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ONE WAY TO PAY UP.

Or How the Insurance Agent Did Up the Goodness of the Agent.

At the sound of a knock upon the door of her apartment Mrs. Maloney of Cherry street, after dashing the suds from her hands, wiped them on the hem of her calico dress and opened the door.

Her Irish face looked not altogether pleased at sight of the young man who stood outside the threshold. He was fairly good looking, but he needed a shave, and his rather shabby clothes looked as though they had been thrown at him instead of being put on decently and in order. He held an open account book in his hand.

"Shure is it you again?" said Mrs. Maloney, her hand on the broken door knob.

"Yes, it's me," said the young man. "Your insurance is back due weeks now, so 'Tork' out the dough." His voice was somewhat gruff.

"Aw, let it go wan more wake," urged Mrs. Maloney in a wheedling tone. "Shure, it's meself pay ye every cint on Monday next."

"What do you think I am—a bank?" queried the collector, pushing his hat back on his head. "When you don't pay I have to advance the money myself or your policy lapses. I've done that four weeks for you already. This time you've got to pay up or I let her lapse."

"Aw, pay it now, just this wanst, like the good-lookin' young feller that ye are," pleaded Mrs. Maloney. Then she came closer and continued in a loud whisper, pointing inside the room with a clawlike finger. "The ould mon lies there a-reathin' his lasht. 'Tis waker and waker he grows ivery minit, and the tony doctor in the high hat that the society sints says he can't live till the mornin'." He's that far gone 'tis all he can do to shawler the whiskey I'm givin him, so pay the money for me and may the saints preserve ye."

"The saints will preserve me for a blamed fool if I advance any more money on that policy." The insurance man had closed his book and was drawing a caricature of Mrs. Maloney on the woodwork of the doorway with his pencil.

As for that worthy woman, she had seated herself on a rickety chair just inside the room and was rocking violently back and forth, in imminent peril of suddenly being let down on the floor.

"An' it's me that's paid dollars and dollars on that policy," she cried, her hands up to her face, "and now I'll be widout a pinnny in the world, and me ould man'll have to die and be buried on the town, with devil a mass to rest his soul."

The collector listened unmoved. It was an old story to him. "Are you going to pay up or not?" he asked with a weary air.

"Shure, if I had the money, wouldn't I paid ye this long ago to get rid of the sight of your ugly face?" cried Mrs. Maloney in wrath.

At this moment the argument was interrupted by a second young man who stumbled up the dark stairs and now came toward them, his eyes blind, by the light that streamed through a window in Mrs. Maloney's room. This young man carried a clothes wringer, and he evidently took as a good omen the odor of warm soap suds that greeted his nostrils.

"Good morning, madam," he began, with a beaming smile at Mrs. Maloney and ignoring the insurance man. "I called to-day to inquire if you have one of our patent, improved wringers, by the help of which you can do your washing in half the time. Fifty cents down and twenty-five a week buys this elegant labor-saving—"

"Go long wid ye now," interrupted Mrs. Maloney. "Do yez think I'm a millionayr? Shure its lucky I am to have clothes to wash. Fifty cints in dade. Its money a long day I can tell ye since I had my teeth in a fifty cint piece."

Here the insurance man interposed. He had thrust his account book into his pocket. "I think you do need the clothes wringer, Mrs. Maloney," he said pleasantly. "I'll lend you the 50 cents and you can return it to me later."

Mrs. Maloney stared at the speaker in astonishment, but as the insurance man winked the eye that was furthest from the agent in a comprehensive manner she said nothing.

The agent jumped at the sale with avidity, and in less time than it takes to write it he had the installment lease made out and had gone on his way rejoicing, leaving the wringer in Mrs. Maloney's hands.

The insurance man leaned against the doorway and waited until the sound of the agent's footsteps on the stairs had died away before he spoke.

"As soon as he's had time to turn the corner," he said laconically, "take that thing across the street and pawn it. You can get enough to pay me back my 50 cents and settle up your insurance besides."

"Shure it's a bright one ye are," cried Mrs. Maloney as she hurried away.

Before the next Monday had rolled around Mr. Maloney was sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, and Mrs. Maloney, having buried her spouse in state, after giving him a wake that was the talk of the tenements round about for many a day, had embarked in the steamer for her native land, there to enjoy the distinction incident to being a "rich widow."

The insurance man, on the strength of Mrs. Maloney's sudden affluence, had insured the life of every man, woman and child in the crowded tenement.

When looked upon in a moral light this story may have flaws, but viewed from the viewpoint of the greatest good to the greatest number it takes on another aspect, the only loser in the transaction was the agent who sold the wringer. He is out of pocket a small sum of money and out of mind a large slice of his faith in human nature, but then even he is richer in experience.

Her Desire.

"Mabel—Did you hear of the fuss over Clara's engagement ring?"

"Believe—No, I wish 'had a finger in

His Shield and Buckler.

Many a rough-looking man carries in his pocket, safe from all eyes but his own, some memento or relic that is to him as a shield and buckler against the power of evil.

A story is told of a big, burly miner who steadily refused to join his comrades in their drink bouts, or in any of their revels in which evil was done. He was not surly and morose, but he steadfastly declined all invitations to take part in his companions' carousals.

He was jeered at and subjected to all sorts of annoyances, but yield he would not. One night, when the revelry ran high, and many men were half drunk, they declared that "Big Joe," as he was called, simply "had to drink with them."

"I will not, boys," he declared firmly.

They declared that if he did not they would force liquor down his throat, and then run out of the camp.

"You ain't no better than the rest of us," said one man angrily.

"I have not said that I was."

"Well, why can't you join us and be friendly and sociable like, when we're trying to have a good time? Ain't signed the pledge, have you?"

With a sneer.

"No, have not signed any pledge, boys."

"Well, then, what is it that makes you hang back this way?"

"Well, boys, I'll tell you," he said. "It's something I don't like to talk about, but I'll tell you, and perhaps I'll not expect nor want me to drink with you when I have told you the truth."

He thrust his hand down into an inside pocket, in his gray flannel shirt, and drew forth something wrapped in an old silk handkerchief. Inside the handkerchief was a wrapping of tissue paper, and in the paper was a little shining curl of yellow hair.

"Big Joe held the curl up between his thumb and finger, and said: 'Boys, I've got a little piece of hair from a girl who's been with me from here, and that curl came from her precious, little brown head. I used to drink a lot—enough to ruin my wife's happiness, and when she was dying, I promised her that I'd never drink another drop, and that for our little girl's sake I'd be a better man, and when I left my little one with her grandmother, I promised them both what I promised my wife, and my little girl cut this from her head and gave it to me to remember her by, and she said, 'Mabel, I'll help you to keep your promise, papa.' It has helped me, I've worn it next my heart and heart, and I'll never, never drink a drop, nor do anything she would be sorry to have me do while it is there."

Now, do you want me to drink with you, boys?"

The man who had threatened to have whiskey poured down Big Joe's throat was the first to say, "No," and from that time forward he was never asked to break his promise.

His little girl's curl of shining brown hair was his shield and buckler, and with God's help it was to him a sure defence.

The Last Chord

Perhaps the most successful song of modern times is "The Last Chord," whose sale in Great Britain has exceeded two hundred and fifty thousand copies. The story of its composition, as told by Mr. Willeby, in his "Masters of English Music," illustrates that in the art, as in statesmanship, success came to those who knew the seasons, when to take Occasion by the hand.

For nearly three weeks, Arthur Seymour Sullivan had watched by the bedside of a dying brother. One night, when the end was not far off, and his brother was sleeping, he chanced to come across some verses of Adelaide Procter's which five years before he had tried in vain to set in music.

In the silence of that night-watching he read them over again, and almost instantly their musical expression was conceived. A stray sheet of music paper was at hand, and he began to write. The music grew, and he worked on, delighted to be helped while away the hours of watching. As he progressed, he felt sure the music was what he had sought for and failed to find on the occasion of his first attempt to set the words.

In a short time it was complete, and not long after in the publisher's hands.

A learned doctor brings a new count to the indictment against long dresses. It condemns them as a frequent promoter of neuralgic pains brought on by a constant holding up of the dress.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Cures Weak Men Free

A most successful remedy has been found for sexual weakness, such as impotency, varicocele, shrunken organs, nervous debility, loss of strength and all other results of self-abuse or excesses. It cures any case of the difficulty, never fails to restore the organs to full natural strength and vigor. The Doctor who made this wonderful discovery wants to let every man know about it. He will therefore send the receipt giving the various ingredients to be used so that all men at a trifling expense can cure themselves. He sends the receipt free and all the reader need do is to send his name and address to L. W. Knapp, Mt. D. 2710, Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., requesting the free receipt as reported in this paper. It is a generous offer and all men will be glad to have such an opportunity.

INDIAN ATHLETES.

Their Favorite Games Were Bowling, Ball Running, Wrestling, &c.

The American Indians were great bowlers. Alloys of greater length than any in use to-day were built in the open fields. Balls hewn out of stone were rolled by genuine Indian muscle. In fact, there is scarcely a popular kind of game played in this country to-day but that its counterpart can be found in the age of the red man. They were gamblers, too, even to forfeiting the clothes upon their backs, their wives or their liberty. Strange to say, the average school history has abandoned in a description of the Indian in nearly every point, except the details of the games he played.

Relics of the Indian bowling alley are rare except in a few sections of this country, thus showing that the game was not a universal one, and of the games which the Indian played bowling is undoubtedly the most remote. The Western Reserve of Ohio was one of the centers for the Indian bowlers. In several parts of Ashland county some of the older residents have these relics preserved, which they have picked up themselves in their early farming, usually in the open field.

The balls used, instead of being large wooden ones, like those in use to-day, were made of light-colored stone, and range in size from an ordinary league ball down to the common small toy rubber ball. The alleys were built of wood, carved out to make a reasonably smooth surface. The game was more to see how far one could roll rather than accuracy in striking the ten pins at the opposite end of the alley. The alleys were built so long that it is alleged it was a hard matter to roll one of these stone balls so that it would reach the end. The Indians, too kept a score, and like in all other games, they gambled.

The Indians were inveterate ball players and excellent "rooters." Their game lasted usually from 9 o'clock in the morning till sundown. It was participated in by from 100 to 1,000 young men, divided into two sides, and the games were witnessed by from 3,000 to 5,000 men, women and children, who formed an immense ring around the entire field. The enthusiastic Indian yells were not altogether unlike the noises of the modern ball park.

The game, however, resembled our football rather than baseball. When the ball was in the air there were kicks and struggles, maimed limbs and bruised bodies. A prescribed line divided the "rooters" of the two sides, and across this line the gambling took place. Old men were selected as umpires. Women on both sides brought the crude household goods of the family to the ball park to be staked on the game. Stakeholders guarded the goods. The scene resembled two distinct camps, although there was not necessarily more than one tribe engaged in the game.

Prior to the game each Indian was provided with two instruments which resembled our tennis rackets, and which were used to strike the ball in the air, and immediately hundreds of Indians started after it. One finally succeeded in catching it between the large ends of the two tennis rackets, and threw it "home," or between two poles, the limit of one side or the other. This would count one point toward the game, and the side getting 100 points first won. Often in the terrible struggle for the ball difficulties would arise between two slightly injured contestants and the game would stop until they were settled. The women also played ball. When the men were tired they would announce a game between the women, and prizes would be awarded to their winning wives.

Among the popular amusements dear to the lighter side of the American, a parallel for which has been found among the Indians, are the following: Bowling, ball playing, horse racing, foot racing, dancing, wrestling, checkers, dominoes, quills, sham fights.

Many things which some of us to-day may believe are contemporaneous only with the age in which we live by research maybe found to have existed in the every-day life of the American Indian. Polygamy was practised by certain Indian tribes long before Joseph Smith founded the Mormon belief. Vapor baths were enjoyed by the Indian before the white man came to disturb his hunting ground.—From the Chicago Chronicle.

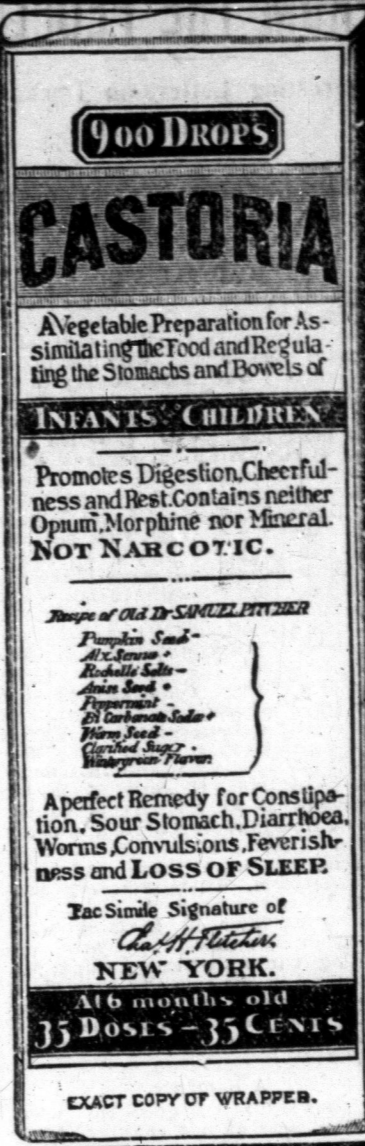
A strange custom in a Greek Island.

A very strange custom still prevails, as it has prevailed for centuries, on Telos, a little island about ten miles west of Rhodes. The island, which is inhabited by Greeks, is an out of the way place. No steamer ever anchors there, and only very seldom does a boat come there from Rhodes. The result of this isolation is that the islanders live practically the same life as their ancestors have lived for centuries. Many curious customs they have, and most curious is the one to which Friedrich von Vincenz, the only traveler who has visited the island for a very long time, has just drawn attention.

The eldest daughter of a family in Telos is her parents' sole heir, and she gets everything, while her brothers and sisters get nothing. "In the East," says Friedrich von Vincenz, "marriage is more an affair of business than of love. The eldest daughter is the only one who gets married. If she has three or four other sisters, they invariably find their home with her sooner or later, and work for her as servants, while they also share in her husband's affections."

"The bells ring on Sunday from the chapel and the monastery; the priests, the Bishops and the Patriarchs do their best to wean the people from this objectionable custom, and even the Turkish government has hinted that it would be well for the people to conform more to the modern ideas as regards matrimony and the bestowal of property. The people listen patiently to all that is said, and the oldest daughters and their husbands go regularly to church, but the old custom still remains."

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Western Fair, London.

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Eddy Antiseptic Packages

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.