

PART OF THIS PAGE IS MISSING

...week actively attending to his...
...at all times...
...Mr. Frost know that his work is as good as his bond...
...to him, "Now, Mr. Frost, do you really feel that you are cured of rheumatism? Do you feel any twinges of the old trouble at all?" He replied, "I am cured." The Pills have thoroughly routed the disease out of my system and I feel a new man. The use of the pills has given me new life and I am telling every one I meet about the cure. Such is the case, and having known Mr. Frost for years the sufferer he was, and seeing him now active, and almost youthful again, the rapid change from suffering to health seems almost a miracle. However we are not at all surprised, for on all sides we hear of cures effected by the use of Pink Pills. The druggists remark their rapid sale and the satisfaction they give their customers.

...Glen Duell School...
...Fifth Class.—Stella Orton 833, Ira Moore 499.
...Senior Fourth.—Carrie Davis 710, Charlie Towris 524, Gertrude Sturgeon, 466, Roy Westlake 211.
...Junior Fourth.—Freddie Percival 626, Blanche Howe 527, Leonard Orton 439, Ada LaPoint 328, Ella Davis, 301, Herbie Sturgeon 294, Edith Moorhouse, 185, Ethel Duck 167, John Anderson 100, Delbert Westlake 100, Clifford Mott.
...Third Class.—Russell Sturgeon 80, Odell LaPoint 60, Frank LaPoint 25, Levi Howe, Arthur Hayes.
...Senior Second.—Violet Westlake 130, Lillie LaPoint 95, Delbert Duck, 90, Joe Anderson 10.
...Junior Second.—Ethel Andrea 175, Chloee Sturgeon, 135, Clement Sturgeon, 110, Stella Anderson 85, Lewis Westlake 75, Amelia Perkins 25, Fred Westlake 10.
...Sr. Part Second.—Gordie Mott 90, Leonard Anderson 50, Harold Moorhouse 40, Stanley Hayes 30, Mamie Dancy, Nellie Dancy.
...Jr. Part Second.—Florence Percival 80, Byron Westlake 50.
...Sr. First.—May Sturgeon 80, Jonah Westlake 65, Wilfred Sturgeon 10.
...Junior First.—Wesley Duck 60, James Anderson 30.
...A number of pupils were absent during examinations on account of sickness.
...The marks awarded are for punctuality, conduct and lessons.
...Average attendance for October 41 7-11.
...ANNA SCOTT, Teacher.

...The Farmers' Paper.
...Since its first issue THE TORONTO WEEKLY GLOBE has been noted for its deep and enduring interest in the welfare of the Canadian farmer. What pertains to the advancement of that portion of the community has been kept steadily in the forefront, and the agriculturists of the country have not been slow to recognize its many independences and forceful utterances on their behalf in the great struggles of the past. To-day it is as truly the farmer's friend as at any time in its career, and as a newspaper it is better than ever. Every page is brimful of good reading. The special department for the practical farmer and the home circle are always delightfully entertaining and constructive. In enterprise as a newspaper it has no successful rival.

...The Twain Barber.
...There is a barber shop here in which there are employed two barbers who are twins and who look exactly alike—that is, they do when they have their hats on. When they have their hats off, it is easy enough to distinguish them apart, for the other has a fairly good crop of hair. One of the twins is named Frank and the other Alfred. A hair tonic agent came in on Wednesday, and began to talk business to Frank, the bald-headed one. If there is anything a barber hates it is a hair tonic agent. This fellow was especially persistent and annoying. Frank was alone in the shop, and to get rid of him took a sample bottle, said he would examine it, and told the agent to call the next day for his answer. The next day Alfred was just coming into the shop when the agent came up.
"Did you examine that tonic yet?" he asked.
"Yes."
"Do you think it is good?"
"Good! Well, look what it's done," said Alfred, taking off his hat. The agent pretty nearly had a fit. He felt Alfred's hair, pulled it and patted it, and could hardly believe his own senses. Finally, he realized that he had got the most efficacious remedy ever known and a sure fortune coming. In the exuberance of his joy, he invited the whole shop out, and bought the barbers all the champagne they could drink and expensive things to eat. The next day he came around to get the order. Frank was there.
"Your stuff's no good," said Frank.
"See, the hair has all dropped out again."
That agent don't know yet whether he has been drunk or dreaming.

...The Key of Death.
...At the arsenal at Venice is kept on exhibition an instrument resembling a large key, which is a complicated and artful invention for purposes of assassination, and is known as the key of death. There is a romance and several tragedies connected with its history, it being the invention of a revengeful and jealous nature, that of a stranger named Tibaldo, who established himself as a merchant in Venice in the year 1600. There he met the daughter of a distinguished Venetian family, and at once fell desperately in love with her. But the young lady was already betrothed; her heart was given where her hand was promised, and she rejected her ardent suitor's proposal that she should leave her lover and fly with him.
Then the demon of jealousy took possession of Tibaldo. He began to plan a method of revenge that should be as subtle as it was deadly. He invented a key which was not used in any lock but turned a spring concealed in its mechanism by which a needle of exquisite fineness was shot into any object against which it was directed. This needle was the cause of the beautiful girl who came forth from the church with her bridegroom, she met her disappointed suitor, and saw her husband fall dead at his feet. There was nothing to connect Tibaldo with the crime, but when the names of the young widow both died in the same sudden and mysterious way, she fled appalled to a convent for protection. There Tibaldo sought her, and being refused audience with the object

...was not a millionaire's...
...were an attendant...
...said, and one could almost see the reportorial nose go up as this damaging statement was made. The decorations were not especially elaborate; the bride's costume called forth few adjectives; and through a governor and a senator or two were among the invited guests, there passed to be little material for the news-gatherer in the modest wedding, or in the "going away" of the bridal couple.
Yet hundreds of persons who ordinarily care nothing for the society column caught the headlines and read every word of the brief account with eager eyes, and in many a humble home a "God bless them" was spoken by lips little used to society's forms of congratulation.
In a city hospital two young girls lay stretched on cots, smiling into each other's faces, and forgetting for a moment the hours of pain through which they had passed.
"So she is married," said one. "I wonder if she'll still come here on Sunday afternoons." The weak never seem so long to me if I can hear her sing and see the kind look in her beautiful eyes."
"I shall always love her," she other said. "This world would be heaven, even with all the pain, if these were mine like her in it."
A crowd of newsmen and bootblacks gathered on the corner, discussed the society event with as much relish as if they had been members of the most fashionable club in the city.
"He's the real kind, he is," said one. "We miss in luck, for he ain't a-goin' to forget us—not he."
It was the bridegroom of whom he spoke, and they were all members of his Sunday school class.
In the house on the avenue, after the sister met together in a tender embrace. "If he is only worthy of our darling," they said.
Meanwhile, on a lonely heartseater a white-haired mother knelt and prayed, "Father, guard and keep them both, and help her to make him as happy as he has made me—my only son, my well-beloved." It was a wedding in high life, after all.

...None Ever Like It.
...Contributor—Tell me candidly, is there anything original in that manuscript?
The Editor—Yes, the spelling.
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY.
...its Fascinations and Methods Discussed
From an Art Point of View.
...The results of the experiment conducted by Prof. John Joly, of Dublin, for the advance process of photographing in any colors was recently displayed before the Royal Society in London. He demonstrated that this branch of the photographic art has passed beyond the theoretical promise into an easily-accomplished fact. And it may happen some fine afternoon that a person with his camera under his arm will walk out and make a collection of pictures that lack breath only to be alive. Such pictures are seen in the camera obscura, where natural tints are brought out with startling fidelity.
Conditions at present are such that it requires from three to five seconds to take a picture with fairly open stop and rapid lens, when the landscape is bright. That will be overcome in time, and snap shots in colors, though not at all common, will be too numerous to be novelties.
The possibilities of the color photograph are fascinating. By its use, scenes from an open-air performance, such as "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at Stratford, might be secured away for further amusement. Picturesque costumes, in which color is the strongest element, and is not shown in the ordinary photograph, would be given in most minute detail, and the players' make-up—a most important feature—would be faithfully reproduced.
The photographs shown by Prof. Joly were transparencies on glass plates. The

...The famous "Sally in Our Alley" is a song, the history of which has been preserved for us by the writer himself, the noted Henry Carey. He was much of a Bohemian, and got many subjects for songs and poems while strolling about the streets. One holiday he chanced to notice a shoemaker's apprentice who was giving himself and his sweetheart an outing. He took her to the puppet shows and the flying chairs, dances to a plighthouse, where he treated her to a feast of bunns, cheese, cakes, gammon of bacon, beef and bottled beer. Then came more shows, a ride on the river and a dance to wind up the afternoon. Carey had nothing better to do than to follow this interesting pair about, and, amused observing them. Returning to his lodgings, the idea occurred to him that the "prentice's love-making ought to make a good song. That night he fell to work and before he went to bed he had composed the greater part of the song now bearing the name. It was at first received with ridicule, and Carey, being a modest young fellow, was well-nigh crushed by the laughter of his acquaintances at his unique production, but in spite of their sarcasm the song became popular in London, and in a few weeks was heard on every corner and every alley. Nor did it make its way only among the rude, for it caught the fancy also of the polite and was even heard "at court," a fact that gave an immense impetus to its popularity. It's naturalness was its main recommendation, for as a poem it has little grace, but as a picture of innocence and love in low life it is invaluable. The melody to which it was originally sung was even heard "at court" and remained popular for nearly thirty years, when some one set the words to an old English tune, called "The Country Lass," and this is the only melody now known that by Carey being completely forgotten.

...The average human head has a hair-bearing surface of 120 square inches. His scalp has an area of 120 inches.
...There are 600 hair follicles in a square inch of a dark person's scalp and 700 in a blonde person's scalp. The blonde, of course, has finer hair than the other. This would give a total of 84,000 follicles to a blonde with 120 inches of scalp; but as many follicles emit two more hairs, the total must be greatly increased, and 120,000 is a conservative estimate.
...Accepting these calculations, Paderewski, who is a blonde with very fine hair and an unusually large head, would have about 200,000 hairs. That is at the rate of 1,250 to the square inch.
...The average length of them is five inches, and their total length, if placed end to end, would be 1,000,000 inches, or approximately 15 3/4 miles.
...The weight of Paderewski's hair may be disappointing. A woman's head of hair seldom weighs more than five or six ounces, and three ounces is a liberal allowance for his.
...The strength of the hair is a most astonishing fact. An eminent doctor informs us that a single hair will bear a strain equivalent to four ounces. Paderewski's 200,000 hairs should therefore be able to withstand a strain of 80,000 pounds.
...Paderewski's hair grows at the rate of seven inches a year. It would require ten years' accumulation to stuff a cushion of respectable size, and such a souvenir is hardly to be hoped for.
...The quotable market value is not great. Eight-inch hair only sells for 25 cents an ounce, while 36-inch hair sells for \$7 or more. The market value of Paderewski's hair is probably increased by its color, but apart from that it would undoubtedly be of inestimable value as a souvenir. If the pianist should ever be hard up, of which fortunately there is no present prospect, he has only to offer his hair for sale. Many an American woman would give a fortune for it.

...Birk, Beck, Decorations.
...To appreciate fully the beauty of birch bark, when used for decorative purposes, it should be seen in its native haunts among the mountains of New Hampshire, Maine or any locality where it abounds. Even here it is useless for the summer tourist, with only his pocket knife and his abounding ardor and untrusting energy, to attempt to possess himself of any quantity of it, for the end will be a broken knife, and torn garments. He can, however, pick it up in the vicinity of any lumber mill, or he can buy it off the Indians who come over the border in summer and do a thriving business by selling fancy straw and birch bark novelties to the souvenir-loving tourist.
Get the bark as you may, but be sure to get plenty of it, for its uses are many. The thick outer bark is not only most beautifully tinted and marked, but it is more or less covered with the most exquisite mosses and lichens of many varieties, in many tones of gray, green and brown.
This bark makes the most artistic frames, which are very appropriate for sketches or photographs of mountain scenery. Unless you are handy with tools it will pay you to employ a skilled workman. The foundation is an ordinary mitered frame, not necessarily even of plain boards, on which the bark is nailed with boards, or, if the frame be a small one, it is glued on so that the joinings do not show. The large frames have narrow strips of bar glued on the edges, while the smaller ones are edged with a sort of rope made of twisted strands of "sweet grass," which is also sold by the Indians. The bark, which assumes a circular shape when peeled from the tree, must have boiling water poured over it to make it flexible.
It makes a charming dado and frieze for a den, which should be papered between with either a gray green or warm red cartridge paper. This room should have a fireplace of dull red bricks, with green iron fire dogs. The bookcases should have the edges of the shelves and the outer moldings covered with the mossy bark and all pictures should be framed in like manner.
After the outer bark has been removed there are other layers, sometimes half a dozen in number. These are as thin as paper and of varying shades of cream, silvery gray, tan and light pinkish terra cotta. They can be used for postal cards, mounted, glyce and mottled cases, and lend themselves readily to decoration with pen or pencil. Lined with bright alkali the contrast is very pleasing and effective.
For workboxes and fancy boxes of any kind, either the mossy, outer bark, alone is used, or the thinner layers are glued or sewn to wooden or paperboards.

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Give us a call when wanting anything in our line. We can suit you.

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