

RAW

Established 1865

E. T. CARTER & CO.

82 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont.

WRITE FOR LATEST PRICE LISTS

Consignments Solicited

We Pay All Express Charges
Prompt Returns

FURS

MISCELLANEOUS

Once a reporter went around to a certain residence in New York to get details about the master of the house, who had just died, in order that an obituary notice might appear in the newspaper which he represented. Such details, as a rule, are easy to get, as few people have objections to giving them out for publication. The reporter, therefore, was intensely surprised when the widow of the deceased, with scarcely a word, slammed the door in his face. She retired into the house. Presently the doorbell rang furiously. She refused to stir. Again the door bell rang, more furiously than before. Still the lady of the house would not stir.

'I have told him that I don't want to say anything about my husband,' she thought to herself, 'and he has no right to be so persistent.'

So she sat still, while the door bell rang again and again and again.

At last she could stand it no longer. So, opening a window over the front door, she poked her head out and remarked severely:

'Young man, I do not desire to say anything to you. Kindly do not disturb me any more. Go away, young man.'

'I can't!' roared the reporter, beside himself with exasperation. 'You've shut my coat tails in the door!'

Ethel was going to take supper with a little friend.

'Now, dear,' said her mother, 'when you are leaving, you must bid Marian's mamma good-night, and tell her you have had a very pleasant time.'

When the little girl returned, her mother asked if she had done as she told her.

'Not 'zactly, mamma,' was the reply. 'Marian took the biggest piece of the apple and spilled lemonade on my new dress, so I couldn't say what you told me; but I told her mother good-night, and said I guessed Marian had had a very pleasant time.'—*Judge*.

THE FARMER FEEDS THEM ALL

The politician talks and talks,
The actor plays his part,
The soldier glitters on parade,
The goldsmith plies his art.
The scientist pursues his germs
O'er this terrestrial ball,
The sailor navigates his ship,
But the farmer feeds them all.

The preacher pounds the pulpit desk,
The broker reads the tape,
The tailor cuts and sews his cloth
To fit the human shape,
The dame of fashion dressed in silk
Goes forth to dine or call,
Or drive, or dance, or promenade,
But the farmer feeds them all.



The Name of

Black Watch

On a Tag on a Plug of
Black Chewing Tobacco

Stands for Quality.

2273

The workman wields his shining tools,
The merchant shows his wares,
The aeronaut above the clouds
A dizzy journey dares;
But art and science soon would fade,
And commerce dead would fall,
If the farmer ceased to reap and sow,
For the farmer feeds them all.

MINNA IRVING in *Leslie's*.

This is an old story among lawyers, but it may be new to many laymen. It is supposed to be one of the most dazzling triumphs of the gentle art of cross-examination. A man was claiming damages from a railway company owing to injuries received by him in an accident and was being cross-examined by the lawyer for the railway. The man maintained that his injuries were so severe that the whole right side of his body was almost paralyzed.

'How high can you lift your right arm?' inquired the lawyer for the company.

Slowly, and with evident pain the man lifted his injured arm about half way up to his shoulder.

'And how high could you lift it before the accident?'

The man raised the arm straight above his head.

'Nature plans well for mankind's needs.' 'I should say so. What could be more convenient than ears to hook spectacles over.'—*Washington Herald*.

'Nothing ever suits her. She ain't had no more troubles to bear than the rest of us; but you never see her that she didn't have a chapter to lay before ye. I've got 's much feelin' as the next one; but, when folks drives in their spiggets and wants to draw a bucketful of compassion every day, right straight 'long, there does come times when it seems as if the bar'l was getting low.'—*SARAH ORNE JEWETT*.

WAUKEN UP

Will I hae to speak again
To thae weans o' mine?
Eicht o'clock, and weel I ken
The schule gangs in at nine.
Little hauds me but to gang
And fetch the muckle whup—
O, ye sleepyheidit rogues,
Wull ye wauken up?

Never mither had such faucht—
No' a moment's ease.
Cleed Tam as ye like, at nicht
His breeks are through the knees,
Thread is no' for him ava'—
It never hauds the grup:
Maun I speak again, ye rogues—
Wull ye wauken up?

Tam, the vary last to bed,
He winna rise ava',
Last to get his books and slate—
Last to wonn awa';
Sic a limb for tricks and fun—
'Heeds na' what I say:
Rab and Jamie—but thae plagues—
Wull they sleep a' day

Here they come, the three at ance,
Lookin' gleg and fell.
Hod they ken their bits o' claes
Beats me fair to tell.
Wash your wee bit faces clean;
And here's you bite and sup—
Never was mair wiselike bairns
Noo they're waukened up.

There, the three are aff at last;
I watch them frae the door,
That Tam! He's at his tricks again
I count them by the score.
He's put his fit afore wee Rab.

And coupit Jamie doon,
Could I lay my hands on him
I'd mak' him claw his croon!

Noo to get my wark on hand,
I'll hae a busy day.
But, loosh! the hoose is unco quate
Since they're a' away.
A dizen times I'll look the clock
When it comes roon to three;
For, cuddlin' doon or waukenin' up,
They're dear, dear bairns to me.

THE GATHERING PLACE

Life changes all our thoughts of Heaven;
At first we think of streets of gold,
Of gates of pearl and dazzling light,
Of shining wings and robes of white.
And things all strange to mortal sight.
But in the afterward of years
It is a more familiar place;
A home unhurt by sighs or tears,
Where waiteth many a well-known face,
With passing months it comes more near.

It grows more real day by day
Not strange or cold, but very dear—
The glad homeland not far away,
Where none are sick, or poor or lone,
The place where we shall find our own,
And as we think of all we knew
Who there have met to part no more,
Our longing hearts desire home, too,
With all the strife and trouble o'er.

—BROWNING.

The London Express relates that a tall, well-dressed man was strolling down the Rue de la Paix, Paris, when, turning to look at a fallen cab-horse, he bumped into a lady and apologized. As the tall man turned on his way he bumped into a pastrycook's boy with a tray on his head, the contents of which went into the mud. "Fogosch!" said the boy. "You're a fogosch!" The tall man laughed, "You should not be rude to people," he said, "and, above all, you should not use words which you don't understand. Fogosch is a fish." "You're a fogosch!" said the boy again. "No boy in my own country would contradict me, either." "And what are you in your own country?" said the pastry boy. "King," said King George of Greece, as he gave the boy a franc and strolled on.

OPEN THE DOOR

Open the door, and let in the air;
The winds are sweet, and the flowers fair.

Joy is abroad in the world today;
If our door is wide open it may come this way.
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun,
He hath a smile for everyone;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems;
He may change our tears to diamonds.

Open the door!

Open the door of thy heart; let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin.
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.

Open the door!

Open the door of thy heart; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin.
It will make the halls so fair
That angels may enter unaware.
Open the door!

Earnest Female—"Professor, I hear you are a great ornithologist."
Professor—"I am an ornithologist, madam."

Earnest Female—"Then could you kindly tell me the botanical name for a whale?"

Emily (playing "house").—Now, I'll be mamma and you'll be papa, and little Ben and Bessie will be our babies. Willie (after a moment anxiously).—Ain't it about time to whip the children?

SKIN DISEASES

These troublesome afflictions are caused wholly by bad blood and an unhealthy state of the system, and can be easily cured by the wonderful blood cleansing properties of

Burdock Blood Bitters

Many remarkable cures have been made by this remedy, and not only have the unsightly skin diseases been removed, and a bright clear complexion been produced, but the entire system has been renovated and invigorated at the same time.

SALT RHEUM CURED.

Mrs. John O'Connor, Burlington, N.S., writes:—"For years I suffered with Salt Rheum. I tried a dozen different medicines, but most of them only made it worse. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I got a bottle and before I had taken half a dozen doses I could see a change so I continued its use and now I am completely cured. I cannot say too much for your wonderful medicine."

FRUIT LAND

Five and Ten Acre Blocks
Three miles from New Westminster

Cleared land, \$200.00 per acre
Uncleared " 125.00 " "

Quarter Cash—Balance very easy
Write at once

DOMINION TRUST CO., LTD.
New Westminster, B.C.

B. P. RICHARDSON
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
NOTARY PUBLIC.

GRENFELL, SASK.
LANDS FOR SALE

Somerville Steam Marble
and Granite Works

Rosser Ave., BRANDON, Man

FALL, 1908



SCOTCH GRANITES

Our stock of Marble and Granite is the largest in Western Canada and you will have no difficulty in selecting just what you want. The goods which we turn out are of the highest grade as regards material and workmanship. Send for catalog.

Remember — BRANDON