# DATES OF FALL FAIRS

Abingdon—Oct. 16 and 17.
Alliston—Oct. 3 and 4.
Almonte—Sept. 24, 25 and 26.
Alvinston—Oct. 2 and 3.
Alfred—Sept. 24 and 25.
Alexandria—Sept. 9 and 10.
Ameliasburg—Oct. 4 and 5.
Amherstburg—Oct. 1 and 2.
Arthur—Sept. 19.
Atwood—Oct 1 and 2.
Aylmer—Sept. 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6.
Baden—Sept. 18 and 19.
Barrie—Sept. 23, 24 and 25.
Baysville—Oct. 2.
Bar River—Sept. 24.
Beeton—Sept. 26 and 27.
Becher—Sept. 25.
Beachburg—Oct. 3 and 4.
Berwick—Sept. 12 and 13.
Belleville—Sept. 17 and 18.
Binbrook—Oct. 7 and 8.
Bobcaygeon—Sept. 25 and 26.
Bothwell's Corners—Sept. 26 and 27
Blackstock—Oct. 1 and 2.
Blyth—Sept. 23 and 24.
Bradford—Oct. 15 and 16.
Bracebridge—Sept. 26 and 27.
Brussels—Oct. 3 and 4.
Brigden—Oct. 1.
Brockville—Sept. 10, 11, 12 and 13
Bridgton—Sept. 26.
Bruce Mines—Sept. 25.
Burk's Falls—Oct. 3 and 4.
Burford—Oct. 1 and 2.
Cayuga—Sept. 24 and 25.
Caledon—Oct. 3 and 4.
Caledonia—Oct. 10 and 11.
Casselman—Sept. 17.
Campbellford—Sept. 24 and 25.
Casleton—Oct. 1 and 2.
Carp—Oct. 1 and 2.
Campbellville—Oct. 8.
Cookstown—Oct. 1 and 2.
Cobden—Sept. 23 and 24.
Cornwall—Sept. 6 and 7.
Coe Hill—Sept. 20.
Collingwood—Sept. 24, 25, 26 and 27.
Comber—Sept. 30 and Oct. 1.
Colborne—Sept. 30 and Oct. 1.
Clarksburg—Oct. 1 and 2.
Delaware—Oct. 16.
Desboro—Sept. 26 and 27.
Delta—Sept. 24 and 25.
Dorchester—Oct. 2.
Durham—Sept. 24 and 25.
Dundalk—Oct. 3 and 4.
Dunnville—Sept. 17 and 18.
Dunchurch—Oct. 4.
Dresden—Oct. 3 and 4.
Drumbo—Sept. 24 and 25.
Dresden—Oct. 8 and 9.
Elmvale—Oct. 7, 8 and 9.
Emsdale—Sept. 24 and 25.
Emo—Sept. 19 and 20.
Erin—Oct. 16 and 17.
Essex—Sept. 24, 25 and 26.
Exeter—Sept. 16 and 17.
Fergus—Oct. 1 and 2.
Feversham—Oct. 3 and 4.
Fenwick—Sept. 30 and Oct. 1.
Fenella—Sept. 26 and 27.
Fort Erie—Oct. 3 and 4.
Florence—Oct. 3 and 4.
Flesherton—Sept. 26 and 27.
Frankville—Sept. 26 and 27.
Frankford—Sept. 19 and 20.
Galt—Oct. 1 and 2.
Georgetown—Oct. 1 and 2.
Gore Bay—Oct. 3 and 4.
Gooderham—Oct. 3.
Gordon Lake—Sept. 27.
Glencoe—Sept. 24 and 25.
Grand Valley—Oct. 15 and 16.
Guelph—Sept. 17, 18 and 19.
Hanover—Sept. 26 and 27.
Haliburton—Sept. 26.
Harriston—Sept. 26 and 27.
Harrow—Oct. 8 and 9.
Highgate—Oct. 11 and 12.
Holstein—Oct. 1.
Huntsville—Sept. 24 and 25.
Ilderton—Sept. 27.
Ingersoll—Sept. 24 and 25.
Jarvis—Oct. 3 and 4.
Keene—Oct. 2 and 3.
Kemble—Sept. 26 and 27.
Kemptville—Sept. 17 and 18.
Kinmount—Sept. 10 and 11.
Kilsythe—Oct. 10 and 11.
Kirkton—Oct. 3 and 4.
Listowel—Sept. 24 and 25.
Lansdowne—Sept. 26 and 27.
Lakefield—Sept. 24 and 25.
Langton—Oct. 1.
L'Amble—Oct. 1.
Leamington—Oct. 2, 3 and 4.
Little Current—Sept. 26.
Lindsay—Sept. 19, 20 and 21.
Lombardy—Sept. 23.
Loring—Oct. 4.
Lyndhurst—Sept. 19 and 20.
Maxville—Sept. 24 and 25.
Markham—Oct. 2, 3 and 4.
Marshville—Sept. 27 and 28.
Madoc—Sept. 12 and 13.
Manitowaning—Oct. 1 and 2.
Mattawa—Sept. 26 and 27.
Markham—Oct. 1 and 2.
McDonald's Corners—Sept. 26 and 27.
Merrickville—Sept. 19 and 20.
Meaford—Sept. 26 and 27.
Metcalfe—Sept. 24 and 25.
Milverton—Sept. 26 and 27.
Milton—Oct. 10 and 11.
Mildmay—Sept. 23 and 24.
Midland—Sept. 26 and 27.
Morriston—Oct. 1.
Morrisburg—Sept. 3 and 4.
Mt. Hope—Oct. 2.
Mt. Hamilton—Oct. 3 and 4.
Mt. Brydges—Oct. 4.
Mt. Forest—Sept. 17 and 18.
Murrillo—Oct. 2.
Napanee—Sept. 18 and 19.
Newboro—Aug. 31 and Sept. 2.
Newington—Sept. 10 and 11.
New Liskeard—Sept. 26 and 27.
Niagara-on-the-Lake—Sept. 23 and 24.
Niagara Falls—Sept. 26 and 27.
Norwich—Sept. 17 and 18.
Norwood—Oct. 8 and 9.
Oakville—Sept. 26 and 27.
Onondaga—Oct. 1.
Orono—Sept. 16 and 17.
Orangeville—Sept. 26 and 27.
Oshawa—Sept. 24 and 25.
Osnabruck Centre—Oct. 1 and 2.
Otterville—Oct. 4 and 5.
Owen Sound—Sept. 13 and 14.
Paisley—Sept. 24 and 25.
Paris—Sept. 26 and 27.
Palmerston—Sept. 19 and 20.
Perth—Sept. 4, 5 and 6.
Peterboro—Sept. 25, 27 and 28.
Petrolea—Sept. 19, 20 and 21.
Picton—Sept. 25 and 26.
Port Elgin—Sept. 26 and 27.
Port Hope—Oct. 1 and 2.
Priceville—Oct. 3 and 4.
Queensville—Oct. 9 and 10.
Rainham Centre—Sept. 19.
Renfrew—Sept. 23, 24 and 25.
Ripley—Sept. 24 and 25.
Richmond—Sept. 23, 24 and 25.
Rockton—Oct. 8 and 9.
Rocklyn—Oct. 3 and 4.
Russell—Sept. 27.
Sarnia—Sept. 23, 24 and 25.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Scarboro—Sept. 25.
Seaforth—Sept. 19 and 20.
Simcoe—Sept. 24, 25 and 26.
Shelburne—Sept. 24 and 25.
Shanty Bay—Sept. 17.
Sheddon—Sept. 25.
Shannonville—Sept. 28.
South Mountain—Sept. 12 and 13.
Springfield—Sept. 19 and 20.
Smithville—Oct. 1 and 2.
Spencerville—Oct. 1 and 2.
Sprucedale—Sept. 27.
Stirling—Sept. 26 and 27.
Straffordville—Sept. 18.
Streetsville—Sept. 25.
Stoney Creek—Sept. 26 and 27.
St. Mary's—Sept. 25 and 26.
Strathroy—Sept. 16, 17 and 18.
Sutton—Sept. 26 and 27.
Tara—Oct. 1 and 2.
Teeswater—Oct. 3 and 4.
Thedford—Sept. 24.
Thamesville—Oct. 1 and 2.
Thorold—Oct. 8 and 9.
Thorndale—Oct. 1.
Tillsonburg—Oct. 1 and 2.
Tiverton—Oct. 1.
Tweed—Oct. 2.
Utterson—Oct. 1 and 2.
Underwood—Oct. 8.
Vankleek Hill—Sept. 13 and 14.
West Kent—Chatham—Sept. 17, 18 and 19.
Watford—Sept. 25 and 26.
Waterford—Oct. 3.
Walkerton—Sept. 19 and 20.
Warkworth—Oct. 3 and 4.
Wallaceburg—Oct. 3 and 4.
Wallacetown—Sept. 26 and 27.
Waterdown—Oct. 1.
Wellesley—Sept. 23 and 24.
Western Fair, London—Sept. 6 to 14.
Wellandport—Oct. 10 and 11.
Welland—Oct. 1 and 2.
Williamstown—Sept. 25 and 26.
Windham Centre—Oct. 8.
Wingham—Sept. 26 and 27.
Winchester—Sept. 5 and 6.
Wiarton—Sept. 25 and 26.
Woodstock—Sept. 18, 19 and 20.
Woler—Sept. 18.
Wyoming—Sept. 27 and 28.

### Yachts For World's Kings.

The launching of the King's new yacht, Alexandria, at Glasgow, by Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, marks another notch in Scotland's record as yacht builder to the royalties of the world. The Alexandra is the first of the modern British vessels of this type to be built north of the Tweed, but Scotland can claim to have given of the best her shipbuilders can provide to the rulers of Italy, Spain, Portugal, Roumania, and Siam, while in England yachts have been constructed for the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Greece, and the Sultan of Turkey. There are altogether twenty-two of these vessels afloat, and the British isles are responsible for fifteen of them, and Scotland for eleven.

In point of size, the Alexandra—so named, of course, in honor of the Queen—is by no means exceptional. It is 300 feet in length and will displace about 2,000 tons, which is less than half the displacement of the German and Russian imperial yachts. In fact, its only exceptional feature will be found in its engine rooms, for, since it is the first ship of the class to be built since the advent of the turbine—its immediate predecessor being the Victoria and Albert, designed in 1896—it is naturally the first to be equipped with that system of propulsion. It will, nevertheless, have a moderate speed, only seventeen knots being anticipated, which is lower than that of any other seagoing royal yacht in existence.

### ETHEL KNEW.

Well, what is conscience? said the Sunday school teacher.

A dead silence.

What do we call the thing that tells us when we go wrong?

Grandma, said Little Ethel.

# A Question of Precedence.

By CURRAN RICHARD GREENLEY.

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The limited pulled out from the station as a dash of sleet against the windows gave warning of the increasing storm. Agatha shivered as she pulled the wraps closer about her shoulders. Somewhere out in that swirl of sleet and snow Dick Weldon was breasting the storm, his dark face darker still with the pain that her words had inflicted. Even so, let him go since it had to be a question of precedence between her love and his profession. She recalled the night that she had excused herself from her hostess' box party to remain at home for Weldon's call, only to sit alone in the deserted drawing room, and he had not even troubled to send an excuse.

That was the beginning of the end. Now her bridges were all burned and every moment speeding her toward the new life out there in the orient. Katharine Laird's invitation to go with them to Japan had reached her at the crucial moment—Japan, dim, dusky dream that all her life had lain just over the border of possibility, and with Katharine and Ellis of all people! Katharine wrote that the appointment was not of sufficient importance to count as a political asset; therefore they would be safe to remain there for years.

Then out of the misty premises of the future came the memory of Weldon's face when baldly, brutally, without one softening note of regret, she had told him of her plans and in the next breath a conventional farewell in the presence of the other guests. She had built up the wall of injured pride all too securely, leaving no loophole for belated explanations.

The train settled down to the long run through the open country, and the twinkling lights of villages swept by like fireflies through the stormy darkness. Loneliness engulfed her, and in desperation she sought refuge in her berth, to lie, open eyed, all the sleepless night, while the certainty of her folly beat in upon her, clearer with each succeeding hour.

Morning found them far out on the deal level of the prairies, with the snow coming down with unabated energy. The engine fought its way through the drifts, but at last the big wheels stood still. Agatha woke up to the fact that something was wrong when the men began to file out of the car. Then a man came down the aisle and stopped at her seat.

"Dick! Dick Weldon!" She was on her feet, both hands outstretched and all grievances forgotten in the glad revulsion of feeling. If he had noticed the joy in face and voice, he made no sign as he dropped into the vacant seat.

"We are snowbound and may have to spend the rest of the day here until the plow comes to our relief."

The matter of fact tone put confusion to flight and gave Agatha time to find herself while he ran on with an easy flow of commonplaces.

"You were on all night?" she ventured.

Weldon's eyes met hers fairly. "Yes. I would have made my presence known, but feared you would resent the intrusion; you have kept me so thoroughly out in the cold of late."

"I—that is," and the words failed her.

Weldon pulled a magazine from his pocket and handed it to her, the shadow of a smile lurking in his eyes. "Have you seen that article on Japan? It may interest you." Then he vanished behind his paper.

Agatha picked up the magazine, the gray blur between her eyes and the page threatening to overflow.

"Why need he flaunt his indifference so brazenly?" she thought. "No one asked him to come." But she stole a look at the dark, intent face, and their eyes met. The paper fell to the floor between them. "No use, dear lady, I confess. I followed because I could not stay behind."

"What! Left all those wonderfully interesting patients just to follow me? This belated interest is simply amazing." But the heightened color and the laughter deep in her eyes belied her words. Under cover of the magazine Weldon's hand sought and found hers. They had the car practically to themselves, and the brown head dropped perilously near to Weldon's shoulder as he bent over the girl and the door was flung open and a porter dashed through, yelling as he went: "Is there a doctor on board? There's a child 'bout to die back there in the way car, and its mother's scared stiff."

Weldon hesitated; then the call to duty overcame. With an appealing glance at the girl, "You will hear me afterward?" he was gone.

Agatha turned to the blind whiteness without, her lips trembling.

"It will always be so—a secondary consideration." She knew the words he would have said—felt the lost sweetness of the desecrated moment. Hours seemed to pass in the next ten minutes. The porter returned for Weldon's suit case; then the passengers drifted back into the warm car. There is nothing exciting in contemplating a snowdrift, and they could continue the discussion in comfort. Agatha longed to escape the chatter.

She went through the intervening sleepers to the way car, where, at the end in a little space, she found Weldon. His coat was off, the instrument case open on the floor, and across the dingy velvet of the seat lay the child.

Weldon turned quickly.

"It is malignant diphtheria. Are you afraid?"

She shook her head, her eyes growing soft with pity as she watched the little head tossing from side to side and heard the choking gasps. For the first time Agatha understood.

"Can I help you?"

The smile that lit his dark face was her reward.

"I would not have asked it, but I would be only too thankful if you would. Get that alcohol lamp started. These instruments must be sterilized."

Agatha obeyed, losing all sense of strangeness in the surroundings as Weldon issued his orders and those short gasps grew more labored. With the porter's assistance, he placed the child on a little table borrowed from the sleeper, then, looking steadily into the girl's eyes, for the first time, called her by name—"Agatha, try to remember that this is absolutely necessary, that the child is unconscious and does not feel the pain. Be ready to give me the instruments as I call for them, and don't let a thought of his suffering trouble you." Then to the women who were crowding around, "Take the mother to the other end of the car and keep away from here."

The baby throat was bared, and the knife flashed in Weldon's hand—another flash, "The sponge," and the steady fingers pressed the wound apart. "Now the tube and place your fingers here." Agatha obeyed, blind and deaf to all but Weldon's low toned command. The slow minutes dragged out a lifetime, while she stood there and Weldon sutured and bandaged, the play of the strong white fingers holding her fascinated.

"Look!" He pointed to the small face on which the awful blue gray hue was giving place to a natural pallor. "He is breathing easily now, but the next question is the nursing. You see the mother?" and he nodded toward the tawdry bundle of shabby finery that occupied the center of the sympathizing group. "He will die unless he has the best of care. Poor little wretch! It may be a cruel kindness to bring him back, but one forgets all that in the heat of battle." He smiled down into her eyes. The baby stirred and moaned, and in the girl's heart the instinct of all motherhood roused in answer. "Do you think she would let us take him and care for him?"

"Us"—Weldon's heart gave a mighty leap—"let us? She will have to, if I say so, but you"—

"Never mind about me. I—I want to."

When the small patient awoke to his suffering, there was little time for sentiment. During the long day, while they lay snowbound, Weldon and Agatha battled for the child's life. Then the train sped on its way, while the mother whiled away the interval with ineffectual trips from car to car until Weldon bade her stay away altogether until the crisis was passed. He wired ahead for an ambulance, and they went direct to the hospital. The worst was over, and they could safely leave him to the nurses, but Agatha's eyes were wet as they passed out into the sunshine. She had grown to love the small thing that had depended so utterly upon her care.

Weldon took the seat beside her as he gave the order, "To the Palace hotel." The Lairds were stopping there. His hand closed over hers. "Agatha, it was just such a case as this that held me that night—worse, the only child of a widowed mother, and it died. I could not leave that dying child to send a message, and when I would have explained later you would not hear me. You have felt that I placed my profession before you. You could not know then, but now"—

The brown eyes met his, bright through the mist of unshed tears. "Now I understand."

### Cleaning the Skin.

Owing to the oiliness of the skin, it cannot be efficiently cleansed by water alone; hence the morning cold bath, which is delightfully tonic and invigorating to those with whom it agrees, is a delusion and a snare so far as efficient cleansing properties are concerned. The rubbing which one undergoes after the cold bath undoubtedly assists in the removal of the dried secretions from the skin, but there is still need of some substance which will so modify the greasy coating as to render it capable of being washed off. Such an agent we possess in soap, which is essentially a combination of an alkali (soda or potash) and a fat or oil. There is always some free alkali in soap, and this, when rubbed with water on the body, unites with the oily material of the skin and renders it soluble. Soaps made with potash (soft or black soaps) contain too much alkali, so that when they are used to wash the skin the natural oil is so effectually removed as to leave the skin dry and harsh and altogether "too tight," as commonly expressed, for its owner.

### The Hammerhead Shark.

One of the strangest sharks, and, indeed, one of the oddest looking creatures in the world, is the hammerhead—an excellent name, for its head is cylindrical, with a width two or three times as great as the length. The eyes are set at the outer angles of the head and can thus look up and down at will. There are three rows of triangular white teeth in each jaw. This voracious fish reaches a length of fifteen feet, and, though there is little danger of its attacking a living swimmer, it will at least devour a dead body. One, eleven feet long, which was killed at Sag Harbor, had eaten portions of a man and his clothing. Small hammerheads have been caught in New York bay, and several four foot specimens in Hell Gate.—New York Post.

The Natural Beauty Aid

The only "treatment" a woman needs, to make her complexion beautiful—and her hands soft and white—is the daily use of

"Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap

It cleanses the skin by stimulating the pores, and dissolving and carrying off all excretions of the skin.

The perfect complexion soap. 3 cakes for 25c.

Ask your druggist for "Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap.

## KIPLING CAUSED HOODOO.

### Fishermen Dreaded His Book—Ships Went to the Bottom.

When Kipling wrote "Captains Courageous," a sea tale of the deep-sea fishing industry as practiced on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland by the hardy mariners of Gloucester, Mass., and the other New England ports, the hoary-headed salts of these places declare that he perpetrated the worst "hoodoo" against that industry in the annals of the fishing business of the north Atlantic.

Soon after the publication of Kipling's book the fleet of fishing schooners began to diminish alarmingly. The Army Knight figured in the book as the Carrie Pitman. She was pictured as the comedian of the fleet, that was always in trouble and would break adrift on the banks on every conceivable occasion compelling vessels at anchor to leeward of her to trip their "kedges" and seek new moorings at unearthly hours lest they should be damaged, if not sunk by her. Fisher folk were represented as saying of her: "She don't do much 'cep' drift; there ain't no anchor made'll hold her." She sunk while on a voyage along shore from Bucksport to Rockland. She was within a mile of the beach when she met her fate, and there was not enough wind to enable the crew to run her aground.

### Succession of Losses.

The Martha M., another vessel which did service in Kipling's volume, was really the Mary N., a well-known schooner from Bucksport, which sunk with all hands on a frozen herring voyage from Newfoundland in the spring of 1902. The We're Here, the centre of the little sea drama which the book embodies, was really the Andalusia, a Gloucester trawler, which sunk somewhere off Sable Island in an equinoxial gale and carried down her whole crew with her. A third of his group to meet this disaster was the Hope of Prague, identified by the fact that "Nick Brady's her skipper, the meanest man on the banks."

So might the category be continued—full twenty strong. At least that number have vanished beneath the wave since "Captains Courageous" was written. The last of the fleet he named therein, the Prince LaBoo, went down two years ago, and her disastrous end marked the extinction of all the "hoodoo" fleet as they came to be known, and the raising of the ban which, it was feared, would extend to others of the flotilla engaged in this industry.

### "Jonah" Ban Removed.

What is very remarkable is the fact that all of the crafts in question were fine and well built fabrics, which in the judgment of competent fishermen were good for many years of service.

It was no less surprising a circumstance that in a pursuit so frequent with hazard and perils the fact should be offered as a reason for the loss of these vessels that Kipling was a "Jonah" and put the evil eye on them. Other vessels have gone to bottom without arousing any such comment, and other tragedies in the trawling fleet have wiped out whole crews whose very names are now forgotten. The point, however, is well taken by the fisherfolk that since the Kipling vessels have all gone to the bottom the percentage of losses of ships and men in the Gloucester fleet has very materially lessened, and that the last two years have witnessed fewer of these tragedies than any other season in the history of the New England fisheries for the last half century.

Heart Strength

Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Positively, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs, and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength. Without that the Heart must continue to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have these same controlling nerves.

This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing Hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this popular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds; it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help.

If you would have strong Hearts, strong digestion, strengthen these nerves—re-establish them as needed, with

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

"ALL DEALERS"

### MOST CONSPICUOUS.

What I regard as most conspicuous about Georgie Gayson, said Mrs. Oldcastle, is her naivette!

Yes, replied her hostess, I wonder what made her get a red one!

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper

# BY THE CANDLELIGHT

## Quaint Designs In Imported Candle Shades For the Table.

## WORK FOR CLEVER FINGERS.

### The Fad For Hand Embroidery and Empire Designs Extends Even to Lamp Shades—Beads Used Both as Fringes and Worked Patterns Are Still Popular.

Not since the days of Chippendale and Sheraton whose marvelous "candle tables" and card tables are the models for modern reproductions, have candles and candlesticks been so fashionable as they have been of late, with this difference: Formerly they were used for the lack of better lighting facilities; now they are selected because of their possibilities from a decorative standpoint and because their light is soft and becoming.

EMPIRE DESIGN WITH BEADS.

In the past generations the only shades used on candles were the globes of crystal or ground glass, which also have returned to favor recently. These are, of course, not feasible as table decorations, so that unless the candle is left unshaded some softer cover is needed to diffuse the light.

The fad for hand embroidery seems to have extended even to shades, for several of these fetching little creations are cleverly embroidered in floral and empire designs upon silk. The influence of the empire is of course very strong in all decorative schemes at the moment, so that empire wreaths and empire designs of all kinds are found on every object, however small. A very pretty paper shade is of pale green octagon shape, lined with white and decorated very simply with a series of small gold wreaths, joined by conventional loops. At the top and bottom of the shade is a small quilling of gold lace.

Small fluted shades are varied in design. Some are very plain, with bead fringe around the edge; others are much decorated with lace, cord and quillings of ribbon. Chiffon flowers are used also; hence one pattern shows an arbor design in ribbon, with a small chiffon rose at each crossing of the ribbon.

CHIFFON ROSES ON RIBBON ARBOR.

Beads, both in fringes and worked in design, figure prominently upon both lamp and candle shades, and she who wishes to make her own can do no better than use beads freely in decorating either paper or silk shades.

### Don'ts For Letter Writers.

Don't use a typewriter for social correspondence or business paper.

Don't fail to use clean paper and envelopes to match.

Don't omit your address and the date either at the head of the first page or at the foot of the last.

Don't forget to write legibly. The recording angel would not be overworked if letter writers would observe this rule.

Don't seal a letter of introduction when handing it to the person who is to present it.

Don't forget that a business letter should be brief and to the point.

Don't use slangy or loose expressions or profane words in a letter of any description.

Don't send money in a letter without registering it.

Don't fail to answer promptly all correspondence.

Don't omit to reply to all the questions asked of the various points raised by your correspondent.

Don't forget to affix correct amount of postage. If in doubt have the letter weighed.

Don't fail to inclose stamp for reply when writing to a stranger requesting some personal favor or some official information.

PATERSON'S COUGH DROPS

5¢ THIS SHAPE

Not mere candy, though they are delicious,—a cure as well, and a sure relief for stubborn coughs, colds and throat ills of all kinds. Doctors say these cough drops are all right. Demand the three-cornered kind in these red packages.

THEY WILL CURE

LEGAL

HOUSTON & STONE—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Offices: upstairs in Sheldrick Block, opposite H. Macpherson's store. M. Houston, Fred Stone.

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Private and Company Funds to Loan at Lowest Rates on Borrowers own Terms of Payment.

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LODGES

PARTHENON LODGE, NO. 267, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets first Wednesday of every month in Masonic Temple, King Street. Visiting brethren always welcome.

J. W. DRAPER, W.M.
J. W. PLEWES, Sec'y.

WELLINGTON LODGE, NO. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C. meets on the fourth Monday of every month in the Masonic Hall, King Street East, at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

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