



LAKEVILLE SCHOOL HOUSE, EMPIRE DAY.

Easy to be a Lion Tamer.

Not long ago a lion tamer who was exhibiting in a German circus in Holland attracted immense crowds at every performance by doing what seemed to be the most daring of acts in the lions' cage. He would climb into the cage with great pieces of meat and throw it to the roaring beasts. The moment they had leaped upon it he would spring among them and put his foot on it. The animals would growl furiously and then, just as the spectators were all waiting breathlessly, expecting that the beasts would tear him to pieces, they would shrink back cowed. After he had repeated this exciting act for many days, an Englishman made a wager with him for a big sum of money that he would not dare to do it after the lions had been starved for three days. The trainer considered for a moment and then accepted the wager, making only the condition that he be allowed to have three weeks of preparation.

At the end of three weeks the trainer announced that he was ready, and the process of starving the lions began. The Englishman kept guards posted around the cage day and night to make certain that not a morsel of food should be given to the animals. At the expiration of the three days all Amsterdam rushed to the circus. The lions were maddened with hunger, as any one could see and hear, for they roared continually and their attempts to break through the bars showed how angry they had become. In the height of the uproar the trainer entered the cage with an immense piece of beef in his arms. He tossed it on the floor of the cage, raised his whip, and lo! not one lion dared to approach it. The mighty brutes lay crouched, roaring and growling so hard that their great frames shook, and each kept his terrific yellow eyes fixed hungrily on the meat. But not one of them stirred.

The trainer stooped, lifted the beef and tossed it to them again, and in a moment the lions were in a great twany ball, rending and snarling and tearing, with blood from the mangled beef, spurting all over the cage. The Englishman paid his bet and then tried to find out how the lion-tamer had acquired such wonderful control over his beasts. At first the man would not tell, but at last he consented to explain it. During the three weeks' period of preparation he had always starved the lions from the very beginning. Then on the fourth day, he would enter the cage with a piece of beef which had been soaked in kerosene oil. The lions would no sooner pounce upon it than they would shrink away, sickened by the stench. Then he would throw them a fresh and good piece of beef which they would devour in a moment. The lions soon became so accustomed to expecting that the first piece of beef that was thrown to them was not good that at the end of the three days they would not even move from their corners when the trainer threw it on the floor of the cage. They would not try to eat anything except the second piece. So the daring trick had a very simple explanation.—(Washington Post.

The Hairy Vetch.

After seeing the hairy vetch grown in a small way for two or three years, I have concluded that it is bound to become one of the most important of our leguminous crops. In this latitude it may be sown in September or October, and cut for hay in May, thus giving ample time to follow it with a corn crop. I cannot say how much hay it will yield per acre, as practically all with which I have dealt has been saved for seed; but I do know that it will grow four or five feet high on good land, and this means that it will yield enough to merit

attention.

Analyses of the plant show that it is very rich in protein, and anything that will help to balance the usual excess of the carbonaceous elements in our rations is undoubtedly needed by most farmers. For hay, it should be cut when in full bloom. If sown alone it will be hard to handle, but when sown with equal parts of wheat or oats, it is readily managed.

As a cover crop it is especially valuable, furnishing pasture in both fall and spring and adding large quantities of nitrogen to the soil. Some soils, it is said, must be inoculated with the bacteria which produce the nodules on its roots before the vetch will grow well; but in my experience this has never been necessary. It grows well on a variety of soils and under widely different conditions. It seems to be far less particular in this respect than crimson clover. Where a few seeds were dropped in a pasture, they came up and grew readily; and the Arkansas Experiment Station recommends it for sowing on Bermuda sods, the two furnishing pasture nearly all the year.

Owing to the high price of the seed at present, most farmers will probably find it unprofitable except for seed. We sow it at the rate of one-half to one bushel per acre. It is cut when the bulk of the seed seems ripe, and threshed in an ordinary grain thrasher. It will yield from six to ten bushels per acre; and the latter figure may be exceeded on good lands. If the seed is wanted pure, it must be sown alone; but this means some extra labor in handling. It will reseed itself when allowed to ripen, one piece of land which was sown only once having produced two crops of vetch and one of corn, and having a good stand of vetch growing on it at present.

In all the southern half of the country, winter cover crops are a necessity if the land is to be improved, and for this purpose I know of nothing better than hairy vetch.—(Tennessee Correspondence Country Gentleman.

Lost on the Canada Snow Plain.

An unfortunate was sent with a dispatch to one of the smaller outposts in the far Northwest. It was towards spring when the midday sun thaws the surface of the snow and the night frosts harden the melted crusts to a glare of ice as dazzlingly bright as the blinding flash of sunlight from polished steel. The thaw had crusted over the trail, and the scout had to keep a sharp eye on the way not to lose the path altogether. Suddenly the midday sun developed extraordinary hues. Magenta, purple, and black patches began to dance on the snow alternately with wheels and rockets of cheese-colored fire. Then the light went black altogether, though the man knew that it was broad day. He had become snow-blind. The only thing was to give his horse the bit. The horse stood stock still. By that he knew that he had lost the trail altogether, or the bronco would have followed any visible path. He wheeled the horse about? It still refused to go on, and then the man inferred that the crust of ice had been so hard that the horse could not follow back the way it had come. That night the trooper slept under saddle blankets, with the faithful horse standing sentry. For five days the policeman wandered blindly over the prairie, losing all count of time, eating snow to quench his thirst, and sleeping in the holes that the broncho had pawed through the ice crust to the under grass. The trooper was now too weak to mount and keep the saddle. As a last hope the thought struck him that if he unsaddled his horse and turned it loose it might find its way back to the fort, and so notify his friends that he was lost. He did this; but the faithful creature refused to

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leave the man lying on the snow, and stood over him in spite of all his efforts to drive it off. On the sixth day the mail carrier found the pair. The trooper was severely frozen; but rider and horse lived to see many another day's service.—(Leslie's Monthly.

Miracles Between Gentlemen.

The testimony of this daring investigator regarding the goings-on in Boston saloons brings to mind the Irishman's story of Peter and Paul. "The two were walking one hot and dusty day on the Appian Way," so the story runs. "And as they passed a tavern Paul says to Peter, 'Let's go in and have a drop.' Peter was willing. So they went in. And Paul says to Peter, 'Let's throw for 'em.' Peter was willing. So they threw for the drinks. And Paul took the first throw, and he threw two sixes. 'I'm sorry, Peter,' says he; 'ye'll have to pay.' 'No,' says Peter, 'I'll not. 'I'll take my throw,' and Peter took the dice, and he threw two eights. And Paul says to Peter shaking his head, 'Peter, Peter,' says he, 'no miracles between gentlemen!'"—(Boston Transcript.

Her Only Fault.

While in England, Marshall P. Wilder came upon a curious case of conjugal devotion. He had heard that the wife of a certain laborer was not all she should be, and the daily wages her husband earned by the sweat of his brow were spent by her for liquor rather than for household necessities. Moved with pity for the poor fellow who never complained of his wrongs, Wilder put a few odd jobs in his way which paid the man well and also lived up to his dull hours with many a funny yarn. One day they happened to talk of domestic quarrels, and then the poor fellow spoke of his own troubles for the first time. "Mr. Wilder," he said, "some say as how my wife doesn't do exactly right, but I knows of only one fault that she has, she swears when she's drunk."

"A soul is not a something which a man carries around somewhere inside him, much as he carries a dollar in his pocket and a pair of lungs in his breast; a man's soul is simply his self, his personality. It is true," says the Cumberland Presbyterian of Nashville, Tenn., "that we find in the Bible many passages such as 'His soul was vexed unto death,' but carefully interpreted, who does this mean was vexed? Evidently the man himself. A good example of the real meaning of the word is to be seen in the words of Jesus translated in the Authorized Version. 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his

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soul, in which the revised versions have substituted life for soul, while a study of the original shows that Jesus is here referring to the continued existence of one's self as an immortal personality. The Bible nowhere says that Christ came and suffered to 'save souls,' nor does it exhort us to seek to save souls; it does repeatedly declare that Christ came to save sinners, and that we ought to seek the salvation of men. Let there be clearer thinking in this connection, and there will be wiser practice. When men fully realize that a man's soul is nothing other than his self, and that to save his soul is to save him, we will hear less about having a clean soul and more about living a clean life"

Would Apologize.

"Look here, Trivvet," said Spudkins, "I am told that you alluded to me as an ass the other day. Is the report true?"

"It is possible that I did, Spudkins. You know what I think of you."

"Well, of course, you quite understand that I cannot allow an insult like that to go unrebuked?"

"Yes, I can see that you might want to resent it."

"Want to resent it? Well, I should say so. Trivvet, you've got to apologize or fight."

"Have I?"

"You have. Which will you do?"

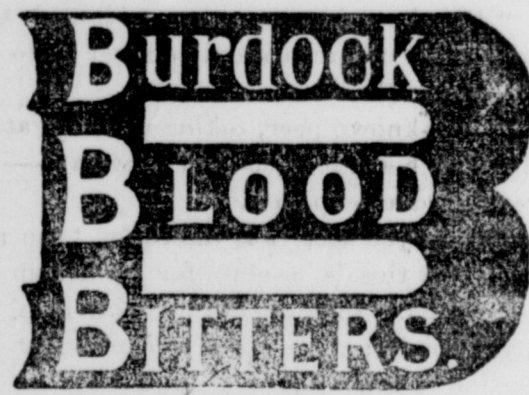
Trivvet surveyed Spudkins up and down, and then replied:—

"I'll apologize."

"Ah, I thought you would," replied Spudkins, with a blustering air. "Go on with your apology, right away."

"Yes, I'll apologize," Trivvet went on.

"The very first time I see an ass I'll tender him a humble apology. I hope that will be satisfactory to you." Then the quarrel broke out once more, and raged furiously.



Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood.

This spring you will need something to take away that tired, listless feeling brought on by the system being clogged with impurities which have accumulated during the winter.

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Marcy Building, Connell street, Woodstock. March 1st, 3 mos.

NOTICE.

The under mentioned non-resident ratepayers of the Parish of Woodstock in the County of Carleton are hereby notified to pay to the undersigned collector the amount of their rates and taxes set opposite their names respectively, together with the cost of advertising, 85 cents each, within two months from this date, otherwise the real estate of the respective parties will be sold or other legal proceedings taken to recover the same.

|                           | 1899.  | 1900.  | 1901.  | 1902.  |
|---------------------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| Colter, Geo. J.           |        |        |        | \$5.60 |
| Clummins, Jacob           |        |        |        | .86    |
| Dickinson, Samuel         | \$1.20 | \$1.20 | \$1.22 | \$1.32 |
| Edgewood, W. J.           |        | 1.20   | 1.22   | 1.32   |
| Hamilton, William         |        |        | 1.58   | 1.73   |
| Kelly, John               |        |        | 1.22   | 1.32   |
| McCue, Roger              |        |        |        | 1.32   |
| Meagher, Matthias         |        |        |        | 2.64   |
| Nichols, Andrew, (estate) |        |        | .36    | .41    |
| Thomas, D. R. (estate)    | 1.20   | 1.20   | .86    | .91    |
| Veness, Henry             |        |        | 1.58   | 1.73   |

A. J. RAYMOND, Collector. Woodstock, N. B., April 20th, 1903. April 22, 2 mos.

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