EASY MATTER TO

REMOVE GRATES

matter to remove the grates from

the grates on the right can be

lifted out. Repeat the operation

on the left, and you can do the

same with the remaining grates.

These four grates are made of heavy cast-iron:

with the strongest kind of bull dog teeth. Heavy

and strong enough to grind up the biggest clinker

into particles small enough to sift through the

What's left in the ash-pan is not worth sifting.

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B.

shine," write direct to us for FREE BOOKLET.

If your local dealer does not handle the "Sun-

Could any operation be easier or simpler?

narrow openings between the teeth.

the Sunshine.

If necessity requires, it is an easy

Just loosen the cotter pin (see the top arrow pointing at it). and

# The Adaptability of Jimmy.

By Troy Allison. Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe

"I've waited for him long enough. I found a gray hair today." Elizabeth's voice was a comical reproduction of

Jim Hartley interrupted the fascinating occupation of punching with his scarf pin a lace pattern around a leaf on the large rubber plant and looked at her reproachfully.

"You know you always have me to fall back on," he suggested placidly. "Of course I might not come up to your exact ideas of what a Prince Charming ought to be, but could you idealize me a little, eh, Elizabeth?"

"My dear boy, you don't seem to realize your-er-nose in the least! Now, could you imagine the prince



"YOU NEEDN'T SAY ANY MORE."

with such—a feature? As merely a nose, Jimmy, I'll grant it's the noblest Roman of them all, but it would look as much out of place on my prince as as a Falstaffian front would on

He eyed with honest admiration the death's head and crossbones he had punched in the center of the leaf.

"Your dainty and aesthetic prince would be grieved to hear your slight of expression, Elizabeth, my child. You are not supposed to refer to anatomical subjects." She sniffed her disdain and, turning

her back to him, put her little worn stippers against the steam radiator.

"You are so terribly prim, too, and so—absolutely expected! I have known you so long that I know you through and through. There is never any room for speculation. Maybe one could forget about your nose if you would ever

do anything—unexpected!"

He did—immediately, and she arranged her rumpled hair, her eyes blazing at him angrily.
"James Hartley—I—never would have

believed it of you! And to think I've known you six years."

A little startled at his own recklessness, he picked up a paper knife from her writing desk and commenced op-erations on the abused rubber plant with assumed nonchalance.

"You wanted me to do something unexpected," he suggested mildly.
"Any man might have done that," with withering sarcasm.

Elizabeth Lent, I am more than shocked at such an admission, for I've wanted to try it for six years and have been too cowardly!"

The grew more confusedly angry.

Make a joke of it if you like," she "It probably serves me right thinking there was one man that

He turned abruptly and took his hat

in the top of the piano.
"You needn't say any more." His
"You've with anger. "You've face was pale with anger. had me at your beck and call for all these years, and you never would tak me seriously. As for jokes, my love for you has been a huge joke to you always. I'm tired of it-and if I'm never to be taken seriously we'll put an end to it all. I apologize most humbly for my recent rudeness," and he went out, closing the flat door with an unmistakable evidence of temper be fore she could realize that there had actually been a quarrel.

She stood up mechanically and commenced rearranging the furniture of the little parlor. She broke off the lished leaves of the rubber plant and started to the dining room to put them in the wastebasket.

Her roommate sat at the dining ta-ble working on a sketch.

"Jimmy gone this early?" she asked

in surprise.
"Not coming any more," answered
Miss Lent, with studied indifference. Frances Carson ran the background of the sketch into the Grecian face she had finished and let it drop on the

"What have you done to Jimmy?" best fellow I ever saw.'

"Is he indeed?" Miss Lent dropped the leaves into the basket with a ges-ture of superior scorn. "Glad you think so."

ing her paint brushes and threw the end of a rope.

"You have treated him shamefully all these years," she said, looking squarely into the other's wrathful eyes. "You have been dreaming of beroes and ideals and in the meanwhile have been taking all and giving nothing to the best type of man that exists. I only hope that you haven't treated him o badly it's beyond making up."
Miss Lent started toward the bed-

om door defiantly. "He'll get over it and come back in few days," she said, with calm as-

But Jimmy did nothing of the sort. Weeks passed, and Miss Carson found that she need cook only one chop for dinner, for the other was never touched. Elizabeth grew thinner and paler, and the doctor finally looked worried

when he asked about her cough. Frances Carson had never been a be-llever in the doctrine that it was good policy to let things drift. She believed in the judicious application of a help-ing hand. She watched her friend's listless face one night after dinner as she sat in the Morris chair, her book

lying forgotten on her lap.
"Elizabeth, I can't bear to see you looking so wretched," she said, rising energetically. "I'm going out and get something else for your cough. And you simply must make up your mind to go to Florida for the rest of the winter, as the doctor advises."

She put on her coat and hat and went, not to the druggist's, but to the nearest telephone booth.

"Is that you, Jimmy?" she called when she had got her number. "I may be a traitress, a villainess and everything else that indicates the double dyed feminine conspirator, but I couldn't resist the temptation of calling you up and telling you that you are an idiot.

"Don't get huffy! I've just cause for complaint. Did you know that Elizabeth has been too ill to go to her office for over a month?

"I thought you didn't. The doctor told me privately that he didn't believe she would stand the winter unless she could be induced to go south. Nohush-don't say a word to me. I'm not going back to the flat for two hours, nd she is really too ill to be left alone. If anything happens to her while I'm away, it will be your fault. I left the key under the hall mat near our door. Before I ring off, I'll tell you I found your picture under her pillow when I was fixing her bed this morning. I left the bed unfixed, and she doesn't dream I saw it. So you see why you are an idiot. Goodby!"

When Elizabeth heard the key in the door half an hour later, she spoke without turning her head.

"You've tried nearly every brand of patent medicine on the market, Frances. I only hope this one will not be bitter to take."

"So do I"- Jimmy put a chair in front of her and sat down as calmly as if he had only been out of the room

fifteen minutes. She started to rise from her chair, but fell back from weakness.

"You've come back?" she said faintly,
"I've come back to make you take
the doctor's prescription," he said boldly, thinking of the picture under the pillow. "You need managing, Elizabeth, and I'm going to see what I can do in that line. You are going to start to Florida tomorrow afternoon, and I'm going with you to keep off the alli-gators and things."
"But you can't!" she gasped, her face

flushing, her eyes fixed upon his in a dazed fascination.

"I can do all manner of unexpected things," he said, taking both her hands; "for instance, I'm going to marry you et 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

He looked at her triumphantly, felt the nervous grip of her fingers, but never relaxed his gaze.

The color wavered over her face and

finally covered the wanness that had startled him when he first saw her. "Jimmy, I wouldn't be the least bit angry now if"— she commenced in a whisper, and Jimmy's intelligence was entirely comprehensive.

Impaled on a Buffalo

Many years ago a son of an Iroquois halfbreed went out one day with other Indians to run buffaloes along the Red river, but he never returned. found his horse and his gun and knife but could not find the man. About a year later, as the Indians were hunt ing in another part of the country, a buffalo cow was seen which had se thing peculiar on her head. They chased and killed her and found that her singular head ornament was pelvis of a man, one of her horns having pierced the thin part of the bone, which was wedged on so tightly they could scarcely get it off. Much of the hair on the head, neck and shoulders of the cow was worn off short, and on the side on which the bone was the hair looked new, as if it had been worn off the skin and was beginning to grow out again. It is supposed that this bone was part of the missing halfbreed, who had been hooked by the cow and carried about on her head until his body fell to

When the Astrologers Were Wrong. Not all of the ancients were supersti tious. "Where wilt thou spend Christmas?" asked Henry VII. of Evans, a noted astrologer. "May it please your majesty, I am unable to tell." "Then I am wiser than thou," said the king, "for I know it will be in prison." Another astrologer told John Gallezzo, duke of Milan, that he would die early. "And how long do you expect to live?" "And now long do you expect to liver asked the duke in return. "My lord, my star promises me long life." "Never trust your star, man, You are to be hanged before night," cried the duke. And, sure enough, he was and that by being thrown out of a window at the end of a rope.

## spoiled sketch in the basket on top of As a Single Women, England's the leaves. Queen Enjoys Many Rights

### BUSINESS GIRL AS A WIFE HE NEVER GOT THE MONEY

THE PIONEER.

By Maurice Thompson

If I could flute, O thrush, like you I'd swing upon the hadge, And trill a pastoral strong and true About the maul and wadge.

The gnarled maul my grandsire swung
And made the forest boom,
While his good wifs a-spinning sung,
Or swayed across the loom.

O hark! I hear his rhythmic stroks

Give him a song, the brave and true, Him of the wedge and maul, Whose hero heart and hand could

The drudgery for us all! O high on honor's eminence His lonely cabin rose, He burst grand holes to build the

That circled freedom's close. He was a giant and he tore Our roadway with his hand; Across the wild frontiers he bore The burden of the land.

Give him, the brave old pioneer, A century-closing song.

The whole choir sing, the nation

A hundred million strong! -Youths' Companion.

ander. And what does this signify to me!

She should make the best sort, because she knows the worries that Thomas, a well-known Western lawbest a man in business.

She should make the best sort, because she knows the worries that Thomas, a well-known Western lawbest a man in business.

She should make the best sort, because she knows the worries that Thomas, a well-known Western lawbest a man in business.

Judge. One night Thomas found himself in a shabby little town having no hotel. I siting to stay all night he asked a lounger in front of a grocery store where he might travagance. She has probably learned to diese neatly and carefully, without extravagance.

She knows by experience the workers' need of a quiet, restful home at the day's end.

She has learned in her business career the necessity of system in all work.

She has probably learned to diese her might of a grocery stors where he might find accommodations. The loung r went inside of the store, which was run by an Indian. When inform d that there was a man outside who wanted a place to spend the night, the Indian ask d:

Who is the fellow?

work.

She knows the unfairness of loading the business person down with household errands.

She knows how easy it is to be detained at the office, and therefore, won't fuss if dinner is kept waiting. She knows that there are bigger things in the universe than the trifling little personal things that happen to her each day.

Her own experience has taught her that it is only in a cheerful peaceful home, lit by the light of love, that the worker can find strength and refreshment to start each day's toil anew.

The Indian ask d:

Who is the fellow?

Judge Thomas, was the reply.

Well, if that's the fellow, he had better pay me what he owes me before asking me for any favors.

How is that? queried the lounger. Is he in debt to you!

Yes, replied the Indian. When he was Judge in Muskog'se I was up before him for selling liquors. I was convicted, and in a hitencing me he said, "I will give you sixty days in jail and \$100." I got the sixty days all right, but he never came across toil anew.

If you to me be cold, Or I be false to you, Or I be false to you,
The world will go on, I think,
Just as it used to do;
The clouds will flirt with the moon,
The sun will kiss the sea,
The winds to the trees will whisper, And laugh at you and me.

But the sun will not thing so bright The clouds will not seem so white To one as they will to two; So I think you had better be kind, And I had best be true, And let the old love go on,

Just as it used to do. On glut or wedge descend,
What time the fragrant logs of oak,
Resisting, crack and rend.

If the whole of a page be read,
If a book be finished through,
Still the world may read on, I this Just as it used to do; For other lovers will con

The pages we have passed, And the treacherous gold of the binding Will glitter unto the last.

But lids have a lonely look, It opens only to two; So I think you had better be kind, And I had best be true, And let the reading go on, Just as it used to do.

If we who have sailed together, Flit out of each other's view,
The world will sail on, I think,
Just as it used to do;
And we may reckon by stars
That flash from different skies, And another of Love's pirates May capture my lost prize.

But ships long time together Can better the tempest weat He climbed down from the pay car with his month's wages still in his hand.

Sure, ye must be feelin' rich, Pat, with all ye have there, said a by-stander.

Can better the tempest weather (Than any other two; So I think you had better be kind, And I had best be true, That we may together sail, Just as we used to do.

-Will Carlton

And what does this signify to metanswered Pat. Just two looks; wan whin I git it, and wan whin I give it to the ould woman.

When the stomach needs cleansing the howels increased activity, the liver additional power, don't use mercural pills; try Dr. Hamilton's Vegetable in composition, extremely mild, yet sure to flush out all impurities and wastes, no remedy is so well adapted for family use. Positively a cure for billiousness and sick headache, unfailing in constipation and bowel trouble, exceptionally good for indigestion, no medicine is 50 nm. Why, of course it isn't, she responded brightly. There's boating, and coaching, and bridge, and ever so many things.

We all have our troubles.

BLUE PILLS NO LONGER USED.

When the stomach needs cleansing, the bowels increased activity, the liver additional power, don't use mercural pills; try Dr. Hamilton's vegetable in composition, extremely mild, yet sure to flush out all impurities and wastes, no remedy is so the new ostrich and colored on the other. Little marabou neck pleces with ostrich tips scattered through them young extremely in the new ostrich and colored on the other. Little marabou neck pleces with ostrich tips scattered through them young extremely in the new ostrich and colored on the other. Little marabou neck pleces with ostrich tips scattered through them young extremely in the new ostrich and colored on the other. Little marabou neck pleces with ostrich tips scattered through them young extremely in the new ostrich and colored on the other. Little marabou neck pleces with ostrich tips scattered through them young extremely in the new ostrich and colored on the other. Little marabou neck pleces with ostrich tips scattered through them young extremely in extremely in extremely into the new ostrich and colored on the other. Little marabou neck pleces with ostrich tips scattered through the new ostrich and colored on the other. Little marabou neck pleces with ostrich tips scattered through them the new ostrich and colored on the other. Little new oth



FLOWERED BATISTE MORNING GOWN-564% set in gold filigree mountings. The best examples are quite expensive, the workmanship being of fine quality

workmanship being on him quanty and executed entirely by hand. Quantities of rusty gold are put upon the spring gowns, whether in braid or in touches of embroidery. The idea is a pretty one, for, harmonizing with ev erything, it lights up a color and, paradoxical as it may sound, robs it at the same time of any loudness, and a spring gown often appears too frivo-lous even though the season be far advanced. Some silver is in evidence but for popularity it has no place with

The graceful morning robe depicted herewith is of flowered batiste, but it may be evolved from india silk and the washable pongee.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Gorgeous New Mantle - Apricot Shades Very Modish-Ruches. The maharajah mantle seems to be coming into vogue. It is of volumi-nous capacity and has full draped sleeves of chiffon, the body being of satin. It is a very oriental looking wrap and is not destined to become

The apricot shades which have appeared in such variety are destined to become popular, and there are so many



of them that they suit almost all com plexions. They are particularly attractive in pongee. Net and chiffon ruches are always

pretty and give just the right tou to the frock. The marabou, coque or ostrich boa is warmer, but these are always worn by some people. Some of the new ostrich and coque boas are white on one side and colored on the

USEFUL NOTES.

The Styles Hopeless—Bracelets of Antique Designs—Rusty Gold.

There is no use fighting against the fact that Parisian styles this season are abominably ugly, and it is not an ugliness that has many attractive features either. Oftentimes we run across



S. S. NO. 2, CHATHAM TOWNSHIP. FASHIONABLE HINTS.

Class V.-G. Abraham, S. Weaver. Class IV., Sr.-I. Holmes, J. French

Class IV., Jr.-B. Chinnick, B. Before honor is humility.

DISTRICT

French. E. French., L. Kennedy: Frenchs, E. Frenchs, L. Lenneuy.
Class III.—B. Frenchs, G. Griffithm.
C. Holmes, M. Chinnick, A. Pract.
Class II.—F. Woodings, A. Brown.
J. Frenchs, W. Chinnick, R. Kennesser.

The following report of S. S. No.

2. Chatham Township, is based on the results of examinations held during May and June. Those after whose names astericks occur have been promoted to higher classes.

Names in order or merit.

A. French., W. Chance, R. Remonage.

G. Blackburn.

Part I.—F. Brown. L. French.

W. McNeilages, O. French.

Fart I., Sr.—E. Griffiths,

Part I., Jr.—B. Arnold, H. Browse.

I. Fisher.

G. Shaw.

# Couldn't Be a Purer Flour Than "Kent Mills" Gold Medal

and Ontario Red Winter Wheat are used in the production of "Kent Mills" Flour.

Before being ground the grains of wheat are thoroughly cleaned, dusted and scoured by special machines.

All the sand, dust, light orains, seeds and other foreign substances, which are always present to a more or less degree when wheat is delivered at the mill, are left behind when the wheat starts on its journey to be crushed into flour.

By our improved process of milling the hard, fibrous bran and cellulosic coats are so carefully removed from the starch and gluten cells, which are crushed into flour, that there's not the remotest possibility of a single atom of these impure and indigestible substances remaining "Kent Mills" Flour.

Just as careful to keep every

NLY the best Manitoba particle of the germ out, too. may be useful in a bre food, but it impairs the keeping

qualities of the flour.

And to make absolutely summer of every impurity being removed the flour is sifted through the finest silk cloths, which costs more dollars a yard than you would probably think of paying for even a ball dress. It is because we are so careful

in every step of the selecting the wheat, the milling and the blending that we are able to produce a flour so immensely superior to all others. A flour that is absolutely pure

always uniform, that will not dry out soon, but will keep fresh longer than any other.

A flour that will make more and better bread and pastry to the barrel than the best Manitoba patent.

Every bag or barrel "Kemer: Mills" Flour guaranteed by both the manufacturer and dealer.

Kent Flour Canada Flour Mills Co.
Limited, Chatham, Onto Limited, Chatham, Onto