

"Davis' Perfection," 10c Cigar

When The Old Crowd

gathers around and begins to talk over the old times, and the matches snap and flame up, and each man cheerfully puffs his "DAVIS' PERFECTION" Cigar, there's a good comfort for you.

Here is a Cigar that will please the most particular smoker. It has the mellow rich flavor of the pure Havanas, but it is delightfully mild.

Smoke this brand from morning to night if you like, and you will find it the one as well as the first and the best between, too.

We ought to know how to blend leaf tobacco, for we have been at it for 50 years. "DAVIS' PERFECTION" represents the last word in the line of blended cigars.

S. DAVIS & SONS, Ltd., Montreal
Makers of the Famous "NOBLEMEN"
3 for a quarter Cigar.

Why Have an Overheated Kitchen in Summer?

When the sultry days come and the coal range makes the kitchen almost unbearable, and cooking a dreaded task, put out the range fire and try the newest method of cooking in hot weather—use a New Perfection Oil Cook-stove.

New Perfection Oil Cook-stove

What a contrast! The kitchen no longer is stifling hot, the work is now done with comfort, and the housewife is not worn out with the heat.

She saves her strength, keeps her face, and is better able to enjoy the summer.

The New Perfection does everything that any other stove can do—all the famous cooking, baking, washing and ironing. No smoke, no dust, no odor. Heat is applied directly and not wasted. A tank and the flame is out.

The New Perfection stove has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot, drop shelves for the coffee pot, orange-juice, and nicked towel racks.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimney, makes the stove very attractive and invites cleanliness. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF CURES all inflammatory stomach and bowel diseases, acute or chronic. It destroys in its beginning every insidious disease which cannot be destroyed if allowed to go unheeded. Don't put it off. Keep handy this great remedy, 25 and 50 cts. per bottle.

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WORLD OF SHIPPING

PORT OF ST. JOHN. Sailed Yesterday: Star Calvin Austin, Pike, for Boston, Maine and pass.

CANADIAN PORTS. Halifax, July 1—Ard, stmr Rappahannock, from London; bark Glendover, from New York; schr Laelia, from New York.

Sailed—Stmr Boston, for Jamaica; Siberian, for Philadelphia.

BRITISH PORTS. Greenock, July 1—Sld, stmr Indrani, for St. John.

London, July 1—Ard, stmr Kanawha, from Halifax via Havre.

Tenders have been awarded for the hospital supplies for the ensuing year. Timothy Collins will supply provisions and groceries, and John McDonald the meats.

The Questioner—Does an author's success nowadays depend upon how well he can write?

The Magazine Editor—No; on how much he can write.

Fashion Hints for Times Readers



FRENCH WRAP AND HAT FOR THEATRE WEAR

Lace shawls do not offer much protection from the cold, but they seem almost essential for evening wear as summer wraps. Sometimes the lace wrap is shaped; but most often the handsome scarf and shawl—usually hair-ornaments—are used without cutting the fabric. With this rich white lace

The Furnace of Gold

By PHILIP MIGHELS Author of "The Pillars of Eden," etc.

CHAPTER XL—(Continued)

"Why, Glen, I advanced thirty thousand dollars—I thought to help you by a mine. Searle was to put in a like amount—but recently—"

"Searle! Thirty thousand bucks!" said Glen. "He hasn't got thirty thousand cents! The man who drove me up last night knows the bank cashier, Mr. Rickart, like a friend."

"Searle is a four-dollar-a-man's bean—and looks like a mighty good imitation of a crook," Searle said. "You put up thirty—"

"Oh, I've been afraid that something was wrong—that something terrible—Why, Glen, that would be feigning—obtaining money under false pretences! He may have done anything—anything to get the 'Laughing Water' claim! He may have done something—said something—written something to make Van—Mr. Van Buren think that I—"

"Oh, Glen, I don't know what to do!" Her brother looked at her keenly.

"You're in trouble, sis," he hazarded. "Is Van's candy boy with you?"

"She blushed and looked at the contrast from her paleness was striking.

"He's the one who is in trouble," she answered. "And he may think that I—he does think something. He has lost his mine—a very valuable property. Searle and some Mr. McCoppet have taken it away from Mr. Van Buren and all those poor old men—after all their waiting—"

"McCoppet's a gambler—a short-cut tumble weed," said Glen. "You've got to put me next. Tell me the whole nolette, beginning at chapter one."

"As fast as I can," she answered, and she did. She related everything, even the manner in which she and Searle had first become engaged—a business at which she marvelled now—and of how and when she had encountered Van, the results of which she had just related.

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DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Ointment of Magical Beautifying Power. It is the best of all the Oriental Ointments. It is the best of all the Oriental Ointments. It is the best of all the Oriental Ointments.

CHAPTER XL. Savy Proves His Love. If a single ray of far-off hope had lingered in Van's meditations concerning himself and his mining property, it vanished when he held her apparent look of guilt.

"One thing the interview had done: it had cleared his decks for action. He had lain half stunned, as it were, till now, while Searle held the 'Laughing Water' claim and worked it for its gold. A look that was grim and a heat that would brook no resistance had come together upon him.

"That claim was his, by right of purchase, by right of discovery as to its worth! He had earned it by hardships, privations, suffering! He meant to have it back. If the law could avail him, well and good! If not, he'd make a law! McCoppet he knew for a thief—a 'law-shedding' criminal of the subtlest type. But this was certain, was a crook! Behind these two lay possibilities of crime in all its forms. That suddenly ordered survey of the line was decidedly suspicious. Rickart and his fiancée had come prepared for some such contingency and was a worker of miracles such as no man might expect.

Van became so loaded full of fight that had anyone scratched a match upon him he might have exploded on the spot. He thought of the simplest thing to do—hire a private survey of the reservation line, to discover who discovered the work that Lawrence had done, and then map out his course. The line, however, was long, surveys were fairly swamped with

work, not a foot could be traveled without some ready cash.

He went to Rickart of the bank. Rickart listened to his plan of campaign and shook his head.

"Don't waste your money, Van," he said. "The government wouldn't accept the word of any man you could hire. Lawrence could have to be discarded. Nobody doubts his ability or his squareness. The reservation boundary was wholly a matter of guess, you'll find it includes that ground—and the law will be against you. I'd gladly lend you the money if I could, but old bank people wouldn't stand behind me. And every bean I've got of my own I've put in no mood for begging."

"All right, Rick," he said. "But I'll have that line overlaid if I have to hold up a private surveyor and put him over the course at the front of a gun." He went out upon the street, more hot than before.

In two days time he was offered twenty dollars—more than he had asked for. He was down and out, in debt all over the camp. He could not even negotiate a loan. From some of his 'friends' he would not have accepted money to preserve his soul. Meantime, spurred to the enterprise by that old fellow, Napoleon, and Dave accepted work underground and began to count on their savings for the future.

At the 'Laughing Water' claim, during this period, tremendous staking existed. Not only had three lines of staves been installed, with three shifts of men to shovel night and day, but a streak of gravel of considerable worth had been encountered in the cove. The clean-up at sunset every day was netting no less than a thousand dollars in gold for each twenty-four hours at work.

This news, when it 'leaked,' brought another rush, and men by the hundreds swarmed again upon the hills, in all that neighborhood, panning the gravel for their lives. Wild-cutting started with an impetus that shook the State itself. And Van could only grin his teeth and continue, apparently, to smile.

All this and more came daily to the ears of Glen and Beth. The girl was in despair as the days went by and nothing had been accomplished. The meager fact that Lawrence had run and covered the reservation line, at Searle's behest, was all that Glen had heard.

That of all the men in Goldie he was doubtless best equipped with knowledge concerning Rickart's eastern standing. He knew that Searle had never had the slightest government authority to order the survey made—and therein lay the cause of all the matter. It was all he had to go upon, but he felt it was almost enough.

The wires to New York were strung again, and Beth was presently a local bank depositor with a credit of twenty thousand dollars. In a quiet, effective manner, Glen then went to work to secure a surveyor on his own account, or rather at Beth's suggestion.

With the fact of young Kent's advent in the town Van was early made acquainted. When Beth presented the transfer of her money from New York to Goldie, Rickart promptly reported the case. It appeared to Van a confirmation of all his previous suspicions. He could not fight a woman, and Rickart and McCoppet remained upon the claim. Searle went nearly every day to Beth, excusing his absence, relating his success, and bringing increase of his love.

On a Wednesday morning Glen's man arrived by stage from Starlight, in the person of a tall, thin, dark man, who was a tall, slow-moving, blue-eyed man, nearly sixty years of age, with a white hair, a thirty-pound breast over the steepest mountain ever built. Glen met him by appointment at the transportation office and escorted him at once to Mrs. Dick's.

Already informed as to what would be required, the surveyor was provided with all the data possible concerning the reservation line.

Beth was tremendously excited. "I'm glad you've come," she told him candidly. "You'll start the work today?"

"You will want to keep this quiet," he said. "I need two men you can trust, and then I'll ready to start."

"Two?" said Glen. "That's awkward. I thought perhaps you could get along with one."

Beth, in her tumult of emotions, was changing color with bewildering rapidity.

"Why—I expected to go along, of course," she said. "I've got a suit—I've done it before—I mean, I expect to dress as you are, Glen, and help to run the line."

"Fright grimed good-naturedly. 'Keep it all the family. This's one advantage.' 'All right,' said Glen. 'Hike upstairs and don your splendor and stocked it with provisions, tents, and bedding. He hastened off and returned with the chaffeur to the door.'

Beth, in the costume she had worn on the day when Van found her lost in the desert, made a shy, frightened young, when at length she appeared, but her courage was unshaken.

Van learned of their departure. He was certain that Beth had gone to the 'Laughing Water' claim, perhaps to be married and fighting out his rights by the methods of primitive man.

On the third of his visits he met a stranger who offered to purchase Savy on the spot at a price of two hundred dollars.

"Don't offer me a million or I might be tempted," Van told him gravely. "I'll sell my soul for a hundred."

"The would-be purchaser was dry. 'I want a soul I can ride.' 'Think you could ride my cause?' 'This broncho?' said the man. 'Surest thing you know.' 'I'll bet you the pony against your two hundred you can't.' 'You're on.'"

Van called to his friend, the man who ran the yard.

"Come over here, Charlie, and hold the stakes. Here's a man who wants to ride my horse."

Charlie came, heard the plan of the wager, accepted the money, and watched Van throw on the saddle.

"I didn't know you wanted to sell," he said. "You know I want that animal. 'If he goes he sells himself,' said Van. 'If he doesn't, you're next, same terms.' 'Let me have that pair of spurs,' said the stranger, denoting a pair that hung upon a nail. 'I guess they'll fit.'"

He adjusted the spurs as one accustomed to their use. Van merely glanced around. Nevertheless, he felt a sinking of the heart. Five hundred dollars, much as he needed money, would not have purchased his horse. And inasmuch as luck had been against him, he solemnly feared he might be on the point of losing Savy for a price he would have scorned.

"No," he said in a murmur to the broncho. "If I thought you'd let any beached-out anthropoid like that remain on deck, I wouldn't want you any way—savy that!"

Savy's ears were playing back and forth in excessive nervousness and questioning. He had turned his head to look at Van with evident joy at the thought of bearing him away to the hills—two days far

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The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



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