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Nordheimer Piano

Nealth and Vigor depend upon the quality and quantity of the blood."-HUMANITARIAN

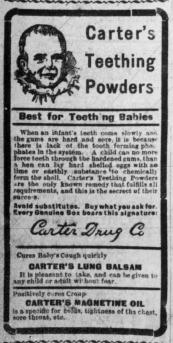
The Liver is the great secreting organ the body, and when it fails to perform office, bile accumulates and the blood conception of accumulates and the blood he conceptioned, causing many unpleasan symptoms, such as: dull, heavy langue iseling, indisposition to attend to dulies, pain in back or shoulders, sour stomach, constipation, dryness due he skin, restlea-if these symptoms ness at night, etc. If these symptoms are not dealt with im-mediately, they become aggravatel so as to induce severe illness. To relieve at once and cure permanently

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MADE IN CANADA



******** WHEN +++ THE LIGHT Would they realize that the same be CAME By William Walker Hines Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure At last his excellency the governor

the light.

held ber

his feverish one.

lilt of a meadowlark in her voice.

was alone. The tide of office seekers. lobbyists and politicians had been turned from the executive wing of the THE REPRESENTATIVE PLANO OF CANADA statehouse, and the exodus of clerks and stenographers had begun. In the anterdom his private secretary awaited his dismissal for the day, impatient of the unusual delay. Down the tiled corridor echoed the footfalls of the janitor, master of all he surveyed. All day the governor had longed for the moment, yet now he sat idle. His gaze wandered toward the window, and he found himself thinking that when the slant rays of the setting sun flashed into the room he would find light to continue his work. It was for pitifully few moments only that the

sunshine penetrated the governor's private office, with its subdued colorings, its massive furniture and its patriotic memories His hand rested on the paper he had no need to read-"Senate bill No. 214."

It had passed both senate and house without serious discussion, and the without vote had drawn party lines sharply. The governor's own party was responsible for the measure, and it had met with only half hearted opposition. Ap-parently no one considered the bill of

any special importance. The governor had not quite under-stood why he took the precaution, but some instinct advised him to probe be eath the surface of this innocent look. ing measure. This instinct this indefinable suspicion, was confirmed in a way that appalled bim. The days of indecision which followed had not been pleasant ones for

the state's chief executive. Secure in their position, the sponsors of the bill had not urged its immediate signing. cup from her lips! He had thought she loved it all-the excitement, the and the governor had carefully weighd the question. Now he realized that the hour for ed the homage paid her as daughter of the governor

action had come. Either he must feto the measure in the interest of those "Back to Bridgeport!" He had quite forgotten Jerry, though whose votes had given him the highest when she had first spoken he had office in the state and whose welfare he had sworn to protect or throw his influence and his signature with those who were conspiring to mulct their in-

thought of Jerry as a promising young fellow. "Back to Bridgeport!" He glanced at the lines he had just genuous constituency. There could be no compromise. Ei-ther with the masses he must stand or penned and suddenly straightened up. There was a new light in his eyes, a with their engines. And their engines were his lifelong friends, the men who had made him politically, the men whom he had known in boyhood, in ambitigue young manhood, in ripe and stronger ring in his voice. "Of course you may. Jerry is all right, and-well, there is no telling; I may ap had to Brid right, and wen, there is no set in a I may go back to Bridgeport myself one of these days." Then he kissed her, gravely and tensuccessful middle age-the men with whom he had marched and sung and fought and bled during the mighty civ-

derly, and arm in arm they walked out of the office. He closed the door, and the secretary picked up his hat. The day's work was done. il war. It seemed to him in this dark hour that he loved those men, every ne of them. He knew their wive their sons, their daughters. He had broken bread at their tables. He had The Dangers of Imagination. A story of Coleridge's boyhood, which appears in a book by Mr. Wilfred

rejoiced with them in their successes, sympathized with them when clouds had gathered. Political ties had been Brown on the poet's childhood and later years, shows the dangers that bewelded into friendship's fetters of steel. He brought his fist down on the set the star gazer and also the rewards youth Coleridge lived in a world of books and dreams, yet his favorite walk seems to have been the Strand, the last place in the method. mocking paper with a terrific crash. The men behind that bill were bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, and yetlast place in the world for a poet Then came another thought, a hought purely selfish. If he turned

As he strolled down the street he imagined himself in reverie. As he strolled down the street he imagined himself swimming the Helles-pont, the feat of which other poets had written and which the poet Byron against these men who had made him what he was what did the future ofthen' "And then?" pursued the girl. "I can't tell," returned the man, "I fer? An honest politician, he had no financial returns from a score of years given to his state's service. Part of his was to accomplish later. Once, while the mind of Coleridge was thus far from the busy Strand, he absently thrust his hands before him in the manner of one swimping. Suddent salary each year had gone to pay in-terest on the mortgage which had hung heavily on the old farm. His law pracway. The girl was serious. Andrews became serious again. He knew too ie swimming. Suddenly one hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket. The gentleman, thinking to capture a thief, seized the hand and exclaimed: "What! So young and so wicked!" man, after all. Duryea was such a He accused the poor, poetic boy of an man attempt at pocket picking. With some fright and a few tears the went boy explained, and we can imagine that words did not fail him who was become the most brilliant talker of his age. The gentleman was delighted with Coleridge's imagination, which could turn the Strand into the Hellespont. The intelligence of the young Leander made the stranger inquire into Coleridge's tastes, and when he found the boy liked books he opened him a subscription at the circulating library in Cheapside. Individuality of Birds. In studying different birds of the same species individual traits are constantly seen and expressed in strong re-lief. The greatest differences seem to lie in the relative development of their sense of fear. In one wren family the male never fed the young, and the fe-male never became very tame. What a different state of affairs was found at another wrea's nest studied earlier in the summer! After the removal of this nest it was fully forty-five minutes before the young got a morsel to eat, but after the first visit the victory was won, and the hen, if not the cock, bird his shoulders. became very tame. During the pre-liminary interval of suspense the male sang cheerfully, but the female was at the nest and stump many times before venturing inside. Five minutes after her timidity had been finally overcome the male was also on the stump, where he sat with drooping wings and gave his alarm; thence he flew to a tree, then to the ridgepole of the tent, where he sang merrily, while the young were ted by his mate. The male sang all the morning until noon and, after a since, began again at 2 o'clock. On the contrary, at the first nest the male was never seen and seldom, if ever, heard. The timidity of the female was A mile above the bridge something never completely overcome.-Century.

was not leading, he was following Following them where? To dish to dishonesty! ANDREWS of But would they see it that way

lief in a great underlying principle which had led him to don that uniform in a lost cause dominated him? Some one opened the door, but he did not turn. Rather he stood as one fascinated, for the draft from the open door had stirred the two flags across above the picture, the two flags which he now loved with a strangely com-mingled and yet divided affection. Something stronger than sentiment took possession of him. He had found

"I-I'm sorry," he faltered. thought it right to be different. I'm He turned toward his desk and pick- getting along so well over in town, and ed up his pen with a hand that did

Then he looked up to face-Marion, with a happy light in her eyes, the sorry," he repeated. The girl flushed. She glanced over "Father, dear, I am so glad to catch

mind if I sat on your knee, just as we so sorry as she seemed. Andrews start-used to sit together. Dear me, how ed off. Suddenly he returned and once

cool, smooth cheek close to "tell me something. I can stand it, sh one. and I want to know. We we've grown You are so busy all the time it really doesn't seem as if I had a father frank with me. Is there anybody fant to have something so imporelse? tant to tell you. You remember Jerry

She slowly shook her head. "No one Gaylord, father, dear? I used to go to school with Jerry. You often took us in particular," she said. "What is it, then?" he persisted. She to the crossroads in your buggy. Well,

to the crossroads in your buggy, well, looked him full in the face. Jerry has been here zes, several "I'll tell you, Stephen Andrews." she times and we-I-I-think I'll go back said. "It is not your fault, but you with him next time if you don't mind. Mother are it is simply about Jerry are not my kind of a man. Oh, i Mother says it is simply absurd. Jerry know," she added hastily, "you are a college fellow and what these people isn't very remarkable. He isn't even a state senator, and he doesn't want to call smart and all that"- She hesi be, but I think I'll see more of him tated. "I don't know," she continued than mother does of you, and I don't care for a husband who is too success-"whether I have been reading too care for a busband who is too success-ful to love me. Ob, father, dear, I -I-there must be something more in don't mean that! But please may I the man that I-I don't know just how marry him and go back to Bridgeport? It's very quiet at Bridgeport, I know, but I like it better." to express it. I think you understand." Andrews smiled in spite of himself. but I like it better." And he had been afraid to dash the spectacles and that I don't tan up cun from her ling! He had thought quite so much as the other fellows in I am not impulsive. My name is not Ivanhoe. Is that it, Lou The girl sighed and looked off to-

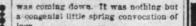
ward the white bills. "I do like strong, muscular men," she admitted. She had no besitation in saying this to drews, for she generally said to him just what she meant. Andrews smiled grim smile. He had never told her that he held the record for boxing and wrestling in his college class, and he did not propose to tell her now. "Like John Duryea, for instance." he suggested. Again the girl flushed,

for as she sat there she had contrasted the two men, somewhat to the detri-ment of the man before her. "As you please," she answered, a bit coldly. Suddenly she turned to him. "You said," she went on, "that I

thought you were not impulsive. Tell me honestly, if this house were on fire. and I were upstairs, and you were down below, would you brave the danger that might exist and rush in to my rescue at the risk of your life? Would you de that?"

Andrews smiled again. "Would John Duryea?" he asked. The girl nodded. "He would-I know he would." she answered. Andrews shook his head. "It's a hard thing to answer," he replied. plied. "Circumstances might alter cases. I should stop to think first, and

would do the best I could. It's a nice question," he added. He said all this in an amused sort of



'Your friend Andrews is afraid." shouted Duryes to the girl. She nodded. At that moment something bappened. With a roar and a crash like thunder and lightning a few of the logs struck one end of the bridge, and it went down. Duryea turned pale. He was impulsive. He was muscular and agile. And as a result in no time he had sprinted toward the other end and stood on terra firma. The girl was too dazed to move. The second edition ogs hurled itself against the bridge.

. middle of the bridge went down. the shore two men watched. The girl had disappeared. One man cast bimself upon the ground and cried aloud in frenzy. He

was a muscular chap. His name was Duryea. The other stood watching and thinking. He thought twice before he acted. Suddenly he caught a glimpse of a pale face and a few tresses of golden bair still untouched by the flood.

Then he did a queer thing. He darted down the side of the stream for a bundred yards until he caught up with this pale face and golden hair. When he was even with it he leaped far out into the stream and worked his way through the muddy torrent and over the impetuous logs to the place where he had seen the face of the girl he loved. The flood had claimed her for an instant, but as her face again ap-peared Andrews claimed her from the flood. And then the fight began. It was the forest and the stream, both raging mad, against one man and the girl he held within his arms. By this time a crowd lined the shore.

Andrews never knew what he did or how he did it. His iron muscles wrestled and fought and buffeted with odds that he had never met before. He fought like a wild man-fought to regain the shore, fought to regain life for the girl and for himself. Suddenly there was a shout. Some one had thrown a rope. Andrews caught it. Then the crowd held its breath. Then of a sudden there was a mighty shout. There was one man that did not bear it. It was Andrews-Andrews, who had staggered up out of the torrent, out of the jaws of death, with his bride to be-Andrews, a man with a broken arm and a broken thigh. Slow ly he opened his eyes and looked at the girl who bent over him. "My name is Ivanhoe," he groaned, with a weary smile.

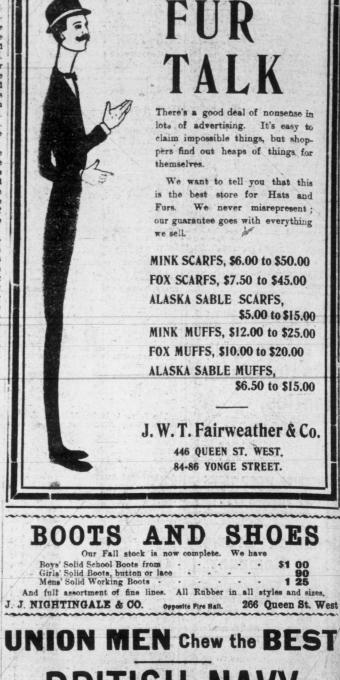
Sheep or Swine!

An example of the humor of the Peritan settlers in New England comes from old Newbury, a town which was incorporated so long ago as 1635. Although it was a staid community rather than a frivolous one, there was for many years an established town jest which was repeated in town meeting with unimpaired relish as often as its

local officers were to be elected. The lowest office in the gift of the people being that of town hog reeve, the person whose duty it is to her and impound stray hogs, they ha had made it the custom to elect to that un enviable position the latest married resident of the place, fit or unfit, willing or unwilling. Once-there must have been an espe

cial spirit of audacity rife at town meeting on that occasion-they even went so far as to elect the Rev. Dr. Leonard Withington, then newly set tled over the parish, and a committee, acting in a spirit of mirth, yet perhaps with a dash of inward trepidation. was sent to notify him of the honor, which, of course, it was expected he would not accept.

"Hog reeve," he repeated thoughtfully. "It is true I came to this place expecting to act as shepherd of a flock, but if my sheep have changed their character I see in that no reason to



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just now.

SMITH

THE APRIL FLOOD By WM. H. Copyright, 1908. by T. C. McClure Andrews rose from his seat and looked down upon the girl. He fumbled

with his hat. .

THE TOILER

ed up his pen with a name that the spring i thouse build somewhere not tremble. It was the work of a -that I-I might build somewhere moment only. around here and "- He paused. "I'm this spring I thought perhaps that we

toward the mountain. It was in the month of April, but the mountain top you alone for just a little minute, dearest," she coaxed as she glanced at the stacks of papers. "You wouldn't mind if I sat on your knee inst as we The governor smiled indulgently and more faid down his hat. "Louise," he exclaimed impulsively.

PHONE 414 MAIN





46 Adelaide Street East

tice had been scattered among many younger rivals. And he had passed that age when men can compete suc-

cessfully with new blood. There was his wife too. She had grown accustomed to the proportion of purple and fine linen accruing to the governor's wife-and larion. He remembered that very morning watching the girl, apple of his eye, mount her horse and canter down the driveway. Was it fair that he should dash the cup of pleasure she was just raising to her lips? He could almost feel the fresh, cool kiss of his cheek as she whiscool k

thought

"Father, dear, I am so happy, so happy!"

Would she be happy if he took her back to the old farm, with its strag-gling buildings, its neglected land, to hegin all over again? He bent forward, one hand support-

ing his aching head. Then suddenly came the sunbeam, striking full and fair through the casement. It fell up-on his great seal ring, bearing the state's cost of arms, and he pulled his hand back into the shadows. The sun's ray traveled across the

The sun's ray traveled across the room, tilting upward, and in a whim-sical mood he followed its course over the great flat topped desk with its fix-tures, past the high backed carved chairs straight to the mantel, and there it struck something that brought him to his feet.

It was an oil painting of himself, life size and made from an old daguerreo type. He remembered the very day that faded little picture had been taken. He had worn his uniform, then bright and new. The painting was the gift of the men of his company, some of whom were numbered among the ranks of those supporting the bill which lay on yonder desk. Why had they followed him in those dark days of secession and civil strife? Why had they followed where he led? Why, if he was not stronger than they, if the gift of leadership was not mighty with-in him? They had trusted him then, they had followed him then, and now where was he leading them? No: he

well that the girl was uttering her decline the task." The reverend gentleman led, drove and exhorted his flock in the way they thoughts-thoughts that with other girls exist, but remain unuttered. He should go for the rest of his lifetin realized with bitterness that the man who looks and acts like a hero is the with notable success .- Youth's Companion.

"I am sorry," he reiterated, and he

John Duryes was not a youth of intellect, but he had a kindling eye, and he had that appearance of animal courage and spirits that is so taking. Andrews envied him. He would have given all bis intelligence and experience, be would have relinquished all the lessons he had learned in youthful adversity and hard work, to be in the

shoes of this man Duryes. The snow on the mountains meitedmelted in a day and a night. The riv-er rose. It rose so much that the town talked of it. The roar of the waters it? could be heard afar off. Duryes called at the 'girl's house. "Come down and at the 'girl's house. "Come down and see the flood," he said. They had been down before, but it was at all times an ateresting sight. They strolled toward the long bridge. The waters roared under this bridge like a cataract. The eye could detect clearly the trembling

of its timbers. "We'd better not go on the bridge." exclaimed the girl, halting just they reached it. Duryea threw back

"Come on." he said, with an air of bravado. "Fill take care of you." The girl looked at him with admiration and laughed. They went. She shivered as she felt the timbers tremble beneath her feet. The man lightly put his arm about her. It was good to feel his strength. It gave confidence. Sud-denly be pointed down the road. "Look!" he shouted to her ear. "Here comes Andrews!" The girl looked. Sure enough. It was Andrews, running and waving his hand. He was warp-ing them off the bridge, but they waved lightly back to him. He reached the entrance and stood there. They t aned him to come, but he shook his

Another Moving Job. "Moving again, Fitz?" asked Pullet as Fitzgoober came out of the gate with a washtub tightly clasped in his arms and trailing a mirror behind him. "Yes," moaned the afflicted man, mopping his perspiring brow, "I'm going to leave this bole." "What for? Don't you like the neighborhood?

"Ob. no, not that; the neighbors are all right." "Water not good, maybe?"

"No better can be found." "The rent hasn't been raised, has "No; that's the reason I'm going to

seek another house." "What!" exclaimed the surprised "Moving from a place because the rent has not been raised! Surely you don't object to that. Fitz?" "No. 1 do not." sadly replied Fitz as he started back for the kitchen set of

furniture, "but the landlord does, you know."-London Answers.

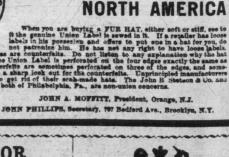
Back Numbers. "William." said Mrs. Van Gelder to the man of all work. "I want you to clean out that large closet in the hall clean out that large closer in the nam just outside the parlor. Burn all the old newspapers, waste paper and any other rubbish you may find there." After a short time she met William in the ball carrying in his arms a buge pile of sheet music, the property of her eldest daughter.

"What are you going to do with Mabel's music?" she asked. "Why, burn it, sure, as you told me

to. It was in the closet there with the

"But I didn't mean the music. Put it back at once. Noting his mistress' displeasure Wil liam inquired in surprise

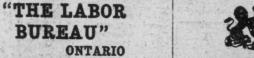
Why, hasn't she played it all?"-Lippincott's



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rather. For which purpose the co-operation o La.or Organizations and others interested general prosperity of the Province is invited. F. R. LATCHFORD.

Commissioner of Public Works. BOBT. GLOCKLING, Secretary The Labor Bureas.

BUREAU"

The water of the St. Lawrence River at Brockville is said to be of a very superior brand, but when the Toronto delerates arrived home from the Congress they gave no evidence in substantiation of

that notion. But there were other things than the St. Lawrence in sight at Brock-



JOHN DRYDEN, Minister of Agricult HONE NOBTH 2486.

Some distance up the river he discov-ered a huge rock with a smooth surface; facing a much-used road. Across this he painted in huge letters: "What are you going to do after death?"

It was only a week, however, that the rock displayed this alone, for an catar-prising advertisement writer came along and painted just below: "Use Delta Oil. Good for burns."

Little Boy-I kin get all the green

apples I want. Big Boy-Wal, why don't you get some? Little Boy-I don't want any.

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