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#### M133 By Emily S. MIRANDA'S JACQUEMINOT

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Miss Miranda's jacqueminot, the only ose of that species in town, was a mass of crimson bloom. She hung above its fragrance like a veritable miser and wished she had not told Celin Jane they would begin house cleaning that morning. She'd much rather stay in the garden.

Reluctantly she turned to the house and attacked the sitting room cupboard. For years Miss Miranda had always started housecleaning with this general catch all. Far back in the corner she came across a box of old fashioned daguerreotypes. Listlessly she turned over the likenesses of her ancestors in quaint, old time gowns and coats. But suddenly she gave a little ery, and her hand fastened tight-

ly over a deeply carved case. "I thought I'd got rid of this years ago," she murmured.

But she seemed in no hurry to get ril of it now. She gazed long and earnestly at the face of the young man with fearless brown eyes, red cheeks

and a very blue tie. How far back that picture carried her, to the day when he and she had parted because of a political quarrel between their parents—yes, to the day when he had taken her in his arms and she had promised to be his wife! Unconsciously her hand touched the



MIRANDA CROSSED THE ROOM AND PULLED

still wavy, with scarcely a trace of gray. And yet she was an old maid.

"Oh, Miss Mirandy, the youngster from the old Wiggins place has been and picked off every one of your red

Miss Miranda, followed by the excited Celia Jane, rushed to her beloved rosebush. Not a bloom remained. Miss. Mhranda was speechless with indigna-

"There she is," said the little maid, and Miss Miranda turned to see peep-

ing through the pasings a small girl of five or six years. "Did you pick my flowers?" she asked

The child raised a pair of clear brown eyes to Miss Miranda's severe gaze. "Yes'm," she answered simply.

"Well, I never! What did you do it "'Cause I wanted them for father. He's been sick."

"But they were my flowers," said Miss Miranda sternly. "Don't care; I wanted them for father. He likes flowers."

Miss Miranda threw up her hands in despair. "Why, she's a perfect little savage," she said to Celia Jane. Then, turning to the small offender: "Well, don't you come here again, you bad little thing! Run home! I'd like to give that child what she deserves! What did you say their name is, Celia Jane?" "I don't know, ma'am. It's a lady and her niece. The little girl's mother's dead, and the father's only been here two weeks and is just up from a spell of sickness. Miss Butler says he

lived here years ago and has come back to buy the Wiggins place." "Well he may have money, but he's got a bad young one, and I'll tell him

so when I get the chance." When she went back to the sitting room, she returned the box of daguerreotypes to the corner cupboard. She did not notice that the one she had been looking at when interrupted still lay on the table

"I declare, Celia Jane, I'm so upset I. can't think of anything but those roses. I'll not try to work any more today, but after lunch I'll run down to the village to see about my new bonnet." Why did she remember that he had always liked roses in her hats? Unconsciously she decided that it would be roses this year, pale pink ones, covered with black lace.

John Bland walked slowly up the path leading to Miss Miranda's front porch. There seemed no change since that day so long ago when he had last seen her standing by the climbing white rose, with the tender green sprays of honeysuckle clinging to the side of the porch.

He wondered whether Miranda was so little altered. Celia Jane opened the door and told him that Miss Miranda had just stepped down street and would be back in a few minutes. Would he

He would and did. She ushered him into the sitting room, and before the door closed on her back he had spied the old daguerreotype lying face upward on the table. He was so absorbed | by being seen in its vicinity.

called up that he did not hear Miss Miranda enter the side door. She had looked at Celia Jane in wonder when the little handmaid said a gentleman awaited her in the parlor.

Who could it be? Instinctively she caught up a vagrant brown lock and smoothed the bit of lace at her rounded throat. A pretty pink color mantled her cheek at the thought of facing a stranger. She had led such a quiet life.

"No, not greatly changed," thought John Bland as she waiked into the sitting room. The light was dim, for Celia Jane had lowered the venetian blinds, when Miss Miranda started for the vil-

"Good afternoon, sir," she said and stood waiting. Her visitor did not answer immedi-

ately, and when he spoke his voice was "I have just heard that my little girl, Lena May, played havoc with your roses this morning, and I came to apologize and to make any amends in my power. She has no mother to look after her, and sometimes"-

Miss Miranda started. Where had she heard that voice? "May I replace them with any flow-

ers you may name?" Miss Miranda, without answering. crossed the room and pulled up the blinds. The man behind her murmured, "So you don't know me, Miranda?" Then he turned, and the light fell on his face.

"John-you? "Yes, Miranda, I." He held up his hand. In it was the daguerreotype. "And you kept this, Miranda!" Miss Miranda gasped and put out her

hand to take the picture from him, but he imprisoned her fluttering fin-Why-why did you keep it, Miran-

There was a note of triumph in his Miss Miranda made a gesture of pro-

test. "I did not know that it was there Her hands were held closer. "Miranda, can't we go back to the old days? It was not my fault or yours,

and we've lost so much happiness, you Miss Miranda strove to withdraw her "If you can look me in the eyes and

tell me that you don't care and never lid care and won't have me, I'll go." But Miss Miranda could not say that. She did not try to.

"And anyway," said John Bland latr on, "I have to make amends for those roses. Poor little Lena May! You must teach her better."

Sandy Got Through. Old Sandy C., who used to collect the mining royalties for the Duke of Ham-Sandy was late for his train for Bo'ness, and the only way he could catch his connection was by walking across the line. A certain gentleman informed Sandy that it was useless for him to attempt to cross by the railway, as there was a watchman stationed at the amp bridge, who would allow no one pass over it.

"What sort o' countryman is he?" in-

"Well," responded Sandy, "if he is an Irishman I'll get over." And straight

way be went Coming up to the bridge, Sandy espied the Irishman coming out to stop him, but before Pat had got time to breathe Sandy gasped out: "I beg your pardon, sir. I see you're a man of authority, and I have just to throw myself on your tender mercies."

"Jabers, gc on!" returned Pat without moment's hesitation.

Had the watchman, Sandy used to ay, been a Scotchman he would have had to fight him, and had he been an Englishman he would have had to debate the question.-Pearson's.

Appropriate Substitute. The son of a wealthy distiller in the north of Ireland was upon his marriage promoted by his father to the position of managing director and was handed over one of his father's residences, known as Distillery House, a handsome mansion standing in beautiful grounds, situated about half a mile from the firm's extensive works.

Some months afterward the son, be ing in the neighboring town, stepped into the club for lunch, and, meeting a friend there, invited him to join in the repast. During the progress of the meal the young director remarked to

his guest: "We have been thinking of changing the name of our residence. It scarcely sounds well for my wife's letters to be addressed from Distillery House. Could you suggest a suitable name?" The friend laid down his knife and fork, thought for a moment and then

"I think I have hit upon it. What do you say to calling it Alco Hall?"

The Bluejay. One may pet or patronize, according to one's nature, a chipping sparrow, bluebird or phebe, but he is indeed well coated with self esteem who does not feel a sense of inferiority in the presence of a jay. He is such a shrewd, independent and aggressive creature that one is inevitably led to the belief that he is more of a success as a bird than most men are as men. Conspicuous by voice and action during the autumn and winter, when other birds are quietest, he becomes silent when other birds are most vocal. If he has a love song, it is reserved for the ear of his mate. At this season he even controls his fondness for owl baiting and with it his vituperative gifts. The robin, the cathird and the thrusher seem eager to betray the location of their nests to every passerby, but the bluejay gives no evidence of the site of his habitation

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TRIVIAL, YET POTENT.

The Tyranny of the Small and the Helplessness of Mankind. The "tyranny of littleness" is the

cruel despotism not of one master, but of a multitude of small ones. Witness the ironclad sway which any sovereign ruler of the kitchen may wield over a helpless household. What happiness or misery is bestowed lightly by one who turns a toaster or brews a pot of cof-

tailors. The milkman holds us helpless in his clutches. The chore man orders us about. The maid of all work beckons, and we follow. We bow and scrape before the haughty plumber. We who would strike down mon-

archs and measure swords with ministers of finance, what sorry figures we cut in the community if slighted by the laundrymen! We scarce can hold our own against a surly railway porter, and it is but by the courtesy of Master Boots that we emerge from our hotel apartment. And who shall stand before the overwhelming power vested in an offended waiter? We

infant's voice banishes dreams. He is a victim to the insect world. Who will abolish the tyranny of flies and of mosquitoes?

Behold the tyranny of horses, dogs and cats, to which the great majority of mortals submit without a murmur. What master is as exacting as a tight shoe or a torturing collar? A parrot or a pet canary can sadly try men's souls! Yes, "things are in the saddle

and ride mankind." Who will do justice to the tyranny of the deprayed inanimate taskmasters? A diamond necklace changes the history of empires. A courtier's cloak may pave the way to royal favor. A glove, a handkerchief, a glass slipper, what things to conjure with! Slaves

of the lamp! Slaves of the ring! Ah, the supremacy of trivial things, that one real tyranny to which we all bow down! Is there no hope that we may some day throw off the heavy yoke? Well is it for us to meditate upon this vital problem which touches each so closely. And as we meditate we may grow wise enough to break some of the multitudinous shackels that hold us spiritless and helpless in the power of the arch tyrant, "Little Things."-Caroline Ticknor in Brandur

## SENSATION

IN QUEBEC

Wonderful Cures by Dodd's Kidney Pils Causing Much Talk.

dame Joseph Millette, of St. Rosaire, Tells of Her Pains and How Easily She Got Rid of Them.

Rosaire, D'Arthabasca, Que. Nov. 17 .- (Special) .- Among the people of this neighborhood there has been much talk of late of the numerouc cures resulting from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pifls. Sush diseases as Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease and even Catarrh have yielded readily to this wonderful remedy, and people are fast learning how im-portant it is that the Kidneys should be kept in shape to perform their duty of removing impurities from the

One of those who speak out often and earnestly of the good Dodd's Kid-ney Pills have done is the good Dame Joseph Millette, She suffered from Kidney Complaint and Catarrh and is now completely cured. It is not to be wondered at that she speaks as follows:
"I suffered much from malady of

the Kidneys. It settled in the loins and gave me great pain and discomfort. I took two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and am perfectly well. "Dodd's Kidney Pills are a great remedy for me. I give Dodd's Kidney Pills my certificate from a big

Many others, once suffering but nowin good health, unite with Dame Joseph Millette in singing the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have proved conclusively that no disease arising from diseased Kidneys can stand before them.

#### A CONTRAST IN BOYS

TOWN AND COUNTRY LADS IN THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE

of the Men Who Have Achieved Great Prominence in Public Affairs the Rural Boys Are at Least Twen-

ty to Oue Over the City Lads. A country boy's lack of opportunity Is his best equipment for the serious struggle of life. This sounds paradoxical, but it is true. It is just as true as the opposite proposition, that the greatest hindrances a city boy has to contend with are the opportunities which beset him when young and pursue him till he begins the real business of life, a business which each individual must carry on for himself. For the city boy everything is made as easy as possible. Even pleasure becomes to him an old story before he is out of his teens. Brought up in the feverish rush of a place where great things are bappening day by day, he sees the world with a cynic's eyes and despises the small things which, like the bricks in a house, go to the upbuilding of characters and careers. He believes in using large markers in the game of life; for pennies and small units of value be has little taste and scant regard.

The conditions surrounding the country boy are as different as possible. There is a deal of regular work that every country boy must do, and this regularity of employment, mostly out of doors, inculcates industrious habits, while it contributes to a physical development which in after years is just as valuable as any athletic training that can be had. He cannot run as fast perhaps as those trained by a system. He may not be able to jump so high or so far or excel in any of the sports upon which we bestow so much time and from which we get so much of pleasure, but his development enables him to buckle down to the hard work in which hours are consumed and from which very little or no im-We are all slaves to milliners and mediate pleasure is extracted. His strength may be something like that of the cart horse, but the cart horse is to be preferred where a long and steady pull is required. The thoroughbred race horse has a fine flight of speed and canters with delightful lightness and grace along the park bridle paths, but the heavy work is the work most in demand, and for that we

want the draft animals every time. Enthusiasm is the spur to endeavor. and at the same time it is the savor of life. The country box whose ambition has taken him to town comes filled with enthusiasms. Even the little things are novelties to him, and as cannot even mount a trolley car if the he accomplishes this and that he feels conductor and motorman choose to ig- that he is doing something not only interesting, but valuable. His simple change cannot rest at night because an | tiplicity of gratifications, and so he is glad of everything good that comes his way. At thirty, if he leads a clean life, he has more of the boy in him than his city cousin has left at fifteen. He does what is before him because it his duty, while the other is apt cynically to question the value of doing anything and ask, "What is the

Of the men who have achieved great prominence and high influence in our affairs of state the country boys are at least twenty to one over the city lads. Nowadays indeed our cynical city lads look upon men who take an active interest in public affairs as rather low fellows and quite beneath their association and notice. But the country boys are at the top in other lines of endeavor. In finance they are pre-eminent, and the great bank presidents today in the great cities nearly all learned to read and to cipher in country schools where birch and ferule had not succumbed to the civilizing influences of scientific pedagogy. Our great railways were in the main built by them, and today the administrators of these great companies are in great measure from farms and country villages, from places where work began in early infancy and a sense of duty developed while still the lisp of childhood lin

Some city boys, however, are of such sturdy stuff and endowed with such natural gifts that they succeed by reason of their inherent superiority. Others succeed abundantly because they have used their opportunities wisely and in real life have pursued the same course which enables so many country boys to win fame and fortune. The more honor to them for having survived their too great opportunities. But the country boy when he comes to town reaches out for the high places. Though not all find seats of the mighty, nearly all of the exalted stations are filled in the end by men of country birth and country rearing, for they usually start out with the sound theory that what is worth having is worth striving for .- John Gilmer Speed in Brandur Magazine.

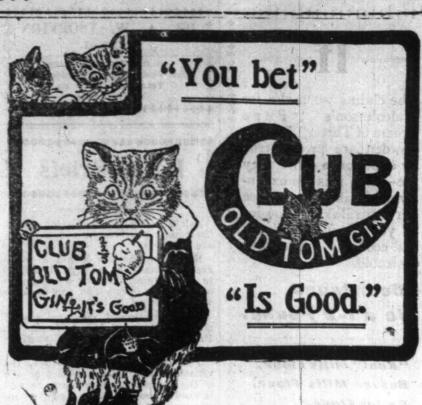
A lady went out in search of two others who had gone out for a walk some time before. She met an old man and asked him if he saw two ladies pass this way. "Na, nor I wisna look-

She met another and asked the same question. "Na, but there micht 'a' been ten pass't for onything 'at I ken or

At last she met a boy and asked the same question. He replied, "Na, I didna see ony ladies, but I saw twa aul' wives.

His Boy's Future. "Are you educating you son for any particular calling?"

"What?" "Well, he made his own selection, and as near as I can find out he is educating himself to be the busband of an



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