

Onions are Cheaper.

75 bags YELLOW ONIONS—100's each.
Good sound stock at low price. Book your orders for
Apples, Oranges and Green Cabbage
to arrive about Wednesday.

Now ready for delivery:
750 Barrels
"ROBIN HOOD" FLOUR.
Place your order at Headquarters where you get the lowest price all the time.

George Neal.

The Creed of the Loyal Canadian.

The following letter, which shows in a humorous way the need for patronizing home industries, appeared recently in the Toronto Daily Star:

Sir:—I remember that upon one occasion a certain Farmers' Union lecturer was telling the farmers of Texas of the mistakes they were making. He said: "The great mistake with the Texas farmer is that he doesn't live at home, he depends on selling cotton too much. You are continually buying something, and you don't ever sell anything. To illustrate what I mean, I need but call your attention to the fact that when you awake in the morning it is the alarm of a Connecticut clock. You get up and button on Chicago suspenders to your Detroit overalls. You go out and wash your face with Cincinnati soap in an Indiana toilet wash basin. You sit down to your breakfast and eat from a table made in Grand Rapids, Mich., and you eat Chicago meat. And your bread is made of Tennessee flour, cooked on a St. Louis stove. You go out and put on a New York bridle on a Kentucky mule, fed on Iowa corn, and plow your farm all day, which is covered with a Massachusetts mortgage. And at night when you get home you read a Bible printed in Boston and you say a prayer that was written in Jerusalem. And you crawl under a blanket manufactured in New Jersey, to be kept awake all night by a dog—the only home product you have on the farm."

Here, too, is the creed of the loyal Canadian:

I believe that Canadian people should wear Canadian clothes, eat Canadian foods, and use Canadian manufactured products.

I believe in making my money help my neighbour as well as myself.

I believe there is very little that I need to eat, drink or wear that is not made or handled by Canadian concerns.

I believe that after I've found that the article I want isn't made in Canada it is time to begin looking elsewhere—not before.

I believe that if the article I want isn't produced in Canada I should at least try to buy it from a Canadian dealer.

I believe that Canadian grains, Canadian fruits, and Canadian vegetables have produced the energy that has always been characteristic of Canada's sons and daughters.

I believe that the united co-operation of Canada's citizens will insure Canada's prosperity.

I will never forget that when I buy anything that is not produced in Canada I make Canada poorer.

I will let no outside flattery distract me from these precepts but remain firmly convinced, whatever others

Shirriff's (True Seville) Orange Marmalade
1 lb. and 2 lb. jars.
Fresh stock just received.
Besides being a favorite breakfast dish, Marmalade is now used in salads, puddings, etc., and is greatly relished with the afternoon cup of tea.

SHIRRIFF'S MARMALADE.

Ex S. S. Adolph to-day:
New Red Apples,
Fresh Tomatoes,
Lemons, Grape Fruit.

C. P. EAGAN,
Duckworth Street and Queen's Road.

The Largest Mirror in the World.

The great feat of constructing a giant reflector of 100 in. aperture, with all that such an enterprise involves, has surrounded the Mt. Wilson Observatory with a world-wide interest. More than ten years have passed since the scheme was set on foot, and that fact alone should convey some idea of the magnitude of the task undertaken, the labor expended, and the difficulties that have been surmounted. Though progress has been slow it has been continuous, and the recently issued report of the director leads us to believe that the giant reflector has reached such an advanced stage that its final tests are being conducted or may be already completed. The more important portions, such as the mercury tanks and floats, the sections of the polar axis, and the main bearings, are all now assembled in place, and the rotation of the instrument on its bearings has been critically examined. The right ascension and declination, slow and fast motions have been completed and attached, the large driving worm-wheel has been cut and partially ground, the mirror cell has been fitted, and the support system installed. The Cassegrain cage has been riveted together and ground true, and the mirror elevator has been assembled and tested. Concurrently with this preparatory work on the mountain, the figuring of two convex mirrors has been completed in the workshop at Pasadena. It was found convenient to utilize the large mirror in hyperbolizing these mirrors, but this work being finished, there was no reason to delay the transportation of the huge mirror to the observatory—a work of some anxiety and difficulty. The mirror was crated in a strong box lined with building paper and supported on its edge by a heavy framework bolted to the lid of the motor truck, the vibration in carriage being reduced by the insertion of numerous springs between the box and the framework. The top of the mirror when placed on the truck was about 14 ft. from the ground, and the weight of the whole with the support was 7.5 tons. Nevertheless the trip up the mountain track was made without incident, the specially-gear truck performing its work without difficulty. On the successful achievement of this stage in the history of the great telescope, a stage that records the assemblage of

ENGLISH GOODS
Ex S. S. Digby.

Epsom Salts,
Morton's Potato Flour, 1 lb. jar.
Whiting,
Cold Drawn Castor Oil, 1 and 2 oz.
Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine,
Oakey's Silversmith Soap,
Oakey's Plate Powder.

MOIR'S CONFECTIONERY.
½ lb. Nut and Hard.
½ lb. and 1 lb. Best Ass'd.
XXX Blue Boxes, 5 lb.
Conversation Lozenges,
Jelly Beans, etc.

C. P. EAGAN,
Duckworth Street and Queen's Road.

all the massive parts at the summit of Mount Wilson and suggests unremitting perseverance in the past, combined with skill and resource, we offer our congratulations to all concerned.—Ex.

A Brilliant Conversationalist.

(AN EXERCISE IN INFLECTION.)
By "H." in Ayrshire Post.

Could not Paganini wring music out of a simple string on his violin? And the world wondered. Joey Tosh can do the trick with one word. Yet fame has missed.

He is a trifling figure to the eye; but he is a master of language, and knows its potentialities. He can give any visitor, any orator, any linguist tips in the art of inflection. Here he is a genius, he was a tree stump. His eyes slide solemnly in their dug-outs; his face has an anchored expression; and his hands have become so fossilized in his pockets that has never been known to take them out, even to wipe his nose.

II.
You meet him. "Is a' weel?" you ask.
"Ay," answers Joey in a cheerful, off-hand response.
"An' is the wife a' richt?"
Joey shoves up his eyebrows and says "Ay" in a manner which tells you he is pleased to announce the fact.
"An' the weans?"
It is a lower, more satisfying note now—"Ay"—with something final in it.
You express your gratification, and intimate that you only wish you could say the same of your own household.
"Ay" queries Joey, with a slur upwards on the scale.
"My wife isna quite in the best o' health," you inform him.
This is news to Joey, and he expresses his astonishment by a rising "Ay!"
"She's no' seriously ill, however; but jist weel."
"Ay," in a firm voice, which announces that he understands.
She had a visit frae the doctor, and he gie'd her a bottle—
"Ay, ay," nods Joey.
"But it hasna helped her anything yet."
Joey sighs a sympathetic "Ay."
You are to send her into the country, however, to get a change of air; and you venture the opinion that this is a good move.
Joey knows, and "Oh, ay!" expresses his agreement with you.
Your wife is, maybe, self-forgetful in her illness, and takes unusual notions and fancies.
Joey's eyes blink open a trifle, and his "Ay!" means "Dae ye tell me that?"
"I wish I jist kent what would cure her."
"Ay!" exclaims Joey, with a nod.
"Well, I'm, off, Joey. It's a grand day."
And Joey agrees with an "Ay!" that has a full stop after it.
All the time he has listened, hands in pockets; now he daunders off in a lump, only his feet indicating that the figure has life in it.

The Most Deadly Beast.

We don't know how it is about you, gentle reader, but as for us we loathe a mosquito above all the carnivora. Lions and leopards and wolves and neighborhood cornet players we can brave.

The family cook does not terrify us. We can face with fortitude beasts of jungle and suburb, but when sister mosquito comes around we sink and shudder and shiver.

Aye on the hottest July night, when sheets scorch our pinfeathers, and pillows are self heated hot water bags, still we shiver at the approach of a mosquito.

The lowly bug who infests public sleeping places has a bite that's bitter, but he does his business silently, and, at the break of day, waddles his plump self to decorous hiding.

But the mosquito comes whizzing and buzzing and screaming about, "Zum, Zum, ZEE; I'm going to bite an ear off you, mister man," he yells. And we slap at large in the night.

"Zee, Zee; never touched me; just for that I'm goin' to puncture your blessed hide in seven new places," she screams.

We toss and we slap and we gesticulate in the darkness.
We get mad and hot and excited.
But the mosquito comes whizzing and buzzing.
It doesn't light anywhere, it just soars, and dives, and volplanes, and side twists; mostly right over our ear.

A devilish beast surely; a booster, a bragger, an unfair fighter; and getter of goats without peer.

We find screens and netting of no avail, for the tribe of mouthily bluffers whine like dum-dum bullets just outside, and keep us awake with their threats. And you never know whether the wailing devils are just inside or just outside.

Like a nervous bee man with an old veil, handling a nervous swarm; he will wear that every screeching bee is inside the veil and just going to bite a hole right into his mortal inwards.—Vancouver Sun.

Always Hungry at Night

A Kansas City man who is trying to be very patriotic is beginning to wonder if he is not cursed with a progerman stomach. During the daytime, when he is upon his feet, he has no trouble observing the food regulations, but just as soon as he lies down at night to go to sleep, his stomach takes advantage of the fact that he is flat on his back and refuses to give way to Morpheus until he eats again.

"Sometimes I manage to get to sleep without taking on an extra cargo of food," he says. "But when I do I usually wake up in the middle of the night with a mad craving for food, and the only way I can get back to sleep is to get up, go out to the kitchen and cook myself some hot food."

The man says he has tried his best to overcome this hunger habit, but is unable to do so. Several times a week he will go to the kitchen in the middle of the night, put on a skillet and fry a piece of ham, or bacon and eggs, and, after eating an ordinary size meal, will go back to bed and sleep. He says he has tried eating fruit and light food, but his stomach will have none of these and insists upon meats. Often when he is standing over a skillet dressed only in his pajamas in the dead of night he says he feels like a thief stealing food, while others who patriotically observe all of Mr. Hoover's regulations are asleep.

"Maybe you have a tapeworm with Teutonic leanings," a friend suggested.

"Maybe I have," the man replied, sadly, "but I think it is an inherited habit that is just getting a grip on me. I remember when my folks lived on a farm near Pomeroy, when I was just a kid my father used to have to get up in the night and eat as I do. But it is only recently that I have become addicted to the habit, and it is only since the food regulations became so strict that I have worried about it."

"Maybe your wife's cooking is not as good as it used to be," was the next logical suggestion.

"Don't you ever think it isn't young man?" the glutton of the darkness replied indignantly. "My wife, sir, is the best cook in Kansas City! You may accuse me of having German tapeworm or of having an unpatriotic stomach, but you must not reflect upon my wife's culinary art. Good-evening, sir!"—Kansas City Star.

The House was none too sympathetic with the proposal to bring the Kaiser to London to be put on his trial. Lord Robert Cecil threw cold water on it when he declared that the Kaiser had already fallen under the ban of condemnation by public opinion, and expressed his doubt as to whether his trial would add anything whatever to the weight of the condemnation. The country, as Sir Donald Maclean said, wants no Roman trial. The Prime Minister's defence of the proposal was not very wholehearted; it was, at all events, weak and far from convincing. The Kaiser, he told the House, would never have been sent to trial at all if he had been sent to a neutral country. No neutral country wants him sent to it for condemnation and sentence. But here, he declared, "he will have very fair play." Fair play, when the prosecutors, and the Judges, and the jurors will all be one and the same! It is that equal to "the highest traditions of British justice, than which there is none higher in the world." Far from it. And, of course, Ireland came into the debate. Time was when Mr. Lloyd George knew how to handle the argument based on the autonomy of the British Dominions, and, specifically, on that of South Africa where warring factions were welded into one by the most beneficial results. Now he tells us that Ireland is not one country, that it is not one nation, and turns

Two Sorts of Justice.

The House was none too sympathetic with the proposal to bring the Kaiser to London to be put on his trial. Lord Robert Cecil threw cold water on it when he declared that the Kaiser had already fallen under the ban of condemnation by public opinion, and expressed his doubt as to whether his trial would add anything whatever to the weight of the condemnation. The country, as Sir Donald Maclean said, wants no Roman trial. The Prime Minister's defence of the proposal was not very wholehearted; it was, at all events, weak and far from convincing. The Kaiser, he told the House, would never have been sent to trial at all if he had been sent to a neutral country. No neutral country wants him sent to it for condemnation and sentence. But here, he declared, "he will have very fair play." Fair play, when the prosecutors, and the Judges, and the jurors will all be one and the same! It is that equal to "the highest traditions of British justice, than which there is none higher in the world." Far from it. And, of course, Ireland came into the debate. Time was when Mr. Lloyd George knew how to handle the argument based on the autonomy of the British Dominions, and, specifically, on that of South Africa where warring factions were welded into one by the most beneficial results. Now he tells us that Ireland is not one country, that it is not one nation, and turns

Instant Postum
—at grocers

What does tea and coffee cost you —
More money —
headaches —
sleeplessness?
There's a reason in fact there are many reasons for changing from tea and coffee to Instant Postum

Camping Supplies

We make a specialty of supplying Camping Parties and carry a full line of the necessary goods. We make a point of stocking nothing but reliable goods, the kind that we can safely recommend to our customers.

Roast Beef, Corned Beef, Roast Mutton, Cottage Beef, Corned Beef Hash,
Ox Tongue, Oxford Sausages, Stewed Kidneys, Boiled Dinner, Lunch Tongues,
Soups, Bacon, Potted Meats, etc.

Standard Brands of Sauces, Pickles, Biscuits, etc.

Boiled Ham, Lunch Tongue, Pressed Beef—sliced to order.

TOBACCOS—Old English Curve Cut, Fragrant Vanity Fair, Lucky Strike, Edgeworth, Garrick, Capstan, Velvet, Tuxedo, Piccadilly, V.C.

CIGARS—Reina Victoria, Conchas Especiales, Avec Vous.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

AYRE & SONS, Limited

PHONE 11. GROCERY DEPARTMENT. PHONE 11.

JUST RECEIVED:
Two Thousand Boxes One Cent CANDIES,
Finest American and Canadian Manufacture.
PRICES RIGHT.
Owing to recent sharp advances, we cannot duplicate this shipment.
ORDER NOW.

P. F. FEARN & CO., Ltd.
WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERS.

AT AN ESPECIALLY LOW PRICE.
BOYS' HATS and CAPS

Here are three good items in Boys' HATS and CAPS that will help to make your Boy proud and happy.
For Festive and every day occasions.

Volunteer Caps	25 cts.
Scout Hats, only	38 cts.
Rah Rah Hats	50 cts.

LADIES CASHMERE SEAMLESS FINISH BLACK HOSE, only 30c pair

S. MILLEY

the old contention upside down that what we could do six thousand miles away we could surely afford to do at home. "Ireland is at our doors," is what he said on Monday, "and it is not on a par with a place thousands of miles away." All of which argues a radical change of view. So what it comes to is this, that the Kaiser is to be tried in London, because the neutral countries have wisdom enough to refuse to have anything to do with him, and Ireland is to be denied Home Rule because she is close at hand and cannot be treated as she would be if she were six thousand miles off. The next step, so far as Ireland is concerned, will be to get rid of the Home Rule Act. As for the Kaiser, it may be hoped that he will never set foot on these shores again. And the English of it all is that Home Rule looks as if it were as far as ever, that the Kaiser is to be dealt with on the Jeddah principles which were incorporated at a later date in the dictum of the old Scotch Judge—"My man, you're a verra clever chiel, but you'd be nane the waur o' a good hanging."—Ayrshire Post.

Maard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.