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# CASTORIA

**Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN**

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

Examine of Old Dr. J. C. FITCHER

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

Facsimile Signature of  
*Dr. J. C. Fitcher*  
**NEW YORK.**

At 16 months old  
**35 Doses—35 CENTS**

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

## Mox's Vacation

By HELEN HEDGES.

Copyrighted, 1907, by C. H. Satchell.

Vardon stopped across the street and turned to smile at the grim old pile. For fifteen whole days he would not enter those dull offices on the seventh floor. For two weeks and a day he was to be care-free—free to loaf, to invite his soul and to see Bess Curtin. The last was the best part of it, for Bess had gone to the country at the first sign of hot weather, and he had not seen her in weeks.

At the house there was a case of fishing rods, and already he could see the brook, with its green clad banks, and Bess, sitting on a fallen tree, watching his luck. He raised his hat ironically to the office building and turned down the street.

At the corner the newsboys made a dash for him, but Vardon waved them



"WE HAD TO TAKE THE LEG OFF," HE EXPLAINED THE PHYSICIAN.

asked. "Where's Mox?" he demanded, scanning the crowd for the tiny vendor from whom he always bought his evening paper.

"Mox ain't here no more," explained Muggsy. "He was crossin' th' street this afternoon, and th' fire engine beat him to it."

"Is he badly hurt?" Vardon's face clouded. The lame newsboy was a sort of protégé of his.

"Wouldn't it hurt you 't get run down by an engine?" demanded Muggsy. "Naw, it didn't hurt him. He liked it."

Vardon bought a paper and turned away, when there came a tug at his coat, and he looked down to see the misbegotten, thin faced and wistful.

"Mox said would 'y come 't see 'im? He wants 't say goodby before you went 't th' country. He's in th' 'mergency'."

Vardon bestowed a dime upon the messenger and hurried on. There would be time to stop at the Emergency hospital on the way uptown. For more than a year "Limpy Mox" had been on that corner, rain or shine, to hand out the evening paper and a greeting. A queer friendship had grown up between the two. It would only take a few minutes. Vardon knew one of the internes at the hospital and could get in even though it were past the visiting hour.

In a little while he was standing in one of the wards with grave faced Dr. Tomlin, looking down into the still white face.

"We had to take the leg off," explained the physician. "The heavy wheel crushed the bone beyond mending. It was better so, for the leg never was much good. Now he can get an artificial leg and walk better than he used to—that is, if he pulls through the summer."

"I guess you can do that for him," laughed Vardon. "He's better off here than at his home."

"Bless my soul, we can't keep him," cried the doctor. "My dear fellow, if we kept our patients here until they were fully cured we should have to refuse aid to more needy cases. The boy must be removed to his home as soon as he can stand it."

Vardon thought of the tenement house district. Mox had always been sickly. A long summer of inaction in the stuffy hole he called home would surely end in death. A few brief questions showed how absurd it would be to expect the organized charities to take proper care of a convalescent.

Mox, just coming out of the ether, clutched the strong hand with his bony fingers and smiled hopefully. "I guess you'll have a good time," he smiled. "Goodby, Mr. Vardon."

Vardon patted the clawlike fingers and turned away. A scheme was working in his brain, and he walked home that he might think the better.

It seemed like murder to turn the lad out of the hospital as soon as the condition of the wound made it practicable, yet he could not blame the hospital authorities. They were crowded for room, and the sunstroke cases were taxing their capacity. Vardon wanted very much to see Zess. Somehow it seemed as though he might open his heart to her with a better chance of success in vacation time, and all the

year he had been planning the trip. He had nearly \$200 saved up, for the Curtains were wealthy and spent the summer at an expensive resort. Yet it did not seem right to spend all the money when it might be the price of Moxie Solomon's life.

With a sudden determination he turned into a side street, and presently he was in the charity organization office. The superintendent was interested, but helpless. Like the hospital, the demands were greater than their resources. He might send Mox away for two weeks with one of the fresh air parties. More than that he could not do—unless Vardon cared to raise a subscription. When Vardon turned away it was with a receipt for more than \$100. Mox's vacation money in his pocket. Mox's stay in the country until his leg was well was assured.

It was hard to have to write Bess that he was not coming. It was harder still to explain without seeming to ask her appreciation of his action. In the end he said nothing of the reasons, simply writing that unexpected developments made it impossible for him to come.

Mox's delight at the news of his vacation brought a feeling of warmth to Vardon's heart, but it did not relieve the ache when Bess' cold reply came. She had not understood and was angry that he should have changed his plans at the last moment.

Vardon spent his two weeks at a cheap resort near town and came back to take up the office grind again. Bess had not replied to his last letter, and though Mox's beaming face as he departed on the train for the country home repaid part of the sacrifice the dull ache remained.

The next few weeks dragged miserably. Then one morning there was a letter at his plate at the breakfast table that for a moment seemed to stop the action of his heart.

Bess was coming to town on Friday, and she suggested that they might lunch together and he could take her to a root garden in the evening.

"I have a lot to tell you," she wrote. "I met one of your friends up here, and I want to tell you what he said. I shall save it for lunch."

Somehow the days dragged by, but Friday came at last. Sitting across the table from her Vardon could not realize his good fortune.

"I thought you were angry," he said as he leaned forward.

"I was," she admitted frankly. "I was counting so much on your visit. I had made no other plans for those two weeks, and when your letter came, and you did not even offer an explanation of your rudeness I could not understand it. It seemed as though you wanted to hurt my feelings."

"Could you think that?" he cried reproachfully.

"I am afraid," she confessed shyly, "that in my disappointment I was not fair. Then your friend came, and it was all explained."

"Who was that?" he asked curiously. He did not remember having told any one of his real reason.

"A gentleman of the name of Solomon," she smiled. "Moxie Solomon, I believe it is."

"What is Mox doing in your part of the country?" he demanded. "I understood that he was at Melrose."

"That is just below us. We drove over there one day to see the kiddies, and Mox told his story."

Vardon moved awkwardly in his chair. He did not want to be praised, even by Bess.

"I suppose Mox put a lot of trimming to it?" he said after a pause.

"He was very truthful," she said, smiling softly. "He said that you were the best man he knew."

"And you think so too?" His voice trembled with eagerness. Bess nodded.

"Good enough—for a husband, your husband?"

"I think so, Dick," she whispered. "That's what I came to town to tell you—to make up for your lost vacation."

"Lost vacation?" he echoed. "Why, Mox's vacation was the most selfish thing I ever did since it won me you."

Betrayed by Clumsiness.

"We have to constantly keep on the lookout for people who, in order to get trade prices, pretend to be in the business," said the head of one of our wholesale wall paper houses. "They are not always easy to detect, either, for some are pretty well posted on the subject and are hard to trip up. But I caught one the other day. He claimed to be a paper hanger from the west, and he wanted something 'hang up' in style at trade prices. He talked so knowingly about wall papers that I had about made up my mind to give him the discount, when a little thing happened that 'put me wise.' He attempted to roll up again some paper he had spread out on the floor to examine. The way he did it was a revelation. He took hold of it and matted it about as if he were kneading bread. I never saw anything less like the professional way of doing it. I gave him the discount all right, but up instead of down."—Exchange.

Finnish Honesty.

Russians all over Russia are glad to employ Finnish servants, because "they never steal, and nothing has to be locked up." I remember how once, when I went to the captain of a steamer which was carrying me to Stockholm to find out when I could telegraph to Helsinki for a valuable good buckle I had left in the hotel, he replied: "There is no occasion to telegraph. Write to the hotel manager when you get to Stockholm, and he will send the buckle on to you. No one ever steals in Finland." I wrote as he directed, and the buckle followed me to England, where I received it soon after my arrival.—Mrs. Meakin's Russia.

## Looseness of The Bowels.

It is very seldom during the summer months that most people are not troubled with "looseness of the bowels."

Sometimes it only goes that far, but generally it develops into Diarrhoea, Dysentery or Summer Complaint and has a tendency to weaken the whole system.

When the bowels get loosened up in this way and you wish to check the unnatural discharge without bringing on constipation, there is only one remedy to use, and that one is Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY.

This remedy is not an experiment as it has been used in thousands of families during the past sixty-two years.

When you ask for Dr. FOWLER'S Extract you get it, as many unprincipled druggists will try to palm off a cheap substitute on you.

Miss M. Hopkins, Roseview, Sask., writes: "I have used Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY and found it is all it is recommended to be for Diarrhoea and Summer Complaint. We would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

Manufactured by The Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price 35c.

Drowning at Windsor.

Windsor, Sept. 3.—Albert Jubenville, aged 24, son of J. P. Jubenville, inland revenue officer, was drowned in the Detroit River here yesterday.

The young man was engaged in helping a crew raise the G. T. R. car ferry Huron when he slipped off a raft. The body has not been recovered.

Prince Leaves for Falls.

New York, Sept. 3.—Prince William's visit to New York came to a close Sunday with a sight-seeing dash over the city that carried him from Harlem to Staten Island and back again.

The royal guest left last night for Niagara Falls.

The Modesty of Women.

Naturally makes them shrink from the indecent questions, the obnoxious examinations, and the unpleasant local treatments, which some physicians consider essential in the treatment of diseases of women. Yet, if help can be had, it is better to submit to this ordeal than let the disease grow and spread. The trouble is that so often the woman undergoes all the annoyance and shame for nothing.

Thousands of women who have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription write in appreciation of the cure which dispels with the examinations and local treatments. There is no other medicine so sure and safe for delicate women as "Favorite Prescription."

The doctor's medical adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expenses of mailing only. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 31 one-cent stamps for paper covered, or 50 stamps for cloth-bound. If sick consult the Doctor, free of charge by letter. All such communications are held sacredly confidential.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate and regulate stomach, liver and bowels.

Steel Made From Sand.

As a result of experiments being carried out by the U. S. Government at the old Lewis and Clark fair grounds in Portland, Ore., Bessemer steel has been reduced from the ordinary black sands found at the mouth of the Columbia river. Whether this reduction can be carried on profitably has not yet been determined.

Indoor Paupers in England.

Official statistics of pauperism for the second quarter of the present year, issued recently, show that although the general decrease which has been shown since December, 1905, has been maintained—thanks to the smaller number of persons receiving outdoor relief—the number of indoor paupers was higher last quarter than in 1905.

ALMA COLLEGE

Rev. R. I. Warner, D. D., Principal. Wylie Grey, Lady Principal. School for Girls and Young Ladies. 27th year begins Sept. 10th.

Lake of Quicksilver.

A lake of quicksilver, covering an area of more than three acres and having a depth ranging from ten to fifty feet, has been discovered in the mountains of the state of Vera Cruz. The value of the product is estimated at millions. This lake has been known to the Indians for many generations. It is situated far up in the mountains in an almost inaccessible position. Its surface is partly covered by stones. It is believed that volcanic action in the mountains above smelted the quicksilver out of the slumber ore and that it ran down and filled this depression. A tunnel will be driven through the base of the mountain, and the quicksilver will be brought down by means of gravity.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in

## Non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla

If you think you need a tonic, ask your doctor. If you think you need something for your blood, ask your doctor. If you think you would like to try Ayer's non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla, ask your doctor. We publish the formulas of all our preparations. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

## A PIONEER OF ONTARIO

NOT IN CHOPPING VIRGIN FOREST, BUT CHOPPING WORDS.

Some of the Work Done by Dr. A. Hamilton in the Direction of Spelling Reform—Chat With Him on His Hobby Is Not Only Pleasant But Profitable—Mine of Information on the Progress Already Made.

A veritable mine of information on spelling reform and the progress that has been made in this direction from earliest times, is Dr. A. Hamilton of 25 Bellevue avenue, Toronto, says The Sunday World. With the exception of Mr. W. H. Orr, the doctor may be said to have been the pioneer in this movement in Ontario. To chat with him on the subject is to spend a most profitable as well as pleasant half-hour, for the doctor is always willing to discuss the progress made in this movement, in promoting which he has spent the greater portion of a lifetime, and it is impossible not to glean considerable interesting information from such an interview.

As far back as 1889 Dr. Hamilton became publicly identified with the spelling movement in Ontario; at which time he contributed a series of articles on the subject to The Toronto World. This was followed by the establishment at Port Hope in 1895 of a quarterly journal "devoted to pronunciation and amended spelling," entitled The Herald. Soon afterwards the doctor moved to Toronto and has continued the publication of The Herald to the present time.

His object cannot be better set forth than appeared in a recent sketch in The British Colonial Printer and Stationer, which says: "He tries to precipitate results on two planes, first that of moderately amending current spelling, under the title of Amended Spelling; second, to evolve a New (or more ideal) Spelling, toward which, as an end, advocates of improvement

He remained thus for three-quarters of an hour, when he was aroused from his stupor by flames, immense volumes rushing down the staircase. The ruffians had set fire to the house. The surgeon, with difficulty, arose and crawled through a skylight into the adjoining house, where he was found. The house was completely destroyed, and no clue was ever found to the perpetrators.

At first it was thought Mr. Wakley could not recover, but his strong constitution saved him. He was, however, not at the end of his misfortunes, for the insurance office refused to pay the insurance money, and he was forced to bring an action to clear his character, for the insinuation was that he had himself set fire to the house.

He won the day, and the truth of the story of the murderous assault was proved; but the mystery as to the cause of the outrage was as great as ever. All that could be found out was that the young surgeon was supposed to be the man in the mask who had executed the Thistlewood gang. There was, of course, not the slightest foundation for such a statement, and a letter from the sheriff of London put an end to the slander.

It would not have been safe at the time to say who the man really was; as it would have cost him his life; but the secret may now be divulged. The masked hound was a man named Tom Parker, the head dissecting room porter at a school of anatomy known as Grainger's.

A Soldier's Memorial.

The grim humor of soldiers is not often displayed on tombstones, but here is an inscription on the cemetery at Winchester, revealed on a walking tour in these parts:

"In memory of Thomas Thatcher, a grenadier of the North Regiment of Hants Militia, who died of a violent fever contracted by drinking small beer when hot, the 14th of May, 1764, aged twenty-six years."

"In grateful remembrance of whose universal good will toward his comrades this stone is placed here at their expense as a small testimony of their regard and concern."

"Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire grenadier."

Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer.

Soldiers, be wise from his untimely fall.

And when ye're hot drink Strong or none at all.

"This memorial being decayed, was restored by the officers of the garrison, A. D., 1861."

"An honest soldier never is forgot. Whether he died by musket or by pot. This stone was placed by the North Hants Militia when disembodied at Winchester on April 18, 1862, in consequence of the original stone being destroyed.—London Tribune."

No Need to Cry.

"Don't cry, Buster," said Jack after the catastrophe. "Napoleon didn't cry every time his brother hit him accidentally on the eye."

"I know that," retorted Buster. "Napoleon did all the hittin' on the eye himself!"

## DISTRICT

MIDDLE ROAD.

The union picnic of the Middle Road and Charing Cross Sunday schools was largely attended last Saturday.

Miss Scaman, of Detroit, who has been visiting at the home of her brother, W. S. Scaman, returned on Tuesday last to her home.

Gaston Goulet was renewing old acquaintances on the 13th constituency, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Randall, Mar. Wm., spent a few days with their daughter, Mrs. Joe Bennett.

Mr. Glenn, our popular teacher, returned Saturday.

Mr. James Walker, of the 13th constituency, spent Sunday evening with his friend, Stephen Bennett.

Miss Wright is the guest of her cousin, Miss Hazel Scaman.

Mrs. Lynch, of Blenheim, was the guest of her mother last Thursday.

Miss Nora Bennett visited Miss Hattie Scaman, Sunday.

Mr. O. Sykes, of the 15th constituency, made a short visit with friends here Sunday evening.

Mr. Roy Parde and Mr. O. Goulet spent Tuesday evening in the Maple City.

NORTH ORFORD.

Joseph Train, of London, England, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hogg this week.

A number from here attended the picnic to the lake on Wednesday, August 21.

Mrs. Ryan spent last week with friends in Sombr.

School re-opened Monday morning with a large attendance.

Miss Woods, of Belfast, our new teacher, whom the trustees have engaged to fill the vacancy of Miss Causgrove, is highly recommended by those who knew her as a teacher and student.

Miss S. Hetherington and Miss I. Anderson spent Thursday with friends in Newbury.

The frost on Wednesday night did some damage to the beans and corn.

Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, of London, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Moore last week.

## DISTRICT

THORNCLIFFE.

Miss Della Blackburn, of Louisville, is the guest of her Thorncliffe friends for a few days.

T. Webster, of Dresden, was a visitor at Mr. Hammon's on Sunday.

Norval Dunlop, of Chatham, spent Sunday at his home.

Forest Smith intends returning to the North-west on Tuesday.

Mr. D. Shaw is quite poorly at present.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Walters were visitors at Mrs. Walters' parents on Sunday.

Mrs. Bedford spent Sunday at Mrs. Walters, Tupperville.

Lemon and Stanley Shaw were visitors at B. Tiffin's Sunday evening.

Miss Lanfesty spent Saturday and Sunday the guest of Mrs. G. Shaw. Edward Bassett and family spent Sunday at Thamesville.

Mr. Frank Houston intends moving on the homestead in the near future.

Mrs. Robertson and son George were Maple City visitors on Saturday.

Stanley Hammon spent Saturday in the Maple City.

Clifford Brown preached at Thorncliffe Sunday evening.

The frost did considerable damage to the buckwheat crop through here.

Miss Aggie Elcom is staying with Mrs. A. Brown.

It may be possible to have two girls at the same time, but not if they know it.

## ESTABLISHED 1873 THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

Head Office . . . . . Toronto

\$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT

In our Savings Department. Deposits of \$1 and upwards are received, on which the highest current rate of interest is allowed.

No Delays in making Withdrawals

Interest added four times a year

Savings Bank Department in Connection with all Branches.

CHATHAM BRANCH  
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BRANCH ALSO AT BLENHEIM