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The Unfailing Law.
By *INA WRIGHT HANSON.*
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We were crossing Long canyon on our way to Massel rocks, little Madeline and I.

I took her hand to help her down the steep side of the canyon.

"It is such a little hand," I said fondly. "It ought to be a wee bit longer, though, for its width."

"What a funny boy you are, Jamie!" Madeline laughed. "What a compliment. Why didn't you say, 'It is a beautiful hand and a perfect one?'"

"I suppose it is my Scotch bluntness, girl," I answered. "If I had said that you would have thought I was flattering. I didn't mean to find fault with the hand, though. It is a pretty hand."

We climbed the other side of the canyon and started along the trail, narrow as it skirted the sand hills and hard to follow. At its end Madeline was pink cheeked, and her hair was blowing about her sweet face in dusky little eddies.

"I can't explore the rocks and the caves and all the wonders of the deep till I get my breath," she declared, dropping on the sand.

"There's plenty of time," I answered, comfortably sitting down by her. "We have the whole long day before us."

"A whole long day?" she repeated musingly. "And after the day, what then?"

My pulse leaped. If I had my desire I knew what would be after the day—another day and another and a day beyond that till life was done, all filled with love and peace and Madeline.

"And now that your dredger did not prove a failure you are a rich man, Jamie," she remarked presently, for I had been silent with my thoughts.

"Yes," I answered, turning my head to listen to the throb of the engine as it came to me faintly on the sea breeze. That was the sound which spelled for me "success." By the engine's work

and then we took the narrow trail homeward.

"The day has grown so cold, Jamie, that it won't be pleasant to stay as we had planned to do," she said, but her dark eyes evaded mine as she said it.

I understood. It was not the change of the day that had come to us, but the change in ourselves, in our relations to each other.

Next day brought news of a storm at sea. The sea was shining, but the waves were running immensely high. Standing in the door of my cabin, twelve feet above the sands, I saw it and realized my finish. My house and the house which sheltered Madeline and the other houses on the bluff were probably not in danger. But my dredger! When a man stands twelve feet above ocean level and cannot view the open sea, because of the height of the breakers, he clearly understands the fate of a gold dredger or any other object in its very path.

In the course of hours it was all over. Looking at the deceptive calm one never would have imagined the destruction the sea had wrought. I stood on the beach and viewed the wreck of my fortune.

Fifty thousand feet of lumber which had once been the boat lay scattered along the shore farther than the eye could reach. Ten thousand dollars' worth of machinery which had been the motive power of the boat lay here and yon in millions of pieces, burying themselves in the sand, while the work of brain and toil of hands had been as nothing to the sea in her madness.

As I stood there a voice came sweetly to my ears, and a hand was laid timidly on my arm.

"It seems such a pity, Jamie, such a dreadful thing to have happened, but I do believe everything that happens is for the best if we can only look at it right. I'm so sorry, but you aren't entirely discouraged, are you, Jamie?"

My pulse leaped at the sound of her voice. If I could have had her, what would I have cared for any other loss in the whole world?

"There are many worse things in life, girl," I answered, smiling at her. "I shall do the work again; that's all. It wouldn't do to let myself grow discouraged."

Then a most surprising thing happened. My little Madeline, with a wonderful look in her dark eyes, stood on tiptoe and raised her face to me.

"Jamie, let me help you start again. You didn't tell me you loved me. You just talked about spending money on me, and you seemed so sure of me that I thought—I knew you meant it right, too, but I—I—the demand does create the supply, Jamie. The law is unfailing."

It was such a halting little voice and such a delicious little pink face raised to me, that I kissed her forehead and lips with one long, thankful touch, and when I let the little girl go from my embrace she laughed, though a little shakily.

"Would you rather have lost the boat, Jamie, and found your sweetheart?"

And I answered, "Another dredger can be made, but in all the world there is only one Madeline."



"JAMIE, LET ME HELP YOU START AGAIN," the tiny particles of gold hiding in the black sand were being taken out as no other device had ever brought them out, and the invention was the child of my brain. Perhaps my jubilation had made me overture.

"To one who understands the law the demand for something creates the supply. I have success and riches, but neither is sufficient," I remarked arrogantly. "Madeline, you are the girl for me. I want to change the gold that the sand gives up to me into lace and silks and fine linen for you, dear, into jewels to sparkle in your little pink ears and at your white throat and on your pretty hands. I want to spend my gold for you as a king would give to his queen. May I, Madeline?"

"Why, Jamie! Madeline was looking up at me, laughing, though her dark eyes held no hint of laughter.

"Why, Jamie, you will turn poet yet. That was a pretty, pretty speech."

A breath from the sea, piercing cold, struck me.

"But you haven't answered my question yet, dear," I said haltingly.

"The demand for something creates the supply," you said, Jamie, but I don't believe it is always true—not in this case anyway. It is good of you to want to buy things for me, but I must decline, with thanks."

"But, Madeline, you have to work now, and I could do everything for you."

The little head was raised so independently.

"I am proud to earn my own living. I thought you understood me better than that."

"The unkind breath of the sea struck me again, chilling my body even as her words made cold my heart.

"If you could change your mind," I began, "I could wait till—"

"Till your grapes become sweet and the mulberry leaf eaten," she smiled.

"You would tire of waiting. But we won't talk about it any more. Now I'm ready shall we explore the caves?"

I saw at once and helped her to her feet. Without animation and almost in silence we looked at the different colored ledges of the cave ceiling, we saw the little sponges on the rocks, we viewed the crystals cool but formation.

THE PEANUT SECTION

It Takes In Portions of Virginia and North Carolina.

ENORMOUS CROPS IT GROWS.

Nineteen Counties in the Two States Produce an Average of Twelve Million Bushels a Year—The Way the Toothsome Goober Grows.

Suffolk, Va., is the greatest peanut shipping point in the world. More of the delicious goobers are raised in Nansemond county, of which Suffolk is the capital, than in any other county in the world.

One takes the map and draws a pencil mark around nineteen counties in southeastern Virginia and northeastern North Carolina he will put a fence, so to speak, around the greatest peanut section of the world. Those counties are: In Virginia, Nansemond, Norfolk, Isle of Wight, Southampton, Sussex, Greenville and Prince George; in North Carolina, Pasquotank, Perquimans, Gates, Hertford, Chowan, Northampton, Halifax, Edgecombe, Martin, Pitt, Bertie and Washington.

This territory which is within a radius of 150 miles from Norfolk, produces 3,000,000 bags of peanuts every year. Every bag contains four bushels, so that 12,000,000 bushels is the average annual production. The shipping centers of this belt are Suffolk, Norfolk, Petersburg and Smithfield, all in Virginia. Some peanuts are raised in Tennessee and California, but the crop of those states is a bagatelle as compared with the production of the Virginia-North Carolina territory.

The shelled peanuts are planted about the middle of May by means of a drill, similar to a corn drill, which drops one or two kernels in a place, about twelve inches apart. The soil that raises the best peanuts is light, sandy loam. It need not be rich. In fact, a great deal of Virginia land that was considered in the antebellum days too poor to raise anything on is now producing great quantities of peanuts.

Very little cultivation is required. Peanuts are usually plowed only once or twice when the plants are small to choke out the grass.

The digging time is October, when the peanut leaves turn yellow. A plow is run under the peanut vines and throws up the goobers after the fashion of digging potatoes in the north. Poles seven or eight feet tall are stuck into the ground, and the vines are shackled around them, with the peanuts next to the pole, so that the leaves and vines form a protection from the weather. If the weather be bright and cloudless while the peanuts are curing, so much the better. If rain sets in, the hulls become blackened and mildewed, which lessens the value of the crop.

Formerly all peanuts raised were picked from the vines by hand. Now machines similar to thrashers separate fully 75 per cent of the peanuts from the vines. No machine has been invented, however, that will do this work perfectly. The tendency of machines is to crack the hulls, and machines with cracked hulls are likely to spoil.

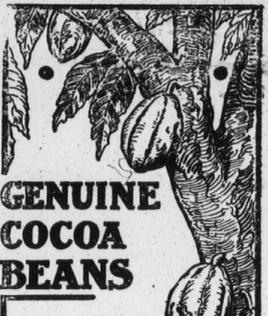
When the peanuts are separated from the vines the farmer sacks them and hauls them to a factory, and his work ends there. Delivered at these so-called "factories" his nuts bring 3 to 5 cents a pound (each bushel containing twenty-two pounds) for the best grades and 1 1/2 cents to 4 cents a pound for lower grades. The nuts still have on a generous coat of dirt.

At the "factory" they are dumped first into a drum where the dirt is removed and a powder is mixed with them to brighten and polish them. At the same time two fans separate the light and shriveled nuts from the perfect ones. The nuts are then dumped on slowly revolving tables, where negro women and girls continue the process of separating the good from the bad.

When the nuts are cleaned and separated they are carefully sacked and graded according to quality and are then sold at 4 1/2 to 6 1/2 cents a pound to jobbers all over the country. From the jobbers they find their way to street vendors, candy manufacturers and factories that make peanut butter and salted peanuts.—Exchange.

Empress Eugenie's Playfulness.
Some years ago the Empress Eugenie was a capital hand at whiling away her own and other people's time when residing at obscure watering places where the accustomed resources of royal gaiety were at fault. One game which she invented and which gave much delight was this: A costly jewel was placed upon a saucer and covered with an inverted teneup. A lady then tossed them to a gentleman seated on the opposite side of the room, and if he caught the flying utensils with such a steady hand that the jewel was not displaced from under the cup the gem became the property of the lady. Of course the gallant who was to "catch" set an intense solicitude, inasmuch as the prize for the lady which his adroitness might gain or his awkwardness lose had a value which rendered its possession exceedingly desirable and made its loss acutely felt. It is said that the empress was the best "catcher" of them all, and when he was present the game was played with an enthusiasm which would rival that of a thickly populated assembly.

Fortunate.
"How carefully about the general is getting?"
"Yes. Isn't it fortunate? Otherwise he wouldn't be able to wear all his medals."—The Sun.



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NO MONEY AND NO FRIENDS

A Sad Story of Consumption in a Canadian Town

The Local Hospital Unable to Care for the Patient, and the query is What to Do?

In a little booklet issued by the National Sanitarium Association under whose auspices has been established the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives, we have the story told of a sad case of consumption.

A young woman, apparently friendless, came in on a train reaching Fort William, and immediately procured work as a domestic. A doctor was called in to examine her case, as she appeared to be a consumptive, and she was at once pronounced a bad case of tuberculosis.

She was placed in the small local hospital of the town, and everything possible for the moment is being done to help the patient.

But writing to the Secretary of the National Sanitarium Association, the Secretary of the Board of Health asks: "Is it possible to make room for this patient in the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives. The local hospital is crowded for room, and there is really no place for this poor girl."

Continuing, the Fort William official adds: "I may say that as far as being able to pay is concerned, she, as far as we can learn, has no friends who can afford to pay for her in an institution."

It is to meet just such cases as these that the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives has been opened.

The official reports of the past year show that more than half the patients who entered the institution were absolutely free—their maintenance not costing them a single farthing. The others only paid a nominal sum ranging from \$1.50 to \$6.00 a week, only a few paying the larger amount. The average of each patient was less than 50 cents a day. The actual cost of maintenance to the institution is over \$9.00 a week so that our readers can readily see how strong a case is made out by the Trustees in their appeal to make provision for just such a patient as that from Fort William—only one of scores who are constantly seeking admission.

Contributions on behalf of this work may be sent to: Sir Wm. R. Meredith, Kt., Vice-President, Osogood Hall; W. J. Gage, Esq., 84 Spadina Avenue; J. S. Robertson, Secretary-Treasurer, National Sanitarium Association, 817 King Street W., Toronto, Ont.

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W. H. McLEAN—1
This hotel has been newly painted and renovated throughout.
We are now prepared for the most transient boarders.
Boarding Stable in connection.
(McCallan St., New York, N.Y.)

INSPIRING ADDRESS OF EARL GREY TO WORKINGMEN OF CANADA

AN ACT THAT WILL TOUCH AND REJOICE THE HEARTS OF KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA

On his way out to the official opening of the Toronto Free Hospital for Consumptives and King Edward Sanatorium on August 28th, 1907, the Governor-General's car was stopped in its progress outside the Canada Cycle & Motor Co. by the employees of those works. The sum of one hundred dollars was handed the Governor-General, a donation to the Toronto Free Hospital for Consumptives. His Excellency in acknowledging the ovation spoke as follows:—

"Men of the Canada Cycle & Motor Company, I thank you heartily for your welcome.

"I recognize that the three rousing British cheers with which you have greeted me, and which were so pleasant to listen to, have been given because I have the honor to be the representative of your King.

"I can assure you, men of the Canada Cycle & Motor Company, that it will give me great pleasure to tell His Majesty, the King, how you have stopped me on my road to open the King Edward Sanatorium and Toronto Free Hospital for Consumptives, in order that you might give expression to your loyalty, and in order that you might present me with your contributions in support of the Hospital.

"I know that your action in subscribing out of your hardly won earnings, so large a sum as one hundred dollars, will touch and rejoice the hearts of His Majesties, for there is nothing that lies nearer the hearts of King Edward and Queen Alexandra than the health and well-being of His Majesty's Canadian subjects, and there is no form of work in which their Majesties are more interested than Hospital work.

"Therefore I say every man among you who has saved a quarter from out of his earnings, in order to help those who are endeavoring, by means of Hospital, Sanatoria, etc., to conquer consumption, and to banish it from the land, is following the example of our King, and is making a truly Royal gift.

"In the name of the King I thank you for your public-spirited generosity, I hope that your example will make its influence felt throughout the length and breadth of Canada."

Referring to this event at the opening exercises of the Sanatorium, His Excellency said:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, when the workingmen of Canada are setting an example of this character, I hope that you will not be slow to follow, and I trust that the example of the Canada Cycle & Motor Co. may be followed, as I am sure it will, in every factory and manufacturing industry throughout the land."

Sir Mortimer Clark, Lieutenant-Governor, in his speech on the same occasion, said:—

"You see what others have done. I trust, ladies and gentlemen, that what they have accomplished will be an incentive to you to follow their example."

This appeal is on behalf of the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives, an institution that accepts patients from all parts of Canada and that has never refused a patient because of his or her inability to pay.

Contributions may be sent to Sir Wm. R. Meredith, Kt., Chief Justice, Osogood Hall, Toronto, W. J. Gage, Esq., 84 Spadina Ave., or J. S. Robertson, Secretary-Treasurer National Sanitarium Association, 817 King Street, West, Toronto, Canada.

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