



TAKE IT FOR
CRAMPS—COLIC—DIARRHŒA
APPLY IT FOR
BRUISES—SPRAINS—SORE THROAT

MY COLUMN

(By the CUB-EDITOR.)
MY SECOND NOVEL.

Owing to the immense appreciation of my previous attempt at story writing and in response to urgent appeals of readers, I have decided to write another novel on similar lines to my first. It is in fact, a sequel to "Jem Gunczew," and deals with the further adventures of Jem and Sairy. And now, enough of this preamble.

THE STOLEN BRIDE.

—OR—
Jem Gunczew in Quest of a Wife.
CHAPTER I.
KIDNAPPED.

The night was dark and would have been still, if it were not for the howling of the cats on the fences. The woman who reclined in on the big cushions, surrounded by cushions of many shapes and colours, gave vent to an impatient sigh and rose to her feet. With slow steps she waded up and down through the deep-velvet pile carpet in a thoughtful mood. She was a woman who would have attracted attention in a large crowd, even at a church. She seemed born to command, and her husband well knew. She was beautifully groomed but the brilliance of her adornments did not detract from the rugged beauty of her countenance. Impetuously, she turned at the rings of black pearls which hung in coils around her long but delightfully modelled neck. She looked at the grandiose clock which hung over the mantelpiece. "Nearly midnight," she muttered, "and Jem not yet home. That can be keeping him." The words hardly left her lips when she heard the noise of a door opening and shutting. Anxiously she waited as footsteps drew nearer and next instant she found herself gazing in an awestruck manner at the man who had entered the room. "What is it?" she asked, finding her voice at last. "The intruder. Tell he was and with a long lony beard, which failed however to reach further down than his chestnut apple. On his head he wore a moustache whilst the remainder of his face was that of the conventional outlaw. By this time she had found her voice. "Bad Bill Blood, yew carn't be bad Bill!" she moaned in a harshly melodious voice tinged with horror and reproach. "Ho, thort I wur ded, did yew, Miss Sairy Gunczew? Well, I did, and homsumver and moreover, I did put 'er to bed fur a long time 'til I marked the other 'un."

"Who are ye, Bill, I ave me be," asked the terror-stricken woman who was no other than our old friend Sairy Gunczew. "Ye ar, 'roared the outlaw, 'I am yer now, and Jem will be looking for yew tomorrow. With that, he turned the helpless and speechless woman. "Hold on, I won't swallow that," Sairy said. "Who's writing this story, for or I. In any case, its original author, Mary?" he said. "This is a novel, that bird could speak seven languages." "Then why on earth didn't he say something?" asked Sairy.

"ENOUGH TO START WITH," "Where's Jimmy?" asked the head of the house, coming home from work. "He was very naughty," replied his wife. "I sent him to bed for swearing." "Swearing?" roared the indignant father. "I'll teach him to swear!" and he rushed upstairs. For some minutes the indignant parental voice resounded through the house and then Jimmy's mother called: "John, dear, I'm sure Jimmy has heard enough for the first lesson."

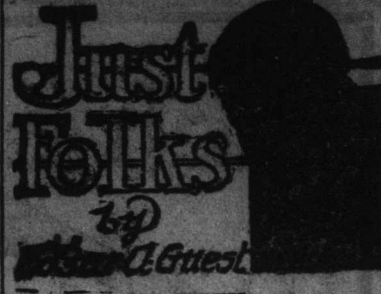
WHEN SILENCE WAS DANGEROUS.
A merchant was recently persuaded to purchase an excellent parrot. This one had travelled far and could jabber in several foreign tongues. He had it sent home. That same day his wife had ordered a fresh spring chicken for dinner. On leaving the house she said to the cook: "Mary, there's a bird coming for dinner. Write its neck and roast it for Mr. Richards when he gets home." Unfortunately the parrot arrived first and Mary followed instructions. At dinner he was served "What's that?" exclaimed Mr. Richards. "What's that?" asked Mary. "That bird could speak seven languages." "Then why on earth didn't he say something?" asked Sairy.

EX SACHEM TO-DAY, Sept. 3rd.
BARTLETT PEARS in Half Barrels.
GRAVENSTEIN APPLES in Barrels.
First for the season.

To arrive Monday, Sept. 5th:
FRESH TOMATOES.
EGG PLANT.
PRESERVING PLUMS—Small and Large Baskets.
GREENGAGES—Small and Large Baskets.

To arrive Thursday, Sept. 8th:
200 barrels GRAVENSTEIN APPLES.
5 barrels GREEN TOMATOES for Pickling.

C. P. EAGAN,
Duckworth Street & Queen's Road



ESTER.
There is a fortune richer far
Than gold and silver treasures are,
And it is won by patient strife,
A gentle and a well-lived life;
By courage in the days of stress,
By helpful ways and cheerfulness.
'Tis seldom won by brilliant deeds,
No skilful cleverness it needs;
No cunning tongue or gift of grace
Can lift man to this lofty place.
Once lost the richest purse in vain
Would seek to buy it back again.
What is this wealth of which I pen?
The friendship of your fellowmen.

Behind all outward show you find
The culture of the gentle mind;
Nor caste nor creed can place a ban
Upon a true born gentleman;
Who walks the world with head erect
May justly claim the world's respect.
The man too big to cheat or lie,
Who takes but what his purse can buy,
Whose name has come through every test.

A shining symbol of his best
May own but little here of gold,
And seldom may his fame be told,
But he shall have until life ends
The good opinion of his friends.
To be respected for your worth
Is the greatest joy on earth.
To live your life so none can say
That you have walked a shameful way,
To come through sorrow's time of tears,
And bitter days and dreary years,
Still brave of soul and clean of hand,
Fit with the best of men to stand.
Is victory—not wealth nor grace
Can make such glory commonplace.
The man who walks in honor's ways
And owns his neighbors' love and praise
Has more, when life's long tale is told,
Than those whose wealth is all in gold.

A JOKE ON TWO.
(Four from Forbes Magazine)
A clean conscience is better than unclean cash.

The line of least resistance doesn't always lead farthest.

They should stay the hide, as well as hides, off the Fordney tariff bill.

"Riches have wings." Yes; but they can fly to you as well as from you—provided you deserve them and would be any better off if you got them.

THOSE SHORT SKIRTS.
Commissionaire: "Lost yer Mammy, 'ave yer. Why didn't yer keep hold of her skirt?"
Little Alfred: "I cou-cou-couldn't reach it."

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FALL NEEDS ARE HERE

The success of our store has been built on that satisfying service which gives you what you most want when you most want it.

MURPHY'S GOOD THINGS.

PROSIER

Prices to Arouse Interest.

Great sale of 200 pairs of Women's, Men's and Children's Hosiery, secured from several American manufacturers—their odds and ends at tremendous savings. It will pay you to supply your future needs now.

LOT 1—Women's Heavy Cashmere Hose in Green, Navy, Brown and Green and Brown Heathers.

98c. and \$1.59

LOT 2—Women's Black Fine Lisle Hose, high spliced double soles; sub-standards of 50c. and 75c. grades; while they last at

19c. to 49c.

LOT 3—Women's Navy Blue, White, Black, Grey, Brown and Helio Silk Stockings. Worth \$1.75.

Now \$1.19

LOT 4—Men's Black and Coloured Cotton Hose, double heels and toes; a large assortment of colors. Regular 50c. values. Special at

25c. to 59c.

LOT 5—Children's Fine Ribbed Black Hosiery, double heels and toes; all sizes.

Pr. 29 to 69c

LOT 6—Children's White Cashmere Hosiery, with double heels and toes; all sizes.

Spec at 39c

LOT 7—Children's Socks in Blue.

Sale Price, 49c.

LOT 8—Infants' Black, Blue and Navy Hose.

Each, 29c.

Men's Dress Shirts.

Here is an offering of finest quality Shirts and Underwear which will give the greatest value for the money, as these are all new fall goods.

Each \$1.98.

Men's Felt Hats.

The man about town, business man and working man, will all three find just the type of hat they prefer in our most complete showing of New Hats for fall wear.

Each, \$4.98.

Neckwear for Men.

The woman who buys your man's wear will please him well by selecting from the new four-in-hand Silk Ties which we now show; complete in all shades.

59c. to \$1.49.

Huck Towels.

These Towels are strongly made; some of them are bordered in Red, others are all White.

Each, 10c.

GIRLS! Buy Your TAM Now for Fall and Winter Wear.

Soft Plush Tams in Brown and Black. These Tams have the soft lustrous effect which is given by the long shiny plush and velvet.

Each \$1.25 to \$2.25

We are clearing our Summer's stock of Child's Rompers at the very low price of 99c. each.

PHIL MURPHY, 317 Water-st.

Store Open Every Night.

THE HAPPY FACE.

Put on your happy face, old scout, and see it's rightly clumped, and as you chase yourself about you'll have the people vamped. They'll be ashamed of little grins or which they need to sigh, when viewing one who never beats as he goes whining by. Put on your happy face, my boy, and tie the strings behind, and try to show that life's a joy, and not a dreary grind.

Household Notes.

Soft green is one of the best colors for nursery walls.

In winter warm your floor before mixing the bread.

See that every fat on your table is balanced by an acid.

When cooking cabbage a pinch of soda helps kill the odor.

A thermometer is indispensable to the modern housekeeper.

Chopped oysters are savory in the gravy of a juicy steak.

Cucumbers are equally appetizing fried, scalloped or creamed.

When apples for pies are insipid add a little lemon juice to them.

Adhesive plaster is just the thing for repairing that torn umbrella.

Never boil soup in an iron vessel; porcelain and granite are better.

Honey and chopped walnuts make a delicious spread for brown bread.

Sweetened ammonia with whipped cream swathed with maple syrup.

USE YOUR HEAD.

A woodpecker pecks out a great many specks of sawdust when building a hut.

He works like a rigger to make the hole bigger—He's sore if it.

His cutter won't cut.

He don't bother with plans of cheap artisans.

But there's one thing Can rightly be said:

The whole excavation Has this explanation: He builds it by using his head.

So use your head when you require a good tonic and nerve builder by taking Erick's Tasteless Cod Liver Oil. Price \$1.50 bottle; Postage 20c. extra.

For sale by
DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,
Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists,
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Windsor Table Salt

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