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Armour's Extract of Beef

is an economy as well as a necessity. There's a "thousand and one" uses for it in the modern home.

It's the cheapest of all stocks for soups, gravies and sauces. It makes the most delicious addition to chafing dish dainties. Hot water and 1/4 teaspoonful of Armour's Extract makes the richest bouillon and beef tea you ever tasted.

It's so handy to have in case of emergencies for luncheon and dinner—indispensable for the sickroom—always ready for use—instantly prepared.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERIES.

ARMOUR LIMITED, TORONTO, Sole Packers and Shippers for Canada.

THE FIRST GARDEN CITY IN ENGLAND.

To build a city with industries so varied as to support a population of thirty thousand, and to house the people on model lines in a community where everything is done to retain the advantages of a country of hills, is the ambition of a company of philanthropic Englishmen. They have bought thirty-eight hundred acres of land in Hertfordshire, some thirty-five miles from London, and there they are laying out and building "the first garden city in England."

The situation is high and healthy. The land is fertile and should produce much of the vegetables the new community will require. From most parts of the town there will be an unobstructed view of the country, and in the town itself natural features are to be preserved as far as possible. For example, in the main square, round which will be erected the public buildings, stand three old oaks. These are to be left and guarded.

From the railway square to the square runs the main avenue, never less than one hundred feet wide, and in all directions from the square will radiate roads from forty to sixty feet wide—that is to say, as broad as the Strand and Chancery, the busiest streets in London. Wide margins of grass will border them, and they carry out the park-like appearance, the builders purpose that the houses shall be arranged on what they call "the New England plan," of open lawns and no front fences.

On the eastern side of the town, beside the railway line, has been set apart a site of about one hundred acres for the factories on which the town will depend for its existence. Engineers, cabinet-makers, motor-car builders and printers are already established. The factories are to be hidden from the residences by a belt of trees, and as the prevailing winds come from the west, the smoke and noise will be carried away from the houses.

Every dwelling will have a garden. The houses will be so built as to secure light and air on all sides, and

the factories will be constructed with the same object. Everywhere there will be public gardens and parks and recreation grounds, and nothing ugly or unsanitary will be allowed. The company will be able to force such restrictions because it will sell no land. Yet the rents from which it is to draw its revenue have been fixed, and less than half the average rates prevailing in English cities. The town itself will cover thirteen hundred acres, and if the surrounding villages are included in the "proposed total population," there will be thirty-five thousand people in the whole community. That will give some twenty-three to the acre for the town, and taking the whole area of the estate, nine persons to the acre.

There are streets in London—some that one would hardly like to call slums—where there are nearly four hundred persons to the acre. To tollers so crowded in the dreary metropolis, the garden city should seem like a glimpse of heaven.

MODERN

JERUSALEM.

The streets of Jerusalem are unspeakably filthy. One can buy anything he wants in the city. There are even French dressmakers who will follow out the latest Parisian fashion. Water is scarce and main-line derived from cisterns. The rainfall averages only 40 inches. There is a trade in good water which comes from the village of Ain Karim, some three miles distant from Jerusalem. There is a most unpleasant wind, the sirocco, which is fatal to vegetation, "exhausting to the nerves, irritating to the temper, parching the skin and ruinous to the hair and complexion." The Jews are heavy. Jerusalem has its special diseases, but the cure is found in quietness.

No fellow can get much of a show unless he has the price of admission.

Nations, like individuals, live and die, but civilization cannot perish.

REWARDED

By CHANNING POLLOCK

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Sallie Marshall went to Red Bank for her vacation almost entirely because Frank Ewing was there. To her friends in the offices of the American Opera Chair company she said that she felt the quiet of the place to be what she most needed. In point of fact, however, what she most needed was the love of the young bookkeeper who had dropped his pen a week before with the avowed intention of rusticiating at Red Bank.

The ordinary, sensible woman of thirty-two, which was the exact age of Miss Marshall, probably would not have sympathized with her much concerning this requirement. Ewing was just twenty-eight, and his "gray matter" was not gray because of maturity or overexertion. He was exceedingly good looking, exceedingly tall and broad and debonaire, and these virtues had appealed at once to little Miss Marshall, whose eyes were accustomed to grayness of mind and of other things.

Ewing liked Miss Marshall, too, in a patronizing sort of fashion, his regard having been deepened considerably by the discovery that she was mistress of "double entry" and not at all adverse to double labor. His affection never melted into words, and it was sufficiently adjustable to permit of being put quite out of the way when its possessor met so duffy and alluring a person as Nellie Carruth.

"Frank Ewing's gone with your girl again," Miss Marshall heard an idler remark banteringly to another as she climbed the steps of the Globe hotel. She stopped to fumble a handkerchief out of her bag.

"Who? Nellie Carruth?" inquired the youth addressed. "Looks as if I was cut out, doesn't it?"

That he was not the only individual "cut out," Miss Marshall learned immediately upon the return of the pair. Fluttering about the piazza, she discerned that at the end of the street, the bookkeeper hanging on the words of his companion as no amount of mere appreciation of wisdom ever made man hang on the words of woman. Ewing was greatly embarrassed, too, when he saw Miss Marshall, although she tried to seem uninterested alike in his presence and in his attention to the blue frocked girl to whom he presently addressed her.

Ewing was acting quite within his rights, she told herself later, obeying the impulse that bade her justify him even to herself. He had made no prett with her, at least no verbal pact, and she knew that few men recognized the validity of unspoken contracts. Why should a fine, strong fellow whose life was before him be tied to a neutral tinted woman who already realized that her future was to be only her past stripped of its illusions? If Frank Ewing wanted to marry Nellie Carruth it wasn't any of her business.

Nevertheless while presenting an impenetrable front to that part of the world located at Red Bank she suffered keenly the next few days. Miss Carruth and her widowed mother occupied a cottage near the river, and between walking, riding and boating she and her new admirer were together almost constantly. Ewing glanced at Miss Marshall once or twice, assured himself that she didn't care and was glad that he had not committed himself. Ewing was not a bad sort of a man; he was just a man.

This was the state of affairs when a fire at the Carruth cottage upset Red Bank and permitted to the bookkeeper a display of courage which seemed to write "fine" to his romance. The blaze broke out at dead of night and gained such headway in the front part of the dwelling that there appeared scant probability that the two inmates could be rescued. Red Bank's volunteer fire brigade propped its ladders against the veranda before the bedroom windows, but very wisely refused to mount them through the blast furnace of the blazing porch. Ewing went up one of them like a toy monkey on a stick and carried both women to places of safety.

Miss Marshall, who thought it risky to be among the spectators at a fire, did not witness this deed, but she heard of it, and her heart swelled with pride. She had known all along that Ewing was capable of just such heroism. Forgetting her previous reserve, she hastened to congratulate him, bringing up speechless and tearful before the couch on which he lay nursing a bandaged burn on his cheek.

This burn, the result of contact with a falling brand, kept the bookkeeper wrapped in darkness and oil silk for a fortnight. His right eye had been endangered and had to be treated carefully. Miss Marshall forfeited a considerable amount of salary and remained at Red Bank. She really was needed after Miss Carruth, to whom the fire soon became only an impersonal occurrence which made good material for story telling, found a rowboat shared with her earlier admirer rather preferable to a stuffy room shared with her later suitor and the odor of iodine.

The injured man missed her greatly and inquired of Miss Marshall concerning her. Miss Marshall, with bravery in the feminine gender of that which she exhibited at the fire, replied that she supposed Miss Carruth much occupied with getting furniture for her new cottage.

"Her new cottage?" exclaimed Ewing. "I may be interested in that myself some day."

Miss Marshall tried to change the subject. "She's a brick," the convalescent went on. "Pretty as a picture too. Don't you think she's pretty, Miss Marshall?"

Miss Marshall did. She concluded that Miss Carruth was something better than pretty when she witnessed her first meeting with Ewing was given reason for the brand had been taken from his face. The brand had been an indelible mark of seared scarlet from his forehead to his throat. Miss Carruth gave vent to an abbreviated scream when she saw it and then, mastering herself, grasped the victim's hand firmly. "I didn't realize," she said, "how much you had done for me."

Manifestly Miss Marshall had been unjust in considering her a mere doll. One evening soon after, however, when she was sitting at her window, looking into the mist of her life, she was given reason to resurrect her first opinion. Ewing and Miss Carruth were seated below, and Ewing was proposing marriage. The woman upstairs knew that she ought not to listen, but her breath was quivering in her throat, and she could not move away to save her soul.

"Don't!" Miss Carruth was urging when her voice first became audible. "Don't, Frank! Please don't!"

"But why?" he persisted. "I love you. Until this moment I was sure that you loved me."

"I did!" cried the girl. "Oh, I did until—You mustn't ever ask me to marry you!"

"Why?" repeated Ewing. The repetition was determined. "I think I have earned the right to a reason."

"That is the reason?"

"What?" The word was spoken sharply, like a military command. Miss Carruth quailed.

"What—what happened when you earned the right? Oh, I know I'm horrid! I know I'll be ashamed all the rest of my life. But—your cheek! I couldn't bear to look at that scar."

"Oh!" said Ewing. "If it hadn't been for me you wouldn't have been burned," Miss Carruth went on, sobbing almost hysterically. "I realize that. I'm sorry; indeed I'm sorry! Won't you say you forgive me?"

"Yes," said Ewing. "It's not your fault. I've just been a fool. I see it now. I'm going away tomorrow."

"And you won't think too harshly of me?"

Ewing rose, and Miss Marshall heard him push back his chair. "I'll try not to think of you at all," he answered. "I'll try to remember a little woman who has never forgotten me. Her love was too fine for me to comprehend at first but somehow I seem to understand it now."

Then two sounds broke the stillness of the night. Frank Ewing had gone into the hotel, slamming the door after him, and Nellie Carruth, fainting for the first time in her life, had fallen to the floor.

The knowledge of the most value to us is that which we gain so insensibly and gradually as not to perceive we have required it until its effect becomes visible in our conduct, word for himself.

The lazy man is always willing to rest on his laurels.

Men are too often influenced by the fear of being called cowards.

DIAMOND DYES FOR PERFECT HOME DYEING.

EASY TO USE, BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

ASK FOR THE "DIAMOND."

All Druggists and Dealers. TAKE NO OTHERS.

DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE

Interesting Events of Ye Olden Times Gathered from The Planet's Issues of Half a Century Ago

Continued from 9th Page.

the American market; and white-wood and sycamore. Mr. D. R. Van Allen, who manages the establishment, is one of the most thriving business men of the west and shows by the energy he has exhibited during these comparatively dull times that he is the right man in the right place. We only wish our town could number hundreds like him.

On Tuesday, Aug. 6th, Prince Al.

fred Ernest Albert, Her Majesty's second son, completed his 17th year. Died—At Chatham, on the 28th inst., Thomas, son of P. S. Coate, aged one year and five months.

It ought to be, and we believe it is, a source of regret to our townsmen to learn that Messrs. Eberts have sold the favorite steamer Canadian, which for years past has justly been the pride of Chathamites. We believe that Captain Pridgen, of Detroit, is the purchaser at \$15,000—\$10,000 cash down. The Canadian is to have her upper decks stripped off, when she will be placed on the river and lakes as a tug. No doubt she will well repay her new owners, as she is one of the staunchest boats, as well as the fastest boat, on the western waters.

Economy that entails suffering shows lack of sound judgment and brings few rewards.

As a man is within so he judges what is without.

Men who like the least to make money, like the most to spend it.

BLOOD DISEASES

If you inherited or contracted any Blood Disease you are never safe unless the virus or poison has been eradicated from the system. At times you see alarming symptoms, but live in hopes no serious results will follow. Have you any of the following symptoms? Bone aches, ulcers on the tongue or in the mouth, hair falling out, itching pains, itches of the skin, sores or blotches on the body, eyes red and smart, dyspeptic stomach, sexual weakness—enlarged glands. Don't trust your health to any medicine, but get the old four treatment—mercury, potash and patent medicines, which suppress the symptoms for a time only to break out again when life is domestic life. Don't let quick experiments on you. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT is guaranteed to cure you. OTHER GUARANTEES ARE BACKED BY BANK BONDS that the Blood and Skin Diseases will never return. Thousands of patients have been already cured by our NEW METHOD TREATMENT for ever, and no return of the disease. No experiment, no risk, not a "patch up," but a positive cure. The worst cases solicited.

W. H. PATTERSON NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. W. H. PATTERSON

HAD BLOOD POISON 12 YEARS

The New Method Treatment Cured Him after Drugs, Mercury, Hot Springs.

Wm. H. Patterson, of Saginaw, Mich., relates his experience: "I do not like notoriety and especially of this kind, but I feel I owe this much to Drs. K. & K. for the great good they have done for me. I had a serious blood disease when 24 years of age. The skin and blood symptoms gradually developed. Eruptions and ulcers formed, running sores broke out, hair became loose, pains in the bones and joints. After treatment by the New Method I was cured in six months after returning to my home. I grew to hate the look of one. I visited Hot Springs twice for four months each time. It helped me temporarily, but in six months after returning to my home I was as bad as ever. Finally a Doctor friend of mine advised me to see Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. He said he had known of them for over 20 years, and as they made a specialty of these diseases and treated the worst cases by the hundreds they ought to be expert in curing them. I was afraid of advertising doctors, but I took his advice. They agreed to treat me on a guarantee or no pay. I investigated their financial standing and found they were perfectly responsible, so the bone pains in four weeks and in four months I was entirely cured. The skin, ulcers and the New Method Treatment for Blood and Skin Diseases. CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY. Consultation Free. Books Free. If unable to call, write for a Question Blank for Home Treatment.

Drs. KENNEDY & KERGAN
148 SHELBY STREET, DETROIT, MICH.

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on the walls will produce finer effects, and make you feel better satisfied with the work and with yourself than anything else that can be used.

ALABASTINE is a cement coating that hardens with age. Kalsomine preparations, under whatever name or claims, are only temporary, always rubbing and scaling off. Wall-paper, with its mouldy paste on the back, and arsenical poisonous coloring and finish on the face, impregnate the air of a room with disease germs. The walls of hospitals are never papered—the reason is obvious. Sanitarians endorse ALABASTINE. Hardware and Paint Dealers everywhere sell it.

Packages only. Our "Alabastine Decorators' Aid" sent free.

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OUR SPRING WOOLLENS are winners—for us, and they'll be winners for you. LET'S MEASURE YOU now before the rush, for your EAS-TER SUIT?

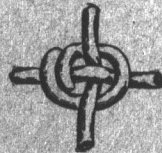
Every garment is made in the building by masters of the trade, who take pride in turning out good clothes.

Spring Suits from \$15.00 Up.
Trousers from \$3.00 Up, all made to Measure

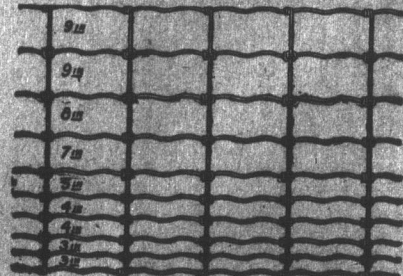
AT

The Woollen Mills.

PAGE FENCE—The WHITE Brand



This cut shows the knot or lock in the Page "Empire" Fence.



All Page Fencing and Gates shipped from our factory in future (except our railroad fencing) will be painted WHITE, a trade-mark as it were, in order that ours can be readily distinguished from others at a glance.

There now are other fences which at first appearance look much like ours though they are much different in quality. By coating ours WHITE there can be no confusion among buyers.

While this coating of WHITE gives Page Fence and Gates a distinguishing feature, it will also be a preservative as an aid to the galvanizing in preventing rust. It is now commonly known to everyone that even galvanized wire will, in certain localities, rust.

In addition to these, we are making several other changes and improvements in our goods that will make them still better than ever, and still further ahead of all competitors. Get from us, or local dealers, printed matter explaining everything about our Fences, Gates and Lawn Fences.

Remember—Page Fence is WHITE, WHITE, WHITE. And Page Gates are WHITE.

PAGE WIRE FENCE CO. LIMITED, WALKERVILLE

"Page Fences Wear Best."

Geo. Stephens & Co., Chatham, Local Dealers