

## JOHN'S TROUBLES.

(A. K. T.)

John's face was indeed agitated. John is a fairly steady-going man, with pretty well outlined ideas about right and wrong. It has always been his endeavor to do right; that is to say, to stop doing wrong. He does his best to refuse a beer, but never quite succeeds. Some people say he's only pretending, but my opinion is that John needs a weaker conscience and a stronger will. His conscience is always pricking him, and he seems to prefer it that way.

Anyway, John was getting quite a job this time. He wore a despairing, livery look, and was well dressed. When I spoke he seemed pretty moody and I had to jolly him before he'd come into line. As last he spoke:

"I'll tell you straight, I'm kind of worried." This was the way he pulled down his colors. When John's telling things straight business has commenced.

"You worrying? Why, John, you've nothing to worry about. You're single." This remark was just to see if the trouble lay that way. It did.

"What, John, you in love?" I was not really surprised, because John is in love about half the time; but, like a true friend, I made no allusion to my knowledge of previous love affairs. I knew he wouldn't like it just then.

"I suppose I am," he said, gloomily. "I should make up my mind and marry the girl."

"Ah, that's just it; ought I to? I have that question. The only answer one can give is 'No,' and that never pleases the questioner.

"And, why not?" I asked, displaying none of the doubts I felt.

"Because she's married." "My dear John, that settles it, surely?" I knew his own mother would agree with me there.

"Not altogether," went on the infatuated man.

"Well, it certainly should do," I remarked, severely. If life had taken the glow off his morals I didn't want him to think mine were affected, too.

"Perhaps I should say she's been divorced."

It's an old trick of John's to paint things black, then try to prove them white. As a rule, John's moral affairs are grey. However, I had not said anything rash.

"I'm not exactly sure it would be wise to marry her," he continued, doubtfully. "You must use reason in deciding."

"You can't very well when you're in love."

"Well, reason would advise me not to," I suggested, as a little help to him.

"Hush," said John, suddenly brightening up. "Here she is."

As he spoke a decidedly nice looking young woman came up rather modestly. I never knew women like her were inclined to be modest.

John very politely introduced us and invited me to accompany them somewhere or other. Of course, I had to regret, being previously engaged. I know enough not to butt in with a man who's having trouble with his conscience. And all the way home I tried to feel very glad it was John, and not me, who was on such doubtful ground.

## ITCH

Manage, Pruric Scratches and every form of contagious itch on human or animal cured in 30 minutes by the new and reliable Lotion. It never fails. Sold by druggists.

A Woman's as Old as She Feels.

Men fall in love with women nowadays who are their equals, women who can entertain them and who know enough not to bore them with a lot of what our grandmothers used to call politely years at all. I know two sisters, one of them is 40 and the other 30. The 30-year-old woman is faded and dulled and crushed and uninteresting. You'd call her an elderly woman if you didn't know her. The 40-year-old woman is brisk and buxom and full of fun and the joy of living.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

## ELEPHANT IN DRAMA.

First of the Big Beasts Exhibited in the Country Was a Star Performer.

With the modern circus the trained elephants are as inseparable in the minds of most patrons of the tented arena as the graceful riders themselves, yet the first performing elephant to be introduced to this country was not connected with a circus, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, but made its debut as a theatrical star. This famous and now forgotten animal was the heroine of a drama specially written to show off its powers.

It was in January, 1831, that this marvelous pachyderm, heralded with a blast of press agents' notices equalled only by the announcements some years later for the coming of Jenny Lind, was first shown to American audiences. As the beast was landed in New York that city naturally had the first taste of its histrionic powers. Two Philadelphia managers fought for possession of the "star," and the newspapers and cartoonists of the time kept the public informed of every phase of the quarrel as it proceeded.

John Gallot, a French animal trainer, who, the year before had made a big success with his elephant named "Mlle. Jick" in London and the English provinces, brought the beast to this country. While the elephant was performing three weeks' engagement in New York city in "The Elephant of Siam and the Fire Fiend," described as a "magnificent Eastern drama," Lamb & Coyle, managers of the Chestnut Street Theatre, sent an agent over to the neighboring city to secure the prize for their house.

Unfortunately, in their haste to outstrip their rivals the Chestnut Street manager overstepped the mark. Their agent had neglected to sign an agreement with the proprietor of the "star," Maywood, the manager of the Arch street house, did not go about the business so hurriedly, but secured the elephant by signing a contract.

The play in which the elephant took part, was of no dramatic importance.

There was some chance for the comedians and the elephant, and it is presumed both made the most of it. There were processions in which the animal appeared and in one scene the animal tossed off several bottles of mineral water at a "magnificent banquet." Apart from this the play was ingeniously constructed to give the great beast a real part to play.

In the first act the elephant enters as one of the conspirators in about to murder the Prince by placing him in the tomb of the departed monarch, and, according to the stage directions, "by a roar, bans their progress." He also loosens the stone which closes the vault, and thus saves the heir. At the close of the second act he selects the rightful heir to the throne. He advances, takes the crown off the head of Korrassan (the usurper) and places it on the head of Almazor. He also "takes up Almazor with his trunk and bears him off in triumph."

The rightful heir, however, is not yet out of the woods. Through the greater part of the next act the "fire fiend" and conspirators generally are after him. They finally capture him and place him in a chest to smother him quietly. But the faithful sacred elephant enters, "approaches the chest and lifts up the lid when Almazor is discovered almost expiring." In order to revive him, "the elephant gathers oranges from the trees which surround the spot and presents them to the Prince." The faithful beast then "picks up the trunk of a tree and strikes a gong," thus giving the alarm. It is not difficult to see the finale. The Prince is saved, the conspirators are captured and the elephant is worshipped.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

## No Changing the Log.

On a certain ship the mate was too fond of the cup that cheers, according to Judge's Library. The captain did his utmost to break him of this habit, and everything else failing, told him that the next time he was drunk he would write it in the log. For a long time after this the mate stopped drinking. Thereupon the captain wrote the following entry in the log:

"August 12, 19—: 60 degrees north longitude, 70 degrees west latitude. Mate Jones is drunk to-day."

The mate begged him to take this off, saying that it would spoil his chances of ever being made captain of a ship. But the captain said, "It's true, isn't it?"

"Yes, but"—replied the mate.

"Well," said the captain, "the record stands."

A few days later the mate had to write the entry. On looking over the log the amazed captain saw this entry:

"August 15, 19—: 80 degrees north longitude, 67 degrees west latitude. Captain Smith is sober to-day."

He sent for the mate and demanded what he meant by such an entry, ordering him to take it off.

"Well," said the mate, "it's true, isn't it?"

"Of course, it's true!" roared the captain.

"Then the record stands," replied the mate.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

## When He Showed Heroism.

"Did you ever perform any great or heroic act?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't you say something about the bravery of Jones?"

"I don't feel like bragging about it."

"What was it, I'd like to know?"

"I married."—Houston, Tex., Post.

## Spoken With Patriotic Pride.

"You have nothing that carries with it the charm of antiquity," said the European.

"Oh, yes, we have," answered the rich American. "It won't be long before we have the market in that line cornered. We're just buying up antiques faster than you can make 'em."—Washington Star.

## Too Much Reason for Love.

"O, mamma, I'm so unhappy!" sobbed the bride of two months. "George doesn't love me any more!"

"What makes you think that, dear?" asked the mother anxiously.

"Because he expects me to give in whenever he is in the right."—Baltimore American.

## Talks on..

## Banking by Mail

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## Stirred His Father's Pride.

Willie was a regular mother's boy, a writer in the Chicago Tribune declares. He was so devoted to her that he could not bear to have anyone else do things for him, not even his indulgent father.

One night he called his father to his bedside.

"Papa," he said, "will you please to bring me a glass of water?"

His father went for the water, glowing with pride at the unusual summons, and when Willie had taken his drink the parent's curiosity got the better of him.

"Why," he asked, "did you call me to-night, instead of your mother?"

"Oh, there's been a dressmaker here to-day, and I was afraid there might be some pins or needles on the floor to get into mamma's feet," replied Willie, innocently.

## BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of bad-habits. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 8, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. It can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

## Way for the Summer Girl.

Now both the summer girl venture blithely from her winter furs into the street and into the park, into the sunlight and under the trees she trips daintily. Shyly she comes, for she has watched the whimsies of the weather and thinks she must beware. But she comes. That is the great, cheering, thrilling fact—she comes. Almost any girl who is prone at other seasons may be verse in summer. In two more weeks the summer girl will not steal forth so shyly, for she will be in the height of her season then. She will rule in a kingdom all hers.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Saves Time

Celluloid Starch needs no cooking—just cold water and you're ready. "Twon't stick yet gives a better gloss, with less iron-rubbing, than any starch you know. Its price is little. Your dealer sells it. Try it this week. 204

## Celluloid Starch

## Nightingales in Scotland.

The nightingale favors some districts and shuns others. Scotland it does not visit, but a century ago a patriotic Scotoman tried to establish the nightingale in that country. He commissioned a London dealer to purchase nightingales' eggs, one shilling each being given for them. These were well packed in wool and sent to Scotland by mail coach.

A number of men had previously been engaged to take special care of all robin redbreasts' nests in places where the eggs could be hatched in safety. The robins' eggs were removed and replaced by those of the nightingale, which were hatched and reared by their foster mothers. When full fledged the young nightingales seemed perfectly at home near the places where they first saw the light, and in September, the usual period of migration, they departed.

But the nightingales never returned to Scotland. It has been suggested that it was not the climate they objected to but the difficulty of acquiring the accent.—Glasgow News.

## In Automobiledom.

Scientist—Light travels at the rate of about 187,000 miles a second. Chauffeur—Gee! That's going some! Auto Enthusiast (slightly deaf)—Par-don me, sir. But what make machine was it you just mentioned?

## Pre-Existence.

Do you remember that life, my love, As dimly it seems, do I, When you were the flower I flitted above And I was a butterfly.

Young man—But is the lady you recommend well educated? Matrimonial agent—Well, she has a fine library of savings bank books.—Witsblatt.

## It Was His Dog.

An automobile dashed along the country road. Turning a curve, it came suddenly upon a man with a gun on his shoulder, and a weak, sick-looking old dog beside him. The dog was directly in the path of the motor car. The chauffeur sounded the horn, but the dog did not move—until he was struck. After that he did not move.

The automobile stopped, and one of the men got out and came forward. He had once paid a farmer \$10 for killing a calf that belonged to another farmer. This time he was wary.

"Was that your dog?"

"Yes."

"You own him?"

"Yes."

"Looks as if we'd killed him."

"Certainly looks so."

"Very valuable dog?"

"Well, not so very."

"Will \$5 satisfy you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, here you are." He handed a five-dollar bill to the man with the gun, and added, pleasantly, "I'm sorry to have broken up your hunt."

"I wasn't going hunting," replied the other, as he pocketed the bill. "Not going hunting? Then what were you doing with the dog and the gun?"

"Going down to the woods to shoot the dog."—Youth's Companion.

## The Tonic You Need

If you are suffering with Boils, Pimples, Scabs, or other diseases, due to impure blood, if the stomach is weak, bowels, liver or kidneys out of order, digestion poor—you need

## MIRA

Blood Tonic. This Tonic builds up the system. And while purifying the blood, it also restores the stomach, liver, bowels and kidneys to healthy and natural action. You can feel yourself getting better when you take Mira Blood Tonic. 31 bottles for \$5. At druggists or Chemist Co. of Canada, Limited, Hamilton—Toronto.

Auntie Wren's Busy.

Norman Haggood, journalist and essayist, was discussing veracity. "Truth telling," he said, "is not always wise or praiseworthy. Indeed, it is sometimes the reverse."

"Thus a young man called on a young woman early one spring morning. He had his automobile along. He wanted to give the young woman a morning spin through the country."

"A little girl, the young woman's niece, answered the bell."

"Is your auntie in?" said the young man.

"Yes, sir," said the little girl.

"That's good. Where is she?" he went on.

"She's upstairs," said the little girl. "In her nightgown looking over the railing."

## Teething Babies

are saved suffering—and mothers given rest—when one uses

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Quickly relieves—regulates the bowels—prevents eruptions. Used 50 years. Absolutely safe. At druggists, 25c. 6 bottles, \$1.25. National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Sole Proprietors, Montreal.

## A SUGGESTION.

(By Jerry J. Coban.)

My son, there's lots can rhyme and write in dactyls and you'll read it. And sprinkle "nearby" left and right. With speed, at ease and pleasure. But high-toned metaphoric stuff, With literary glances, Create no jewel, smooth or rough, Unless it's got "the lichen."

A picture with your mind attract And hold art you'll put in it. From chisel, brush or pen—in fact, No matter how created, We and much literary "junk" In literary things—"worth reading"—Not jewels, many—Mostly junk—So "cut 'em up" to the press.

If you would be a critic, son, Be humane, sincere and true. Don't ape the many sneering ones. Embrace the honest few. They're mostly disappointing folks, Sour, envious of success, Hand "demons" to the press.

Their juggle words and phrases, youth, To stab, distort, and knock. A sound of lies, an ounce of truth, Will average itself to the press. The ablest critic that reviews Affairs, in his dominion, Will or that which his mind construes Is but one man's opinion."

If you would be an actor, sport, Remember it's an art. That's never learned, and seldom taught. If you'd play well your part, Upon the mimic stage you'll find More needs than lines and pose, Alert intelligence and mind.

Or in the "soup" the goes. What'er your role, stay well! If poet, worker, scribbler or sage, Make every effort tall. If you should fail and stall and drop, Don't heed the critic's jest. Just rise and climb, when near the 'top, Keep steady, there's no rest. Written for the Spot Light.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

"Mr. Dooley" on Taft.

In the July American Magazine, "Mr. Dooley" writes of the Presidential candidates. Of Taft he says:

"His rare position in the cabinet is Official Jollyer. He's th' Happy Hand. Whin there's a notion anywhere Taft starts out an' cleans it up. A man goes into th' White House with a letter fr'm James J. Hill. There's a sound iv breakin' glass an' furniture, an' th' visitor is fired out iv a window. Where does he fall? Taft's waitin' arms 'Where are ye goin', frind?' says Taft. 'To a hardware store to buy me a gun,' says th' man. 'I have another letter in me pocket fr'm Haiteh Haiteh Rogers,' he says. 'Ah, set here awhile,' says Taft, pullin' him into a chair. 'Have a good one. Put wan into yer pocket to smoke after supper. Isn't it a fine day, ain't it? I've got a conundrum I want to tell ye some time. Ye're not mad, are ye? Don't mind th' little fellow inside. It's his fun. Why, yesterday he throw a lighted lamp at me an' I'm his best frind.' An' th' man goes back to Herkimer county and shows the place where Rosenfelt hit him."

In the Gloucester, England, district the foundrymen's wages have been advanced 1c. a week, with one hour's reduction in time.

## ISSUE NO. 28, 1907.

DO YOU WANT DELIVERED FREE, a good PIANO FOR \$145? Send for free illustrated catalogue. H. A. BINGHAM, Orlinda, Ont.

## A Heartless Swindle.

In the June American Magazine Ray Stannard Baker tells the following story:

"One day while walking in one of the most fashionable residence districts of Atlanta I saw a magnificent grey stone residence standing somewhat back from the street. I said to my companion, who was a resident of the city: 'That's a fine home.' 'Yes; stop a minute,' he said, 'I want to tell you about that. The anti-kink man lives there.' 'Anti-kink?' I asked in surprise. 'Yes; the man who occupies that house is one of the wealthiest men here. He made his money by selling to negroes a preparation to smooth the kinks out of their wool. They're simply crazy on that subject.' 'Does it work?' 'You haven't seen any straight-haired negroes, have you?' he asked."

Women and Dry Goods Stores.

It is a fact that a dry goods store is a happy part of a woman's life. Watch them come, each with a little purpose in her heart, or some fancy to satisfy or some dear anxiety to dispel, like blossoms in a gale, fluttering here and there, now at this counter and now at that, picking up a piece of lace here or a ribbon there or a dainty question everywhere as she goes on and on. Isn't it a vision. As the tides respond to the moon so does the dry goods store to the woman. Either is the fulfillment of the other. One cannot think of one and not the other. They began in the garden long ago. It was a greater evolution than Burbank ever directed—this developing of a fig tree into a dry goods store, but the woman did it and she will enjoy it till the worlds clean together.—Ohio State Journal.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen.—Last August my horse was badly cut in eleven places by a barbed wire fence. Three of the cuts (small ones), healed soon, but the others became foul and rotten, and though I tried many kinds of medicine they had no beneficial result. At last a doctor advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT and in four weeks' time every sore was healed and the hair has grown over each one in fine condition. The Liniment is certainly wonderful in its working.

JOHN R. HOLDEN.

Witness, Perry Baker.

Effective Check on Lynching.

Suit for damages has been brought by the widow of a man lynched in Mississippi against a railroad company which supplied a special train to carry the lynchers to the scene of the crime. Damages are put at \$100,000. Recently several sheriffs who failed to protect prisoners in their care have been called to account in the civil courts. The game of lynching may become an expensive sport instead of the cheapest of pastimes. When it does there will be a considerable decrease in the number of its victims.—New York Sun.

Many a poet might have kept the wolf from the door with the money he has sent on return postage.

English Spavin Liniment

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps, and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$30 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by druggists.

Carried Unanimously. (Chicago Tribune.)

The idea that the smoke has any effect on the contour of the nose may be dismissed as merely fanciful, but its effect on shirt collars and Panama hats is immediate and unmistakable.

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