

MAY ASK LOBB TO MIND HIS BUSINESS.

Independent Aldermen Resent Interference From the Hydro-Electric Commission's Solicitor.

Four Men Asked If They Will Act For City In Injunction Proceedings.

Securing counsel to assist City. Solicitor Waddell in the injunction proceedings...

The meeting yesterday afternoon was a lively one in spots, Mayor McLaren and some of the aldermen severely criticizing Solicitor Lobb...

When this information was conveyed to the committee it caused some fireworks. Mayor McLaren and Ald. Allan scored Mr. Lobb's interference.

"I think he is a friend of the city and was simply trying to do a good turn," ventured Ald. Morris.

"We don't want any outsiders butting in," retorted the Mayor.

Ald. Morris pointed out that the motion passed at the morning session left the matter of selecting the counsel in the hands of a sub-committee.

It did not come with very good grace from a member of the sub-committee, Ald. Allan thought, to be constantly harping on that.

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"I am in favor of Mr. Middleton," he said. "I think he is the best man we can get."

Ald. Jutten—If two or three members of the committee want him there is nothing fairer than to see if he will act.

Ald. Morris—He will act for the city.

The Mayor—Have you received word to that effect?

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A GRAND KIDNEY MEDICINE

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Him When Everything Else Failed.

Ulverton, Que., March 17, 1908. I wish to place on record, for the sake of others who may be suffering in the same way that I suffered, that no medicine I ever took did me so much real good as "Fruit-a-tives" did.

I suffered for many years with kidney trouble, with bad pain in the back. I took every known kidney remedy and kidney pill, but nothing gave me any relief, and I was getting discouraged.

It was advised to try "Fruit-a-tives" and did so—and this medicine cured me when everything else failed.



I used altogether fifteen boxes of "Fruit-a-tives" and from the outset they gave me relief, and I am now practically well again; no pain, no distress, and all symptoms of kidney disease have entirely left me.

CLARENCE J. PLACEY. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Thomas W. Watkins, Mrs. Ernest Watkins, Mrs. J. C. Mills, West avenue south, left yesterday for a two weeks' visit to relatives in Windsor, and St. Clair flats.

Mr. Jax Chisholm and Miss Chisholm left for England and Scotland yesterday.

Word was received at this stage that Mr. Holman was out of the city for the day.

Ald. Morris—If he does not know enough to mind his own business without being asked, we will send him a telegram when he is wanted.

Ald. Jutten—I thought we were going to find the men first and see if they are willing to act.

Ald. Morris—That will be satisfactory. I will second that.

This was agreed to, although Mr. Morris' idea was to communicate with Mr. Middleton and if he proved satisfactory, stop there.

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BUSINESS EDUCATORS.

Mayor and Board of Education Welcome the Delegates.

Several Discussions on Various Phases of the Work.

Value of Newspaper Advertising Has Been Proven.

The afternoon session of the Business Educators' Association of Canada met yesterday at 2 o'clock. A civic welcome was extended by Mayor McLaren to the delegates to the manufacturing metropolis of Canada situated, as it is, in the centre of the garden of the Dominion.

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The Right House

"HAMILTON'S FAVORITE SHOPPING PLACE"

Carpets made, lined and laid free

An extraordinary offer good for next week. If you will buy your Carpets some time next week we will make, line and lay them any time during the Summer up to August 20th—latest date when delivery must be taken.

30 choice patterns reduced carpets. Will also be made, lined and laid free: 30 beautiful patterns and rich colorings in Brussels, Axminster and Wilton Carpets of best English weaves, where quantities are only sufficient for from one to three rooms of a pattern.

87 1/2c, formerly \$1.05 and \$1.15. 95c, formerly \$1.25 and \$1.35. \$1.39, formerly \$1.75 and \$1.90. \$1.59, formerly \$2.25 and \$2.50.

Made, lined and laid free if ordered next week.

CORNER KING EAST AND HUGHSON STS. THOMAS C. WATKINS HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Garvin's Discipline Haughty Janitor

For some time it had been apparent to the Garvins that whenever anything was lost off the dumb-waiter the janitor asked them if they knew what had become of it.

The next time, he said, "that that fellow John calls up her and asks us about Jones' milk or Smith's bread or Brown's cabbages I'm going to squelch him so effectually that he will let any body run away with the house itself before he'll ask us if we know what has become of it."

Mr. Garvin had an opportunity to pursue his drastic policy with the janitor the very next morning. It was a Sunday morning and Mr. Garvin, eager for battle, rushed to the dumb-waiter in response to the claxon call from the janitor's speaking tube.

"Hello!" came the reply from the depths of the basement. "Say, you busy folks seen anything of a basket of figs from the delicatessen that was left on the dumb-waiter this morning for Mrs. Crosby?"

"No," said Garvin, "we haven't. What do you take us for, anyway? A pack of thieves? When things are lost about the house why don't you go some place else once in a while to look for them? Why do you always come to us?"

"Because," came the unhesitating reply, "you are the only people in the building who never lose anything yourselves."

For a moment Mr. Garvin appeared convinced by this apparently conclusive evidence of his own guilt, but soon his indignation as an injured householder asserted itself and urged him to vindicate his honor.

"The only ones who haven't lost anything, are we?" he retorted. "Well, just let me tell you that is no prof. We have lost things, too."

"You have?" exclaimed the janitor. "You never said anything about it."

"No," said Garvin, "we never did. We kept still out of consideration for you. We knew you had a hard time keeping track of so many different things, so when we lost steaks and groceries and milk and papers we just did without or else went out and bought more rather than worry you about it. But we're through with all such mistaken kindness. Hereafter when we lose anything you've got to hustle around and find it or take chances of losing your job."

Having thus relieved himself of a part of his bottled up wrath, Mr. Garvin drew in his head and slammed the door. Mrs. Garvin stood at his elbow, pale and frightened.

"Oh, Chester," she said, "what did you mean by telling him that yarn about our having lost things? We never have."

"That's all right," said Garvin. "It is just as well to make him think so. What is more, I am going to keep on rubbing in our losses. Until he learns to be civil to us, I shall complain every day about something having been stolen and send him on a wild goose chase looking after it."

Mr. Garvin instituted his system of revenge on the following morning. "Say, John," he said, "did you see anything of a roll of butter the grocer's boy left this morning?"

Before Garvin had finished his breakfast he was disturbed by a violent whistling and chattering at the tube and the crawling of the dumb-waiter.

"Hello!" came a sepulchral voice from the basement; "here's your butter."

Mr. Garvin was too much astounded at that unexpected announcement to make reply.

"Well, I'll be blessed!" he said to his wife. "Where do you suppose he got it?"

"What are you going to do with it?" cross-questioned Mrs. Garvin.

"Keep it, I suppose," he replied. "But it isn't ours," she protested. "He must have scared one of the neighbors into giving it up. You had better give it back to return to them."

"Never," said Garvin. "I have started out to teach that fellow a lesson, and I'm going to stick to it. Silence just in case the neighbors might spill the game on the dumb-waiter."

In pursuance of his scheme for disciplining the janitor Mr. Garvin during



the next few days reported missing a pint of cream, a ten-pound package of granulated sugar, a quart of strawberries and a basket of potatoes, and each time, to the Garvins' increasing amazement, John called up after the lapse of a few minutes:

"All right, sir; here it is."

As late as Mrs. Garvin, being of a superstitious bent, began to read disaster in the janitor's extraordinary obedience.

"I do hope," she said, "that you won't report any more fictitious losses. We'll be guilty of robbing everybody in the house before we get out of this scrape. I am already such a dyed-in-the-wool thief that I am ashamed to look any of the neighbors in the face."

The day after receiving the mysterious basket of potatoes Mrs. Garvin received the monthly bill from the grocer.

"They've made a mistake," she said, after comparing it with her own itemized list of purchases. "They've charged us with butter, cream, sugar, strawberries and potatoes that I never ordered!"

N. Y. Herald.

A Jim Hill Story.

One cold winter night a short, heavily built man, wrapped in a huge, fur-lined overcoat, dropped off a freight train at a little way-station in Montana.

His cap was pulled down about his face, the lower part of which was covered with a bushy and grizzled beard. He looked the part of a burly and prosperous ranch-owner. The visitor walked about the little frame station, his keen eyes surveying through the windows the alert, young agent busy about the telegraph-key. Presently he entered the waiting room, and as the agent looked up, peremptorily turned the knob of the door leading into the agent's private quarters. The door was locked.

"I want to come in," he said, gruffly. "It's too cold out here."

"Against the rules to allow outsiders inside," the agent answered.

"But I'm cold, I say."

"Wait a minute."

The agent came out into the waiting room, bringing with him a comfortable arm-chair, which he placed close to the cast-iron stove. "Sit down here," he said. "I'll poke up the fire."

In the midst of this process the agent suddenly dropped the poker and darted back into his private reserve.

"What's the matter?" growled the surly man in the fur coat.

"My call," snapped back the agent. "Presently, the fire roared, the agent poked up the coal stentle and went out, leaving the door open behind him. The man in the fur coat promptly rose and closed it. Instantly it was thrown open by the agent. "Let it alone," he said, with a suspicious glance. "Can't you hear the call if it's shut? Once more inside his little coop the agent looked up as the old man asked:

"How's business?"

"Rotten. Mostly eastbound empties through here."

"That's the matter?"

"Ranchers around here can get a better price by driving thirty miles across country."

"The men who run this road must be a set of chumps."

"They are. If we had a forty-cent rate we could get ten carloads a week out of this station in the season."

"Must be pretty long-suffering for a young fellow. Any pretty girls close by?"

"Excuse me," said the agent, sitting down; "I've got to make out my report."

The eastbound passenger came along shortly and the man in the fur coat boarded it. When the next pay-day came around the young agent got an entirely unexpected ten-dollar raise. With it came a notice from the general freight department that a forty-cent rate on beef cattle, effective April 1st, was established. Then some one told him that his undisciplined visitor had been "Jim Hill"—the Norwegian settlers call him—creator of the Great Northern railroad system and uncrowned emperor of the Northwest. And within two years the agent was called in to the general office at St. Paul and became one of the officials of the general freight department.—Saturday Evening Post.

Tomato Bouillon.

1 pint cold water.

2 tablespoons chopped onion.

2 can tomatoes.

10 whole cloves.

1 teaspoonful butter.

1/2 teaspoonful celery salt.

10 pepper corns.

1 teaspoonful salt.

1/4 tablespoonful flour.

Cook the tomato water, onion, cloves and peppercorns in a covered saucepan for one-half hour. Melt through a sieve when cooked. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour and salt; then the strained tomato a little at a time, stirring constantly until the mixture bubbles. Serve hot.

Scrap Book Poetry

ARTIFUL YOUNG BARNEY KEHOE. Will ye be for the Gap o' Dunloo, I dunno!

Oh! I'm glad o' that same! All the tourists think shame To be missin' the Gap o' Dunloo— They do so.

Now then whisper! Mayhap When ye come on the Gap Ye'll be seein' a lass On the side o' the pass That'll ax for the toll. She's a dacent god soul, Though the eyes of her twinkles so droll Well, se'll pay her the tax, And a vigilant supervision over every smallest detail during construction.

SOULRAY, WINTER & LEEMING 66 KING STREET WEST, HAMILTON

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Society

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. Gibson, A. D. C., and the Misses Gibson leave Toronto next week for their summer home at the Beach.

Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen sailed yesterday from Quebec for England.

Mrs. Adam Beck, London, spent the early part of the week with Mrs. P. D. Crerar, who, with Miss Violet Crerar, has since left for Muskoka.

Miss Reba Kittson was hostess of an informal dance at the Yacht Club on Monday evening. Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. James Gillard, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Turner, Mrs. Percy Montague (Winnipeg), Miss Edna Greening, Mrs. Kenneth Bethune, Miss Helen Hoodless, Miss Alice Hoop, Miss Muriel Wanzer, Miss Muriel Beckett, Mrs. William Shambrook, Mrs. Jeannette Grantham, Mrs. John Ferguson, Miss Ella Forbes, Miss Dorothy Gates, Miss Florence Howell, Miss Gertrude Carey, Miss Dorothy Wilgess, Mr. Chevalier, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Siebert Glasco, Dr. McGregor, Mr. Frank Price, Dr. Montzambert, Mr. Morden, Mr. Bernard Hoodless, Mr. Watt, Mr. Allan Young, Mr. Alex. Gates, Mr. Niblett, Mr. Kilgour, Mr. Eversard Bristol, Mr. Kelley, Mr. Carey, Mr. Turner.

Mrs. C. S. Scott left on Friday for England.