

RAW

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FURS

Miscellaneous

HIDE AND SEEK

It was an old, old, old lady—
And a boy who was half-past three—
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he—
For he was a thin little fellow
With a thin, little, twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree—
And the game they played I'll tell you
Just as 'twas told to me.

It was Hide and Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to
be—

With an old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee,

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee—
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses, One—Two—Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three!

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and
warmer,
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press,
Gram'ma,"
And he found her with his three.

Then she covered her face with her
fingers,
That were wrinkled, and white, and
wee,
And she guessed where he was hiding
With a One, and Two, and Three.

And they never had stirred from their
places
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee.
This dear, dear, dear, old lady
And the boy who was half-past three.

—Boston Transcript.

FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS

"Mike, Mike!" called Mike Delaney's
wife, Bridget, when he came home one
evening, "run over to the Mack's and
see what's the matter with Pat. He's
been running up and down the yard
since breakfast these two days; and

**10c. The latest
success.**
Black Watch
The big
black plug
chewing tobacco.
2265

the weather's bad for shirt sleeves.
I'm thinking he's either lost his mind
or training for a policeman."

"Whist, woman!" said Mike. "Let
him be. He's got a wife of his own to
worry him."

The next morning she met Mike at
the door.

"Sure," said she, "his brain's gone
entirely, or it must be dancing lessons
he's after taking, for he's prancing
about the yard all this blessed day, he
is."

So Mike thinks he had better look
into the matter, and he goes to Pat.

"Man, man!" he said, "can't your
wife jaw at you enough without all the
neighbors taking a whack? What are
you making a spectacle of your feelings
in the back yard for? Are you crazy?"

"Sure," replied Pat, "I'm only follow-
ing directions. It's a bit sick I've
been, and the doctor left me some medi-
cine. He told me to take it two days
running and then skip a day."

—The Philadelphia Arrow.

TO KNOW ALL IS TO FORGIVE ALL

If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less,
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you, and you knew me.

HAVE YOU WRITTEN TO MOTHER?

May I ask you, worthy lad,
Whose smile no care can smother,
Though busy life throbs round about,
Have you written to mother?

You are fast forgetting, aren't you, quite
How fast the weeks went flying;
And that a little blotted sheet
Unanswered still is lying?

Don't you remember how she stood,
With wistful glance at parting?
Don't you remember how the tears
Were in her soft eyes starting?

Have you forgotten how her arm
Stole round you to caress you?
Have you forgotten those low words:
"Good-by, my son, God bless you"?

Oh! do not wrong her patient love,
Save God's, there is no other
So faithful through all mists of sin;
Fear not to write to mother.

Tell her how hard it is to walk,
As walked the Master, lowly,
Tell her how hard it is to keep
A man's life pure and holy.

Tell her to keep the lamp of prayer
Aflame, a beacon burning;
Whose beams shall reach you far away,
Shall lure your soul returning.

Tell her you love her dearly still,
For fear some sad to-morrow
Shall bear away the listening soul,
And leave you lost in sorrow.

And then through bitter falling tears,
And sighs you may not smother,
You will remember when too late
You did not write to mother.

—Banner of Gold.

DON'T STOP MY PAPER!

Don't stop my paper, printer;
Don't strike my name off yet;
You know the cash comes slowly,
And dollars hard to get;

But tug a little harder
Is what I mean to do,
And scrape the dimes together—
Enough for me and you.

I can't afford to drop it,
And I find it doesn't pay
To do without a paper,
However others may.
I hate to ask my neighbors
To give me theirs to loan;
They don't just say, but mean it:
"Why don't you get your own?"

* * *

Church—What's that piece of cord
tied around your finger for?

Chapell—My wife put it there to
remind me to post her letter.

"And did you post it?"

"No; she forgot to give it to me!"—
London Opinion.

* * *

Suffragette—Don't you believe a
woman should get the same wages as a
man?

Park Orator—Well, I know a woman
gets mine!—London Opinion.

* * *

"There was one thing about your
spring poem that impressed me very
much," said the editor to the long-
haired poet.

"Yes?" said the poet, eagerly.
"Yes," remarked the editor. "It
was the typewriting. What make of
machine do you use?"—Detroit Free
Press.

GOD OF THE OPEN AIR

Thou who hast made thy dwelling fair
With flowers beneath, above with
starry lights,
And set thine altars everywhere—

On mountain heights,
In woodlands dim with many a dream,
In valleys bright with springs,
And on the curving capes of every
stream,

Thou who has taken to thyself the
wings
Of morning to abide
Upon the secret places of the sea,

And on far islands, where the tide
Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,
Waiting for worshippers to come to
thee

In thy great out-of-doors!
To thee I turn, to thee I make my
prayer,
God of the open air.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

* * *

How to put a luxury to most practical
use was contrived when A. C. Drake, a
farmer living near here, says the *Denver
Republican*, started his automobile to
shelling corn. Last fall he bought a fine
automobile, but his corn crop was so
large that all his spare time had been
occupied lately in shelling it instead of
riding about in the country. He placed
a pulley on the shaft of the automobile
engine, and over this passed a belt to
his corn sheller, heretofore operated
by hand, and the labor-saving device
is a great success.

* * *

The old major of cavalry was the
owner of a pair of bow legs and a hot
temper. He was, moreover, an enthu-
siastic golfer.

But he was still only fifty yards from
his first tee with his fifth stroke. The
new member had been waiting to play,
and at last his patience gave out.

"Fore!" he cried, and drove off. He
had done better to have waited a little
longer.

His ball scudded along the turf and
rolled between the major's legs. "Here,
you, sir, confound you," exclaimed the
latter, hotly, "that is not golf, sir!"

"No, perhaps not," replied the new
member, slowly and thoughtfully, "but
it is rather good croquet."

COULD NOT GO TO WORK BACK WAS SO WEAK.

Backache is the primary cause of kidney
trouble. When the back aches or becomes
weak it is a warning that the kidneys are
liable to become affected.

Heed the warning; check the Backache
and dispose of any chances of further
trouble.

If you don't, serious complications are
very apt to arise and the first thing you
know you will have Dropsy, Diabetes or
Bright's Disease, the three most deadly
forms of Kidney Trouble.

Mr. James Bryant, Arichat, N.S., was
troubled with his back and used Doan's
Kidney Pills, he writes:—"I cannot say
too much about the benefit I received after
using three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills.
I was greatly troubled with an aching pain
across the small of my back. I could not
go to work and my back was so weak I
would have to sit down. It would go away
for a few days but would always return.
I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills
and I must say they completely cured me."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for
\$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on
receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill
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