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With dead folk sleeping round For you know 'tis holy ground.

From all the country side.

For Infants and Children

The Kind You Have

Always Bought

In

Use

For Over

Thirty Years

MS OF PROSE

e rship in American history" before the sity, Providence, R. I., June 15, 1875 er of a man abiding through eight hrink from the forms of arbitrary g about the doors of the star cha lips of Coke, tolerant charity and hours of Milton, many languages at of liberty broke in Grecian model e and trial, sorrow and courage in ame hither from fortunes as varied ith or Walter Raleigh, and planted

While Descartes was

Williams was establishing in conbsolute and unqualified freedom of I do not know why I should assachusetts in her march of pro ries almost to a year from his r from her own constitution the n of the church and the state. Th crown alone of the original 13 still endures for his visible mon atholicity, in the belief of the ber cultivation of methods of peace and a religious sect never at variance the life of his gifts and graces over orty years, the memorial of his i all habitations and all hearts.

WILLIAMS ler H. Bullock

on the globe.

Bears the

Signature

of

The years are long since last I heard Her bell ring far and wide, And the village folk came trooping out

THE VILLAGE CHURCH. A little church in a peaceful nook,

Dear village folk! How deep your sleep This sunny Sabbath Day! While back and forth across your graves The magic shadows play.

Yet they hold you not these low green mounds. Beneath the old eaves spread,

For soul meets soul in union blest And we are comforted. But the sunshine days of youth and

The old-time village days-How oft I seek thy dreamland church To hear her notes of praise!

And when life's sands are almost run-Earth's sounds have past away, Grant me to hear the village bell Ring in the Sabbath Day.

Oh! little church in a peaceful nook With dead folk sleeping round. A wanderer feels 'tis good to rest Within thy holy ground. -Lucy C. Gilmour in Ottawa Journal. Ottawa, Aug. 10, 1910.

When making mince pies and similar pastries brush over the top with cold water, and sprinkle with finely powdered sugar. Their appearance will be improv

e Walt Philosopher

ath is a blunder! It's good to be livhaffing and joking and laughing, and -la song! It's great to be working jerking your living from out of the be earning real money and spurning ife without toil. Most all the repindone by the loafers, you'll note; the pillars, no time to complaining dethey hump and they hustle, and put ow and they garner and don't give a one. Such fellows are useful; they're to have nothing to do but grunt all the crops, and the government, too. would be happy, you'll have to get pleasure for people of leisure, there e man who is lazy drives busy men hurled; but things keep a-coming to s is a bully old world.

WALT MASON WALT MASON.

not exaggerated. Sir Wilfrid received with Lieut. Gov. ad Mrs. Paterson, Premier and Mrs. IeBride, and Hon. and Mrs. Temple-nan, and for an hour and a half the people anxious to grasp the the greatest Canadian in our

bry filed before him and got a fleet-glimpse of a face that is hard to for-Outside, the people who could not n entrance lined the driveways and onged the lawns. The entrance and arture of Sir Wilfrid Laurier was the ignal for demonstrations of extraordin

should all have liked greatly to have ger stay in Victoria and Vancouver former city easily bears the palm y following the reception, described we were taken all over the city suburbs in automobiles by local paper men, and there was not one of ast" in such pleasant places. But th was calling us, and we had to in steps to another city which, t present far from beautiful, is

not without interest-Prince is a little difficult to describe the n made upon us all by Premier and the reception he accorded er. There is no discounting the McBride is coming. He has Jolumbia solid—not necessarily the Conservative party, but

Dick McBride. The Liberals as ready to concede him his greatness as are the Conserva Canada with regard to Sir Wil

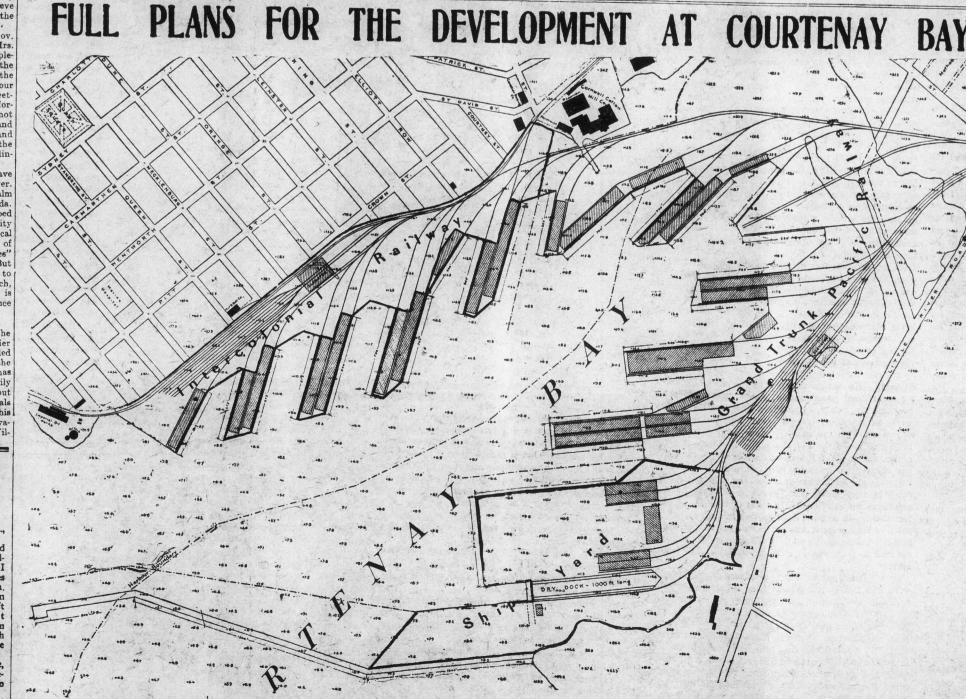
> **GURED OF CONSTIPATON** Mr. Andrews praises Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Mr. George Andrews of Halifax, N.S., I many years I have been troubled chronic Constipation. This ail-never comes single-handed, and I een a victim to the many illnesses instipation brings in its train, le after medicine I have taken in find relief, but one and all left the same hopeless condition. It that nothing would expel from one ailment that caused so much

at last I read about these Root Pills. was indeed a lucky day for me, was so impressed with the state-s made that I determined to em a fair trial.

weis. I am cured of constipation, and claim they have no equal as a medi-

at 25c. a box.



men, leaping suddenly from the woods on both sides of the road, pointed revolvers at himself and the driver and gave the stereotyped "hands up!" order. Fowler's first instinctive move for his re-volver, he declared, being followed by a bullet that went through his derby hat, he complied with the command. Ragsdale refused. Instead he lashed the horse and tried to drive over the two men who had

refused. Instead he lashed the horse and tried to drive over the two men who had sprung at the horse's bridle. The move was a fatal one. As the two seized the bridle from either side the highwaymen at the right of the vehicle fired at the negro. He was less than three feet distant. The bullet entered Rags-dale's breast. It was instantly followed by a second that, fired by a man on the other side of the carriage, passed across Fowler's face so closely that it clipped part of his moustache and penetrated the negro's face. moustache and penetrated the negro's face. Two more shots were fired. Each hit the mark. The driver fell from his seat and tumbled into the muddy road. Roused by his companion's death and

made desperate by the fear of losing the large sum of cash that, stored in a large Oxford bag, was out of sight under the seat, Fowler says, he leaped at the man nearest him. A bullet hit the young pay-master as he was still in the air. He could give no further details the shot readgive no further details, the shot rendering his unconscious

Telephone messages to the police of Newburg, Haverstraw and other nearby cities quickly put one hundred men on the trail sheriffs from Hudson were first at the scene of the robbery. They could find no trace of which way the men had fled. It is believed, however, that the men, afoot, have fled towards the mountain features. have fled towards the mountain fastnesses back from the river. Squads of armed farmers and deputies under direction of Sheriff Lane and Deputy Sheriff J. H. Jeffords, are now beating the woods.



Wash them in the "Puritan" way. No rubbing-no tired arms-no aching back-no scalded hands and face. Fill The "Puritan" with warm, soapy water -put in the soiled clothes-start the "Puritan" going-and in five minutes, the clothes are ready to hang. That's the "Puritan" way—the easy way to wash clothes. Make it your way. Churn your Butter in the easy way with a "Favorite" Churn. 69 Write us if your dealer cannot supply the "Puritan" Washer and "Favorite" Churn. We will see that you are promptly supplied. DAVID MAXWELL & SONS, - ST. MARY'S, ONT.