

am's store

Best now—one is the path through way before Fall as here that has that people keep Straw Hats of Underwear, Fancy

most double Duty

The Store where Dollars bring their Value

Call—I see you've got a new she had much experience as

ram Offen—Apparently not many, and I propose to give to hunt up another exper-her week's up.

A. COATES
DENTISTRY A SPE-26-6m.

ALL MATTHEW

Low Prices For

HARDWARE

Paints Supplies

Paints, Glass, Cement, Plaster and Oils, Evetroughing-ing.

Mail Supplies

Fitters to do all kinds of res, Packing, Pipe Fittings

Garden Tools

Forks, Rakes, Hoes, and Lawn Hose.

and Cheese Factory Sup- Cans, Creamers, Pails.

Tinware, Granitware, Heating and Metal Work practical men. Get our

L and MATTHEW

Cures Grip in Two Days on every box 25c.

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INSTRUCTION IN
SHORTHAND
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re ones Sep. 1st
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Westervelt Chartered Accountant Principal

WAYS A CRIMINAL

UNUSUAL BIRDS—WHY THEY CONTINUE TO REMAIN SO.

Prison With Joy After Long Terms,
They Found Themselves Back Again
A Burglar's Story That May Have More Than a Germ of Truth in It—A Story of Doing and Undoing.

The guards of the Kingston Penitentiary say that the emotion be- trayed by men who have just com- pleted long terms is betrayed by a gleam in their hats for pure joy in the moment of reaching the big out- side.

In some cases the very men, who, on the score of their experience of fifteen or twenty years, and the most profound knowledge of good resolutions, are arrested in a few months again.

"I concluded to go to Milwaukee. The fare was \$5. I bought a scalper's ticket for \$4, thinking I would save a dollar. I got on the train. The conductor took one look at the ticket, punched it and said: 'You can't ride on my train with no ticket like that; it's an excursion ticket and is just a year old.' I examined it. Sure enough the ticket read good in March of the previous year. I had only glanced at the month and not the year. I made as strong a bluff as I could, but the train was stopped at a platform away out in the suburbs and I was ejected. I made up my mind the company owed me a trip to Milwaukee, and I was going to get it. I got on a freight train that night and crawled in a box car. When I woke up I found the car sidetracked away down in Southern Illinois. I had gone in the wrong direction. It made little dif- ference, however. It would have been the same at Milwaukee, I suppose. I worked several days for a farmer.

"Then I started away. I met two other tramps, and we went into town together. A policeman came up and began to question us. Suddenly my companion ran and the officer grabbed me. He shot at the other man, but they escaped. Then I found out that a house had been broken into the day before in the adjoining town by two tramps. I was kept in jail for three months without any ceremony. I was released for any job then. Just what happened, I will not say, but what happened to start me for Canada, was enough to start me for Canada. I landed at Windsor, and found a couple of pals. They were just the men I wanted to meet. That fall we traveled all over the country, doing little jobs, and in the winter I was caught with some stow- away property. A friend had made a touch and given me the stuff to me. My record alone was enough without the stuff I had, and I got eight years.

"If it is not this it is some- thing worse. I don't believe I would escape to-night if I could."

The officers say that nine-tenths of the men prove by their careers here the truth of the adage, "Once a criminal, always a criminal."

NOW ON TO CANADA.

An American Paper Incites an Invasion of Our Northern Country.

The real call to the wilds hails from the Canadian lakes and rivers. The Muskoka region is absorbing a lot of Yankees these days. Up there, on lakes that are easily reached, but on lakes that are little known, New York State folks are settling in old cabins and in tents and under brush beams and in dugouts and scows, and from the rocks and on the bank are getting good fishing. Off back of Toronto, is the Muskoka region, as full of lakes and streams as a yellow lily is full of punkies. Go to any of these lakes or streams and you cannot fail to get fish. Catch them yourself and then clean them and take them to a fire on the top of a rock and broil them while they are still flopping, and you will think you never before tasted a real fish.

But wherever you go don't take too much duff and tackle with you. It won't be hard to find somebody who has been on the sort of a trip you may be planning, and such a man can tell you in five minutes more about what to take and what to leave at home than all the hunting and fishing magazines would tell you if you should read bobber pulled waders too old to see a mill-pond by under the surface of a mill-pond by a two-inch pumpkinseed. When you know where you are going, find some one who has been in such a region and who has got a list of the traps and who will need. A man who has fished once knows what he had to do and what he had to do that he did not want and what he did not have that he needed, and if he is the right kind he will tell you all about it—Buffalo Express

Beauty of a Barra Shore.

In bygone times it was the practice of the Newfoundland coast folk to appropriate everything they secured, but this lawlessness had to be sternly repressed. Now the unwritten rule is that they get "half their

"I never made any reply. I did not know for several days how they had secured the information. Then I learned that at my boarding house there was a workman who had an acquaintance at Kingston. He visited the boarding house and saw and re- cognized me. I did not see him. They told the police and they reported to the shop where I was employed. I then learned that the Syracuse de- tectives had been watching me for a week.

Started for the West.

"I had \$35, so I bought a ticket to Chicago. An officer in plain clothes was waiting for me. They watched where I bought my ticket and sent a telegram ahead. The officer said: 'The captain wants to see you.' That's a gentle way they have of saying 'Come along; I want to lock you up until the police captain of the district can talk to you and look you over.' I was taken to a police station and charged with vagrancy. I was in jail seven days before spoken to. Then the captain sent for me. He had written to the penitentiary for my full record.

"He said: 'You can't live in Chicago, and you can't live in my dis- trict; better go back to Canada.' I told him I wanted to work and pro- posed to work and be honest. He shrugged his shoulders and replied: 'Well, you can't work here. I will give you 24 hours to leave.'

"That meant if I was found in Chicago after one day I would be arrested again. I had \$7 left. I went down on the lake front and made a deal by which I could work my way to Duluth, but the next morning when I went aboard of the freighter the mate called me a 'd— Canadian convict,' and told me to clear out. I began to feel mighty nasty by that time. I was rapidly losing any res- lution I ever had to let my old criminal friends alone. I had not yet met any of them, but I knew where to find them if I wished. But I was not quite ready. I made one final effort and—failed.

Sank to Old Level.

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Beauty of a Barra Shore.

In bygone times it was the practice of the Newfoundland coast folk to appropriate everything they secured, but this lawlessness had to be sternly repressed. Now the unwritten rule is that they get "half their

hand," or 50 per cent. as salvage. In portable and valuable articles, such as silverware, there is still a strong temptation to keep the whole, but the punishment is severe. Cham- pagne, liquors, cabin stores, and the like have also a trick of disappear- ing, and in the poorest fisher's cot- tage you will come upon rare china, dainty napery, silverware of price, and wines to tempt an epicure. The salvors are reckless and unthinking, and as they gather in hundreds every man pre-empt what he can. In the rush there is much destroyed. When the "Herder" was lost in 1882, they burnt whalebone worth \$15,000 a ton to have leather costing twenty cents a pound. In the "Emmaline" wreck of 1900 they trampled crates of costly glassware to get at four cases of French prayer-books valued at twenty-five cents apiece. On one oc- casion two salvors had got ashore a piano, and were adopting the Solo- moon-like expedient of sawing it in half, when a shrewder chum bought it from them for a bottle of whis- key looted from the captain's cabin. When the "Grasbrook" went ashore in 1890 every man on the shore provid- ed himself with a German concertina, of which instruments of torture she had a large consignment, and to se- cure them packages of much more costly freight were thrown over- board. When the "Orion," from Balti- more for Copenhagen, struck the back of Cape Race and went to pieces, she had a large consignment of bicycles on board, and they were abandoned in St. John's and disposed of all over the island. The "Abbey- more's" landing in 1898 included some cases of splendid English rifles for Canada, and these are now to be seen adorning every fisher's cottage along the shore.—P. T. McGrath.

The Mighty Britisher.

"The Barr colonists were going west in detachments while I was en route, and, naturally, furnished ma- terial for stories, which were going the round—with fanciful embellish- ments, no doubt.

"Guard," said one of these new- comers as he stepped on the plat- form at a north shore station, "old the train for ten minutes; I'm going across the way to get something to eat." And, taking the conductor's ass sent for granted, he proceeded—and got left.

IN SLEEPING CARS.

The M.P. Who Poured Water on a Stranger—Profane Hallway Conductor—The Dog and the False Hair.

After the early passengers had come down and before the arrival of last-minute travelers, a quartette of sleeping car porters stood on the platform of the Union Station last night and "swapped" stories, says The Mail and Empire. They talked of a railway car can be so con- sidered, and after their suspicion of the newspaper man had been lulled by the opportune display of a cigar, they spoke freely of an oddi- case, and humors of A. Traveler, Es- quire, as revealed to their observant eyes.

The yarn spun by the first man, a round-faced good-humored little por- ter, had to do with the error made only a few weeks ago by a member of Parliament from Western Ontario, who was traveling down to Ottawa, and taking with him his eight-year- old son. They had "lower 5" and old son. They had "lower 5" and old son. They had "lower 5" and old son.

The M.P. clad in pajamas apologiz- ing in the aisle and trying to apologize to two ladies in lower in the car, the noise wakened everyone in the car, and what with the screams, the M. P.'s explanations, and the strong language of the commercial men who had been disturbed there was a per- haps pandemonium. After I had fact pandemonium. After I had fact pandemonium.

"What did the other passengers say in the morning?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, I told them that he was go- ing to Kingston, and that satisfied them."

Strenuous Language.

"Speaking of strong language," said the stout porter with the well- lined moustache, "reminds me of a man I used to have on the car pre- tending to be asleep. He was in the car when I was on duty. He was in the car when I was on duty. He was in the car when I was on duty."

WAKELY & FORD
The Safe, Satisfactory Store
Strictly Cash Dealers
LINDSAY One of the Big Syndicate

A Big List of Seasonable Goods at Half Price
—FOR—
FRIDAY and SATURDAY

The month of August is usually the slowest month of all the year in the retail drygoods business. It is also or should be in every progressive store, the month for closing out all kinds of surplus stock. You know our fixed rule is "not to carry over any goods from one season to another." Now in order to keep up our usual activity this month and also to be dead sure of clearing all surplus stock and summer goods we're giving you the following list of up-to-date and reliable goods, all fully guaranteed or money refunded at half and less than our regular selling prices.

We fully realize that our loss will be considerable during these two days half price sale but we're prepared to take our medicine, knowing that it will be better in the end for us to take the loss now. In the meantime take your pencil and figure the saving if you buy a bill of goods selected from this list.

10 and 12 1/2 yards Dress Gingshams 5-
400 yards Fine Dress Gingshams, assorted pink and blue checks, 30 inches wide, your choice Friday 5c

25c and 30c Muslins 12 1/2.
All our best Dress Muslins, beautiful designs for Dresses, Shirts or Waists, choice of 25 patterns. While they last at only 12c

18c and 20c Muslins 7 1/2.
500 yards Fine Dress Muslins, assorted patterns and shades, fine sheer quality, regular up to 20c, Friday 7 1/2c

60c Ruff'd Bobbinet 29c.
50 yards Fine Bobbinet with wide ruffle lace and insertion, very suitable for bedroom or dining-room, Friday Half 29c

Pennants at Half a d Less.
Stacks of useful ends of Prints, Muslins, Flannelettes, Wrapper-ettes, Shirts, Cottons, and Dress Goods all marked at ridicu- lously low prices to clear.

35c Press Coats 18c.
50 yards Fancy Cotton Dress Ma- terials, suitable for children's dresses or women's waists, as- sorted shades, 38 inches wide, Friday half price 18c

35c Wedding 15c.
100 yards Chenille Spot Chiffon Veilings, assorted colors.

\$1 50 Parasols 25c.
2 dozen Women's Fancy Parasols, strong frame, neat handles, as- sorted silk coverings.

Ruffs at Less than Half.
White Muslin and Chiffon Neck Ruffs for women reduced like this— \$6.75 to \$4.25, \$3.50 to \$1.75, \$1.50 to 98c, and \$1.25 to 59c.

40c Women's Lisle Lace Hose 23c.
10 dozen Women's Black Cotton and Lisle Thread Hose, also some neat embroidered effects.

Silk Gloves Worth up to 35c for 18c.
All this season's best and newest Fabric Gloves, Black, White or Grey, with or without dome fasteners.

1 00 Women's Black Umbrellas 74c.
2 dozen Women's Umbrellas or Parasols, steel rod, black sateen covering, new handles.

\$1 50 Women's Umbrellas 97c.
2 dozen Women's Black Umbrellas, steel rod, new handles, and splen- did wearing covering.

6c Women's Lisle Hose 38c.
10 dozen Women's Hose of fine Lisle Thread, drop stitch, lace or embroidered effects.

35c Women's Vests 18c.
15 dozen Women's Vests, of fine Cotton and mercerized finish, rib- bed or plain.
24c for Waists worth up to 65c
48c for Waists worth up to 85c
89c for Waists worth up to \$1.50
\$1.50 for Waists worth up to \$4
\$2.84 for black or white silk Waists, regular \$4.50.
\$3.98 for Silk Linen Organdie, regular \$6.
75c instead of \$1.50
\$1.25 instead of \$2.50
\$1.75 instead of \$3.50
\$2 instead of \$3.75

Big Bargain News for the Men and Boys.

Men's 35c Fancy Cotton and Lisle Thread Socks for 18c

Men's Straw Hats, new styles worth up to 75c, for 38c

Men's Soft Negligee Shirts, a big assortment of all this season's styles, worth up to \$1.25 for 75c

Men's \$1 Suit Fine Ballbrigan Underwear for per garment 38c

Wash Suits of White and Colored Duck, regularly \$1.25 for 75c, and 85c for 59c

Boys' Wash Duck Blouses, regular- ly 85c for 46c and 60c for 38c, and 50c for 29c

Repeated, looking intently out or a window, "I who have lived so long re- peated to you that there is nothing in this world below really worth caring for!"

Buttons.

The Elizabethan era gave vogue to the button and the buttonhole, two in- ventions which may fairly be regarded as important, since they did much to revolutionize dress. The original but- ton was wholly a product of needle- work, which was soon improved by the use of a wooden mold. The brass but- ton is said to have been introduced by a Birmingham merchant in 1689. It took 200 years to improve on the meth- od of sewing the cloth upon the cov- ered button. Then an ingenious Dane hit upon the idea of making the button in two parts and clamping them to- gether, with the cloth between. Buttons are now made of almost everything, from seaweed and cattle hoofs to moth- er of pearl and vegetable ivory. Ex- cellent buttons are made from potatoes, which, treated chemically, become as hard as ivory.

His Businesslike Way.

Young Mr. Bizz (briskly, to fair prop- rior of the photograph gallery)—I've dropped in, Miss Frame, without much preparation, in the style I usually do, when I make up my mind I want any- thing. Can you take me just as I am? Miss Frame—Certainly, Mr. Bizz. What style do you wish—cabinet or carte?

Mr. Bizz—What style? Great Caesar! Did you think I'd come with these clothes on to have my photograph tak- en? I'm asking you to marry me, Miss Frame.

His Tide of Fortune.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," said the man who habitually quotes Shakespeare, "which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune."
"Yes," replied the man who had mar- ried an heiress, "I remember the tide that led to my fortune well."
"What tide was that?"
"It was eventide, and we were sit- ting in the garden."

Russia's Argus Eye.

The Keen Watch That is Exercised Over All Postal Matter.

In the Russian post office a watchful eye is kept on all newspapers and magazines, and any matter officially con- sidered objectionable is ruthlessly "blacked out." A similar surveillance is extended to private correspondence. The task thus undertaken is a gigantic one, but the Russian official system has proved itself equal to the undertaking.

In every post office of importance there are officials constituting the "black cabinet," whose duty it is to examine the letters received. Accord- ing to the system followed in the Moscow post office, all the letters are handed over to the "black cabinet." Then one official sorts out all those which are addressed to suspected families, another all those addressed in suspected hand- writings, while a third arranges the remainder in little heaps and then draws at random several letters from each heap. All the letters selected in these various ways are then opened and ex- amined.

The Judgment of Years.

A significant bit of wisdom, to be pondered over by the very young, whose griefs and disappointments seem so tragic, was that uttered by Mrs. Dolly Madison when she was over eighty years old and near her death. Her life had been fortunate and beautiful not only because circumstances had proved kind to her, but from the brightness and buoyancy of her tem- perament.

She harbored no bitterness over past experiences, but life had taught her the unimportance of most trials which loom so gigantic in approaching. Not long before her death one of her nieces went to her for sympathy in some slight trouble.

"My dear," she said, "do not trouble about it. There is nothing in this world really worth caring for. Yes."