

A FATHER'S SORROW.

Called Upon to Sentence his son to Death the Judge's Heart Broke.

There is nothing more pathetic than the sorrow of an old father or mother over a wandering son. A writer in the Vancouver World tells a thrilling story, related to him by a man who is now a judge in one of the states. At the time of which he speaks he was a rising lawyer in a small western town and in this capacity came often in contact with a certain elderly judge. He was the saddest looking man the young lawyer had ever seen. About a dozen years before he had come from the East with his wife, and had soon distinguished himself as a jurist. The two lived quietly and, to all appearance, serenely, but it was evident that they were growing old before their time. They did not speak of the past, and their history was unknown to their neighbors.

One night the town was thrown into a state of excitement over a robbery and murder. The murderer was captured almost in the act, and the young lawyer was chosen to defend him. Practically there was no defence, however, as every one knew him to be guilty. He was a stranger in town a man thirty odd years old, with a face hardened by dissipation, and disguised by a week's growth of whiskers. In those times the law was not slow, and by six o'clock of the second day the prisoner was standing before the judge to receive sentence.

'Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?' asked the judge, after preliminaries were over.

'I have your honor, if you are to pronounce the sentence,' replied the prisoner. 'At least,' he added half-apologetically, 'it is impossible that, under the circumstances, you might care to pronounce it.'

The counsel for the defence here interposed to warn the prisoner that he was acting irregularly, but the judge gravely requested that the matter be left to him. Perhaps some premonition of the truth affected his voice at that moment, for when he turned again to the prisoner it was altered and excited.

'Will you be kind enough to explain?' he said, and his eyes searched the man's face.

'Well, your honor,' responded the prisoner, without a quaver of the voice, as I happen to be you only son—'

He got no farther. The father's heart told him the words were true, that heart that had grown old before its time through sorrow at the deeds of the son of whose doings he had lately known nothing. It was the last shock the old man could bear. Before the prisoner had finished speaking the judge's head fell forward upon the desk in front of him. The son must die but the father's heart broke before he was called upon to pronounce the terrible sentence.

The whole community combined to hide the truth from the aged mother. She knew that her husband had died suddenly when about to pronounce sentence on a criminal, but with the identity of that criminal she was never made acquainted. With tender chivalry all tried to spare her further sorrow, and when, a few months later, she was laid beside her husband, she had never heard the pathetic story of his death.

UNLUCKY JOHN.

It is not Bad Luck but Carelessness is Some times to Blame.

There is an old saying that 'some men are born to ill luck,' but a close inquiry into the circumstances attending the 'bad luck' of most cases will reveal a carelessness, a lack of method, a general shiftlessness, a sufficient cause for the effect. A good old countrywoman of an inland Maine town was recently telling the writer of her son's misfortunes.

'John has nothin' but bad luck,' she said;

'everything he sets his hand to comes to a bad end. I don't see why he should be so unlucky. Now there was his colt worth more'n fifty dollars, and it fell through the floor and broke its neck.'

'I suppose there was something wrong with the floor?' I queried.

'I do s'pose 'twas getting a little weak,' she answered, 'but John was a-going to fix it when he got round to it.'

'No, that wasn't it,' she continued, 'Twas all on account of his bad luck. There was his yoke of oxen; he'd fed 'em and fussed over 'em till everybody admitted they was the best yoke in town; and if you'll believe it, one o' them oxen got cast one night, and had to be killed.'

'Was the ox properly hitched?' I asked.

'Pr'aps not,' the old lady responded, with a sigh. 'Twas John's bad luck. Then there was his hens; twenty of 'em died last summer from eatin' salt fish.'

'Where could they get salt fish?' was my surprised question.

'Well, you see, John went fishin' and brought home a lot of fish. He salted 'em and hung 'em on the fence to cure, and the hens was possessed to pick at 'em all the time.'

'The hens must have been hungry to do that,' I remarked.

'I don't s'pose John did feed 'em as much as he'd ought to; but 'twas jest in keepin' with his bad luck for them hens to up and die. And now his barnful o' hay is all burned up, and nobody knows how it took fire.'

'Does John smoke?' I inquired.

'Well, I s'pose John does smoke more'n he ought to. And I do s'pose maybe he sometimes smoked in the barn; but lots o' men does it and don't get burned up.'

'It hard for your son, I said, 'but don't you think John's bad luck is partly due to carelessness?'

'Mebbe 'tis, mebbe 'tis,' sighed the old lady. 'And now his barn's burned up, and he hasn't got a cent o' insurance. You see he was calculating to get insured one o' these days, when he come round to it. I do declare, John's a dretful unlucky man.'

FINLAND'S LUCKY WOMEN.

There They Have a Chance to Get on the Same Plane With Men.

'It amuses me immensely to hear and read all this stuff about the Republican women in the municipal canvas,' remarked a stout woman with a strong-minded voice.

'What good can they do? Votes are the things that tell and they can't cast any ballots. Talk about the liberty that we American women enjoy all you please, but I say bosh! This land is a paradise for women, indeed!'

'You are quite right, dear lady,' interrupted the mild-mannered returned traveller. 'America is no place for women. You ought to all move to Finland. Finland is the only paradise for women that I've ever come across in my wanderings on the face of this earth, for there your poor downtrodden sex has its rights.'

'Do tell!' exclaimed the thin, bespectacled New England suffragist, who was also of the party.

'Yes, I'm just going to tell,' continued the returned traveller. 'Now in Finland any woman who wishes to place herself upon the same plane as man socially, industrially, politically, professionally, or just any old way, as the American youngster puts it, does so. In no country of the civilized world are the sexes so nearly upon an equal footing as there.'

'How has the experiment worked?' eagerly asked the stout woman.

'It has been proved an unqualified success,' the traveller answered. 'I, for one, do not agree with the man who said there were three kinds of lies in this world—just plain lies, blankety-blank lies, and statistics. I've found statistics pretty good things to rely on, and at any rate those regarding woman's status in Finland are interesting. For over a quarter of a century the gymnasiums have admitted both sexes to all departments, and that has given the women a good chance to get even with the men physically. In the University of Helsingfors there are over 200 women students, and there are two flourishing clubs of women. About 1,000 women are employed as teachers in schools of various grades, and it is no uncommon sight to see young women teaching young men of 18 or 20 years who are preparing for an academic or commercial course. Another thousand are employed in Post Offices, railroad and telegraph bureaus, and other departments of public service. Fully 3,000 are in business, and of the eighty poorhouses in that country fifty-two have women superintendents. As for the dairies in Finland, not one of them are run by a man. All are managed by women. I tell you, you women who are so downtrodden here ought to go to Finland.'

'There now,' broke in the woman with the strong-minded voice. 'I'm glad women somewhere have their just dues. Now, here—'

But before she could go on the mild-mannered, returned traveller had checked a smile that lingered about the corners of his mouth and was talking about the downtrodden women of China and Turkey.

CURING TIMIDITY.

How a Child's Want of Courage was Overcome by her Mother.

The Outlook contains a delightful sketch of a timid child; the kind of sketch which deserves to be read by children, and especially by fathers and mothers. Few of us have the courage to confess that we are cowards; but many of us are, and the wiser way is to recognize the fact and take measures for curing ourselves. The little girl in question was not only alarmed by palpable terrors, but by the bogies of the imagination.

What could be done with her? If she was told that her fears were nonsensical, she would only sit more quietly, bite her lips harder, and suffer more intolerably. So her wise mother set about discovering a remedy for what was really an inherited misfortune.

The mother never spoke of fear, but talked about courageous deeds mentioned in history or the newspapers. Bags of candy or other delectable articles were left in dark and distant rooms, and offered as a reward to any one who would bring them; and meantime, after the child had started on her dreaded errand, the door was left ajar, so that she could hear the sound of voices, and accomplish the deed without too great a mental strain.

Favorite songs and pleasant stories were kept for bedtime, and delightful tales of an olden time for the night hours when the poor little thing left her bed in search of comfort.

Then, when she became older, she was tempted forth into the dark, ostensibly to take care of another child; and in traveling she was given charge of the checks and tickets to occupy her mind. Her reason was appealed to in the sweetest and sunniest way by her mother, who graciously included herself under the same disability.

'I find,' she would say, 'that when I am frightened I must act at once. If I think burglars are at the window, I jump up and get a light to satisfy myself. If an object in the dark makes me tremble, I drag my feet toward it, touch and examine it; and nearly always what seemed gigantic at a distance, grows familiar when it is near.'

Not all children have such home training, but there is much to be done by themselves. The only way to lay our fear forever is to recognize him for an unsubstantial bogey, and to resist him with common-sense and cheerfulness.

A Few Words of Advice Before You Dye.

When you dye at home your chief view is economy. Home dyeing economy means the very best results from a minimum of expense, time and trouble.

Your objects and desires are fully realized only when the Diamond Dyes are used for your work. If you are one of the careless unfortunates who simply take a package of dye of the color required from your dealer, you will in nine cases out of ten suffer loss and great disappointment, as many merchants will hand you some common dye ruinous to your goods, dangerous to handle and worthless as far as coloring power is concerned, and on which a very large profit is made. If you secure the Diamond Dyes your success is sure and certain.

Diamond Dyes have a long record of triumphs in home dyeing work; they have been used and tested in every land, and have become friends and family necessities. Happy women everywhere dye with Diamond Dyes.

SOME MEXICAN WAYS.

They Would Seem Hardly the Proper Thing to a Yankee Housewife.

An American woman would grow gray-headed in a month if she attempted to keep house in Mexico on the same plan pursued by the native housewives. There are no water mains in the average town, and water for domestic purposes is drawn from the public fountains and sold from door to door by leather-aproned vendors, who carry it in picturesque vessels of hide or pottery. Pulque and milk are brought to market in skins of sheep, pigs, and goats, which are stripped off the carcass by cutting only the neck and legs and turned inside out, all the openings but one being tied up securely. The natives do not object to the flavor of goat hide and swine skin in the milk, but visitors do.

The washerwomen have no faith in modern methods. They get 25 cents a day and are satisfied. The washerwomen all do their work beside an open stream of water in a trough of stone or wood, a piece of home made soap and their strong hands. No hot water is used. The scene at the public washhouses is an interesting one. The method breaks buttons, bends buckles, and tears goods with the same ease as does a steam laundry in the States.

The average Mexican cook is as primitive as the washerwoman. No matter how many times the use of a modern cook stove were explained to her, it is prob-

Coleman's SALT DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION CLINTON, ONT.

able that she would build the fire in the oven and put the bread to bake in the fire box. What she would use is called the brasero. Among the poor this is an urn-shaped affair of pottery with a hollow base, where a tiny charcoal fire may be kept alive by a constant fanning, the whole being not much larger than a common flower pot. In the homes of the upper classes the brasero is built in of brick, mortar, and piles, its surface as high as an American cook stove, with holes a foot square, under each of which a charcoal fire is kept burning. Some of these stoves have twenty-five or thirty ovens, and the operation of cooking is so laborious that the cook has a relay of assistants to prepare the vegetables, wash the dishes and attend the fires.

IS GALLANTRY LANGUISHING?

Observations on the Decline of Street-Car Manners.

It cannot be concealed that there is a growing tendency, even in the South, where masculine gallantry has held out longest, on the part of men to let women in the street cars shift for themselves. It has not come to that point yet, but the movement is growing in that direction. It is a fact that men are rapidly failing in the courtesy which was once uniformly shown to women, and the reason, to a large extent, is that men are meeting women as competitors in all fields of labor, and this fact vastly changes the social races between the sexes. Women are claiming all sorts of equality with men, moral, political and physical, and are declaring more and more their independence. The effect on the next generation will be very marked and peculiar. The men and women of the present are affected to an overpowering extent by the influence of old ideas and training, and that is the reason they talk about street car manners and social ethics in their relations to the sexes; but in the year 1930, just thirty-three years, or the period of one generation from the present time, people will no longer concern themselves about such matters.

The greater number of women at work in proportion to the men the more stringent the competition, and it can easily be seen that, according to the figures shown, the day might come when there would be no street car manners, but every individual would look out for himself or herself, as the case may be. But even should chivalry be extinguished from human manners, there will always remain the Christian grace of charity; so, in the time to come, able bodied young men and women who have seats in the cars will rise to give their places to old men and women and to others who may be sick or disabled.

His Sway Ended Forever.

The man looked as if he had lost his last friend. He sat with bowed head and weary eyes, and he made awful-looking figures in the sand with his cane.

'Have you lost your job?' was asked in sympathetic tones.

'No; it is not that.'

'Some dear friend has perhaps been laid away?'

'No; I have not been to a funeral.'

'Has the market turned against you?'

'I never speculated in my life.'

'Perhaps you are sad because others have passed you in the race for wealth or fame?'

'I don't trouble myself over trifles. I have enough of this world's goods for any man, and what is fame when the clouds begin to tumble in upon a fellow's coffin?'

'Well, what the dickens is the matter with you, anyhow?'

'Here, come a little closer, and I'll tell you. The Sunday papers published a picture of my wife, and labelled her the most beautiful woman at Bath Beach.'

'Well, is that a thing to feel bad about?'

'Is it? Why, man, I love her!'

'Of course. All the more reason why you should be proud instead of sitting here like a boy with a broken toy.'

'Oh say,' he groaned 'you still have to learn the lesson of life. That picture and those few words have wrecked my happiness. Do you suppose the most beautiful woman at Bath Beach will ever again be satisfied with the admiration and affection of one ordinary man? Do you suppose she will ever again be willing to put up with anything but a box at the opera? Do you suppose that she will ever again permit me to occupy the high seat in our spider phaeton. Pah!'

And he savagely threw his cigar stub into the water.—Cleveland Leader.

Thirty Years the Limit of a Deer's Life.

Romance has played a prominent part with regard to the longevity of deer. What says the Highland adage?

Thirty the age of a dog is that of a horse, Thirty the age of a horse is that of a man, Thirty the age of a man is that of a deer, Thirty the age of a deer is that of an eagle, Thirty the age of an eagle is that of an oak tree.

This is to assign the deer a period of more than 200 years; and the estimate is supported by many highly circumstantial stories. Thus Capt. McDonald of Tulloch, who died in 1776, aged 86 years, is said to have known the white hind of Loch Treig for fifty years, his father for a like period before him, and his grandfather for sixty years before him. So, in 1826, MacDonald of Glenarray is reported to have killed a stag who bore a mark on the left ear identical with that made on all the calves he

could catch by Ewen-Mac-Ian-Og, who had been dead 150 years. Analogous stories it may be noted, are told in countries on the Continent of Europe, where deer are to be found in any number. But, alas! the general opinion among experts would seem to be that thirty years or thereabouts is the limit of a deer's life.

Clary's Concerts.

The social and artistic event of the year will certainly be the coming concerts in which Madame Clary appears assisted by Miss Frances Travers daughter of Dr. Boyle Travers and other leading local talent. The interest in these events has developed into enthusiasm among our musical people. It has been impossible to secure the opera house and as the seating capacity of the Institute is limited intending patrons should secure seats the first day they are on sale as the demand will certainly be greater than the supply. Attention is directed to the advertisement in this issue for particulars the dates, are Tuesday and Wednesday Oct. 12th and 13th, Madame Clary has undoubtedly the finest voice of any contralto who ever sang in these provinces and none should fail to hear her.

INSTEAD OF BUTTER.

In Some Cases It is a Good Substitute but not in This Instance.

A good many years ago, when orange marmalade was first introduced into England, some of the dealers advertised it as an 'excellent substitute for butter,' so says a British journal.

A Lancashire workingman's wife, seeing such an advertisement in a shop window, concluded to give the novelty a trial. She bought a two-pound jar. The next morning she entered the shop in a state of high indignation.

'You old villain!' she exclaimed to the grocer. 'What did you mean by selling me that stuff? I pretty nearly poisoned my old man with it.'

'How were that?' asked the innocent shopkeeper.

'How were that? Didn't you say it were a substitute for butter?'

'Yes, I did.'

'Well it is a grand substitute! I used some of it to fry a bit of fish with an' it made us all sick as we could be!'

Esq.

In Paris, as well as in some other parts of the world, there are men of fashion who aim to do everything as the English do it. A foppish Frenchman, who knew no English, but nevertheless called himself a "gentleman" went so far in his Anglomania as to write "Esq." after the names of men to whom he wrote letters on the backs of envelopes. By and by a friend asked him what this meant.

'Why the English do it,' the other answered.

'Yes but what does 'esq.' mean?'

'Why you see, the English are of a very cold temperament, and admire cold things and 'esq.' which means Esquimaux, is a great compliment!'

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