



Surprise
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.

Weird Charm Of the Ganges

'At Benares you realize that Hinduism is a living thing, and it presents itself with a beauty and pathos which are astonishing to the visitor who has thought of it only as antiquated idolatry.

Just now the Ganges is low, and the long flights of steps, the ghats, are bare almost to the bottom, but in the ruined colonnades and, em. bankments, and a temple actually slid into the water, the power and ravages of the river in flood are seen.

We embark on a miniature boat-house, and seat ourselves on the roof, and we are slowly rowed up the stream as far as the tree-covered terrace where Warren Hastings took refuge from the outraged people of the city; then down the stream to the Mosque, with its tall minarets, which Aurungzeb erected to flout the Hindus and rebuke their idolatry. But neither Warren Hastings nor Aurungzeb, east nor west, has made any appreciable change in the customs, the rites, the religious ideas which find their picturesque expressions in that mile or more of river front.

BATHERS IN THE RIVER
The bank is steep, and rises to the height of 200 feet. On its rise temples with their carved sikras and gilded summits, jumbled together with palaces, flat roofed, piled high on solid and imposing battlements, and a medley of steps and terraces, and gateways, through which the river is reached from the city. The buildings are yellow, or terra cotta colored, gilded and otherwise decorated, so that the effect is hardly less beautiful than that of the Grand canal. Sacred bulls are tethered in many places, to which the people salaam. Everywhere are the gay colors in which India delights. Garments of bright orange, blue, magenta, firs colors and dazzling white make the whole scene brilliant in the morning sun.

The pandits recline under their umbrellas, comfortable and serene, exacting toll from the bathers who come down to the water at their allotments. Here a long row of women with a man or two crouches on the very brink, and a Brahmin priest naked for a loin cloth, passes from one to another and gives them the sacred mark. They put the water of the river on his feet and kiss them; then they drink the water which has touched him from their hands. One woman rises up, her arms straight above her head, and makes obeisance. The priest gives them some directions—muttering his mantras—and waves his hands in token of dismissal.

Though it is not easy to distinguish the ordinary washing and bathing from the sacred function, there is enough of the manifested act of worship to give to the scene an air of solemnity. Men and women are mixed, but no one regards any one else. Each is engaged in his own ablution, physical or spiritual. Here a woman crouches, splashing the water on her face and making mystical marks on forehead and breast. Here a man stands in the water, revolving, and folding his hands together each time, in his revolution as he faces the sun. Here is another man in a red cloak standing up to his waist and muttering with a whirring sound. There he stands daily from 3 a. m. to noon, and has done so for nine years. His eyes are bleared with the sun; all expression has left his face. He is like a mechanism of devotion.

In another place, young men, muttering their prayers, plunge into the stream and return to their little matted platforms. There must be three dips to accomplish the necessary purgation. As the bathers return through the narrow street they shrink from contact with the passer-by, for if they touch they must return and repeat their washing.

At the Burning Ghat several fires are lighted. A still form covered with a thin white cloth lies on the steps waiting to be committed to the cleansing fire. In a few minutes the ashes will be cast upon the sacred stream. A little way off still stands one of the Suttee pillars, where before the British government interfered, the widow burnt herself to death in the pyre of her dead husband.

A beautiful Jain temple, quite new, rises up just above, and gleams white against the intense blue, and in the heights of the sky, white doves are wheeling; on the roofs and trees are kites and vultures. The Jain wears a veil over his mouth, lest he should inadvertently swallow and kill an insect. Hinduism required the widow to die with her husband, and Hinduism, without sign of mourning, commits its dead to the pyre, and their ashes to the river.

Is it from a profound faith that death is impossible, that the dead fare on after death and return to fresh incarnations? And are these fakirs torturing themselves in unutterable ways in order to secure a better incarnation, or even the blessedness of escaping personal being altogether? It is hard, indeed, for a Christian to enter into the mind of Hinduism, to reconcile its incongruities, to conceive its aspirations. But one thing a Christian must feel at Benares, especially in early morning visits to the temples, and that is, a conviction of the sincerity, the self-sacrifice, the devotion of devout Hindus.

At the great festivals these Ghats are thronged with hundreds of thousands of pilgrims, who crowd into the river, well content if the surging mass from the shore push them out into deep water so that they are drowned. The government, with a hard, matter-of-face beneficence, provides police boats, which put out, and pitilessly rescue these ready martyrs.

DEVOTION OF THE HINDUS
Hinduism is entrenched in the castes, the rites, the customs, the love of thousands of years, Buddhism arose in its bosom; but Buddhism has been cast out. Only a stray sculpture here and there in Benares and the ruins of Barnak remind the visitor that Buddha ever existed. Islam invaded and conquered and ruled India for hundreds of years, leaving exquisite monuments of its architecture, and a community of 60,000,000 followers of the prophet. But Hinduism and Benares remain the same. Mother Ganges is divine; to wash in her waters and to drink of them is better than the teaching of the prophet.

By far the most notable thing in Benares today is the Central Hindu college, founded by Mrs. Annie Besant, for the purpose of educating Hindus and teaching them the real meaning of their own religion. The buildings are put up largely by wealthy Hindus, whose names appear on the rooms they have given. In the large hall of the college there is a stained glass window to the Trinity, viz., Braham, Siva and Vishnu (with his wife.)

The Ontario Government has appointed Warden T. H. Thompson, reeve of Madoc village, to the position of chief prosecutor for Eastern Ontario for offences under the Dairy Act.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills
owe their singular effectiveness in curing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica to their power of stimulating and strengthening the kidneys. They enable these organs to thoroughly filter from the blood the uric acid (the product of waste matter) which gets into the joints and muscles and causes these painful diseases. Over half a century of constant use has proved conclusively that Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills strengthen weak kidneys and
Cure Rheumatism

HARD TIMES IN VANCOUVER CITY

Orillia Packet: No wonder there are more motors in Vancouver, per capita than in any other city in Canada. That is what the citizens say. To be sure, I heard exactly the same story in Victoria, and I am not sure that it was not told me in Calgary and Edmonton and Winnipeg. But it does not matter; each town is perfectly convinced that it has "the inside track" so to say, of the other, and the observing traveler, be he never so critical, cannot help seeing for himself that there is certainly a plentiful crop of automobiles in every one of these big western cities. For the first thing the newly rich do is to acquire a motor. How else would the world be made to realize that they have made money, and what is the use of having money if other people don't know it?

There is another class in Vancouver which has sprung into being just within the last year—a rapidly increasing class, and one which compels one's sympathy—the "newly poor" they call themselves. These are they who have suddenly found themselves in reduced circumstances; who have had to give up their mansions and their motors and their maids and live the simple life again. What is the use of having a hundred high priced lots if nobody will buy them? Or of owning a dozen fine houses if the tenants are leaving them? Or of being worth a million of money if one cannot command a big enough income to pay for bread and cheese? That is the unfortunate position of many a person in Vancouver today, and it is a question with all of them whether they can hold on to their property till the clouds roll by or whether they will have to sacrifice it to get money enough to buy the immediate necessities of life.

The salaried man, who was wont to envy his reckless brothers the pleasure of living an independent life and gambling in real estate, for which they gave up their safe and sane positions in banks and offices, now inwardly congratulates himself that he stuck to the slower method of making an income. He draws his monthly cheque with a sense of satisfaction in the fact that there he has a definite and fairly substantial sum to come and go on, and the knowledge that another four weeks will bring him a similar amount. Perhaps there is also a sense of contentment that he ever stooped to be jealous of his neighbor for the million he was reported to have made in a few short years, when he sees the same neighbor is now glad to take employment in a position much inferior to his.

Oh, there are "hard times" now in Vancouver; there is no doubt of that, and many will suffer. But it is a situation that can only be temporary—it is bound to be a very good thing for the city in the end. Prices were too much inflated. People were too excited, too reckless, too thrifless. Something was needed to steady everybody's nerves, to put a stop to the wild speculating that has prevailed, the waste that was evident on every side, to place things generally on a sounder, firmer basis. Vancouver, with its fine harbor, its unlimited resources, its enthusiastic population, cannot fail to make a splendid recovery from this temporary depression. The city will be infinitely better off, though there are certain individuals who must pay the penalty. However, they do it very cheerfully, and pondering on this situation, one begins to realize the fascination of the West. It is the spirit of the place that catches hold of one. There is no grumbling, no "kicking," no "knocking" of the city. Anybody who feels disposed to adopt that attitude is so speedily and efficiently suppressed that he never tries it again; or else he quickly decides that this is no place for him, and goes where his nature is in accord with his surroundings, and he finds people who will listen to his continual complaints and perpetual pessimism—Orillia, perhaps. Anyway, he does not stay in Vancouver, for nobody ever grumbles here. That does not mean that they do not have the same ups and downs as other people. They do, indeed, and the rapidity with which the elevator of worldly prosperity shoots them past the various levels to the top flat, and down again to the ground floor fairly takes one's breath away. But they bear it with pleasant good humor and as quickly as possible set to work to adapt themselves to the changed situation.

And therein, I have decided, lies the secret why those who have once lived in the West never seem to want to go back to the east. Occasionally to be sure, one comes

WOMAN COULD NOT WALK

She Was So Ill—Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Pentwater, Mich.—"A year ago I was very weak and the doctor said I had a serious displacement. I had backache and bearing down pains so bad that I could not walk in a chair or walk across the floor and I was in severe pain all the time. I felt discouraged as I had taken everything I could think of and was no better. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I am strong and healthy."—Mrs. ALICE DARLING, R.F.D. No. 2, Box 77, Pentwater, Mich.

Read What Another Woman Says:
Peoria, Ill.—"I had such backaches that I could hardly stand on my feet. I would feel like crying out lots of times, and had such a heavy feeling in my right side. I had such terrible dull headaches every day and they would make me feel so drowsy and sleepy all the time, yet I could not sleep at night.
"After I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a week I began to improve. My backache was less and that heavy feeling in my side went away. I continued to take the Compound and am cured.
"You may publish this if you wish."
—Miss CLARA L. GAUWITZ, R.R. No. 4, Box 62, Peoria, Ill.

Such letters prove the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for woman's ills. Why don't you try it?
across an individual who frankly admits that while he likes it here, he thinks he would be just as happy in many places back in Ontario, or in the Maritime Provinces; but I have met only one person who declared bluntly that she did not like it here at all, and would much prefer to return to her old home. This was a lady, however, and she came from Toronto.

Visit to Strindberg
It was a rainy night in early June, but not warm; rather chilly, in fact. A volley of small stones rattled on the windows of the first floor above, windows that opened out upon a balcony. No answer. "Hello, August!"

Hearing my rather doleful story of the vein trip from Berlin—I said New York, which was only the naked truth—they volunteered, and without taking a carriage I was led down a side street, then across a square and finally in front of a tall, gloomily-looking house was trumpeted in unison by my companions. (Fancy calling him out like a boon companion!) Still no response. More gravel, more cries.

And then a burst of light and a tremendous head on a tremendous pair of shoulders came into view. It was Strindberg. Truly an august apparition, a giant in height, a veritable viking! I was scared. But not my good friends. A volley of words, a verbal broadside, was poured out at the balcony and came from it.
My name was asked. Then my mission was explained. The name of friends were showered upon the colossal on the balcony. Another ominous silence, punctuated by the falling of the soft, upright rain. I could see the stubby nose, a world too small for the face with its Norseman's high cheekbones; I could see in the illuminated background that the hair of the dramatist was gray, that he wore a bathrobe; also that he was not in the best of humor.

Suddenly a roar as if from the throat of a sea lion. And—bang! The man disappeared, the windows were closed. I still stared, expecting a miracle. But no door was opened below; presently I was nudged, and soon we were back in the cafe. After the laughter had died away I innocently asked what he had said as he retired.

My friends again laughed. Finally the theatrical man said without a particle of embarrassment, indeed, as a matter of course: "He told you to go to hell and never bother him again." It was the first, and last time that I saw August Strindberg.

MARRIED
Andrew Bakogeorge, of Barrie and Detroit, on Sunday, August 3, 1913 in the Greek Orthodox Church, Mr. Andrew Bakogeorge, of Barrie and Miss Helen P. Sachlas, of Paleopanagia, Greece.

BORN
SMITH—In Lindsay, Aug. 15, 1913, to Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Smith, (Albert street) a daughter.

MONSTER LUNGE AT 'CAYGEON

Mr. Chas. Nicholson, of Bobcaygeon, is the champion fisherman of the Kawartha waters. The other day he caught a maskinonge on Pigeon Lake, off the Big Island shore, weighing 35 lbs. Length 4 feet, one inch. Mr. Nicholson would like to see some of the disciples of Iszaak Walton equal that.

Mrs. Woollard and family are visiting Mrs. Woollard's mother, Mrs. Wilson, of London.

We were pleased to see Mr. Ernie Arneg and Arthur Selby, who spent the week end.
The hotels and boarding house are crowded with summer tourists, the lakes are well dotted with camps and campers, fishing is reported good, and Bobcaygeon is still the hub of the universe.

Mr. John Carew, of Lindsay lost a very valuable horse with inflammation last Wednesday.

E. J. Woollard has bought Mr. A. E. Kennedy's house and property. Mr. Kennedy and family are moving to Winnipeg.

Mr. R. J. Green, station agent, has bought the Read property and offers his own for sale at a reasonable figure.

Mr. Thos. Murphy has bought the Garden estate and intends remodeling the place.

Mr. Miller Johns had the misfortune to get one of his fingers taken off, while trying to fix his binder.

STATION ROBBED AT WOODVILLE

The residents of Woodville were thrown into a high state of excitement Wednesday when the report was circulated that some time during the early hours of the morning burglars had entered the G. T. R. station and blew open the safe.

The crooks (and they are believed to be experts at the job) first broke into the tool house and secured two coal chisels, with which they forced the station door. Once inside they lost no time in getting busy on the safe. Nitro-glycerine was used and the safe door was blown off. They secured about \$2,000 in cash. Fortunately Mr. Dixon, station agent, had sent away a considerable sum of money the day previous or their booty would have been considerable.

When Mr. Dixon came to the station in the morning the station office presented a sorry spectacle. The safe was badly damaged as a result of the explosion while papers of all kinds covered the floor. The office clock had been stopped by the force of the explosion, at ten minutes after one o'clock.

There is no clue to the burglars, as no suspicious characters have been seen loitering in the district.

Cupid Holds the Telephone Wires

Evanston, Ill., August 14—Residents of Evanston who have been complaining about the telephone service this summer, were informed today that Cupid was the cause of the trouble. During the last month seventeen telephone operators out of seventy at the Evanston exchange have resigned to get married, and the district manager, Mr. Gates, learns that half the girls who have remained at the switchboard are engaged.

"Cupid seems to have possession of our wires," said Mr. Gates, "and we are now training double the usual number of students. We have no difficulty in getting new girls as the telephone service is attractive to them because girls get married, but we never had such an epidemic before."

BOY DROWNED AT MINDEN

Minden, Ont., Aug. 14—A home boy Arthur Baker, aged sixteen, who has lived for more than a year with Edmund Harrison, a farmer on Kushog Lake, near Minden, left home Sunday evening to hunt for cows. On his not returning a search was made, resulting in his body being found floating in the lake this morning. He was fully dressed. His hat was lying under a log at the shore, and his handkerchief twisted around the limb in the water. He could not swim. Dr. Pogue, coroner, has ordered an inquest to be held in the courtroom tomorrow evening.

THE VICTORIA LOAN and SAVINGS COMPANY
INCORPORATED 1895
Capital and Reserve Fund \$430,000.00
WHY NOT TALK IT OVER WITH US?
If you have any moneys to invest call and talk it over with us. Our Debentures bearing interest at rates varying from 4 per cent. to 5 per cent. are a safe and convenient investment. If you desire other investments, we can always get you first Mortgage, Government and Municipal Bonds.
Be satisfied with reasonable rates and safety. Do not risk your moneys with irresponsible parties.
Money to loan on Mortgages at current rates.

C. E. WEEKS, NEWTON SMALE,
Manager

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA
ESTABLISHED 1873
HEAD OFFICE TORONTO
LINDSAY BRANCH
S. ALCORN, Manager.
Branches also at Beaverton, Blackstock, Brechin, Cannington, Dundas, G. Hamilton, Little Britain (R. H. Smart, Manager), Newellton Station (R. H. Smart, Manager), Pefferlaw, Sanderson and Woodville.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., E.L.D., D.C.L., President
ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager
JOHN AIRD, Assistant General Manager
CAPITAL, \$15,000,000 REST, \$12,500,000
TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES
Issued by The Canadian Bank of Commerce enable the holder to provide himself with funds without delay at each point of his journey in a convenient yet inexpensive manner. They are issued payable in any country in the world in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$200 with the exact equivalent in the moneys of the principal countries on the face of each cheque. They are economical, absolutely safe and identifying and easily negotiated.

H. A. HOLMES, Manager Lindsay Branch

BANK OF MONTREAL
INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT ESTABLISHED 1858
Lindsay Branch Established A.D. 1858
Every description of Banking business transacted. Savings Department at every Branch.
Branches in every Province of the Dominion, every important city of the Dominion, Newfoundland, London, England, New York, Chicago, etc.
Paid up Capital..... \$16,000,000
Rest..... \$16,000,000
Undivided Profits..... \$802,000
\$32,802,000
H. B. Black - Manager Lindsay Branch
OFFICE HOURS: 10 to 3 o'clock. Saturdays, 10 to 1 o'clock.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA
NOTICE OF QUARTERLY DIVIDEND
Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Seven per cent. (7%) per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the three months ending the 31st August, 1913, and that the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, September 1st, 1913. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st August, 1913, both days inclusive.
By Order of the Board,
JAMES MASON, General Manager
Toronto, July 16th, 1913.