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wo German aeronauts, ver of an aeroplane of pe, were discovered tonear Dvinsk. The men n to death.

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hun refined, spot .-LIVE STOCK.

Trade at the cast rning was good, there we demand for young p and lambs for shipp and lambs for snip-rican markets. There me beeves on sale. A lattle sold at about 7 lat down to five cents common stock selling its and Canners from ach, two holstein cows

able -- via London-

ss was permitted to

that a young man's is right place when he her keeping.

32ND ARRUAL

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Jocelin's Penance

lord of the treasury by name, each smell blood, he will cease not till he answered in turn, "Not I, my lord." track his prey.' Rohese I doubted and the shrine was not meddled with. Then the nobles, willing or unwilling, by God's eyes! Mine own has taught gave of their wealth. Archbishops, me sore to doubt, yet thou may stand bishops and abbots piedged the treas- in need of aid. Ah, Mary Mother! If ures of their convents. The Queen, I can look on her face I'll know if she through a lord-in-waiting, proffered certain jewels, and the city of Lon- I love thee still, and so mayhap don donated generously, and it was thus the great ransom was raised with which, some days later, Abbot Samson set forth to the court of the Emperor of Germany. CHAPTER XXX.

One blustering March evening a messenger entered the gates of Westminister Palace. He was a churt of his return to Westminster, as the Oxfordshire, whom Prioress Rosamund ha dsent to her son with a message, closely did John watch him that summoning him to Godstowe, as the after some weeks of ineffectual eftime was now ripe, Samson being ab- fort, Geoffrey sullenly desisted from

undoing, for she incautiously added, once had he flouted me and come off 'She is here, more fair than ever." Now the Prioress' messenger article enemy's country. E'en though it rived, cold and weary, on Queen El-were Richard himself, I will brook inor's birthday, and on seeking the no interference in this. By the rood, palace kitchen, he there found ale and he'll find it's no easy thing to turn pasty in greater plenty than he had a desperate man from his will. ever dreamed of; and sat late into the John arrives at Godstowe, he shall be night, eating till he could eat no more. and drinking until he was too befuddied to attend on Chancellor Gerffrey. So, taking the advice of his fellowrevelers, he decided to let his message wait until the morrow, and

nodded and drank, and drank and nodded, babbling of his lady, the Prioress, and the beautiful gold-haired maid whom she had brought from the Suffolk Priory. Jocelin, coming in, was pierced to the heart by what the others took to be the ramblings of a drunken fool. As he watched the churi grow heavy with sleep, one idea ever recurred to him, "What says the message he carries?" Finally, leading the messenger, nothing loth, to bed, Jocelin gave him a place upon his own pallet. The fellow was soon snoring in a drunken sleep, and Jocelin had little trouple to detach his pouch with the Prioress' letter. Breaking its seal and untying its cord, he read it swiftly and understandingly, and then crumtling the missive, as if its bending had broken the wax, retied it, and leaving the pouch opened with the letter half falling from it, he dropped it on the straw beside the messenger and stole away, leaving him to sleep far into

Loud were the churl's lamentations when, on awakening, he found the marred missive. "Vile potleach that I am," he growled; "now the foul fiend seize me, I must perforce have lain upon this accursed thing. Well, 'tis a buffeting for me at best, for take the missive to my lord I must, or 'twould be ruin, indeed," and so he sought De Clifford in fear and trembling, receiving the curses and blows of that irate gertleman philosophically. As the fellow assured Geoffrey that he had slept in an outhouse, entirely alone, the Favorite consoled himself with the thought that none could have a metive for opening a message from his mother, and that as the fellow was entirely unknown, his story that he coz, we'll take the fool to make three starlings had long built unmolested. had lain on the missive and broken Its seal, was probably true. "And, Gramacy, what could any have made of it if they had read it?" murmured left alone in the tiltyard, pacing with he, dismissing the churl with another

the morning

buffet for his carelessness. Within an hour, however, he learned dows, and cursing long and deep in that something could be made of it, his heard. for his ready wit nearly deserted him when, as he entered Prince John's disarrange all planning, by my halfbedchamber, the prince said cheer- dame; 'twere easy to be rid of one, tendants, "So thou thought'st to Twould necessitate two fellows, yes, put us to pot, ungrateful one, or three, to do the work, if I con-Go to! Shalt the subject be served ere | cluded then to make an ending c' the King? When thou goest to God- it." And he strode into the palace stowe thy brother will ride with thee! | thinking deeply. Aimlessly turning tiny bird chirped well when it ing from the casement into a small coz, we'll go incog to Godstowe soon.

King's tithe." the best of it, but 'twas lucky for the Prince's jester, for it was he who was her. Here John had decreed that he messenger that he was safely gone ere being flogged, surrounded by a crowd and Geoffrey tarry awhile to discard the irate courtier rushed officeward of menials, some curious, some their rough disguise for fairer garb in quest of him. As he fumed by, pleased, some indignant, but all ac-Jocelin peering at him from his little cepting the flogging in a matter-of- Jocelin was sent ahead to apprise the On a piece of heaven taken thumber, smiled grimly, and thought fact way, as did Jocelin himself, who prioress of their coming. as he asced its narrow bounds-"Ab- stood with straining muscles and

But though the irate Abbot call each | bot Samson once said, 'If the wolf be innocent. But pure or foul, Rohese, whilst two dogs fight for the tempting brocale, a kite may yet snatch it from their jaws."

In vain did Geoffrey essay to slip from the palace. Once he had ridden as far as the Moorfields, when a captain of horse, with his soldiers, came upon him, and courteously requested Prince much desired his presence. So sent from England, for the fulfilment his attempts, and awaited the royal of his wishes. Had Rosamund ended pleasure. Yet, "Let him look to himhere, all might have gone well for self," Geoffrey oft muttered, when Geoffrey, but a postscript proved his communing with himself. "More than safely, but this time he entereth into rendered harmless till this business be despatched. A pleasant business 'tis I vow! Zounds, what white skin the wench hath! Her cheek is like a peach, I'll pay thee, haughty minx, for thy bloom, and quench the lustre of thine agate eyes. Twill be sweet, by Jesu, to hear thee plead-'Sweet sir, here's all my gold, pray wed me.' Yet, 'twere foolish to cast away so rare a mould. She'd make a perfect queen by Venus' zone, so when she's punished till she's meek, she shall have her boon, poor poppet. How round the contour of her limbs! Yea, a queen she'd be, with John and young Arthur up in Heaven, and Richard ne'er returned from Greisenstein (for if the Duke hath housed him with a lion, as he swore, old Samson'll find little

> knoweth?" Finally the Prince grew tired of tormenting his Favorite, and one morning late in March he chose to speak to him privately as they stood in the tilt yard apart from the other gentlemen. and watched two jousters try their

began: us go to Godstowe on the morrow's the water. the morn. To-morrow eve, then. Geoff. Twill be all fools' day.a very

fit one for such a junketing, ch, cou?"

fools in this foolery." The joust soon ended, when Prince perturbed strides, careless that he could be seen from the palace win-

"If this fool go," he thought, "twill

quivering form, striving to suppres all signs of suffering. In answer to Geoffrey's query, a passing variet

said: "My Lord, in sooth, I know not why the poor ninny is beaten. An usher told me, but since, that His Highness returned from the tilt-yard in an angry mood, and for some offense the fool was ordered flogged," and the variet passed on with a sympathy in

his rugged face he dared not express. The flogging was not a lengthy one, however, for the soldier was a humane fellow, and soon poor Jocelin drew his clothing over his ridged flesh and went away to his cell to gain what comfort he could from his little friend the ape, who sighed mournfuly at his evident distress, and seemed striving to mitigate his suffering by such mute sympathy as animal can express.

Geoffrey nodded as he watched the jester creep away, then assuring himself that the corridor was empty, he drew forth a dagger curiously hilted with brass and jade. "Twere good I found thee in the armory rack to-day, little prick-spur. Thou goadest mine ambition," and he laid the weapon across its side to measure the length of its blade. "Jesu, 'twill near go throug a man. And now for the fool. John hath flogged him sore of late, an' if I judge aright, he's a desperate villain, with something dark and damnable 'neath his caperings which I cannot quite fathom. Sometimes methinks he's a spy sent by France himself, for France so plots and counter-plots that God in heaven knows not what spells he's weaving across the channel there. But nay. The fellow is too patient. He must come hither to do more than spy. Mayhap the Wolf of Bury sent him Gramacy, now that I think o' it, he hath the look of a monk about him, and Samson likes John not. Well, sny or what: or but just a ninny, who affecteth a melancholy stare, I'll see what lust of vengeance and red by me, he shall have wealth and a dukedom in fair Normandy; that is, at Godstowe house a-drinking too much ale. Well, by the saints, he's in the mood to strike now if he ever will be, and if I succeed in pledging complete, yet which I dare not compass, why, by his sudden taking off heart to be my confidant. If John will go—I've said, if John will go to Godstowe, let him look well to him-

CHAPTER XXXI.

The winter's snows had melted: the earth lay expectant of her lover, spring. ter of unseen wings, as if all the tiny shine in thousand myriad shapes of cruel and wicked woman. buds, blossom and leaf.

ung two. Over the dreaming nalace murder.

there to ransom, methinketh, save a pile of mumbled bones), then maybap beneath the trees of the Middlesex for- For, by the rood, what better death the bastard will turn king, who est. Jocelin sat at the helm, and John | could I die than in defense of thee!" and his brother rowed.

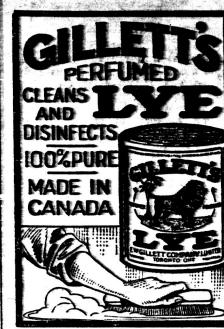
On the boat glided under the starlit sky, the occupants nursing their fell designs while lightly chatting, the Prince sometimes singing bits of tunes. Sun, glint and gun glint, and sweet eyes And when, as the night wore away, And on the head of a woman dead the powers. With an injured look, John and they had frequent recourse to their wine flasks, the three sang catches of distant ones, all white of face, as they rowed along with such good. Who near the rule-roll! "What now, Brother Geoff, hast as they rowed along with such good forgotten our project of some days agone? Why put off so pleasant a journeying? Was't to spite me? Fig. tast they rowed along with such good that were churlishly done. Come, let ed by the burst of melody arising from Straight fire and hate fire, with orders

eve. The thought of that white-necked | In the early dawning they went wench hath set my blood crinkling all ashere at Windsor, a little hamlet nestling by Thames' side, with rude nestling by Thames' side, with rude timbered houses scattered here and there, surrounded with trees and gardens clustering around the tower. The Geoffrey tried vainly to conceal his dens clustering around the tower. The feelings, but John, watching him walls of the ancient fortification rising closely, paled as he observed the hatsternly from its chalk rock, loomed mistily in the uncertain light, its windows showing black, mere loopholes "No pale girl coward I" red which lit his brother's eye; and mistily in the uncertain light, its wincontinued, as he moved away, forced- dows showing black, mere loopholes iv jocular, "An as 'tis all fools' day, hung with ivy, wherein the rooks and

They entered an inn near Datchet mead, where they were welcomed as he bargemen their disguise proclaimated them. The Prince had choose the work what is one here?" asks she. mead, where they were welcomed as John had departed; and Geoffrey was the bargemen their disguise proclaimed them. The Prince had chosen the river route for their journey (though was by far the longer), occause was no direct road from London wide world weeps and loves! there was no direct road from London to Oxford, on account of the Chiltern hills; then, too, along the river were stationed rude little inns for the accommodation of bargemen, and these, afforded facilities for entertainment

save at an occasional monastery. Their river journey was uneventful. and they came at last, one evening Ha, ha!" and he laughed heartily at down a corridor, his attention was atthe chagrined face before him. "The tracted by a noise outside, and look- barking at the slimy causeway, they Butterfly a-swingin' passed through its crooked, dirty breught this news, by my troth. I courtyard, he saw upcurved streets, coming to the northern gate as see tis true, and the maid hath been right before him a man's it was closing for the night. A little sarnered for thee by thy careful monaked and emaciated shoulders silver caused the keeper to cheerfully streets, coming to the northern gate as Little bird a-singin' ther, 'til now the time is ripe. Well, quivering under the lash, which was reopen it again, and it was not long wielded steadily and well by a stal- ere they were at Beaumont Palace, out-So frown not, sweet Geoff, but will- wart soldier. The thongs, whistling side the northern wall of the town, ingly divide the spoils. Remember the through the air, cut the flesh cruelly, where Queen Elinor kept a small retand caused more than one groan to inue of servants in such parts of the So Chancellor Geoffrey had to make fall from the tightly set lips of the building as were occasionally used by

Geoffrey followed him as he left the



palace, and stopping him outside the gate, said between his teeth-"Pitlikins! Sir Fool, thou art but a sorry craven! Thou hast failed to fulfil thy promise, sirrah! Twice could'st have done the deed, once at Willingford as he walked to board in the dawning; once as he slept within the boat, while we floated through that lonely, sedgy stretch of flats. And there, by the rood, well weighted, thou couldst have thrown him in the marsh, and none save thou and I would have known till doomsday where he lay."

Jocelin replied sullenly: "If thou wishest it so keenly, my Lord, why not compass his taking off thyself? I will choose the time myself."

gold can do. If he shall be guided to me?" Beware false fool, for more army aeroplane—and subsist on half than fool thou art, lest I cry forth a treason to the Prince, and tell of if he come not upon an untimely end | plots to murder him, an' then we'll see thee hanged as high as Haman!" "Fear not, sir! I will fail thee not?"

"Well, then, he must not bide long him into this deed I so long to see at Godstowe, fool! replied Geoffrey. "I'll strike when time is fit," repeated Jocelin monotonously, leaving Goefthere'll be none save mine own leal frey to re-enter the gate, wondering at this queer buffoon, little thinking that the prayer for vengeance which he had overheard was not directed against John, and that the jester had no intention of murdering the Prince.

On the way to Oxford, Jocelin had learned from the brothers' careless speech of the intent of their journey, Frogs chanted discordant and since the first sheek and norror must you burden the antis with an choruses along the Thames' edge, and arising from the knowledge of their dethe night seemed athrill with the flut- signs had passed, moved like one in our duty to vote?" I replied by saya dream, performing mechanically the atoms animating the green beauty of functions of life, while his brain was living, growing things were moving | dead to all exterior impressions; his unseen through the air down from the mind revolving around one thought. great Fountain head of life into the As in a circle of light, kohese stood fecundite glebe; there to rest, cradled out an innocent captive, deserted by safe, until the smile of spring should all, doubted by him, betrayed into the woo them forth again into the sun- hands of Geoffrey de-Clifford by a

"Ah, Jesu, and all the while I doubt-The bells of Westminster had just ed her. Twas Rosamund whom I saw the darkness closed down soft and stupidly to himself, as he rode through warm like God's tender hand spread the darkness. He did not believe that above His earth-children, and the Geoffrey would yield up his prize to light of the stars peering John, or trust to the fool's implied through the interlaced clouds fell threat to murder him in the lane. in softened glory through the sky, Thus he hardly looked for the Prince to as if a smile filtered through his fing- arrive at the Nunnery. It was with er chinks. It was a night for "lullabys Geoffrey he had to deal, and as he and love"; yet, ere the last note of passed down the lane which skirted the bell died away, three men came Goustowe, Joselin drew rein beneath out of a postern in Old Palace yard, the heetling walls of the Nunnery, and turning down the winding lane to the took forth the dagger Geoffrey had river; and in their hearts raged like given him. Kissing it reverently, he the fires of hell, hatred, lust and made the sign of the cross with it in the air, and murmured, with his hand They pushed off, rowing across the still uplifted—"May God do for me as river almost to the other side, and I do for thee, Rohese! I now devote keeping well in the deep shadow and this dagger to thy cause, to stand becarefully up the stream, passing tween thee and dishonor; and if my Westminster, and soon coming out to poor life yielded up can save thee from where the river ran lonely and quiet one lecherous glance, I'll say amen. (To be Continued.)

> EDITH CAVELL, 1915. (John O'Keefe, in New York World)

from the crown; But from the lips one breath outslips to blow an empire down!

We saw the Tide of Terror sweep Weep For one more woman slain?

For once she knew of mercy's knell

Proud head! Unbowed head! O eagle's

There is a hawk that haunts on high, On town-bred geese to dine,
A thousand slays he from the sky,
With ne'er a warning sign,
"Behold." I hear the martyr cry. Behold!" I hear the martyr cry.
"What is one death like mine?"

such as could not be found overland, Red breast and dead breast, the trembling flowers beneath!
Your white hands sow, row upon row,
a crop of dragons' teeth!

The Loafing Day.

On de blossom tree; As lazy as kin be. Shadows lightly shiftin' Where de sunbeams play, While de hours go driftin' Th'oo a loafin' day.

A halo wouldn't fit me, A harp I couldn't sound, speck a rock would hit me If on wings I flew around. But by hope I ain't forsaken 'Cause from time to time I stray

-Washington Star.

How One Married Man Made Up

Since charity begins at home, I becan by asking if my wife ought to vote. A funny question! Site was voting already. Every election day she stepped out and devoted three minutes or so to making crosses next the names of candidates for the school strength that lasts till old age. board. They let her do it years and years before she had children of her own or any direct interest in schools, and I could not see that it unsexed her. It was about as thunderous an

adventure as registering a letter. Ah, but voting for politicians was another matter, I thought; only men understood politics. Nonsense: Whereas I, hurried with business as I was, gianced at the headlines in the paeprs and let it go at that, my wife read the fine print underneath. She knew all about both parties and who the decent candidates were. She had been over the Good Government Association's reports, and was better fitted to vote that day than I was. I had her coach

that day than I was. I had her coach me.

And I failed to notice that it "disrupted the home." Probably some spats occur where man and wife take a frantic interest in the same thing and don't agree, yet there are plenty of homes disrupted every day and not frem that cause. The cause is generally that man and wife have no interest whatever in common.

But what of my lady's "unfitness for military service"? Ought not this, if nothing else, to disfranchise her? The more I thought of it. In the first place, it would disfranchise me, for I am no longer very tasty food for cannon. In the next place, my lady is by no means unfit. Having seen her manage an oil stove the way she does, I know how easily she would manage a mere army aeroplane—and subsist on half a leaf of lettuce while doing it.

Still, my friends, the antis, regard her as quite exceptional in her fine, well-informed, broad-minded intelligence, and as representing a very limeted to the expert in one may prove by the shorter of that it day that may have a leaf of lettuce while doing it.

Still, my friends, the antis, regard her as quite exceptional in her fine, well-informed, broad-minded intelligence, and as representing a very limeted to the copyist that the described where a long that the writer should be called upon to put upon paper. In writing a letter, while in the signature the whole length of the name, twice as long may be covered. But if the writer covers the full stretch of his name in this way, the expert may prove by the shorter of the copyist that the writer should be called upon to put upon paper. In writing a letter, while in the signature the whole length of the name, twice as long may be covered. But if the writer covers the full stretch of his name in this way, the expert may prove by the shorter of the copyist that the writer should be called only in the copyist that the writer should be copyist that the writer appear of the copyist that the writer should be copyist the copyist that the copyist that the copyist the copyist that the copy strike at the fitting time, me said; the more I thought of that argument, the narrow lane outside Godstowe would less I thought of it. In the first place, be a fitting spot, but look ye, sir, I'll it would disfranchise me, for I am no "Ha! Thou growest insolent, thou the next place, my lady is by no means rump-fed braggart. Dost forget who unfit. Having seen her manage an heard thee cry, 'O Jesu, give him to oil stove the way she does, I know mine hands! Deliver thou mine enemy how easily she would manage a mere

well-informed, broad-minded intelligence, and as representing a very limited class. But, they say, if you let that class vote, you must also give ballots to ignorant women, silly woballots to ignorant women, silly women, and out-and-out bad women.

When I weighed that side of it, I seemed to behold thousands of Ignorant men, thousands of silly men, and several times as many out-and-out bad men as there ever were out-and-out bad women.

Then, too, I came to the poser, "Suffrage would be all right if all the lowever, a forgery accomplished by this

frage would be all right if all the women wanted it. They don't. Why must you burden the antis with an unwelcome responsibility by making it our duty to vote?" I replied by saying, "My dears, it is your duty now. With your clever hands and lofty who was in the case of the cand will leave the pen lines with smooth edges. The individual who is tracing such letters cannot trust himself to the same free movement of the pen, and the result shows, under

Her Many Duties Affect Her

day for the busy housewife. There are a hundred things about the home to keep her busy from the time she arises until it is again bed time. What is the result? Often her nerves give way, her good looks suffer, her blood becomes thin, her digestion is disturbed and her system threatened with a complete breakdown. Every woman should do all possible to protect her health and good looks, and there is one way in which she can do this, and that is by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These actually make new, rich blood, strengthen every nerve and every organ, bring the glow of health to the cheeks and brightness to the eye. These pills have done more to make the lives of thousands of women sunshiny than anything else in the world. Mrs. Daniel Theal, Waterloo, Ont., says: "I was very much run down, my blood was thin and watery and I would faint at the least excitement. I ing as guide. She teld him the whole suffered from headaches and dizziness and often it seemed as though there soldier's face softened into a smile as were clouds before my eyes. Finally I was induced to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and when I had taken ten boxes I was completely cured, and never felt better in my life. I am convinced that what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me they will do for others, and I warmly recommend them to all weak women."

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SHORNCLIFFE

Popular Hymn by Canadian Soldier Bears That Name.

For our valiant soldiers,
And for those at sea,
Britain's bravest sanors,
Lord, we gray to Thee.
Thou can'st shield from dangers,
Earth, and sea, and air—
May those in our air-fleets,
Be Thy special care. When in the darkness resting

Arms are laid aside.

Lord, do Thou protest them.

Still with them abide. And if they in fighting, Should not think of Tree, Do not Thou forget them, Still their succor he.

Lord, when sick and wounded, Far, perchance, from care, Let Thy healing Spirit, Save them from despair, Saviour, be Thou near them, All their prayers to hear, Strengthen, watch and comfort, When one else is near.

All our unknown dangers, All our unknown dangers,
Lord, to Thee are known,
'Thou art God of Battles,
Thou, and Thou alone.
And, although around them
Tens of thousands die,
Thou can'st keep in safety
Those for whom we cry.

is brought into the same state or principle in which you are.—Emerson.

which girls and women suffer, n surer remedy exists than Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they maintain that bracing health every woman so earnestly desires, they uproot disease and bring The blood is richly nourished by

Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Appetite increases, weakness and secret ills give way to surplus energy and reserve viger.

No pale girl, no ailing woman can afford to miss the enormous good that comes from Dr. Hamilton's Pills: get a 25c box to-day.

DETECTING FORGERY.

Extraordinary Ingenuity of Metheds Now Employed.

Extraordinary ingenious means are now employed in the detection of forgery. It is a very cleaver forger indeed who caneceive the up-to-date expert in chir-

With your clever hands and lofty standards, you owe it to the state to assert yourselves politically. A law that prevents is unrighteous."—Rollin Lynde Hartt, in Womna's World.

WITH WITHER WITHER Affect to the same free movement of the nen, and the result shows, under the glass, hesitancy and uncertainty.

A new means of detecting forgery has been suggested. A physician has advanced the theory that the pen in the hand of a writer serves in a modified degree the same end as the sphygmograph, which traces the heart's action, and that in a person's handwriting one can see, by projecting the letters greatly magnified on a screen, the scarcely perceptible turns and quivers made in the lines by the action of that person's peculiar pulsation.

Her Many Duties Affect Her To demonstrate this an experiment was made at Charing Cross Hospital, in London. A number of persons suffering from heart disease wrote an exercise in their ordinary handwriting. The different manuscripts were then taken and examined microsoptically. By throwing them highly magnified on a screen the lerks or involuntary motions due to the patients peculiar pulsation were distinctly visible. peculiar pulsation.

mal handwriting of that person does not show them, then clearly the document is a forgery.

She Didn't Say.

If a Maori wishes to speak words of insuit to another Macri he calls his adversary some kind of food. Any kind will do, living or dead. One Maori chief once told another that he was a roast veal. Then he fled to the bush, hid in a cave, was tracked, captured and beheaded. The cave is still shown to visitors, and when Lord Kitchener was in New Zealand he was taken to it by a pretty Maori girl actstory, and at the conclusion the stern he said:

"Ah, then, I suppose it would be highly cangerous to call a Maori lady a little duck?"-London Mail.

----A Smart Answer.

The following episode took place in a country village in the north of England. One morning as a scheoolmaster was preclaiming to his school he saw a penny. He picked it up, he placed the ponny in his pocket, and after the children had assembled, in the school the schoolmaster said:

"Has any child lost any money?" After a few moments a mad boy in the front of the class put up his hand. "Well, Robert, what do you want?" asked the master.

"Please, sir, I have lost a penny," replied the boy.

"And where did you lose your penny, Robert" inquired the master. "Please, sir, where you found it." Robert got the penny amid the laughter of the master and the whole class.—Philadelphia Record.

---UP-TO-DATE.

(Judge) Claire—Where are your horses?
Madge—I sold then and bought an autoClaire—And where's the automoble?
Madge—Sold it and bought a hydroplane.
Claire—And what'll you get when you tire of that?
Madge—Wings, maybe.

NATURAL THING (Baltimore American)

(Battimore American)
"I don't believe the captain of our ship was an experienced mariner. When we had that accident in mid-ocean he did not seem to know what to do."
"But you must remember that it was only natural under the circumstances for him to be completely at sea."

I would have you call to mind the strength of the ancient giants, that undertook to lay the high mountain There is no teaching until the pupil Pelion on the top of Ossa and set among those the shady Olympus