

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

THANKSGIVING DAY SINGLE FARE Good Going October 20th.

Return Limit Date of Issue Only Fare and One-Third Good Going October 17, 18, 19, 20 Return Limit October 22nd, 1913.

Between all stations in Canada east of Port Arthur; also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Magara Falls and Suspension (Minimum charge 25c.) Secure your tickets early at Gran Trunk Ticket Offices.

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Fare and One-Third Good going Oct. 17, 18, 19, 20 Return limit Oct. 22 d. G. MURPHY, Dist. Passr. Agent, Cor. King and Yonge Streets, Toront

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Single Fare For Round Trip Good going and returning, Monday Oct. 20, 1913. FARE and ONE-THIRD. Good Going Oct. 17, 18, 19, 20,
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On Barton's Reef

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

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DEAD animal sin't giner'lly wurth more'n what his pel will bring in the open market, minus the fees an' commissions of them rascally agents who come down here to swap trade with us an' get the lion's share, an' the jackass', too-me an' the rest of the hunters down here bein' mostly the jackasses-but a live animal is an onsartain commodity that has what Captain Kenelly calls "possibilities." I'm meanin

by that that an old diamond back rat

tler's skin an' teeth an' rattles ain't

wurth much more'n \$5 down here, but

a live rattler shipped up north in a cage may bring \$25, an', ag'in, it may e knocked down for an even hundred. So Captain Kennelly ain't never been in the killin' bisness. An' I was brung up by Captain Kennelly! "Live an' let live." that's been our motto, an' we've waxed fat-the captain weighs 200, an' ain't far behind-an' wealthy, not millionaires exactly, but middlin' well

to do. We ain't never regretted bein' kind an' consid'rate to the animals an' birds
-never except onct, an' then the captain said 'twas my fault. I ain't disputin' him in that, but there is room

for a diff'ence of opinion. We'd been up the Caloosahatchie one winter tryin' to bag snakes, birds an' other creepin', crawlin' an' flyin' critters when we got wind of a mighty big. sassy mountain lion rendoovooin' up near Wadin' Landin'. The captain decided at onct that we'd bag the critter. Mountain lions was bringing pretty handsome prices then—the Floridy variety bein' a little underpriced, for they ain't no bigger'n a good size dog.

The captain an' I sailed up the Caosahatchie an' went campin' on that big fellow's trail, an' before a fortnight we had him clip an' clean aboard the Marthy Ann, tied toe an' nail an' a-roarin' in a box on deck as though he'd like to eat us alive. We was mighty tickled at our prize, an' we fig. gered on a couple of hundred apiece when we landed him north.

The Marthy Ann warn't much of a sailboat, but she was a lubberin' old craft that did dooty for us for well nigh a dozen years. When we set sail down the Caloosahatchie the captain "Steve, can't you take the Marthy

Ann to Charlotte Harbor alone? You can hand the critter over to the rallroad people there an' get a receipt for him. I want to get off at Fort Myers an' run up a spell to see Cousin Obadiah. He's real sick, they say." I warn't goin' to stand in the way of the captain's seein' his sick cousin, so I answered with affermashun an' said I'd run back to Fort Myers in a couple of days an' pick him up. The captain was mighty pleased, but when I landed him at Fort Myers he sort of suspish

ioned somethin' an' said: "You think you can manage it alone il land this old patriarch in Char

well an' I didn't have no misgivin's.

of the gulf he sort of got oneasy. He

was gettin' out of his element, an' he

felt sort of homesick. Mebbe it was

seasickness. I dunno which. Anyhow,

he roared an' whined an' scratched to

beat the band. He jest kept me com-

pany with his noise, an' I didn't have

no time to get lonesome. Onct or twice

he got so scratchy that I took a look

Barton's reef is jest ten miles sou'-west of Charlotte Harbor—a nasty lit-

tle, treach'rous shoal that sticks out of water at low tide an' keeps out of

sight at flood. 'Tain't charted, an' sometimes a ship trips up on it an' jest

nachurally rips herself to pieces tryin'

I don't know what made me forget

Barton's reef, for I'd been round it a

lozen times, an', come to think of it

now, I'd been nigh wrecked on it onct

or twice. I ain't got no excuse to make

except that lion must have made me

First thing I knowed a puff of wind seeled the Marthy Ann over, an' before I could ketch her up ag'in we struck

somethin'. It was only sand an' mud.

but the keel stuck there, an' the next wind slambanged the old lubberin'

craft clean over on her side. I wasn't

lookip' for the shock an' pitched headforemost through the air an' landed bout twenty feet away.

When I went down into the water I

ly got my head out of it an' the water

forgetful by his everlastin' roarin'.

to get off ag'in.

at his cage to see if 'twas all right.

fighter, but when he's cornered I've lotte Harbor before night or I'll drown some respect for him. I saw right him in the gulf tryin' it," I answered that trouble was a-brewin'. When the reef got too small to hold both of us one or tother had to git, an' I didn't know that I was makin' pretty sure guess of what I'd be doin' I didn't fancy bein' the one to go a-floatin' adrift on the gulf in that before sundown. I jest hove off from the dock an' turned the Marthy Ann's nose toward the gulf. I ain't much of

"Now, you great big yellow cuss," I said, addressin' his itonship, partly to keep up my courage, "I ain't huntin' for trouble, but if you seek it I'll do a deep water sailor, but I knew the coast up to Charlotte Harbor tol'rably That lion was mighty quiet-like at my best to make things mighty on-pleasant for you on this little sand first, but when we got away from the land an' he began to sniff the salt air

The reef warn't more than fifty feet long and twenty wide, but there was

first the lion noticed nothin', but roared for help. Then he got a sight of me an' clunk to the other end of the reef.

"You keep there," I says, feelin' bet-er by talkin' to alm as if he was a

We both felt better after we got dried off a bit. The sun was pretty

The lien didn't like gettin' his paws

wet an' was for retreatin' toward me,

an' I didn't fancy closer quarters with

that he warn't burt

of the reef as I dared.

Right then a change come over the critter. He seemed to accept the chal-I jest faced him an' got ready for his spring. But the tide comin' up from lapped a wave over his tail an' made him turn roun' like a shot. He crept an inch closer an' watched for things to develop.—
We hadn't more'n five feet betwee us, an' I was tremblin' most as much

as that big brute when somethin' bobbed up near the reef. We both looked at it, an' when I saw it was the lion's old wooden cage floatin' back ag'in I jest made up my mind to jump for it. It was a pretty hefty box an'

big enough to carry me.

I edged away toward it, an' when it was as nigh as I thought it would come I waded out in the water an' made a grab for it. By lyin' slantwise on it. with my feet in the water an' my head

DARKEN GRAY HAIR, LOOK YOUNG, PRETTY

Sage Tea and Sulphur Darkens so Naturally That Nobody Can Tell.

Almost everyone knows that Sag Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dendruff, itching sculp and stops falling hair. Years aso the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is mussy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle. expected to find bottom somewhere less than a mile or two, but the sudden way in which I stopped showed me that I was on Barton's reef. I was standin' on my head in 'bout a foot of water. There was some mud, an' that made sticky standin', but when I finaldays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe for about 50 It was a shark comin' to see what all the disturbance was bout. He was cleaned out of nose an' mouth the Marthy Ann had drifted away in deep

Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it do s it so naturally and evenly. You darpen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes loss of the Marthy Ann, but now I jest loss of the Marthy Ann, but now I jest and at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy.

Agent T. George Boles.

I saw somethin' in the water a little way shead that made matters worse. It was a shark comin' to see what all the disturbance was 'bout. He was a shirt of the disturbance was 'bout. He was a shirt of low all the disturbance was 'bout. He was a shirt of loss all in along like a revenue cutter after harbor thieves. I knowed then 'twas a question of shark or lion.

An't clouse the lion! If I could knock thim of, the shark might be satisfied with him an' leave me along for a spell. Liest made for that, box an' put up the lions of the Marthy Ann, but now I jest and at a time; by morning the gray him of, the shark might be satisfied with him an' leave me along for a spell. Liest made for that, box an' put up the lions of the Marthy Ann, but now I jest and a could recipe for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell thet you darkened your hair, as it do s it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray him of, the shark might be satisfied with him an' leave me along the disturbance was 'bout. He was a shark comin' to see what all the disturbance was 'bout. He was a shark comin' to see what all the disturbance was 'bout. He was a shark comin' to see what all the disturbance was 'bout. He was a shark comin' to see what all the disturbance was 'bout.

gasped for breath an' hove a sigh of relief. If I'd lost the Marthy Ann, I'd saved the libn. There he was crawlin' out of the water upon the reef as simp an' frightened as a water rat with a dog on his trait. His big cage was floatin' away with the tide, runnin' ad close race for shore with the capsized close race for shore with the capsized. Driven From the System by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. close race for shore with the capsized

The sufferer from rheumatism who I saw how things had happened. The Marthy Ann had dumped the cage an' lion on the reef, an' the blow had bust open the slats, an' there you are! The lion was free to go an' come. When I swam to the reef he had full present law and the reef he had full present law and the reef he had full present law had been a swam to the reef he had full present law had been a swam to the reef he had full present law had been a swam to the reef he had full present law had been a swam to the reef he had full present law had been a swam to the reef he had full present law had been a swam to the reef he had full present law had been a swam to the reef he had full present law had been a swam to the reef he had full present law had been a swam to the reef he had full present law had been a swam to the reef he had full present law had been law as a swam to the reef he had full present law had been a swam to the reef he had full present law had been law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present law as a swam to the reef he had full present l as not gone about curing himself in he right way must expect a return f the torture with every change to old or damp weather. It is not the hange in the weather that causes he rheumatism, but it does start possession, but he was so wet an' frightened that he jest sat there an' shivered an' roared. he aches and pains. Rheumatism is deep-seated disorder of the blood. You cannot possibly cure it with "You great, big onery coward," I says, shakin' my fist at him. "You outward applications or hot fomenations as so many people in their ain't got away yet, an' I'll keep you here until the captain comes for us." gnorance of the real cause of the

rouble try to do.

Rheumatism can only be driven out of the system by driving out the poisonous acid in the blood. This can only be done by making the slood supply rich, red and pure. It is in this way that Dr. Williams Pink Pills cure rheumatism, even after other remedies have failed. These Pills make rich ,red blood; they go right to the root of the trouble, and the pains and aches are driven from the system and will not return if the blood supply is kept pure. That is the whole secret of curing rheumat ism, and if you are a sufferer begin to cure yourself to-day by taking Williams' Pink Pills. Among the many sufferers from rheumatism who have been cured by this medicine is Miss Mary D. Kelly, South Dummer, Ont. Miss Kelly says: "Some time ago I had a very bad attack of rheumatism. At times would be confined to bed for a conple of days and would seem almos paralyzed with the intense pain my back and legs. At such times could not walk, and my joints were stiff ad swollen. I consulted different doctors and took their medicine. but did not get more than temporary relief. At this time a neighbor dvised me to try Dr Williams' Pink Pills, and Is got a supply. After takng a few boxes I found they were greatly helping me, and I continued their use until the trouble complete ly disappeared. I can strongly re-commend this medicine to others

rdeni enough for both of us. I crawled up us' tried to dry my clothes. At first the lion noticed nothin', but roared who suffer as I did from the pang and tortures of rheumatism." You can get Dr. Williams' Pin ills through any dealer in medicine or by mail post paid, at 50 cents a ox, or six boxes for \$2.50 from Th Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-

hot an' it scorched the water up like a hot iron. First thing, then, that big critter began to lick himself, an' then he eyed me out of the corners of his eyes. I didn't particlar like the way he did it. It seemed as if he grizzed an' then shook his head to show me tol'rably comfortable, an' I addressed myself to the marooned critter ag'in: "Now you kin have the reef an' all that goes with it. I'm off for the Well, I suppose nothin' would have Floridy coast or a trip to sea. Anything's better, no bein' drowned on that reef or bein' chewed up by a cowardly an' made Barton's reef look like a turtle's back. The water jest rose up higher an' higher, an' every minit we had to move closer together.

I guess my words sort of startled him, for he growled an' whined an' seemed anxious to accompany me. He was sort of sorty at my desertin' him. At any rate he crouched down on the reef, his tail in the water an' his head him an' jest stayed as near my edge mighty close to the other edge of the Now, as I have remarked, the reef, an' then I saw him spring an'

There was a crash an' disturbin' uniulashion of the guif. I saw stars an harks an' numerous other onpleasan things. When I got a grip on the float that old lion was hangin' for dear life on the other side of it. He was 'hour as frightened as I was. His paws was within two feet of my hands, an' but he warn't for fightin' any more.

We hadn't improved our positions much, for that wabbly old craft warn't built for two. Both of as couldn't keep our balance at onct. When the lion was up I was down, an' when I bobbed up above the gulf his head went under. We went seesawin' like

snarlin' fit to give one the shakes. After pawin' some of the hide off my hand he got more brave an' tried to

I got there first, for I had begun to acent sharks. I dreaded 'em worse'n all the lions in Floridy. I jest yelled an' jumped up on the box an' tried to hold my feet in the sir. I kicked an' splashed to frighten the lion away, but he was game. He came on like a paddle wheel, chursin' the water into a terr'hle foem.

He struck the box ag'in with a bang, an over we went ouch more, turnin' a clean somersault in the water. I went down pretty nigh to the bottom of the gulf an' then bumped up agin the box so hard that I had a headache for a

week after.
The lion was there ahead of me, an'

each other! It was like a cat an' monkey tied up in a bag. We didn't stand on any rules, but jest fought fit to kill an' never knowed how much we was tearin' each other to pieces. But I hadn't forgot that shark. I jest kent a weather eve on him an' tried to

kept a weather eye on him an' tried to twist the box roun' so he'd come up under the lion an' not on my side. I guess the battle would have gone hard with both of us an' the shark would had a dinner of lion, meat an' human legs if rescoo hadn't come in the nick of time.

I heard a voice calllover the water in the captain's drawl. "Helio, Steve! What you tryin' to do? Don't kill that lion. Part of him belongs to me."
I jest twisted roun' mighty scared, for I thought I must be a-dreamin',

an' there was Captain Kennelly in the Marthy Ann, sailin' straight down up-"Good Lerd, captain!" I says. "I'm nearly tuckered out."

Then I dropped the box an' swam for

But, if you'll believe it, that old yel-low critter was ahead of me. He just



leaped from the box to the deck of the Marthy Ann an' was ragin' an' roarin' up an' down it when I crawled aboard. "Steve, this is bad work," said the captain. "I thought I could trust you better'n that. If I hadn't felt suspishous 'bout you an' come down jest in time to find the Marthy Ann floatin' away on her sides we'd lost our prize an' the boat too."

an' the boat too."

I didn't have breath for any reply then, but I felt mighty like explodin' an' sayin' somethin' that would hurt the captain's feelin's. But I didn't, an' later I forgot all 'bout it in the excitement of capturin' an' cagin' that old lion ag'in—the cause of all the trouble. He seemed to think he owned the Marthy Ann, an' we had a long tussie to considere him of his error.



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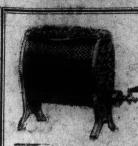
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FRIDAY, OCTOBER

SCARED TO DEATH AFRAID TO RUN! HEN the 'bus drew of the appointed re carry the Red Lo Team to Colbyville, lstant, for its game with aggregation of that village, tly nine of the Red Lot hand. It was a Wednesday and the remaining membe team had found it impossi There was also another h

away in time for the trip. a lad about fourteen yes dressed in a fashion that leased his fond mother e but caused him no end of Most decidedly he member of the Red Lot T His name was Kenneth F



was a new-comer in the neig He lived in the big stone h the spacious grounds in the m ionable section of town an said that his father was a

Now Kenneth's family but turned from a five-year stay and that, maybe, accounted so for his unusual attire. He frilled blouse-waist, a broad E lar, full, baggy knickerbock the cutest little straw-hat y saw. Besides, there were bronze buckles on his neatl; shoes that sparkled like gold sunlight. So no wonder the the neighborhood considered h or less of a "sissy." But—would be telling the story be

As the Red Lot Team clim the 'bus, carrying their glo bats, and eager for the fray, il neth stood regarding them w gry eyes. "Bud" Allison, the captain and short-stop of t had just sat down in one o seats and was closing the do Kenneth spoke up.

"Say, Captain room for one more. Do you I go? I'm willing to pay my Several of the Red Lots snic But not "Bud" Allison. player as ever covered sho as ready to stand up for . and fight when justified, he guilty of ridiculing or sneering ther boy, large or small. was this unfailing good-na

large measure for his great po "Bud" surveyed the spick a figure before him a mon "Sure not. Kid-climb in. "We'll have one rooter with way, won't we?"
Kenneth needed no Kenneth needed no second tion. In just about two shall amb's tail he was up the s into his seat, which happened next to "Bud." The door be

generosity of his that acco

and the 'bus swung off on its name's Rigir, isn't it Kenne used to know your big br fore you all went to live i

> Our Pu ZIG-ZAG PUZZLE. following represen

ords of four letters each. ten one below another, thei etters, beginning at the up and letter and ending at left hand letter will spell the a resident of the farmyard: To speak in a loud ve
 A pronoun.
 To propel oneself-in by natural means.

