

COUNTRYSIDE TIDINGS

WHAT WHIG CORRESPONDENTS HAVE TO TELL.

News From Villages and Farms Throughout the Adjoining Counties—Rural Events and Movements.

Donaldson Doings.

Donaldson, July 8.—School has closed again for the holidays. Thomas Sargeant, who had the misfortune of having his shoulder dislocated while returning home from Canoto, is able to be out again. James Paul spent Sunday at R. Paul's, McDonald's Corners. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Thompson, of Elgin, spent Sunday at T. Sargeant's. R. J. Sproule has purchased a valuable horse from W. J. Donaldson. Mr. and Mrs. James E. Miller, of McLaren's Depot, were the guests of Thomas Sargeant on Sunday last.

Fall River Locals.

Fall River, July 8.—Rain is badly needed here. Several have commenced haying, which is a good crop. Raspberries are plentiful here. A number of the people intend celebrating the twelfth of July in Perth on Monday. A great improvement has been made on Fall River road here. Mr. Crowe has been appointed pastor for this circuit. Mrs. C. H. Nicholson, a teacher, has resigned her duties in school here, and is now attending the Teacher's Summer school at Sarbot Lake. Misses Lizzie and Verta Buchanan, Snow Road, are spending a few days at E. Conroy's. Mr. and Mrs. T. Baker and family are at F. Gordon's.

At Yonge Mills.

Yonge Mills, July 8.—Miss Myrtle Gibson was visiting friends in Ottawa last week. Miss Clara Purvis, of Kingston, is visiting relatives here. Mrs. Dickey and Miss Arletta Dickey, of Leno, are spending a few days visiting friends here. Mrs. Olson and little son, of Vancouver, are spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. G. Gibson. Mrs. Edson Burnham spent the week-end at Mrs. G. A. Turkington's. Miss Mary Purvis is spending a couple of weeks at her home here. Misses Kate and Grace Purvis returned to Leno after a few days visit with their aunt, Miss Minnie Gibson. Mrs. Alexander Tennant, of Leno, is the guest of Mrs. J. A. Dickey. Mrs. Fred. Robertson and sons, Wilfred and George, of Brockville, spent Saturday and Sunday at N. L. Gardner's.

Reports From Salem.

Salem, July 8.—Salem Sunday school held its annual picnic last Saturday at Twelve O'clock point. A very pleasant time was spent. Miss Nellie Rosebush, Toronto, is home spending her holidays. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dolan attended the wedding of the latter's sister, Miss M. McDonald, in Trenton recently. Mrs. Arden Blakely has been ill for some time. Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Vancott have returned after an extended visit in different parts of the states. David Whitney lost a valuable cow recently. Miss H. Hawley, Toronto,

is spending her holidays at her home here. Carpenters are working at D. H. Vancott's barn. Orvil Orser, of Ponoka, Alberta, is spending a few days with his cousin, Arthur Parliament. The monthly meeting of the W.M.S. will be held in Salem church this afternoon.

At Storms Corners.

Storms Corners, July 7.—The recent rains were welcomed by the tillers of the soil for they were very much needed. The monthly meeting of the Ladies' Aid was held at the residence of Mrs. E. Shibley on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. T. Wallace and children have returned home after spending a week at Napanee and Bath. Mr. and Mrs. O. Asselstine, Owen Sound, have come to spend a couple of months with their parents. Last Monday Guy Simmons passed here with a heavy load of cadets for the Barrield camp. A. Brown has his barn nearly completed. W. Bush is doing the work. The remains of the late J. J. Irish passed here to Wilton cemetery for interment today.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Metzger and daughter, Odessa, at R. Asselstine's. Mrs. W. Parrot, Wilton, Mrs. A. Endors and children, Watowat, Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, and little son, Toronto, Mr. J. Skinner, Camden East, Mrs. E. Lucas and son, R. W. Maple at J. E. Storms.

Late J. Campbell, Clarendon.

Clarendon, July 7.—Mr. and Mrs. Leishman and Master "Jack" spent a few days in Kingston, last week. James Robinson, of Manitoba, after fourteen years of absence, is visiting old friends in this neighborhood. Mrs. A. Little, and two children, of Tamworth, are the guests of Mrs. R. Leishman. Lyon Appleby has gone to drill with the cadets at Barrield. Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell returned to Kingston last week. "Jack" Campbell, of Kingston, is visiting his mother, Miss Margaret Bushell is visiting her sister, Mrs. "Jack" Barr. Mr. Hill of Godfrey spent the week-end with friends here. Miss Martha Leishman has returned from Leno. The funeral of the late James Campbell took place Tuesday, June 30th from his late residence to the Highland Line cemetery. Mr. Campbell was sixty-four years of age. He was born in North Sherbrooke, Lanark county, and lived in this village for the past twenty-five years. Besides his wife and family he leaves one brother, John, of Kingston, and one sister, Mrs. John Glenn, of this place. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. W. W. Bromwich, of Sharbot Lake. Mr. Campbell was always a kind friend and neighbour and will be much missed from this community.

Died at Elgin.

Elgin, July 7.—The death of Mrs. John Dwyre occurred at her home on the 4th inst. After a painful illness of months duration, at the age of fifty-eight years. A husband and grown-up family gathered at her death-bed. The children are William Chaffey's, Mrs. Rogers, Portland; Edward, Herbert, Mrs. Murphy, on farms in this vicinity; Joseph and Kate at home. Mrs. Dwyre was of a kind and loving nature that endeared her to all with whom she came in contact. The funeral services were conducted at the Roman Catholic church by Father

McKerlen, and a large number of relatives, friends and neighbors gathered to express their sympathy and show their last mark of esteem.

Misses Eva and Blanche Halladay are holidaying at Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. McNally, Westport, was in the village on Sunday. Mrs. Rev. G. S. White and daughter, Ottawa, were week-end guests of relatives. Mrs. W. Sheldon is not reported as well the past week. Dr. D. A. Cevon, H. Coon and H. A. Brown's families are enjoying their cottages on the Rideau. Mr. and Mrs. Salmon, Toledo, were guests of relatives. Dr. Dwyre and sisters, Perth, attended the funeral of their sister-in-law, Mrs. J. Dwyre. W. H. Pearson made a business trip to Gananoque last week. Miss Elsie Ripley, Albany, N. Y., spent a few days with friends. Mrs. G. V. Lansdowne, is the guest of her mother. The many friends of Mrs. Rev. McFarlane are sorry to learn she is confined to bed with symptoms of appendicitis. Nurse Nelson left last week for Montreal. To take charge of a patient. Mr. Pierce closed school and left for her home at Newboro for the holiday season. J. Pinkerton is home from the Canadian west. H. K. DeLong and son, Oshawa, are guests of his parents. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Nolan, Phillipsville, were guests in the village. Mrs. Frederick Atchison left on Monday for a trip through to British Columbia. G. Coon, G. Brown and Gerald Coon attended the cadet corps camp in Kingston.

FLYING FOXES OF INDIA.

During the Day They Sleep in Trees.

People who have lived in India are familiar with the long strings of flying foxes which can often be seen wending their way in single file through their sleeping places in remote trees to the fruit gardens upon which they prey. These curious creatures, says a writer in the *World Wide Magazine*, sometimes measure as much as four feet across the wings and have reddish brown fur and mole colored wings. After their nocturnal depredations they fly away with the dawn to a tree in some isolated place and there rest during the day, hanging head downward from the boughs in the manner of bats, clutching the branches of a large tree. As the flying foxes gather in the tree selected there is a tremendous commotion, for each newcomer is vigorously driven off from one place after another until he eventually manages to secure a perch for himself. Those on the tree meanwhile keep up an incessant wrangling, each endeavoring to secure the highest and best place to rest on. Sometimes many hundreds of these destructive creatures may be seen hanging from the branches of a large tree. When opportunity offers they are often shot, and some of the natives consider their flesh a delicacy, though it hardly appeals to Europeans.

The Infant Terrible.

While playing with a pair of shears little Laura severed one of the protuberances of her golden curls. "My dear child, why did you do that?" asked Aunt Mary, who came to call soon afterward. "I wanted 'em so I could take 'em off and hang 'em on the bureau," explained the little girl. "Just like mamma does."—Exchange.

HIS COUSINS

"What's the matter, Alec?" "Matter enough! I've an exam coming off on Wednesday on a subject I know nothing about. I'm practicing for twirl for the 'varsity team' and have left preparation for this exam for the last three days before it takes place, now, read that." Alexander Pomeroy handed his chum, William Chandler, a letter from his mother stating that his two cousins, Belle and Lucy Winchester, the daughters of his favorite sister, had come on from Colorado, where they had always lived, to make her a visit. They had never seen a large university and were specially anxious to visit one. She had proposed to them to go to H. to inspect the college. They would come down Monday morning and remain till Wednesday afternoon.

"Well," said Billy, "I've all my studying done and I wouldn't mind showing a couple of pretty girls the sights. Since they have never seen me I don't see why I shouldn't impersonate you."

"It's a good idea. I shall be free to do a three-days' grind and get through my exam."

Monday afternoon Mr. Chandler was at the station to meet the incoming train, and, seeing a couple of very pretty girls, aged respectively 19 and 17, alight and look around for some one, he stepped up to them and asked:

"Are you my cousins?" "Yes," replied the elder of the two. "But you don't correspond with the description we've had of you. We supposed we were going to meet an Alec."

"You can't tell about us athletes. We cover our muscles with loose toggs and it's very deceptive."

Leaving the young ladies at their boarding place till after luncheon, he returned to his room, where he found a friend, Tom Ogilthorpe. He let Tom into the secret and invited him to turn a party of three into one of four. Tom was nothing loth.

Never was a pleasanter visit made by a big bill for general expenses. No sir; what's good enough for me to sleep in is good enough for me to be buried in."

"The old man has his sleeping box nicely arranged. He built the case a little bit deeper than usual, and then he fitted a set of springs in the bottom. On these he placed a small mattress, and then came his blankets and quilts."

"Heard of lots of people who've built their own coffins. I suppose," says Hunger, "but you don't verify a big bill for general expenses. No sir; what's good enough for me to sleep in is good enough for me to be buried in."

"This is the place where our baseball pitcher is to apply the principles of the eclipse, the parabola and the hyperbole to my twirling? Perhaps an hour's practice with a ball would not only rest me, but would help me to catch on to the principles involved."

Throwing down his books, he took himself to a shed erected for practice in twirling. While practicing he heard a voice behind him:

"This is the place where our baseball pitcher is to apply the principles of the eclipse, the parabola and the hyperbole to my twirling? Perhaps an hour's practice with a ball would not only rest me, but would help me to catch on to the principles involved."

Looking around, Pomeroy saw his representative, Billy Chandler, Tom Ogilthorpe and his two cousins, the girls, staring at him with the eyes of sightseers. Billy continued his remarks:

"This gentleman now practicing is our principal twirler. Twirlers are selected for having their brains in their shoulders. You see before you Mr. William Chandler, of whom great things are expected during the coming baseball season. Step, this way, Mr. Chandler, I wish to present you to my cousins."

Alec Pomeroy ceased his practice and lumbered to the party. "You expect to die yet?" he said to the girls. "Is one of the first men in his class. His intellect is neither in his shoulders nor his legs; it is all in his head. Though he leads his class and is a pig in the matter of prizes, he is as modest as a little child. He is the soul of honor, and the most popular man in college."

"Why, Alec," said Belle, with whom he had paired for the first. "I didn't know you were such a prominent young man."

All pleasant as well as disagreeable affairs must have an end, and while Alec Pomeroy was scraping bottom on his examination his cousins were bidding Billy and Tom goodbye.

Billy found himself very anxious to see Belle again but he could not go to visit her without giving away the deception that had been practiced. She wrote her cousin frequently her letters being turned over to Billy and being answered by him in his own name, every letter of Billy's growing more and more affectionate. At last Belle wrote her "beloved cousin" that she was about to return to her home. This was too much for Billy, and he started at once to see her.

He expected to meet Mrs. Pomeroy Belle and Lucy on arrival and had prepared some jocular remarks when Alec's mother should see a stranger instead of her son, but Mrs. Pomeroy and Lucy were out when he arrived. He spent two hours with the young ladies, during which, instead of beginning with a confession of his identity, he began with a confession of his feelings.

Suddenly the door of the library, in which the young ladies sat, opened and Mrs. Pomeroy discovered her niece in close proximity to a stranger.

"Aunt," said Belle, jumping up, with a blush on her face, "Alec's come."

Mrs. Pomeroy stood mute with astonishment.

"Where is he?" she asked coldly. "Why, here, of course. What do you mean?"

"I owe you all an explanation," stammered Billy, with a face as red as a cock's comb, and, beginning at the wrong end of his story, he got intricately confused.

However, the day after the next college commencement, at which Billy took honors, he went to Colorado and met his bride, F. A. Mitchell in the Cattanagus Times.

The only big noise some people ever make comes from their exploded theories.

The upstart doesn't always rise to the occasion.

SLEEPS IN HIS OWN HOME-MADE COFFIN

Former Chief of Police of Lincoln, Nebraska, Plans to Cheat the Undertakers.

Every night in the year E. T. Hunger, formerly chief of police of Lincoln, Neb., sleeps in his coffin. The home-made box stands on the front porch of the Hunger residence, at No. 2314 Randolph street, and at night, after the neighbors have gone to bed, "Old Man" Hunger goes out and climbs into the box. If the weather is cold, or if a shower comes up, he pulls the top of the coffin over the opening, leaves a crack through which he can get the fresh air, and calmly goes to sleep. Mr. Hunger is now 76 years old, and for many years he has been sleeping in his coffin.

"And I made that coffin myself, too," he says proudly. "Costs too much to die in these days. So I just thought I'd play a joke on the undertakers and make my own coffin. This I was well enough to do it. So I got me some inch plank about a foot wide and several pieces of 2 x 4. The latter at each corner to make the box staid, and then I nailed it together with eightpenny nails. Whole thing cost me less than \$5, but it's strong enough to hold a man about my size without any trouble. And won't those undertakers be mad when I die and they can't get any of my money!"

The Hunger home sits back from the street and there are trees all around it. In the summer these trees shade the porch, and the gruesome object cannot be seen plainly. But when winter strips the limbs and branches Mr. Hunger's home-made coffin can be seen by all passersby.

For more than twenty years Mr. Hunger was a constable in Lincoln, and is one of the best-known men in the city. But the fact that he sleeps in his coffin every night is a fact known to few others than his neighbors and close friends.

"Hope I'll die some night right in that coffin," says the ex-chief of police. "My family knows just what I want done. I want them to nail that lid on just as quickly as they know I'm dead, and then haul me out to the cemetery; don't want any of those undertakers holding me up for a big bill for funeral expenses. No sir; what's good enough for me to sleep in is good enough for me to be buried in."

"I don't like this thing of putting jewelry and expensive clothes in the ground. They are needed here on the surface. Thousands of dollars are wasted in this way every day. Now, I'm going to die simply, and I want to be put away just as simply. I've got things fixed so that all the expense will be that of digging the grave. I'll furnish the coffin, and my son has a wagon. We are not going to have a preacher and there won't be any funeral exercises of any kind. These here undertakers charge a fellow more than a hundred dollars. It's outrageous."

"But, then, I'm only 76 years old, and I don't expect to die yet. I've been married for 103, and in twenty years I will be seven years younger than she was when she died. But if I live a hundred years more I'm going to sleep in that coffin every night. I like it."

"Do you know that the most comfortable bed I ever got into in my life. Well, it is. That's one reason why I sleep in it right along."

Carson Once a Liberal.

Sir Edward Carson, the Ulster leader is so averse to publicity that he has no opportunity for giving the public a truthful account of his admittedly remarkable career. He is permitted, and all sorts of erroneous statements are allowed to creep into the press. He was once a liberal and a member of the National Liberal club for twenty-eight years. But on the days the first Home Rule bill was introduced, he wired from Dublin to have his name removed from the roll of members. Though pressed to remain on the ground that the club would in the future be equally available for liberals who were Unionists and liberals who were separatists he was unyielding.

The stories that could be told of Sir Edward's experiences at the bar add to one's regret that he will not give the biographer any help. When at the time of the prosecutions under the crimes act in Ireland he was going up and down the country prosecuting moonlighters at the risk of his life he had remarkable adventures. On one occasion a menacing crowd outside the courthouse awaited his departure, and the public thought it advisable for him to leave by the front entrance, but he insisted and calmly walked in their midst. Though they were brandishing sticks and openly declaring what they would do to Carson when they got hold of him, yet the moment they saw the fearless lawyer they made a way for him and he escaped without injury.

Great Russian Aeroplane.

The Springfield Republican.

It is curious that only vague reports have as yet reached the western world in regard to the gigantic aeroplane of the Russian inventor, Sikorsky, who, not content with one to carry fifteen passengers, is now building one to carry sixty people. His earlier machine has flown, so much so that it has reached the west coast of America. Some descriptions have been given of its accommodations, which include a cabin and berths.

A few troubles are just as necessary to the development of a man as a few seas are to a dog.

NOTHING LIKE CHEEK

When I began business at 18 years of age I entered the counting room of Stoughton Brothers on a salary of \$4 a week. I had assurance enough for 10 years of my age, and it is assurance that tells. I have often wondered why this is so largely, the case and have come to the conclusion that it is based on the principle of advantage of force over inertia. It is a principle of mechanics that a body started through space in which there is no resisting medium will go on at the same rate forever. A body that is not started will not move, and when struck will be knocked into it.

I had no reverence for my superiors, but treated them with eminent respect except when they undertook to browbeat me, when I jumped on them with both feet. This I kept up as long as I was paid little or nothing for my services. When it felt it essential to retain my position I didn't take so many chances.

There was a banker in the street by the name of Ogden. He did an enormous business and was very rich. To us clerks he was like the mogul of Tartary to a washer-washer Chinaman. Not that he put on any airs, but because his position was so lofty, I used to hear stories about how he got his start and learned that he went into debt and in a few months was \$300,000 to the good. At the time I entered business he was worth millions.

Belonging to an excellent family and not being troubled with backwardness, I was a butterfly of fashion, as well as of families. Some of them I occasionally went to during business hours on business, with my hat in my hand. But, meeting them socially, I considered that while we were on a different basis it behooved me to keep up an outward show of deference.

Time passed, and my salary, though slightly enlarged, was far too small for my requirements. The elbows of my dress coat were getting ragged, and it was impossible for my tailor to hide their nakedness. I did fairly good work myself in that respect with ink. Some of my fellow clerks got small raises by being obsequious to those above them, but I kept on in the even tenor of my way—that is, being ordinarily respectful and standing up for my rights. It didn't occur to me that it would pay me to toady to a man for the purpose of getting an additional two or three dollars a week.

One spring we had a heavy snowstorm followed by a freeze and then deluge of rain. There's no words meteorological combination for transportation than this, and the city was well nigh impassable. There were large pools of water everywhere, and the devices for getting over them were not the work of educated engineers. There was nearly a block near the house where I was employed that was so flooded that the whole distance was only passable by means of a string of boards. Just before bank closing I was directed to make a deposit and started on this narrow plank walk, and I had just entered a lagoon of considerable length when I saw the other side of it. It was my part as an understrapper to make way for the great man.

But my dislike for making way for those above me deterred me. I would have been willing to do so for an equal and would have been pleased to do so for an inferior, but to get out of a wealthy man's path by going back or stepping into two feet of water did not please me. Mr. Ogden was thinking of some great business problem, I suppose, for he didn't look up till we met very near the middle of the street. On seeing me he stopped. One of us must give way. Which should it be?

General Grant said that when he was marching to meet his first enemy during the civil war he felt the responsibility until remembered that quite likely the other general felt as uncomfortable as he. That decided him, and he pushed on. It occurred to me that Mr. Ogden was as much loath to have me give way to him as I was to do so. Moreover, I knew that he was a natural gambler. Taking a quarter from my pocket I said:

"Heads or tails for the right of way."

"Heads," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye.

I knew how to flip a coin and have it come down as I wanted it, so I threw the quarter with my thumb and called, "Heads!" and stepped off into the water. I had saved my face—that is I had given way, but had not surrendered my rights.

That action made me a millionaire, I met Mr. Ogden some time after that at a social function, and he asked me where I was employed. I told him, and he told if I should leave my position to let him know. A few weeks later I left Stoughton Bros., voluntarily and called on Mr. Ogden. He took me to his service and promoted me so fast that I grew dizzy. He is now retired, and I am the manager of his business. I believe Mr. Ogden when I slipped for the right of way, saw in the act indication of a quality he wanted in his business.

Lots of people marry for love who don't succeed in carrying out the original scheme.

Life is full of paradoxes. Those who are most accomplished don't always accomplish the most.

Some fellows are as fickle as a last year's hammock rope.

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