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If your motor boat is giving you satisfaction. Call us up and have us smooth out your engine troubles for you. Supplies of all kinds—batteries, gasoline, cylinder oil, spark plugs, and wire.

### G. W. HALL, LINDSAY GARAGE,

EAST END OF WELLINGTON ST. BRIDGE.  
Repairs of all kinds. Phone 317k. Auto and motor boat supplies. Fairbanks Gasoline Engines.

—BE SURE TO BE—  
**OUR HOMEMADE BUGGIES**  
—STRONG AND STYLISH—  
ONLY ONE SECOND-HAND DEMOCRAT LEFT  
**CHRIS. McILHARGEY**

### KODAKS, CAMERAS

### PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES

Just received a fresh stock of Canadian Kodak Supplies.

### R. J. MULLIGAN

Drug Store - Omemee

### Artesian and Rock Well Drilling

Full equipment. I drill through rocks or sell at all times of the year. Long experience. All work guaranteed. Write us about wells or water supply. Reference given.

Thos. R. Mosley 77 William St. Lindsay.

### T. P. McCullough

108 BROOK ST., PETERBORO.  
Will visit BENSON HOUSE, LINDSAY, every 1st and 3rd Wednesday afternoon from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. for consultations in Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat.

## Obituary

### MRS ANNA FERGUSON

Carrington, N. D., Record: Mrs. Anna Ferguson died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. A. Graham, at Rose Hill, on Sunday, August 14, 1910.

Anna Nicholson, was born in the county of Sky, Scotland, in 1840. She was but eight years old she came to this country with her parents. In 1854 she was united in marriage to Peter Ferguson. In 1891 the family came to Foster county from the township of Ontario, and settled on a farm in Rose Hill township. To Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson were born eleven children, six sons and five daughters. Her husband and seven children have preceded her to the great beyond. The four remaining children, viz: Mrs. J. A. Graham, Mrs. John and Angus are all residents of this country, all but John being in the vicinity of the old home being a resident of Carrington. The deceased is also survived by a daughter, Samuel Nicholson, who resides in this county, and two sisters in Ontario, Mrs. Murdoch Mur-

## Bicycle Scorcher Comes to Grief

### Sections of Bike Parted Company at Agricultural Park

It has been the custom of the year for speed and endurance aspirants, whether on foot or on vehicles, to try a few turns around the agricultural race track to determine accurately their ability by the mile or so.

Last evening a youth who has, or rather had, ambitions of breaking the road record to Fenelon Falls, by bicycle went upon the track to strengthen his muscles for the coming test. Now, speeding is not particularly good for an ordinary wheel, and when this young man had circled the course a couple of times, and was passing the grand stand at a terrific clip, sections of the machine parted company. Since the result was a sudden halt for the bicycle, the rider found it impossible to hang on, and with a swoop like that of a hawk clinching its prey, bit the dust, and barked his shins.

Slowly and painfully he arose from the guilty sward and dusted his once immaculate store clothes. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

### Visiting at Rosedale

Mr. Malcolm McIntyre, Canadian Government Immigration Agent at Glasgow, Scotland, arrived at Fenelon Falls on Saturday evening and visited relatives and friends at Rosedale on Sunday—his first visit in 12 years. Mr. McIntyre left again on Tuesday on his way to the Northwest where he will take observations and make enquiries with the object of obtaining information that will assist him in his work. Last year 38000 Scottish farmers emigrated to Canada, about double the number that came out the previous year, and a still further increase is hoped for next year. Mr. McIntyre expects to return to Scotland in about three weeks.—Gazette.

### OLD TIME HAT STAMPS.

#### Death Used to Be the Penalty in England For Forging Them.

Hats have in England been subject to very severe protective enactments. The blocked beaver hat, for instance, imported by Sir Walter Raleigh from the Low Countries, won its way so rapidly that in 1571 Queen Elizabeth passed an act to protect the making of "thrummed" caps, made from wool, for the advantage of the landed proprietors, whose sheep furnished the material. The statute provided that every male person shall on Sundays and holidays wear on his head a cap of velvet wool made in England, penalty, 3s. 6d. per day.

About a century later the law, for which there is nothing too high or too low, having taxed men's shoes, turned its attention once more to their hats and soon put a check on all improvements in the trade by requiring every vendor of hats to take out a license under a heavy penalty. Subsequently a stamp duty was imposed on all hats, which were officially marked inside where the maker's name now appears. The penalty for selling a hat without a stamp was £10, and the penalty for forging a hat stamp was death, woe, no doubt, the modern custom of the man who goes to church, sits down, looks into his hat—to read his maker's name.—London Chronicle.

## Why Not Have a Beautiful Head of Hair

A woman's pride is her hair. Yet how many there are who have harsh, lifeless hair.

To be attractive, you must have beautiful hair. Salvia, the great American hair dressing, makes ladies' hair grow in abundance. Gives it a beautiful fluffy appearance.

Mr. Higinbotham guarantees Salvia to kill the dandruff and make the hair grow, or your money back. 50c. a large bottle. A. Higinbotham, Lindsay, Ont.

### JOHN BULL AND TRUSTS

#### Americans Who Found the Tight Lits the Island Too Much for Them.

What is a trade-war? It is a battle in which no blood is spilt, but which can bear results every bit as serious as those which occur on the actual field of war. Two great organizations are pitted against each other. Silently, with scarcely a sound above the scratching of a pen, the more powerful faction presses its opponent back, and upon the issues depends the welfare of thousands, many of whom have no idea that any kind of battle is being fought at all.

In the present trade-war between Lord Cowdray and the Standard Oil Co., John Bull is standing in the ring with Uncle Sam, and is knocking him out. They are fighting over the great oil-fields of Mexico, and, although the Standard Oil Co. have used every means in their power to outwit their English rival, and even employed spies to shadow him in New York, they have found their match. The British Oil magnate is beating them at their own game.

The Standard Oil Co. have not had many such reverses. Forty-five years ago, Mr. John D. Rockefeller realized the great possibilities that lay in oil, formed a syndicate, and proceeded to buy up every rival syndicate. He often paid absurdly high prices to his rivals in order to gain absolute control. If they refused to sell, he either retained oil in their districts at a loss, or else actually gave it away, until they were forced, through lack of business, to admit themselves beaten.

A particularly interesting trade-war was that fought recently between the English and American tobaccoists. The American Tobacco Co. was one of the most formidable syndicates that ever threatened our chalky cliffs.

It was an amalgamation of five separate companies which, previously, had tried to cut each other's throats in their own country. They had placed wonderful "Surprise Packets" and other advertising dodges upon the market. They had blazoned the walls with enormous posters. One company had spent \$1,500,000 annually in advertising its principal feature, "Battle Axe Plug," the price of which underwent tremendous reductions. For the small price of fivepence, the American elastic-jawed chucker could buy a plug of "Battle Axe" three inches broad, over half-an-inch thick, and a foot long.

But when these old rivals banded together, and invaded England under the banner of The American Tobacco Co., they found themselves absolutely out-classed. By offering a bonus of \$1,000,000 a year for four years to all the English retailers who would supply their cigarettes, and nobody else's, at a certain low figure, they hoped to get the entire monopoly of the tobacco custom in England. Before the temptation had spread too far, however, the English tobaccoists joined forces, and formed themselves into The Imperial Tobacco Co. The Americans, instead of dealing with a host of small, independent merchants, found themselves face to face with a solid organization representing almost the entire tobacco interest of the British Isles. So they packed up their cheap cigarettes, and took the next boat home.

But the matter did not end there. The tobaccoists who had been promised their big bonuses, and who had received only one half year's payment, sued the American Company for the balance. At the first the Americans refused to pay, arguing that, as their company had been liquidated, their liabilities had also ceased to exist. A test case was decided against them, however, and they wished more than ever that they had left the English bull-dog alone.—London Answers.

### Scared the Savages.

The pluck of Sir Harry Johnston, the famous explorer, who has lately been elected a corresponding member of the Italian Geographical society "in recognition of his research work in Africa," is unquestioned, but stratagem has got him out of many a tight corner. On one occasion his zebra was surrounded by a howling mob of savages, who sent an envoy asking him to surrender. Sir Harry merely told the envoy that they had smallpox in the camp, and a wretched albino was trotted out as the awful example. Five minutes later the scared tribesmen were busy putting as large a stretch of Africa as time would permit between themselves and danger. As Sir Harry well knew, they were more afraid of "the white disease" than they were of all the inventions of Maxim.—Tit-Bits.

### Where Honor Is Due.

I see," said the man at the corner desk, "that they've got old Brown at last." "Who's got him?" said the bookkeeper.

"The suffragists. Here's a newspaper notice that proves it. The stork left a girl at his house the other day, and the announcement reads, 'Born to Mrs. and Mr. Brown. Take notice of that—Mrs. and Mr. That's the suffragists' way of spreading the news.'—New York Times.

### The Ostrich.

That ostriches hide their heads in the sand and think that their bodies are thereby hidden seems to be pure myth, says The London Times. Old birds on the nest and young birds when seeking to evade notice squat close to the ground and stretch their necks out flat on the sand. In the case of the young, which harmonizes as perfectly with their sandy surroundings as young ringed plover do with the stones on a beach, the ruse is said to render them almost invisible, and on the wide expanses of the desert it is evident that the upright neck of a sitting bird would render it unnecessarily conspicuous to a marauding enemy. But there is no more ground for accusing the ostrich of "self-illusion" than there is for bringing the same charge against the partridge chick, which by merely sitting still among the grass practically disappears from sight.

### WANTED.

#### When the Whole Country Has Taken Up Hue and Cry.

Electricity, the post, and the press are the three great enemies of the modern criminal fleeing from justice. As has been seen in the triumphant capture of Dr. Crippen. Within half an hour of the discovery of a great crime, detectives at every port are on the look-out for the criminal. Within a very few hours the police of the Continental and American ports are also watching, while the description and portraits in the newspapers turn the reading world into a corps of amateur detectives.

One of the most sensational pursuits in the history of crime was that after Franz Muller, who, in a London railway train, killed a man called Briggs. In his haste he left his hat behind him in the compartment—a hat with the maker's name on the band. All England was soon on the hunt for him. Within a few days, a cabman came forward, saying he had bought that very hat for a lodger of his, a man named Muller. Soon after a jeweller, of the ominous name of Death, said he had in his possession a gold chain of the dead man's, having taken it in exchange from a man of German appearance. This fixed the crime on Muller, but many days passed before the right clue sent detectives, jeweller, and cabman on board a swift Atlantic liner, which caught the slow sailing ship Muller was on just before she reached port.

In the autumn of 1901 there was the famous case of the Liverpool bank clerk, Goudie, who, by means of forged checks, swindled his employers—the Bank of Liverpool—out of \$800,000. When suspicion fastened on him, he escaped in the coolest possible manner. Asked to account for the absence of an entry about a certain check, he said it was to be found in a ledger in another room. A fellow-clerk was told off to watch him as he went to the other room, but Goudie dodged him in the simplest possible way, and walked bareheaded into the street. The alarm was given in a few minutes, but for eleven days he escaped his pursuers.

Then he was found in a squalid street in Bottle, a Liverpool suburb, where he was lodging, dressed as a common seaman.

The case of Miss Charlesworth is still fresh in everyone's mind. Hardly a soul in England was uninterested in the whereabouts of the woman who is now undergoing penal servitude. To escape \$135,000 worth of debts, she pretended to have been hurried through the glass screen of her motor and down over a cliff.

One of the most hideous of murders was that of Miss Hogg, at Camberley, England, one of two rich and eccentric sisters.

The murder raised the whole countryside. Other senseless and brutal outrages pointed to the criminal's being still in the neighborhood. The country round, especially the pine woods near, was searched with the utmost care by a party of 500. Scores of detectives—some on cycles, some disguised as tramps—watched every yard of the roads. For a long time there was a reign of terror in Camberley. People peered out of the window before answering a knock. The whole neighborhood was hemmed in by a ring of police. But the maniac-murderer escaped.

### A Popular Recorder.

For ten years Sir Forrest Fulton, who recently celebrated his sixty-fourth birthday, has been Recorder of London. Thoroughly outspoken and businesslike, he is very popular with barristers, juries, and court officials, while even criminals acknowledge how just he is. His judicial principal is to be severe on the hardened criminal and merciful to the first offender. Sir Forrest has been associated with many famous cases, notably the Whitaker Wright and the Beck cases. He declares that he finds little difficulty in deciding on a sentence immediately the verdict is returned. Says he: "The object of a public trial is that the public may see how justice is administered. If you postpone sentence the entire effect is taken away."

### General Hamilton.

Many Good Stories Are Told of Lord Kitchener's Successor.

Some good stories are being told of General Sir Ian Hamilton, who was recently appointed to the post of inspector-general of the Mediterranean forces to succeed Lord Kitchener. Here is one of them: In the late Boer war one of the col-

# Mrs. Tohn's Early Fall Shopping

"Why, good morning Mrs. Tohn, I had no idea you had returned to town yet. I see it isn't necessary to inquire if you for sometime. Children all well? Oh, yes, undoubtedly, there was nothing could have been more beneficial for them in any way, than such an outing. 'Loll Beach' is certainly a popular resort for both the small fry as well as their elders. 'Some Fall Dress Goods?' O indeed, it's not a particle too soon to be provided; supposing the cool weather does come a trifle later than we expect.

"Yes, isn't it a handsome and serviceable piece of Serge at 50c. Just the material for a schoolgirl's hack dress. 'And this Diagonal, also, nothing more suitable for an early Fall Suit; and quite reasonable at that, only 50c to \$1.00 a yard.

"For dressy wear, I don't believe there are many things to surpass this San Toy. The very latest color too. They say Mastic will be one of the dominating shades.

"Neckwear, Belts, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery? Yes, we have a satisfying assortment in many novel and attractive varieties.

"These wide Patent Leather Belts for instance are having their flutter in New York and all the leading centres at present. And don't you consider them very natty? This lot we are selling at the agreeable price of 25c.

"Now here is something dressy and extremely convenient in hand gear. You may wash these chamoisette gloves as frequently and as easily as a handkerchief, etc. A great boon for an outlay of 25c.

"Just this way for the medium-weight hosiery and Fall under garments. Just the kind for the chilling temperature of winter's advent. Not too heavy or bulky, but exceedingly cheerful and comfortable. Nothing more this morning? Thank you, very much. Good morning Mrs. Tohn!

- "Brown, do up Mrs. Tohn's order, please. Here it is:
- |                                   |        |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| 8 yards Serge at 50c              | \$4.00 |
| 9 yards Diagonal at \$1.00        | 9.00   |
| 8 yards San Toy at 50c            | 4.00   |
| 3 Linen Collars at 25c            | 75     |
| 4 pairs Black Hose                | 1.00   |
| 2 pairs tan Hose at 25c           | .50    |
| 1 patent leather Belt             | 25     |
| 1 dozen Linen Handkerchiefs       | 1.00   |
| 3 Vests                           | 1.50   |
| 1 lb. Sateen Underskirt           | 1.50   |
| 3 pairs Chamoisette Gloves at 25c | .75    |
- P.D. \$24.25  
N.B.—Mrs. Tohn is a clever woman.  
Moral—Why not imitate her?

## O'Loughlin & McIntyre

### CASH AND ONE PRICE

### TEA FOR THE GUARD.

#### The Festivities Were Conducted on Strict Military Lines.

While looking for pirates along the Chinese coast, Admiral John Moresby encountered some strange adventures and some that were ludicrous. One of his experiences he describes in "Two Admirals."

When visiting the mandarin of 'Jen Pach, he with his blue button, robes and attendants, I with our paymaster, gunner and a guard of ten marines and a sergeant, tea was offered to us and accepted as a matter of course.

Then, in an access of politeness, the attendant proceeded with the tea to the guard, stiffly drawn up in the courtyard, the men with rifles shouldered.

The sergeant looked round distractedly for guidance; he had no precedent for a tea party on duty. The men stared with cool contempt at the spoonful of acid tea.

Fearing lest a refusal might be an affront, I hastily said, "Sergeant, let the men take it."

He looked at me for an instant with a long, horrified look of remonstrance; then, stepping to the front as if drilling, he gave the word: "Order arms! Ground arms! Take the cups! Drink the tea!"

Like Wordsworth's "forty feeding like one," they grasped the cups and with a single gesture emptied them down their throats.

Next came the stately commands: "Return the cup! Take up arms! Shoulder arms!"

It was done. The sergeant was himself again; he felt he had been equal to the occasion, and I stifled my unseasonable laughter in a cough and a handkerchief.

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Mrs. Jas. Fraser spent a few days in Toronto this week.

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

Amos A. Bert Jewell

Mr. Hill takes the farm they leave.