

Children's Play Soap

Surprise Soap

cleanses so easily that wash day is like child's play. There is nothing in it but pure Soap. It cannot injure the clothes and gives the sweetest cleanest results. To wash the Surprise way. Read the directions on the wrapper. You can use Surprise in any and every way.

STAGE COACHING IN ONTARIO TRIP TAKEN THRO' TRENT DISTRICT

(By W. H. Belford in Canadian Magazine.)

In the Province of Ontario there are many localities named after places in the old country which are more or less famous. There is a Middlesex county, with a city of London on the Thames. There is a county of Kent, with a town of Chatham. There is an Essex, and there is a Sandwich.

One might go on at length with such names as Durham, Northumberland, York, Leeds, Oxford, Lincoln, Perth and Lanark. In a German district of the Province there are the towns of Berlin, Dresden and Hamburg. Ontario has its town of Paris, although the French Province of Quebec has not done similar honor to the gayest of capitals. There is even a place called Zurich in Ontario, showing that the Swiss had gained a foothold in the formative days.

One bright summer day I found myself in a sleepy old town that rejoiced in the name of Brighton, and repeated peacefully through the years on the shores of Lake Ontario. I strolled about the streets in the morning, unimpeded by any rush of traffic.

Apparently I was the only person abroad. Shop-keepers lounged in their doorways and in the dark interiors of the shops clerks yawned while they dusted the fabrics of commerce.

The dining room girl at the hotel had informed me, as I dined with a late breakfast, that the place was "dreadfully slow," and I was not long in realizing that she had been temperate in her criticism.

She was a pretty girl, with coils of brown hair, and a pair of winsome blue eyes. She wore a white linen blouse, a sailor collar and a blue tie. She also had small white hands with several rings on her fingers and she tripped about the room on little, high-heeled shoes. He upon me for an old, married man, to notice so many of the charms of a pretty waitress!

There was only one person in the dining room at the time, a demure, but very pretty girl, with big brown eyes, who apparently was travelling and not used to it. She looked righteous disapproval of my conversation with the waitress. I could see from her expression that she knew I was married, being chock-full, so to speak, of that much-lauded feminine attribute known as intuition, which causes family men no end of trouble.

She knew that I was married just as easily and as certainly as she knew that I was getting bald, that I was already quite gray, and that I was inclined to be corpulent.

Well, to get back to the groove in which I started out, I found that Brighton was in the county of Northumberland. Here, surely, was a slip on the part of the people, who had scattered old country names all over the map of Ontario; the English Brighton of the Percees on the North Sea.

It was my intention to go from Brighton to Campbellford, and I found that the only means of transportation was by stage coach. Here,

few farm dwellings, some white and some of red brick, with white cornices, and all surrounded by shade trees and orchards.

"What place is this?" I ask the man who sits beside me. He is about sixty, one-eyed, and with a sprig of gray beard on his chin. He chews tobacco constantly, cutting off a piece from a black plug about every mile, and spitting away with tireless complacency through the open window.

"This here place is Singleton's Mills; it don't amount to much," he replies.

I agree with him. Now the road lies through the middle of quite a long valley girding the same little stream. On we race, by green meadows and fields of tasseled corn, Farm houses, white or yellow, or red are scattered on either side. The road is hard and smooth and from the window I catch glimpses of shady lanes leading I know not where. An old, red meeting house sadly out of repair, slips past the window and a dilapidated shed, bearing on its weather-beaten walls the decayed remnants of what have once been circus posters, appear next in the frame.

Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

The clatter of the hoofs on the gravel ceases and gives place to a rapid succession of thuds. The road is sandy now. I look out of the window and in the midst of a pine grove I see an old red school house. Some grinning boys and girls stand bashfully among the trees to see the stage go by, for it is recess time. The hell clangs, and they scamper aside.

On again! And once more the road is smooth and hard. We dash out of the woods and around a curve of the stream. To one side is a dam on the shores of which are the rotting remnants of what was once a saw mill. On the other side are a dozen tenantless structures, all of boards that never were painted. Some seem to have been shops at one time, others mere dwellings.

"Aha!" I exclaim, "the deserted village."

I ask the tireless consumer of black tobacco.

"This here place is Cooperville," he says, "A long time ago they used to make barrels and casks here, for the right kind of timber grew in the woods in them days. I hev seen piles of barrels as high as a hill, ready to be hauled away. That's why they call it Cooperville, because there was nobody as lived here by copers."

"Here is food for thought," I say to myself, "These relics mark the last outpost of as merry a set of craftsmen as ever wrought, whose skill has long since been duplicated by machinery and whose occupation has been taken away forever."

In fancy I smell the sweet odour of fresh hickory and ash shavings, and see the brawny, bearded coopers wielding their adzes and draw knives and driving the hoops home with ringing blows.

Out over the breezy hills again, till, at last, perched on the top of the breeziest knoll of all, we come to a village of red brick buildings. The stage stops before a structure over which is the sign, "Hilton Post-office." The name has an old country smack, but I do not say that there is a Hilton in England. The tall spire

Notice to Creditors

IN THE MATTER of James Edward Mansfield, of the Township of Somerville, in the County of Victoria, Merchant.

NOTICE is hereby given that the said James Edward Mansfield, carrying on business at the Village of Kinmount, has made an assignment of all his estate, credits and effects to me for the general benefit of his creditors under the Statutes in that behalf made and provided.

A meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of Agnew & Company, 91 Kent Street, West, in the Town of Lindsay, on Saturday the Third day of August, 1912, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon to receive a statement of affairs, appoint inspectors, and to fix their remuneration and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.

Creditors are requested to file their claims with the Assignee, with the proofs and particulars thereof required by the Act on or before the day of such meeting.

Notice is further given that after the third day of August, 1912, the Assignee will proceed to distribute the assets of the debtor amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall then have been given, and that he will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim he shall not then have had notice.

W. E. AGNEW, Assignee. Lindsay, Ont. Dated at Lindsay the 19th day of July, A. D. 1912.

"YOU'LL SUFFER ALL YOUR LIFE"

That's what the Doctor told him

"Fruit-a-tives Cured Him"

CHESTERVILLE, ONT., Jan. 25th 1911 "For over twenty years, I have been troubled with Kidney Disease, and the doctors told me they could do me no good, and that I would be a sufferer for the rest of my life. I doctored with different medical men and tried many advertised remedies, but none of them suited my case. Nearly a year ago, I tried 'Fruit-a-tives'. I have been using this fruit medicine nearly all the time since, and am glad to say that I am cured. I give 'Fruit-a-tives' the credit of doing what the doctors said was impossible. I am now seventy-six years old, and in first class health."

GEO. W. BARKLEY. In all the world, there is no other remedy that has cured so many cases of so-called "incurable" kidney disease, as "Fruit-a-tives". This famous fruit medicine acts directly on the kidneys—helping and strengthening them—and ridding the system of the waste matter that poisons the blood. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

lie?" says a little wiry man who puts a heavy emphasis on the middle syllable of the name of the city. "My brother Bill's wife's second cousin, Jimmy Griggs," he goes on, "was there once for two weeks. He was peelin' apples in a cannin' factory. He says that up here we don't know what life is. I guess he saw everything that was goin' on—he's that kind of a feller."

Crack goes the whip and on we dash. Good-bye, demure little girl. Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

We are now getting into the heart of Northumberland, and the scenery becomes more rugged. After a couple of miles, another main road strikes out to the west, winding away among the sandy hills.

"Where does that road lead to?" I asked of the tobacco grinder.

"Oh, that goes to Warkworth and if you want to go on, it will take you to Alnwick," he replies.

I fairly bound from my seat as he utters these magic words. What more famous names in the English Northumberland than Warkworth and Alnwick?

"What's the matter with you anyhow?" asks my companion. "Didn't you ever hear of them places? They don't amount to much, anyhow. Warkworth, though it has about a thousand people, a bank, a newspaper, opry house, and all the rest of it, has never had a railroad, and all the stuff that gets there has to come by stage from Colborne. And, as for Alnwick, the most it can brag about is a reserve for some Chippewa Indians."

"How long before the stage reaches Campbellford?" I ask.

"Well, we are in Percy now, and it won't be long before we get to Myersburg, where I get off," he replies.

"Yes, Percy township, why now?" he answers irascibly.

"This is getting pretty thick," I say to myself. "A fellow might be excused for imagining that he was in England itself."

Now we come to a river, broad and deep, which sweeps on its way with a majesty that I have seldom seen surpassed. My companion is getting down at the little hamlet where we halt, probably the most worn out looking place which we have passed through on the entire trip, with the exception of Cooperville, which; was totally uninhabited. Desperately I hurl one more question at him. What river is this?" I ask.

"The Trent," he calls back, and then I hear him say to a lounging, "That's the most all-fired curious man about names I ever did see."

Yo-ho! Yo-ho!

Lights begin to twinkle, faster and faster, and more and more of them. I hear the whistle of a train. Streets now—the streets of a busy town.

We rattle over an iron bridge and draw up before a low, brick hotel. I almost said an inn—and Tom Pinch quite stunned and giddy, is in, not London, but Campbellford.

Beetle Eats Potato Bug

Mr. Robt. Quibell noticed in his potato patch a few days ago a small beetle apparently eating a young potato bug; and after watching the insect a while, found that it was actually killing and eating the bugs. The beetle is rather a handsome specimen; in color, black with deep red triangular marks on its back, and is about the same size as a full grown potato bug, but built on much more graceful lines. It is probably one of the species that was discovered two or three years ago, but which has not become numerous enough to check the work of the potato bug.—Fenelon Falls Gazette.

Mr. M. McGilvray, of Balsover was a business visitor to town today.

FISHING FOR THE BROOK TROUT

Examiner:—Fishing for brook trout is one of the most pleasant and exciting of summer amusements. For those who cannot get away for an extended vacation, a day, or even an afternoon with the speckled beauties gives one plenty of exercise, the sport of fishing and catching something, and finally an excellent meal.

Up till a few years ago, trout fishing was popular among many Peterborough anglers. One of the best streams in the vicinity is in Cavan from the Cavanville mill west to Bethany, and here many used to get in quest of brook trout. Unfortunately many went at times inconvenient to the gentleman through whose land the creek flowed, and coming out Sunday, disturbed the peace, besides manifesting the city man's tendency of leaving gates open, thus allowing stock to get out on the highway, necessitating a long chase, continued advertising in the 'lost' column or a visit to the pound before it could be recovered. A stretch of the stream was then rented to a few anglers, thus shutting out the greater number.

One who is fishing for trout avoids the wearisome delays attendant on those in pursuit of bass or lunge, if the fish are not biting. A much greater stretch of ground can be covered for if the trout are not biting, one merely goes farther up or down the stream. Long and tiresome waits in an open boat beneath a burning sun are thus never experienced, as a trout creek in most of its course, traverses an almost impenetrable jungle. Both banks are lined closely with evergreen shrubs and rank summer vegetation. Fallen trees are everywhere, a check to the unwary walker; Branches overhead entangle your line even after the slightest jerk. Stones and sticks under water catch your hook just as you think you have a big fellow. To these trials are added the tortures of mosquitoes and flies lighting on you when you are in an exposed place, trying to keep still.

Perhaps when bites are few and far between, you see a footmark on a muddy flat and realize that another has fished the creek clean ahead of you. Sometimes in crossing the creek on a fallen tree, you slip or a branch breaks and in you go, up to your waist. Perhaps you pass a sign "Trespassing Prohibited" and barely descend to glance at it, but this lofty unconcern is rudely shattered when the irate owner of the land takes you by surprise and orders you out at the double.

The eating of what you have caught is the last act which caps off the feeling of satisfaction at a good day's outing.

C.P.R. OFFICER WAS HELD UP

Examiner:—The S. O. R. sign would have been in order at the police court Friday morning. Several nationalities were represented on the docket, and, as per usual, the back benches were filled to overflowing.

For attempting some gun play upon Special Officer Pinchin of the C. P. R. Flynn Broswick was committed for

Farm for Sale by Tender

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up till August 1912 at Noon for that very desirable Farm, belonging to the Estate of William Aylmer Lang, deceased, namely—The West Half of Lot number Two in the Fourth Concession of South Monaghan containing 100 Acres more or less.

This property is situated about 2 1/2 Miles from Fraserville on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway upon good roads. It is about 5 Miles distant from Millbrook and about 3 Miles from Hale's Bridge on the Ottawa River. The soil is a good clay; an and surface generally rolling. It is watered by wells and cisterns. It is a first class general purpose farm.

The buildings are in good condition; the residence is of beick, fine and large and heated by furnace. The school of the section is on the adjoining lot and there are several other good schools within the immediate vicinity. It is conveniently situated also in regard to churches.

No tender will necessarily be accepted. The successful tenderer will be required to pay down ten per cent. of his bid upon being notified of the acceptance of his tender, the balance of the purchase money to be paid at the expiration of thirty days without interest.

Ploughing possession can be given on the 1st of September, and full possession to suit purchaser. D. H. OHISHOLM, Port Hope, Solicitor for Sarah Jane Lang, Administratrix.

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Agent for Lindsay and Victoria County

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Telephone 45.

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G. H. HOPKINS, K.C. C. E. WEEKS, B.A. FRED HOLMES, B. FIKINS, B.A.

trial at the Fall assizes. Browick purported to be an Australian, and all efforts to interpret the charge to him proved futile. The service of Alexander Swartz, who claimed ability to converse in the Australian language, was pressed into commission, and after several desperate attempts to enlighten the prisoner upon the proceedings it was decided to revert the case to a higher court.

Browick held up special officer Pinchin at the point of a 38 calibre revolver, while the latter was in the discharge of his duties at the C.P.R. station. A second charge of vagrancy was also preferred against the prisoner, and will follow the course of the former one.

Cattle Sale
William Crowley, recently sold to Thos. Brown, of Springville, 12 heavy cattle averaging 1000 lbs., steers and heifers.
Mr. Howard Nesbitt of the Post staff, leaves tomorrow for Burnstown, Alta., where he will reside.

Did It Ever Occur to You

1. That insurance on buildings or stock gives cash returns only when you suffer loss.
2. That land insured by thorough underdrainage will give you increased cash returns each year without loss.
3. That the premium paid in investing in tile and drainage is returned in extra crops at an average of 40 p.c. to 50 p.c. per year.
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A week ago he blew...
A man who has been...
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