

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

From Tuesday's Evening Post.
Miss G. Johnson, of Port Perry is visiting in town.

Mr. L. Calder, of Weston, is visiting at Bobcaygeon.

Mr. E. Lester, of Toronto, was in town today on business.

Mrs. R. Murdoch, of Port Hope, was in town yesterday.

Mr. John Baker, of Toronto, is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. E. Lindsay, of Fell's Station, was in town this morning.

Master Murray Cuthbert of Orillia is visiting friends in town.

Miss May and Miss Kathleen Woods are visiting friends in Orillia.

Mr. Wm. McLean, contractor of Woodville, was in town to-day.

Miss G. Murray, of West Toronto, is spending a few days in town.

Mr. Geo. Kemp, of Fenelon Falls, was in town today on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sharpe, of Toronto, are visiting Mrs. D. McRougall, Sussex-st.

Miss M. A. King, Bond-st., has returned from a visit with friends in Fenelon Falls and vicinity.

Miss M. Hickingbottom left this morning for Depot Harbor, to spend her vacation visiting relatives.

Mrs. A. Beavis of Dunsford and Miss Reid of Lindsay are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Mann, Dublin street, Peterboro.

Mr. James Corley and his sister, Miss Corley, of "the Maples," have left for a trip to Barrie Island, Manitoulin. They have secured berths on the fast sailing ship the Majestic.

Mr. J. Howard Bridge arrived in town this morning from Georgian Bay district. He leaves tomorrow for Montreal, from which port Miss Bridge sets sail on Saturday for Englehard.

(From day's Evening Post)
Mr. Wilfrid Pepper is visiting relatives in town.

Mr. George Brent of Coldwater was in town today.

Mr. J. C. Wesley, of Orillia was in town today.

Mrs. R. E. Willis, of Port Perry, is visiting in town.

Mr. J. C. Porter, of Orillia spent yesterday in town.

Mr. George Walker of St. Thomas, is visiting in town.

Miss L. Murray, of Parry Sound, is visiting friends in town.

Miss Isabella Brown, of Hamilton, is visiting friends in town.

Miss Meta Johnston will spend her vacation with friends in Meaford.

Mr. J. C. Thomas, of Port Hope, spent today in town on business.

Mrs. R. Murton, of Port Credit, is visiting relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sharpe returned to their home in Toronto last evening.

Miss Lena Cunningham, of Deseronto, is visiting her brother, Frank Cunningham, Lindsay.

Misses Orville and Alvin Pepper, the celebrated Pepper twins, are visiting friends in town.

Miss Margaret Brickelly has just returned from Montreal where she was holidaying for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Moynes are spending a few days renewing old acquaintances at Zion, Fenelon.

Miss Hazel Moynes, of Toronto, is spending her vacation at the home of her parents, 27 Cambridge-st.

Mrs. John McCrae and two sons, William and Gordon, left this morning to visit friends in Tillsonburg.

Miss May Wallace left this morning on a month's visit to friends in

Meaford, Toronto and other points east.

Miss A. Baia has returned to her home in Toronto after spending a pleasant holiday with friends in Toronto.

Mrs. McLure and son Gordon who have been visiting Mrs. John McCrae, left for Norwich this morning to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Harris, of 67 Russell-st., left Monday for a trip to Winnipeg and points west. They travelled via Chicago and St. Paul.

The Dogs of St. Bernard

Come with me in the Alpine diligence for a drive up the queer zigzag road that goes twisting and climbing until it pierces the Ret and misty clouds and reaches a region of eternal ice and snow. Here, in a climate almost as cold as Greenland, we find a band of men who do a great and good work, assisted by dogs, as Bernard de Menthon did long years ago.

We start from the lovely village of Chamonix at the very foot of mighty Mont Blanc and drive to Martigny. This "diligence" is the road-coach of the Alps, drawn by five big horses, all decked with bells and fly-flickers. The air is like wine for its bracing sweetness, and all around us are roaring cataracts, glistening glaciers or moving ice-seas; gloomy ravines, and towering peaks, below whose top-most crags thin wisps of crowd float like wreaths of gauze.

Round and round, up and up. It grows colder as we ascend, and the smiling landscapes fade away. The pretty flowers disappear, too — and the anemone and gentian; dark-leaved saxifrage and sweet alpenrose. We shiver, even in August, and put on our wraps and furs.

We have passed from summer to winter in a few hours. Now we enter the Valley of Death, so called from its many fatal memories. Here, at the most dangerous part of the St. Bernard pass a little shelter-house has been built; and parties climbing still higher to the famous hospice or monastery can now telephone their coming. This has saved hundreds of lives. For nowadays, after such a message, the good monks at the top look out for the travellers, and if they fail to appear after a certain time search parties of dogs are sent out to look for them. Here is deep snow even in August. It is so bitterly cold that we get off and walk to warm our numbed limbs, and soon the bare, bleak walls of the world's loftiest house of charity loom through the damp mist. Winter lingers here for ten long months, and the few weeks of "summer" do not suffice to melt the wilderness of ice and snow. We are here nearly nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the slightest exertion distresses our breathing apparatus, so rarified is the air. No sooner are we at the door than a dozen monstrous dogs come baying forth to greet us. No questions are asked. It is understood that we require dinner, a warm and comfortable bed, breakfast next morning and full directions and protection for our onward journey.

In the reception room is a big piano, which King Edward, then Prince of Wales, gave the monastery nearly fifty years ago. The Emperor Frederick of Germany and his consort also passed the night here, as also have a host of world-famous celebrities. For nearly ten centuries, from generations to generation, some fourteen monks, and eight or nine attendants have occupied the monastery and helped travellers crossing over the summit of the Great St. Bernard.

It is sad to think that even these helpers have to descend periodically in search of health, so terribly trying is the climate. The dogs themselves, even, suffer severely from rheumatism.

At present the monastery costs about \$9,000 a year to keep up, and this money is partly collected in Switzerland and partly derived from the revenue of the monastic order. But in the middle ages the monastery was stripped of all its wealth, though it still continued and continues to this day to carry out the work of St. Bernard. Over thirty thousand travellers pass this way every year, and hundreds of these, at least, would lose their lives, were it

not for the guardians of the mountain.

The poor emigrant laborers from Switzerland are often found by these dogs in the snow, utterly exhausted, and often with badly frozen limbs. These are tenderly nursed in the spotlessly clean infirmary of the hospice. I visited this lofty house of charity in the clouds. Of course the great attraction is the kennels of the famous St. Bernard dogs. One is grieved to learn that even these hardy and intelligent as they are, often perish in terrible storms. They are big, powerful, short-haired animals, most of them—white, but with a few brown patches. Last winter five magnificent creatures were lost in a furious blizzard. I saw one or two aged veterans over twenty years old; these are now privileged to lie before the kitchen fire, and each of them has saved over twenty lives in the snowy wastes. The monks are not now so dependent on the dogs for news of travellers in distress, because of the telephone I have already mentioned. The scent of these dogs is so wonderfully keen they can track a man's footsteps in the snow two or three days after he has passed. It is a grand sight to see the monks and their attendants go forth in their big fur coats, high rubber boots, helmets. Behind them come attendants with long ash-poles, ice axes, alpenstocks, spades, wine and provisions.

When the first snow comes in September, the paths are marked with posts twenty feet high. But these soon disappear, and other posts are fixed on top of them, and so on. Soon the winter paths lead indifferently over enormous rocks and buried alpine huts. The greatest danger comes from the furious gales shifting the snow and making return impossible. The rescue parties are always led by the dogs, whose intelligence is never questioned. Sometimes the dogs go prospecting on their own account and each carries an supply of good wine in a flask about his neck. Should he track and find some way-farer in the snow, or fallen down a precipice, he gallops to the hospice with a message that is unmistakable. Then the rescue party goes out rubs the frozen limbs of the unfortunate with handfuls of snow, and encourage him to rise and walk a little. If this be impossible, or the victim be dead, he is borne back on the stalwart shoulders of the monks' attendants.

I was much interested to know that the pure race of St. Bernard dogs cannot live away from the mountain they have been associated with for so many centuries. In the plains they degenerate in size and strength and their wonderful sagacity grows duller. Under no circumstances will the hospice sell or part with their dogs, although they have had many tempting offers from foreign travellers, who will pay a high price.

Most noted among these four-legged saviors is Oliver, with a record of fifty-six rescues. He is to be sent to Martigny, where the monastery has a kind of sanatorium in which the dogs try to regain the health and strength they have lost in the service of strangers.

"Dog Days" is Big Hoax

DOG DAYS!

And those two words stand for one of the biggest hoaxes ever sprung on the world.

Few persons who call this hot weather dog-days really know how the term started. The old Greeks whose pet Paris poodles weren't as good natured as ours, paid more attention to the stars than they did to spaniels.

So they let astronomy go to the dogs when they called the brightest star in the sky the dog star. Its other name is Sirius. The Greeks preferred to call it the dog-star because the constellation that Sirius belonged to them looked like one of Jupiter's pet canines running a Marathon all over Mount Olympus after a piece of beef. Steak was high in those days, too.

This bright bowwow star rises with the sun over the horizon in August, so we call this time of year dog days. Dog-star days would be better.

Mad dogs cause more trouble in hot weather than in winter, and in some remarkable way people got to believe that the dog-star really made dogs go mad.

As soon as we tear the July leaf off our calendar mad August stares at us, the face of a dog rises up like a mind-ghost. Then we begin to watch every restless dog that gets in our way, even if he is only chasing

Hot Weather Garments

You may be comfortable during the hot spell and at easy paying prices. See the following:

Boys' Wash Suits from 50c to \$2.50

They come in crash linen, satin duck, fine twill duck, in a big range of styles, including the little "Man-of-War" style with long trousers. We have never offered such values as this enables us to give. We have all sizes from 50c to.....2.50

Men's Two-Piece Worsteds Suits \$10

This line is made from beautiful imported worsteds, every inch of this cloth is excellent quality and includes the new browns, olives and greys in the stripe and bar effects. A complete range in all the new styles and all sizes. Extra \$10 special at.....\$10

\$10 Men's Two-Piece Suits \$6.95

These are beautifully made Two-Piece Suits, in the new light Oxford tweeds, single-breasted with two or three buttons on coats, belt straps and cuffs on trousers, coat half lined, beautifully tailored and finished. We are proud of this line at \$10, and no no better value any place at \$10. Think, then, of the immense saving when we offer them this week at **6.95**

Our Suits at \$6

Handsome single and double-breasted models, finished with all the latest style kinks: particularly fine suits for the young fellows. Worth \$8 to \$10.

Our Suits at \$7.50

The tailorings, linings, and finishings of these suits are equal to those of much higher prices. Made in fine domestic tweeds in the popular light and dark colors, also fancy stripes and broken checks, all sizes 36 to 44.

Black and Blue Suits \$10

Made in fine black and blue worsteds and botany twills in both single and double-breasted styles. The linings are of fine mohair. In cutting these suits, our cutters have cut them in both conservative and slightly ultra-fashionable models, to suit men of all tastes. Sizes are here from 36 to 44.

Our Suits at \$10

Made from the latest tweeds and fancy worsteds in a large variety of up-to-date patterns, and finished with every little style detail wanted by the fashionable dressers. The linings and trimmings are of the very first quality, and we are sure this suit will please every man who sees it. Sizes 36 to 44.

Our Suits at \$12.50

All the style features that have been introduced by the best American cutters for this season are embodied in this suit. It is made in blue and black worsteds, serges, cashmeres and botany twills, in both single and double-breasted models. We feel confident that these suits cannot be duplicated anywhere in Lindsay.

Our Suits at \$15

These suits have been designed to our special order. There is not one point about the suit that we think any man who really knows good tailoring can take exception to. As well as the standard blues and black materials, we have had it made up in all the fancy effects that are popular this season. Made in the most extreme as well as conservative models. Every size is here for every figure, and satisfaction is guaranteed with every suit.

MEN'S STRAW HATS

They are all stylish 1909 shapes and worth considerably more than we paid for them. These hats are on sale now in our hat department, and if you are in time this week **1.00** you can secure your size and style at

B. J. GOUGH

Corner Kent and William-sts.

Lindsay

the butcher's wagon with fond but vain hope.

All the dog wants is his dinner, yet we think he wants to bite somebody.

Seriously though, there are a few things the readers of The Post ought to remember. There's a difference in a mad dog and a mad dog scare, such as we hear about so much.

Rabies, the disease that makes dogs go mad, is the least understood of animal complaints. The disease hydrophobia, which is human rabies, suggests another hoax. It comes from two Greek words that mean "afraid of water." Mad dogs are supposed to fear water, when in reality it is the glitter of water that they fear; it hurts their eyes which are always affected by rabies. For the same reason they hide in dark corners and under the shed to escape the glare of day.

Another mad dog hoax is the madstone. That revered geological specimen, generally owned by the Indian doctor or herb dealer in the next

county, once supposed to be a sure-thing cure for hydrophobia. But the experts tell us that it does no more good than a piece of blotting paper.

Muzzles are still another hoax. Dr. C. W. Fair, the noted American authority on diseases of animals, says wire muzzles now in use will not protect against a mad dog's bite. A furious dog can snap and bite through the wire, he declares. He recommends tying up restless dogs.

Even now the Pasteur treatment which is supposed to have saved so many lives, is being attacked by Lataud, the great French authority, and doctors in this country. They say that everybody who has been cured by the Pasteur treatment would have recovered anyway. So, they argue, what's the use to take the cure?

Deaths in Chicago are more frequent from hydrophobia than in any other city of Europe or America.

In Europe there is strict supervision over dogs. The dog-catchers over there are highly respected individuals, and the chief dog-catcher in



LOOK

Special Bargains in Binder Twine at

F. P. COAD'S GROCERY STORE OAKWOOD.

Also Flour and Feed, Oils of all kinds always on hand.

a European town wears a badge twice as long as the chief of police. He has a whole force of deputy dog-catchers. A dog over there must behave himself, or the next morning his master will whistle and then say "Dog-gone."

OBITUARY

ALEX. BELL.

The death took place at Dunsford Monday of Mr. Alex. Bell, one of the oldest residents of Verulam township, at the advanced age of 107 years.

KATHERINE MILLER

The death occurred on Sunday, August 1st, at the House of Refuge, of Mrs. Katherine Miller, aged fifty years. The late Mrs. Miller had only been a resident of the refuge since last March, coming there from the township of Dalton, where she lived for some time. It is understood that she leaves a husband and two children, who reside in Dalton. The funeral of the deceased took place today to Riverside cemetery.