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Her Brilliant Failure

By Katherine Lewis

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With chin uplifted and lips firmly compressed, Margaret advanced to meet fate.

Fate in this particular instance was represented by Margaret's father, a self-opinionated, self-made man with a grievance. Margaret realized fully that she was a factor in the grievance. Her three sisters constituted the remaining factors.

John Leckie felt that he had been played a scurvy trick when, having proved that he could surmount obstacles before which the average man fell back dismayed and could rise from nameless, penniless obscurity to a position of power if not popularity among men and affairs, nature had sent him daughters instead of sons. His wife had died of very shame for having failed so signally to fulfill her duty in this respect.

The eldest daughter had tried to expiate her mother's offenses by entering her father's office as bookkeeper. Today she ranked as his right hand man. She wore mannish clothes, too, and talked shop with her father from soup to coffee and was tremendously bored when her sisters proposed entertaining a few friends at dinner.

The second daughter had chosen art and had opened a small studio in a western city. Anything, in her estimation, was preferable to being told whenever she met her father that if she had been a man she might have built iron bridges instead of air castles in art.

One thing John Leckie had done—he had given them the best educational advantages money could buy, and then he had said, "Now go out and do things."

Margaret, fresh from the trip abroad which Leckie considered the essential finishing touch of a girl's education, knew that she would be expected to "do things." Her father had given her time to unpack her trunks, to call on her few relatives and the intimate family friends and to recover her equilibrium, so to speak. Now, when he sent her to join him in the library, she knew what his question would be. Nor was her surmise incorrect.

John Leckie leaned back in his upholstered leather chair and stared frankly at the tall, slender girl, who from some unknown and far distant ancestor had inherited a grace almost patrician.

"Sit down, Margaret. I've spent a good many thousand dollars on your education. What do you expect to do with it?"

"I think I shall take charge of the house," she said, calm, without quaking within.

"Take charge of the house?" echoed her father harshly. "I pay Mrs. Jenkins to do that."

"And the whole house looks as if it were handled by a hireling," replied Margaret, meeting his angry gaze without flinching. "Bought! Hired! The words are stamped all over the place. We have no home life, no home atmosphere, and I want to make things more pleasant, more like some of the homes in which I have visited. I think that is my forte."

A deep purple flush mounted to Leckie's forehead, and his fist came down on the table with a ringing thump.

"So, after all the money I've spent on you, after all the plans I've made for my girls to take a place in the world as good as their father made for himself, you have no bigger ambition than to mend socks and bake pies. That will add to the luster of our fam-

ily name, won't it?"

Margaret bit her lip. Leckie had spoken as if the name had been handed down through ten generations instead of one.

"Now, see here! That gag doesn't go. You're going to do something! Think of your sister Harriet!"

Margaret did think, and then she almost shuddered. She remembered Harriet's untidy room, some cigarette stubs she had seen lying on the polished brass tray. Harriet had said that after the long day in the office she simply had to smoke to quiet her nerves.

"Harriet is a credit to her father. Men down street call her a wonder. And you want to mend socks! Good heavens! Say, do you think you could sell goods? I'll start you in a millinery shop—a lot of society women are going in for that sort of thing—or a tea room, if you like. But you've got to do something."

Margaret rose and half timidly laid her arm around her father's thick neck.

"Father, dear, I'd so much rather just make tea for you and your few friends. Perhaps we might have more friends!"

He flung aside the encircling arm.

"Now, see here, you're not going to sit back on your haunches and do nothing just because I have money. You've got to make a name for yourself at something." He was brutal now in his disappointment. "If you can't do anything else, you can teach. I know a man; helped him out of a tight place about three months ago; name is Graydon. He lives somewhere out in Westchester county and is on the school board. He has pulled enough to get you a job at teaching out there, and you can try your hand at that. If you can't earn five hundred a year giving out some of the education that I paid about five thousand a year for, you're a disgrace to the family. I'll see Graydon in the morning. School must open out there in a week or so."

He bent over his desk as if the subject were closed. Margaret paused in the doorway. Her face was very white. Her eyes burned like red stars in the gloom of the curtained doorway.

"I'll do what you say, of course, father, but I warn you in advance that I will be a failure. I was not meant for that sort of thing."

Her father flung back his big head and stared at her.

"Perhaps you think you were born to play a lady, but I will fool you. You don't come from that sort of stock."

And so it happened that Margaret Leckie was placed in charge of district school No. 16. The one redeeming feature of her new position was the long walk to and from the depot, for she commuted daily rather than take board in the small village around which homes of millionaires were clustered. These long walks steadied her nerves for the labor of teaching the unkempt and insolent children of gardeners, coachmen and truck raisers who fell to the lot of school No. 16. She had spoken the truth when she said that she would fail. The power to organize and discipline children in numbers is not given to all, not even to the woman who by the magic talisman of maternal love may develop into a model mother in her own household. To the problems of undisciplined youth and uncouth persons and untutored minds she gave the best energies at her command, but she worked with the sense of failure forever dogging her footsteps.

She was not surprised, therefore, when one particularly dull and lowering afternoon Mr. Graydon's motor car drew up at the schoolhouse. It was to be an investigation by a committee of one. She had felt it coming—ever since Billy Dobson had put red pepper on the stove and school had been dismissed for the afternoon. She rose, very straight and girlish and big-eyed, as Homer Graydon entered the door. It was his first visit to the school, and

she was surprised to find a clean cut, youngish looking man instead of the white-haired, portly personage she had somehow pictured this arbiter of her money earning fate to be.

Quite some time passed before he referred to the Billy Dobson incident, and Homer Graydon had taken measure of the woman before the matter came up for discussion. By this time Margaret was herself once more, and she did not strive to dodge the issue.

"There is no use talking about the matter, Mr. Graydon. I was not cut out for a schoolteacher. I know my limitations, but my father refuses to recognize them. There is only one thing I want to do, and he will not permit that."

She never knew how it happened, but before Homer Graydon left that schoolroom he knew what her simple ambitions encompassed, and he knew just how she would attain them.

The lowering clouds had lifted suddenly, the autumnal colorings on the trees shone in the sunlight, and his own heart sang in measure to the onward plunge of his car. He was taking the unsuccessful schoolteacher to the depot in the village, and it was all he could do to refrain from telling her, then and there what she had brought into his money grubbing life.

The world says that love at first sight lives only in novels and magazines. Homer Graydon says he knows better. John Leckie first said it was sheer laziness on Margaret's part, but sometimes when he goes to the cozy Graydon home and looks from the contented face of its mistress to the proud face of its master he wonders if it pays only "to do" things—when you're a woman.

Death Through a Tarantula.

One of the quickest and most complete and justifiable killings that ever I saw came about through a tarantula. It was at a nine camp, and the camp bully had a tarantula impaled on a stick. A man newly arrived from the east stood gazing, fascinated with horror, at the squirming reptile, working its black fangs in the effort to reach something that it could fasten them into. Suddenly, without warning, the bully thrust the tarantula straight into the tenderfoot's face. His whiskers saved him from the fangs, but he let out a yell as if he had actually been bitten and jumped back, I fully believe, ten feet. Then, as the fellow came poking the tarantula toward him again, the tenderfoot drew his revolver and turned loose on his tormentor. His first shot would have been enough, as it went straight through the fellow's body, but the tenderfoot had his excitement to work off, and he never stopped shooting until his revolver had been emptied and the man with the tarantula was a sieve. "Served him

THREE FACTS

For Sick Women To Consider.

FIRST.—That almost every operation in our hospitals performed upon women becomes necessary through neglect of such symptoms as backache, irregular and painful periods, displacements of the female organs, pain in the side, burning sensation in the stomach, bearing-down pains, nervousness, dizziness and sleeplessness.

SECOND.—The medicine that holds the record for the largest number of absolute cures of female ills is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It regulates, strengthens and cures diseases of the female organism as nothing else can.

For thirty years it has been helping women to be strong, curing backache, nervousness, kidney troubles, inflammation of the female organs, weakness and displacements, regulating the periods perfectly and overcoming their pains. It has also proved itself invaluable in preparing for childbirth and the change of life.

THIRD.—The great volume of unsolicited and grateful testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., many of which are from time to time published by permission, give absolute evidence of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women.—Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. From symptoms given, your trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised.—Mrs. Pinkham is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years under her direction and since her decease she has been advising sick women free of charge. Out of the vast volume of experience in treating female ills Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that will help your case. Surely, any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

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right," was the verdict of the coroner's jury, and the case never went to court for trial.—San Francisco Examiner.

In London Clubland.

In some of the ultra exclusive clubs, says the London Chronicle, it is a serious breach of etiquette for one member to speak to another without obtaining a ceremonious introduction beforehand. A painful case has just occurred in a certain old established and extremely respectable Pall Mall caravanserie. It appears that a newly joined member in callous defiance of custom ventured the other afternoon to make a remark about the weather to a gentleman with whom he was not personally acquainted. The recipient of this outrage glared stonily at its perpetrator.

"Did you presume to address me, sir?" he demanded, with an awful frown.

"Yes, I did," was the defiant reply. "I said it was a fine day." The other digested the observation thoughtfully.

Then, after an impressive pause, he turned to its bold exponent. "Well, pray don't let it occur again," he remarked as he buried himself once more in his paper.

ADVERTISING AN ART.

But It Should Be Made an Art That Calls Beauty to Its Service.

Advertising has indeed become an art. It remains for it to become, if not a fine art, at least an art that calls beauty to its service. When it does, much of the energy that is now misdirected, much of the money that is now prodigally wasted in destroying the world's beauty, will be saved.

The right procedure is indicated by the most conspicuous medium for public advertising. The press, in its daily, weekly or monthly forms, offers altogether the best means for calling public attention to all sorts of things. The best of public journals—those which are recognized as the most desirable mediums for advertising and which consequently obtain the highest prices for their services—make it a rule to classify and restrict in a judicious manner the advertisements that they print. They confine them to certain parts of the publication, they restrict their display to certain decorous styles of type, recognizing that to admit a helter skelter distribution through all columns or to display them in incoherent fashion according to the whims of the advertisers would largely destroy the very objects held in view. The readers of these journals would resent the intrusion of advertising matter into the space set apart for news, editorials, etc., and the influence that gives the advertising its value would decline.

In the same way the forms of advertising that now give exceeding offense to the community ought to be restricted and kept within proper limits. If this were effected the practice would change from the public nuisance that it now is to a function that, in a considerable degree, might couple genuine service to the public with a presentation of its material in an interesting and even esthetically attractive fashion.—Sylvester Baxter in Century.

An Impression.

"Now I have an impression in my head," said the teacher. "Can any of you tell me what an impression is?"

"Yes'm, I can," replied a little fellow at the foot of the class. "An impression is a dent in a soft spot."

Badly Put.

Fisherman (beginner)—Don't you think, Peter, I've improved a good deal since I began? Peter (anxious to pay a compliment)—You have, sorr. But, sure, it was aisy for you to improve, sorr!—Punch.

Brags.

When we are children we brag about our parents. When we get to be young men and young women we brag about ourselves. When we become older we brag about our children.

Adam Knew the Flood Was Coming.

An apocryphal book called the "Lesser Genesis" and well known to the early Christian fathers tells a wonderful incident in the life of Seth, the third son of Adam and Eve. When the goodly Seth was about forty years of age, he was "rapt" up into heaven by a trio of angels and there told and shown what was in store for mankind. Among other things, the coming of the great deluge was made known to him, as was also the coming of the Saviour. When he returned to earth, Seth told his parents what had happened and of what he had seen and heard concerning the future of the human race. "And Adam was much grieved when it was made known to him that the world would be destroyed by water on account of the wickedness of his own children, but a great peace and calmness came over him when Seth told how the face of the earth would again be re-peopled. * * * His joy was exceedingly great when Seth related what was in store in the coming ages, and he was particularly glad to know that redemption should finally come through Jesus the Christ."

Vapo-Cresolene

Established 1879

Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria

Cresolene is a boon to Asthmatics

Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a remedy to cure disease of the breathing organs than to take the remedy into the stomach?

It cures because the air rendered strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased surface with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. It is invaluable to mothers with small children.

Those of a consumptive tendency find immediate relief from coughs or inflamed conditions of the throat.

Sold by druggists. Send postal for booklet. L. S. M. Co., Limited, Agents, Montreal, Canada.



INSURANCE

J. H. HUME.

AGENT FOR

FIRE, ACCIDENT AND SICK BENEFIT COMPANIES.

REPRESENTING

Five Old and Reliable Fire Insurance Companies

If you want your property insured please call on J. H. HUME and get his rates.

—ALSO AGENT FOR—

C. P. R. Telegraph and Canada Permanent Loan and Saving Co.

Local Agent for C. P. R.—Tickets sold to all points in Manitoba, Northwest and British Columbia.

THE LAMBTON

Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

(Established in 1876)

J. W. KINGSTON - President.

J. HOS. STEADMAN - Vice-President.

DIRECTORS

JAMES SMITH, JAMES ARMSTRONG

LEWIS M. BRYAN, PETER McPHERDAN

W. G. WILLOUGHBY,

Secretary-Treasurer, WALNUT P. O.

Schlemmer's Music Store

BELL PIANOS.

Call and see the list of users in your neighborhood, and, hear their opinions of them.

Sell and Sherlock-Manning ORGANS

None Better, and Few Equals.

I Sell Sewing Machines

as low in price and superior quality to any that can be purchased elsewhere.

A LARGE STOCK OF

Violins, Guitars, Mandolins, Harmonicas, Sheet Music, in stock and to order.

Sole Agent for VICTOR and BERNER GRAMOPHONES.

H. SCHLEMMER,

OPPOSITE SWIFT BROS.

SOUTH END BAKERY.

PEARCE BROS..

Confectioners and Bakers.

Wedding cakes to order a specialty.

The finest lines of Confectionery in stock.

Particular smokers go to Pearce's for best cigars.

Ice cream and summer drinks in season.

—Lunch rooms in connection.—

PEARCE BROS..

SOUTH END BAKERY.

HEART DISEASE

RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES

AND THAT IS NO IDLE STATEMENT TO CATCH THE UNWARY, BUT A THOUSANDS OF TIMES OVER PROVEN AND VOUCHERED FOR FACT—AND THE MYSTERIOUS POWER OVER THIS DREADED DISEASE LIES IN THE FORMULA OF

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart

A cure that has stepped to the bedside of a sufferer in the clutch of death. A cure that has unlocked the grip and stopped the pain in 30 minutes and gently led the heart-wracked soul out from the darkness and despair to the brightness and happiness that comes to one whose heart beats true, whose blood tingles with life and vigor. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is not heralded as a miracle worker, but it has many miraculous cures to its credit.

Weak heart—weak blood—weak nerves travel hand-in-hand, and you find the symptoms in such sensations as palpitation, fluttering, shortness of breath, weak and irregular pulse, smothering spells, chilly sensations, fainting spells, swelling of feet and ankles, weariness, tired feeling; all these presage heart disorder and you cannot afford to neglect them. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart is a tried remedy—the sure remedy—the quick acting remedy—a real life saver.

ALL DRUGGISTS AND MEDICINE DEALERS SELL IT

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT relieves Itching and Pruritus with one application. DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head.

SOLD BY T. B. TAYLOR & SONS.