

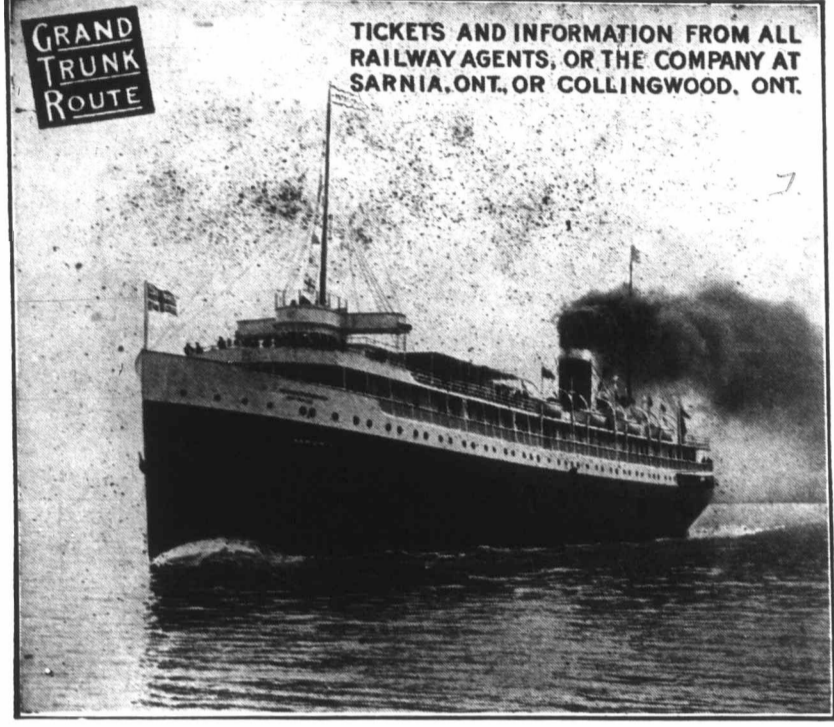
NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO., Limited

"A Fresh Water Sea Voyage"

to S. S. Marie, Port Arthur, Fort William and Duluth.

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Special Grand Trunk train service between Toronto and Sarnia Wharf, via Hamilton and London, connecting with steamers.



TICKETS AND INFORMATION FROM ALL RAILWAY AGENTS, OR THE COMPANY AT SARNIA, ONT., OR COLLINGWOOD, ONT.

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anything should happen that your uncle doesn't send for his dog, we're not to keep him!"

"Oh, he'll come for him," declared Harold. "But," in a voice spoken so his mother couldn't hear, "I—I wish he wouldn't. I—I like a dog more than most anything!"

In a few days Carlo arrived by express, and a beautiful full-blooded Collie he was.

"My! isn't he handsome?" exclaimed Harold in delight, as soon as the newcomer was taken out of the crate. "He's a—beauty! I wish he were ours, our very own to keep!"

"You'd soon get tired of him," replied the boy's mother. "They're a great care."

"But they're useful, sometimes," persisted Harold. "And, perhaps, this one will be, before Uncle John takes him away! If he is, may I have one for my own?"

"Yes, if Carlo is of any real use while he's visiting us, you may,"

yielded Mrs. Judd. "I guess I'm safe enough in promising."

Little did Mrs. Judd dream how soon it would be before a new Carlo, named for Uncle John's dog, would be installed as a member of the household.

For a number of days Mr. Judd had been planning to have a small opening in the stable underpinning filled up. On Saturday afternoon—it was a warm day—the mason came to do the work. And with him he brought the necessary bricks and mortar. As he began to work—he had laid his first brick—Carlo hurried to the spot, and lay down directly before the opening in the wall.

"You must get away from here, old fellow," said Mr. Wheeler, trying to coax the dog away. "I've got to close up this place now."

But Carlo wouldn't move.

"Come," and the man tried to pull the dog away by the collar. Yet, try as he might, the dog wouldn't stir.

"What do you want?" exclaimed Mr. Wheeler, perplexed. "Something must be in there," he said, laying down the stick. "Is there, sir?"

Carlo wagged his tail.

Just then Harold came round the corner.

"Come here a minute," called Mr. Wheeler.

"What's up?" asked Harold.

"Can you squeeze through this hole?"

"I—I guess so—why?"

"That's what I want to find out," replied Mr. Wheeler. "Something must be in here that your dog knows about and doesn't want walled up!"

Harold crawled through the hole under the stable.

"Well, I should say there is something in here," he called, after a minute. "It's Baby Rachel. She's come in here and gone to sleep!"

Just then Harold heard his mother calling for her baby.

"She's here," said Mr. Wheeler, as Mrs. Judd appeared.

"Where?"

"Under the stable! And we wouldn't have known it, if it hadn't been for the dog!"

Mrs. Judd stooped and gave Carlo a big hug before going back to the house.

"I—I said they were of use," cried Harold.

The next day his mother herself went with Harold to select a dog. The kennels were not far from where they lived.

"I'd like a little one," decided Harold; "one I can train."

The owner conducted Mrs. Judd and Harold to where there were nine drinking out of one dish.

"My! aren't they dear?" exclaimed the delighted boy. "May I take my choice?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Judd. "But they never can quite be equal to Carlo! If it hadn't been for him, what would have become of Rachel?" —The Morning Star.

"GOIN' FISHIN'?"

Is the inevitable question from every boy and "old boy" as the summer months come round

Of course you are! But where?

Almost innumerable unfished waters in new territory are made accessible by the rapid expansion of the Canadian Northern lines from year to year.

The Transcontinental from Montreal and Ottawa westwards will pass through the northern part of Algonquin National Park with its hundreds of lakes teeming with fish.

Through the virgin territory north of Lake Superior, noble rivers and streams in abundance, that rival the world-famed Nepigon waters for trout fishing, cross the line.

In the famous Rainy River country, bordering on Minnesota, is Quetico Park, an Ontario Government Reserve, 1,000,000 acres in extent and dotted with uncounted lakes where fish abound.

Every angler should read "Where to Fish" and "The Rainy River District—Quetico Forest Reserve." Write and ask

R. L. FAIRBAIRN, General Passenger Agent

68 King Street East. TORONTO, Ont., for them.



THE LION'S STORY.

When lions were still numerous and easily observed in southern Africa they were sometimes seen instructing one another in voluntary gymnastics and practicing their leaps, making a bush play the part of the absent game.

A hunter tells the story of a lion which had missed a zebra by miscalculating the distance repeating the jump several times for his own instruction. Two of his comrades appearing while he was engaged in this exercise, he led them around a rock to show them how matters stood and then, returning to the starting point, completed the lesson by making a final leap. The animals kept roaring during the whole of the curious scene—"talking together," as the hunter who watched them said.

IRISH GUARDS BAND.

The band of the Irish Guards who feature the music at the Canadian National Exhibition this year, need no introduction to Canadian music lovers. They were brought over to the Canadian National Exhibition in 1905 and so enthusiastically were they received that it was decided to tour them from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The tour was carried out and its success marked the Irish Guards as the most popular of the splendid British Military bands that have visited Canada. Visitors to the Exhibition that year will still remember the selection from Il Trovatore and the cornet solo that came floating in from a distant part of the grounds. The same soloist, Sergeant Hunt, is still with the band. Then you'll remember "Baby Sweetheart." The whole country was whistling and humming it.

Cured Eczema Like Magic

Suffered for Years—Tried All Kinds of Treatment—Surprised at Results From Dr. Chase's Ointment.

You can soon tell when people are enthusiastic about medical treatment by the language they use. After experimenting with all sorts of ointments in a vain effort to obtain relief and cure, the writer of this letter was astonished at the quick and satisfactory results obtained by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

"It worked like magic," she writes. Indeed, it is surprising the healing that is often effected in a single night by this great ointment. The stinging and itching are relieved at once, and cure is only a matter of time and patient treatment.

Mrs. Clements, 13 Strange Street, Toronto, Ont., writes: "I have suffered from eczema for years, and after using all kinds of ointments, at last tried Dr. Chase's Ointment. It worked like magic and proved a God-send to me. I would advise anyone suffering from eczema to try one box and be convinced." 60 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates and Co., Limited, Toronto.

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