

Where Angels Fear to Tread.

A company of young American tourists visited the home of Beethoven in Bonn and were unimpressed in their admiration of wonder, admiration and approval of the room where the master had lived and worked. They asked many questions about Beethoven, and finally one young lady seated herself at his piano and proceeded, with some American confidence, to play the "Moonlight Sonata," Beethoven's own work, in his own room, on his own piano. Such an interesting combination.

The old caretaker stood there, stern and silent. When the performance was over the young lady turned to the old man and said:

"I suppose many musicians have been here and have played on this instrument?"

"Padreski was here once, ma'am."

"Ah!" she sighed.

"But," continued the faithful guardian, "when some one urged him to play on Beethoven's piano he said, 'No! Beethoven not worthy.'"

"When the Disease Let Go."

An old man was just recovering from an operation, and as he lay regaining consciousness he heard the doctor say to a nurse regarding some powders to be given him, "If one every hour is the much give him a half one every half hour." The old gentleman raised himself up on his elbow and said:

"Say, doc, that reminds me of a man I had a Newfoundland dog. His wife got so tired of having him (the dog) not the man) track up the floors and porches that finally she made her husband take the dog to town and sell him. That afternoon he returned radiant. 'Well,' he said, 'I've sold him for \$25.' 'Good,' cried his wife. 'I can get that hat now.' 'But,' continued the man, 'I bought two puppies with the money.'"

"The doctor looked at the nurse and said:

"I think he'll recover."

"S. H. He did—Judge."

"Sacred Monkeys of India."

In "Living Animals of the World," some curious stories are told about the habits and characteristics of the monkey tribes. It seems that the entire monkey is the most sacred of all in India. It is gray above and nutty below, long legged and active, a thief and an impudent robber. In one of the Indian cities they became so used to the faithful determination to catch and kill the monkeys, that to catch and kill the monkeys, they were decorated in covered carriages and released many miles off. But the monkeys were too clever. Having thoroughly enjoyed their ride, they refused to part with the carts and, hopping and grinning, came leaping all the way back beside them to the city, grateful for their outing. One city obstinately refused to let the monkeys, but the next city then sued them for "killing their deceased ancestors."

"Ways of the Flying Fish."

Flying fish swim in shoals varying in number from a dozen to a hundred or more. They often leave the water at once, darting through the air in the same direction for 200 yards or more, and then descend to the water quickly, striking again and then renewing their flight. Sometimes the dolphin may be seen in rapid pursuit, taking great leaps out of the water and falling upon his prey, which take shorter and shorter flights, vainly trying to escape, until they sink exhausted. Sometimes the larger sea birds catch flying fish in the air. The question whether the flying fish use their fins at all as wings has not been fully decided. The power of flight is limited to the time the fins remain moist.

"How Birds' Nests Are Made Round."

The little abandoned nest had fallen from the tree. The nature student lifted it from the ground.

"How round it is," he said. "No cup rim could be rounder. Don't you wonder how the bird, with neither rule nor compass, can make her nest so round? Well, she does it easily. She builds the nest about her breast, turning round and round in it, and its circular character comes spontaneously and inevitably. The circle is found everywhere in the buildings of the lower animals. The straight line, on the other hand, they can never achieve."

"Vulgar Fractions."

Everything that Bobby learned at school he endeavored to apply in his daily life and work. When his mother asked him if one of his new friends was an only child Bobby looked wise and triumphant.

"He's got just one sister," said Bobby. "He tried to catch me when he told me he had two half sisters, but I guess I know enough fractions for that!"

"The Reason For It."

Said the imbibed person, "When I want financial assistance I go to strangers. I do not ask friends or relatives."

"Well," answered the logical man, "maybe that's the best way. Friends and relatives are in a position to keep posted on a man's record."

"Man's Love For Woman."

"If a man loves a woman for her looks he will love her for five years. If he loves her mind he will love her for ten years. If he loves her way he will love her forever." And every woman believes when she marries that her lover loves her ways.

"Oral Surgery."

Benjamin—I wish you would perform an operation on your talk. Mrs. Benjamin—What operation?

Benjamin—What operation?

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Cracker Charm

There is all the difference in the world between eating biscuits and biscuit eating. One

may eat a biscuit and not taste it, but when you think of biscuit eating you think instantly of

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

Crisp, delicious and tasty. Absolutely and distinctly superior to any other make. Say "Mooney's" to your grocer.

Striking Figure Removed.

Lord Justice Romer's retirement from the London, Eng., Court of Appeal, after close on sixteen years' service, removes from the Bench one of the most striking figures. Sir Robert was a professor of mathematics at Queen's College, Cork. It was during this period that Sir Robert added to his fees and emoluments by reviewing books for the "Athenaeum." But no surprise need be expressed at this, for he evinced a decided leaning towards literature when he married the daughter of Mark Lemon, one of the former editors of "Punch." Few who have seen Sir Robert's eager and alert figure of late years would believe that he was fifty-six at Christmas. Undoubtedly, the secret of his youthful appearance is a love of outdoor exercise, which he has always fostered. At one time he was a very keen cricketer, while at lawn tennis, rowing, and cycling, he was equally energetic. Nowadays he favors shooting, and his fine coverts in Hertfordshire give promise of ample sport in the coming years.

KIDNEY DISEASE COMES ON QUIETLY

Perhaps no other organs work harder than the kidneys to preserve the general health of the body and most people are troubled with some form of Kidney Complaint, but do not suspect it. It may have been in the system for some time. There may have been backache, swelling of the feet and ankles, disturbances of the urinary organs, such as, brick dust deposit in the urine, highly colored scanty or cloudy urine, bladder pains, frequent or suppressed urination, burning sensation when urinating, etc.

Do not neglect any of these symptoms, for, if neglected they will eventually lead to Bright's Disease, Dropsy and Diabetes.

On the first sign of anything wrong

Doan's Kidney Pills SHOULD BE TAKEN.

They go to the seat of trouble, strengthen the kidneys and help them to filter the blood properly and flush out all impurities which cause kidney trouble. Mr. Thomas Petty, Massey, Ont., writes: "After I arrived in Canada from New Zealand, a couple of years ago, I suffered very much from kidney trouble. I tried several remedies, but they did me no good. Finally my back became so lame I could scarcely walk. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills and after taking them I felt like a new man."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Penitentiary Statistics.

On June 30th the convicts in the penitentiaries of Canada numbered 1,439, of whom 197 were total abstainers, 897 temperate and 545 intemperate. The religious denominations were represented among the convicts as follows: Roman Catholic, 1,143; English, 295; Methodist, 143; Presbyterian, 136; Baptist, 72; Lutheran, 43; other Christian denominations, 10; Jewish, 7; Mormon, 2; Buddhist, 16; no creed, 15. Of the total number 895 were Canadians, 217 from Great Britain and Ireland, 116 from Great Britain and the United States and the balance from other foreign countries. Those under twenty years of age constitute one-eighth of the prison population. The per capita cost of maintenance was: At Kingston, \$56.92; St. Vincent de Paul, \$52.00; Dorchester, \$50.38; Manitoba, \$49.99; British Columbia, \$45.15. The last two items are lower than for the previous year. During the year 181 paroles were granted to convicts, an increase of 54. The total from all the institutions was 278.

SANTAL MIDY
Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhea and Runnings. In 43 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

MEN AND WOMEN.
Use Big 60 for unnatural discharges, inflammation, irritation or abnormality of the reproductive organs. It is a powerful and reliable remedy for all such troubles. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price by express, prepaid, for \$1.00. Write to THE TRAVELERS' CHEMICAL CO., CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

Oral Surgery.

Benjamin—I wish you would perform an operation on your talk. Mrs. Benjamin—What operation?

Benjamin—What operation?

The MINISTER'S SURPRISE

By Katherine Young Thaxter

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The Rev. Calvin Morris was quite annoyed.

He was in anything but a ministerial mood when he tossed his hat on the table and sat down in his study to think it over. It was such a ridiculous situation that at first he had been mildly amused at it, but now—pshaw! Why couldn't he ignore it?

But it had passed the stage when it could be ignored. In the past three days he had been told five times that his congregation would like very much to see him married. Nor had these remarks been the half-jocular words on his bachelor condition that he had often heard since coming to the church at Littleton, but had been earnest words of advice expressed by the most prominent members of his flock.

He was popular in the parish, and his two years' pastorate had been productive of good results, but there had been one thing lacking.

Accustomed for years before his advent to the service of a most devoted minister and his able wife whose home had been the center for a vigorous church life, the people simply could not get used to a minister in a boarding house. Besides, there stood the fine new parsonage empty. Certainly it was his duty to live up to the demands of his people. When Miss Gilbert, the wealthy maiden lady who had contributed so much to the church, both in money and good deeds, died two years ago the parsonage she was building for the church was not quite finished.

The Rev. Calvin Morris knew he would use it in time. Indeed, all unknown to his people, vague plans had been floating through the minister's head for some months, and he had frequently looked very reflectively at the quiet house beside the church.

But the real vexing, disquieting point of the whole matter was that the congregation had not only decided that he should marry, but apparently had fixed on whom he should marry. This was assured the night he took tea with Mrs. Thorpe, one of the most active ladies in his church, when the chief topic of conversation was Miss Nell Gilbert.

Now, Mr. Morris had taken a most unreasonable and unministerial dislike to Miss Gilbert, a member of his church whom he had never seen. She was the niece of the great Miss Gilbert and had lived with her aunt until the latter's death, when the great house on the hill had been closed. Since then the young lady had traveled, so the minister had never seen her. He had heard a great deal of her, though, and had formed an impression of a person of undoubted energy and ability, accustomed to have things just as she wanted and inclined to be domineering. "Miss Nell" had ideas of her own on church music. "Miss Nell" had designed this and had attended to that. It seemed to the minister there was a little too much of "Miss Nell" everywhere.

Tall and muscular and aggressive himself, accustomed to shouldering burdens and clearing difficulties, the Rev. Calvin had, of course, an ideal of feminine grace very different from his own vigorous personality. Indeed, as he sat thinking in his study that morning a smile rose to the firm lips and softened the austere lines into which he had framed them as he saw in his mind's eye a petite, graceful form, soft, appealing dark eyes and masses of cloudy brown hair. Alas for the plans of the people who had made up their minds that "Miss Nell" and the minister would be an eminently well fitted pair.

But the vision faded quickly, and the many hints that had been dropped during the last few days flashed in rapid succession through his mind. "Miss Nell" was coming home next week. He would be thrown at her head and she at his by his well-meaning flock until something happened. Oh, he well knew how it would be done. The opportunities a congregation possesses for annoying its minister and making him do things he does not want to do are legion. He supposed every lady of the aid society had planned some function to which he must go and meet "Miss Nell." The minister groaned. Already the subject had assumed alarming proportions. He could not, he would not, stay round and be made a football to be tossed into any woman's arms.

Again came unbidden that alluring vision of brown hair and eloquent eyes. It was preposterous. How could he budge him now, just as his heart was beating more madly every day for some one? Ah, if he were only sure! Did that friendship, formed a few short months ago, that soul-satisfying friendship, mean to the girl of the vision what it had come to mean to him? Could he, dare he, offer her his love? He had been living since then in a beautiful dream. Suppose that dream should be fulfilled?

He hesitated. Dreaming had been so sweet he feared the awakening. Dare he risk "the last leaf"? With a bound he sprang to his feet. He could and he would. He would please himself in the choice of a wife anyway, and if fortune favored him, give his officious congregation a surprise and a sharp lesson.

A short phone message to a neighboring town secured a supply for next Sunday's pulpit. "Urgent business out of town" was the message left for the

church officers, and the minister found himself on the train bound for the east and the "vision."

The minister's wooing was brief and blunt, but Miss Helen Atwater was not very much taken by surprise. The acquaintance begun in Scotland the previous summer had ripened fast on shipboard on the return passage and been brought to fruition by some months of correspondence. She even consented to a speedy marriage, and as she was living with the minister's cousin in Boston the minister took his bride from there ten days from the day he left Littleton.

But the blighted days of his, honeymoon failed to blot out entirely the remembrance of his church and his work and his people. True, in the tumult of happiness that had possessed him since that day when their clumsy interference had driven him, actually driven him, into the joy that was now his, he had almost forgotten their plans for him, but now it all came back to him and he realized that he did owe them something, for who knows how long he would have doubted and feared had not the terror of "Miss Nell" been upon him?

Suddenly the minister laughed aloud. It was all so funny to him now. Mrs. Morris, sitting beside her husband, was astonished at his mirth and looked it.

"Well, dearest, I know you'll think me crazy, but it is really too good to keep. You didn't know that I asked you to marry me so as to prevent my congregation marrying me to some one else, did you?" And out came the whole story, his mental picture of "Miss Nell" and all.

"You know," he concluded, "I never for a moment thought of my own safety. I was concerned for a woman like her. What in the world a woman like her, with money and property and the world at her feet, would want with a poor struggling minister I can't conceive. But I had heard so much of her and the people so evidently had set their minds on it, I tell you I was in a regular funk over it. It drove me to put my timid hopes to the test for you, sweetheart."

There was a peculiar smile hovering around Mrs. Morris' lips, and for a minute or two she said nothing.

"What is it, dear?" asked the minister anxiously. "You are not vexed, are you?"

"No," hesitatingly, "not exactly, but I am just thinking how beautifully you have played into your congregation's hands, for, do you know, Calvin, you have really and truly married that domineering person, 'Miss Nell.'"

"Married 'Miss Nell'?" repeated the minister blankly, staring at his wife's flushed, laughing face. "Yes, truly, I am Helen Gilbert Atwater, called 'Miss Nell' at the old home in Littleton. Listen, dear, I had no thought of deceiving you at first. I did not know you were in the church at Littleton till we reached New York on our voyage home. You know we were pretty well acquainted then, but I neither of us knew our own heart. I often intended to tell you in a letter, but somehow I couldn't. I felt that if you knew it might make a difference. You were poor, comparatively. I—and I loved you, dear, too much then to have you leave me."

"Then at the end you took me by storm. I have been too happy to talk of anything like that, and I had been waiting till you would say something of your work to tell you all about myself."

"But, my dear, why Atwater? It was always Miss Nell Gilbert." The minister was still bewildered.

"Yes, my aunt her young sister married, and whom I never mentioned his name."

"I was always called Gilbert at home, but of course I had no reason for discarding my name. There are plenty of people in Littleton who know my real name, but never used it, for I was but a baby when I went to live with my aunt after my father's death. Really, dear, you needn't be alarmed. I am not half as bad as I was painted. I won't try to run the church or manage the organist or—"

"Or any one except the minister," finished her husband. "Well, the surprise is certainly on me, but I must get even with those people some way."

The news of the minister's marriage spread like wildfire through the town. He had sent a laconic message to one of his church officers in Boston and he had been married in Boston and would occupy his pulpit the following Sunday. There was all. Married, after all, and none of his congregation knew a word about it. Who was she? No body knew. Conjecture was rife on every point and one version after another of the story of his wedding found quick credence. Some of the older members of his flock were thunderstruck. To think that Mr. Morris should trick them like that and be engaged all the time. They had just set their hearts on his marrying "Miss Nell," whom everybody knew and loved. They were accustomed to "Miss Nell" and her ways. But a stranger to steal their beloved minister!

All week long the tongues wagged incessantly over the minister and his bride, but at Saturday midnight no one had seen either of them. The church was packed Sunday morning. The bells had ceased ringing and only a few late comers saw the Gilbert carriage drive up to the door and the minister and a lady alight from it.

Straight up the middle aisle he led her, sweet and demure looking, while the organ played softly and the silence of the church could be felt. At the Gilbert pew he left her, and the congregation had a good view of the sweet face framed in the masses of soft brown hair. Mrs. Thorpe almost jumped out of her seat. It was none other than "Miss Nell." Glance followed glance all over the church. The minister certainly had surprised his congregation.

Life is really made up not of years, but of thoughts and deeds. Many a one has died young and yet lived long.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

THE COBALT SILVER MOUNTAIN MINING CO., Limited.

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It is surrounded by five of the best and richest shipping mines in the Cobalt Camp, viz., The University, Bailey, Big Pete (or Cobalt-Central), McKinley-Darragh-Savage and Silver Bar Mines, and it is also adjacent to the famous Gilles Timber Limit and only a few hundred feet from the Nipissing and Foster Mines, as shown on the map.

The Silver Mountain Co. has the best located and most promising undeveloped property in the Cobalt camp to-day and the men most largely interested in the company comprising some of Cobalt's largest mine owners and some of the best-known and most influential men throughout Canada, including over a dozen members of parliament, confidently expect that

THE SILVER MOUNTAIN CO.

Will Be Just as Large a Shipper as the Mines Adjacent to it in a Few Months

Mr. C. E. Kingswell, one of the best engineers in the Cobalt camp has made an extensive report on the property, and the company will gladly send a copy of same to anyone interested, upon request. He says in his report among other things:

ENGINEER'S REPORT

"Your lot is within one lot of and surrounded by the Foster, Big Pete and the McKinley-Darragh-Savage Mines and within two lots of the Nipissing, all of which are among the most famous mines in the camp. The property lies wholly in Diabase, and has thirty-eight veins so far discovered, and these veins form a perfect network all over the property. I carefully assayed this property some time ago, and never failed to get silver in any assay I took. The famous timber limit lies immediately southeast of this property, and borders it, and upon this limit the government are now working a very good mine, and this mine lies only a short distance from your property. Near your property and the timber limit a good small ledge was discovered last June by the foreman of the Silver Bar Company, and this lead runs directly into your property. I know veins on your property that carry very much better ore than ever the Big Pete did at the start and no attempt has been made to follow these leads down. One ledge on your property has been explored for four hundred feet, and this ledge in places is quite four inches wide and it carries nine ounces of silver to the ton. Every ledge upon your property has good true walls, and they are all free from the walls and have every sign of permanency and value; and my humble opinion is, that if a shaft was put down to a reasonable depth good paying ore would be found, and you could cross-cut to strike other ledges. I have explored and reported upon most of the good mines here and also upon a large number of prospects, and have never yet inspected one with as many leads as yours has and I consider that it would be a freak of nature if your claim does not prove a good payable one. The fact that the Bailey Mine, which adjoins your property, and the Big Pete Mine, which is within one lot, are both located on this same Diabase hill on which your property is, and the fact that they are two of the best mines in the camp, is one of the greatest proofs of my mind that your lot will be found to contain the same kind of ore as is being shipped from these mines."