

ESTABLISHED 1856

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In Lighter vein.

My Beardless Barrister.

I had trouble with the owner
Of an adjoining lot
About a trifling matter—
I scarce remember what—
And resolved for my amusement,
And to aggravate the brute,
To engage a lady lawyer
On the matter in dispute.

When he got that lawyer's letter
My neighbor threw a fit.
She not only sued for trespass,
But served a capias writ.
A civil action she began,
Likewise a case in tort,
Oh, one needs a lady lawyer
If he's going into court.

Her plea in surrejoinder
Made defendant's counsel hum,
And she set the ad quod damnum
At a most audacious sum.
When our case went to the jury
She had but to show her face.
Yes, it takes a lady lawyer
To put ginger in a case.

The upper court rejected
The question of appeal,
And rebuked defendant's counsel
For exuberance of zeal.
The full bench then accordingly
A rescript kind send down—
For a lady lawyer's smile dispels
The stern judicial frown.

When I asked my fair attorney
What her bill for fees would foot,
A cheque for what she mentioned
In a billet-doux I put;
And I found it is by suing
That a lady lawyer's pleased,
For of her heart in mortmain
I am now securely seized.

The Desperate Jim Panther.

One of the stories which Mr. Milo Bush used to tell was concerning a certain Jim Panther who formerly infested the town. That such a man had actually existed I know to be a fact, but I cannot vouch for all of the details of Mr. Bush's narrative. It sounded reasonable, however, as he told it—tough, for the matter of that, everything he told sounded reasonable even when it related to how he (the speaker) had formerly earned his living by work.

"This here Jim Panther," Mr. Bush would begin, "was enterprising as a hen with one chicken. Always up to some money-making dodge. Honest as a sorrel horse, but just naturally a business man. When the panic struck the town and two faro banks closed, and people lost confidence, and Deacon Tupper was detected using a false crown in his hat when taking up the collection Sunday morning, Jim kept right on and never squealed. Sold an Eastern man who wanted a farm the land which had been reserved for the Pleasant Prospect Cemetery, and got an Englishman into a poker game, and—well, the next day you might 'a' hung that Britisher over a clothes-line and put two tramps a-walloping him with these here rattan carpet-beaters, and they couldn't 'a' pounded a penny out of him. Jim Panther never set around and croaked about the tariff, or said that the government ought to make buckwheat cakes legal tender.

"You see, in them days there was a good many Eastern tourists and such-like out here, and a genyooine live-to-n with live folks in it being new to them, they gawked around a good deal and asked questions, and got in the way, and wondered at this and that. They was great hands to buy things to take home—Injun fixings, and big hats, and bear-skins, and western spurs, and other stuff. Jim had been running a small Injun-scalp factory for some time as a kind of a side issue, but competition was brisk and prime scalps got down to sixty cents apiece. Besides, some man went to putting celluloid scalps on the market instead of the genyooine horsehide scalp, and this spoiled the business. So Jim set to thinking, and talked matters over with his brother Bill and the city marshal. The next day he blossomed out wearing a red shirt, and a big hat, and a gun in his belt as big as a jint of stove-pipe, and with thirty-nine notches filed in the barrel. Then he stood about on the corner and looked gloomy and disappointed, and peered up and down the street as if he was looking for the fellow that had said he wasn't a gentleman and an honest citizen.

Well, we seen our duty and we done it, as Judge Parker used to say in his

First-of-July speeches. Of course the tourists begun to ask questions—you can't shut off a tourist's questioner. 'W-wot is the person on the corner armed with the large pistol?' they would say. 'Oh, we says, keerlesslike, that's only Rattlesnake Jim.' 'Er-er, wot is them notches on the barrel of his weepoon?' the tourist would go on. 'Oh, says we, 'juss where he's kep' count of the men he's shot, that's all.' 'How—how many?' says the tourist. 'Thirty-nine,' says we; 'but don't speak of it, 'cause he don't want nothin' said till he's made it an even forty.' Then the tourist would go off and tell the other tourists, and soon they all was talking about Rattlesnake Jim, from Bender's Flat, and wondering if he'd get his man before supper. By-and-bye Jim stuck a file behind his ear just to have it handy for the next notch, and the fool tourist got more interested.

"In a hour or so Jim's brother comes loafing down the street with another big gun. Soon as they see each other they both yells, and yanks out their weapons, and they go bang! right together, and Jim flops down on his back, and the brother travels off rapid. The mayor steps up, puts his hand on Jim's heart, rises solemn, takes off his hat and lays it on Jim's breast to cover the wound, and says in a choky voice: 'Gents, the bravest man that ever looked throo a collar is no more. No more, gents! Rattlesnake Jim is dead,' and he mops his eyes with his elbow. Then he stoops over again, and picks up the weepoon and runs his thumb along the barrel, and then goes on: 'Thirty-nine, feller-citizens. And he longed to make it forty. Truly, truly death loves a shining mark! He was my friend, gents. After life's flitting fever he sleeps like a top!' and here he burst out and regularly boo-boos for a minute or two. Then he goes on: 'But Rattlesnake Jim was a poor man; poor, but honest. He gave much in charity but kep' little for himself. He often said to me, 'Old hoss, when I'm gone sell my effects and give me a decent burial.' This small gun is his only effect, gents. Does any gent wish to buy it?' You ought to see them tourists wade in. Inside of a minute one of 'em walked off with it for \$50, while we carried Jim to his room at the hotel, where he set up and ordered refreshments for the bearers, and sent for a bottle of arnica to rub on his elbow where he hit the sidewalk as he fell. Two days after he was shot again, and after that died regular three times a week. He might 'a' got rich if he'd stuck to it and worked. But he couldn't stand prosperity. Insisted on having a hair mattress to fall on to and got so he kep' on smoking his cigar while he was a-laying there dead, and kicked because the mayor's tears spattered on it and put it out."

The Manager's Definition.

Sydney Rosenfeld, addressing the American Dramatists' Club at the dinner given by Charles Klein in honor of Henry Arthur Jones, told of his experiences while trying to find a manager who would produce his play, "The Optimist."

"I don't think much of the title," was the first manager's protest.

"Do you know what it means?" asked Rosenfeld.

"Certainly," was the impatient answer. "An optimist is a man who looks after the eyes, and a pessimist is one who attends to the feet."

Fair Play.

An attache of the American embassy at London tells a story of a butler in the employ of a fine old English family, whose long service had inculcated in him a personal and proprietary interest in the sons and daughters of the house.

Once, on the occasion of a large dinner party, the conscientious butler observed that one of the members of the family, a young girl who had but recently entered society, was devoting an amount of attention to her agreeable neighbor on the right, obviously in excess of that accorded to the less fascinating man on her left. This fact perturbed the butler to a degree that could no longer be borne in silence. So, under pretense of passing the cul-trit a dish, the butler managed to whisper respectfully in her ear:

"A little more conversation to the left, miss."

New York Wasn't Open.

Professor Brander Matthews, along with his belief in reform spelling, believes in short words and in simple con-