divine, Thy radiant glory glids real life, And marks its moral time.

No earth-born, crawling thing art thou, No breathing form of clay; Death's pallid seal ne'er stamped thy brow.

To mark thee for decay, Thy name is blazoned on God's throne, Thy banner is the sky, On which for ages stars have shone, And hynned thy praise on high.

Celestial, terrestrial truth dispel all gloom, And in thy glory reign, That guilty earth may smile and bloom, A paradise again.

"Boston is hungry for everything but the gospel, and isn't saved because it does not want to be. Men leave more and more to women who are leading the world to-day," said Rev. Dr. G. W. King, in a sermon.

SLUGGISH BOWELS CAUSE HEADACHE, DIZZINESS AND SICK, SOUR STOMACH.

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches; how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish intestines—you always get the desired results from Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable another moment; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the poison and effete matter which is producing the misery.

Take a Cascaret now; don't wait until bedtime. In all the world there is no remedy like this. A 19-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a good, gentle cleansing, too.

Cascarets logo and text: "Cascarets" in a large, stylized font. Below it: "REGULATE STOMACH, LIVER & BOWELS" and "EAT & DRINK—NEVER GRIPE OR SICKEN". At the bottom: "THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP".

A Vigilant Unceasing Cleanliness at every individual stage of its preparation

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA, IT'S SO CLEAN, IT COULDN'T BE CLEANER. BLACK, MIXED OR NATURAL GREEN. SEALED PACKAGES ONLY. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. FREE Sample mailed on enquiry—Address: 'SALADA', Toronto

Advertisement for Lipton's Tea featuring a woman in a long dress and hat. Text: "Honest Tea is the best policy LIPTON'S TEA OVER 2 MILLION PACKAGES SOLD WEEKLY"

Advertisement for THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION ADMINISTRATOR. Text: "of Estates where there is no will or where the appointed executors prefer not to act. TORONTO OTTAWA WINNIPEG SASKATOON"

Advertisement for AMES HOLDEN OR McCREADY SHOES. Text: "What Every Woman Wants in a Shoe. It is unnecessary to point out to Canadian Women the desirability of being well shod. They know how well attractive shoes set off an attractive costume. 'AMES HOLDEN' or 'McCREADY' Shoes do this to perfection. They hold their own in grace and style with shoes made anywhere. And in addition to this they are so well made, both as regards workmanship and material, that they retain their shape and pretty lines until they are worn out—which is a long, long time."

Advertisement for AMES HOLDEN OR McCREADY SHOES. Text: "If you will insist on your dealer giving you 'AMES HOLDEN' or 'McCREADY' Shoes the next time, you will have the best looking and best wearing shoes made."

Advertisement for HOCKEY PLAYERS ATTENTION. Text: "We have just passed into stock the finest range of Hockey Boots ever shown in Kingston. We cordially invite your inspection of same. We are Local Agents for the HULL PROFESSIONAL HOCKEY BOOT, \$5.00. Same as used by all the leading Professional Hockeyists in Canada. We will take pleasure in showing them to you. J. H. Sutherland & Bro. 'THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES'"