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What do you look for  
—style?  
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This label guarantees them all.  
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**"Progress Brand" Clothing**  
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#### Woman of 70 Walks 130 Miles.

Port Huron, Mich., July 28.—Mrs. Anna Burch, aged 70 years, passed through here yesterday on a trip from Flint to Delaware, Ont., near London. The old lady says she had walked the whole distance from Flint to this city, and intended to continue the journey to her destination in the same manner, a total distance of 130 miles. She intends to take up her home at Delaware and has not the money to pay railroad fare.

Do today what you can.

#### Summoned the Whitecaps.

Kingsport, July 28.—Thursday night matters looked threatening for the whitecaps who recently doused a wife-beater named Patterson in the lake, for he complained to the authorities, and the cappers were summoned to court. They appeared yesterday morning, quite a company of respectable persons, but as Patterson was not on hand to prosecute, the cases were dismissed.

Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities.



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## LACKAWANNA RAILROAD..... EXCURSION

Fifteen days in **NEW YORK** where the sea breezes blow

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**WHY?** Because it is the cheapest and best

**DATE:** August 3rd.

**Rate:** ...\$11.30

Round Trip from Toronto. Choice of six vestibuled trains. Call or Phone

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## Do You Know the T. H. Taylor Co.?

You hear that question often nowadays among the well-dressed men of town.

Ask the man who has his clothes made by the T. H. Taylor Co. and he will tell you. If you want a well-to-measure-made suit at a within-reason price go to The T. H. Taylor Co.

They will show you the largest and finest assortment of fabrics you ever saw, and make to your measure clothes that will embody your individual wishes and fulfil your ideas of taste and of clothes excellence.

Their to-measure-made suits at \$23.00 and \$25.00 are creating a sensation but go and see for yourself. Here's their name.

**The T. H. Taylor Co., Limited**

## Bowser Wants Chicken Farm

He Figures Out There's Millions to Be Had In Raising Poultry.

### WIFE SHATTERS IDEA

Shows Him He Cannot Make Money by Following Out Plan Outlined to Her—Starts Trouble.

[Copyright, 1906, by Eugene Parcells.]

Instead of sitting down to his paper and cigar after dinner, as is Mr. Bowser's usual programme, he paced up and down the sitting room with his hands behind his back and his forehead wrinkled with some mental puzzle. When he had wasted fifteen minutes at this Mrs. Bowser asked:

"Has anything gone wrong with your business affairs today?"

"No," he replied as he paused.

"Then what bothers you?"

"I want to talk to you about a matter, and if you can possibly do so I wish you'd talk straight and sensible. I mean by that that I don't want any sarcasm or giggling."

"Well, I'll try my best."

"Then I want to talk about a chicken farm. I know we canvassed the sub-



ject before, but I was not as well posted on the matter as I am now. I have been going into the matter very thoroughly for the past week."

"I will help you all I can," said Mrs. Bowser, as she took down pencil and pad and prepared to make notes.

"I am getting along in years, Mrs. Bowser, and the day is not far distant when the daily grind is going to be too much for me. By that time I want to be so situated that I can take things easy—sit on the veranda and boss and let other men do the work."

"I am in accord with your ideas. What are your plans?"

**Plans Chicken Farm.**  
"To run a chicken farm. I tell you, Mrs. Bowser, there's a gold mine in it. I am amazed that Rockefeller don't drop Standard Oil and Armour let go of beef and private cars and go into chicken raising. I have figures to prove beyond a doubt that it discounts the South African diamond fields."

"Then you shall have my hearty co-operation. I'll work with you in every way to make a success of it."

"That's the talk!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he waved his arm around his head. "Now you are speaking like a true wife and helpmeet, and I'm proud of you. Now, we'll take it easily and quietly, and I'll show you some wonderful figures. I start in with 600 hens, divided between Early Rose and Maiden's Blush. These are the best layers in the world; they'll go out and lay eggs in a snowdrift."

"I thought Early Rose was the name of a potato and that Maiden's Blush was the name of an apple," said Mrs. Bowser.

"Don't begin to carp and cavil at the very outset. I shall start out with 600 hens. This is exclusive of roosters. There are hens that lay every day in the week and others that only lay every other day. You can figure on at least 500 eggs every day. At 20 cents the dozen we have an income of about \$34 per day. That, again, is \$12,500 per year. Any objections to raking in that tidy little sum every year for the rest of your life, Mrs. Bowser?"

"Not the slightest. Go on."

**Figures Out a Profit.**

"We have figured on the eggs only. Among a thousand hens there ought to be at least 600 that would set twice a year and bring forth twelve chicks at each sitting. That's over 7,000 chicks a year. Figure it at the lowest possible notch, and the income is \$3,500. That's \$16,000 a year altogether, and as you're nothing to do but gather and market the eggs and increase I'd like to know what more a reasonable being could ask for."

"Increase the number of chickens to 2,000 and you increase your income to \$32,000. I think I shall stop at 2,000, as several hundred roosters crowing at once in the small hours of the morning might disturb some sick person. We'll also cut \$2,000 a year off for ac-

cidents and place the income at \$30,000."

"Where did you get your figures from, Mr. Bowser?" asked Mrs. Bowser as he sat rubbing his hands together and beaming at the cat.

"From a man right in the chicken business."

"And does he want to sell out?"

"Yes. His mother-in-law has come to live with him, and she hates chickens. She went out with a pail of boiling water the other morning and scalded thirty of them. He has either got to break her neck or give up the chickens, and as he is a man without much backbone he has decided to sell out. I'm to give him an answer tomorrow. He'll sell me the farm for \$3,000. Then I go ahead and buy 400 more, and it's all clear sailing. That's the plan. What do you think of it?"

"You read your paper for a few minutes and let me do some figuring," she replied.

"But what figuring is there to do?"

"You will see. Of course there are always two sides to a plan."

"There can't be to this. It's the plainest proposition ever stated. However, go ahead and figure. You may make the income \$5,000 higher than I do."

Mrs. Bowser worked away for ten minutes and then said:

"You will pay \$8,000 for the farm, \$300 for the chickens on hand and \$200 for enough additional to make up your thousand. The new coops and runways will cost, say, \$200; our removal, \$100, and the taxes at least \$75 per year. A horse and wagon will cost you \$300, your help at least \$600 and the feed for 1,000 hens cannot be less than \$1,000. Our household expenses, with two men to board, cannot be less than \$1,000. Here is an outgo of almost \$13,000 for the first year, and you must figure interest on over \$11,000 of it. We will add \$550 for that."

"Heavens, but has the woman gone crazy?" gasped Mr. Bowser as he looked at the cat.

**Hens Would Not Lay.**

"If you get 250 eggs per day the year through from 1,000 hens you will be in luck," she continued. "If we place the price at 20 cents a dozen, which is high, you will receive about \$1,500. As for the sale of chickens, you can't figure on over 200. This number at an average of 80 cents each will give you \$160. You will be sure to lose from fifty to a hundred of your hens per year and have to renew, but we'll say nothing about that. You have an outgo the first year of about \$13,000 and an income of about \$1,500. The second year you have—"

"I have nothing!" shouted Mr. Bowser, with his face the color of red paint. "Woman, I knew how it would be! By the living jingo, but why can't I keep from making a fool of myself?"

"The second year your income will be about a third of your expenses. You may, by sitting on the veranda and smoking Patugas and fanning yourself with a palm leaf, finally get it down to one-half, but you cannot expect to do better. In other words—"

"Stop! I will hear no more!"

"But you don't want to sit on the veranda and smoke and fan at a loss of three or four thousand dollars a year, do you?" she protested.

**Leaves Home in Anger.**

"Never you mind what I want. I am now going out. You needn't sit up for me. If any one calls, tell them that I may not be home for a week. When I do come, I shall have facts and figures to shiver you up like an old cabbage."

Mr. Bowser put on his overcoat and hat and started out. He wanted evidence to convict Mrs. Bowser of false statistics, and he wanted sympathy, and he happened to remember that the family cobbler used to run a chicken ranch in the country. He went around to the shop, and after a few remarks about the weather he said:

"Take, would you advise me to take a chicken farm?"

"Vas you thinking of it?" was asked.

"Vas strongly."

"Den let me advise somet'ings better. Take a jackass farm."

"What do you mean?"

"If you take a jackass farm you can be der biggest one among 'em."

Mr. Bowser couldn't take a man sixty-five years old by the neck and shake his whiskers loose, and so he went out. Just as he stepped outdoors a man asked:

"Can I ask you the way to the Rev. George Thompson's church, please?"

"You can, but I'll eat you in return!" shouted Mr. Bowser as Mont Pelee finally burst forth.

The questioner was a clergyman himself. He knew asphalt pavement, and he knew when to strike a gait. With one long cry of "Police!" he started, and the three or four watchers at the race agreed that at the end of the first block he had gained ten feet on Mr. Bowser and would run him out of sight in three or four blocks more.

M. QUAD.

**Sure of It.**

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In the mind of any man that he has the ability to do as he says, Dr. Goldberg allows his patients to take his treatment and pay for it when they are cured. He does not cure who have been unable to get cured, and who have prostatic trouble, blood poison, etc. He not only cures such as rheumatism, bladder or kidney trouble, heart palpitation, nervous debility, etc.

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