

THE CHAMOIS

is possibly the most sure-footed of all animals, and it is famed for its remarkable agility.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

is the sure friend of every careful housewife and it is famed all over the world for the remarkable ease with which it dispels dirt from the clothes in the wash. The Chamois is to be found only on the loftiest mountain ridges, but SUNLIGHT SOAP is found in all parts of the civilized world



When Sergt. O'Leary Received the V. C.

(London Paper.)

Almost in the same condition as when he left the trenches, only a few hours previously, Sergeant Michael O'Leary was presented to the King at Buckingham Palace, and received from His Majesty the Victoria Cross, which he so gallantly won at Cullinstown. It was on Feb. 1 that the brave Irish guardsman when forming one of the storming party which advanced against the enemy's barricades, rushed to the front and killed five Germans who were holding the first barricade. Then he attacked a second barricade about sixty yards further on, which he captured after killing three of the enemy, and making prisoners of two more. Sergeant O'Leary thus practically captured the enemy's position by himself, and prevented the rest of the attacking party from being fired upon. Sergeant O'Leary came home on seven days' leave and on the day of the presentation he visited his comrades at Wellington Barracks. With the dust of the trenches still upon him, and carrying his pack and rifle, he presented himself at the gate of the barracks and was not at first recognized.

"He is the coolest customer," subsequently exclaimed a sergeant of the Irish Guards, "You would not have thought he had the V.C. at all." It was only the little red ribbon of the V.C. on his breast which gave a hint as to the hero's identity, and the whisper went round, "He's Sergeant O'Leary." Sergeant O'Leary, his comrades related, has had letters from all sorts of people begging him to let them know when he was coming home and they would have hands to meet him. "Bands," he said, "I don't want any bands." Wealthy people wrote to him wanting him to be their guest; he could have been driving about London in luxurious motor cars; instead he walked diffidently to the barracks and declined to have a fuss. His comrades were entertaining him to tea, when, at a quarter to five, came the summons to present himself at the Palace in order to receive the Victoria Cross, the King having heard that the hero was at the barracks. O'Leary was still wearing the rough and grimy boots of the trenches, and there was no time for any nice adjustments of uniform or equipment, so the sergeant walked over to the Palace practically as he stood. He was accompanied by Colonel Proby, commanding the Irish Guards. The King and Queen were in the grounds of the Palace, and with them Princess Mary. Shortly after O'Leary's arrival, Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria arrived and saw the giving of the decoration. His

Majesty pinned on the cross, shook hands very cordially with Sergeant O'Leary and said a few words of congratulation on the heroism he had displayed, concluding by wishing him long life to wear the Cross and a happy future. The Queen and Princess Mary also shook hands with the newly decorated V.C. and Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria followed suit.

On his return to Wellington Barracks, O'Leary related the famous story of the two barricades. He said he did not know what to do with all those Germans in front of him; a comrade afterwards stated. He did not know what would happen, and thought it was all over with him. He had no bayonet at the time he made the charge, but his rifle was loaded with ten rounds of ammunition. He shot the officer at the machine gun through the back of the head. That demoralized the rest, and the reason he captured the two prisoners was that he had no ammunition left. He impressed the men at Wellington Barracks as an easy-going, slow-moving giant, with a tremendous reserve of strength. His coolness was another vivid impression which remained with those who met him, and the visit to the Palace did not excite him in the least.

Sergeant O'Leary went home to County Cork by the boat express at 10.15 p.m. from Euston. He is tall and slightly built. His uniform fits him tightly, and he wears his cap set jauntily over the left ear. His nose is tip-tilted and he smiles with his eyes and looks ferocious. There was large numbers of unburnt troops at the station, but the hero was unmistakable. He had been exactly built to fit the story. O'Leary is modesty itself, and when told that a reception awaited him on his arrival home, he exclaimed, "Bands, I don't want any bands!" All the same, he had to have them when he reached Cork on his way to his native place. O'Leary made the journey to Cork via Dublin, where I tried in vain to escape the attentions of the crowd that had gathered to welcome him. Under pressure from his admirers he produced his Victoria Cross and handed it to a young lady with the remark, "It doesn't look much, does it? But I suppose there is something in it, and I shall always treasure it." Another admirer, holding O'Leary by the hand, asked him why he charged so many Germans single-handed. It was an act of lunacy, man, the admirer added. "I did it," said O'Leary, regarding him with a smile, "for the simple reason that I thought it was

my duty." At Cork railway station he was met by a great crowd, and the modest hero was obviously embarrassed by his reception. Attended by the mace-bearer and other civic functionaries, the Lord Mayor was in attendance, and besides two military bands, which played Irish airs, there was a large contingent of the local section of the National Volunteers. After the Lord Mayor had cordially welcomed him back to Cork, Sergeant O'Leary was complimented by many leading citizens. Then he was driven through cheering streets to an hotel, where he was entertained to luncheon before leaving to visit his parents.

BACK YARDS

By GEORGE FITCH

Some Americans are rich enough to have beautiful lawns, garlanded with flower beds, pergolas and other works of nature. But most of us have to be satisfied with back yards.

A back yard, under usual American conditions, is something which is fortunately hidden by the house in front of it.

It is ground which is thrown in along with the house. It is the road to the alley and the happy home of the tin can which has fulfilled its duty to society and is fading away in obscurity.

The back yard is also the principal exhibit of the American city to the passenger trains which enter it. This is why so many Europeans arrive in Chicago with a strong suspicion that the American has no more taste than the native Indian.

No one who has entered Chicago on any one of its three dozen railroads can feel quite so hostile towards the billboard as he did before he saw it spreading its protecting wings in front of half a dozen back yards at once and hiding them from the despondent traveller.

Chicago has always wondered why the citizens of older and more haughty places poke fun at its rude, unlauded ways. But if it would spend less time resenting this criticism and more time in appointing a back yard commission or hiring gentlemanly ushers to pass through its trains renting blinders to the passengers, it would fare better with its naughty visitors.

There is no easier way to size up an American family than to take a look at its back yard. If said yard contains a pyramid of ashes surmounted with an obsolete corset or a two-legged chair, the ambitious agent should not attempt to sell vacuum cleaners, portfolios of art or soap in quantities to the denizens of the house. But if the back yard is a little stanza in green with a carefully nursed tree, a neat gravel walk and a few flowers which seem perfectly at home, the family which owns it is an asset to the city and doesn't have to be watched relentlessly by the health commissioner or the corner grocer.

A quarter's worth of seeds and plenty of muscle will transform a back yard in one year from a waste pile to a beauty spot, which will speak more loudly for the family's good taste than a new piano or a \$13 Easter hat.

CORNS Applied in 5 Seconds CURED QUICK Sore, blistering feet from corn-pinchin' toes can be cured by Putnam's Extractor in 24 hours. "Putnam's" soothes away that drawing pain, eases instantly, makes the feet feel good at once. Get a 25c. bottle of "Putnam's" to-day.

Voted Repeal of Scott Act.

Annapolis, July 8.—A vote of the repeal of the Canada Temperance Act, more familiarly known as the Scott Act, took place in this County to-day, and resulted in a large majority of votes being cast for the repeal of the Act. Annapolis County now comes under the provisions of the Nova Scotia Temperance Act, which it is believed will prove more effective than the Scott Act has been.

EVERYDAY ETIQUETTE

"Does the maid of honor walk with the best man, and when going to the wedding do they ride together in the same carriage?" inquired Joe, about to wed.

The maid of honor rides with the bridesmaids in one carriage and the best man rides with the groom in another," said his brother.

"What is your name?" asked the new teacher of the first boy in line.

"Tom," said the boy.

"No it isn't Tom; it's Thomas."

"And your name?" she inquired of the next boy.

"Jackass," said the boy.

The depression and nerve trouble suffered by women blots out interest in everything.

Asayo-Neurall

THE NEW REMEDY FOR Nervous Exhaustion

which contains Lecithin (concentrated from eggs), the form of phosphates required for nerve repair.

Free sample bottle, containing treatment for one week (sufficient to prove its merit in your case), and booklet explaining formula and giving the request to Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal.

Danube Terror Annoys Austrian Fleet.

Belgrade, July 8.—Beyond the Austrian town of Semlin, opposite Belgrade, and the Island of Grosser Krieg, six Austrian river monitors are lying inside a boom, for since their number was reduced from seven to six by a pretty piece of torpedo work on the part of the solitary Serbian picket boat known as "The Terror of the Danube," these monitors have been singularly uninteresting.

The composition of mixed artillery force which, under Gen. Jivkovitch, has charge of the defence of Belgrade, is thoroughly well known to the Austrians. This force is charmingly cosmopolitan. The young gentlemen who have charge of "The Terror of the Danube" have great fawks. They poke their way on dark nights into creeks and passages where they are not expected, and annoy the Austrians dreadfully.

The Austrians have three picket gunboats, like toy dreadnoughts, with machine-guns mounted in the turrets. Any one of them could destroy the "Terror" in a few minutes, but the "Terror" comes up when it is dark, makes rude remarks with her single machine gun, and then runs.

Recently one of the Austrian dreadnoughts chased it into a prepared mine field, and the dreadnought drifted ashore on Kojara Island.

Night after night the "Terror" goes gallily on errands of the utmost danger and keeps terrorized an Austrian force of monitors and gunboats more than a hundred times its strength.

Mr. Rowell Says

Canada's Share Should be Five Hundred Thousand.

Edmonton, Alta., July 8.—Speaking before the Canadian Club at luncheon to-day, Newton W. Rowell, leader of the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature, said that it was an undoubted fact many more had volunteered than had been accepted by the Government, and the West in this respect had put some of the older districts of the East to shame. Great Britain, it was stated, had 3,000,000 men enlisted, and if Canada had raised as many in proportion, there would be in the Dominion at least 500,000 men under arms.

AILING WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Mrs. Doucette Tells of her Distressing Symptoms During Change of Life and How She Found Relief.

Belleville, Nova Scotia, Can.—"Three years ago I was suffering badly with what the doctors called Change of Life. I was so bad that I had to stay in bed. Some friends told me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it helped me from the first. It is the only medicine I took that did help me and I recommend it. You don't know how thankful I am. I give you permission to publish what your good medicine has done for me."—Mrs. SIMON DOUCETTE, Belleville, Yarmouth Co., Nova Scotia, Canada.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness, are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weak and nervous system. It has carried many women safely through this crisis.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR SPECIALS.

LADIES' KNICKERS,

Woven Knee Length, Lace Trimmed,

35 cents per pair.

Ladies' Corset Covers,

Daintily Embroidered,

30 cents each.

The Milo Braissere,

Makes a Perfect Figure, and is also a Corset Cover,

25 cents each.

LADIES' VESTS,

With Short Sleeves,

12 cents each.

S. MILLEY.

CERTAIN-TEED ROOFING

Carries with it a

Guarantee of service. It will resist the attacks of the sun, rain, snow and frost, for an indefinite period.

NAILS, CEMENT and

Illustrated Directions for laying packed in centre of each roll.

AYRE & SONS, LIMITED.

Holiday Goods!

Just What You are looking for.

SECOND SHIPMENT OF

Boys' and Youths'

KHAKI SUITS

Also, KHAKI PANTS to fit Boys from Six to Twelve years of age.

Well made and very serviceable.

Bishop Sons & Co., Ltd.

Nerviline Stops Earache in 10 Seconds Fixes Toothache in 2 Minutes.

It Seems to Possess Almost Some Divine Power Over Pain.

RUB ON NERVILINE.

Toothache is usually due to neuralgia in the gums or to the congestion and swelling of the nerve pulp.

"As 'Nerviline' relieves congestion, you can easily see why it cures toothache.

Nerviline does more—cures any ache or pain—in any part of the body.

It matters not where your pain is. It may be in a joint or muscle; it may be neuralgia or lumbago; it may be a surface pain is deeply situated in the back, side or chest. Nerviline will reach it; Nerviline will drive it out.

What is Nerviline, you ask? Just

a liniment, but very much stronger in pain-subduing power than other liniments—one that penetrates more deeply in the tissue than any other liniment. It is a liniment that cures quickly, that gives permanent relief.

You might spend ten or a hundred dollars, but you couldn't buy as much relief as you get from a single bottle of Nerviline.

We guarantee Nerviline: we refund your money if it does not relieve you. In many lands it is a household trust, a remedy that has justified itself under the experience of those who have used it. Guaranteed for neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism, pleurisy, strains or sprains; the large 50 cent family size bottle is more economical than the 25 cent trial size. Dealers everywhere sell Nerviline.