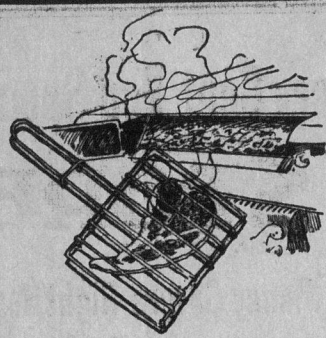


PAGE SIX



## The Pandora Broiler

The biggest steak is not too big for the Pandora Broiler door. Successful broiling must be done quickly over a hot fire. You can get the hottest fire you want in five minutes by the drafts of the Pandora range, and without waste of coal.

The best way to cook a good steak is to broil it, and the best way to broil it is on a Pandora range.

## McClary's Pandora Range

Warehouses and Factories:  
London, Toronto, Montreal,  
Winnipeg, Vancouver,  
St. John, N.B., Hamilton

H. MACAULAY, Sole Agent

## District.

### NORTH ORFORD.

Mr. J. W. Wase visited a few days in this vicinity.

The Misses Stevens, of Kansas, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schindler left this week to visit relatives in Harwich.

Miss Rae MacPherson is spending her vacation with relatives and friends in Woodstock.

Mr. Smith returned to Bothwell on Tuesday.

Mrs. Bloude and children, of Chatham, are spending a few days with the former's parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Dowd, of Detroit, are visiting the former's parents here.

Miss Margaret Bateman spent Sunday and Monday with friends in Detroit.

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Bert Delfrey was a visitor here on Wednesday.

Miss Margaret MacPherson spent Sunday at Bothwell.

School reopened on Monday with a good attendance.

Mr. Bracken, of Hamilton, was a visitor at J. Hetherington's this week.

Mr. William Bateman is improving the looks of his place by putting up a new fence.

Clarence Smith, of Bothwell, visited his mother last Tuesday.

Miss Edna MacPherson is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Bateman.

Minard's Liniment for Sale Everywhere.

Matrimony is an important step. In fact it's a whole flight of stairs.



**The Label That Protects**  
What do you look for  
—style?  
—fit?  
—elegance?  
—quality?

This label guarantees them all.  
And you find it in

**"Progress Brand" Clothing**  
C. AUSTIN & CO.

## Nervous Debility

A POSITIVE CURE IS WHAT YOU WANT

Nervous Debility often results from excessive brain work and worry, as well as from excesses, and the abuse of nature's laws. It causes loss of energy and ambition, easily exhausted, failing memory, despondency, aches before the eyes, loss of vigor, tired in mornings, weak back, poor circulation, nervousness, dreams at night, weak limbs, poor appetite, etc. Don't wait until it's too late. Our New Discovery Treatment will positively cure you. Come and have a heart-to-heart talk with us today free of charge. We will do more for you in one week than other Doctors in four, and at half the expense. Don't let poor circumstances keep you away. We treat you until cured.

WE TREAT AND CURE ALL DISEASES PECULIAR TO MEN.  
CONSULTATION AND EXAMINATION FREE.  
If unable to call, write for Question List for Home Treatment. Booklet sent Free (sealed).

**DR. SPINNEY CO.** 290 Woodward Ave.  
Detroit, Mich.  
Office Hours—9 a.m. to 8 p.m.; Sundays, 10 to 12 and 2 to 4 p.m.

## OUR FALL SUITS

In all the new choice patterns and weaves are arriving daily. Call and leave your order for your

## Fall Suit and Overcoat.....

And get the pick of the most up-to-date patterns at

**The T. H. Taylor Co., Limited**

## The Record

By MARGARET MUZEY

Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment

The midsummer golf tournament was about to begin at the Maston Country club. A handsome cup had been given to the president of the club to be played for by all the members, and a crescent pin set with pearls was put up especially for the ladies by "Millionaire Miller," a rich old bachelor.

Tom Price, aged sixteen, had declined to enter for the tournament. He stood no chance of winning without a big handicap and despised that sort of victory. If he were able to play scratch like Mr. Sloan—but that contingency was too far in the future to be considered. So, holding aloof from competition, Tom felt entitled to indulge in disinterested criticism. Joe Smith, instructor for the club, was his chosen confidant.

"Mr.—Mr. Sloan ought to get the cup. He—he has bo-bogged the course twice," stuttered Tom.

"He is a crackerjack," said Joe. "Who goes around with Miss Benson—I mean to re-verify her score?"

"I'd send Mr. Sloan if he were not playing himself," said Joe, with a wink.

"He—he wouldn't believe his eyes if he saw her tricks. It is a bloo-blooming shame that just because a girl is pretty and knows how to flirt nobody wants to accuse her of che-cheating."

"You are catching cold, my boy," said Sloan, coming up behind him. "What is this mysterious conversation between you and Joe?"

"We were discuss-cussing one of the players in the tournament," said

Tom.

"He thinks she will," said Tom.

"I started to tease her about him, and she made fun of him—imitated his slow way of speaking. A girl may disclaim or protest about a man she really cares for, but ridicule—never! Besides, she gave me to understand she is engaged to Mr. Miller. Here comes Sloan. I do not wish to meet him just now." And the curate escaped from the window.

The handsome young athlete found Tom fusing over his graphophone, taking off the small horn and putting on the big "normal" glory.

"Who won the ladies' pin?" he asked.

"Your grandmother," said Sloan, laughing.

"My wh-wh-what?"

"She had a handicap of forty-five on the nine holes and came out ahead of Miss Brown, the English girl, who played the whole course in forty-five."

The crowd on the piazza was cheering and calling for Sloan to present him with the cup which he had won.

"Bring me a drink, Tom, will you? I am choking with thirst and must go outside a minute," said Sloan, throwing himself on the divan.

"That's right—lie down," said Tom.

"You will need to." And, giving the graphophone a final touch that started it going, he left the room.

The blank cylinder intended for Tom's verses had recorded his conversation with the curate, and every word was reproduced for Sloan's benefit.

When Tom returned the room was empty. Sloan had avoided them all, cutting across the fields to town, and neither Tom nor any of his fellow golfers saw him again until he returned from Europe a year later after Miss Benson was married to Millionaire Miller.

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The dialects of England are so various that grammatical eccentricities are commoner even than among the mixed peoples of the United States. An English paper has been printing some choice examples. In Somersetshire a party of masons are at work? One of their number is idling. The foreman appears.

Joe (warningly)—Hi, Ben, there be gaffer eyin' ee!

Ben—Aye, I eyed ee eye I.

An example from Punch, but true as to dialectic peculiarities, recalled. It is the reply of a farmer to a former vicar of his parish, who sympathized with him on the fact that his three elderly daughters were not married.

"You see, sir," he said, "when they would ha' they, they wouldn't ha' they. Now they would ha' they, they won't ha' they."

A Curious Epitaph.

One frequently comes across curious epitaphs, but we have never before heard of that useful and necessary kitchen requisite, the "dripping pan."

Figuring upon a tombstone. The following curious lines, however, are to be found in Woodstock churchyard, near Newmarket, and let into the head of the stone is a dripping pan:

To the Memory of William Blomonds, who died March 1, 1783. Aged eighty years. Here lies my corpse who was the man That loved a sop in dripping pan But now he believes me I am dead See here the pan stands at my head Still for sop to the last I cried But could not eat and so I died My neighbors they perhaps may laugh Now they do read my epitaph.

—Westminster Gazette.

the score, but really watching her from the corner of his eye, she stooped over, and a ball emerged from the puff above her left elbow.

"Here it is," she called, and, sure enough, there it was on a little flat stone.

"An easy lie," thought Tom, "in two senses."

At that moment Mr. Morse had a surprising accident. He started toward Mary, stumbled at the top of the bank and, unable to stop himself, ran straight into her with such force that they were both hustled into the brook up to their knees and were splattered with muddy water to the tops of their heads. Tom rolled over behind the bushes in an ecstasy of delight.

"By—by jingo! That parson will be an ar-ar-archdeacon yet," he said.

Half an hour later Tom climbed in at the rear window of the clubhouse parlor. He had composed some verses that he meant to record in his graphophone and spring on the company later. He adjusted the blank cylinder, recorder and small horn and was about to repeat them when in walked the Rev. Mr. Morse looking like an evolution from a rummage sale in garments hastily snatched from various lockers. He laughed ruefully.

"I suppose you saw what happened?" he said.

"Wouldn't have missed it for a di-diamond snubsturb."

"You did not see anything peculiar, of course, except the accident?" asked Morse anxiously.

"One accident—two de-designs," said Tom promptly.

The curate groaned.

"I simply had to throw her out of the game some way. I could not countenance her score and had not the courage to expose her deceit before so many people."

"It was grand," said Tom. "If she's the all-sil!"

"She certainly is sly," interrupted the curate.

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"The same as lying," put in the curate.

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