



**Lea & Perrins' Sauce**

What is Food without Flavour?  
What is a Dinner without  
Lea & Perrins' Sauce?

Try it both ways.  
Judge by the Taste!

Look for the Signature—White on label—  
Black on wrapper.

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., (Est'd 1857)  
Montreal, Canadian Agents.

## DISTRICT

## VAN HORN.

Miss Annie Zink has returned to her home, after a two weeks' visit with her cousin, Mrs. Jos. Schindler, Orford.

Miss Belle Wilson, Chatham, was the guest of the Misses Gerber, last Sunday.

Mulhern Bros. have nearly completed the contract of sawing the lumber for J. Zink's barn.

Peter Kauffman is all smiles—it's a girl.

Postmaster W. Smith has engaged Charles Blonde for the coming season.

J. Miller was the guest of A. Gilles Sunday evening.

Ollie Zimmer has moved into his

new residence.

Miss E. Lachine spent last Sunday the guest of her brother.

Mrs. Joseph Zimmer is suffering from a severe attack of neuralgia.

Bert Lark spent Sunday the guest of his mother, Mrs. G. Gerber.

Miss Edith Gerber, of the Maple City, is the guest of her parents for a few days.

Miss A. Guilford visited with Miss Rosa Zimmer last Sunday.

Fred Zimmer spent a few days of last week with James Doyle, Raleigh.

A severe thunder storm passed over this vicinity on Monday, accompanied by a heavy fall of rain.

The farmers are nearly through seeding in this vicinity.

The reason is always in the man himself for his good or bad fortune.

CRUSOE  
THE SECOND.

By Constance  
D'Arcy Mackay.

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As Peyton's sailboat, the Gull's Wing, ducked her way between myriads of anchored craft, mostly steam launches, Viola Ainsley looked at the receding shore with a sigh of relief. The sail filled with a brisk breeze and spray dashed against the bow as they tacked for the open bay. The air was keen and fresh and full of relish. The sun shone strong and warm.

"Splendid, isn't it?" cried Miss Ainsley.

Peyton smiled. I thought you liked that sort of thing better," he said, with a backward glance at the summer colony of Cliffcrest, rows of cottages and a big hotel that stood a little back from the water front.

"Don't I look as if I was enjoying myself?" she parried.

"For a person not addicted to the simple life, I must confess you do."



TIME WENT SWIFTLY IN PREPARING IT.

said Peyton, regarding her as she perched on the seat before him in her trim white yachting suit.

"What a salty tang!" she sniffed.

"It's strange, but one never seems to get the full flavor of it near the shore."

"One has to get out, away out, to get the full flavor of most things, I fancy."

Peyton answered, his brown hand on the tiller, his keen eyes looking straight ahead.

"Why did you come here at all, then?" Viola questioned. "You must have known what a summer hotel would be like!"

"One has one's duty to one's family, you know, and my mother and sister are here. And then there's another reason for my coming. I followed a girl."

"A girl?"

"Yes, a girl I saw on the train. She had the seat across the aisle from me, and there were a lot of people with her. A very gay, noisy, fashionable crowd. The girl was laughing with the rest of them, and I thought she was their kind till I saw her eyes. And then I knew, for they were neither hard nor shallow nor full of surface lights. They were very deep and beautiful. If she were moved by love I think they could be exquisitely tender."

"But who is she?" cried Miss Ainsley in utter innocence and then flushed suddenly as Peyton's look answered her.

"Oh!" she said breathlessly and turned away her head.

"Of course I know it was extremely foolish of me," Peyton Fernald went on, "because rumor has already engaged her to Millionaire McNugget."

Miss Ainsley bit her lip. "Rumor," she said, "is often very impertinent."

"Then it isn't true?"

"It is not true—yet," said Miss Ainsley and dabbled her hand over the edge of the boat.

"Ah!" he began.

"No," she said quickly; "you've made a great mistake. The girl isn't at all as you've imagined her. She's very fond of money. She's hard and selfish and doesn't care for simple things at all. She'd hate not to have lots of bits and clothes and a good time."

"You think, then," said Peyton, "that because I'm not very well off in this world's goods it would be quite useless if I asked her to marry me?"

"Quite useless, I'm afraid," returned Miss Ainsley gently, "though I know what the girl's missing, for there aren't many men in the world who—"

She paused as the boat gave an abrupt lurch, nearly sweeping her from her feet. Peyton reached out a strong arm and steadied her. The keel of the Gull's Wing scraped against something hard and slippery; then, with a slide and splash, the boat righted herself and went on. But the cockpit was rapidly filling with water.

"A derelict dory, by jingo!" cried Peyton as a dark object drifted past them beneath the surface of the water. "Take the tiller and the main sheet."

"Take the tiller and the main sheet," he directed, "and put for that little island over there. I'll have to bale like blazes."

Viola did as she was bid, crouching on the seat to be out of reach of the water that swished in the bottom of the boat. The trees of the little island they were approaching stood out sharply against the blue sky. Its

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## SPECIAL REGARDING LARDER LAKE.

We are ready to stake our reputation and standing, both present and future, also our money, on the present conditions of Larder Lake as to its being a wonderful Gold Field in every sense of the word. We are very cautious as to what we recommend for investment. We have many propositions presented to us that do not come up to our requirements.

We have gone to a great deal of expense in ascertaining the true merits and real condition of the Blue Bell properties at Larder Lake. In order to satisfy ourselves beyond question we despatched three different crews of men to make examinations. They were supplied with dynamite to blow out the ore at various localities of the Blue Bell properties and ship direct to us. Neither of the crews knew or were aware of the others being in the field. We have received ore and reports from each crew. We have received hundreds of pounds of ore and can say we are astonished at the results.

There is not a single piece, from the size of a hickory nut to the largest piece, weighing two pounds, that does not contain free visible Gold that will assay anywhere from Two Hundred Dollars (\$200.00) to Twenty Thousand Dollars (\$20,000.00) to the ton; these are facts which we can verify if required.

Men with large quantities of materials are now on the ground, establishing camps for the Blue Bell Company. There will be no time lost in installing Stamp Mills. We cannot here take space to tell all the pains and expenses we have gone to in order to satisfy ourselves as to the real merits of the Blue Bell properties in order that we would not mislead the investing public in misplacing their investments.

We are satisfied beyond question as to the Blue Bell properties and can recommend without reservation investments therein. We believe that the memberships consisting of 1,000 shares, which can be purchased to-day for One Hundred Dol-

lars (\$100.00), will be worth in one year Two Thousand Dollars (\$2,000.00) each.

We strongly urge the immediate purchase of these memberships; we are willing to stake our reputation and standing on this proposition; we are placing our own funds in it, and have no fear of the ultimate results.

The rate at which these memberships are being taken exceeds our most sanguine expectations. We appreciate the confidence the investing public place in our recommendations. We pledge loyalty to every client and the near future will demonstrate that their confidence has not been misplaced.

To all our clients and friends we desire to impress upon them this fact: Larder Lake will undoubtedly be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, Gold Districts in the world. We have taken every precaution and have made thorough and systematic investigations and can say that the Blue Bell is the opportunity of a lifetime.

**BUY NOW** before the big advance. On or about May the fifteenth Blue Bell shares will be advanced to 50 cents per share. They can be purchased now in our Syndicate Pool in 1,000-share lots at 10 cents per share, requiring an investment of \$100.00. On or about May 15th (this month) the market value of 1,000 shares of Blue Bell will be \$500.00. This is a profit of 400 per cent. We are of the firm belief that within one year 1,000 shares of Blue Bell will be worth \$2,000.00. Blue Bell consists of 28 40-acre gold claims (one 40-acre claim having been recently purchased near the Reddick property), 1,120 acres in all. Fully paid for. No indebtedness. Blue Bell shares have no personal liability and are forever non-assessable. Men are now on the Blue Bell properties establishing camps and preparing for the stamp mills. Blue Bell will be sending out gold this summer. Now is the time to buy—before the advance—at bottom prices.

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## ACCIDENTLY SHOT.

Lad Killed While At Target Practice With Friend.

Creemore, Ont., May 7.—Frank Honsberger, 17 years of age, and son of George Honsberger of Banda, was accidentally shot through the heart at noon yesterday, while practising at target shooting with a young Englishman, an employee of his father. It is not known exactly how the accident occurred, as the Englishman was too much overcome to give a clear account of it. But it is presumed that Honsberger, who was acting as marker, accidentally stepped in front of the target, or that the gun was prematurely discharged.

He never errs who sacrifices him-

## THREE CHILDREN BURNED.

Mother Left Them Alone After Building Big Fire.

Sault Ste. Marie, May 7.—A special from Blind River says that three children were burned to death in a house there yesterday while the mother was away. The oldest was five years, the youngest six months. The mother, a widow named Dominique, went to a neighbor's after building a big fire in the stove, leaving the children in the house. In a short time the place was discovered on fire by neighbors, but they were unable to rescue the little ones.

It's the quiet wedding, after all, that makes the most talk.

## Carefully Milled From The Finest No. 1 Manitoba and Ontario Red Winter Wheat

OUR method of combining the finest No. 1 Manitoba with Red Winter Wheat so as to make the most perfect bread and pastry flour—so as to retain both the nutriment of the Manitoba and delicate flavor of the Red Winter Wheat—would be wasted if our milling process was not so absolutely perfect.

The extreme care we take in milling "Kent Mills" Gold Medal Flour might seem unnecessary to the casual visitor to our big plant.

The most improved devices for manufacturing flour are used.

You should see our immense rollers in operation. These gradually reduce the wheat to flour—do not crush it to powder and take the life and nutriment out of it as in the old fashioned way.

By our improved system the gluten and starch cells are carefully and entirely separated from the indigestible bran and cellulosic coats, and partially crushed into myriads of tiny, sharp, white granules of uniform size.

Not a grain of the wheat germ, which impairs the keeping qualities of the flour, or any other substance that shouldn't be there, can possibly get into "Kent Mills" Gold Medal Flour.

It's always uniform, always dependable—the highest grade, most satisfactory flour for household use.

Order from your grocer to-day.

Every bag or barrel "Kent Mills" Flour guaranteed by both the manufacturer and dealer.

**"Kent Mills" Flour**  
Canada Flour Mills Co.,  
Limited, Chatham, Ont.

paper parcel in his hand.

"Something the picnicers forgot!" cried Miss Ainsley ecstatically. "Open it, quick!"

Peyton caught the fire of her enthusiasm. "Tea and sugar and a loaf of bread," he laughed.

"Bread!" exclaimed Miss Ainsley. "Do you think that it's stale?" She pulled a bit from the heel of the loaf and nibbled it furtively. "No! It's fresh. There must have been a picnic here this morning. We'll have a feast, a regular feast."

Time went swiftly in preparing it. Peyton found some blackberries, and Miss Ainsley made plates of leaves. They built a fire of driftwood on the beach, and over a pile of stones the coffee-pot sang pleasantly. It was sunset when they seated themselves luxuriously on the sand and ate what Viola Ainsley called the fruits of their toil.

"This tea is the best I ever tasted," Peyton declared.

"You didn't know I was such a good cook, did you?" Miss Ainsley inquired as she sat opposite him poking at the fire.

"They will be coming for us soon," said Peyton, "and then our day will be over."

"Yes," said Miss Ainsley with something strangely like a sigh.

Behind them the woods of the little island were deepening into the shadow; the waves broke softly on the beach; the rosy flames of the fire shone brightly out into the gathering dusk.

"Listen," she added. In the distance could be heard the faint, steady puffing of a steam launch. "They've seen the fire," she exclaimed, shielding her eyes with her hand.

"There's McNugget," cried Peyton almost savagely, "and I suppose you're glad." He was kneeling on the sand picking up the tin cups.

Miss Ainsley smiled. "Oh, Robinson Crusoe," she said softly, "how very blind you are!"

Peyton drained the cups and stared

sandy beach lay white and shining in the sun.

"Do you think we'll make it?" she asked quietly.

"We'll try," he answered, with equal repression. Their eyes met in the understanding of a common peril. There was much against them, but wind and tide were with them, and when the Gull's Wing sank it was within a few feet of the island's shore.

Peyton stepped out and carried Miss Ainsley to land. Then he pulled in the boat as far as he could and made it fast.

"Marooned!" cried Miss Ainsley lightly. She did not refer to their past danger, nor did he, save to say solicitously, "Miss Ainsley, you're soaking wet!"

"So are you! But the sun's strong and hot on this little beach, and we'll soon dry. When do you think they'll come for us?"

"I'm afraid we won't be missed till tonight, and it's only 3 o'clock now. Thank heaven my matches aren't damp, and we can build a fire!"

"Crusoe the second!" laughed Miss Ainsley. "Do you think the wreck will yield us anything? It should, according to the best story books."

"Nothing but the bailing pail and a coffee-pot and two tin cups in the stern locker."

"Get them," she besought. "We'll use them to cook with."

"Cook what?"

Miss Ainsley's eyes danced. "Oh, Crusoe, Crusoe! Haven't you any imagination? Don't you know there's always food on a desert island—sea gulls' eggs and things like that? Come along and let's explore."

"There! I told you!" she exclaimed as their wanderings brought them to a little spring. "Isn't that pretty, the way it bubbles up between the moss and ferns? And I do believe there's been a picnic here. Look at that bit of orange peel!"

"Yes, and see this!" cried Peyton, snatching from a thicket with a brown

at her. "You mean"—he breathed.

"I mean that—this afternoon when I thought that perhaps we—we wouldn't reach the shore—it didn't seem as if I knew then what really counted most. I knew that wealth was nothing and that I only wanted you—you—you!"

The last words were almost inaudible, and Peyton had to lean very near to catch them. Then the voice of the millionaire McNugget reached them through the megaphone.

"Coming!" cried Miss Ainsley in answer. "Hurry up, Crusoe. Why on earth are you carrying that old coffee-pot under your arm?"

"It's a trophy," said Peyton, "of a shipwreck that has made me the happiest man on earth."

## Cautious.

A few days ago a new male resident of this city, recently arrived from Ireland, having made a favorable impression upon the manager of a wholesale house on Market street, secured a position. The merchant the next day, having made out a large number of statements, called the new employee into his office, directing him to "go out and post these bills."

"Where?" inquired the young man. "Oh, yes," said the business man, "I forgot that you have only been in this country a short time. There's a mail box on the telegraph pole at the corner. Post the bills there."

The son of Erin soon returned, laying the bills on the merchant's desk. "It may be a little green yet, sir," said he, "but I'm not posting them bills with a big policeman watching the box."

"Not posting them? Why not? What about the policeman?" asked the astonished stockbroker. "That's all right, but you're not fooling me all the same, if I do appear to be green. Sure, didn't I see the sign on the pole over the box, 'Post no bills under penalty of the law'?"—Philadelphia Record.

## New Ironing Boards.

Ironing boards have one end covered with zinc, with edges slightly raised at three sides. This serves as an iron stand and saves the laundress the labor of lifting the iron to and from the board every time she pauses to adjust her work—a small thing, it is true, but it tells at the end of a long day.

## Carefully Chosen Handy Pins.

Too much jewelry or cheap jewelry is in bad taste. But the pin that holds the collar neatly at the back, the little pins for securing the cuffs, if chosen with an artistic eye, can so bring out or lighten the color notes of the dress or hat as to lend an air of individuality and charm to the dress far in excess of their cost.

## Words of Praise

For the several ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed, as given by leaders in all the several schools of medicine, should have far more weight than any amount of non-professional testimonials. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has the badge of honor on every bottle—wrapper, in a full list of all its ingredients printed in plain English.

If you are an invalid woman and suffer from frequent headache, backache, gnawing distress in stomach, periodical pains, disordered bowels, catarrhal, pelvic, draining down distress in lower abdomen or pelvis, perhaps dark spots or specks dancing before the eyes, faint spells and kindred symptoms caused by female weakness, or other derangement of the feminine organs, you can do no better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The hospital, surgeon's knife and operating table may be avoided by the timely use of "Favorite Prescription" in such cases. Thereby the obnoxious examinations and legal treatments of the family physician can be avoided and a thorough course of successful treatment carried out in the privacy of the home.

"Favorite Prescription" is composed of the very best native medicinal roots known to medical science for the cure of women's peculiar ailments, contains no alcohol and no harmful or habit-forming drugs.

Do not expect too much from "Favorite Prescription." It will not perform miracles; it will not dissolve or cure tumors. No medicine will. It will do as much to establish vigorous health in most weaknesses and ailments peculiarly incident to women as any medicine can. It must be given a fair chance for perseverance in its use for a reasonable length of time.

You can't afford to accept a second opinion as a substitute for this remedy of known composition.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is guarded as sacredly secret and womanly privacy are protected by professional confidentiality. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets the best laxative and regulator of the bowels. They invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. One a laxative; two or three a cathartic. Easy to take as candy.

Fortune may find a bit, but you must make it boil.

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Since May, 1906, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been entirely free from alcohol. If you are in poor health, weak, pale, nervous, ask your doctor about taking this non-alcoholic tonic and alterative. If he has a better medicine, take his. Get the best, always. This is our advice.

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