Health, Wealth and Happiness.

HEALTH MUST BE YOUR FIRST CONSIDERATION.

Neither rich nor poor can afford to ignore the benefit to Health which is secured by the regular use of Lifebuoy Soap. It would be folly indeed to run the risk of dangers which can be avoided by a very pleasant ablution. Without extra cost or trouble, Lifebuoy Soap positively protects you from the many germ-laden things you touch every day. Good must result from its use. Wash your face with it—Bathe with it—Shampoo with it.

MORE THAN SOAP, YET COSTS NO MORE.

Health First of All.

Lifebuoy Soap

SECOND TO NONE.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, Port Sunlight.

Poetical Gems.

(FOR THE SCRAP BOOK.)

THROUGH LOVE TO LIGHT.

Through Love to Light!
Oh, wonderful the way
That leads from darkness
To the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through Love to Light!
Through Light, O God, to thee,
Who art the Love of Love,
The eternal Light of Light.
—R. W. Gilder.

GREAT SUBJECTS.

To dally much with subjects mean and low,
Proves that the mind is weak, or makes it so.
Neglected talents rust into decay,
And ev'ry effort ends in push-pin play.
The man that means success, should soar above
A soldier's feather, or a lady's glove;
Else summoning the Muse to such a theme,
The fruit of all her labour is whipp'd cream.
As if an eagle flew aloft, and then—
Stoop'd from its highest pitch to pounce a wren.
As if the poet, purposing to wed,
Should carve himself a wife in gingerbread.
Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appeared,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard.
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth, ask'd ages more.
Thus Genius rose and set at order'd times,
And shot a dayspring into distant climes,
Ennobling ev'ry region that he chose;
He sank in Greece, in Italy he rose;
And, tedious years of Gothic darkness pass'd,
Emerg'd all splendour in our isle at last.
Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,
Then show far off their shining plumes again.
—From "Table Talk" by Cowper.

TRUE GAIETY.

Whom call we gay? that honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That drives his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.
The peasant, too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaiety of those,
Whose headaches nail them to a noonday bed;
And save me too from theirs, whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property strip'd off by cruel chance;
From gaiety, that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.
—From "The Task" by Cowper.

EDINBURGH ON A SUMMER NIGHT.

"We sat down at the window of a Princes Street hotel. What in all the journey was there to equal the magic sight that lay before us? Beyond a gulf of blackness the old town of Edinburgh rose with a thousand points of fire into the clear sky of a summer night. The tall houses, with their eight or nine stories had their innumerable windows ablaze; and the points of orange light shone in the still blue shadow until they seemed to form part of some splendid enchanted palace built on the slopes of a lofty hill. And then beyond that we could see the great crags of the castle looming dark in the starlight, and we knew, rather than saw, that there were walls and turrets up there, cold and distant, looking down on the yellow glare of the city beneath. . . . . The lights of the distant houses went out one by one. The streets became silent, even the stars grew paler, but why was that? A faint light, golden and soft, began to steal along the castle-hill; and the slow mild radiance touched the sharp slopes, the trees, and the great gray walls above, which were under the stars."

—William Black.

ON REVISITING THE WYE.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:—feelings, too,
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
On which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart;
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O Sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
—From "Tintern Abby"—Wordsworth.

STORY OF MRS. PARTINGTON.

"I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the house—and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens trundling her mop, and squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; and I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest."

—Sydney Smith (1777-1845.)

Stories Of Mythology.

THE STORY OF ECHO.

Echo was a beautiful nymph, fond of the woods and hills, where she devoted herself to woodland sports. She was a favorite of Diana, and attended her in the chase. But Echo had one failing; she was fond of talking, and whether in chat or argument would have the last word.

One day Juno was seeking her husband, who, she had reason to fear, was amusing herself among the nymphs. Echo by her talk contrived to detain the goddess till the nymps made their escape. When Juno discovered it, she passed sentence upon Echo in these words: "You shall forfeit the use of that tongue with which you have cheated me, except for that one purpose you are so fond of—reply. You shall still have the last word, but no power to speak first."

Echo saw Narcissus, a beautiful youth, as he pursued the chase upon the mountains. She loved him and followed his footsteps. O how she longed to address him in the softest accents, and win him to converse! but it was not in her power.

She waited with impatience for to speak first, and had her answer ready. One day the youth, being separated far from his companions, shouted aloud, "Who's here?" Echo replied "Here." Narcissus looked around, but seeing no one, called out, "Come." Echo answered "Come."

As no one came, Narcissus called again, "Why do you shun me?" Echo asked the same question. "Let us join one another," said the youth. The maid answered with all her heart in the same words, and hastened to the spot, ready to throw her arms about his neck. He started back, exclaiming, "Hands off! I would rather die than you should have me!" "Have me," she said; but it was all in vain.

He left her, and she went to hide her blushes in the recesses of the woods. From that time forth she lived in caves and among mountan cliffs. Her form faded with grief, till at last all her flesh shrank away. Her bones were changed into rocks and there was nothing left of her but her voice. With that she is still ready to reply to any one who calls her, and keeps up her old habit of having the last word.

(Stand on the north shore of Long Pond, shout "Halloo" across the Pond and see if Echo will answer).

Great Events From Little Causes Spring.

London, July 4.—The untimely laying of an egg in a crate caused a strike at the London and North-western railway station here yesterday. A porter, in moving a crate of live hens, noticed that one of the fowls had laid an egg. Slipping his hand through the bars of the crate, he took the egg out and placed it on his barrow for safety. A railway detective immediately arrested the porter and took him and the egg to the railway police station.

Within a few minutes all the railway staff on duty ceased work until the district superintendent was informed of the incident and ordered the man's release. The staff then returned to work, but the officials are still considering the fate of the egg, which for the present remains in the superintendt's office.

The Morwenna left Montreal last night for here via Gulf ports.

The Florizel leaves New York to-day for Halifax and this port.

The Adventure sails this evening.

The Carthaginian will, it is expected get away from Philadelphia to-day for this port.

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FOR INFANTS

Will Bring Your Baby Safely Through the First Year

"We put our Maurice on Neave's Food when he was one week old, and he never tasted anything else until his first birthday. Hundreds of people have stopped me on the streets and in the stores to ask how old he was and what he was fed on. He has never had a day's illness and is one of the bonniest boys I have ever seen".

Mrs. J. W. PATEMAN,
34 Harriet St., Toronto.

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Mfrs. J. R. NEAVE & CO., England.

Cable News.

Special to Evening Telegram.

BUCHAREST, July 11.

Roumanian troops to-day occupied the Bulgarian city of Silistria, on the right bank of the Danube. They were not opposed by the Bulgarians.

LIVERPOOL, N.S., July 11.

The Dominion Government cutter Petrel, seized to-day the Gloucester fishing schooner Rex, Capt. Baker, for violating the Customs regulations at Canso, on June 16th, by failing to report at the Customs House, and landing men without proper permission.

WELLINGTON, July 11.

A large quantity of dynamite, with a burning fuse attached, was discovered yesterday under Christchurch barracks, just in time to prevent the destruction of the building. The attempt is ascribed to some fanatics connected with the anti-militarist faction. All boys between 14 and 21 are required to attend drill at the barracks. It is feared that another attempt may be made to destroy the building.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 11.

A distinctly hopeful view is expressed today by the Russian press also in official circles, as to the Balkan situation. Peace is regarded generally as imminent, on account of the crippling of the Bulgarian armies and the severe losses sustained by Servia. The Russian Red Cross Society has decided not to send doctors, nurses, and ambulance men to the front. A telegram from Constantinople says that Midja, on the Black Sea, which was to form the eastern end of the future frontier line between Bulgaria and Turkey, is in flames.

ROME, July 11.

A terrific storm is raging throughout Italy and many places in the country have been devastated, and crops destroyed. The storm is accompanied by remarkably cold weather for the time of the year, the temperature at Rome at noon to-day falling below 60 degrees Fahrenheit. Such weather has not been recorded in Italy since 1313, when the superstitious people attributed it to the repetition of the number 13. Owing to a strong, cold wind from the north, accompanied by hurricanes, the temperature to-day was not far from freezing point, and snow is reported to have fallen in the Alps.

LONDON, July 11.

Two persons in the Strangers' Gallery fired a toy pistol and hurled a quantity of suffragette literature among the members. They were promptly hustled from the gallery and detained pending investigation. In the pamphlets were small mouse traps. Squads of suffragettes smashed windows with pokers along the route taken by King George when visiting the city. They were rounded up, and order was restored before the King's arrival. Mrs. Mackworth, for setting fire to a mail box on June 26, was fined $50 or a month in jail.

Clark's

All ready baked to a nicety; whole, mealy and full flavored. Heating only is necessary. 10

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of good tea and she will tell you that our reputation for the finest tea at reasonable prices is not excelled by anyone in the city, and if you want to see how true it is buy a small quantity of

"HOMESTEAD" TEA

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For 5 lb. parcels 10 per cent. discount allowed.

New Valencia Onions, 10-lb. for 25 cents.

Ex S. S. Stephano:
New Cabbage.
Fresh Tomatoes.
Freshly Made Canadian Butter.
Bananas.
New York Potatoes.
Valencia Oranges.
Sherbet, 20c. lb.
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Rose's Lime Juice and L. J. Cordial.
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Griffin's Best Crown Scythes.
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All Mail Orders will receive prompt and careful attention.

BOWRING BROTHERS, Ltd.

Genuine Sale

OF

ALL SUMMER GOODS

On FRIDAY and SATURDAY.

As we have already stated to the Public that repairs are to be made to the Buildings, we must have room, therefore we are cutting our prices that all our Summer Goods will go out quickly. Below are a few BARGAINS.

FOR LADIES

Ladies' Nightdresses.
Made of the finest Cambric and nicely trimmed.
Reg. price $1.30 for $1.00
Reg. price $1.60 for $1.25
Reg. price $1.80 for $1.45

Ladies' One-Piece Dresses.
Direct from New York, in Linen and Serge; colors Blue, Cream, Black, Fawn. Reg. prices $2.79 to $5.00.
ONE-FIFTH OFF THE PRICE.

White Spotted Muslins.
Regular 9c. for . . . . . 7c.
Regular 12c. for . . . . . 9c.
Regular 15c. for . . . . . 13c.

FOR BOYS.

Linen Suits.
For summer wear; sizes 00 to 1. Prices $1.35 to $2.80.
ONE-FIFTH OFF THE PRICE.

Boys' Blouses.
Sizes 0 to 3.
Reg. price 90c. for . . . . . 72c.
Reg. price 70c. for . . . . . 55c.

Boys' White Pants.
Made from Jean.
Reg. price 50c. for . . . . . 39c.
Reg. price 60c. for . . . . . 45c.

Boys' Linen Hats.
Price 20c. for . . . . . 16c.
Price 25c. for . . . . . 20c.
Price 35c. for . . . . . 28c.

FOR BOYS.

Norfolk Suits.
Prices $2.25 to $4.00.
ONE-FIFTH OFF PRICES.

Boys' Devonport Suits
Sizes 0 to 2. Prices $3.00 to $4.50.
ONE-FIFTH OFF PRICES.

Boys' Conway Suits.
Sizes 0 to 3; $3.60 to $4.00.
ONE-FIFTH OFF PRICES.

Boys' Rugby Suits.
Sizes 5 to 12; $3.75 to $4.50.
ONE-FIFTH OFF PRICES.

Boys' Tweed Pants.
Regular 50c. for . . . . . 42c.
Regular 60c. for . . . . . 47c.

COLORED LAWNS, 5c. a yard.
WHITE LAWN, 5c. and 9c. yard.
All Dress Goods 25 per cent. off price.

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