



Putnam's Corn Extract. Quickly done by Putnam's Corn Extractor. Acts in one day, causes no pain, removes every trace of soreness.

Putnam's Corn Extract. Here are some very rare original manuscripts, Miss Dollie. There is only one kind of original manuscript that I care anything for.

Putnam's Corn Extract. The secret of fashionable beauty? I asked the question of a beauty specialist.

Putnam's Corn Extract. Its a microbe that floats in the air, gets into the throat and lungs, develops rapidly and excites inflammation.

Putnam's Corn Extract. n the Land That Reigns in the Commercial World.

Putnam's Corn Extract. nmate at the city work, is slated to have cost £1,400.

Putnam's Corn Extract. ns. of 10 Portland place, promised to subscribe £20,000, completion of the western end of Truro Cathedral.

Putnam's Corn Extract. and feet manacled, utter, who, in July, 1904, under similar conditions, in Richmond to Putney.

Putnam's Corn Extract. ble is in danger of being for life he should hit a ad. That is what I should a constable," said Sir E. Commissioner at the Police

Putnam's Corn Extract. she had been what a shire as neighboring and d the corner at a Nor on a woman who, after houses and being served into the river.

Putnam's Corn Extract. g repaired, a house opposite, and three persons y falling glass.

Putnam's Corn Extract. ure's fountains and ha been cleaned out, and ngs found in them were ks and umbrellas, looks, pocket knives, and tobacco.

Putnam's Corn Extract. Salford with neglecting a man was slated in boys in a filthy room, fed them on bread I thrashed them with a

Putnam's Corn Extract. ikens, the fifteen-year-old Leicester builder, caused it at Leicester by climb- 50 feet high and walking of the scaffolding at the

Putnam's Corn Extract. sent by the Queen for sed pupil in the West ing's Lyttel School for won by Miss Conlon, of

Putnam's Corn Extract. reston have decided to for attending members helms from 2s. 6d. per head for men, 3s. for children.

Putnam's Corn Extract. eter Bam, chairman of Executive of the South Exhibition, has left for where he will convey phs of the King to the apitals of the five South

Putnam's Corn Extract. the total immigration on the mother country 66. Last year it had of whom 17,672 were Irish. The numbers are ed 100,000 this year.

Putnam's Corn Extract. Press a profitable bus- of respectability.

Putnam's Corn Extract. SON'S Every packet will kill more flies than 300 sheets of sticky paper

Stop Limping Cure the Corn.

Quickly done by Putnam's Corn Extractor. Acts in one day, causes no pain, removes every trace of soreness.

Here are some very rare original manuscripts, Miss Dollie. There is only one kind of original manuscript that I care anything for.

The secret of fashionable beauty? I asked the question of a beauty specialist. In order to be round, rosy and very stylish, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea.

Glady's—You say you can't endure that tiresome Jack Harkalung, yet you seem to be encouraging him with all your might. Irene—I want to have the satisfaction of refusing him. He hasn't proposed yet.

The Cause of Hay Fever.

Its a microbe that floats in the air, gets into the throat and lungs, develops rapidly and excites inflammation. The cause is as simple as a thistle in the finger. Extract the thistle, away goes the pain. Destroy the hay fever germs and you get well.

Smith—What become of your friend Brown? Jones—Dead, poor fellow, died by hanging. Smith—Hanging! Is it possible? Jones—Yes, hanging around saloons.

Diet is not the Whole Thing.

Your table is loaded with food—digestible and wholesome yet you never gain strength. What's the trouble. Look within and what do you find. A lazy liver, stomach overloaded with work—no sleep because the bowels and liver are not sufficiently active.

A prominent surgeon, lecturing a class of students said:—I was so excited at my first operation that I made a mistake. A serious one sir? asked a student. Oh, no, the surgeon answered. I only took off the wrong leg.

Oh, my stomach's a very uncertain thing. I suffered the torments that costume brings, But how I am happy, normal and free.

A miracle wrought by the Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Sold by J. E. Richards.

Miss Sharpe—I've paid this bill once. Baker—Indeed, ma'am, I'm very sorry that I didn't recollect it. Miss Sharpe—I dare say that you are sorry that you didn't recollect it, but I'll take care of that.

Rheumatism Almost Killed Her.

For years Mrs. S. Stahlschmidt of Humberston, Ont., was a martyr to rheumatism. She writes: "I was so stiff and lame I could hardly walk. An attack striking my limbs made walking impossible. Friends and doctors gave prescriptions but I only got relief from Terrozone. I took twelve boxes and I gained from the first. Today I am well and feel stronger, weigh heavier, and look the picture of health."

An empty purse causes a full heart. It flows like electricity through your veins; it does the work. If you are wasting away take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea.

I flatter myself that my latest story does something toward bringing the art of fiction up to date. How so? It begins with the divorce of the hero and heroine.

When Illness Comes.

Have you near at hand a remedy that will alleviate pain and help till the doctor comes? A wise thing is to have right in your home a bottle of Nerviline which gives instant relief, and prevents disease from spreading.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

CAP'N ERI

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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nuss. Seems to me that's about the only way out of it.

So they agreed to lay this proposal before the Nantucket lady, Captain Jerry reluctantly consenting. Then Captain Eri took up another subject.

John Baxter, as has been said, had one relative, a granddaughter, living somewhere near Boston. Captain Eri felt that this granddaughter should be notified of the old man's illness at once.

The difficulty was that none of them knew the young lady's address. "Her first name's Elizabeth, same as her mother's was," said Eri, "and her dad's name was Preston. They called her Elsie; John used to write to her every once in awhile. Praps Sam would know where she lived."

"Just 'cause Sam's postmaster," observed Perez, "it don't follow that he reads the name on every letter that goes out and remembers 'em besides."

"Well, if he don't," said Captain Jerry decidedly, "Mary Emma does. She reads everything, postals and all."

Miss Mary Emma Caloon was the assistant at the postoffice and was possessed of a well developed curiosity concerning other people's correspondence.

"Humph," exclaimed Captain Eri, "that's so! We'll write the letter, and I'll ask Mary Emma for the address when I go up to mail it."

So Captain Perez went upstairs to take Mrs. Snow's place as nurse while that lady "tuffed in." Captain Jerry went into the kitchen to wash the dishes, and Captain Eri sat down to write the note that should inform Elizabeth Preston of her grandfather's illness.

It was a very short note and merely stated the fact without further information. Having had some experience in that line, the captain placed very little reliance upon the help to be expected from relatives.

Dr. Palmer had spread the news as he went upon his round of visits that morning, and callers began to drop in to inquire after the sick man.

Ralph Hazeltine came in a little later and was introduced to Mrs. Snow, that lady's nap having been but a short one. Ralph was favorably impressed with the capable appearance of the new nurse and so expressed himself to Captain Eri as they walked together toward the postoffice.

"I like her," he said emphatically. "She's quiet and sensible and cheerful besides. She looks as if trouble didn't trouble her very much."

Miss Caloon remembered the Preston girl's address. It was Cambridge, Kirkland street, but the number, she did declare, had slipped her mind.

The captain said he would chance it without the number, so the letter was posted. Then, with the electrician, he stroked over to inspect the remains of the billiard saloon.

There was a small crowd gathered about the building, prominent among its members being the "train committee," who were evidently holding a special session on this momentous occasion.

The busy Squealer, a trifle enlivened by some of Mr. Saunders' wet goods that had escaped the efforts of the volunteer salvage corps, hailed the new arrivals as brother heroes.

"Web found out how the fire started yet?" inquired the captain, with apparent unconcern.

"No, he hadn't for sure. There was a lot of us thought old Baxter might have set it, but they tell me it couldn't have been him, 'cause he was took down runnin' to the fire. Web, he's sort of changed his tune and don't seem to think anybody set it; thinks it caught itself."

Mr. Saunders, his smooth self again, with all traces of mental disturbance gone from his face and all roughness from his tongue, came briskly up, smiling as if the burning of his place of business was but a trifling incident, a little annoying, of course, but not worth fretting about.

He thanked the captain and Hazeltine effusively for their service of the previous night and piled the weight of his obligations upon them until, as Captain Eri said afterward, "the sirup fairly dripped off his chin."

The captain broke in upon the sugary flow as soon as he could. "How'd you think it started, Web?" he asked.

"Well," replied Mr. Saunders slowly, "I kind of call'te she started herself. There was some of the boys in here most of the evenin', and jest like's not a cigar butt or a match or some thin' dropped somewheres and got to smolderin' and smoldered along till bimby-puff!"

An expressive wave of a fat hand finished the sentence. "Humph!" grunted the captain. "Changed your mind sense last night. Seems to me I heard you then swearin' you knew 'twas set and who set it."

"Well, ye-es. I was considerable shook up last night, and maybe I said things I hadn't ought to. You see, there's been a good deal of hard feelin's toward me in town, and for a spell I thought some feller 'd tried to burn me out. But I guess not—I guess not. More I think of it, more I think it caught itself. Seems to me I remember smellin' sort of a scorchin' smell when I was lockin' up. Oh, say! I was mighty sorry to hear 'bout Cap'n Baxter bein' took sick. How's he gettin' along?"

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Captain Eri brusquely replied that his friend was "bout the same" and asked if Mr. Saunders intended to rebuild. Web didn't know just yet. He was a poor man, didn't carry much insurance, and so on.

Thought likely he should fix up again if it didn't cost too much. Did the doctor say whether Captain Baxter would pull through or not?

Captain Eri gave an evasive answer and turned away. He was silent for some little time, and when Ralph commented on Web's overnight change of manner his rejoinder was to the effect that "he was bound to rise, but that didn't mean there wa'n't dirty water underneath."

On the way home he asked Hazeltine concerning the trouble at the cable station and how Mr. Langley had treated the matter.

Ralph replied that Mr. Langley had said nothing to him about it. It was his opinion that the old gentleman understood the affair pretty well and was not disposed to blame him.

As for the men, they had been as docile as lambs, and he thought the feeling toward himself was not as bitter as it had been of all which his companion said he was glad to hear.

They separated at the gate, and the captain entered the house to find Mrs. Snow wielding a broom and surrounded by a cloud of dust. Perez was upstairs with the patient, and Captain Jerry, whose habits had been considerably upset by the sweeping, was out in the barn.

That evening the situation was explained to Mrs. Snow by Captain Eri in accordance with the talk at the breakfast table. The lady from Nantucket understood and respected Captain Jerry's unwillingness to discuss the marriage question while John Baxter's condition continued critical, and she agreed to act as nurse and house-keeper for awhile at least for the sum of \$6 a week.

This price was fixed on by after considerable discussion by the three managers, for Captain Eri was inclined to offer \$8 and Captain Jerry but \$4.

When Ralph Hazeltine called late in the afternoon of the following day the dining room was so transformed that he scarcely knew it. The dust had disappeared, the chronometer was polished till it shone, the table was covered with a cloth that was snow white, and everything movable had the appearance of being in its place.

Altogether there was an evidence of order that was almost startling.

Captain Eri came to the door in response to his knock and grinned appreciatively at his caller's look of wonder.

"I don't wonder you're sprised," he said, with a chuckle. "I ain't begun to git over it yet myself, and Lorenzo's so shook up he ain't been in the house since breakfast time. He's out in the barn keepin' Dan's com'ny and waitin' for the end of the world to strike, I call'te."

Ralph laughed. "Mrs. Snow?" he inquired.

"Mrs. Snow," answered the captain, "it beats all what a woman can do when she's that kind of a woman. She's done more swabbin' decks and overhaulin' runnin' riggin' than a new mated on a clipper. The place is so all fired clean that I feel like brushin' myself every time I go to set down."

"How's Captain Baxter?" asked Hazeltine.

"Seems to be some better. He come to a little this mornin' and seemed to know some of us, but he ain't sensed where he is yet, nor I don't b'lieve he will far a spell. Set down and keep me com'ny. It's my watch jest now. Perez, he's over to Barry's, Jerry's up to the schoolhouse, and Mrs. Snow's run up to the postoffice to mail a letter. John's asleep, so I can set down stairs a little while, long's the door's open. What's the news uptown? Web changed his mind ag'in 'bout the fire?"

It appeared that Mr. Saunders had

KIDNAPPED HIS CHILD.

Girl Taken From Mother's Custody At Brockville.

Brockville, Aug. 27.—There was considerable excitement when it became known yesterday that Florence Stewart, a bright little girl of ten years, was missing from the home of her grandmother, Mrs. McMullen, widow of the late John Mercier McMullen, the well-known Canadian writer.

Suspicion pointed to kidnapping by the child's father and last night Stewart telegraphed from Ogdensburg, New York, that he had the child.

Mrs. Stewart, with two daughters, one of them Florence, has been spending the summer here, but when at home lives in New York City. She is separated from her husband, who resides in California.

The child went for the morning mail yesterday as usual. She also had another errand to perform and Mrs. Stewart was not anxious concerning her until two hours or more had elapsed. A cabman told of driving a man and a crying child from opposite the Brockville club-house, adjoining the postoffice, about the time the girl was due at the latter place.

He took them to the C. P. R. dock, where another man was found, who saw them taking a boat for Ogdensburg. The child was crying and resisting and the man was tugging her along by the hand. Stewart has relatives living in Rochester, and thinking Stewart had gone there the police were instructed by Mrs. Stewart to communicate with the authorities to locate him pending her arrival, she having taken the night train for that city.

There is some question whether the woman can regain possession. Stewart having a claim on this and the other child for ten months in the year, the mother being privileged to keep them for the remaining two.

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BALLOON TRIP TO POLE.

Wellman At Spitzbergen and Not Yet Ready to Fly.

London, Aug. 27.—The Hammerfest correspondent of The Daily Mail says that Walter Wellman did not start from his camp at Spitzbergen for the North Pole in his ship on Aug. 23 as he hoped to do.

The last two tourist steamers of the year arrived at the camp at Virgo Bay on Aug. 20. They saw the balloon high in the air, confined by anchor ropes.

Mr. Wellman said he was not able to start as the breeze was wrong. He could not start in a southeast wind. The tourists banqueted Mr. Wellman and his companions. Mr. Wellman said to them:

"If I am lucky you will hear from me and the North Pole in a week. If I am less lucky in a fortnight. If you do not hear from me in three weeks you will never hear from me again."

The steamer left twenty-four hours later. It was then remarked that the balloon seemed gradually being deflated. They passed Virgo Bay for the last time on Aug. 23, and no start had then been made, although the weather was calm and bright.

The passengers doubt if Mr. Wellman will or can start this year.

HANG MURDERER TO TREE.

Twenty Men Take Morris Higgins From Sheriff.

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 27.—Morris Higgins, who murdered W. L. Copland and wife, near Rosalie, Neb., May 12, was lynched at Bancroft yesterday.

Twenty men took Higgins from the sheriff, hauled him off in a dray and hung him to a tree.

When the sheriff left for Omaha Sunday he was accosted by citizens at Bancroft, who asked him what he would do if they should attempt to lynch Higgins.

"Shoot the first man who tries it," he said.

"Well, we just wanted to know—chances are you will have some shooting to do."

Dominion Shooting Matches.

Ottawa, Aug. 27.—The Dominion Rifle Association matches began yesterday in the very best shooting weather. There was a variety of light and wind and the result was that many went to pieces. There were others who showed up well. This was where the British team shone, as of 16 men in the MacDougall match there were 14 in the prize list.

The Sir Charles Ross match was won by N. Browne of the G. E. G. Rifle Association, who divided with Sgt. Marden (60th), with scores of 30, winning \$19 each, and Col. Sgt. Freeborn (13th) got \$15, with a score of 30. Pte. Keating with 24 won \$5 and Pte. Whitehorn (10th E. G.) won \$4.

Like Fife In Wheat.

London, Aug. 27.—(C. A. P.)—It is stated that millers who have been endeavoring to raise the milling quality of English wheat to the Canadian standard are approaching the achievement of their object. Fife wheat has been found most suitable for this purpose. It promises to become the leading wheat in the United Kingdom. Millers pay two-thirds a quarter more for Fife than for other varieties.

Hanged Himself In Barn.

Caledonia, Aug. 27.—Walter Whitelaw, son of James Whitelaw, Seneca Township, employed by John Barrington, farmer, committed suicide by hanging in his employer's barn. The act was committed just before the non-hour, and, it is supposed, while in a state of temporary insanity. Deceased was about 30 years of age and unmarried.

Girl's Suicide.

Winnipeg, Aug. 27.—With a bottle that had contained carbolic acid lying on her breast, Ethel Cornell, an 18-year-old German girl, was found dead in bed at the home of J. R. Watt, 235 Spence street, yesterday morning.

Grafting In Arsenal.

Naples, Aug. 27.—Thirty officials of the Castellamare arsenal have been arrested as the result of the discovery of extensive embezzlements alleged to have been made in collusion with contractors for supplies of materials.

Calculation

Very often the reason why one accountant gets through more work in less time than another, thereby earning an enviable reputation for quickness and cleverness, is simply because he takes advantage of every short method possible.

"Rapid Calculation" is not only practice, there is a "method" as well. The method we teach, but the practice remains with you.

FOREST CITY BUSINESS COLLEGE. Members of Business Educators' Association. J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal, London.

THE RECORD ADMIRAL FURNACE. fills the demand for a furnace possessing the largest amount of grate surface in proportion to the diameter of the top of the fire pot. It possesses all the advantages of a return flue construction. The "Admiral" has the largest ash pit of any furnace on the market, thus permitting the free removal of ashes. Wood or coal may be burned in the "Admiral" furnace. Write for Catalogue 102. THE RECORD FOUNDRY & MACHINE CO. WRIGHT & ALLEN Selling Agents

The Cheap Cash and One-Price Store, Kingsmill

Bran and Shorts. We have a good supply on hand at Present.

Corn and Oats. A car load on hand, come early for your supply.

Fence Posts. A car load of good ones. Prices right.

Cement. We handle the Samson brand.

Grinding on Tuesdays and Saturdays. Highest price paid for produce

J. E. Lloyd Kingsmill

W. K. PEARCE, President R. D. FERGUSON, Vice-President

The St. Thomas Horse Show Association (LIMITED)

Horse Show to be held

September 17-18, 1907

Morning, afternoon and evening in

The Granite Rink, St. Thomas

\$1,000 00 in Prizes. Fifty Classes

WALTER KINGSMILL, Secretary Box 672, St. Thomas.