REATENS

use to Leave omes.

n of People Iississippi.

day 13. Food wa- in the Mississippi ave carried misery ousands of people ed to creep south- this town, with its is threatened.

in this territory flee. Many, how- e that the misery orth country will them, declare they eir homes. Conse- nd state relief for for a hard cam- Boats are being ews are being drill- matter of a few tire territory will s the country to ooded. This means vernment will have nds more homeless of Louisiana must nal loss before the rned back into the their way into the

water is coming in the levee at Tor- 000 feet wide. Wa- with the speed of iles into the flood hes its way. It is onte Coupe Parish, sands of fertile and n inundated. successive calamity Pointe Coupe have st. First came the stroyed the cotton disheartened, turned hen an early breeze at destroyed thou- the cane. Now the the entire parish. will be left in its year cannot be

wed its face in the it was discovered undreds of animals backwater between Torras. They can nor burnad. The are afraid they will

T CARS

One Thousand to for April.

the City Treasurer eived a cheque from y Company for $81, n the gross receipts last month, $421, increase of $26,304.19 e paid the city for was $55,198.12. The st month exceeded , by $53,716.17, the st April having been 1907, the gross re- to Railway Company April have increased $421,250.82, and the advanced from $36,

PREMIER

yors Votes For Women.

There was a debate in t in regard to woman under discussion was reform, and Premier ing it, admitted that s most important in ne-half of humanity. t would be impossible 0,000 women in Italy had been modified, so of women would be t of men. he Premier, it would nchise only those wo nancially, morally or superiors of their sex. reat majority.

NIC VICTIM.

atch: The body of merchant, of Liver- o lost his life when down, has been al from Halifax, and morning in Mount The deceased who was had a brother and oth- ing here, and that is brought to Montreal

LE IMPENDING

May 13. The Mexican repulsed the rebel ad- General Orozco, and are now in progress that is expected to be battle of the revolu- 00 men are engaged on the objective point of eon, the railroad gate- Mexico.

ERKS GO DOWN.

., May 13.—Thee years obbie, of the Imperial half years for Maurice chants Bank, and two nder Strachan, of the were the sentences im- ng by Magistrate Shaw ng bank clerks who yes- defalcations from the unting in all to nearly

Sybil's Doom

"Hold on!" cried Charley, settling his sofa cushions. "Don't be ill-ored and cut a fellow short. I hate bad manners, and I haven't finished. Macgregor—oh, hang it! Trevanion—told me to say he was coming over this evening if he can possibly get away, and what with a corpse downstairs, and murderess upstairs, and a skeleton in the Priory to be exhumed, and an inquest to be held tomorrow, I really think he has his hands full. However, he's coming, and, if you like, I'll demand his intentions while he's here, and bring him to the point at once, seeing I stand in a father's place to you. Hey?"

But this time Sybil was really gone, and Charley, settling his pillows, lay back and closed his eyes.

"Be kind enough not to ask any more questions, mamma, if you please," he said, plaintively, "I'm fit to drop of exhaustion—beat out—used up—completely flabbergasted! Pray allow me a gentle siesta, and don't exclaim any more. I have nerves, though no one ever considers them, and they've been worn to fiddle-strings by the tragic events of this day. So absurdly hot as it has been, too! And the first of September, and not one pop at the partridges! Oh! why couldn't Mrs. Ingram have postponed shooting that fellow four-and- twenty hours, at least?"

Charley gently lapsed into balmy slumber, while his mother, quite dizzy with all these horrors and astounding revelations, sought out her daughter on the terrace.

But Sybil was not there. She had wandered off to a little rose-garden, where fountains plashed, and rich red and white roses—the royal flower of love—bloomed in wanton profusion.

A fairy vision, she stood there, her little dogs frisking about her and making fairy music with their silver bells—the sweetest rose among the roses—when a step came crashing over turf and gravel—a step she knew dearly and well—and a tall form stood between her and the rosy western light.

"Sybil!"

She looked up—the eloquent glow on her cheeks, the starry radiance in her eyes—then, again, down. Those great dark eyes were not so easily met.

"What!" he said bending over her, "not one word—not one word of welcome for Cousin Cyril? And the ring—the love token I gave you fifteen years ago, and which you vowed to wear forever—gone, flung contemptuously into the fishpond! Little traitress! Is this how you keep your plighted troth?"

She laughed. Then the laugh died away and she came close to him, with a pale cheek and a shiver.

"Oh, Cyril!"—she laid both white hands in his, and looked at him with tears in her violet eyes—"how could you deceive me so? And see what a tragedy it has evoked! That wretched man that wretched woman! And your father—Oh, pitiful heaven! what a fate his has been."

"My poor father! But I could not have averted that. When I came to Speckhaven the town was ringing with the news of his disappearance, and the usurper of my rights was here. It was too late, then. His fate was as dense a mystery to me as to all others. And Sybil, I saw you, and I loved you from the first, and I determined, under my incognito, to woo and win you. Cyril Trevanion had been the dream and the ideal of your young life. As Cyril Trevanion, there would be little merit in winning you; it might be your own ideal you would still love, not the real man. But as Angus Macgregor, the penniless tenant of the Retreat—the hard-working magazine hack—to win the lovely heiress so many had sought in vain—ah, that, indeed, would be a triumph. There is the secret of my long incognito, though I tell it to no one but you. And my darling, who so nobly loved and accepted the obscure author, will love still more dearly Cousin Cyril. For me, I am the happiest man on earth!"

And then Cyril and Sybil, and Bijou, and Amour set up furious and indignant yelps of expostulation; for this audacious male intruder deliberately kissed their mistress!

"And Mrs. Ingram, Cyril? she is your—your—"

"Not wife, Sybil—she never was that; but she is the woman who duped me into eloping with her sixteen years ago—who wrought the ruin of my life. It was no marriage at the best—contracted by a miner, without a license, and performed by the Blacksmith of Gretna. But from even the shadow of a claim the law set me free years ago. That miserable woman, Rose Dawson, shall not stand one second between you and me, my peerless darling!"

"How cruel she has been! how terribly merciless!" Sybil murmured. "To think of your father's awful fate. I will never forgive her for that, Cyril—never—never!"

"Don't think of it, my dearest; such horrors are not for your gentle ears or tender heart. To-night we will find the secret room, and the remains will be placed in the family vault. And, my dear love, there is so much to be done that I must leave you at once. To-morrow they hold the inquest, and remove her to Speckhaven jail; for, of course, there can be no doubt of the verdict. She was caught 'red-handed,' and by her own son. She horsewhipped him the other day. I hope she recognizes the lex talionis. I'm afraid that poor persecuted Gwendoline will exult in the fall of her foe."

"And the will, Cyril, you found that?"

"Yes, Miss Trevanion, and you are a pauper, thanks to yourself. I shall consign that will to the fire immediately I get home. It should never have been made."

"No no!" Sybil said, clinging to him; "no, no, Cyril! let it stand. It doesn't much matter which of us has your father's inheritance; but it is your birthright, and I had much rather owe everything to you. Let it stand, and take me as I am—penniless Sybil Lemox—my love, my hero, my brave, true Cyril!"

And then Bijou, and Amour, and company, nearly went into convulsions; for this time it was their mistress who kissed the bearded intruder—this human poacher on their manor!

"Your slave has but to obey, oh, fairest Princess Sybil. By the bye, and apropos of [illegible] I left poor old Hester perf[illegible] of keen over her dead—the only mourner—poor, crazed creature! Do you recollect her baleful chant, her weird prophecy, of which you were to be the victim? 'Dark falls the door upon the last fair daughter of the race.' The doom has fallen, or is about to fall, I fancy."

"How?" Sybil asked, rather startled.

"Why, you are doomed—yes, irrevocably—to be my wife, within the next three months, at furthest, than which no more awful doom could possibly befall."

"Very true; so I shall hesitate long before taking the fatal step. Don't flatter yourself, I shall rush to my doom within the next three months. If I consent in three years you may think yourself fortunate. Here comes mamma, with a face that is a whole catechism in itself. Poor, dear mamma! she takes the fall of her pet, Mrs. Ingram, very deeply to heart."

"I shall beat a retreat," said Trevanion. "Tell my lady I am driven to death, and we'll answer questions by the wholesale the next time I come over. For the present, my dearest, adieu."

He made his escape barely in time, and rode back in the silvery September twilight, to the Prior's Retreat—the house of mourning now—where old Hester still rocked and crooned over her dead, and the wretched murderess crouched in the chamber above.

The inquest was held next day, and the verdict returned, "Wilful murder."

A carriage and two constables were in waiting to convey the prisoner to Speckhaven Jail, to stand her trial, at the autumn assizes, for life.

As they led her down, haggard, hollow eyed—her beauty all gone in a night—she paused on the threshold and asked to see the servant Joe.

It was a strange request, but they granted it, and Joe, with his cap pulled far over her eyes, slouched forward with hanging head, and his mother bent forward and kissed him.

"You are my son," she said, "and I am sorry I struck you. I don't ask you to forgive me; I don't deserve it, and you can not; but forget me, if you can. It was just retribution that you should have arrested me in the act. Good-bye!"

And then she turned to Cyril Trevanion, standing with folded arms, terribly stern and grave.

"I neither ask you to forgive nor forget. You will be happy in spite of me. I did my best—I fought to the last. I would have killed you if I could, but you have won!"

They led her away. She spoke no word as the carriage whirled through the town, followed by the hootings and groans of the mob, who would have torn her to pieces could they have reached her. They locked her in her dreary cell, which she was to leave but for a colder and darker home, and left her to herself and the long, pitiless night.

And in the morning they found her dead. A tiny knife—so tiny that she had hidden it in the thick coils of her hair—had opened a vein, and, without word or cry, she had lain there alone and bled to death.

CHAPTER XXX.

Laid in a rude pine coffin, without shrive or shroud, they buried her, in the twilight of the same day, in the dreary prison burial ground. And among all who had admired the brilliant widow, there was not one to look his last on her now, or mourn over that unhallowed grave.

And a week later a long and stately procession followed the plumed hearse that bore General Ewes Trevanion to his last resting place, in the vaults of the old monastic church. And the lion of the day—the talk of the county—this modern hero of romance, Cyril Trevanion, followed as chief mourner, looking unspeakably handsome and patrician in his sables—a corsair or a lord to the life.

There had been still a third funeral—a very quiet one—and Gen. Trevanion's younger son, so foully murdered, was also laid in his long home. It was a grievesome week with its three funerals; and straightway they were buried and out of sight, people set themselves to the task of forgetting as rapidly as might be. It was the old sublime lesson of life over again—your fate and mine, some day told in three words—dead and forgotten.

Perhaps, of all who remembered, there was none felt the pain of loss more acutely than Sir Rupert Chudleigh. His astonishment, his indignation, his disgust, were altogether unutterable. And he had been so awfully near making a donkey of himself, too!

"Thank God! I never asked the woman to marry me!" was his first fervent aspiration. "To think of her being so stupid as to let herself be found out!"

But he missed her terribly. Like Lady Clara Vere de Vere, the "languid light of his proud eyes grew weary of the rolling hours," and, like the high-bred, heartless beauty, he "sickened of a vague disease" the horrible disease of ennui—more horrible than hydrophobia itself. The long September and October days were endless; no one to amuse him—to play witching little games of écarte, to sing him to sleep, to read for him in a voice that was as the music of the spheres, to write his notes, to arrange his pillows and footstools. Sir Rupert fell a prey to green and yellow melancholy, and "man nor woman delighted him not."

But Gwendoline was happy—emancipated Gwen!

Free to ride into Speckhaven, and over the purple hills and golden downs and shingly shore, with the dark-eyed Adonis, bound in the royal scarlet and gold of the service. Free to make love to him, and bring him to the point, and elope with him if he chose. But Plantagenet did not choose—he was a great deal too lazy for any such exertion. He stroked his brown moustache, and resigned himself to be petted and made much of with a gentle resignation touching to see, but he didn't reciprocate—not much. But Gwen saw him every day, and all of every day that parade and mess dinners, etc., didn't take up, and Gwen's cup of bliss was full.

There were other beatified people in the world, too, and perhaps, Sybil Lemox and her lover led the list. Don't ask me to tell you how happy they were. As if I could do it! You have been that way yourself, I dare say, and more than once, and if you multiply your emotions tenfold, you will about hit the mark.

The nuptials were fixed for May; Sybil would not hear of anything sooner.

"We are very happy as we are, my colonel," his fiancee said, hitting him with a rose-spray. "How do I know I will be half as happy when a humdrum Mrs. Trevanion? Besides, I shall wear my mourning for a year. Ah, Cyril! he was very, very good to me—the dear old general. Surely that tribute to his memory is the least we can pay him."

Cousin Cyril acquiesced, of course. What command of his dashing little superior officer would he not have acquiesced in? And he was so happy, so unutterably blessed as it was. The Prior's Retreat was still his home, and Joe was still his faithful henchman, although a more skilled valet had been lately imported. He was very busy and very happy. The old Priory, so long left to desolation and decay, was being repaired and fitted up. Workmen, upholsterers, landscape gardeners, hosts of hands, were at work to make Monkswood blossom as the rose. When bride and bridegroom returned from their blissful wedding-tour next autumn, it would be Monkswood Waste no more, and the "tide of wassail, the blaze of yule," would reign in its grand old halls once again.

The winter passed happily and rapidly and spring came. And Sybil had doffed her mourning robes for airier garments, and the most magnificent of trousseaus was ready, the marriage settlements signed, the bride-maids named, and the guests bidden to the marriage feast.

And it came, that cloudless morning in May—fairest month of all the year—and the very birds in the grand, romantic old woods seemed splitting their throats ringing out their songs of joy. The silver chimes of the old church rang jubilant peals and wedding anthems, and the charity children strewed the road with flowers, and, robed in white, chanted canticles of joy (lamentably flat, by the bye). And Sybil—La Princesse—beautiful, stately Sybil, with her violet eyes and mignonne face—the virginal blushes coming and going beneath that priceless bridal veil. Ah! if I if I only could immortalize myself by painting her. "Blissful bride of a blissful heir," as Mr. Tennyson remarks of another high-born couple—nothing short of a poet laureate could possibly do her justice. As for Macgregor—nay, let us beg his pardon, Cyril Trevanion—he looked as he always looked, grand enough, royal enough, handsome enough for a king.

Well, they were married, and kissed and congratulated, as I hope we all will be some day, and the nuptial feast was eaten, and the healths drunk, and toasts made and responded to, and Lady Lemox, the first bride-maid, Miss Chudleigh, probably, because it was not herself and Plantagenet, and my lady, because it was the correct thing to do. And Charley beamed serene and ineffably calm in society, and thought the whole thing extremely silly and insupperably stupid. And the bridegroom chafed horribly, as the impatient wretches are prone to do, and could have seen the whole of the speech-makers and toast-drinkers at the bottom of the English Channel with all the pleasure in life.

But it ended at last, and traveling gear was donned, and Cyril Trevanion handed his bride into the carriage and sprung in after her, with a "good-bye, old fellow!" and then they were off and away.

Side by side they sat—it was two months later—watching the sun of Sorrento go down behind the misty peaks of Castellamare. Wondrously lovely looked that Sorrentine landscape, lighted by the sinking sun of July, and wondrously lovely also looked Mrs. Cyril Trevanion, gazing out upon it with dark, dreamy eyes.

The English mail had just arrived, and Cyril sat, or rather, lounged beside her, sorting letters, papers, books. He took up a volume, cloth-lettered, very neat and cheap, at three shillings and sixpence.

"Here we are, Mrs. Trevanion!" he said, removing his cigar to make the remark (there are vices that even the all-purifying influence of the nuptial knot cannot break)—"here we are, your husband's latest literary effort, neatly bound in cloth. 'The Belle of the Billows, first edition, by Angus Macgregor. Illustrated by Phiz. Frontispiece of the author.' Complimentary notices of the press. Wish to see it, madame?"

Sybil pounced upon it with a little cry of delight.

"How nice! What a charming portrait, Cyril! Only—not half handsome enough!" (A profound salaam from the author.) "I always thought I should like to marry a literary man, and see how the dreams of my life come true. My Cyril, my hero, my author! I wonder if any one in the wide world is half as happy as I. When will you begin another, Monsieur Angus Macgregor?"

"Shan't write any more," said her husband, lying back and letting himself be caressed with the grand nonchalance of lordly man. "I'm going in for the dolce far niente after this, and your duty be it to see that none of my rose leaves are crumpled, while you sit at your lord's feet and wave your perfumed fan. I've been essayist, magazine hack, dramatist, story teller long enough. I'll wrap myself in the leaves of the lot as for the future, live in nectar and ambrosia, and my wife's smiles, and let the world slide."

"You'll do nothing of the sort, sir!" in high indignation. "Your wife's smiles will be few and far between, if you grow fat and lazy. No, sir; I married that 'distinguished author, Angus Macgregor,' and that 'distinguished author' he must remain to the end of the chapter. He must eclipse Disraeli, out-Herod Herod, or Sir Cresswell Cresswell will issue another divorce."

"Very well, you small Amazon, don't enrage yourself. Anything for a quiet life. What are husbands good for, if not to obey their wives?"

And right here, en passant, I may remark that "Angus Macgregor" has gone in for literature once again.

"Here's a letter from Gwendoline!" exclaimed Sybil, snatching up a very rose hued and violently perfumed envelope. "Let us see what she has to say."

Of course, it was a "plaid letter," crossed and recrossed, and this is what Miss Chudleigh had to say, in the strongest italics and capitals:

"My dearest, dearest, dearest Sybil.—Is the honeymoon over, and have you recovered your senses sufficiently to hearken to anything so cold as mere friendship? I, too, am going to be married!

"The murder is out, and I may go on. Yes, my own beloved Sybil, in spite of Cyril Trevanion, Plantagenet and I are about to wed. Oh, blissful thought! Oh, rapture unutterable! as they say in the 'Children of the Abbey.' And, oh, my Sybil! the time I have had bringing that wretch to the point! He wouldn't propose; and as for encouragement, good heavens! the amount of encouragement I've thrown away upon Plantagenet would make the very hair of your chignon rise! And then came the awful news, a week after you left—his regiment, the —th Royal Rifles, was ordered to Canada! To Canada! Fancy my feelings! I never said a word to anybody. I took a hint from my late preceptress—I loaded a pistol with coffee beans, mounted Flash of Lightning, and rode off to conquer or die! I had no mamma to make him declare his intentions; and papa, ever since the loss of Mrs. I., has been moping like an old hen with the distemper. I rode to the barracks, demanded to see Lieutenant Dobbs, ordered him to mount and ride with me, and once out of sight and hearing of everybody, I drew forth my deadly weapon and presented it full at his fourth waist coat button!

"'Now, then, Lieutenant Plantagenet Stanley Dobbs,' I said in that hoarse sepulchral voice in which Ristori plays Lady Macbeth, 'you have trifled with my affections long enough! The —th is ordered to Canada. Plantagenet Dobbs, you will never go to Canada alive!'

"I declare, Sybil, my voice was so gruff that I nearly scared myself. For Planty, he looked fit to drop.

"'Good Ged! Miss Ch—Chedleigh, what—what do you mean?' he said, with chattering teeth.

"'What I say, falsest of men!' I responded, in deeper base still. 'Have you not devoted yourself to me for the past eighteen months? Have you not been my escort everywhere—riding, dining, walking, sailing, dancing, singing—even eating? Haven't you, I ask? Didn't the Speckhaven Morning Snorter announce in its fashionable column the rumored engagement of the dashing and gallant Lieutenant P—n—g—t D——s to the beautiful and accomplished heiress of Sir R——t C——h? Didn't it, I demand? And now you're off to Canada and I'm to stay behind with a broken heart—a mark for the finger of scorn to poke fun at! Never! by the manes of all the Chudleighs! Learn, basest of mankind, how a young and innocent girl avenges the wrongs of traitorous man! Prepare to meet thy doom!'

"And then I cocked the pistol a little more. You remember, Sybil, how poor Desdemona looks when that black complected Moor growls, in a voice like the double-distilled essence of thunder: 'Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona?' Well, Planty looked like that. He was white as a sheet—upon my sacred honor!

"'Good Ged! Miss Chudleigh Gwendoli—dearest Gwendoline! don't do anything rash!' (He was thinking of Mrs. Ingram, you see.) 'I love you—I adore you—upon my soul, I do! And I'll sell out of the —th, and marry you to-morrow, if you like! Only, for God's sake put up that horrid pistol, and listen to reason!'

"I put up the pistol and listened. And the result is we are to be married next week. When I got home that day, I sat down and laughed, and I laughed, and I laughed, until Sir Rupert sent up his man Leonce, with his compliments, to know if I had gone mad.

"Planty has sold out of the Rifles, and is going straight to Paradise with me, instead of to Toronto with the regiment.

"He is to change his name, too, and become a Chudleigh. Pity he can't inherit the title, isn't it? Lady Plantagenet Stanley Dobbs Chudleigh wouldn't sound so badly, would it?

"Papa has agreed to everything. As I told you, he hasn't the spirit of a turnip since the loss of Mrs. Ingram.

"'Marry every man in the Rifles—butchers, bakers, candlestick-makers!'—that's what he said to me when I told him of the affair, and asked my own hand in marriage; for poor, dear Planty hadn't courage—only for Heaven's sake, let me alone!'

"I have let him alone, and he has given me carte blanche, and my trousseau is almost equal to yours, and I have ten bridesmaids—five in pink and five in straw color.

"And I have no time to write more, but live in the hope of meeting you in Paris next October. Meantime, dearest, dearest, dearest Sybil, I sign myself, for the last time,

"Devotedly thine,
"Gwendoline Chudleigh.

"P. S.—How is darling little Bijou and your husband?"

(The End.)

BORDERING ON THE MIRACULOUS

John McElroy's Heart Trouble Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Could Not Work All Summer, and Doctor Failed to Help, but Cure Was Quick When He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Benton, N. B., May 13.—(Special.)—Bordering on the miraculous is the cure of John McElroy, a young man well known here. He was suffering from heart trouble, and was so bad that all last summer he was not able to do a day's work. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him. In telling the story of his cure Mr. McElroy says:

"I went to a doctor, who said I had palpitation, but his medicine did not seem to reach the spot. I suffered for over a year, and all last summer I was not able to do a day's work. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I felt heavy and sleepy after meals and I was always tired and nervous. I perspired freely with the least exertion.

"After I had finished taking the doctor's medicine, and I felt no better, I read in an almanac what Dodd's Kidney Pills could do, and made up my mind to try them. Before I had finished the first box I felt different, and by the time the second was half gone I was working in the woods and doing good work."

FARMERS SELLING

Their Products by Cooperation In the States.

Farmers' organizations all over the country are studying the problem of how farmers can get their products into the homes of consumers without leaving half or more of the pecuniary returns in the hands of the middlemen.

In the west the matter of coporation in marketing farm produce has made good progress. Producers are uniting to send their vegetables and other produce to the city, where a man in the employ of the organization distributes the commodities to the retailers. That agent receives a salary. A great saving has resulted in most cases in which that plan has been tried, the farmers getting more for their products, butter and eggs at a lower price.

A Colorado farmer in describing the conditions which formerly existed said: "I shipped cantaloupes to Denver which sold in the city for $1.10 a crate. For that shipment I received less than 50 cents a crate, out of which I had to pay 12 cents for the crate. By the time the middlemen get through with my product they had received nearly two-thirds of its value. I labored from April until August to produce my crop and they handled it in twenty-four hours.

"One year the farmers of my community shipped $200,000 worth of cantaloupes. Of this amount the middlemen received $150,000 and the farmers $50,000. This is not only true of cantaloupes, but almost every other crop the farmer grows, whenever the middlemen, especially the commission dealers and the transportation companies, must handle it.

"I shipped tomatoes in baskets containing twenty pounds. On the city market they brought 75 cents a basket. The express company and the commission man together received 50 cents, leaving me 25 cents net, I being obliged to pay ten cents for each basket. The middlemen handled the tomatoes in one day. I labored ten months to produce them, besides being obliged to have lands, fertilizer, tools, and many other things to produce the crop."

By coporation the profits of the middleman are eliminated and at the same time better transportation rates can be secured by a united body than when each shipper acts as an individual.

In some other parts of New York State, in Ohio and the middle West great quantities of butter are produced in cooperative creameries. The companies are composed of the farmers and dairymen of a given section, who take their milk to the creamery, where an expert butter maker prepares it for market. The stock of the company is divided among the farmers and after the butter is sold and all the expenses paid the profits are divided according to the holdings of the stockholders. The directors of those creameries are now considering a new plan of marketing the output.

Heretofore the butter has been marketed through the large commission houses. Many of the stockholders have regretted to see part of the proceeds from the sale of the butter go into the hands of the commission dealers, holding that all the profits should be divided between the stockholders and the consumers.

A plan is now on foot among many of those cooperative creameries which is to be tried out this summer whereby the commission dealer is to be elliminated. The idea now being worked out is to unite a large company of creameries for the marketing of the output. Directors are to be named, who like all other officers of the individual companies are to act without pay. They are to employ a competent, experienced man to have charge of the receiving and distributing end of the business in the city. He is to do the work now done by the commission men, only acting as an employee of the united creameries.

Each creamery will retain its independence and individuality under the new system, merely uniting with the others for the sale of the products and for such other benefits as may accrue. The earnings from such an arrangement would be divided pro rata among the creameries, according to the number of pounds produced.

The project has been discussed for nearly a year and is meeting with great favor among the united dairymen. The promoters of the plan say there is no limit to the possibilities of saving, once a merger has been formed. The salesman is not only to sell the butter, but being the representative of a large number of creameries, each one of which has from twenty-five to a hundred stockholders, he will be in a position to buy feed and other supplies for farmers' needs at an advantageous price.

If the plan is successful it will mean a very material lessening in the cost of creamery supplies for the consumer, and when the united creameries project is on a successful basis the plan may be extended to other branches of the marketing of agricultural products.—N. Y. Sun.

BOYS AND AIR GUNS.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Fond parents who give air rifles to their dear boys ought to be willing to serve as the targets. It isn't quite fair for them to expect the neighbors or persons passing through the street to serve in that capacity. These are not responsible for the possession by boys of weapons that are deadly, in spite of the innocent appearance of the word "air." One boy of fifteen is now under arrest for shooting three men with his air rifle. There are many other boys in this town who ought to be disarmed before they shall put out any one's eyes or kill the pets of the neighborhood, for a boy with gun, whether of air or powder, thinks anybody's dog or cat is fair game for him, and it is evident from the arrest made yesterday that some boys look for bigger game than these. Guns and pistols are not proper toys in a city, and they are not proper toys for boys anywhere, except in company with adults who can control them.

WHY HE DROPPED.

(Vancouver Saturday Sunset.)

An Irishman fell from a house and landed on a wire about twenty feet from the ground. After he had struggled a moment the man let go and fell to the ground. Some one asked his reason for letting go. "Faith," was the reply, "I was afraid the wire would break."

MAXWELL

MAXWELL'S HIGH SPEED CHAMPION

Is the Washer for a Woman

In the first place, Maxwell's "Champion" is the only washer that can be worked with a crank handle at the side as well as with the top lever. Just suit your own convenience.

Another Maxwell feature—Lever and Balance Wheel are so accurately adjusted and work up such speed that the washer runs along even when you have stopped working the lever. There's no doubt about Maxwell's "Champion" being the easiest running washer on the market. Write for new illustrated booklet If your dealer does not handle Maxwell's "Champion" Washer.

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS, St. Mary's Ont. 93

HIGH SPEED CHAMPION WASHER

50 CENTS PER WEEK

Puts An Organ or Piano in Your Home.

On Friday, March 15th, we commenced our annual slaughter sale of all used instruments in stock. This year finds us with double the number we ever had. Some eighty-five instruments are offered and among them organs bearing names of such well-known makers as Bell, Karn, Thomas, Doherty and Dominion. The prices of these range from $15 to $60 at the above terms. The pianos bear such well-known names of makers as Decker, Thomas, Herald, Weber, Wormwith and Heintzman & Co. Every instrument has been repaired by our own workmen, and carries a five years' guarantee, and as a special inducement we will make an agreement to take any instrument back on exchange for a better one any time within three years and allow every cent paid. Send post card at once for complete list, with full particulars.

Heintzman & Co., 71 King street east, Hamilton.

Wine Drinking France

In no country in the world is the situation as to alcohol so desperate as in France. From all sides cries of despair are rising. Thus the leader of the French Co-operative Movement, M. Mahillean, remarks that until a recent visit to Normandy and Brittany he had no idea of the intensity and rapidity with which the process of race poisoning is proceeding.

"In Caen, where for six years I was connected with the Faculty of Letters, I was horror-stricken. With the aid of Dr. Barthes and others I drew up causative charts of Normandy. The evidence showed that, if something does not occur to check the downward movement this province will be a desert inhabited with idiots, insane and murderers."

"When I reached Brittany I asked of those who know the country best, 'Tell me about alcholism. Is anything being done to stay its advance?' They raised their arms to heaven and replied in stricken tones, 'The plague advances steadily. It has gone so far that one can hardly speak of it. The youth furnish a continually increasing number of imbeciles and criminals. In some places half, in others two-thirds of the conscripts cannot be accepted because of physical weakness. Those who enter the army sound are dragged down by their comrades. One cannot imagine a more doleful sight than that of the young soldiers at the railway stations ceming home when their service is over. No jolly songs, only sad, glaring faces. Go to the wharves; it is worse there. The laborer hardly eats now. He rarely washes himself or changes his clothes. He only drinks."

"But, I asked, after hearing these things, why don't you cry out to the nation?" "What's the use? No one listens to us, and besides it's too late. There's no possible help for us now."—From Record of Christian Work.

JIM BROWN—PESSIMIST.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

Jim Brown says, says he to me;
Life ain't what it used to be,
Everybody's money mad,
Things are goin' to the bad,
Politics is shameful now,
Preachers ain't as good somehow
As they were when he was young,
Even gospel hymns ain't sung
As they ought to be, says Jim—
Least that's how it seems to him.

Jim Brown says, says he, that men
All were honester back then;
Merchants all were kinder too,
Trusted more than what they do;
Women didn't nag the way
Most of 'em take on to-day,
Children, he can recollect,
Paid their parents more respect,
Everything is worse, says he,
Than it was in eighty three.

Jim hangs round th' corner store,
Hasn't worked for months an' more;
From the last job where he hired
Out to work he son was fired.
Mrs. Jim, though, sews an' sews,
Just to keep her kids in clo'es.
It's 'bout all that she can do
T' buy shoes an' feed 'em, too;
Since Jim spends his time in fretting
'Bout how bad the world is getting.

CUT IT OUT.

(Niagara Falls Journal.)

Here is a list of slang expressions the Public Speaking Club of America and the West Side Y. M. C. A. want their members to avoid they say:

Slang is the subterfuge of the slothful. Cultivate taste and discrimination in your use of the English language. Avoid all such terms as:

It's up to you.
I don't think.
Not on your life.
You can search me.
I guess.
That's going some.
Can you beat it?
Sure I will.
There's some class to that.
Are you on?
That's awful nice.
It's a cinch.
Oh, fudge!
Cut it out.
Talking to beat the band.
They're not in it.
It's all bosh.
Nothing doing.
That's nifty.
Never again.
Cough up.
He has nothing on me.
The surest thing you know.
Not to be sneezed at.
That's the real thing.
Not by a long shot.
I see his finish.
Get the hook.
That will be about all.

WHAT WE SHOULD SAY.

A little boy—Instead of a little wee boy.

A silver dollar—instead of a large silver dollar.

He drove the horse—instead of he drove the carriage.

He came through the doorway—instead of through the door.

A mind content both crown and kingdom is.—Greene.