

The Oven That Ends Guesswork

Before you put the roast in an Imperial Oxford oven, let the draft bring the heat to the right point. You'll know when it gets there if you'll look at the oven thermometer. After the roast goes in, you can know (not guess) it will be cooked right in a certain definite time. There's no ups-and-downs to the oven-heat in a range built as this one is—the diffusive oven-flue takes all the guess work out of cooking, all the drudgery out of oven-use.



That Rack That Ends Bother

When the roast needs basting, pull forth the Imperial Oxford draw-out oven rack—roast and all—slide it right out where you can get at it. Needn't reach in and scorch your fingers nor sear your wrists,—baste it in comfort. That one thing alone—the draw-out rack—ought to make you like this range above all ranges. And that's only one of the twelve better things about this range. Come and look.

The Range With A Dozen Betterments

Imperial Oxford Range

THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver.

FOR SALE BY
N. B. Howden, Watford.
AGENT.

Best of All

By HONORE WILLISIE

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The aisles of pines stretched in every direction, on and on, until the white of the snow flood blended with the white and green of snow laden boughs in dim, shadowy black. The silence of the afternoon was unbroken. Even the snow birds were not to be heard, and there was not a breath of wind to disturb the white drapery that covered the pines.

Rose, gliding along on her snowshoes, seemed part and parcel of the quiet beauty of the winter forest. Her slender strength and easy grace seemed strangely in harmony with the fine straightness of the pines.

But for the first time in her life Rose was only vaguely conscious of the loveliness of the woods. She sped on swiftly, untriflingly, guiding her course with now and then a mechanical glance at the ax cuts on the pine tree trunks. In her mind she was reviewing over and over the scene of the morning. Again she saw the tense face of her husband, with the expressionless faces of the two guides behind him. The cause of the quarrel had been trivial enough. Rose scarcely recalled it now. The main point was that her husband, with his English instincts, could not understand that his wife, with her American instincts, could be led, but not driven.

"The Hon. Hugh Boynton," Rose had stormed at him across the campfire, "can bullyrag his mother and his sisters, but his wife is just plain American and she will not be ordered as if she were one of his pointers!"

The Hon. Hugh had straightened his stalwart figure into lines of adamantine stiffness.

"I thought my request was for your own good, Rose," he had said.

"Request!" Rose had repeated indignantly. "It was not a request. It was an order. I would do anything on earth that you asked me to do, but I won't be



"ROSE!" HE CRIED. "I THOUGHT I HAD LOST YOU!"

ordered to do things 'for my best good'! Hugh, what do you know about these Wisconsin pines? I was born and bred in them."

Hugh had looked at her in utter bewilderment. The subtle difference between requesting and ordering the same thing was quite lost on him. He knew that he loved the beautiful, stormy girl before him, but something in his English blood made him feel that if he came to her point of view he would belittle himself. So he had merely turned his back on his wife, saying in his Oxford drawl:

"I'm sure I don't care to discuss the matter further."

Rose had stared at him in utter amazement as he made the preparations for the day's hunt. Never in all her spoiled young life had she been so outraged and ignored. Without a word she pulled her soft cap down over her ears, turned up the collar of her great white sweater, slipped her moccasined feet under the thongs of her snowshoes and made off to the south through the clear morning air.

"I am going back to Westhaven," she had said to herself. "I can stop at Levant's lumber camp for supper, and from there take the main road and reach Westhaven by midnight. I've not been alone in the woods at night, but I guess I won't be afraid."

So all the bright winter day she had kept her course, her anger and resentment increasing as she drew farther from the hunting lodge.

"Why did I ever suggest this hunting trip?" she thought bitterly. "I wish we were back in London! But—this was bound to come anyhow, so perhaps it is as well to have things end here as there. For I will not go back to him and his domineering."

The stillness gradually grew oppressive. As the shadows in the distance darkened and closed nearer, there stole through Rose's anger the consciousness that she had had no luncheon and that there was no hope of her reaching Levant's before darkness set in. She half paused.

"Goodness!" she thought. "What shall I do if it gets dark before I reach Levant's? I had forgotten that possibility. And when I get there what excuse shall I make for being there?"

Twilight was deepening, coming with no gorgeousness of sunset or afterglow, for the overhanging boughs, with their snowy covering, were all but impenetrable. Little by little the tree trunks turned from green and brown to black. Little by little the snow took a bluish hue that darkened into the purple of the drooping boughs, and the air grew raw and sharp with a little night breeze that made Rose shiver as the glow of heavy exercise departed with her first weariness.

Her course was now more difficult. As darkness seemed assured she constantly stumbled, but caught herself each time. But the straining told on the thongs of her snowshoes. Suddenly, she could not tell how, the fastenings on one shoe gave way, and she was thrown violently forward. Had the fall taken place in the soft snow Rose would have been unharmed, but she had just arrived at the brow of a slight slope almost wind swept of snow. As the girl scrambled to her feet her left arm dangled uselessly at her side. With a little moan she slipped her other foot from its snowshoe, then stood for a moment, pain and terror of the darkness rendering her weak and helpless.

Then her courage returned to her. "Nonsense!" she thought. "I've been in the woods alone before. I mustn't get frightened even if it is dark and I don't know where I am."

She took from the pocket of her skirt

a tiny oilskin packet. John, the guide, allowed no one in the lodge to be without matches.

"I'll light a fire," she said, "and camp right here for the night."

Dizzy with pain and hunger, she painfully gathered together some dead branches and, kindling a cheerful blaze, sat down before it. The pain in her arm was very great, and she rolled back her sleeve and pried soft handfuls of snow on the flesh.

The whispering of the night through the pines seemed very sad and lonely to Rose. It was only by watching the beauty of the scarlet fire glow on snow and sweeping branches and murmuring over and over to herself that she was not afraid that the girl kept herself from screaming with terror.

Then from out the darkness behind her came the soft stuff of hurrying snowshoes, and Hugh, hot and breathless, stood before her.

"Rose!" he cried. "Rose, I thought I had lost you!"

Rose looked up at him in amazement. "How did you find me, Hugh?"

"Find you! Why, I've been following you ever since you left the lodge. But just at dusk my snowshoe broke, and before I could patch it up you were out of sight."

Rose put another handful of snow on her arm. Hugh threw himself down beside her. "Oh, Rose," he cried, "what have you done to yourself?"

Rose looked up at him. Suddenly she realized how she had been belittling a great thing in satisfying her foolish pride. Suddenly she saw that this was best of all; not that she kept her girlish vanity, but that their love held true no matter who ordered or who obeyed. Suddenly she felt as if she wanted things as they had been at any cost.

"Hugh," she said, "I don't mind. Order me about all you want to; only take care of me and don't let me go away again."

Again the little bewildered look came into Hugh's face as he gathered her close.

"I don't want to order you, Rosie," he said. "I was stubborn, and you know what is for your own best good anyhow. All I want is you, and for the rest you may do as you please."

Knowing the Birds.

How grand is the hawk or the eagle sailing far away in the blue sky! And how beautiful are song birds, each in its favorite position to sing, the song sparrow with head thrown back, the bobolink sailing down to the grass with raised wings! Those who have spent much time in watching birds in the field know how differently the various birds perch, fly, run, climb or feed. The warblers catch flies, but they do not do it in such an interesting way as do the true fly catchers. We come to know a bird by the flight or walk just as we know other friends by their gait or even by the sound of their tread. In flight the wings of many different birds make peculiar sounds whereby we may know the birds even if they themselves are out of sight. It is not at all necessary to get close enough to a bird to see its exact color or the shape of its bill and feet, for its movements and outlines can be seen at a greater distance. And so we may know the bird even though it should fly away, as birds often do as soon as we try to stalk them for a nearer view.—St. Nicholas.

Not Enough Bait.

A Washington official tells a story of the last fight the late Senator Quay of Pennsylvania made in the senate. Quay was working hard on the statehood bill, obstructing legislation, when a scheme was fixed up to get him away from the senate for a time.

Quay was very fond of tarpon fishing and had a winter place in Florida. One afternoon he received this telegram from a friend who thought the senator might be in better business than pottering about new states:

"Fishing never so good. Tarpon biting everywhere. Sport magnificent. Come."

Quay read the telegram and smiled a tiny little smile. Then he answered it thus:

"Tarpon may be biting, but I am not. M. S. Quay."—Saturday Evening Post.

A Strong Point.

Senior Partner—There's one thing to be said in favor of classical music. Junior Partner—What is that? Senior Partner—The office boy can't whistle! —Chicago News.



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"Old Bullion's" Arrogance.

"Thomas H. Benton was a most remarkable man," said the late Colonel Switzer, "in some respects the most remarkable I have ever known, but he could not begin a career at this time. The people would not tolerate him. He would impress even a stranger by his appearance. He walked as if he owned the earth. With head raised at an angle of 45 degrees and hands behind his back he would stalk with measured tread down the street, looking neither to the right nor to the left, recognizing no one. If he had an appointment to speak at 2 o'clock, promptly at 2 o'clock he would arrive. He would come in his carriage unattended. He would permit no one to introduce him, but, passing through the crowd, he would make his way to the rostrum and begin, 'Citizens.' Never did he say 'Fellow citizens.' Those before him were no fellows of his. And when he had concluded he would make his way back to the hotel without personally addressing a soul in the audience. No one dared interrupt him in his speech. He refused to recognize the right of any constituent to ask him how he stood on any subject."

How Much Air We Have.

One hundred and thirty-one miles is the height of the atmosphere as measured by Professor T. J. J. See, who determines the thickness of the air envelope by noting the difference between the time of sunset and the complete disappearance of blue from the sky. The moment at which the blue changes into black can be observed quite easily with approximate certainty by the naked eye when the air is clear, and by trigonometry may be ascertained the distance below the horizon of the sun at the moment of change. By this means may be calculated the height of the smallest illuminated particles of oxygen and nitrogen which give to the sky its blueness of tint by the reflection of the smallest wave lengths of the sun's light. The instant of change from blue to black is possibly a little difficult of exact observation, but the method is not more doubtful than that based on the observation of shooting stars. The shooting star method gives a result not greatly differing from the vanishing blue method. The former gives the height of the atmosphere at 109 miles.

A French Verdict.

All juries have a way of tempering justice with mercy and strict logic with good or bad sense. French juries excel in these practices. A Mme. Canaby of Bordeaux was accused of having forged two prescriptions and of having thereby obtained large quantities of poison, some of which she administered to her husband, who nearly died and was only saved by his doctor, who suspected something wrong and took him away. The evidence was overwhelming, for the prisoner completely failed to give any plausible explanation as to why she wanted the poison—enough, as the chemist said, to kill two regiments. Nevertheless the jury found Mme. Canaby guilty of forging the prescriptions, but not guilty of attempting to poison her husband. Perhaps the jury thought the husband unpoisoned was punishment enough in himself for one crime.

Inebriety and the Eating of Fruit.

There is but one sure cure for the drinking disease or habit, and that is the simplest of all. The cure consists in eating fruits. That will cure the worst case of inebriety that ever afflicted a person. It will entirely destroy the taste for intoxicants and will make the drunkard return to the thoughts and tastes of his childhood. No person ever saw a man or woman who liked fruit and who had an appetite for drink. No person ever saw a man or woman with an appetite for drink who liked fruit. The two tastes are at deadly enmity with each other, and there is no room for both of them in the same human constitution. One will surely destroy the other.—What to Eat.

Old Saying With New Meaning.

The saying "Cast not a clout till May be out" has been understood to be a caution against laying aside winter clothing until the month of May has ended. A correspondent of London Notes and Queries says that an old gardener he knows gives a different turn to the proverb, affirming that after the may has come into bloom there is never any further danger of frost, and the saying is really a caution against throwing aside extra garments until the month has come to an end, but until the may be out in blossom.

A Horrible Custom.

Writing from Abyssinia, a correspondent says: "Quaint customs prevail in these parts. When a father is getting on in years the son bids him climb into a tree and jump down from the branches. If the old man staggers on landing the son spears him on the spot; his usefulness is over."

Correct.

The New Waitress—Shall I say "Dinner is served" or "Dinner is ready," ma'am? Mistress—If that cook doesn't do any better, just say "Dinner is spoiled."

County of Lambton.

Treasurers' Notice as to Lands

Liabie for Sale for Taxes

A. D., 1906.

TAKE NOTICE that the list of lands in the County of Lambton liable for sale for arrears of taxes by the Treasurer of the County, has been prepared by me, and that copies thereof may be had in the office of the Treasurer of the County of Lambton in the County Buildings on Christina Street in the town of Sarnia.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that the list of lands liable for sale as aforesaid is now being published in the Ontario Gazette in the issues thereof bearing dates the 28th day of July and 4th, 11th and 18th days of August, A. D., 1906.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that in default of payment of the taxes in arrears upon the lands specified in said list together with the costs chargeable thereon as set forth in the said list so being published in the Ontario Gazette before the day fixed for the sale of such lands, being the 31st day of October, A. D., 1906, the said lands will be sold for taxes pursuant to the terms of the advertisement in the Ontario Gazette.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that this publication is made pursuant to "The Assessment Act," Edward VII Chap. 22, and amendments.

DATED at Sarnia this 28th day of July, A. D., 1906.

HENRY INGRAM,
Treasurer Lambton County.

Voters' List—1906.

Municipality of the Village of
Watford, County of Lambton.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in sections 8 and 9 of "The Ontario Voters' List Act," the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised assessment roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections, and that said list was first posted up at my office, at Watford on the 31st day of July, 1906, and remains there for inspection.

Elections are called upon to examine said list, and, if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have said errors corrected according to law.

W. S. FULLER,
Clerk of Watford.

MUSICAL HEADQUARTERS.

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Summer Beverages of All Kinds

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Choice Confectionery,
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WATFORD AND WARWICK STAGE LINES
Warwick Village every morning except Sunday, reaching Watford at 11.30 a.m., returning to Watford at 8.45 p.m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms. D. M. Ross, Prop.

WATFORD AND ARKONA STAGE LINES
Arkona at 9 a.m., Watford at 10.10 a.m., returning leaves Watford at 2.45 p.m., in passenger service freight conveyed on reasonable terms.—THOS. WILSON, Proprietor.