

UNQUENCHABLE FIRE.

Or, The Tragedy of the Wild.

CHAPTER I.

Every corner of the earth has a story to tell; every hill, every valley, every river and plain, every tree, and every blade of grass.

What wealth of narrative must be hidden in the heart of the Rocky Mountains of Canada, if only man would give ear to it. We gaze up from the prairie-lands and quail at the sight of the mighty snow-girt ramparts, where sheer to the lowering clouds the crystal heights rise and plunge their jagged heads into a blinding sea of mist. But the Voice of Nature is hushed to our listless ears. The echo of the hills is a whisper to those upon the plains. From the forest lands of British Columbia it is the same, only the scene is of a different tone. The crystal gives place to an almost unbroken carpet of primeval forests, crowned by glaciers which are aged by tens of thousands of years. And here again we wait vainly for the Voice which is forever telling the story of the Wild.

The Voice of Nature only speaks to those who brave all dangers and seek the bosom of that world of tremendous solitude. Beneath the canopy of brooding forest; upon the mountain-side where the crisp surface of the snow remains unbroken. Deep in the canons and valleys where in summer the devastating torrents flow; upon the brink of abyss, gaping to the bowels of the earth, and upon the face of unmeasured precipice. There where the cry of wolf wails out on moonlit night and changes the silence from a peaceful calm to the stillness of gloomy portent. There where the grizzly leisurely prowls, truculent, insolent. There where deer forage browsing or are hunted, where the mountain lion reigns in his exalted lair, where the puma screams in answer to the challenge of the wild-cat. It is there that all who have ears to hear may listen to the wonderful story Nature has to tell.

The seasons come and go; the valleys are green, they are brown with autumn hues, they are white with the snows of winter. The rivers rush headlong to the plains below, or are frozen down to their very beds; the pine forests darken the lower landscape with their everlasting earth-green foliage, or bear on their spiky bosoms the weighty pall of winter. In the heart of the mountains it is the same to-day as it has been for thousands of years. The ramparts bar the way to the march of civilization; within is a world where Nature reigns supreme.

And he who sojourns in the heart of the Wild, and lives in communion with the Spirit which pervades the Northland, knows a strange and awesome life. As it is with the world about him, so it is with him. Civilization loses its meaning; for the voice of the world of men cannot penetrate the ancient watch-towers of the earth. The peace or war nations is less than the battle of wing and fur. Only does he know the animal world, over which he seeks to rule with the law of trap and gun, and the war he wages with the stormy elements of his kingdom. He returns to the primitive man, strong, patient, enduring.

He listens to the Voice of Nature, and quickly learns the tongue in which she speaks; for the cobwebs of cities fall from his brain as the autumn leaves fall from the trees, and the man stands forth like the tree-trunk, plain, rugged, but strong to withstand the storms of mountain life which rage about him.

High up on the hillside, where the forest shadows are lost some distance below, overlooking a valley so deep and wide as to daze the brain of the gazing human, stands a squat building. It seems to have been crushed into the slope by the driving force of the vicious storms to which it is open on three sides. There is no shelter for it. It stands out bravely to sunshine and storm alike, with the contemptuous indifference of familiarity. It is a dug-out, and, as its name implies, is built half in the ground. Its solitary door and single parchment-covered window face over the valley, and the white path in front, where the snow is packed hard by the tramp of dogs and men, and the runners of the dog-sled. Below the slope bears away to the woodlands. Above the hut the overshadowing mountain rises to dazzling heights; and a further, but thin, belt of primeval forest extends up, up, until the eternal snows are reached, and the air will no longer support life. Even to the hardy hunters, whose home this is, those upper

forests are sealed chapters in Nature's story.

The immediate front is a valley, wide and deep, so vast that its contemplation from the hillside sends a shudder of fear through the heart. It is dark, dreadfully dark and gloomy, although the great stretch of pine forest which reaches to its uttermost confines, bears upon its drooping branches the white coat of winter.

The valley is split by a river, now frozen to its bed, but, from the hut door, the rift which marks its course cannot be seen. In summer it is a raging torrent whose voice comes up the hillside in a steady, dull roar. But now it is silent, captive, eating out its heart at the cruel restraint thus ignobly put upon it. But its day will come again, and then it will vent its spleen and hatred upon all life within reach, tearing out its bank, uprooting trees which have withstood a thousand storms, and tossing them upon its turbulent bosom like playthings.

What a world to gaze upon! What splendor! What sublime solitude! And Nature's story is waited upon the chill air, and the man who dwells in such a region must listen, and listening must understand.

Right here he knows is one of the ancient battle-grounds of Nature's forces. If he be imaginative he will try to conceive the dread conflict of elements which must have endured to have caused such masses to be hurled from the depths below. The strangely weird mould of the vast crags must cause him wonder. How came they in such shapes? Surely no water action can have cut them out; no storms of countless ages have chiselled them. Power, might inconceivable to the brain of man, must have moved them in the battle of Nature; and what terrible chaos must have reigned.

And the valley seems limited; seems to be cut off abruptly in every direction; and yet miles of it lie within view. It is the vastness of the towering walls which deceives the human estimation of size. Miles became insignificant. Besides, the valley does not end at these apparent walls. Dark lines score them, which, in the distance, appear like giant, forest-lined cracks; and each such break is the mouth of a yawning valley, as large as, and perhaps larger than the one from which it opens out. And so this mountain world is made up; crag and vale, river and forest, gorge and precipice. Forest, forest everywhere, and above all the cold, gleaming glacial ocean, half buried in the mists of laden clouds and everlasting snow.

And in the awesome view no life is revealed. The forests shadow the earth and every living thing upon it, and where the forest is not, there lies the snow to the depth of many feet. All is still, unending, and the solemn grandeur which belongs to Nature's Wild.

And out of the deathly stillness comes a long-drawn sigh. It echoes down the hillside like the weary expression of patient suffering from some creature imprisoned where ancient glacier and everlasting snows hold place. It passes over the low-pitched roof of the dug-out, it plays about the angles and under the wide-reaching eaves. It sets the door creaking with a sound that startles the occupants of the place. It passes on and forces its way through the dense, complaining forest trees below. The opposition it receives intensifies its plaint and it rushes angrily through the branches. Then, for a while, all is still again.

But the coming of the breath of the mountain-top has made a difference in the outlook. A something strange has happened. One looks about and cannot tell what it is. It may be that the air is colder; it may be that the daylight has changed its tone; it may be that the sunlit scene is changed as the air fills with sparkling, diamond frost particles.

Something has happened. Suddenly a dismal howl splits the air, and its echo intensifies the gloom. Another howl succeeds it, and then the weird cry is taken up by other voices.

And ere the echoes die out another breath comes down from the hilltop, a breath less patient; angry with a biting fierceness which speaks of patience exhausted and a spirit of retaliation.

It catches up the snow as it comes and hurls it defiantly at every obstruction with the viciousness of an exasperated woman. Now it shakes the whole building of the dug-out, and as it passes on, shrieks invective at the world over which it rushes, and everything it touches feels the bitter lash of it.

ping snow it bears upon its bosom. Again come the strange howls of the animal world, but they sound more distant and the echoes are muffled, for those who cry out have sought the woodland shelter, where the mountain breath beats itself upon the upstanding giants of

fresh clouds and rush to the scene's direction. Encountering each other on their way they struggle together, each intent of interference, until the shriek is heard on every hand, and the snow fog thickens, and the dull sun above grows duller, and the fierce-burning "dogs" look like evil coals of fire burning luridly in the sky.

Now, from every direction, the wind tears along in a mad fury. The forest tops sway as with the roll of some sea swept by the sudden blast of a tornado. In the rage of the storm the woodland giants creak out their impotent protests. The wind battles and tears at everything; there is no cessation in its onslaught. There is a madness in the struggle which is incomprehensible, and paralyzes the limited human senses.

And as the fight waxes the fog rises, and a grey darkness settles over the valley. The forest is hidden, the hills are gone, the sun is obscured, and a fierce desolation reigns. Darker and darker it becomes as the blizzard gains force. And the cries of the forest beasts add to the chaos and din of the mountain storm.

Those in the dugout feel its force, and its bitter influence drives them to pile up the fuel in the box stove, which alone makes life possible when such a storm breaks. The roof groans, and the two men who sit under it can see it bend beneath the blast. Under the rattling door a thin carpet of snow has edged its way in, while through the crack above it a steady rain of moisture falls as the snow encounters the rising heat of the stifling atmosphere.

"I knew it 'ud come, Nick," observed one of the men, as he snuggled the stove, after carefully packing several cordwood sticks within its insatiable maw.

He was of medium height but of large muscle. His appearance was that of a man in the prime of life. A face weather-tanned, and lined with the strain of exposure. His hair was long and grey, as was the beard which curled about his chin. He was clad in a shirt of rough-tanned buckskin and trousers of thick moleskin. His feet were shod with moccasins which were brilliantly beaded, and matched the adornment on the front of his weatherproof shirt.

His companion was younger, but not much. He was a larger man too, and the resemblance he bore to his comrade indicated the relationship between them. They were brothers.

(To be continued.)

THE BLACK BOG.

A Corner of the County of Kildare Dear to Those Who Know It.

The black bog of Kilbarron, in the County of Kildare, Ireland, lies five long miles from either railway or post office and is considered to be at the "back of beyant entirely."

There are three styles of dwellings in the black bog, says the Rosary Magazine, houses, cottages and cabins. The houses are quaint, rambling edifices, owned by the farmers, who still hold to olden styles and ancient ways unmindful of the great modern note which is sweeping through Ireland to-day.

The cottages belong to the Government and are rented to laborers at a very low rate; while the cabins are simply relics of the old regime, just clay huts roofed with straw. There are very few of the latter standing in Ireland now.

The black bog is a dangerous place for nightly rambles, as it abounds in deep holes full of inky water. But some warm summer evening after sunset, when the fogs are rising all around, go down there all you who are city tired, and find out how good that springy sod will feel to your cramped feet.

Try a short Marathon along those short pathways, you who are weary of life's treadmill, and see if you do not get to feeling like a young colt just let loose in a clover pasture. Or some misty day in October go down there among the brown heather and let the long, clean, wet winds blow the furrows from your fore head while the rain-drops are pattering on the bracken like the wee feet of the fairies themselves.

Always enchanting, always beautiful, even if it is at "the back of beyant," the charm of the bog will twine itself round you with a lure strong enough to gack to the bog for evermore.

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GASOLINE OUSTS RATS.

Rats appear to have a strong

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DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Windsor, Ont.
Write for our private address.

WALKERTON.

New Year's day will witness another change of proprietors at the station hotel. J. F. Burke, who has been at the hotel for the past three years, has disposed of it to Mr. Snider of Toronto who takes possession almost immediately.

Miss Grace Tanner, the 13 year old daughter of Councillor Tanner of Brant, had a finger cut off her right hand last week while attempting to remove an obstruction in a turnip chopper when the machine was in motion. Another finger was also badly lacerated. The girl would seem to sustain a very painful wound.

Wm. Laporte, who recently sued Michael Wehngel of Brant for malicious prosecution, was taken to the stable Ferguson to the lock-up on Monday day for being disorderly on the street. The following Tuesday he appeared before Magistrate Robb and pleaded guilty to the offence and was assessed the usual dollar and costs.

The marriage of Mr. Claude Cooper and Miss Lizzie Glebe, two popular young people of Walkerton, was celebrated at the home of the bride's brother, Mr. Chas. Glebe, here, at high noon on Saturday last. The ceremony was quietly performed in the presence of only the immediate relatives and interested parties. Rev. M. G. Wilson officiating.

When the C. P. R. train came in on Saturday afternoon, Dick Addley took a walk through the train and found a satchel containing a couple of purses on the seat. He picked it up and carried it away. In the meantime the young lady who left it, Miss Sutherland, who is visiting at the home of Thos. Etsell, missed her handbag and returned to the train for it. Not being able to locate it, she went to the station agent, but a further search did not reveal the missing bag. The conductor then notified Constable Ferguson and he set out to locate it. Saturday evening Dick took the satchel up to the Etsell home as he had found a letter in it addressed to Mrs. Etsell, and gave it to the young lady. Some time after she discovered that there was 35 cents and four street car tickets missing. Addley had evidently made no secret of finding the satchel and Constable Ferguson at the instigation of the C. P. R. authorities who asked the young lady to prosecute, laid an information against Addley for theft. He appeared before a magistrate Wednesday afternoon and was committed to stand his trial for theft. Bail was accepted.

The Kind Boy.

The other day, while homeward waddling, I slipped and fell around a block, and I was rendered sick and maudlin by getting such a beastly shock. And sundry little boys stood near me and filled with joyous shouts the glen; they thought it fun to gibe and jeer me, and say: "O please do that again!" I listened to the rude things spoken, and teardrops trickled down my face, for all my ribs and back are broken, my vitals all jarred out of place. "The modern boy is but a viper," I muttered, as they laughed again, "when he in wickedness is ripe, they'll surely take him to the pen. Had I a son who'd laugh and chortle, and paw with glee the fertile soil, when viewing some poor stricken mortal, I'd surely boil that youth in oil." Then came a youth in quite a hurry, to help me in my awful plight. He softly murmured: "Do not worry; your bones will set again alright." He got a pole and then he pried me, out of the pavement to my feet, and then he kindly walked beside me up the village street. A boy like that—all men will love him, while in this world his face they see, and when the green grass grows above him, the world will prize his memory!—Walt Mason in the Star.

Count Did Not Agree.

Some people get lots of fun out of married life. Mr. and Mrs. Yoreck of Baltimore were married six months and in that time, she had charged up against him 182 beatings. Yoreck denied the soft impeachment and found fault with her book-keeping, claiming that he had only larrupped her 130 times in the six months. Mr. Yoreck went to jail for his fun, and his wife will have peace during his absence.

Progress Reported.

Mr. Chamberlain, general manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific, reports that system will be completed from the Bay of Fundy, at Moncton, to Prince Rupert on the Pacific Coast, early in 1913. Mr. Chamberlain went up the Skeena about two hundred miles, and states that there will be no less than six thousand men employed this winter on the different contracts east of Edmonton and on the several sections of the Pacific slope. He came to the conclusion that the mineral resources of the country traversed by the Grand Trunk Pacific will surprise him. He thinks that the

you really have desired

PRINCE WINS BET.

Drinks Gallon of Liquor at One Night and Dies.

Wladimir Teropakoff, a Russian nobleman, sacrificed his life in Moscow last week in an attempt to win a strange wager. Prince Waldig, a wealthy landowner, made a bet with him that he would not drink a gallon of liquor in a draught. The prince's reward for accomplishing the feat was to inherit the title deeds to a valuable estate.

Nothing all day long, with the exception of some herring, and in the evening, in the presence of the count and four witnesses, he raised a gallon jar to his lips and drank it readily until he set it down.

The title deeds of the estate were handed to him, but hardly had he received them when he sank to the ground and died in a few moments.

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR LITTLE ONES

The best medicine in the world for little ones is the medicine that will promptly cure all their little ills and at the same time can be given to the youngest baby with absolute safety. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets. They never fail to cure the ills of childhood and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that they do not contain one particle of injurious drug. Concerning them Mrs. John Robertson, Streetsville, Ont., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation with the very best results. They are indeed a valuable medicine for little ones." The Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

EXACT LOCALITY.

Caller: I've noticed a curious taint about dogs. They generally scratch themselves in the same spot.

Bobby (joining in the conversation)—Yes'm; ours always scratches himself behind the kitchen stove.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

PERVERSTY.

"It ain't no fun bein' a kid," observed a kid bitterly. "You always haffer go to bed when you ain't sleepy, and git up when you are."

A Cure for Rheumatism.—A painful and persistent form of rheumatism is caused by impurities in the blood, the result of defective action of the liver and kidneys. The blood becomes tainted by the introduction of uric acid, which causes much pain in the tissues and in the joints. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are known to have effected many remarkable cures, and their use is strongly recommended. A trial of them will convince anyone of their value.

AT THE DOOR.

"Yes, my mind is made up tonight. I shall ask her to be my wife. B-b-by Jove, I h-hope she's out."

The Japs Did It. They supplied the Menthol found in "The D & L" Menthol Plaster, which relieves instantly backache, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism and sciatica.

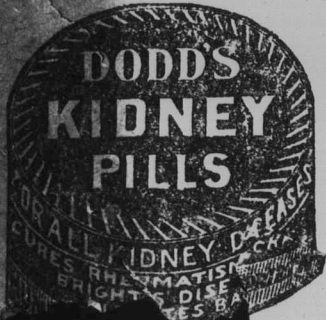
"Why are you weeping, little boy?" "I broke de pitcher." "Well, there's no use crying over spilt milk." "G'wan! Dis wuz beer."

Rub it in for Lame Back.—A brisk rubbing with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will cure lame back. The skin will immediately absorb the oil and it will penetrate the tissues and bring speedy relief. Try it and be convinced. As the liniment sinks in the pain comes out and there are ample grounds for saying that its touch is magical, as it is.

"But," protested the wayward son, "you should make allowance for the follies of youth." "H'm!" growled the old man. "If it wasn't for the allowance you get there'd be less folly!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Mrs. Jawback—I'm always ready to listen to reason. Mr. Jawback—Huh! Mrs. Jawback—But I insist on deciding for myself what is and what is not reason.



Rayo Lamp

The Rayo Lamp is a high grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp made at any price. Constructed of solid brass; nickel plated—easily kept clean; an ornament to any room in any house. There is nothing known to the art of lamp-making that can add to the value of the RAYO Lamp as a light-giving device. Every dealer, everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of The Queen City Oil Company, Limited, Toronto.

DEVOURING HIS BOOKS.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lapsling, "Johnny is getting along splendidly at school. He has almost finished elementary arithmetic."

A Pill that Proves its Value.—Those of weak stomach will find strength in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they serve to maintain the healthful action of the stomach and the liver, irregularities in which are most distressing. Dyspeptics are well acquainted with them and value them at their proper worth. They have afforded relief when other preparations have failed, and have effected cures in ailments of long standing where other medicines were found unavailing.

SORRY, BUT—

"I hope, sir, my hat does not obstruct your view of the stage." "I cannot tell a lie madam; it does."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen,—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of LaGrippe, and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in cases of inflammation. Yours, W. A. HUTCHISON.

Success often comes from knowing what to expect and when to expect it.

As a vermifuge there is nothing so potent as Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and it can be given to the most delicate child without fear of injury to the constitution.

HE HASN'T PAID YET.

A man sat at lunch in the dining-room of a well-known hotel, when a bill-collector, having somehow eluded the attendants in the hall, walked up to him and laid on the table an overdue account. The diner glared at the account, his fork suspended in the air. Then, solemnly and indignantly, he handed the paper back to the collector. "How dare you," he said, "infringe upon the rules of this establishment in this manner? Don't you know I can have you forcibly ejected for coming in here thus? Now, I insist on your going out into the hall immediately, taking this bill with you, and that you send in your card by the attendants in the proper way."

The collector, red in the face, but hopeful on the whole, complied. He retired to the hall, and sent in his card with all due formality.

The debtor, eating steadily, received the card on a silver salver. He studied it gravely; then, turning to the waiter, he said: "Not at home."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

Has been used for over SIXTY-FIVE YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1904. Serial Number 1068.

AN OLD AND WELL TRIED REMEDY.

A justice once reproved a would-be suicide thus: "Young man, you have been found guilty of attempting to drown yourself in the river. Only consider what your feelings would have been had you succeeded."

"A Little Cold, You Know," will become a great danger if it be allowed to reach down the throat to the lungs. Nip the peril in the bud with Allen's Lung Balsam, a sure remedy containing no opiates.

FIRST PRINCIPLES.

Mrs. Newcome had never done any cooking, for at the time of her marriage one of the old family servants was turned over to her; but when Norah fell ill, Mrs. Newcome reassured her about the kitchen work.

"You have nothing to do but lie here and get well, Norah," said the young mistress, patting the cook's hand, "except that I may ask you one or two questions."

"Now to-day Mr. Newcome and I are going to have a very simple dinner. I ordered it, and it's come home, ready to cook. We are going to have sausages, baked potatoes, lettuce, and some of your delicious bread, and ice-cream and things from the confectioner's."

"Now I really want to ask you two things. About how much butter do you put in the pan to fry the sausages, or shall I use lard? And if there are any particular kind of soap you use in washing the lettuce?"

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A New or Kendall's Spavin Cure?

Warren, Ont. Feb. 11th. "I had a horse that had a Spavin for a long time and I had tried nearly every kind of medicine when a neighbor told me to use Kendall's Spavin Cure, which I did and it acted wonderfully."

M. ROSENTHAL. Kendall's Spavin Cure is no untried experiment, but is the world's standard remedy for all Swellings, Soft Bunches and Lameness in horse and man.

Used the world over for 40 years. Every farmer, stockman, expressman, livery proprietor and horse owner generally should keep it always on hand.

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HONEST.

She—"Do you love me more than any other girl you ever knew, George?"

He—"Er—I love you more than any other girl who would have me."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

"George is a very grouchy sort of man, isn't he?" "Yes; won't even ride in anything but a sulky."

No one need endure the agony of corns with Holloway's Corn Cure at hand to remove them.

Most men prefer a well-formed woman to one who is well informed.

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for Chapped Skin and Lips, Cold Sores, Windburn.

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In the new
ring out the false
Ring in the true.
And the Best of
1911
To You.

Thomas D. D. D.

CANADA AND UNITED STATES

Railway Commission to Have Authority in Both Countries

A despatch from Washington says: As a result of conferences between Judge Martin A. Knapp, Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the Hon. J. P. Mabee, chief of the Railway Commission of Canada, an agreement has been reached to recommend to the Governments of the United States and Canada the creation of an International Railroad Commission, which shall have supervision over the railway rates between the two countries.

Mr. Mabee arrived in Washington from Ottawa on Tuesday night to discuss the details of an agreement he had reached with Judge Knapp last August, and on Wednesday the two officials who were designated by their respective Governments to consider the subject and make a report upon it were in conference.

No details of the report are yet available, beyond the fact that it recommends the establishment of the International Commission, upon which shall be conferred certain defined regulatory powers. Whether the Commission is to be created by treaty between the two Governments or by joint legislation cannot be announced at this time.

For a considerable period it has been realized that the increasing

traffic, both passenger and freight, between the United States and Canada was likely to render control over rates in the future difficult, unless some international action were taken.

The acquisition by American railroads of Canadian terminals and by Canadian railroads of American terminals and lines present increasing difficulties. In the existing circumstances it is not possible to compel either railways or express companies to establish joint through routes and rates to and from points in the two countries. In other words, neither an American nor a Canadian carrier may be required to furnish to a shipper a through bill of lading to any point in one country from any point in the other.

The reasonableness of the international rates, which ordinarily are a combination of the rates local to each country, can be determined only by a circuitous proceeding instituted before the commissions of both countries. No power at present exists that can require carriers engaged in international transportation to establish what may be regarded officially as reasonable through joint rates, and to apportion those rates among the participating carriers in the event of not reaching an agreement among themselves.

EARL GREY'S TRIP.

Cruiser Rainbow to Meet Him at Mouth of Mackenzie River.

A despatch from Ottawa says: It is intended that the cruiser Rainbow of the Canadian navy will be sent from Victoria to the mouth of the Mackenzie River to meet Earl Grey in the trip which he has planned for next summer to the Arctic. The time of starting will likely be in June, and will be made from Edmonton, but whether the Peace River route or another will be followed to the Mackenzie River is not yet determined. The governor-general will be escorted by a detachment of the Northwest Mounted Police, and it is stated that the trip from Edmonton to the mouth of the Mackenzie can be covered in the space of three weeks. The sea trip by the Rainbow would be four thousand miles, and would be the farthest north that a warship has ever gone.

SCOTCH WHISKEY TRADE.

Dealings for the Year Show a Great Shrinkage.

A despatch from London says: Statistics of the Scotch whiskey trade, published on Wednesday, show that dealings for the past twelve months have been the worst for many years. The shrinkage in all departments is severe. The total production is the lowest for sixteen years, having declined over 2,000,000 gallons in the twelve months.

SMALLPOX SPREADING.

Prejudice Against Vaccination in the Country Responsible.

A despatch from Montreal says: Reports received by the Provincial Board of Health on the epidemic of smallpox in the northern part of the Province are that the disease is still ravaging in the Lake St. John and north coast districts. Where the disease has caused the gravest alarm is at Hebertville, near the Saguenay, between Roberval and Chicoutimi. It is reported that a great percentage of the population are infected. According to Dr. E. Pelletier, Secretary of the Provincial Board of Health, the popular prejudice or contempt for vaccination in the uneducated portions of the Province was responsible for the outbreak.

CRUELTY TO STEP-SON.

Father and Step-mother Locked Up For Maltreating Child.

A despatch from Montreal says: Locking her step-son in a woodshed, whipping him when he cried from the cold, and only bringing him into the house to be fed, then sending him back into the woodshed again—these are details of the charge of "cruelty" made on Wednesday against Mrs. Phileas St. Jean of Chabot street. "Horrible, horrible," exclaimed Judge Lantot. "This is simply barbarous." His Honor promptly ordered both father and step-mother to be locked up, without the option of bail, pending preliminary investigation into the case.

RAILWAYS RESPONSIBLE

Locomotives Start Thirty Per Cent. of the Forest Fires.

A despatch from Ottawa says: The Conservation Commission has issued a statement in regard to the starting of forest fires by locomotives, and the proposed legislation on the question.

The Commission declares that it has had investigations made by competent men and finds that thirty per cent. of all forest fires have been started by locomotives, and that they have caused enormous loss. The legislation will hold rail-

ways responsible for damage caused by fires started by locomotives unless it can be shown that all reasonable precautions have been taken to prevent such fires.

The precautions will include the best possible spark-arresting devices, efficient fire-fighting staffs to check fires which have been started, and the companies will have to show that there has been no negligence on the part of their employees in allowing fires to start or spread.

First...
ents, \$4.90,
\$4.70, on track,
Manitoba Wheat
as follows:—No. 1 Northern
Bay ports; No. 2 Northern,
Bay ports, and No. 3 at 93½c, Bay
ports.
Ontario Wheat—85 to 86c, outside
for No. 2 white and red Winter.
Barley—58 to 58c outside, and
feed 48 to 50c outside.
Oats—No. 2 white, 34 to 35c,
track, Toronto, and 3c outside.
No. 2 W. C. oats, 38c, Bay ports,
and No. 3 at 36½c, Bay ports.
Corn—New No. 3 American, 51½
to 52c, prompt shipment, Toronto,
freights.
Peas—No. 2 shipping, 78c out-
side.
Rye—No. 2 at 60 to 61c outside.
Ruckwheat—No. 2 at 46 to 48c
outside.
Bran—Manitobas at \$19, in bags,
Toronto, and shorts, \$21 in bags,
Toronto. Ontario bran, \$19,
sacks, Toronto, and shorts, \$22.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Apples—Spys, \$4.50 to \$6; B...
wins, \$4 to \$5; Greenings, \$4 to
\$4.50; No. 2 assorted, \$3.50 to
\$3.75 per barrel.

Beans—Car lots, \$1.60 to \$1.70,
and small lots, \$1.80 to \$1.85.

Honey—Extracted, in tins, 10½
to 11c per lb. No. 1 comb, whole-
sals, \$2 to \$2.25 per dozen; No. 2
comb, wholesale, \$1.75 to \$1.85 per
dozen.

Baled Hay—No. 1, \$12.50 to \$13
on track, and No. 2 at \$10 to \$11.

Baled Straw—\$6.50 to \$6.75 on
track, Toronto.

Potatoes—Car lots, 10 to 75c per
bag.

Poultry—Wholesale prices of
dressed poultry:—Chickens, 12 to
13c per lb.; fowl, 9 to 10c per lb.;
ducks, 13 to 14c per lb.; turkeys,
19 to 21c per lb., and geese, 13 to
14c per lb. Live, 1 to 2c less.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—Dairy prints, 22 to 24c;
choice dairy solids, 21 to 22c; infer-
ior, 18 to 19c; choice large rolls, 21
to 22c. Creamery 27 to 28c per
lb. for rolls, 25c for solids, and
24 to 25c for separator prints.

Eggs—Case lots of pickled, 27c;
cold storage, 27 to 28c; selected, 30
to 31c; and strictly new laid, 38 to
40c per dozen.

Cheese—Large at 12½c, and
12¼c.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Bacon—Long clear, 12½ to 13c
per lb. in case lots; mess pork, \$24;
short cut, \$26.

Hams—Light, to medium, 16c;
do., heavy, 15c; rolls, 12½c; shoul-
ders, 11½c; breakfast bacon, 18c;
backs (pea meal), 18½c.

Lard—Tierces, 12½c; tubs, 12¼c;
pails, 13c.

BUSINESS IN MONTREAL.

Montreal, Jan 3.—Oats—No. 2
Canadian Western, 39 to 39½c; ex-
tra No. 1 feed, 38½c; No. 3 Canadian
Western, 38½c; No. 2 local
white, 37½c; No. 3 local white,
36½c; No. 4 local white, 35½c. Bar-
ley—Manitoba No. 4, 48 to 48½c.
Flour—Manitoba Spring wheat pa-
tents, firsts, \$5.60; do., seconds,
\$5.10; Winter wheat patents, \$4.
75 to \$5; Manitoba strong bakers',
\$4.90; straight rollers, \$4.35 to
\$4.50; do., in bags, \$2 to \$2.05;
extras, \$1.65 to \$1.75. Feed—Onta-
rio bran, \$19 to \$20; Ontario
middlings, \$22 to \$22.50; Manitoba
shorts, \$21 to \$22; Manitoba bran,
\$18 to \$20; pure grain mouillie,
\$31 to \$32; mixed mouillie, \$25 to
\$28. Cheese—Westerns, 11½ to
12c and easterns 11¼ to 11½c. But-
ter—Choicest, 25½ to 25¾c, and
seconds, 24 to 24½c. Eggs—Strictly
new-laid, 55c per dozen; select-
ed stock, 32c; No. 1 stock at 27c,
and No. 2 at 23 to 24c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Buffalo, Jan. 3.—Wheat—Spring,
No. 1 Northern, carloads, store,
\$1.13 to \$1.13 1-8; Winter No. 2
white, 93c. Corn—No. 3 yellow,
49½c; No. 4 yellow, 47c, on track,
through billed. Oats—No. 2 white,
35½c; No. 3 white, 35¼c; No. 4
white, 34½c. Barley—Malting, 87
to 90c.

Minneapolis, Jan 3.—Wheat—No.
1 hard, cash, \$1.02 7-8; No. 1 North-
ern, cash, \$1.01 3-8; December, \$1.
00 7-8; May, \$1.03 ¼; July, \$1.04 ¼.
Flour—First patents, \$4.75 to \$5.
25; second patents, \$4.75 to \$5.
first clears, \$3.15 to \$3.55; s...
clears, \$2.15 to \$2.75.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Montreal, Jan 3.—P...
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LEADING STORE
MILDMAY.

January Stock-taking Sale.

Big Smash in Prices on all kinds of Merchandise.

No question about it, our customers are reaping rich rewards in money saving during this sale.

This is the weather for Furs. We are selling fur Muffs, Collars, Throws etc., at possibly less than the cost of making.

They must go,—that's all.

Winter Coats.

All winter coats in stock have been put down to a price that does not pay for materials. Do not buy a coat until you have looked over these bargains.

Wonderful bargains in winter millinery.

J. HUNSTEIN.



At present the best sight in town is our handsome new stock of **Holiday Goods!**

Which includes the pick of the market in Bright New Styles and Novelties of the Christmas Season.

In Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, Fancy China, Mirrors, Toilet Sets, Albums and Photo Cases, Purses, Pipes, Combs, Toys, Dolls, Picture Books, Xmas Cards, and Novelties of every description. Whatever your wants may be, we can meet them with beautiful and appropriate presents at Lowest Prices.

THE RELIABLE OLD STAND,
CHAS. WENDT, MILDMAY.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the policy holders of the Formosa Mutual Fire Insurance Company will be held in Beingessner's Hall in the village of Formosa on Monday, the 23rd day of January 1911, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. All policy holders and the insurance public are cordially invited to attend the same.

B. Beingessner, Mgr.

Formosa, Dec. 31, 1910.

FOR SALE.

John Diebel offers for sale on very reasonable terms, his property on Absalom Street, east, in the village of Mildmay. There is one-third of an acre of land on which is situated a comfortable frame house, 18 x 24, Kitchen 18 x 24, and an addition 14 x 18. Abundance of hard and soft water. Also a pump factory, equipped with boiler and 5 horse power engine. Property is in good shape and can be bought on easy terms.

JOHN DIEBEL, Mildmay.

Licensed Auctioneer.

J. A. Johnston of Mildmay, has taken out an auctioneer's license for the county of Bruce, and is prepared to conduct all sales in a business-like manner.

Albert Baker, an East Missouri farmer rose up from his Christmas dinner went out to the barn and hanged himself.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS. TORONTO.

Receipts of live stock as reported by railways were 33 carloads, consisting of 273 hogs, 189 sheep and 62 calves and 2 horses.

Quality of fat cattle was medium.

Trade was active, everything being cleaned up by noon.

Prices in every department were the same as on Monday, excepting there were no cattle bought for export purposes.

Butchers—The best butchers' steers and heifers sold at \$5.60 to \$5.90, and a few picked cattle brought 16; medium, \$5.25 to \$5.50; common, \$4.80 to \$5.15; cows \$3 to \$5 per cwt.; bulls, \$4 to \$5.

and Springers—Prices unchanged at \$4 to \$70 each.

Veal Calves—Prices remained steady at \$3 to \$8 per cwt.

Sheep and Lambs—Sheep, ewes, sold at \$4.25 to \$4.50; rams \$3 to \$3.50; lambs, \$5.50 to \$5.90 per cwt.

Hogs—Selects, fed and watered at the market, \$7.25, and \$6.90 to drovers for hogs f.o.b. cars at country points.

Representative Sales—Maybe and Wilson sold: 1 load butchers, 1000 lbs., at \$5.85; 1 load butchers, 950 lbs., at \$5.30; 7 heifers, 1000 lbs., at \$5.05; 20 cows, at \$4 to \$4.75; 3 bulls 1500 lbs., at \$4.90; 3 milkers at \$62 each.

Corbett & Hall sold 2 loads of cattle at \$5.40 to \$5.60 for steers and heifers, and cows at \$4 to \$4.90.

Excellent Plan.

The Canadian Government Annuities system which was approved by unanimous vote of Parliament in 08, and is available to everyone, presents exceptional advantages to the young or middle-aged who are able to save over a considerable period to secure for their declining years an income free from all possible danger or loss or diminution, and at the lowest possible cost. If the person has a lump sum saved up which he or she could apply on account of the purchase, the cost for the remaining years would be reduced to a greater or smaller extent, according to the amount which was paid in the lump sum. For example, a man of 35 wishing to purchase an annuity of \$300 at 60 and having \$500 in the Savings Bank which he could apply on account of the purchase in a lump sum could then complete his contract for an annual payment of \$38.82, while if the \$500 had not been paid he would have had to make an annual payment of \$71.04. In the event of his death before 60, his heirs would of course receive back the \$500 as well as the annual payments with 3% compound interest; and if he became an invalid or disabled so that he could not earn a livelihood, and the amount that he had paid in would yield him an income of \$50 or more, he could his annuity at his then age though he were under 55 or 60. This points out the advantage to a man or woman who has been saving up for the years when they are unable longer to work, of immediately transferring any amount which they can spare to their account for the purchase of an annuity. The amount if left in the Savings Bank at 3% would yield an income far short of the amount which might be required for their maintenance.

Information may be had at the Post Office, or of the Superintendent of Annuities, Ottawa, of the plan may adopt to make this provision.

A tramp called at the house of a gentleman and said:—

"I've walked many miles to see you, because people told me that you were kind to poor chaps like me."

"And they said so, did they?"

"Yes, that's why I came."

"Are you going back the same way?"

"Yes, if you don't mind."

"Well, if you're going, you'd better take your hat."

"Thank you, sir, I'll take it."

"Good-bye, sir."



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