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SATURDAY, AUGUST 11

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Fruit Jars at present cost price. Our fine Blend Tea, for the day only, 20c lb. Ginger Snaps, 5c tin. Sardines, 5c tin. 6 bars Sweet Home Soap, 25c. Mixed Biscuits, 9c lb. Bacon, 10c lb. A Japan Tea, new season, usual price, 50c, for 40c lb. B. Powder, Standard, 12c lb. Big bargains in fancy Kitchen Flower Pots, decorated in fancy colors, 15c each. We will have a 10c, 15c and 25c counter during the day that will astonish you. Call in and see them.

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A HAPPY MISTAKE.

Day by day I had seen the lines of care deepen round my father's mouth and forehead, and watched my mother's pale and anxious gaze upon him.

Night after night did Maude and I lie side by side and spend the hours when sleep, they tell us, lends us beauty, in wondering what trouble was hovering over us.

But the knowledge came all too soon. My father had lent money which he supposed he could call in at any time. The time arrived, but the money was not forthcoming. His health was rapidly falling; in fact his business anxieties in no way helped, and we soon knew we must mortgage heavily the farm, and that if his health continued to fail he might soon be unable even to pay the interest.

Then Maude and I began to hold our whispered conversations to better purpose—to decide that we were strong and young and healthy, and that such gifts were given us to be made use of, and so it ended in our sending off a mysterious letter to our old school teacher, and waiting and watching days for a reply, which came at last to tell us she had succeeded in finding a situation as governess at a compensation which to us seemed wealth.

The lady was willing to take any one on her recommendation, and either of us, she felt assured, would fill the role. So she left it for us to decide one must go and one must stay.

At last Maude said it must be she who must go. She was older than I, and she thought she would be happier away working than at home sitting with folded hands. She was so pretty, so loving and lovable that it seemed as though we could not let her go among strangers.

At last father and mother would not listen to it, but we overruled all objection, and Maude wrote and appointed a day for her coming. The intervening time passed rapidly away in busy preparation, and at last the one Sunday left us rose bright and clear. Maude looked so lovely that morning in her pretty hat, with its long, drooping feather, that I did not wonder the eyes of a stranger in the church wandered persistently to our pew.

He was a tall, handsome man, sitting with the Leonards—a name which in our village represented its aristocracy and wealth.

There were gentlemen from London visiting there constantly, but their gaze did not wander from the stylish elegant Misses Leonard to seek any other attractions.

I saw them glance round once or twice as if to discover what else in the church could possibly distract attention from themselves, and I fear I felt more pride in Maude's beauty than was quite consistent with the sacred place in which we were.

But after she had gone and at night I went for the first time to my room alone I felt that she had chosen the better part—that it was easier even to go forth among strangers, with her hand at the plow, than to sit down quietly on the vacant seat.

However, I soon found plenty for thought to Maude that she should not know of the skeleton in our home—the shadow of death.

Her letters were bright and cheery, and when at last I told her that our father grew no better, she answered she had met Dr. Melrose, who was a relative of the lady whose children she taught, and asked him to go down and see father and that she would defray the necessary expenses.

I almost gasped when I read the name—Dr. Melrose. His fame had reached even our ears. I wondered how she could have approached him with such a request, but I said nothing to father of her desire, and one morning, about a week later, his card was put into my hands.

With quick, trembling limbs, I hastened down to meet him and opened the parlor door to find myself face to face with the stranger who, weeks before, had sat in the Leonard's pew.

My face grew red and pale as I recognized him, but he came forward very, quietly and, taking my hands, said:

"Come, we will have a little walk first, and then you shall take me to see your father."

I quickly obeyed him and sat down beside him, as he directed, while he, not seeming to observe my agitation, told me of my sister—of her happiness in her new home, how already she had won her way into their hearts, and how glad he was that business at this time called him to this spot, and enabled him to perhaps be of some assistance.

Then I found words, and when he left me to visit my father I found myself awaiting his return with a calm assurance that could mortal aid avail him he would find it in Dr. Melrose's healing touch.

An hour passed before his return, and when he entered the room I knew I might hope.

"It is not as bad as I feared," he said. "Time and careful nursing will soon restore him. The latter I shall entrust to you."

Then he gave me his directions so clearly that I could not misunderstand them, and when he bade me good-bye, holding both my hands for a moment in his own, and said, "You must take care of yourself as well and not give me two patients instead of one," he smiled so kindly that I felt my heart leap as I thought:

"It's for Maude's sake he has done this thing. He loves her."

It did not seem strange that he should have won the heart of a man as high in the world's favor as Ernest Melrose stood. It would not have

seemed strange to me had she won royalty. In my eyes she might have graced any throne.

So I wrote her of his visit and its wonderful results. How father improved day by day and how with health came hope and courage, so that soon the clouds would scatter and we should have her home again.

But she answered me, begging me never to think of her except as happy; that in Mrs. Marvin she had found a second mother and in her work only pleasure.

She rarely mentioned Dr. Melrose's name, but I could well understand why she was silent.

So the winter passed. Two or three times the doctor came to relieve the monotony. My parents grew to welcome him as a friend, and I, in my heart of hearts, as a brother, for I felt sure I had guessed the secret of his love for Maude.

He talked of her constantly, telling me how bravely she did her duty and how her beauty of character far exceeded even the charm of face and form.

We looked to him almost as our deliverer, for father's health and vigor were at last restored, but when he asked him for his bill he laughingly replied:

"That was a private matter with Miss Maude. She is to settle that."

My father looked amazed, but I could appreciate the payment he would accept and imagined their surprise when he should demand it at their hands.

The summer was rapidly approaching—the time for Maude's homecoming was at hand.

With a glad, happy heart I decorated our rooms with the roses she so loved; hung fresh muslin curtains from the windows, looped them back with sprays of flowers, all the while singing aloud in my joy.

I had reason to be happy, for Maude was coming to a home over which hung no shadow of debt. The mortgage had been paid. What she had saved should go toward her trousseau when she needed one, for father had prospered beyond all expectations.

At last I heard the sound of wheels. Nearer and nearer.

"I bring you a surprise," she had written, and by her side sat Dr. Melrose. I knew it all. Was it not as I pictured, fancied, hoped? I only knew that an impulse which sprang from some corner of my brain caused me to turn hastily up the stairs, and, burying my head in the pillow, sob aloud.

"Ellie, darling! Where are you?" questioned a sweet, girlish voice. And I sprang up, ashamed of my momentary weakness, to find myself clasped in my sister's warm, loving embrace.

She had come back lovelier than ever. Ah, I could guess what had deepened the flush upon her cheek, the radiance to her eyes.

I smoothed my disordered hair, listening to the while to the merry talk, though not a word did she say of him whose deep, manly tones I could hear now and then as he sat talking.

"Look your best," she said, with a roguish twinkle, "your very, very best! There—I am satisfied."

And, taking me by the hand, she ran rapidly down into the room where they all sat. Dr. Melrose arose and came forward with his old smile of welcome, and made a movement as if he would already give me a brother's kiss, but remembered in time that his secret was not yet disclosed.

The evening passed rapidly away in pleasant laugh and jest. Occasionally I intercepted a glance between Maude and her guest, full of meaning, but no one else seemed to notice it. At last he rose to bid us good night, and as he held my hand a moment in his he whispered:

"You have always been the most indefatigable in pressing my small claim upon you. To-morrow I will present it to you for payment. May I see you for a few moments in the morning?"

"Certainly," I answered, but my voice trembled, and I think had he staid a moment longer I should have burst into tears.

All through that long night I watched my sister, sleeping so peacefully by my side, waging my little war with myself.

How natural that he should love her, so young, so lovely! But, ah, why



Ask the girl who has tested it.

Ask any one who has used Surprise Soap if it is not a pure, hard soap; the most satisfactory soap and most economical.

Those who try Surprise always continue to use it.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

had my heart gone forth unasked to meet his? At least the secret was all my own—none would suspect it.

I had never known it myself until I had seen them side by side. With perhaps a shade less color, a little quivering of the lips, but nothing more, I entered the parlor next morning to greet Dr. Melrose, who stood waiting for me.

"I have, come, as you know, to claim my payment, Ellie. Can you guess it?"

A momentary struggle with myself, then I answered bravely:

"Yes, I know it all. You have, my consent, Dr. Melrose, although you take our dearest possession."

He looked bewildered, but suddenly seemed to understand, as he said:

"Then you know, Ellie? Since the day I first saw you in church I have loved you, have cherished as my fondest dream the hope of making you my wife! Darling, you are sure I have your consent?"

"But Maude?" I gasped.

"Maude is only too happy in the hope that I may win you. She is engaged to a cousin whom she met at Mrs. Marvin's, and who is soon coming to claim her. He is a splendid fellow and well worthy of her; but I ah, my darling, can accept no other payment than yourself."

And, in a wild state of passionate joy, of marvelous unbelief, I gave it to him, as he sealed it with the first kiss of our betrothal.—Chicago Times-Herald.

In the Hands of His Friends

The farmer had just arrived in town. "What?" he asked of his new-found friend—"Is a bunko-steerer anyway? I have seen a great deal about them in the papers."

"Of course," replied his friend "you know what a bunk is?"

"Certainly!" replied the farmer.

"Well, a bunko-steerer is merely a man who steers another to his bunk when he is unable to find it himself. He is a guide, a philosopher and a friend. And now, that question being disposed of, I would like to show you where you are sure of getting not less than \$50 for \$1, if you follow my advice."—Chicago Post.

GOOD STORIES

Some one asks Pilgrim for the French account of Adam's Fall—at account published a good many years ago. But age doesn't spoil it, says an exchange.

"Monsieur Adam he lie down on ze ground for take a nap. In ze morning he wake up pain in his side. He say: 'Oh, Mon Dieu, vat ees ze mal' gone? I shall take von promenade in ze garden. Voilà de la chance!"

"Ees ze Madame Iv?"

"Madame Iv she vake; she hole her fan before to her face. Adam put on his eye-glass to admire ze tableau, and zey make une promenade. Madame Iv, she feel hungry. She see apple on ze arbre. Serpent make une valk on ze tree."

"Monsieur le Serpent," say Iv, "voulez vous not hav ze bonte to peek me some apple? J'ai faim."

"Certainement, Madame Iv, say ze Serpent. 'Charme de vous voir.' 'Hola! mon ami, arrêtez vous!' say Adam. 'Stop! Stop!—que songez-vous faire?' Vat madnesse ees zeez? You must not peek ze apple!"

"Ze snake he take von pinch of snout. He say:

"Ah! Monsieur Adam, do you not know how zee ees nosing prohebet to ze ladies? Madame Iv, permet me to offer you some of zee fruit defendu—eez forbidden fruit."

"Iv, she make von courtesy—ze snake he fill her whole parasol wize zee apple. He say: 'Monsieur Adam he will eat ze apple, he will become like von Dieu; he vill know ze good and ze evil. But you, Madame Iv, cannot become more of a goodness zan you is now!'"

"And zat feenish Madame Iv."

A funny story is current in Dublin and London about the Lord Chief Baron Pilles, who, having been "commanded" to attend a party given by the Queen at the Vice Regal Lodge during her stay in Ireland, conferred the hour given as "10 o'clock" to mean in the morning instead of in the evening, and the intimation contained in the effect that "frock dress" was to be worn to indicate that he was to attend the ceremony in a frock coat—the style of garment popularly known in this country as a "Prince Albert."

The mistake of the eminent judge as to the meaning of the expression "frock dress" is perfectly natural, as it is only people who are in the habit of dining with the Queen who would comprehend its meaning. "Frock dress" means evening dress with black knee breeches, black silk stockings and pumps in lieu of trousers, and "frock dress" is worn at all of the Queen's private dinners, evening parties, etc.

Sahara is Not a Barren Waste.

The Sahara is not a barren waste, as is popularly supposed. Not long ago 2,000,000 goats and 200,000 camels in the Algerian Sahara alone, and the oases furnished 1,500,000 date palms.

Those who have had only glimpses into Bohemia can scarcely imagine the real heartiness of a fuller knowledge of it, for the first glimpses are apt to seem most fascinating; but any man who knows Bohemia thoroughly is apt to have a very grave face as he hears a woman say so. No one can live her best in Bohemia; it is far easier to live your worst there.—Ladies Home Journal.

There are over two hundred distinct aunts in the human body, of which the best of us keep about one hundred in prime condition by proper use.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

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EVERY FARMER

SHOULD READ

THIS

There are unprincipled agents who will make all kinds of statements to the farmer to induce him to purchase their goods. We sold the Columbia Corn Harvester last season and are selling it this year again and the opposition agents have stated that we sold one last season to John Little, of Raleigh Township, and after he tried it he refused to keep it, but was compelled to do so, as we threatened to sue him if he did not settle. Rather than have a law suit he paid for it and in consequence we lost his custom. This is what the opposition is saying, now read what Mr. John Little says and after reading it the farmer can form some estimate of what to think of such disreputable methods as are being practiced by our opposition.

GEO. STEPHENS & CO.,

DEAR SIR:

Replying to your enquiries about the Columbia Corn Harvester we purchased from you, would say: We are well pleased with it and have no desire for anything better, and anything that may be said to the contrary by any agents of other Corn Harvesters we most emphatically deny. We were quite willing to settle and pay for it after it had been tried and do not now regret buying it.

Yours truly,

JOHN LITTLE.

GEO. STEPHENS & CO.,

DEAR SIR:

The Columbia Corn Harvester I purchased from you last season I started in a very irregular field of corn, some being long and some short, and I experienced no difficulty whatever in handling nor placing the band in proper place. The team used in cutting did not weigh more than twenty-three hundred pounds and did the work with apparent ease, having no side draught or neck weight. I have seen other Harvesters work, but believe this to be the best in the market. Yours truly,

G. W. CUNDLE.

GEO. STEPHENS & CO.