

MR. PATTULLO'S ADDRESS AT BUFFALO

The Member for North Oxford
Speaks Before the Good
Roads Congress.

A Feeling of Friendship—Touching
Reference to the Dead President
—Disturbing Elements in the
United States—A Vote of Appreciation.

Mr. Andrew Pattullo, M. P., editor of the Woodstock Sentinel-Review, represented the Ontario Government at the International Good Roads Congress held recently at Buffalo. Below we give part of the excellent address delivered by Mr. Pattullo. After references to the history of road improvement, to the importance of the subject, and to the work of the congresses that had been held throughout the United States, as well as the progress that had been made in Canada, the speaker concluded as follows:

And now having endeavored to show or to suggest the importance of the good roads problem, the enormous economy of good roads, the incalculable loss through bad ones, to suggest the many sides and phases of this vast problem of transportation—affecting as they do the social as well as the economic well-being of the people—let me for a moment draw your attention to another, to what I may call a national and international consideration. You in this country, like ourselves across the line, have been having unexampled prosperity of late. The wheels of industry have been running fast. It will not always be so. Stagflation will come, and with it distress and social disturbance. In the olden days in other lands the cure which wicked rulers sometimes sought for social disturbance was foreign adventure. There is little fear I trust that your rulers will ever seek such a remedy; for the lives of a long line of great and good presidents have made it improbable that any but a good man shall ever fill the position of chief magistrate of this nation. But there are people in this country, as in every other land, who for many reasons would love war. You have listened in recent years to the evan-gel of hate in your own land, against neighbors whose friendship towards you is as sincere as it is universal. May I sound this note of warning? These voices are not for your good any more than for our good across the line. You have had a bitter lesson. It is this: That voices imply and lead to acts.

But you have listened to other VOICES OF HATE in this land, the voices of those who hate law and order, who are alien and hostile to American institutions, to American civilization, to the principles for which Washington, and Franklin, and Jefferson, and Lincoln, and Tilden, and Garfield, and Cleveland, and McKinley stood. You have thus on your hands the two great problems of peace abroad and of social disorder at home. When, therefore, you hear the voices of foreign aggression or of social disorder, instead of repeating the bitter history of the past as in other lands through blood and tears, through the horror and horror of war, or the scarcely less hateful policy of police repression, the National Association offers you a better way.

We are not dealing with trifles, with petty local matters alone, but with a problem of transcendent national and international importance. If all the men and the millions engaged in that greatest of all conflicts in your history could have been engaged in improving the highways of the country, how much better it would have been for this fruitful land today. And so we suggest to the governments of these great states that when men in this land of varied resources ask for work, they need not only bread, but let your governments spend the millions, the tens, the hundreds of millions, which in other lands are being expended in war, in the promotion of local im-

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I take pleasure in recommending your "Ozone" to all who suffer from Bronchitis as I did. (Signed) MRS. RICHARD CHERRIER, 61 St. James St., Montreal, P. Q.

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a man whose death could be more fittingly described as, in the folds of a nation's love, a laying down to pleasant dreams? We leave his character and career as a national statesman with you.

But there is one phase which has appealed to every citizen of GREAT BRITAIN AND CANADA. His love of peace. During his years his attitude, and the attitude of this nation under a fierce trial was correct towards the people of the British Empire. He did not forget, as you have not forgotten, that during your recent years of trial, when you were drawn into a war for freedom and civilization, the hearts and voices of the British people were one with you. That tribute which he paid—and which the whole American people paid—to Queen Victoria, of blessed memory, will never be forgotten by you. It is these recollections, added to the ties of kinship, of language, and all the common traditions of the English-speaking race, that account for the extraordinary tribute that have been paid to President McKinley throughout the whole British Empire. Surely the origin of these two peoples, the kinship, and these events in the life of your dead president will unite to form for these two great sister peoples a golden archway of peace over the grave that will endure for all time.

Standing here as we do today on sacred ground—strange paradox that it should be made sacred by a foul crime—what the duty of the English-speaking world—the duty of Americans, and the Britons of the world over? It is to learn and unlearn the lessons of the past and of the present, to vow in a spirit of high resolve that our national pathways shall lead to law and order, to liberty without license, to pure government and better social conditions; in a word, to a higher civilization.

And should we not today, my fellow countrymen of Canada who are here, clasp hands in this building of pathetic historic memory, and resolve in the spirit of the good Queen and good President who have passed away this year, that we shall, united as one people in love and mutual respect, hold this vast continent of America's last and greatest earthly gift to man, as a sacred trust for the highest interests of humanity, and consecrate it to perpetual peace?

When Mr. Pattullo took his seat there was prolonged applause, during which a delegate in the audience rose and thanked the speaker, and through him to the whole Canadian and British people, and the kind words which they had heard, and for the sympathy and friendship that had been shown the American people in relation to the death of President McKinley. The nation was responded to with loud applause, and afterwards carried by a standing vote.

REMINISCENCES

OF LONDON

John B. McCrae, an Aged Resident of Gloucester, a Pioneer Settler.

The Advertiser had a visit the other day from Mr. John B. McCrae, now resident at Gloucester, Ont. Mr. McCrae has now been nearly half a century in Canada. He came over in the year 1842. He has lived the greater portion of the time in the township of Dunwich. He remembers passing through London in the year 1844. Its chief characteristics at that time, as he remembers it, were log houses, stumps, and all the marks of comparatively new settlement. He remembers very well a little later on the Rev. John Scott, formerly pastor of St. Andrew's Church, of London. In Mr. McCrae's opinion Mr. Scott was a model minister. Mr. McCrae is now within two months of ninety-one years of age, and his vigor of mind is not less remarkable than that of his body. Mr. McCrae is no great believer in new-fangled theological ways and opinions. Among his favorite religious writers of the olden time is Beattie, from whose writings Mr. McCrae requests The Advertiser to reprint the following on "The Excellence of the Holy Scriptures." The Advertiser has pleasure in complying with the request of the old veteran, to whom we wish continued strength and comfort as he descends the vale of life.

EXCELLENCE OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"Is it bigotry to believe the sublime truths of the Gospel with full assurance of faith? I glory in such bigotry. I would not part with it for a thousand pounds. I congratulate the man who is possessed of it, for amidst all the vicissitudes and calamities of the present state, that man enjoys an inexhaustible fund of consolation, of which it is not in the power of fortune to deprive him. There is not a line of earth so favorable to all the kind and all the sublime affections; or so unfriendly to hatred and persecution, to tyranny, to injustice, and every sort of malevolence, as the Gospel. It breathes nothing through-out but mercy, benevolence and peace. Poetry is sublime, when it awakens in the mind any great and good affections, as piety or patriotism. This is one of the noblest effects of the art. The Psalms are remarkable beyond all other writings for their power of inspiring devout emotions, but it is not in this respect only that they are sublime. Of the divine nature, they contain the most magnificent descriptions that the soul of man can comprehend. The hundred and fourth Psalm, in particular, displays the power and goodness of Providence, in creating and preserving the world, and the various tribes of animals in it, with such majestic brevity and beauty as it is vain to look for in any human composition.

"Such are the doctrines of the Gospel that are level to human capacity and appear to be agreeable to the purest truth, and the soundest morality. All the genius and learning of the world; all the penetration of Pythagoras, Socrates and Aristotle had never been able to produce such a system of moral duty and religion, as an account of Providence and of man as are to be found in the New Testament. Compared, indeed, with this, all other moral and theological systems, losses, discountenanced, and like folly shows."

Mrs. Noozy—I think it's the most ridiculous thing to call that man in the bank a "teller."

Mrs. Chum—Why?

Mrs. Noozy—Because they simply won't tell at all. I asked one day how much my husband had on deposit there and he just laughed.—Philadelphia Press.

WITH THE POETS.

THE TOLLING OF THE BELL.

There is heard far around
The melancholy sound
Of the old church bell.
Of the ding-dong, ding-dong bell.
What a sad tale to many does it tell!
Don't you hear it? Do you fear it?
That sorrowing of the bell,
That sighing of farewell,
That crying for the dead, by the bell.
It sighs over hill and dale—
Hearts are bleeding in the vale
For a loved one lost—
Loving mother, tender host,
To fill her trying post,
There is no one here,
And so there is begun
The tolling of the bell,
The consoing of the bell.
The sympathetic, sad, consoing of the bell.

For her angel touched her brow,
And her voice is silent now,
Her heart within her breast
Ceased its beating—is at rest,
And her home is with the blest
Evermore, evermore!
And she bade her friends farewell
In the tolling of the bell,
Upon the hidden shore,
Where pure spirits God adore,
And worship evermore.
In the light from of yore,
Says the old church bell,
In sounds low and sweet,
And here I now repeat
The touching, tender story it doth tell
To many, many people,
As it swings there in the steeple:
She is gone, she is gone,
Her work is wholly done, in the dell,
And she bids her friends farewell,
In the ding-dong, ding-dong bell.

With one she did depart—
There was rapture in her heart;
On the soul's deserted dwelling
Came the beauty of past years,
Fenced there by angel fingers.
For a while that beauty lingers,
Like the glory seen at sunset,
Which soon after disappears.
Ding-dong, ding-dong bell!
In the quiet air of even,
Betwixt the earth and heaven,
Speaking for the dead forgiven—
Fare you well, fare you well!

How its sad notes softly swell
Far over hill and dale,
With the last words from the dead
To the living: "Fare you well!"
Spoken through the old church bell,
From beyond earth's furthest border,
Here I'll meet you, here I'll greet you:
Fare you well, fare you well!

Spoken here from heavenly places
Through the tolling of the bell,
Shining ones, with radiant faces,
With who holy angels dwell,
Cast their golden crowns before Him
And forever adore Him.
And with loving hearts implore Him
For the living—Fare you well!

Consoling the lonely and the sad,
To wounded hearts high broken,
In the tolling of the bell,
The ding-dong, ding-dong bell.

Sept. 22, 1891. D.M.

STREET MUSIC.

Oh, how the dance-tune trips it through
The street,
Making steps rhythmic, blood the luster
beat!
Throwing a thought of love and holiday
Into the midst of Trade's most prosy way.

Look yonder! It is but an aged crone,
Crouched in a corner, wrinkled and alone,
Half-dazed, who feebly grinds an organ
small.

Craving scant pence and sun—and that is
all.

As soon I'd think to hear a gargle sing,
A death-mass speak a lyric word of
spring.

As yonder hag fill all the drowsy air
With music making Life alert and fair.

Yet hark! again the strain, the waltz-
tone glad,
The sudden rapture, the abandon mad,
From a bleared woman, sick and old and
sad!

—Richard Burton.

THE DREAM-CHILD.

My little dream-child called to me
Upon a midnight, cold and stark.
"Sweet mother, take me in," sighed she,
"For I am weary of the dark."

Out in the wide and wandering air—
O, take me to your arms, I pray,
That I may find a shelter there."

My heart leapt up to hear the sound,
My tender dream-child called to me.
Only the dusk that folds you round,
Folds and holds you thus from me?

Then come! the way is broad and fair,
Unto my heart, my own, my own!
But waking came, . . . and only air
Swept past into the far unknown.

—Louise Morgan Hill.

Aphorisms.

Honor is the reward of virtue.

To be free from fault is a great comfort.

It is better to receive than to do a wrong.

Religion is not moved by removing superstition.

Nothing is more delightful than the light of truth.

It is the judge's duty in all trials to follow truth.

Fewer possess virtue than those who wish us to believe that they possess it.

It is not enough to possess virtue as if it were an art; it should be practiced.

The more virtuous any man is the less easily does he suspect others to be vicious.

Death approaches, which is always impending like the stone over Tan-tan-lus; then comes suggestion.

THE RED CROSS OF ENGLAND.

Old England! thy name shall yet warrant
thy fame,
If the brow of the foeman should
sow!
Let the Lion be stirred by too daring a
word,
And beware of his echoing growl.
We have still the same breed of the man
and the steed
That were nobly our Waterloo wreath;
We have more of the blood that formed
Inkermann's flood,
When it poured in the whirlpool of
Death,
And the foeman will find neither coward
nor slave
'Neath the Red Cross of England—the
Flag of the Brave.

We have jackets of blue, still as daunt-
less and true
As the tars that our Nelson led on;
Give them room on the main, and they'll
show us again
How the Nile and Trafalgar were won.
Let a ball show its teeth, let a blade
leave its sheath,
To defy the proud strength of our
might,
We have iron-mouthed guns, we have
steel-hearted sons,
That will prove how the Britons can
fight.
Our ships and our sailors are kings of
the wave,
'Neath the Red Cross of England—the
Flag of the Brave.

Though a tear might arise in our women's
bright eyes,
And a sob choke the fearful "Good-
bye,"
Yet those women would send lover,
brother or friend
To the war-field to conquer or die!
Let the challenge be flung from the brag-
gart's bold tongue,
And that challenge will fiercely be met;
And our banner unfurled shall proclaim
to the world
That "there's a life in the old dog yet."
Hurrah! for our men on the land or the
wave,
'Neath the Red Cross of England—the
Flag of the Brave!

—Eliza Cook.

SEPTEMBER.

Now hath the summer reached her golden
age
And, lo! amid her cornfields, bright of
soul,
Scarcely perceives from her divine repose
How near, how swift, the inevitable
go!

Still, still she smiles, though from her
careless feet
The bounty and the fruitful strength
are gone,
And through the soft long wandering days
goes on
The silent sere decadence, sad and
sweet.

Already in the outland wilderness
The forests echo with unwonted din;
In clamorous gangs the gathering wood-
men press
Northward, and the stern winter's toll
begins.

Around the long low shanties, where
rough lines
Break the sealed dreams of many an
unnamed lake,
Already in the frost-chill morns awake
The crash and thunder of the falling
pines.

Where the tilled earth, with all its fields
set free,
Naked and yellow from the harvest lies,
By many a left and busy granary,
The hum and tumult of the threshers
rise;

There the tanned farmers labor without
slack,
Till twilight deepens round the spouting
mill,
Feeding the loosened sheaves, or, with
force will,
Pitching waist-deep upon the dusky
stack.

Still a brief while, ere the old year quite
pass,
Our wandering steps and wistful eyes
shall greet
The leaf, the water, the beloved grass;
Still from these haunts and this accus-
tomed seat
I see the wood-wrapt city, swept with
light,
The blue, long-shadowed distance, and
between,
The dotted farm-lands, with their par-
celed green.
The dark pine forest, and the watchful
night.

Thus without grief the golden days go by,
So soft we scarcely notice how they
wend,
And like a smile half happy, or a sigh,
The summer passes to her quiet end,
And soon, too soon, around the cumbered
eaves
Shy frosts shall take the creepers by
surprise,
And through the wind-touched reddening
woods shall rise,
October, with the rain of ruined leaves.

—Archibald Lampman.

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is sold by Dry Goods and Clothing Stores. Ask your dealer for them.

Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear

TAKING A COURSE IN COLLEGE!

The Kind of Boys That Should Not Go.

[By Charles F. Thwing, LL.D., President of Western Michigan University and Adelbert College, Chicago.]

My boy shall go to college even if he cannot enter until he is 40 years old, and he has not entered college. The reason that he did not go to college is the reason that he usually fails to keep anyone from going, viz., the lack of intellectual interests. A boy may readily have intellectual interests and yet give to the ordinary observer slight evidence that he does have them. Some boys have intellectual interests and yet give to the ordinary observer slight evidence that he does have them. Some boys have intellectual interests and yet give to the ordinary observer slight evidence that he does have them.

There are two types of boys who usually lack intellectual interest to such an extent that they should not think of going to college. They are what I shall call the vain boy and the executive boy. The vain boy is the boy of the empty brain, but the executive boy is the boy who is so ignorant that he does not know he is ignorant. He is the boy who says, "I am a college man," but he could not go to college. "Well, then, I will have a new suit of clothes," says the executive boy. "I will have a new suit of clothes," says the executive boy. "I will have a new suit of clothes," says the executive boy.

Another type that should not go to college is the boy who is so ignorant that he does not know he is ignorant. He is the boy who says, "I am a college man," but he could not go to college. "Well, then, I will have a new suit of clothes," says the executive boy. "I will have a new suit of clothes," says the executive boy. "I will have a new suit of clothes," says the executive boy.

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IN FIJI

"Ah, yes," said the cannibal chief, smacking his lips, "he was really a good man."

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"I would like a straw with this lemonade," said the lady at the table to the server of the beverage.

"Here!" ejaculated the waiter, who was hard of hearing.

"No, straw, I said."

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