



No range can bake so well as the Imperial Oxford, because no other range has the Diffusive Oven Flue that draws in pure air constantly, heats it just as hot as you want it heated, and sends it through every part of the whole oven every second. That flue, found only in this perfect range, keeps that heated pure air—DRY air—constantly moving DOWNWARD through the oven, over the baking food, and out up the chimney. When it enters the oven it's hot and dry; when it leaves it, it's wet air, carries with it all the moisture, all the odors, but NONE of the juices of the food that's being baked.

Please visit any of our stores and see why this is the right range for your kitchen.

It certainly does do good baking
Imperial Oxford Range

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

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

Gerald's Wife
By...
IZOLA FORRESTER

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

Broderick swung off the 4:35 express, walked quickly up the steps leading from the railroad platform and took his first look at Pineville. Those who lived in Pineville proper were content to call it Pineville. Gerald had written that they did not live in Pineville proper, but in Pineville-by-the-Sea, otherwise Pineville improper.

All that Broderick saw were pines, plenty of them, a flat white ribbon of roadway and a bit of a postoffice, roughly shingled, in the midst of the nearest clump of pines. He stepped into the postoffice as the central spot of civilization. Some one was stamping letters behind the glass inclosure, a girl with smooth dark hair. Beatrice had smooth dark hair.

He watched the girl stamping letters with interest and wondered why some one did not tell her to wear her smooth dark hair in two soft braids around her head, crown fashion, as Beatrice did.

"Where do the Vaughans live, please?" he asked finally, when the stamping ceased.

"The Vaughans? Oh, Mr. Gerald Naughtan and his wife? It's a brown house down near the shore, with a wide veranda and a funny roof. About a mile straight down the road."

A wide veranda and a funny roof. That sounded like Gerald. He wondered how Gerald's wife liked it. Beatrice was artistic, but not artistically eccentric. She had a horror of things odd, bizarre, so called bohemian, and yet she had married Gerald. And Gerald's brother knew that Gerald was utterly odd, bizarre and bohemian, so called.

He walked on down the flat white

ribboned roadway and wondered whether he would find her like the girls Gerald had always admired. A lithesome, limp, blessed damozel type, with close silky gowns and loose floppy hair. Last summer she had not been that type. He thought of the trim girl figure holding the rudder of the Water Lily that last day. She had been more than the sort of a girl to fall in love with. She had been a good fellow, a stanch friend. And as he watched her he had stopped rowing, and they had drifted slowly in the sunset glow that flooded the lake while he told her.

There had been no actual engagement. He had nothing to reproach her with. He had not been in a position to ask her to be his wife then, but he had thought a girl like Beatrice had meant more by a kiss, a hand clasp, a few vague words of understanding, than other girls. He had thought she might wait until next summer. And now, in April, he had returned to New York to learn that Gerald was in disgrace, had married on nothing, eloped to Pineville-by-the-Sea, N. C., and his wife was Beatrice Stafford.

Gerald's mother had said they were penniless. Gerald's father had remarked that he didn't give a rap. They could exist upon love and art.

More or less for Beatrice's sake and a little for Gerald's, Gerald's brother had taken it upon himself to visit the bridal couple and help Gerald. Smothering his own love, he had made up his mind that as long as Beatrice had married a Vaughan she should not suffer from it.

There was no bell at the door of the little brown house with the funny roof. It was merely a bungalow in weathered shingles, and he pounded on the door lustily until it opened and Beatrice stood before him.

She was not the blessed damozel type yet. Her smooth dark hair was wound about her head in just the same crown fashion, and she wore a short dark blue linen skirt and a white waist. The sleeves were rolled to her elbows, and from her finger tips to elbow dimples there was flour sprinkled. He had not expected to see her face to face so soon or alone. Neither had he expected her to act as she did. The color rose in her cheeks, tipping over her ears with pink. It was an old habit. He remembered it.

"I thought you were in London," she said. "You don't give a fellow a very decent welcome after he's traveled from London to this wilderness to say congratulations."

He stepped into the hall after her. She hesitated and laughed, looking at her floured hands. "I can't shake hands with you, and—and the biscuits are in the oven. I shall have to watch them. Do you mind coming out to the kitchen?"

He didn't mind. There appeared to be only three rooms—the studio-sitting room, the dining room and the kitchen. Collapsible ready-in-a-minute studio divans were in the sitting room and dining room in lieu of bedrooms. It was all charmingly, most uncomfortably odd, bizarre and bohemian.

"Where's Gerald?" he asked when he had found a chair in the kitchen. Beatrice knelt beside the stove to look at the biscuit. He could not see her face.

"He went to the postoffice for the last mail. You must have missed him."

"Well, what ever made him come to this lost corner?"

"Oh, because it was the chance of something definite, you know! Don't you know?" she added quickly, seeing the puzzled look on his face. "Well, Gerald's chum, Netherby Ames, broke all to pieces last fall from overwork and so on, and he was ordered down here. And he couldn't afford to come and stay indefinitely, so he pulled a few wires, and things happened. He was made postmaster here at Pineville. And he got lonesome and healthy and worked again a month ago, so Gerald's in his place, and he's in New York. Don't you see? It was really very definite and businesslike and right under the circumstances."

"Oh, certainly, under the circumstances," agreed Broderick. "So old Gerry's postmaster instead of artist."

"Both," she corrected. "He has lots of time to study, and it's good for him—the responsibility, I mean. You wouldn't know him."

"I suppose not," assented Broderick uneasily. He tried to reconcile his little circle of the universe, to make the chaotic jumble fall into place and harmonize. Gerald, Gerald the helpless, erratic, fantastic, irrational, joyous hearted, penniless artist, a person of matrimonial responsibility, a postmaster. But then he remembered the young smooth haired person stamping letters. Of course Gerald had found his usual way out of the difficulty. He had hired some Pineville lass to do the heavy work, and he drew the salary. It was like Gerald. But there was Beatrice, Beatrice making biscuit. He looked at her with troubled eyes, seeing endless vistas of Beatrices making biscuit throughout the years.

"Don't you miss New York?" "Oh, so much!" she said. "I'll never be happy until I get back."

"Have you given up your own

work?"

"Only for the time being. I shall take it up again, of course. I shall have to."

Broderick's hands tightened in a sudden grip. So she was to work again, turn out her endless succession of little wash illustrations for second rate monthly magazines. Gerald would not mind, would not see the point. He would think he was being broadminded and bohemian to let his wife carry on her own art irrespective of him. But Beatrice saw the point.

He rose from his chair suddenly, his face white with the anger and love he had smothered. Before he could stop himself the words came leaping to his lips:

"Why did you do it?" "Do what?"

"She stood beside the little bare kitchen table, her face raised to his, her eyes bright with startled wonderment at his tone."

"Why did you marry Gerald?" "Marry Gerald! I?" Some one was coming along the white roadway. From the kitchen window two figures could be seen, and she pointed to them. "There is Gerald, and that is his wife, my sister Barbara. I am merely attendant star to the honeymoon. They brought me along to—well, to make the biscuit."

A minute later and Broderick met the bridal couple on the wide veranda under the funny roof. The bride was the girl with the smooth dark hair who had been stamping letters, and she laughed at him.

"I knew who you were, but I wanted Gerald all to myself, and I knew Beatrice would take care of you."

"She did," answered Broderick happily, and as the rest went into the house he paused to brush off traces of flour from his coat collar. But Beatrice burned the biscuit.

The "Father of Leprosy."

The gecko belongs to a family of thick tongued lizards, which are widely distributed over the tropical and subtropical countries of Europe and Asia, and in all countries where he is known he is thoroughly despised. Because of his repulsive appearance he is called the "father of leprosy." Down to times comparatively modern it was firmly believed that contact either directly or indirectly with the little reptile was sure to communicate leprosy. The investigations of modern zoologists have proved that the little animal is undeserving of his name of "father of leprosy" and that he is indeed a most harmless and useful creature. Since the old belief in the ability of this reptile to communicate leprosy to any human flesh which might come in contact with his warty, sore looking skin was exploded he has retained his objectionable name solely on account of the bad appearance he makes. His skin is one mass of scaly and tuberculous excrescences that cover his body from the tip of his tail to the end of his nose. Every quarter inch section of this repulsive looking body has a general resemblance to the thickened, callous protuberances that appear on the human body in cases of leprosy. On this account and no other the harmless little gecko was given the name of being the progenitor of the worst form of disease.

Ugly Athenian Coins.

It is little surprising that the Athenian coins are less beautiful than some others. They always preserved an affection of archaism. The Attic drachmas bore the head of Athens and on the reverse an owl often standing on a lyre, the whole in a myrtle wreath. Plutarch in his "Lysander" tells an amusing tale how Glippus had been sent to Sparta with a great sum of money as a bribe and how he unrippled the bottoms of the sacks and stole large sums, sewing up the sacks again, not knowing that there was a writing in each sack saying how much coin it held. On coming to Sparta he hid his plunder under the tiles of his house, showing the Ephors the unbroken seals on the mouths of the sacks. When the Ephors opened these they were in great perplexity, but Glippus' servant betrayed him, saying "that under the tiles roosted the owls." The consternation was great. Glippus fled, and the stern Spartans declared that for the future they would use iron coinage made red-hot and quenched in vinegar to make it hard and unrippable. In the laws of Solon, 600 B. C., the punishment of death is recorded against forging the coinage.

Wilson's FLY PADS
Three hundred times better than sticky paper.
NO DEAD FLIES LYING ABOUT
Sold by all Druggists and General Stores and by mail.
TEN CENTS PER PACKET FROM ARCHDALE WILSON, HAMILTON, ONT.

Wilson's FLY PADS

Three hundred times better than sticky paper.

NO DEAD FLIES LYING ABOUT
Sold by all Druggists and General Stores and by mail.
TEN CENTS PER PACKET FROM ARCHDALE WILSON, HAMILTON, ONT.

The Sunbird.

Very curious are the nests of the sunbird, scarcely larger than a butterfly. It chooses some exposed spot, probably close to the public road, and proceeds to build on an overhanging twig. The finishing touches being put to the small abode, it is left, according to one authority, severely alone until spiders have woven their webs over and around it. Another naturalist says that the birds themselves turn ragmen and, collecting any rubbish they can find in the way of moss, faded leaves, ends of cotton and other such trifles, stick them on the outside of the nest by means of pieces of purloined webs. In either case the result is the same, and they make their future home a thoroughly respectable object. Then, and not till then, does the little hen sunbird lay her two greenish white eggs, which she hatches under the shelter of a small porch which has been constructed over the nest, shielding her from sun and rain.

Banana Bread.

Bread made from banana flour is common enough in Europe and England. One pound is said to contain more nourishment and energy producing material than one pound of the finest beefsteak, is much more digestible and less than one-sixth the price. Sir Henry Stanley was a firm believer in the banana. He went so far as to advise that its consumption would cure rheumatism, gout and all liver affections. When lying at the point of death from gastritis a light gruel of banana flour mixed with milk was the only food he could retain and digest. The secret of the banana as a health and strength producing food lies in its high percentage of proteids and the great number of its calories, respectively 20 and 391.71. It is a perfectly balanced ration if sliced for breakfast and served with milk and sugar.

The Nose.

The nose is intended for breathing, the mouth for speaking and eating. Who has ever seen a horse breathing otherwise than through his nostrils? Minute scientific investigation has revealed the fact that the number of people who breathe through their nostrils are becoming gradually but surely fewer in number. The consequence is that the nostrils decrease in size, while it has been found that the prevailing nose is quite an inferior organ to that of our forefathers. It is a well known physiological fact that unused muscles and bones gradually disappear. Fish who live in the dark, for instance, or the mole, who resides underground, become blind. Thus if we cease to use our noses for breathing they will cease to exist. They will become superfluous!

Mozart's Quick Work.

On one occasion Mozart was making merry with his friends at midnight when not a single note was written of the overture to "Don Giovanni," which was to be produced on the following evening. When he had said goodby to his friends he calmly went to bed and slept until 5 o'clock in the morning. Awaking refreshed, he set to work on the overture, dashing off sheet after sheet with incredible rapidity and dispatching them to the copyists. The opera was to begin at 7 in the evening, and a few minutes after that hour Mozart was in his place as conductor, baton in hand, while the parts with the ink still wet on some of them were being handed to the orchestra.

A Wonderful Island of Chalk.

The English island of Thanet, forming a part of the county of Kent, is almost wholly composed of chalk. The island is ten miles in length and about five in breadth and has more chalk exposed on its surface than has any other spot of equal area on the globe. British geologists say that there are not less than 42,000,000,000 tons of chalk "in sight" on Thanet and that it would take 10,000 men and 5,000 horses and carts 20,000 years to move it, providing it were dug up ready to be carted away.

A Peculiar Tree.

A singular maple tree on the left bank of the Oder, in Germany, is at least a century old and has been twisted and cut into a kind of circular house of two stories. A firm, leafy floor has been formed by causing the branches to become gradually woven together. Above this is a smaller second floor, similarly formed, and the ends of the branches have been woven into solid walls, in which eight windows on each story have been cut.

Catholic Priests and Marriage.

Marriage by the clergy was first positively forbidden in the year 1074 by Pope Gregory VII. The controversy, however, which had been going on for centuries on that subject was not altogether settled by Gregory's decree. The council of Trent in 1533 was the ecclesiastical body which formally prohibited priests from forming marriage alliances. That permanently settled the matter.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Buy Sunlight Soap and follow directions.

OPERATION AVOIDED

EXPERIENCE OF MISS MERKLEY

She Was Told That an Operation Was Inevitable. How She Escaped It.

When a physician tells a woman suffering with serious feminine trouble that an operation is necessary, the very thought of the knife and the operating table strikes terror to her heart, and our hospitals are full of women coming for just such operations.



There are cases where an operation is the only resource, but when one considers the great number of cases of menacing female troubles cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after physicians have advised operations, no woman should submit to one without first trying the Vegetable Compound and writing Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is free. Miss Margaret Merkley, of 275 Third Street, Milwaukee, Wis., writes:

"Loss of strength, extreme nervousness, shooting pains through the pelvic organs, bearing-down pains and cramps compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor, after making an examination, said I had a female trouble and ulceration and advised an operation. To this I strongly objected and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The ulceration quickly healed, all the bad symptoms disappeared and I am once more strong, vigorous and well."

Female troubles are steadily on the increase among women. If the monthly periods are very painful, or too frequent and excessive—if you have pain or swelling low down in the left side, bearing-down pains, don't neglect yourself: try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

MUSICAL HEADQUARTERS.

Schlemmer's New Store

PIANOS, ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES.

THE BELL PIANO.

Made in Canada.

Unsurpassed by any.

Leading Makes in Organs.

We handle the Sewing Machines that satisfy. Reliable, Tested and Substantial.

Everything in the line of sheet music and musical supplies at popular prices. Sole Agent for **Berliner and Victor Gramophones**—Get the Best.

Agent for **CHATHAM INCUBATOR**.

H. SCHLEMMER,
OPPOSITE SWIFT BROS.

Delicious Ice Cream

—AND—

Ice Cream Soda.

Summer Beverages of All Kinds

— x x —

Choice Confectionery.

Bon Bons.

Fruits and Nuts.

Fresh Crop.

— x x —

CIGARS

The Best Brands, popular with smokers who appreciate something good.

— x x —

Special attention paid to

WEDDING CAKE ORDERS.

— x x —

Everything Fresh and Reliable.

PEARCE BROS.

South End Bakery,