

AUTOMATIC AIDS IN SHAVING.

(Christian Science in Monitor.) News comes from Budapest to the effect that the Herma's Exchange Savings Bank, a branch of the Hungarian General Credit Institution, has devised an original plan for encouraging depositors. Automatic collecting devices have been placed in the streets into which persons can drop money at any time receiving in exchange a receipt for the amount deposited. Upon presentation at the bank of the slips which the machine hands out, credit for the deposit is given in a book. Evidently the purpose of this device is to encourage the possessor of spare change to deposit it in bank while he is in the notion. Many people have the best intentions in the world about making a savings bank deposit when they receive wages or salary. It would be only a waste of time and space to go over the number of obstacles in the way of saving that come to the person who really wants to save. These considerations lead one to ask if the Budapest lamp-post savings bank slot machine goes far enough. There is reason to believe that for some cases, it does not. What is needed sometimes is a machine that will, first of all, show the earner how he can manage to reach a surplus, and that, in the moment when he receives his weekly or monthly allowance, will take him kindly but firmly by the coat collar and lead him to the nearest savings bank. Indeed, there are extreme cases where the machine would have to draw the wage or salary, pay all the earner's bills, allow him something for car fare, and deposit what remained! The Budapest device is alright so far as it goes, but owing to the common experience with gum slots, that kind of apparatus does not invite financial confidence. Perhaps the inventive genius of the period may yet hit upon something automatic that will benefit the class in greatest need, namely those who think of saving not while they have anything to save but always before and afterward.

CHARLOTTETOWN AND QUEEN'S COUNTY

It pays to buy in this Province. The sum of \$200 was collected Tag Day in aid of the City Hospital. Mrs. W. S. Louson, city, returned by the western express Saturday night. Councillor R. M. Johnson, City, was removed to the P. E. Island Hospital yesterday to receive treatment for an attack of typhoid. Miss Kate Stanley, city, who has been spending the past summer with friends in Boston, New York and other American cities, returned home Saturday night. Special music at the evening service in St. Paul's last evening marked the completion of that church's new organ. The instrument is a splendid one and worthy of the church. Major C. Leigh 4th. C. A. and Lt. W. K. Rogers have been appointed as a committee to whom all matters pertaining to the matches this afternoon will be referred. Mrs. J. J. Enman will be at home to her friends at 235 Sidney Street (Hillsboro Square), City, on Tuesday afternoon and evening, October 3rd. A good girl is wanted for general housework to go to St. John. References required. Apply to Mrs. J. G. Gallagher at Mrs. Jas. Eden's, 10 West Street. Roy C. McLean, Souris, the premier markman of Kings county is expected to arrive in the city this morning to take part in the "rifle" contest this afternoon on Kensington Range. Rev. Dr. Jameson, Missionary of the Presbyterian Church to Trinidad, delivered two very instructive Mission work sermons in this city yesterday, speaking at Zion Church in the morning and at St. James in the evening. The expected race on Saturday afternoon between Briar Queen and Mammie P. was again postponed. The horses were on the track and ready to start but the starter declared the track to be in an unsafe condition owing to the rain. Because of the North Sydney races this week no definite date on which to pull of the race could be settled on but it will come off at a later date of which due notice will be given. The following were registered at the Hotel Victoria in this city Saturday:—O. R. Robinson, Moncton; Arthur G. Carver, Weston; B. G. Good, A. Cobby, J. C. Watson, J. P. Jamer, J. P. Graham, Montreal; Harry Mitchell, Fredericton; J. G. Dryden, T. W. Hogan, S. S. Whitehead, Harmony; C. J. Thomas, Truro; Jas. C. Ferguson, Souris; S. Appleyard, W. A. Slayath, Frank M. Spooner, Toronto; B. A. Fritter, Sackville; A. Fraser, Halifax. In addition to the "Ross Rifle" open to all comers two other prizes have been donated as prizes in today's matches. F. R. Newsom of the Guardian has presented an elegant set of Military Brushes. They are of the manufacture of Dupont & Co., Paris, and are ebony with selected extra long bristles. The case is of Russian grain leather. The set is an attractive one that the winner will be proud to own. The second high score takes it. The MacKinnon Drug Co. give a pretty bedroom clock for third place. It is expected that fully forty will take part in the shoot. Take home a treat to wife—bring home a box of delicious fresh chocolates and watch her pleased smile she will give you. All women love chocolates especially Moirs. The kind we sell. Our special box assortment is the finest made by the Moirs—35 and 60c the box. The MacKinnon Drug Co. Cor. Gt Geo and Kent Streets. MEN WHO SING "MY WIFE'S GONE TO THE COUNTRY, HURRAH," JUST BLUFFING. A wife is a habit. You can get so used to having one around the house that you miss her as you would your morning coffee or your evening newspaper, if she doesn't happen to be there. This awful discovery was forced on me at the club last night. There were five of us there, having a quiet, peaceful little game in our shirt sleeves, and sipping cooling liquids between whiffs. We were happy, care-free, innocent, mirthful party, until the waiter came in with a telegram for McDonald—the "married man." We all sighed sympathetically, for though the rest were bachelors, we understood. McDonald tore the wrapper hastily and, as he read, his face gradually dropped its careworn expression. "Is she going to stay away a little longer?" asked Oberly, delicately. "No," exclaimed McDonald in tones of mingled relief and joy. By jove, boys, she's coming home—coming home to-morrow! Bless her! and he waved the telegram aloft. Then he pushed the cards from him and wiped his brow, and rose with the crumpled paper in his hand. "Its no use," he said, pacing up and down. "The bluff is up. You chaps might as well know what you are coming to when you marry." "Spare us," we exclaimed in chorus. "You're coming to a state of infantile helplessness and imbecility," declared McDonald determinedly. "You're going to be as dependent on a woman as a baby on its nurse. You're going to be as dependent on the woman as a baby on its nurse. You're going to be coddled and waited on until your natural faculties for looking after yourself won't work at all. You're going to be scolded and watched and bossed and overseen until you actually get to like it. That's what you are coming to." Does a man's wife ever do him any good? sighed Morrison sadly. No, returned McDonald promptly, except to teach him to appreciate his lurch when she comes back. The Sumner widower's extravagant joy at the wife's departure is all an unmitigated row to the nightly lecture. In

TURCO-ITALIAN WAR

(Continued From Page 1.) That African Province are very great. She has asserted, however, that her subjects have been mistreated by the Ottoman authorities and constantly discriminated against. Frequent disputes have arisen, but the prolonged negotiations have never resulted satisfactory for Italy. At the time that the Franco-German differences regarding Morocco were acute, Italy turned her attention again to Tripoli, and in consequence negotiations with Constantinople set forth that many outrages against her subjects had been perpetrated, and for which no redress had been made. She assumed a decisive attitude, and presently began the mobilization of her army and navy. WAR STRENGTH OF TWO NATIONS LONDON, Sept. 29—Italy's standing army in 1910-1911 numbered approximately 225,000 men and 14,000 officers, but a far greater number could be put in the field in case of necessity. The Italian navy consists of vessels commissioned, built or under construction, 15 battleships, 9 armored cruisers, 17 unarmored cruisers and gun vessels, 36 destroyers, an equal number of first class torpedo boats and 22 submarines. In the naval force there are approximately 31,000 men. Seamen for the fleet are recruited by conscription and all men following the sea-faring life twenty years old must serve at sea for eighteen months or more. There are also naval training schools for boys. As a whole the Italian navy is generally ranked fifth among nations. TURKEY'S FIGHTING STRENGTH Navy lists show that Turkey has a fighting strength of nine coast defence ironclads, 5 protected cruisers, six torpedo vessels, one gunboat, 21 torpedo boat destroyers, 27 torpedo boats and 22 submarines. As with the greater part of the world's navies, the Turkish navy is made up of men of various nationalities. There are 1,000 officers and 20,000 men, 3,000 British, English and American officers play an important part in Turkey's naval affairs. The Ottoman army is now in process of reorganization. A military council has been created to examine and a great deal of modern equipment has been purchased. The total fighting strength of the army is close to a million men and by the existing recruiting laws all Mussulmans are liable to military service. MASSACRE OF ITALIANS IS FEARED LONDON, Sept. 29—A despatch from Constantinople says the Italian residents in Constantinople have received orders to close their schools and shops, and not to congregate anywhere in numbers. Many of them are leaving the city. The Banco di Roma and the Italian Post Office are strongly guarded. A massacre of Italians in Adana, Asia Minor, is feared. Italy has considerable interests and a large colony there. News has reached here that Turkish troops have occupied Thessaly to keep the Greeks in check, and prevent them from attempting to capture Crete, the British fleet in the Black Sea is ready for any emergency. It is now anchored before Trebizond. The five years that I've been married my eyes have got so soft that I'm not even strong enough to fix my own bath water and get my clean shirts, much less to look after my meals and constitution. My wife is my guide, my guardian, my digestion, my conscience, my time table and my valet. And when I go to my happy home tonight and gaze on those four lumpy beds that I've slept on, turned away without even making them up, and at that pile of unwashed clothes, newspapers and bottles on the floor, I'll sing the real heart song of the summer widower: "My Wife's Coming Back From the Country, Hurrah! Hurrah!" As I waved the telegram above his head. "Yes," cried McDonald, putting on his coat, and waved his hat cheerfully from the door, "a good one, too. Get the habit, you fossilized, jaw-crawling egotists."

THE "MOUTH-ORGAN" INDUSTRY

(Scientific American.) Trossingen, in the Black Forest of Germany, is the centre of the foreign harmonica industry, where most of the world's "mouth-organs" of the cheap grade are made. One factory alone is said to employ several thousand hands; and the number of harmonicas turned out by all the factories there is enormous, amounting to almost a million annually. Although the United States imports a large number of the cheap German "mouth-organs," the finer grades are made in this country, and those are held to be equal in every way to the more expensive instruments made abroad. The Germans devote some attention to the manufacture of the more costly "mouth-organs," but their principal output is the cheaper grade. Among the finer grades of harmonicas are the kind known as "concert," which come in sets of from four to a dozen and sell for several dollars apiece. These are toned in various keys. In one form they show six harmonicas of different keys grouped about a central stem. Many of the elaborate and expensive harmonicas are handsomely decorated with designs of gold and silver upon mahogany. The wood used in the cheaper grades is pine. THE MAN WHO DARED. By L. Bessie Ross, of New Castle, Maine. Mary braved another spray of the crimson leaves and held them toward David Courtland. "Aren't they beautiful, Davey?" she asked rapturously. Courtland, absorbed in cutting gorgeous red and yellow branches, stopped long enough to eye the spray in question dubiously. "They're not half as beautiful as—" he began. "Oh, David, you know you promised!" With compressed lips, the man patiently resumed the leave gathering process again and there was silence, which if not golden, was at least eloquent. A moment later they were looking down from their airy height into the face of Garth Andrews, who, in immaculate white linens, was bowing and flashing his charming smile upon the both. "I beg your pardon, Miss Nichols, but I was told you were up here and I came to look for you, quite unaware, believe me, that you were already provided with so worthy an escort. Again I crave pardon." Mary's troubled eyes sought David's, and instantly a gleam of mischief crept into them. "We are gathering leaves for 'The Lodge,' she said graciously. "You may help if you wish—that is, if you're not afraid of soiling your clothes." Andrews laughed softly under his breath and shot a meaning glance at the girl. In so fair a cause, 'twould be folly to refuse," he replied gallantly and strode languidly forward to collect his share of the bright, gay leaves. Mary stole a timid glance at David's darkened face. "You don't care, do you, Davey?" she whispered softly, as for one fleeting moment she lingered at his side. But her eyes faltered beneath his and she shrugged her pretty shoulders as she turned away. Men were such inexplicable creatures—sometimes. For a while, the leaf gathering went on. Courtland gloomy and silent—an ominous sign—while Andrews wove in no uncertain way his charms about the girl who fitted like a gay sunbeam between them both. Once, when he tossed a golden spray, she glanced at David, and the look on his face sent the light out of hers. With a queer little catch of her breath, she dropped the gorgeous branch. "Let us go," she said. "See, the sun is already setting, and I promised Aunt Eunice to be back early." Down the mountain-side, a happy, bright little butterfly, she darted, and the two men followed in grim and surly silence. Suddenly she halted. Before her dropped a ledge of sheer a hundred feet, and half way down its precipitous sides, and firmly imbedded within the rock, grew in luxuriant beauty some crimson blossoms. Mary no sooner saw them than into her foolish little head there crept a sudden resolve. She would test her suitors here. She leaned over the rocky height and looked down into his danger-fraught depth—ah! here she could test to advantage the gay, debonaire Garth and silent and angry David.

STENOGRAPHIC WORK.

The demand for strictly first class stenographers," said a man acquainted with the business, "is greater than the supply. In this profession as in every other, while there is apt to be an over-supply of those 'less well equipped, there is always 'room at the top. But a man should not be satisfied even there. "There are stenographers who look upon stenography as an end, who are content if they can get on in that, whereas it should be looked upon as a means to an end. The stenographer 'an't know too much, no study or reading comes amiss to him; if he were possessed of all knowledge he would some day find it all useful to him in his profession; but he doesn't want to stop at that. "If he has the knowledge and is he also has tact and good sense and downright ability as well as a really expert knowledge of stenography he will some day find himself in the employ of a man of affairs and getting not only good pay but a knowledge of business that is sure to be vastly more profitable to him. "A stenographer in the employ of such a man soon comes to have more 'real knowledge of the business than the bookkeeper or the cashier or the manager. He knows it from the inside and from the top and if he is a man of discretion and sound judgment as well as ability he is more and more trusted; and as his ability comes to be more and more clearly shown he finds himself in due time a partner or a manager, promoted to a higher post because at such a post his ability can be employed to still greater advantage. "It is a fine thing to be a really expert stenographer, but the man with the brains and ability for that should have an ideal, an ambition for higher worth still, as in fact many such stenographers do have, an ambition that sooner or later they realize. Some of the biggest men in business began life as stenographers. SHE TURNED TO THEM NOW IN PRETTY EAGERNESS. "Oh, come see what beautiful flowers! Surely there must be a way to reach them—won't you try and see, Mr. Andrews?" That gentleman now strolled forward with alacrity, flashing a glance of triumph at his rival who stood quietly by with folded arms, the leaves a scarlet and yellow mass at his feet. "With all the pleasure in the world," said Andrews, raising his cap with a courtly flourish and coming to the girl's side. She pointed out the blossoms to him, and he sealed the giddy depths with practised eye. Ah, Miss Nichols chooses to be fanciful," he drawled with affected regret. "It is to be lamented that so honored a flower has so sad a fate as to be unobtainable. Shall we go on?" But the spirit of contrariness now seized Mary. Disappointed and angry at Garth Andrews' lack of chivalry for she had fully expected that he would get the blossoms for her—she promptly refused woman like, to go on now until she had at least a few of the coveted blossoms. Andrews whistled irrespectively under his breath at this display of a woman's will, and Courtland frowned darkly, upon him. "Why," asked David quietly, "do you really desire those flowers?" She shook her sunny head affirmatively. "Do you know," persisted David gravely, "there might be danger in descending the ledge—have you thought of this, Mary?" She curled her red lips in sudden scorn. "I did not know you were a coward, too, David!" The hot blood stained his cheeks at her words and he silently went forward and examined the ledge. "Quite impossible, as you see, I trust," smiled Andrews mockingly from his seat on a fallen log. "For coward's eyes," flashed Courtland grimly, letting himself down as he spoke to the sides of the ledge. "Oh, Davey, come back, don't go," cried the girl, seeing his danger and her folly now that it was too late. "When I have the blossoms," he answered, as for a moment his eyes met hers in a look she never forgot. Breathlessly, she bent over that awful height and watched him step by step descend. Once his foot slipped and she gave a low cry, covering her face with her trembling hands. When she looked again he was nearing the top of the ledge, a mass of crimson blossoms in his hand. "Oh, David, will you forgive me?" she cried, when a moment later he stood before her, breathless but radiant. He looked down into her eyes with their wonderful light and—well, he did what any other man would have done, and Garth Andrews had the grace to retreat. GROWING PRUNES OUT IN THE WEST Fifteen or twenty years ago prime orchards in the coast country of Oregon and Washington, and drying houses for preparing the fruit for market, were as "plentiful as blackberries." At the present time the majority of the trees have disappeared, and the most of the drying like the hop industry in this respect. At that time one of the newspapers were full of the stories of the great wealth that would come to us from the production of that fruit. Since then has come experience. The fact remains that we can grow here on the north-west Pacific coast the finest plum (or prune, so called) that the world can produce. However, the development of a profitable business for them has as yet not been very encouraging. There are no local markets or demand for any considerable quantities of the fruit, and our plums do not ship east as well as the fruit grown in the drier climate of eastern Washington or Oregon. The prune grown here is the Felshagen plum, and called the Italian prune. That grown in California is the smaller French or Petite prune, a sweetish and insipid fruit compared with the former, but it is more easily handled and is there cheaply dried in the open air, spread upon trays. Here all drying must be done in houses with artificial heat, and it is somewhat long and tedious process because of the large size and thickness of our prunes. The prune is dried in pretty much the same manner as other fruit, spread upon trays of oak-work wire cloth. Instead of wire cloth sometimes wood slat bottoms are used. These trays are placed one above the other, on the second floor of the dry house, the heated air from furnace room below passing upward and through the tray. Our prunes, weighing eight or ten to the pound, are slow in drying, and lose three-fourths of their weight in the process. In commercial work the prunes are first dipped in a boiling lye solution. A couple of cans of lye to forty gallons of water is about right. They are then redipped in a vat of clear water to rinse them. This cleans the fruit from all mold or other germs, and also thins the skins to facilitate the drying process. The fruit should be of a leathery texture when taken from the trays, but without any juice showing in the flesh when opened. Experience soon guides in this. As taken from the trays the fruit is placed in a pile or heap on a floor or bin to undergo the curing or sweating process, which in a few days will convert the pile should be shoveled over several times, eight or ten days apart, when the fruit will assume an even texture, as found in market. Hardly two drying houses common in Washington and Oregon are alike. NEEDLEWORM HINTS The woman who sews is very often annoyed by having the thread twist into knots, especially if she is using a long thread. Waxing the thread by running it over a bit of beeswax is the proper way to avoid this trouble, but wax sometimes discolors the thread slightly and is not always desirable on that account. For either silk or cotton thread you can use the same wax, a small piece of pure white soap that is perfectly dry. This makes the thread slip through the material very easily and absolutely prevents twisted knots.

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