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PAY
ROLL
TOBACCO**
BRIGHT PLUG

TWO HOUSEHOLD "FAVORITES"

FAVORITE



**PURITAN
REACTING
WASHING
MACHINE.**

**DAVID MAXWELL & SONS
ST. MARY'S, ONTARIO**

ROLLER BEARING RUNS EASY.

In 8 sizes, churns 1/2 to 30 gallons cream. Patent foot and lever drive. Roller bearings. Steel frame. Easy to operate. Superior in workmanship and finish. Sold by all leading jobbers. If you cannot procure, write us direct.

Latest and most improved. Tell your jobber you want it. Don't accept any substitute. Beautifully finished in Grained Oak, Royal Blue or Wine Color and Silver Aluminum. Write direct to us.

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS, ST. MARY'S, ONTARIO.

The BANK of BRITISH NORTH AMERICA

Established 1836. Incorporated by Royal Charter 1840.

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CAPITAL, \$4,866,666. RESERVE, \$2,238,666.

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Deposits received \$1.00 and upwards, and Interest allowed at highest current rates and compounded quarterly. No notice required to withdraw.

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Every facility afforded farmers for their Banking Business. Sale Notes cashed or taken for collection. Note Forms free on application.

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A safe, reliable and effectual MONTHLY medicine. Can be depended upon. Mailed securely sealed upon receipt of \$1.00. Correspondence confidential. J. AUSTIN & COY. Simcoe, Ont.

\$12 Woman's Fall Suits \$6.50

Tailored to order. Also Suits up to \$18. Send today for cloth samples and new styles. Express prepaid to Winnipeg. Southcott Suit Co., London, Canada.

In Lighter vein.

The Old Time Games.

I want to go back to the old home nest,
And swing on the sycamore tree;
I want to go home again and rest
And let my heart go free;
And play the games with the old time
zest
With the boy that I used to be.
"Chica-ma-chica-ma-cra-nee-crow,
Went to the well to wash her toe.
When she got back her chickens were
gone!
What time, old witch?"

I want to play hide and seek again,
And climb in the old hay loft.
Oh, the world is empty and all in vain
Its riches, and oft and oft
I turn aside from the path of pain
To list to a whisper soft:
"One zall, two zall, zick-zall, zan,
Bobtail, vinegar, tick-rall, tan,
Harum, scarum, Irish narum,
Swingerlum, Swangerlum,
Washumbuck."

—Celia Myrover Robinson.

His Radical Cure.

"To show de power ob de 'magination
an' de consanguinity ob human nature,"
remarked square-headed old Brother
Shockey, "jes' lemme tell yo': De udder
maw'nin', when I come uh-bogin' 'long
down to town I met up wid Brudder
Wampuss, I b'lieves 'twuz, an' he wags
his head, sawtah mogger, an' says,
'Well-uh, shucks, Brudder Shockey, yo'
all has de 'pearance ob bein' pow'ful
puny to-day!' An' I got to wonderin'
if 'twuz so. Purr' soon I meets Brud-
der Shinpaw, an' he remahks dat I'm
uh-lookin' mighty bad, somehow or
nudder; an' I sh'ly begins to feel dat-
uh-way."

"Next, 'twuz Brudder Bimmelick,
an' he says, 'Hum-haw! Sick, isn't yo',
sah? Ah, but people is uh-dyin' off
mighty profound, dese days!' Den 'twuz
Brudder Brownback, an' he 'lowed he'd
never had de pleasure ob seein' me wid
such a sinister cullah to muh com-
plexion befo'; an' turrectly a-nudder
brudder specified dat I ortah take su-
thin' fo' it, an' de next one remahked
dat dar was a pow'ful sight ob ominous
'zeases uh-gwine 'round jes' now, ee-
specially amongst de Americo-Afruns.
Well-uh, by dat time dey sh'ly had me
gwine sideways wid deir lamentations.
I felt a malicious goneness in muh in-
terior, a sagacious roarin' in muh head,
an' de all-overs in mun back, an' purr'
soon I was in a high fever an' had de
palliation ob de heart an' enough udder
symptoms to plumb fit up a blue-backed
ommenick, an' by de time muh lovin'
friends had got all 'thoo wid me I was
as good as gone."

"But jes' as I was mizzably fingerin'
on de length ob de puh-session an' 'bout
how soon de widdah would marry ag'in,
I comes up wid a Hard-shell Babdist
brudder dat was uh-etchin' an' uh-allin'
to 'spute 'bout de Holy Scriptures; an'
he didn't take time to notice dat I
wasn't 'long fo' dis world, but jes' lit
in onto me like he was a she-bear an'
I was a passel of orphan children."

"Loogy puh, sah! Now, jes' loogy
right yuh! he prognosticates, uh-comin'
at me wid his brizzles up. 'All this
yuh Tommy-foolishness dat de Shoutin'
Meferdists, dat yo' has de honah to
b'long to, 'dulges in am twinklin'
thinbles an' sounderin' brass, an' yo'
knows it! How can yo' have de shame-
facedness to stand up befo' me an' de
Lawd in dat paltry attitude? W'y,
ding-bust it, suh—'

"Well-uh, 'twuzn't much mo' dan no
time a-tall twell me an' dat benighted
brudder was at it hammer an' tongs,
an' purr' soon we had done tied into
into each udder like a couple of cata-
mounts an' was uh-gwine 'round an'
'round fo' de glory ob de Lawd. An'
atter I had had de pleasure ob bouncin'
a good-sized rock on his nappy head an'
sendin' him uh-scootin' to 'ads de wild-
erness ob sin, 'whuh he p'intedly b'long-
ed, I sw'ar to gracious I never felt bet-
ter or mo' able in all muh life; 'deed I
nevah did."

Unfailing Insight.

The novelist Balzac flattered himself
upon his skill in reading character from
handwriting. A lady once brought him
an extract from the exercise-book of a
twelve-year-old schoolboy and asked for
an opinion as to the youngster's char-
acter and prospects.

Balzac inquired whether the child
was her own. Answered in the nega-
tive, he examined the exercise carefully
and delivered his judgment.

"Madam," he said, "this child is
thick-headed and frivolous. He will
never come to any good. If he were
my child, I would take him from school
and put him to the plough."

And then it had to be broken gently
to the graphologist that the exercise on
which he had pronounced so severely
was one of his own, which had been
discovered hidden away between the
leaves of an old lesson-book.

Back to the Hay.

The foreign nobleman was keenly dis-
appointed.

"I was hoping, monsieur," he sighed,

"that you might possibly install me in
your glorious family."
The wealthy mine owner laughed.
"Install you," he echoed. "Why, cer-
tainly. You will find our family stable
to the left, and if you don't disturb the
horses you may have a stall all to
yourself."

Range Etiquette.

The new owner of the Circle Bar
Rancho walked stiffly over to the bunk
house where one of the punchers sat,
mending a riata.

"Saddle up a horse for me, my good
man," he said, "a tame one if you can
find it."

The puncher raised his pale blue eyes
to the face of the new owner, a phan-
tom smile hid under his drooping yel-
low moustache.

"Saddle him yourself," he said.
That night, the puncher called for his
time and rode away with the unexplai-
ned explanation that he wouldn't be "no
hostler for nobody; that was alright
for city doods, but it don't go on the
range."

Hypocrisy.

"What is a hypocrite?" asked the
teacher.

Johnny, who never knew his lessons,
suddenly surprised everyone by waving
his hand as a signal that he could an-
swer, so she called on him.

"A hypocrite," said Johnny, "is a boy
who comes to school with a smile."

Leading Up to It.

"I wish you would look at the watch
and see what's the matter with it," the
man said, handing it over.

The jeweler examined it.
"I can't see anything wrong," he
said. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"It has lost nearly a minute in the
last three months."

"That isn't worth making a fuss
over."

"I didn't know but one of the jewels
might have broken, or something."

"No, they're all right."

"None of em' dropped out?"

"No, they're all there."

"It isn't full jeweled, anyhow, is it?"

"Yes, it's full jeweled."

"I've been suspecting lately that the
case is only washed."

"You're wrong. It's solid gold."

"But it isn't a first-rate make, is it?"

"Yes, there's nothing better on the
market."

"I'm glad to hear you say so. Per-
haps you wouldn't mind letting me have
a fifty on it?"

Still Waiting.

A gentleman met a young woman who
had formerly been a servant in his
house and, being interested in her wel-
fare, said to her:

"Why, haven't you married yet?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I thought you would have been
married before now."

"Oh, no, sir," she said. "There's two
waitin'!"

"Two?" he exclaimed. "Why, you
don't intend to marry two, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Then, who are they?" he inquired.

"Why," she replied naively, "the two
that's waitin' is the minister and me!"

Had Heard of One.

"Who ever saw a perfect man?" asked
the revivalist. "There is no such
thing. Every man has his faults, plen-
ty of them." The revivalist continued:

"Who ever saw a perfect woman?" At
this juncture a tall, thin woman arose.

"Do you mean to say, madam," the
evangelist asked, "that you have seen a
perfect woman?"

"Well, I can't just say
that I have seen her," the woman re-
plied, "but I have heard a powerful lot
about her; she was my husband's first
wife."

Clever Dog.

A gentleman once possessed a valua-
ble sporting dog which was extremely
clever in the retrieving of game. The
owner, however, was a remarkably bad
shot, and one day, on firing both bar-
rels hastily at a rabbit, he heard a
mournful howl. The next moment his
dog appeared, carrying a black object
in his mouth, and laid it carefully at
his master's feet. The animal had re-
trieved his own tail.

Modern Fables.

There was once a steer that was a
wonder from the time of his childhood.
When he was a yearling he outweighed
any two-year-old in his township, and
before he was three he could make a
steer that weighed a ton look like 30
cents. Then a man bought him and
took him around to country fairs and
exhibited him to the people at ten cents
per look. And still the steer continued
to get bigger and bigger until it was
necessary to knock out the side of a
barn to let him in. And the steer grew
proud and haughty on account of all
this public notice and concluded as he

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