Don't you hear it? Do you fear it?-

That crying for the dead, by the bell.

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

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

Mr. Andrew Pattullo, M. P. P., editor of the Woodstock Sentinel-Review, represented the Ontario Government at the International Good Roads Congress | And it is a held recently at Buffalo. Below we volve the throwing away of money, give part of the excellent address delivered by Mr.Pattullo. After references to the history of road improvement, to omic return. (Applause.) to the history of road importance of the subject, and to And I now desire in conclusion, the importance of the subject, and to speaking on behalf of the Canadian the work of the congresses that had ; been held throughout the United been made in Canada, the speaker concluded as follows:

And now having endeavored to the good roads problem, the enormous economy of good roads, the incalculable loss through bad ones, to suggest the 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 dustry have been running fast. It will history of any two nations. I said to his congress the other day that when the large rest there when the large rest in the large rest there where the large rest in the large rest there where the large rest in the lar another, to what I may call a national today. not always be so. Stagnation will come, such a remedy; for the lives of a long in line of great and good presidents have country, as in every other land, who that in our shop windows the or many reasons would love war. You have listened in recent years to the is as familiar as here—that the drapevangels of hate in your own land, against neighbors whose friendship towards you is as sincere as it is univer-sal. Mary I sound this note of warnary more than for our good across the You have had a bitter lesson. It is this: That words imply and lead to

VOICES OF HATE in this land, the voices of those who You have thus your hands the two great problems of peace abroad and social order at home. plause.) therefore, you hear the voices of foreign aggression or of social disler, instead of repeating the bitter

nistory of the past as in other lands

rough blood and tears, through the

voc and horror of war, or the scarce-

less hateful policy of police repres-

ion, the National Association offers you

But you have listened to other

a better way. not dealing with trifles. with petty local matters alone, but with a problem of transcendant 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 go without bread. your governments spend the millions, tens, the hundreds of millions,

which in other lands have been wasted

In wer, in the promotion of local im-

provements. Without displacing a day's a man whose death could be more fitlabor in any branch of industry, every unemployed man could be given work on your streets and highways. This would be no charity-from which manly men shrink. It would yield you divilends a hundredfold in the profits on agriculture and every branch of comnerce and industry dependent upon it. And beyond this you would find a re-medy for another ill, worse and harder to eradicate than the misfortune of

You have to deal in this country with VOICES ARE AGAINST LAW AND

ORDER, and all that you hold dear. They are chens for the unemployed, give them ment in your cities, or in keeping it in idleness in your jails, offer it on public the common traditions of the Englishworks, on national highways, the alternatives of labor or the lash. (Loud applause.) I submit with all seriousness paid to President McKinley through- To fill her trying post that in the development of municipal state and national highways, in the improvement of the streets of your cities, there is offered to you the easiest, the wisest solution of some of the great and difficult problems that confront you. solution that does not inbut its wise investment. It is expenditure, which, while curing social and national ills will yield an ample econ-

people, to convey to you our greet-States, as well as the progress that had the work in which this Good Roads Congress is engaged, and our sympathy to you in your national sorrow. I shall not dwell on the theme which has been much, perhaps too much, in your show or to suggest the importance of hearts and thoughts in these bitter and never to be forgotten days. It has been said that the voices of

nature, of the great sounding ocean many sides and phases of this vast perhaps the most elequent expression problem of transportation-affecting as in these sad surroundings, of your they do the social as well as the eco-nomic well-being of the people—let me silence before this vast concourse on for a moment draw your attention to the tragedy that seems so near us

this congress the other day that when and with it distress and social disturb- you buried your president the people cance. In the olden days in other lands of Britain and of Canada would stand 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 in your land, but in our own. Was there ever such an event made it improbable that any but a in the world's history? Was there ever good man shall ever fill the position of such a tribute to a public man? I chief magistrate of this nation. (Ap- should like the press of this country plause.) But there are people in this to tell all the people of this country

FACE OF McKINLEY eries of grief are as profuse-that on Thursday we had religious services in our churches, as you had, and that from every evidence our mourning was as sincere and universal as your own. By order of the governor-general business was suspended, banks closed, school children dismissed (and let us pray that the boys and girls of the United States and of Canada may never again be taught to hate, but to love each other), and solemn mournhate law and order, who are alien and ing took the place of business on the hostile to American institutions, to one hand, and of rejoicing over the American civilization, to the principles arrival to our shores of the future for which Washington, and Franklin, King of the British Empire. Blood is and Jefferson, and Lincoln, and Til thicker than water. Have we not and Garfield, and Cleveland, and shown that the ties of kinship and of friendship are stronger than the alien voices of national hate? (Loud ap-

After all that has been said and written during these sad days, no poor words of mine would add to the tributes that have been paid to dead president. We may well leave his character and his life-work now to the impartial verdict of history. Perhaps his character and work, his life and death are best described in the words of your own poet, speaking to mankind, when he said:

live that when thy summons comes. Sustained and moved by an unfaltering trust.

Approach the grave. Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him And lies down to pleasant

the supreme hour of trial was sustained by a more unfailing trust than William McKinley? Was there ever

BAD COUGH

CURED

It is absolutely necessary

in treating lung trouble to

get to the seat of the trou-

ble. Generally speaking,

lung trouble of any kind, if

it hangs on is due to sys-

tem weakness.

Put the system right—make the body healthy and

you will get rid of the disease. Powley's Liquified

Ozone makes the system healthy; forms healthy flesh

and gives you an enjoyment of the food you eat. But

more than that its antiseptic effect destroys the germs of

disease. Mme. Cherrier suffered for years from a most

Gentlemen: There suffered for the past four years with Bron-

chitis; sometimes very bad. I could not sleep at nights and my cough

was very severe. I tried many remedies, but to no effect, when about

the 1st of June, I procured a bottle of "Powley's Liquided Ozone,"

and from the first I began to get relief. When I had taken nearly three

bottles my cough was entirely cured and I was able to sleep all night.

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

ery of the age. It makes use of oxygen, Nature's most

health giving element, in a new and altogether effective

Powley's Liquified Ozone is the greatest discov-

I can say I am now completely cured and feel like a new person.

obstinate cough and bronchitis. This is her story:

THE OZONE COMPANY, Ltd., TORONTO, ONT.

tingly described as, in the folds of a nation's love, a laying down to pleas-ant dreams? We leave his character WITH THE POETS. and career as a national statesman

There is heard far around

That sighing of farewell,

Hearts are bleeding in the vale

TORONO CONTROLO CONTR But there is one phase which has appealed to every citizen of THE TOLLING OF THE BELL.

GREAT BRITAIN AND CANADA, his love of peace. During trying years his attitude, and the attitude of this nation under a fierce trial was correct towards the people of the British Em- Of the old church bella large class who work, only with their mouths—(laughter)—and their VOICES ARE AGAINST LAW AND drawn into a war for freedom and civilization, the hearts and voices of the British people were one with you. That sorrowing of the bell, alien to you and to the genius of your Then that tribute which he paid—and institutions. Instead, therefore, of soup which the whole American people paid Then that tribute which he paid-and -to Queen Victoria of blessed menest labor. Instead of wasting your mory will never be forgotten by us. It sighs over hill and dalesources in watching the lawless ele- It is these recollections, added to the speaking race that account for the out the whole British Empire. Surely the origin of these two peoples, our kinship, and these events in the life And so there is begun of your dead president will unite to The tolling of the bell, a golden archway of peace over his The condoling of the bell. form for these two great sister peoples grave that will endure for all time. The sympathetic, sad, consoling of the Standing here as we do today sacred ground-strange paradox that it should be made sacred by a foul erime—what is the duty of the Eng- For her angel touched her brow, ish-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, Ceased its beating-is at rest, to vow in a spirit of high resolve that our national pathways shall lead to law and order, to liberty without li- Evermore, evermore! cense, to pure government and better And she bade her friends farewell social conditions; in a word, to a higher civilization.

with you.

And should we not today, my kinsmen of the United States, 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 peoin love and mutual respect, hold as a sacred trust for the highest inter- As it swings there in the steeple:

When Mr. Pattullo took his seat there was prolonged applause, during which a delegate in the audience rose and moved that the thanks of the meeting and of the American people be tendered to the speaker, and through him to the whole Canadian and British people, for the kind words which they had Came the beauty of past years, heard, and for the sympathy and Penciled there by angel fingers. friendship that had been shown the For a while that beauty lingers, American people in relation to the death of President McKiniey. The motion was responded to with loud applause, and afterwards carried by a Ding-dong ding-dong bell! standing vote.

## REMINISCENCES

OF LONDON

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

The Advertiser had a visit the other day from Mr. John B. McCrae, now | Through the telling of the bell. resident at Glencoe, Ont. Mr. Mc-Crae has now been nearly half a cen- Who with holy angels dwell, tury in Canada. He came over in the Cast their golden crowns before Him 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 Into the mids: of Trade's most prosy way. 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

EXCELLENCE OF THE HOLY

SCRIPTURES. "Is it bigotry to believe the lime truths of the Gospel with full assurance of faith? I glory in such bigotry. I would not part with it for a thousand worlds. 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 book on earth so favorable to all the kind and all the sublime affections; or so unfriendly to hatred and per secution, to tyranny, to injustice, and every sort of malevolence, as the Gospel. It breathes nothing throughout 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 mother world; all the penetration of Pythagoras. Socrates and Aristotle had never been able to produce such a system of moral duty and so rational an account of Providence and of man as are to be found in the New Testa-Compared, indeed, with this, all other moral and theological wisfolly shows.'

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

Mrs. Chumm-Why? Noozy-Because they simply won't tell at all. I asked one day how much my husband had on deposit my husband had on deposit and he just laughed.—Philadel-Press. THE RED CROSS OF ENGLAND.

thy fame. If the brow of the foeman should scowl: 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

When it poured in the whirlpool of Death. nor slave

Loving mether, tender hest, Neath the Red Cross of England-the Flag of the Brave. There is no not one:

And her voice is silent now, Her heart within her breast And her home is with the blest In the tolling of the bell, Though she may with angels dwell 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, 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-deng bell.

With one she did depart-There was rapture in her heart; On the soul's deserted dwelling Like the glory seen at sunset, Which soon after disappears. 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 dell, With the last words from the dead To the living: "Fare you well!" Spoken through the old church bell. From beyond earth's farthest border, Here I'll meet you, here I'll greet you; Fare you well, fare you well! Spoken here from heavenly places Shining ones, with radiant faces, And with loving hearts implore Him For the living-Fare you well! Consolingly 'tis spoken To wounded hearts nigh broken, In the tolling of the bell, The ding-dong, ding-dong bell Sept. 22, 1901.

STREET MUSIC. Oh, how the dance-tune trips it through

Making steps rhythmic, blood the lustier Throwing a thought of love and holiday

the street.

Look vonder! it is but an aged crone. Crouched in a corner, wrinkled and alone, Half-dazed, who feebly grinds an organ Craving scant pence and sun-and that

As soon I'd think to hear a gargoyle sing, death-mask speak a lyric word of spring. As vonder hag fill all the drowsy air

With music making Life alert and fair. Yet hark! again the strain, the waitztune glad,

The sudden rapture, the abandon mad, From a bleared woman, sick and old and

THE DREAM-CHILB.

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. My little soul has missed the way 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, can it be 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 Sill.

Aphorisms.

To be free from fault is a great com-

It is better to receive than to do

Religion is not moved by removing

Nothing is more delightful than the

It is the judge's duty in all trials

Fewer possess virtue than those who wish us to believe that they pos-

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

Honor is the reward of virtue.

superstition.

light of truth.

then

Old England! thy name shall yet warrant

That wore nobly our Waterleo wreath; We have more of the blood that formed Inkermann's flood,

And the foeman will find neither coward

We have jackets of blue, still as dauntless 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

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 "Goodbye," Yet those women would send lover,

brother or friend To the war-field to conquer or die! Let the challenge be flung from the braggart's bold tongue, And that challenge will fiercely be met;

And our banner unfurled shall proclaim

to the world

That "there's 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!

SEPTEMBER.

-Eliza Cook.

Now hath the summer reached her golden close And, lost amid her cornfields, bright of soul.

Scarcely perceives from her divine repose How near, how swift, the inevitable goal! 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 dins; In clamorous gangs the gathering wood-

Around the long low shanties, where

rough lines Break the sealed dreams of many an unnamed lake, Already in the frost-clear morns awake The crash and thunder of the falling

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

slack. Till twilght deepens round the spouting

Feeding the loosened sheaves, or, with ficice will. Pitching waist-deep upon the dusky

Still a brief while, ere the old year quite Our wandering steps and wistful eyes shall greet

The leaf, the water, the beloved grass; Still from these haunts and this accustomed seat see the wood-wrapt city, swept with

light. The blue, long-shadowed distance, and between.

The dotted farm-lands, with their parceled 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.

which he who is imbued can never

Time destroys the groundless conceits of men; it confirms decisions founded on reality. There is in superstition a senseless

pious worship of God. The following pithy sayings are selected from the works of Cicero,

the great Latin orator and jurist. Loss of Appetite

is commonly gradual; one dish after another is set aside till few remain. These are not eaten with much relish, and are eften so light as not to afford much Loss of appetite is one of the first in-dications that the system is running down, and there is nothing else so good for it as Hoed's Sarsaparilla—the best of

Accept no substitute for Hood's. h Cabbage grows all the year in Hawaii, and it apparently makes no difference whether it is planted in the spring, summer, autumn or winter.

The King of Ranges, "Buck's Happy Thought"

## The Range of Quality



The Happy Thought Range has stood the test of time for more than 20 years and has been the favorite of Canada's best cooks. In The Happy Thought Range is found the culminating triumph of modern stove building, the Range that's : : : : : : :

The BEST by TEST

from the Atlantic to the Pacific. All cooks join in saying The Happy Thought Range is the best. : : :

Happy Thought Ranges are seld by all the best stove dealers in Canada and are manufactured by

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A Salesman's Story

COLD BY

'Yes sir," this is Stanfield's Unshrinkable "Yes sir," this is standed a Chish making underwear, pure wool and guaranteed not to shrink. There are other goods marked "Un shrinkable," "Watranted not to shrink," etc., but they are mostly of foreign make and are either part outland a shrink. either part cotton or coshrink.

"Stanfield's" however, are made "Stanfield s" however, are made entirely from the best Nova Scotia wool, by the Truro Knitting Mills Co., the largest manufacturers of high-class knit underwear in Canada; they guarantee them tous; we in turn guarantee them to you in the only way that is worth considering — "Your money back if they shrink." Get the size that fits you and they will outwear any other goods on the market and always be comfortable. No more expensive than any other underwear of equal quality. any other underwear of equal quality.

Stanfields is sold by Dry Goods and Gent's Fur-Unshrinkable nishing stores. Ask your deal er for them.

TAKING A COURSE IN COLLEGE!

The Kind of Boys That Should Not Go.

whose son I knew well.

That boy is now more than 50 years old, and he has not entered college. The reason that he did not go to college is the reason which is usually sufficient 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. reason which is usually sufficient 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 develop late. But parents with knowledge more intimate may believe, despite the evidence that their son has such intellectual, the two things to be said by the sum of the sum of the latter of the sum of the sum of the latter of the sum of the latter of good intellect, who has the knack of helping himself, should turn away from the college gate hopeless. But, after all, the two things to be said absolutely are those. The how who leaded absolutely are those. ntellectual accomplishments that should be entered. Happy the parent who has such a true prevision of his son's future! Happy the son who has so true a prophet in his father!

TWO TYPES. 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 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 thinks that his brain is full. He is the boy who is so ignorant that he es not know he is ignorant. He is the by who said, when his father tole e could not go to college: "Well, will have a new suit of clothes." xecutive boy is of quite a different type. He is the boy who likes to do things. Elessings on him! He will be of far

greater value to the world than many a thinker. But he would find the life of thought and of learning of the college exceedingly dull, tedious, irksome. He should not enter the door of that life. He should be content with sitting down upon its doorstep. ANOTHER THAT SHOULD NOT GO. 'I am not going to send my son to college till he can say no and stick to it," said a father. The remark suggested the truth interpretive of the boy of another type who should not go to college. It is the boy who lacks strength of will. wills, like steel beams, have a breaking point. I also know that the will may yield once, or twice, or even thrice, and retain its permanent tension and tenac-ity. But the boy who enters college should have the power to hold firmly the decisions made wisely. For the freshman of today finds fewer helps in rules and regulations for reinforcing the strength of his will than his father and grand-

of his will than his latter and grandfather found. It is possible also he may find less help in the personal associations of his teacher. He is flung into a new world. It is a world of equals and superiors. Being a freshman he will not be ined to believe it is a world also of riors! It is a condition of mera temptations; but it is also a condition of general testing. He is his own man and master as he has not been. His time is his own; he can transmute time into treasures more precious than rubies. He can also transmute it into pestiferous evils. His strength of mind and heart is also his own—either to use worthily and to increase it, or to use unworthing and to diminish its sum and to degrade its possibilities. Into this condition of moral ireedom, so akin to the world of freedom nto which God puts every soul, is put he college student. If he be a man who needs restraint, supervision, penalties, he should not enter it. If he be at all the should not enter it. If he be at all the type of a man who once had an interview with Dr. Ballou, the founder of Universalism in America, he should not go to college. "If I believe as you believe," said the man to Dr. Ballou, "I should lie, steal, murder." "Yes," replied Dr. Ballou, "I think you would; you look it." The man who cannot do right without fear of penalty should not be in college.

STRONG WILL-POWER NEEDED. The appetites are, of course, the source of peculiar temptations to the young man in college as they are to all young men. These temptations there is to be strength of will sufficient to overcome. If there be not sufficient strength of will to over-come, then, in the condition of freedom, the candidate for college should remain in his home, where he may have the special advantages of loving personalities and strong atmosphere to support his will. The temptation to lie is also a

and strong atmosphere to support his will. The temptation to lie is also a temptation of the college, as of all men. It is a temptation which usually arises from cowardice. The tendency to yield to it is among the hardest of all the inclinations of the college men to eliminate. The man whose will is weak, whose heart is so craven, that he lies easily, should not go to college. Where should he go? perhaps some anxious parent may ask. The answer to the question would carry us too far afield, even if any answer at all could be given.

At this point one should not fail to notice that there are colleges and that there are colleges. One boy may have a will so weak that to enter him at a college in which freedom prevalis would be to invite moral suicide. Another boy may enter the same college and find in it a condition which creates the strongest manhood. The first boy may enter annother college in which, through gentle.

and wise ministries, he may be nourished from characteristic weakness into ethical worthiness. The second-named boy, en-tering this college, might find his innate strength disintegrating and the ideals of maniy achievement depraved. It would be trying to grow oaks in a hothouse. The question, therefore, of whether a boy should or should not go to college is in no small degree a question of whether he should go or not go to a particular college. Colleges are not alike, as are spades and pass' colleges differentiates.

Adelbert College, Chicago.]

"My boy shall go to college even if he cannot enter until he is 40 years old," said a mother whom I knew well and whose son I knew well.

That boy is now more. It is sometimes said that the lack of money is sufficient to keep a boy from going to college. Lack of money may keep a boy from going to college, but it need not. Colleges are made for boys of write of grace of grantion and of power. absolutely are these: The boy who lacks intellectual interest or the boy who lacks strong will should not go he attempt of a mother or send such a boy to college constitutes a grave peril for the boy. The receiving of such a boy by the college constitutes a grave peril for the college lest its fair name as a healthful, intellectual and moral force be tarnished.

> DIAMOND DYE MAT AND RUG PATTERNS AND DIAMOND DYES.

new beauty and usefulness to faded and dingy dresses, skirts, blouses, capes, jacket, ribbons, silks, laces and a thousand other things, and the Diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patternsdesigns for handsome and artistic mats and rugs for halls, parlors, diningrooms and bedrooms are subjects of deep interest in our Canadian

homes at the present time. Since the introduction of the diamond Dye Mat and Rug Patterns. demand for wonderful Diamond Dyes, for the coloring rags, varns and warps has vastly increased. If you would like to make a stylish mat or rug and cannot get the Diamond Dve Mat and Rug Patterns from your dealer, send for sheet of latest designs to the Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal, Que. Mailed free to any address.

IN FIJI.

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

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"I would like a straw with this lemonade," said the lady at the table to the server of the beverage "Hey?" ejaculated the waiter, who "No. straw. I said."

57-62 the Oritical Age. Height of vigor past—nature's power slowing down, vitality less, recuperative power less, indurance less. Stop the progress of decay, tone up the weakened nerve centers, impart vigor to the tiring brain, prepare for the crisis. A means of remarkable protency is the renewal of decreasing vigor is found in Farragon decreasing vigor is found in Ferrezone. It brightens up the whole being, imparts a sense of power and strength. By the use of Ferrozone, old age is pushed back twenty years. Ferrozone gives strength, vigor, indurance, vim. Get a box today from W. T. Strong & Co.

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For Infants and Children.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

Children Ory for CASTORIA.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

The more virtuous any man is the less easily does he suspect others to When you feel weak, run-down, nervous, unable to work or think as you ought, take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They'll built up your Death approaches, which is always impending like the stone over Tantaergy.

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