

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

## HIS AUNTIE JULIA.

She Is Really a Wonderful Woman In Her Own Way.

A GREAT HAND WITH YARBS.

She Can Brew Them Into a Medicine That Hits the Spot Every Time and Is Better Than a Doctor's Visit. How She Made Old Pulsifer Jump.

"My Aunt Julia is really a wonderful woman," exclaimed the low browed man, placing his feet on the manager's desk. "She hasn't any diplomas from medical colleges, but when it comes to curing a sick man she can give the ordinary doctor a start of ten years and beat him around a block. Aunt Julia has firm faith in yarbs."

"You mean herbs," interrupted the professor.

"I don't mean anything of the kind. I mean yarbs. You go over to Aunt Julia and mention yarbs, and her eyes will brighten up and she'll ask you to sit down and eat a piece of pie, but if you began talking about herbs she'd paste you one with her trusty saucapan and knock off a corner of your scalp. Aunt Julia is pretty touchy about some things.

"One day old Mrs. Doolittle blew into the house to spend the afternoon, and Aunt Julia happened to say that something happened in April. Mrs. Doolittle thinks she knows more than Webster's unadulterated dictionary because she taught school about 150 years ago, when she was a young woman, and she called my aunt down and said that there was no such word as April.

"You mean April, my dear," says she.

"I don't mean any such doggone thing," says my aunt. "I mean April, and if you don't like it, Mrs. Doolittle, you can lump it, and be blamed to you."

"Well, they fanned away for five minutes or so, and their language began to make the shingles fall off the roof, and I was thinking of sending in a burry call for the cops, when Mrs. Doolittle left the house by way of the window and jumped three fences without touching them in her haste to get home. A lot of saucapans and other household utensils whizzed past her ears and seemed to stimulate her.

"That's the sort of woman Aunt Julia is. Now, if you want to go over and talk to her about herbs I won't interfere.

"If there's anything my aunt delights in it is doctoring people. She hasn't a bit of use for drug store medicines. She brews her own remedies, and she doesn't think anything will help a sick person unless it tastes like the royal palace of Abyssinia. A dose of her colic medicine will make a man's insides feel as though he had swallowed a porcupine.

"I had the colic last summer, and the medicine she made for me had smoke on it. I can taste it yet. Sometimes I dream that Aunt Julia is handing me a spoonful of her colic medicine, and then I always wake with a yell. She is an old fashioned woman. She gathers her yarbs at certain stages of the moon, and when she is brewing her medicines she mutters incantations and makes passes with her hands and does a lot of tricks that make your blood run cold. But her remedies hit the spot.

"Old man Pulsifer, you know, was a hopeless invalid for a year. He sat in a wheeled chair, and his wife fed him with the fire shovel, and all the members of the family were kept so busy waiting on him that they hadn't time to wind the clock or prime the pump. He said he had paralysis of the worst kind, and everybody believed him. Aunt Julia went over there one day and looked at the old man's tongue and poked him in the ribs and tapped him with a tuning fork and said she could cure him up so quick it would make his head swim.

"If you can cure that man so he'll be of some use in the world," said Mrs. Pulsifer. "I'll give you the silk crazy quilt my grandmother gave me when she was dying."

"Aunt Julia gathered a lot of yarbs at the dark of the moon in the southeast corner of a graveyard and stewed them over a slow fire, and the broth she made from them would have warped the armor plate of a battleship. I knew by the smell of it that it was the real stingo, and you can't imagine how glad I was that I didn't have to take it. When she went over to dope old Pulsifer she insisted on my going along to help hold him down.

"The old man didn't want to take it. Anybody could see that. He got a smell of the stuff when Aunt Julia took the cork from the bottle, and a

pale green sweat broke out on his brow. But I seized him by the top of his head and pulled his mouth open, and my aunt poured down about forty kilometers of her redhot dope, and when it had sizzled into his stomach he let out one warwhoop and streaked out of doors like a professional Marathon runner. When we found him a couple of hours later he was standing in the creek, which was full of ice water, trying to get his vitals cooled off.

"I defy any regular practitioner to make a quicker cure than that."—Walt Mason in Chicago News.

## THE DEMAND FOR RUBBER.

The Supply Is Entirely Insufficient and Prices Are Soaring.

There is a great scarcity of rubber in the industrial world. More rubber is produced now than at any other time in history, but the varied demands for it are so great that the supply falls short of meeting them and prices have rapidly advanced. England is rubber mad and speculation there is almost as great and wild as in the days of the South Sea bubble of infamous memory.

The real commercial value of rubber on a large scale began with the discovery of the vulcanizing process, which permitted the making of a homogeneous joint between two pieces. At that time half a million dollars would have covered the value of the world's output. At present \$30,000,000 would scarcely buy a year's output, while the total weight of the crude rubber as drawn from the tree reaches 70,000 tons.

During recent years an enormous amount of rubber planting has been going on and savage wildernesses in Asia, Africa and America have been ransacked for rubber trees. It was the increased demand for rubber that led to so many of the Congo atrocities under the administration of the late King Leopold of Belgium. Brazil is now supplying a good share of the world's supply, with the result that in the wild scramble for the product its forest are being drained. Ceylon, Java, Borneo, New Guinea, Burma, the Malay peninsula—all are planting rubber trees on an extensive scale.

In this connection we print an interesting picture dealing with rubber gathering in the Congo. Among the most industrious people in that vast and wild region are the Batetela. In gathering rubber they go into the forests inhabited by the Baukutu, who are a head-hunting people. While the men are in the forests, the provisory camp is guarded by a man who surveys the surroundings from a platform and a drummer. When the Baukutu are seen to approach the drummer beats the alarm and the men return to the camp to fight. The weapons used are spears and shields, or bows and arrows. The gathering of rubber in the Congo to satisfy the commercial greed of civilized man has been marked by many tragedies.

## THEY SIT AND LOOK.

Women Who Watch For Celebrities In a New York Restaurant.

"I always wonder," said a New York woman who lunches out a good deal, "what satisfaction the women get out of life who flock to a certain fashionable uptown restaurant at lunchtime just to see celebrities.

"They look as if they cannot afford to be there, and the truth is they do not apparently go there for food. I have watched them ordering and noted what was brought them, and almost invariably it is some such thing as cafe parfait, or an ice of some kind, or a cup of tea or of chocolate and a sandwich.

"They sit and look. The moment some stage celebrity comes in there is a craning of necks, and you hear excited whisperings, 'Oh, there's So-and-so!' mentioning an actress or a matinee idol, and the neck craning keeps on until a fresh subject for scrutiny comes in.

"You can see this sort of thing every lunchtime at this restaurant. There is a regular contingent of these rubber-neckers, and they are not visitors from the far west, either."—New York Sun.

Malicious. Youngeigh—Which is the better way to propose, orally or by letter? Cynicus—By letter, certainly. There's a chance that you might forget to mail it.—Exchange.

Children's Answers. The superintendents of public schools tell many anecdotes of odd answers which have been made by children to the questions of teachers. One teacher explained to the class in a lower room that an island was "a body entirely surrounded by water." Then she asked one of the little fellows in the class, "Now, Willie, what is an island?" "It's a person in a bathtub, teacher," said the confident Willie.

Another teacher in the physiology class asked the class in general which was the most curious bone in the human body. "Please, ma'am," was the quick reply from a little girl, "it's the wishbone."

Badly Frightened. The steam launch Ayesga, of Lindsay, with three men, two ladies and some children, while running out of the course on Thursday morning, slid on to the top of the old dam west of Buckley's Island. They had a punt with them, and made a safe landing, though they were badly frightened, as they were not aware of the depth of water, which was only about four feet deep.—Independent.

BORN. STINSON—At Janetville, on Monday July 18th, the wife of Willoughby Stinson, a son.

**PILES**  
You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Stores—10c box.

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FOR ALL SUMMER SORES

## VULPINE SAGACITY.

The Tale of a Fox From the West Coast of Ireland.

It has often been said that the fox is the most cunning of all animals, but the following story of vulpine sagacity seems to require some credence. Some fishermen on the west coast of Ireland were in the habit of going to a small island a few hundred yards from the mainland in quest of bait. The island was inhabited by large numbers of rabbits and could be reached at low tide by wading, the water then being only a few inches deep. One morning they went in their boat quite early, it being high tide, and on landing saw what seemed to be a dead fox lying on the beach. The fur of the animal was all bedraggled, and he seemed to have been drowned. One of the men, remarking that his skin was worth something, pitched him into the boat. Procuring their bait, they returned to the mainland, and then the man who had possessed himself of the fox seized him by the tail and fung him on shore. As soon as the animal struck the beach he picked himself up with considerable agility for a dead fox and shot off like a flash along the cliffs, while the men stood staring at one another in mute astonishment. The men concluded that he had crossed over to the island during the night when the tide was low in search of rabbits and, finding in the morning that he was cut off from the mainland, counterfeited death, with the expectation of thereby procuring a passage to the shore in the boat, an expectation which was fully realized.—London Globe.

## A DOG IN THE SKY.

Tibetan Explanation of the Cause of an Eclipse.

Every one has heard of the Chinese myth explaining an eclipse and the enormous dragon that stalks through the sky seeking to devour the sun. But the Tibetan legend is a little different and very interesting as described by Sven Hedin in his "Trans-Himalaya." After describing the eclipse and the terror and depression with which it was received he says:

Then I visited Hlajze Tsering with the corner pillars of my caravan. He sat at his lacquered table drinking tea and had his long Chinese pipe in his mouth.

"Why is it that it has just been so dark?" I asked him. "The gods of the Dangrayumtso are angry because you will not allow me to visit their lake."

"No, certainly not. A big dog roams about the sky and often conceals the sun. But I and the lama Lobsang have prayed all the time before the altar and have burned joss sticks before the images of the gods. You have nothing to fear. The dog has passed on."

"Very fine!" I cried and made a desperate attempt to explain the phenomenon. Robert held up his saucer to represent the sun, and I took two rupees to represent the earth and moon crossing each other's orbit. Hlajze Tsering listened attentively to Muhamed Isa's translation of my demonstration, nodded approvingly and finally expressed his opinion that this might do very well for us, but that it did not suit Tibet.

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is stamped on every cake of Surprise Soap. It's there so you can't be deceived. There is only one Surprise. See to it that your soap bears that word—

**Surprise**  
A pure hard soap.



## FIVE WORKMEN IN A TRENCH ALMOST PERISH IN TORONTO

Toronto, July 23.—Five men came close to death by asphyxiation in a trench at Sherbourne and Duchess street, where they were making a gas connection, at five o'clock yesterday afternoon. They were Gordon, James and Alex. Thompson, 107 Yarmouth road, Alfred Baker, 49 Jones avenue, and Jack Crest, Garden avenue, employees of the Consumers' Gas Co.

They had stopped off the gas from a section of the main by the insertion of a big rubber bag inflated to block the pipe, and were cutting off the emptied end when the bag was punctured, allowing the gas to escape. The men were immediately overcome and it was with difficulty that they were withdrawn from the trench. So rapidly did the gas escape that it soon filled the street, and even loiterers who hung about were made dizzy. The police ambulance was summoned, but when it arrived Drs. Simpson and Glendenning had all the men returned to consciousness.

The escape of the gas became dangerous because of the possibility of ignition, and John Laxton, superintendent of the company, undertook to shut it off. He descended into the trench with his head swathed in sackcloth and finally succeeded in doing so, but was in a serious condition at the end of his strenuous task.



PREMIER WALTER SCOTT, Of Saskatchewan, who is touring the Province with the Premier.

of the wreck in charge of Chas. Piercy, Herb Harry and W. Price. ... The men worked all night at the wreck and returned with the auxiliary at 6 o'clock this morning. The cars were not badly damaged as a result of the accident.

## Charged With Theft of Watch

Peterboro Man Under Arrest in that City for Offence

Wm. Wallace, of Peterboro, is under arrest in that city charged with the theft of a watch, the property of Mr. N. Henry, of Lindsay on July 12th.

Mr. Geo. Foster left on the 10.48 train to-day for the accused, who will be brought to Lindsay this evening to stand his trial.

## Wreck on the Coboconk Line

Two Cows Ditch a Train in Charge of Mr. Kingsley

A wreck occurred on the Coboconk line last evening about six o'clock, when a passenger train and two cows came together.

The train left Lindsay on Thursday afternoon about 3.30 o'clock, running as a special with No. 31's connections of the night before. It was in charge of Acting Trainmaster Kingsley as conductor and Chas. Mitchell as brakeman. William Craighead was engineer and Grant Wakelin fireman.


When about four miles this side of Coboconk, at a point called Wilson's siding, the train collided with two cows, and all but one car was ditched. The two cows were killed, but fortunately none of the train crew sustained injury. The train was making the return trip to town.

Word was sent to Lindsay from Coboconk, and about seven o'clock the auxiliary was despatched to the scene

County Police Court  
County Magistrate Moore held a court on Wednesday. Four men drove over to Fenelon Falls, and being more or less under the influence of drink, on the way back, abused the horse. Wm. McGregor, Eli Anderson, and Alf. Humphries were each fined \$10 and costs and Wm. Junkin, \$2.

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TAKE ONE OF THESE LITTLE TABLETS AND THE PAIN IS GONE.

"I use Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for Neuralgia, LaGrippe and all pains. I don't intend to be without them, for I find ready relief in them for everything I use them for."

MRS. L. F. MILLER,  
120 W. 6th St., Davenport, Ia.

**All Pain**  
"In my family Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are used for headache, colic and other pains, and always give relief at once."

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DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Toronto.

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EARLY INDISCRETIONS AND EXCESSES HAVE UNDERMINED YOUR SYSTEM



The nerves control all actions of the body so that anything that debilitates them will weaken all organs of the system. Early indiscretions and excesses have ruined thousands of promising young men. Unnatural drains sap their vigor and vitality and they never develop to a proper condition of manhood. They remain weaklings, mentally, physically and sexually. How do you feel? Are you nervous and weak, despondent and gloomy, specks before the eyes with dark circles under them, weak back, kidneys irritable, palpitation of the heart, bashful, debilitating dreams, sediment in urine, pimples on the face, eyes sunken, hollow cheeks, careworn expression, poor memory, lifeless, distrustful, lack energy and strength, tired mornings, restless nights, changeable moods, premature decay, bone pains, hair loose, etc.

This is the condition our New Method Treatment is GUARANTEED TO CURE

We have treated Diseases of Men for almost a lifetime and do not have to experiment. Consult us FREE OF CHARGE

and we will tell you whether you are curable or not.

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**NOTICE** All letters from Canada must be addressed to our Canadian Correspondence Department in Windsor, Ont. If you desire to see us personally call at our Medical Institute in Detroit as we see and treat no patients in our Windsor offices which are for Correspondence and Laboratory for Canadian business only. Address all letters as follows: **DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Windsor, Ont.**

Write for our private address.

Mrs. J. S. ... in Toronto this week. ... dale, and Miss Burns, off Toronto, Mrs. Randolph McDonald, of Rose- passed through town on Tuesday on their way to Toronto.

Whalen has given them a contract. They are doing first class work and several of the farmers are likely to follow Will's example.

Amos ... Bert Jewell.

years. He is not tired of having a silo yet, as he is putting up a cement

best wishes go with them. Mr. Ebi Hill takes the farm they leave.

Form The Good Habit