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Pat's Memory For Faces

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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It looked very pleasant and homelike in the studio when all was finished. The girl, a brown eyed, slender creature, with masses of soft brown hair around a small oval face, smiled contentedly as she surveyed the results of three days' labor.

A few pretty rugs were scattered over the floor. Pictures in various stages of completion leaned against the wall, and on the hearth a cozy wood fire sparkled cheerily.

Beyond was a glimpse of a tiny bedroom and a kitchenette. Miss Vandervier drew a long breath. It was what she had been dreaming of for years, this return to New York to a studio of her own. Now she could show what the hard work in Paris had done for her; now she could prove what was in her.

The janitor, watching her with his shrewd, kindly old Irish eyes, nodded a silent approval. She would do. Pat was father, friend and counselor to all the eager, ambitious young hearts gathered under the roof of the big studio



"HE DO BE CALLING ALL THE TIME," EXPLAINED PAT.

Building, and it did not take him long mentally to fix the status of each newcomer. But to Miss Vandervier, for some reason, he vouchsafed a peculiar attention, studying her face whenever

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unobserved with sharp intentness. He nodded again.

"I hope you will find it agreeable, miss," he said as he gave the fire a rattling poke. "We are rather a nice lot," judiciously.

"Thank you," responded the girl gratefully. It was a bit lonely—this much boasted independence. "Are there—are there many other girls here?"

Pat waved the poker.

"Well, there's Miss Delano," he reflected aloud. "She's water, and Miss Brown in oils, and Miss Merriton, who charcoal. All nice, quiet young ladies as you'd wish to find. But the young gentlemen—lifting eloquent hands—'them's the noisy lot! All but Mr. Lawrence, that is," considerably.

Miss Vandervier jumped.

"Mr. Lawrence?" she echoed faintly. The old Irishman nodded.

"Mr. Robert Lawrence. You'll no doubt have been seeing his things. Some likes 'em. But, as for me, I like a bit of color meself," gazing admiringly at a fragment of vivid blue Venetian water and sky. "But, sure, Mr. Lawrence ain't troubling the paints much these days," harking back to his subject with a sigh. "But, well, well," suddenly changing his tone, "I must be going. Good evening, miss. And if there's anything you want don't hesitate to call upon old Pat for it."

But the girl had drawn near the door. "Is—is anything the matter with Mr. Lawrence?" she asked in a carefully indifferent voice. "I—I think I used to know him in Paris."

"Did you, now?" The old man shook his head. "Tis very sick I fear he is," he answered soberly. "I'm thinking that if no one comes to nurse him it's to the hospital he will be going. We've written his family, but they must be away. The doctor said that if no one came he'd most likely be took tonight. 'Tis sad to hear him, miss."

"Sad?" repeated the girl, with averted face.

"He do be calling all the time," explained Pat. "Marion, Marion, 'tis that he's whispering."

"Marion?" faltered the girl. She bent forward. "You are—you are sure?" she demanded tensely.

"Marion or Maude or maybe 'tis Mary," returned Pat indifferently. "I'm not good on remembering names. But it must be some one he's terrible fond of. His whole studio is filled with pictures of one young lady, drawn every kind of a way. 'Twould fair surprise you. He's sure got his eye on some one," a droll smile tightening the corners of his mouth.

"Well, I wish she'd come, then," the girl returned. "I'd have a job for her. But good night again, miss," recollecting himself with a start. "Here I am gossiping away when I should be doing my work. And don't trouble your head about Mr. Lawrence. He'll most likely pull through." And with a final clatter of the poker he was gone.

But it is very easy to tell a person not to trouble. To follow such an injunction is a different matter. Miss Vandervier's face as she turned back to the flickering log wore a changed expression. Bob Lawrence upstairs—and ill! That in all the big city of New York she should have happened upon the very building which sheltered Bob! What could be more unfortunate? This had been the first thought which leaped to her mind as the old man chattered on, followed, however, by the consoling reminder that they need not therefore necessarily meet.

And then, with a shock, the unexpectedness of which set her a-quiver, had come the news of his illness and delirium. For a moment a cold finger seemed laid upon her heart. Bob ill and calling for another girl!

Yet why should she care? She did not, she told herself, with a quick toss of the head. She had taken that chance when she sent him away. He had been hers first, hers utterly. A sudden vision of those old Paris days rose before her mind when Bob had begged her to marry him and come home, and she, trying her wings and rejoicing in their strength, had only laughed. Give up her work and go home? How could he ask it?

But he had asked it and then gone away, and now he was upstairs ill and calling for another girl. Her mind reverted constantly to that thought. Naturally she had told him to forget her, but equally naturally, with the fine self confidence of her sex, she had never believed that he would. Reluctantly the truth now forced itself upon her consciousness that in all her day dreams of winning fame the return of a joyful and proud Bob had always been the climax.

With a determined effort Miss Vandervier flung herself into a chair and tried to absorb herself in the cherished studio, but to no avail. The thought of that lonely, ill figure upstairs persisted to the exclusion of everything else. He was ill, very ill, and they were going to take him away, and all he needed was nursing. The girl caught unsteadily at the arms of the big chair and half sprang to her feet. But that other girl—could she, oh, could she?

And then, with a singularly sweet and gentle expression, Miss Vandervier arose. What matter? If he were delirious he would never know. And at

least she might be of service.

Perhaps it would be unfair to accuse Pat of "snooping." Nothing might have been further from his thoughts; but, be the truth as it may, the indisputable fact is that, when a few minutes later the door of Miss Vandervier's studio opened and a slender figure fitted up the stairs, Pat, unobserved in the dark hall, uttered a smothered sound.

In breathless interest he waited. Then came to him a light knock, a low exclamation and then a feeble yet thrilling joyful cry, "Miriam, oh, Miriam!"

Pat, his lids suddenly wet, emitted a long, satisfied sigh.

"Miriam, is it?" he muttered. "Miriam, ah!" with a sly twinkle, born of his knowledge of woman. "Maybe I'm not much good at names, but it's sure the fine eyes I have for a likeness."

And, picking up the empty coal scuttle, he went on down the stairs.

The Ark Born Man.

Hundreds of the ancient gleaners of miscellaneous curios, legends, myths and traditions give us to understand that Cush was born on the ark. Others claim that there was a child born on the sacred vessel, but that it was sacrificed to one of the wild beasts, Noah declaring that no person should leave the ark who had not gone on board in the regulation manner. The weight of the evidence as it is given by the Talmudic writers is to the effect that Cush is the person referred to by the old time mystery gleaners when they speak of the "ark born" man. The sacred books as well as the scores of Biblical encyclopedias, handbooks of ancient history, etc., are silent on the subject. In the "Saxon Chronicles" the following occurs: "Bedwig was the son of Shem, who was the son of Noah, and he (Bedwig) was born on the ark." Herbert's note in "Nimrod," volume 2, page 37, says, "Kibele is the ark, and as Cush was begotten in the ark his posterity were in a peculiar sense descended from that ship." Although Herbert makes no direct reference to the fact of Cush being actually born in the ark, he speaks of him in several places as "Cush, the ark born." The Talmudic writers discredit the Bedwig story, but declare that Cush was born on the day that "God's covenant" (the rainbow) first appeared.

The Birds at Dinner.

If we notice carefully the beaks of all the birds we see, it will help us, by indicating their habits of feeding, to locate them in their families and thus lead us to their correct names. All the sparrows have short, stout beaks, well suited to cracking open seeds and grain, which are their usual food. The thrushes have a curved bill, convenient for holding worms and digging in the soil. They find most of their food on the ground, poking among the dead leaves and rubbish for grubs, beetles and larvae. Our robins, which are true thrushes, do valuable spring work in the garden and lawn pulling worms from the soil. Have you ever watched a robin at work? How he tugs and pulls when the worm is long and does not come easily! There are an energy and a certain business air about him when at work which are very interesting. The tiny humming birds, with their long, needle shaped bills, are well equipped for securing honey from the very heart of the trumpet flowers and honeysuckles. They find numerous small insects within the flower as well as honey.

A Will on Ice.

The strangest will on record is that of a Connecticut clergyman who broke through the ice of a certain pond. Finding that he was unable to get out upon the ice and realizing that he had but a short time to live because of the bitter cold, he took his knife and wrote his will on the smooth surface of the ice. It was found, duly sworn to and recorded as his last will and testament.

Offhand.

"Some grocers," remarked the customer, "have an offhand way of weighing sugar, but I notice you're not one of them."

"Offhand way? How do you mean?" asked the grocer.

"I noticed you kept your hand on the scales just now while you measured out five pounds for me."

Simplcity.

Only small souls assume exclusive airs. The more truly a man the more simple do we find him. Rarely do we come in contact with a person from whom we may not receive something if we meet him on the plane of a kindly human sympathy. It all lies in our innate feeling.

A Prod.

"It is a great mistake, Mabel, to trifle with the affections of a man who loves you by encouraging some one else."

"Well, he's a little slow, auntie. I think he needs a pacemaker."

War to the Knife.

Gladys—Shall you marry Jack if I refuse him? Maud—Yes, and if you accept him!

JEALOUS HUSBAND SHOOT.

Man Wanted in Windsor in Trouble At Wardsville.

The report comes from Wardsville of a shooting affray that has led to the police knowing where they might get a man they have wanted for some time.

Charles Dykes, wanted, it is said, for some time in connection with a robbery case by the Windsor people, was in hiding at his home in Wardsville.

On Wednesday evening he came out of his secret place in the house to object to his wife talking with a man who boarded in the place. Pulling a revolver, he shot at the man, and the shot went very near the man's feet.

As the man turned to get out, Dykes, so the story goes, fired between his wife and the fleeing man and very nearly struck his would-be victim in the head.

Dykes then went to Jake Wilson's hotel, where he asked for whiskey. It was noticed that he was under the influence of probably some stronger drug, and as soon as he had the liquor he pulled the revolver and boasted of the recent episode, which might have resulted in a tragedy. Finally he gave up the revolver to those at the hotel and left. The authorities of the place sent word to the Windsor police that Dykes was there.

Amazing Marine Procession.

The fleets of the world which roam the seven seas occasionally bunch up in some prominent port or passageway like the Suez canal and make an imposing showing. But in point of magnitude almost any of these marine processions fall short of that unending commercial parade which is forever steaming down the great lakes and through the canals. The immensity of this traffic is recorded in the official figures for April, 1906, for the "Soo" canal alone. During the thirty days of last month, 1,078 vessels of 5,066,640 tons net register and carrying 2,513,267 tons of freight passed through this great highway. Nearly one-half of this traffic was iron ore, with coal to the extent of about 650,000 tons second in prominence and grain and flour next on the list.—Portland Oregonian.

Land for the Veterans.

Six new townships in the District of Algoma have been set apart for the benefit of the veterans of the Fenian Raid. They are situated north of Chapleau, a divisional point on the C. P. R., west of Sudbury, and are named D'Arcy, McGee, Chewett, Cochran, Borden, and Casmer. One for the same purpose is set apart in the District of Nipissing, just north of Georgian Bay. It is called Laura, after Laura Secord, the heroine of the Battle of Beaverdams. The veterans whose claims have been allowed are now in a position to select their locations as soon as they please in these townships, and many of them are figuring on going up there and spying out the land at an early date.

Value of Rice as Food.

A British and a native regiment, making forced marches through a barren region in India, had rice as their only food. The English had a greater portion of the rice, allowing the natives the water in which they boiled it. But after a few weeks the European soldiers on their rice had become gaunt and weary, while the Indian soldiers on their rice water remained full of health and vigor.

No Search For Bodies.

Nothing is being done toward recovering the bodies of the victims of the steamer Erin disaster, and the only one found is that of Mrs. Mary Reed, whose remains drifted down to Marine City the day of the accident. A tug visited the wreck several days ago and after grappling awhile the job was given up. It was stated that a diver has not yet gone down to the wreck.

"Look Out for the Cars!"

One night a couple of commercial travelers came up to Harbor Beach from Palms, Bismarck. At one of the stops along the route one asked the other why the train had stopped, to which he replied, "Cow on the track." In a little while the train stopped again. "What's she stopped for this time?" he asked. "Caught up to that cow again," was the reply.—Harbor Beach, Mich., Times.

Canadian Briefs.

Lightning destroyed the little Presbyterian church in Davidson, Sask.

Samuel Vaughn, a sectionman, was killed by an express train near Grimsby.

Alex. McMillan, a well-to-do farmer of Finch township, committed suicide by hanging.

Queen's county, P. E. I., voting in favor of prohibition, brings the whole Island under that law.

J. McLean Stevenson, clerk of the surrogate court, Barrie, died at his home, aged 70 years.

Thomas Harding, a young man aged 20, was almost instantly killed in Winnipeg by falling beneath a street car.

The Transcontinental Railway Commission have received tenders for 65,000 tons of steel rails and 1,500,000 ties.

Mr. John Purvis, farmer near Cannington, set fire to his barn and then committed suicide by swallowing poison.

Henry Burrill, of Chatham, once of the Canadian contingent of the Boer war, was sentenced to 30 months in Kingston for wife desertion.

David Hobbs, who as customs agent for the C. P. R. at Montreal absconded last October with a sum estimated at \$60,000, is under arrest in New York.

The pork and beef packing business of J. C. Griffin & Co., one of the foremost industries of the west, has been absorbed by a big American corporation.

Sir Melbourne Taft, chief justice of the superior court of the district of Montreal, has been appointed chief justice of the superior court of the province of Quebec.



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Best for all household purposes, Sunlight Soap's superiority is most conspicuous in the washing of clothes.

Common soaps destroy the painted or varnished surfaces of woodwork and take the color out of clothes.

Even the daintiest linen or lace, or the most delicate colors may be safely washed with Sunlight Soap in the Sunlight way (follow directions).

Your money refunded by the dealer from whom you buy Sunlight Soap if you find any cause for complaint.

5c. Buy it and follow directions **5c.**
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Your Fortune in Each Month.

Here is a bit of astrological lore which may be of use to a hostess in amusing a crowd of young people. Ask the birth month of each; the following little table gives the answers. The entertaining feature of these so-called fortunes is in how far they generally are from the real characteristics of the person whom they are supposed to portray.

January—A maiden born in this month will be a prudent housekeeper, good tempered, but inclined to be melancholy.

February—Humane and affectionate; a tender parent.

March—A chatter box, fickle, stormy and of a quarrelsome nature.

April—Pretty, dainty, inconsistent and not studious.

May—Handsome in person, contented and happy in spirit.

June—Gay, impetuous and will marry early.

July—Fair to look on, but sulky in temper and jealous.

August—Amiable, practical and will make a wealthy marriage.

September—Discreet, amiable and a favorite with everyone.

October—Pretty, coquettish and oftentimes unhappy without a cause.

November—Liberal, kind and pleasant and thoughtful of others.

December—Well proportioned, gay, fond of novelty and inclined to be extravagant.

Russia's Blind.

Russia has a larger proportion of blind people than any other European country. Two out of every 1,000 are sightless.



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THE ONLY THING THAT KILLS THEM ALL
AVOID POOR IMITATIONS.
Sold by all Druggists and General Stores and by mail.

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