

THE HERPICIDE GIRL IN A REBEL'S GRAVE

Advices Gentlemen,
At Mrs. Blain's house I met a gentleman who fulfilled my ideal of a man in all but one particular. He had a good head, fine physique, perfect manners, was most interesting conversationalist, and bore himself with the just dignity of a gentleman. His hair was immaculate and his clothes faultless as to cut and material. But all the pleasant impressions were effaced when I discovered the collar and shoulders of his dress coat covered with those hair and flakes of dandruff.

To me this was an indication of personal carelessness, not to say uncleanliness. I wanted to tell him to get a bottle of Newbro's Herpicide. This remarkable remedy would, in a short time, remove every trace of dandruff from his head, stop his hair from falling and prevent him from becoming bald. I don't like bald-headed men; they look odd whether they are or not.

Dandruff is caused by a germ and Newbro's Herpicide kills that germ. The itching, which is so frightful with dandruff stops almost instantly. Herpicide is the original remedy that destroys dandruff. There is nothing in the world just like it, nothing that is "just as good."

One dollar size bottles are guaranteed by all druggists to give satisfaction.

Applications obtained at the good barber shops.

Send 10c. in postage for a sample bottle and booklet to The Herpicide Co., Dept. R., Detroit, Mich.

Chas. B. McLeod and L. T. Best, special agents.

Dr. de Van's Female Pills
A reliable French regulator never fails. These pills are especially powerful in regulating the sensitive portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at 50c. a box, or three for \$1.50. Mailed to any address. The Beechell Bros. Co., Montreal, Canada.


For sale at Mahood's drug store.

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We are in earnest when we ask you to give ORRINE a trial. You have nothing to risk and everything to gain, for your money will be returned, if after a trial, you fail to get results from ORRINE. This offer gives the wives and mothers of those who drink to express an opportunity to try the ORRINE treatment. It is a very simple treatment, can be given in the home without publicity or loss of time from business, and at a small price.

ORRINE is prepared in two forms: No. 1, secret treatment, a powder; ORRINE No. 2, in pill form, for those who desire to take voluntary treatment. Costs only \$1.00 a box. Come in and talk over the matter with us. Ask for booklet. G. W. Mahood, corner Princess and Bagot Streets.

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Mother's Cordial or Herbal Tonic, bulks up the reproductive organs and nerve centres—makes confinement easy, safe and quick, and rapidly recalls the glow and cheering health of vigorous womanhood.

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This valuable remedy contains no stimulants or hurtful drugs. It is simply a scientific blend of Indian herbs, whose virtues are well known to medical men. Write for free circular. At your druggist's, or by mail, \$1.00 per package, or 6 packages \$5.00. Dr. Cooney Medical Co., Windsor, Ont. Recommended and Sold in Kingston by O. S. PROUCE Druggist

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FRAME HOUSE, 6 rooms, on York Street, \$930

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DOUBLE FRAME HOUSE, 6 rooms each, with all improvements, Montreal Street, rented for \$253 per year, \$2,100.

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TOMB OF AMERRY GIROD IS IN HEART OF MONTREAL.

Where Sherbrooke Street Crosses St. Lawrence in the Busiest Part of the Commercial Metropolis is the Burial Place of the Swashbuckler, Whose Rebellion Was Crushed 75 Years Ago—A Strange Career.

This story tells of the tragic end of a remarkable man whose remains have mouldered into dust in the strangest grave ever dug on the island of Montreal. Two of the great thoroughfares of the Montreal of to-day are Sherbrooke street, running through the heart of the finest residential quarter, and St. Lawrence street, which, running in from the country to the northwest, cuts the city in two and crosses Sherbrooke street at right angles. Beneath the pavement where these streets cross is the grave of this remarkable man, who played the game of rebellion and lost, and then dying a suicide, was buried, according to the custom of the time, at this cross-road. Seventy-five years have passed since that strange burial took place, and the traffic of a great city passes over the grave. The man buried there has long since been forgotten, but the story of the closing scene of his chequered career can be gleaned from history, and it is briefly related here.

His name was Amerry Girod, and he came to Canada about the year 1827, or ten years before the breaking out of what is commonly called the Papineau rebellion. When he came no one precisely knew. By some his birth-place was in Switzerland, by others in the Province of Alsace, then part of France, now part of Germany. He claimed to have passed his youth at a model school of agriculture, and subsequently to have served as an officer of cavalry in Mexico. He was an excellent linguist, speaking not only English and French, but German, Italian and Spanish as well. He seems to have been a soldier of fortune.

Coming to Quebec he won the friendship of Mr. Perreault, prothonotary of the district, who placed him on one of his properties to establish a model farm. The end of the enterprise was heavy debts, which Mr. Perreault had to pay, and the ingratitude of the man whom he had befriended.

Girod then came on to Varennes, on the south side of the St. Lawrence, and only a few miles below Montreal. There he found favor with one of the great men of the village, Dr. Duchesnois, a great supporter of Papineau. At Varennes Girod married Dr. Duchesnois' sister-in-law, the daughter of Mr. Aime, Seigneur of St. Therese, and from that time the adventure lived on the property of his father-in-law, and devoted himself principally to the trade of a political agitator.

It is not proposed to trace the course of that agitation, or of the rebellion in which it culminated, but simply to follow the fortunes of Girod through the bloodiest chapter of the drama—the chapter which tells of the uprising to the west of Montreal, on December 14, 1837.

One of the earliest overt acts of the St. Eustache insurgents was to plunder the Indian mission of Two Mountains where guns and ammunition were carried away from the Government stores and a small cannon, belonging to the superior of the mission. Girod was one of the party, and he employed his best cunning to persuade the Indians to give up the arms in their possession and their two small cannon. The Indians showed such determination to resist any attempt to remove their property that Girod and his companions departed without the arms they had demanded.

During the two weeks of turmoil that preceded the battle, Girod was one of the principal agitators. At times he seems to have dominated the situation and to have influenced for the worse Dr. Chenier, whom some historians have made the hero of the uprising. Girod was practically the general in command. He forbade the priests to leave the village, and he practically detained them several days as prisoners. He sent men to destroy the bridge at St. Rose, and his men succeeded in making the bridge impassable. He harangued the crowd, but no attempt was made to fill them or to prepare them to resist the troops that would be sent against them. In fact, the misguided insurgents were told that the troops dare not come to St. Eustache, and that the insurgents would take Montreal without drawing a trigger.

But the troops came, and soon all was over. On Dec. 13, Sir John Colborne set out from Montreal with what was a small army in comparison with the force it was going to attack. On the following day the force reached St. Eustache and at once began the attack, the artillery opening fire upon the church. The battle lasted only a short time and Girod, the swashbuckler, was found when the insurgents surrendered to have gone for reinforcements. The loyalists started out on his trail. Girod's wanderings lasted four days, with his pursuers always on his tracks and over drawing nearer. He turned northward and then circled to the east, making for the St. Lawrence River. He succeeded in reaching the outskirts of the village of Pointe-aux-Trembles, about eight miles below Montreal.

Finding himself surrounded, Girod drew his pistol and with it he blew out his brains.

Girod's body was at once brought up to Montreal, and the authorities ordered that it should be buried "at what was then called Cote a Barron, in the middle of the cross-roads of the St. Lawrence, Main street and Sherbrooke street."

"And so do things pass away like a tale that is told."—The Montreal Standard.

Better a night worker than a day dreamer.

One interested listener an orator has in himself.

Still, you don't have to smoke the cigars people give you.

ONTARIO'S FRENCHMEN.

Six Members of Gallic Blood Sit in the Legislature.

There are six French-Canadians in the Ontario Legislature—quite an interesting little group. There are not enough of them to constitute a "party." Three are Conservatives and three are Liberals. Still, when it comes to French-Canadian "rights" they are one and undivided. There is among them no Horatius, either Grit or Tory, who looks as if he might jump up some day and shout to his compatriots for volunteers to stand on either hand of him to defend the bridge against any English-speaking host which would seek to wrest from French-Canadians their "liberties."

The valiant three of both political faiths are ready to defend both ends of the bridge, but they don't adopt any heroic attitudes. In other words, the six French-Canadians in the Legislature are all very loyal to their nationality, but their number is so small that they find it impracticable to do much elaborate posing as the representatives of a down-trodden minority.

The three Conservative French-Canadian members are Henri Morel (Nipissing), Napoleon Champagne (East Ottawa), and Hon. Dr. J. O. Reame (North Essex). The three Liberals are Gustave Edmund (Prescott), Damase (Russell), and Z. Mageau (Sturgeon Falls). These men, with the exception of Dr. Reame, were born in Quebec, or in the Eastern Townships of Ontario. Dr. Reame's ancestors left Quebec many years ago to settle in Essex. Altogether, they will be considered as a quiet member, but he is considered very bright. He is a son of the late Speaker Evrault, and has a liberal education. Dr. Reame we all know as a good, average routine administrator in his department, and a good fellow and somewhat of a jollier in and out of the House. Messrs. Mageau and Champagne, both new members, are the most interesting of the French-Canadian group.

Mr. Mageau is said to be 47 years of age, but from the gallery he would pass for 27. He is the slight and graceful type of French-Canadian, but his life in New Ontario has given him a restraint and solidity that the average Ontario citizen does not associate with French-Canadian character, unless in exceptional cases. Mr. Mageau is a real estate and insurance man. He has been elected mayor of Sturgeon Falls for two years in succession. He is also president of the Board of Trade in his town, and an all-round, substantial, popular citizen. He is a very effective speaker.

Mr. Napoleon Champagne belongs to another type of French-Canadian. He is big and burly, with a thick neck and a big, bellowing voice. His specialty in debate is abuse of the rousing, ironically humorous kind. When he gets on his feet things are certainly lively. Every time he delivers what he thinks is a punch that will put his opponent to the ropes he loosens his collar and takes a drink. Two or three pages are kept busy bringing him water. Then he jams his hands in his pockets and glares savagely at his foes. But Champagne can make the House and the galleries laugh.

The Nomad Farmer.

One of the most remarkable things about the western provinces of Canada is the number of nomad farmers who come in from the United States to raise their crops. These nomad farmers from the States have had wide experience; they know that from these rich Canadian lands they can make more money growing wheat and flax on a large scale than in growing feed to fatten cattle, hogs, or turkeys, or in raising eggs, poultry, butter, cream, or vegetables. They come over to Canada with gasoline plants to plow and sow and reap and thresh. They have even motor vehicles to take the wheat and flax seed to the elevators. They are 50,000 of them that have not got a hog nor a cow nor a hen on their farms. They import the eggs, poultry, butter, and bacon that they use from Quebec and Ontario, and the potatoes, vegetables and fruit from British Columbia, and if they use milk it is canned. Neither the farmer nor the help he requires for his wheat or flax want to milk cows, feed chickens, gather the eggs, or weed vegetable gardens.

But these wheat and flax farmers are nomads. They winter in Spokane, or Seattle, or Los Angeles, or Vancouver, and they come to the prairies in the spring and sow the grain crop. They watch it grow from the nearest tower, and marshal their harvesters, and when ripe they reap it, thresh the grain, and market it. Then they plow up the land for next year's crop. The farm laborers have only four months' steady employment at this kind of farming, and during the four months they earn good money, and like their employers, they migrate to the near-by towns or cities and spend their winters. There must be 100,000 farm laborers of the nomad tribe in the Canadian prairies.—The People (London).

Metaphysical History.

It has fallen to the lot of Mr. J. H. Burham to inject what a member of the Press Gallery termed "historical metaphysics" into the considerations of Parliament. Following Mr. A. Verville, Labor member for Maisonneuve, who was the other day criticizing the increased expenditure on the Militia Department, the Peterboro member gravely announced: "Ten minutes' study of history will show that if the present Empire of Rome had been able to defend herself we would have been two thousand years ahead of where we are now, instead of being two thousand years behind."

And accurate Hansard chronicled the utterance.

Women are too busy doing fine things all the time to get excited for it in the newspapers once in a while.

Money makes a good deal more trouble for those who don't have it than for those who do.

THE DOUKHOBORS.

Their Religion and Community System of Living.

The Doukhobors, the peculiar Russian religious sect of peasants who emigrated to Canada in such large numbers in 1896, and of whom so much was heard a few years later on account of their conflict with the Dominion Government, form the theme of an article by N. Syrkin, of New York—in the *Sukkedatsche Monatsheft* (Munich).

Mr. Syrkin traces in this article the Doukhobors' stormy history and expatiates upon their strange beliefs. He says, among other things:

"The nucleus of the Doukhobor faith is solely recorded in the reports sent in by the community in the 18th century to the Russian Government, because after Pobjokin's idea their faith should be shown forth in their life alone. We read that the human body is for the soul only a temporary prison where it can have no other aim than the manifestation of God; that the first men had neither customs nor religious institutions, but were illumined by the Holy Ghost, and that later by the power of evil creeds and laws arose. Under Catherine II. and Paul the Doukhobors underwent severe persecutions, under Nicholas I. in 1842 they were exiled to the Caucasus in the hope that their wild ideas would be tamed. However, made friends with the wild hillmen, prospered agriculturally in spite of the desert and rocky foothills, and were strengthened to endure another persecution in 1882. Then Peter Werigin undertook the emigration of the community's spiritual and mystical life, to Britain, smoking, wine and meat. As a consequence of the schism of the "Small party" Werigin and his disciples were banished to Siberia. In 1895 the Doukhobors burnt their weapons publicly and refused to take part in the Government conscriptions and military service. After ordering the maltreating of women and children and massacre of unresisting old men, the Government expelled four thousand Doukhobors from their villages and drove them into the Grusinian villets where over a thousand died of privation. The men available for military service were sent for 18 years to the criminal battalion in Siberia. In 1898 through the combined efforts of Tolstoi and the Society of Friends in England, funds were raised and the Czar's permission obtained for Doukhobors to emigrate to Cyprus, which being found unsuitable, in 1899 over eight thousand Doukhobors were granted lands by the Canadian Government in the Province of Assiniboia near Yorkton and of Saskatchewan near Thunder Hill and Prince Albert.

Mr. Syrkin notes that on the arrival of Peter Werigin in Canada the return to the traditional Doukhoborism and the introduction of modern agricultural methods began. Werigin disowned the pilgrimages and discards of clothing and organized the communities into a central union. The patriarchal life is strictly adhered to and work is more the common occupation of energy than the curse of bread earned in the sweat of the brow. Everything is left to the good will and judgment of the individual, the administration is at a nominal cost, as the elders work. Annually 1,000 adults are sent as day laborers for the railways, and after the deduction of their living expenses they return the greater part of their wage to the common treasury. One of the largest and best brick-making plants in Canada has been founded by the Doukhobors at Yorkton and the communities have paid their debts, and even eighteen months after their arrival in Canada, wrote to the English Quakers to cease pecuniary gifts and apply them to others more needy.

But even under Werigin the Doukhobors have not found peace. True to their belief in common property they have finally refused to become Canadian subjects and consequently have lost the greater part of their homesteads of about the value of two million dollars, retaining only about fifteen acres for each member of a community.

Friends Didn't Know Him.

The House of Commons enjoyed a genuine sensation recently. Mr. Emmanuel Devlin, the eloquent member for Wright, has for years worn a luxuriant moustache and a bunch of waving black hair which would have done credit to any embryo artist or musician. But he barbered his time and finally got Emmanuel. The latter is a faithful attendant in the Chamber, and the long night debates, followed by the recently inaugurated morning proceedings, proved too much for tired nature. According to the story going the rounds of the corridors, Mr. Devlin fell asleep under the operations of the tonsorial expert and when he awoke found himself minus his moustache and sporting a real short military hair-cut. This was, in itself, bad enough. But other tribulations awaited him when he reached the House out of breath just after prayers on Francis. He had doffed overcoat and chapeau and was heading into the Chamber when Joe Demers, of St. John and Iberville, spotted him and gave the alarm. "A stranger coming into the House," was the apping whisper with which Demers startled Mr. H. W. Bowie, the stalwart deputy Sergeant-at-Arms. Mr. Bowie is nothing if not alert and efficient. He gripped his sword and started menacingly towards the supposed intruder, waving at him to halt. Mr. Devlin was late, and wasn't halting. Demers and officer met with the doors of the Chamber. The latter conducted a searching inspection, but Mr. Devlin finally established his identity. And he maintains that the officer most gallantly atoned for his error by observing: "Well, sir, you cut ten years off your age."—H.W.A. in Canadian Courier.

This is a Busy Farmer.

A remarkable sight was witnessed recently at High River, Alberta, where a farmer was reaping and threshing grain, and plowing for spring seeding, all on the same plot of land.

A man wants to arrange his comfort first and then his salvation after time it's convenient.

When a girl has sore feet she wants you to think it's a lame arm from playing tennis.

WOMEN NEEDED.

New Ontario Requires the Scandinavian Peoples.

Ontario is now obtaining a larger proportion of the right sort of men and women from the United Kingdom whom we require; this result is largely due, I think, to the good accounts that are sent 'home' by those who have settled in the most British provinces of the Dominion since we established headquarters in London and organized a campaign throughout Greater Britain." Mr. C. C. James, C.M.G., former Deputy Minister of Agriculture in the Ontario Government, made these remarks to a representative of the press not long ago. Now that the superior opportunities Ontario can offer various classes of intending emigrants are becoming better appreciated, we hope to use the machinery of our agencies on this side more effectively in sending the right people to the right localities. For instance a mistake in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark has confirmed an impression I formed on my first short visit to these areas two years ago that there is a large Scandinavian population who will find in the prolific virgin soil of the newly-opened areas of Northern Ontario, climate and other conditions similar to those in which their present persevering, intelligent hard work leaves them only a bare subsistence. While I should be very careful as to what British agriculturists I advised to settle in Northern Ontario, I think it would be difficult to make a mistake in encouraging Scandinavian emigrants to those areas, and the more of this class of foreign settlers we can get into Northern Ontario the better it will be for the province, and, indeed, for the Dominion as a whole.

Ontario has become a great manufacturing province, by far the largest in Canada, and her growth in this regard is increasing more and more. The one thing in which Ontario has been deficient, and for which she has had to depend upon the adjoining states, is coal, but the great water power, and the distribution of electric power will soon make the province well-nigh independent of the coal fields of Pennsylvania. That Northern Ontario also has its part to play has been shown by the recent mining developments in the Cobalt area and the Porcupine district; its local markets will in time be unexcelled. For the present we advise the British newcomer to spend a year or two in Southern Ontario before taking up land in the area more remote from conditions as to schools, neighborhood, and general routine, than those he has been accustomed to in British Columbia, or in the west of Ontario. Toronto, our capital, it should always be remembered, is within seven days' reach of London, and in the centre of the most thickly populated area of all Canada. Our manufacturing industries are growing so rapidly in the area that the agriculturist is being crowded out of the market. But speaking as Deputy Minister of Agriculture, responsible for advice to the emigrant, it is to the agriculturist, the domestic servant, and the prudent investor, that we hold out the most inducements.

An illustrating the extent of the organization of Ontario's Department of Agriculture, for the benefit alike of the new-comer and the native born, it may be mentioned that it has fifteen district representatives in various parts of the province, and there are eleven separate branches, managed by experts in dairying, live stock, fruit growing, or co-operating with farmers' institutes, agricultural societies, and women's institutes.

"The latest addition to the Agricultural Department," concluded Mr. James, "is a veterinary college, which will shortly have a new building in Toronto, and add to the opportunities afforded at Guelph, at Kingston, and Toronto, for the most practical education to be given upon reasonable terms, to the sons and daughters of those who decide to cast in their lot with the prospering Province of Ontario."

Mr. James was recently appointed a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, upon the recommendation of the Governor-General, Earl Grey, as a recognition of his general services in promoting the scientific promotion of agriculture in the Dominion.

Keeping Out Whiskey.

It was to protect the Indians from whiskey dealers from the American side of the border that the Northwest Mounted Police came into being in 1874. So well did they succeed that within a year Col. Macleod, who was stationed in a district which now forms the southwest corner of Alberta, reported that the whiskey trade had been completely stopped in that part of the country, and that drunken riots were at an end.

His first blow at the liquor traffic was the capture of a colored man named Bond, and some other Americans, who had a trading post about fifty miles from the colonel's headquarters. An Indians named "Three Bulls" informed the police that he had bartered two of his horses for a couple of gallons of whiskey. An officer, with ten men accordingly set out, and rode down Bond and his associates after a forty mile chase, arresting the party, five in number, and seizing two wagons containing cases of whiskey and buffalo skins, which had been received from the Indians. Heavy fines were inflicted, and the first step in protecting the Indians from their worst enemies was a great success.

Influx of Americans.

"The present outlook is that there will be forty thousand more Americans enter western Canada this year than last," said Mr. W. J. White, superintendent of American immigration agencies, who was in Ottawa recently.

Unimportant Man.

Many a man goes away from home for a week and imagines that he is missed by the whole community, and when he comes home he finds that there isn't a person in town that knew he had been away.

Even a card sharper is suspicious of the morals of a politician.

A woman never forgets her first love—nor forgives herself if she marries him.

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