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Our Store is headquarters for all School Supplies. We have a tremendous stock and are ready for the opening of school on Tuesday next.

School Books are reduced in price this year; in some cases the price is more than cut in two. We can save you money if you buy your supplies of us.

Over 30 different lines of new scribblers to choose from. All new designs. We are giving away a fancy pen complete with every 25c worth of supplies. Find out what you will require and bring your list along.

J. M. THOMSON.

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Compare These Prices With Any Jeweler In Existence:

Ladies' Chatelaine Silver Watch. Was \$4 00. Now	\$2 50
Boys' Nickel Watch (extra value). Was \$2 00	\$1 00
Ladies' Hunting Waltham Watch, in a 25-year case. Was \$15 00.	\$8 50
8-Day Clock, half-hour strike, 22 inches high. Was \$5 00	\$2 25
Lucky Swastika Jewelry in all artistic styles.	
Plated Cuff Links and Scarf Pins. Were 50c. Now	25c
Solid Gold Birthday Ring. Was \$2 00. Now	\$1 25
European and American Backcombs from	35c up
Masonic, Oddfellows', and all society pins at	Half Price
1847 Rogers Bros.' Goods greatly reduced in price.	
1847 Rogers Bros.' Knives and Forks, per dozen	\$4 00
Gents' Waltham Watch, 20-year, gold filled case	\$7 00
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Fancy Gilt Clocks	\$1 50
Brass Kettles and Chafing Dishes	Half Price

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No wise mother will refuse her child's demand for refreshment, especially if it's OUR DELICIOUS ICE CREAM, because it is made from purest ingredients, is nourishing, refreshing, and one of the finest foods for childhood. We invite the public's attention, not only to our attractive parlors, but also to our sanitary, spotless surroundings where we put together our superlative Ice Creams in many varieties.

Olympia Candy Co.
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New Store, Branch: Next to Bennett's Theater.



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"Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap

is just Witch-Hazel and pure VEGETABLE oils.

Both a toilet soap and medicated soap—for the price of one. Only 10c a cake, 3 for 25c. At druggists and dealers everywhere.

These cool nights nothing equals a

BARLER OIL HEATER

for comfort.

No smoke, no odor,

HELP IS FOUND IN THE SHADOW

Lessons Drawn From Experience of David—A Church's Good Progress.

After a month's vacation spent mostly in the west, Rev. T. T. Shields, pastor of Adelaide Street Baptist Church, occupied his own pulpit Sunday, both morning and evening. An added interest marked the occasion, because of its being the third anniversary of Mr. Shields' installation as pastor.

The preacher took as his text in the words in Psalm 138: 7, "Because thou has been my help, therefore, in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice."

Referring to his pastorate, Rev. Mr. Shields said: "We have spent three years together as pastor and people. It is not modesty but base ingratitude which would declare that nothing has been done. As a matter of fact 275 have been added to the church—151 by baptism and by experience. Our income and our congregations are more than double what they were. But this is God's work. True converts are made by God. I am ambitious by God's help to build a church that can easily do without me. A pastor should never make himself necessary to a church if he can help it. I want it to be God's work. I would not be like one of the pillars of Dagon's temple, whereon some Sampson may lean until the structure is destroyed." The happy resolution of the text, the preacher said, involves faith in God's overshadowing care—a faith that is a light in the darkness, that sees in every shadow only the protection of his covering wing. The weighty reason for David's resolution was his experience. "Because thou hast been my helper." The life of trust, said the preacher in conclusion, is the reasonable thing because nothing is impossible with our divine helper, and because of the inexhaustible riches of his grace.

There was a large attendance at the evening service when the pastor preached from Heb. x, 11-12: "The complete salvation wrought out by Jesus Christ."

The popularity of all kinds of sports in South Africa, emphasized by the recent successful visit of the Springbok football team to England, is in itself abundant evidence of the large market open for further development by enterprising importers of suitable clothing and accessories.

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For Infants and Children.

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Mothers cannot be too careful in what they give children to move the bowels. Calomel, cascara, senna, salts, cathartic pills, castor oil, and purging mineral waters irritate the bowels—upset the stomach—and eventually lead up to chronic non-action of the bowels—Constipation.

Fruit-a-tives

(OR FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.)

are the finest medicine in the world for children.

It is just like giving the little ones apples, oranges, figs and prunes—because "Fruit-a-tives" ARE the juices of these fruits—but so combined that the medicinal action is increased many times.

Fruit-a-tives are perfectly safe for the children. Keep a box always in the house.

50c. a box—6 for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price, if your druggist does not handle them. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

CARRIED TO SOO ON WRONG BOAT

Two Women and Four Children Boarded Huronic Instead of Tashmoo at Sarnia.

Sarnia, Aug. 31.—Two women, one of whom resides in Sarnia, and the other a visitor, went to Clark's wharf one recent afternoon, accompanied by four children, for the purpose of taking the steamer Tashmoo for Marine City, intending to return on the Toledo the same evening. Arriving at the wharf in ample time, they joined the crowd filing on board, and after seeing to the children and attending to other details, went on board to view the river scenery.

The only scenery visible was the broad expanse of Lake Huron, with Fort Gratiot lighthouse astern. They had taken the wrong boat.

Inquiry revealed the fact that they were on board the steamer Huronic, bound for the upper lakes. An appeal was instantly made to the captain to see if the boat could be turned about to allow them to be put off at Point Edward, but the steamer had over a hundred passengers on board and runs on a railway schedule, and the request was impossible. The trip, it was instantly begun, was not to be suddenly terminated. The Huronic makes no stop between Sarnia and the Canadian Soo, and the women had to make up their minds to three days' absence from home at least.

The Sarnia woman's house had been left open, in the expectation of her turning at 9 o'clock, and no word had been left behind the statement that they were going to Marine City. As the boat would not arrive at the Soo until noon the following day, there was nothing to do but settle down and make the best of it. The officers of the line showed every courtesy, but were, of course, unable to send any word to the friends in Sarnia. Next day at noon the steamer reached Sault Ste. Marie, and a telegram was dispatched to Sarnia, and the women and children were transferred to the steamer Majestic bound for Sarnia. Two days later the boat arrived in Sarnia, and a very enjoyable trip had a pleasant termination.

Among the historical curiosities to be seen at Chateworth House, the residence of the Duke of Devonshire, is a willow tree that weeps, very often to the personal discomfort of those beneath it.

The essence of the willow appears in an ordinary willow, but on closed inspection it is seen to be artfully artificial. It is made from a metal to closely resemble a living tree, and each of its branches is covered with innumerable holes. In fact, the whole tree is a monster syringe, being connected to a water main near by. The key for turning on and off is close at hand, and many a visiting party has been entertained beneath its branches by practical jokes—Tid-Bits.

TREE THAT REALLY WEEPS.

These clubs are springing up all over the country. They embrace careful diet, fresh air, water-drinking and the use of Ferrozone.

Thousands have been cured—raised to health from a condition of nervousness and semi-invalidism. First of all Ferrozone is a body-builder—those taking it, immediately increase in weight, which proves how highly it improves digestion and assimilation.

Then Ferrozone is a blood former. This colorless blood, even in a few days, shows a great increase in red cells and coloring matter. This is why Ferrozone makes thin, colorless people glow with ruddy health. When the nerves are taken into account Ferrozone shows its marvelous power. Morbid thoughts, depression and sleeplessness disappear as mist before the sun. The nerves are made strong, given energy and withstand the wear and tear of hard toil or worry.

Altogether there is no remedy to equal Ferrozone—it builds up surely and effectively. For the weak, the sickly, those affected with nervous insomnia or languor, Ferrozone is a boon. Try just one box and see the enormous good it will do. Sold by all dealers in 50-cent boxes.

Why Are You Sick? Join the Ferrozone Health Club.

These clubs are springing up all over the country. They embrace careful diet, fresh air, water-drinking and the use of Ferrozone.

Thousands have been cured—raised to health from a condition of nervousness and semi-invalidism. First of all Ferrozone is a body-builder—those taking it, immediately increase in weight, which proves how highly it improves digestion and assimilation.

Then Ferrozone is a blood former. This colorless blood, even in a few days, shows a great increase in red cells and coloring matter. This is why Ferrozone makes thin, colorless people glow with ruddy health. When the nerves are taken into account Ferrozone shows its marvelous power. Morbid thoughts, depression and sleeplessness disappear as mist before the sun. The nerves are made strong, given energy and withstand the wear and tear of hard toil or worry.

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STORM BREEDER OF MOROCCO

What One Old Sheikh Has Done to Stir Up Trouble for Sultan.

Paris, Sept. 2.—There is a mysterious old sheikh in Morocco whom the French would greatly like to seize and to hold. His name is Ma el Ainin. All along the Sahara frontier and up the Atlantic Coast, from Senegal to Fez, and from Cape Juby to Rabat, he appears when least expected. Trouble for Christians follows him where he goes. A year ago the Pasha of Rabat had the courage to get him out of the city. He tramped over to Casablanca. This was last September. The agitation he began has now worked out to its end in the massacre of European workmen. Meanwhile there has been trouble ever since. Then he wound up in Marrakesh, where the French Doctor Mauchamp was soon after assassinated. And the French now remember that it was Ma el Ainin's men who thrice raided their advance posts in Mauritania—there where they are peacefully penetrating Morocco, by steadily pushing inward their military frontier.

Ma el Ainin is a holy man—a marabout—a prophet and the son of a prophet. The common people hold him in awe as a sorcerer of power. The higher class of Moors look on him as the most learned and authorized interpreter of their Scripture and law. The old Sultan had him at Marrakesh to consult him. The present Sultan venerates him, and not a year ago welcomed him to Fez, giving him all his own spare money and all the rifles and ammunition which Ma el Ainin and his band could carry away.

The old man was born in what we call the desert, and belongs to a great family of the western Sahara—the Fadelya. There, far away from Christian criticism and modern ideas, exists a revered center of studies of the law and the Prophet. Ma el Ainin, in the desert solitude, became the most reputed theologian of Morocco. He has written more than fifty books, and a dozen of them have been struck off on the Sultan's lithographic presses. Law and theology, the Sufi philosophy of religious ecstasy and union with God, astronomy and astrology and orthodox grammar, even a volume of verse, are found in the works of this religious leader, who is now making history.

When he was at the height of his fame, Ma el Ainin gathered his best trained disciples into one of those religious orders which have wrought the Moslem revival in Africa. He does not seem to have affiliated himself or them to any of the older orders, some of which date back to Bagdad and the first Moors in Spain.

Four days' ride from Cape Juby, in the oasis of Saguet el Hamra, sheltered from profane influence by desert wastes on every side, he founded the seat of his prayer—the fizaoua, half monastery and half center of pilgrimage for the faithful. To his marabouts, chosen emissaries of the inner circle, he gave a robe of blue cotton, worn next the skin. As sweet and rain takes out the color, and as the holy men do not wash, their penitential forms when the wind blows open their loose gowns are known by the distinctive tinge of their holiness—they are the "blue marabouts."

This brotherhood, known as the "Ainini" from the founder's name, has been blessed exceedingly. It has branch zaouias at Marrakesh and Fez. When the old Ma el Ainin goes to visit his monasteries, it is no light event for the towns along his way. The numerous blue brothers and unnumbered followers that escort him have to be fed and lodged. And no one would dare to refuse a suitable money contribution. Magador, where they passed last year, handed over more than \$20,000. It was politic, for Ma el Ainin was on his way to affiliate the Sultan himself to his brotherhood.

A year ago, also, one of those wild, flying tribes of the desert, whose god was made of butter and long since melted in the sun, after a fifty-days' raid, in which they had taken nothing, came suddenly on Ma el Ainin's herd of female camels. There were 300 of them, each with her little one. The Touaregs rounded them up in triumph, and arranged thankfully for a good night's rest. But with nightfall two blue-gowned messengers appeared. Their words were clear and to the point.

"You know these camels belong to the holy man. You will do as you choose; he is not going to fight if you decide to drive them away. But he will cast his curse on you, and not one of you shall ever see his children again, not one shall ever return home."

A Sorcerer's Curse.

The robbers, who feared nobody's god, were not beyond fear of a sorcerer's curse. They held out a long time, disputing what might happen to them; but they gave back the camels. Four days later they captured a whole caravan. Again the blue brothers appeared and claimed nineteen camel-loads as the property of their chief. And again the Touaregs yielded.

In Morocco itself, from north to south, from the Sultan to the lowliest peasant in the mountain fastness, Ma el Ainin is the chief of the Holy War; it is he who shall make Islam to live again in triumph. When the French explorer Segonzac was in Marrakesh, the old man told him plainly that the Moors would soon cut and slash among the Christians.

This is one of their problems about which the French do not consult Germany or the other powers. The blue marabouts, safe as they think them in the isolation of their desert zaouias, are to be rooted out and scattered.

Little by little the French troops have occupied oases after oases, skirting the whole southeastern corner of the uncertain boundary of what is still known as Morocco. For years the generals have been forming bands of raiders—"meharistes"—who can strike off across the desert as well as Touaregs or Moors. Capt. Fyfe Sainte-Marie, in command of the Western Sahara

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A HAPPY GATHERING

Large Unbroken Family Meet for First Time in Twenty-four Years.

St. Marys, Sept. 2.—A very happy event occurred at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Purdie, 285 Berkeley street, Toronto, recently being the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, and a reunion of the members of the family who had not all met together for 24 years. All were present excepting one son, Frank, who is living in New York City. The family consists of seven sons and six daughters, there having been no break by death in their numbers. They include: James, Robert and Vincent (Dick), St. Marys; William and Frank of New York; Arthur and George, Toronto; Mrs. Thos. Massey and Mrs. Geo. Smith, St. Marys; Mrs. Robert Major and the Misses Maggie, Carrie and Nellie, Toronto. In the evening all sat down to a sumptuous repast, there being about 35 children, grandchildren and friends in the party. Mr. George Smith and Mrs. Jas. Purdie, of St. Marys, and Messrs. Frederick and Alexander, sons of William, of New York, attended. The tables were tastefully decorated. Hearty toasts were drunk to the health of the host and hostess, and the evening was spent in singing, music, dancing and games. Mr. Purdie was born in Ipswich, England, and Mrs. Purdie in Scotland. Mr. Purdie is 81 years of age, and Mrs. Purdie a few years his junior, and both enjoy good health.

WIDOW HOLDS THE FORT

Gains Access to Mike McDonald's Home and Refuses to Leave.

Chicago, Sept. 2.—Sick and nearly penniless, Mrs. Dora McDonald, widow of Millionaire "Mike" McDonald, the former "gambling king" of Chicago, has returned to the family residence at 4501 Drexel Boulevard, which her husband had not allowed her to enter since she is alleged to have shot and killed Webster Guerin, her supposed paramour.

The latest action on the part of the widow has startled the other heirs, who fear it may conceal some legal trick affecting their interests. Every peaceful means possible has been taken to induce her to leave, but without avail, and an armistice has been declared between the contending factions until Wednesday, when McDonald's will is to be probated.

Mrs. McDonald has been at a sanatorium since her release from jail on bond. She gained access to the house by saying she wished to get some of her things. A colored maid is the only medium of communication between her and the caretaker of the house.

A CURIOUS FROG.

South America has a frog of peculiar habits. Dwelling in the virgin forest, at the tops of the highest trees, it chooses as the site of its nursery some hollow stump and then proceeds to line it with rosin procured from trees in the neighborhood. This lining serves to catch and hold the rain-water, with which it quickly becomes filled. As soon as this takes place the eggs are laid therein, and here they undergo development into tadpoles. How the rosin is collected is a mystery, nor is it yet known how the separate pieces become welded to form the water-tight basin necessary to insure the safety of the treasure deposited therein.—New York Tribune.

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CITY BINDERY

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AND GENERAL BINDING.

According to Mr. Carl Snyder, writing in Everybody's Magazine, not a passenger was killed during the last fiscal year upon 279 American railroads, which include more than half the track mileage of the country and carry more than one-half of the passenger mileage. The writer mentions only one of the companies on this roll of honor and that, the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha, is clearly entitled to the glory, for it does a yearly business of 145,000,000 passenger miles and not a passenger has been killed on its 1,700 miles of track in the last ten years.

It is estimated that Great Britain spends \$150,000 a day on theaters. Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory, J. E. HUNT & SONS, 593 Richmond Street. Phone 997