

# FALL SKIN SORES

When troubled with fall rashes, eczema, or any skin disease apply Zam-Buk!

Surprising how quickly it eases the smarting and stinging! Also cures cuts, burns, sores and piles. Zam-Buk is made from pure herbal essences. No animal fats—no mineral poisons. Finest healer!

Druggists and Stores Everywhere.



## Thirty Launches At Bobcaygeon

It is said that there are over thirty gasoline launch owners in the village now. Some very nice launches have passed through lately touring the lakes, Mr. Kilgour, of Toronto, had the Couchiching, a trim looking boat, and the explosion muffled so as to be noiseless, a vast improvement. Mr. Navare and family made a leisurely and enjoyable cruise to Lake Simcoe. With the opening of the Trenton end of the waterway, there will be a rush of cruising gasolines, as boats from Toronto and the Thousand Islands will be certain to make the trip.—Independent.

It wouldn't stretch. The assessor was doing the very best he could, but the farmer was shrewd and wary.

"How many acres of farming land have you?" he inquired wearily.

"Bout twenty, I guess," said Reuben.

"Twenty! Why, it looks to me like nearer 120. Come now, can't you increase that a little? There are surely more than twenty acres in that tract. Suppose you stretch that a little."

"Say, feller," said the farmer, "this ain't no rubber plantation."—Harper's Monthly.

Their Eternal Wrangle. The Doctor (through the telephone)—Yes, I'll tell you all about it, but I'll have to look it up. Will you hold the wire a minute?

The Professor (with evident irritation)—Won't it do just as well if I hold the receiver?—Chicago Tribune.

## Do Not Blame the Woman Her Feet Hurt

Shoppers and numerous of others usually suffer with tired, or aching feet, or with weak ankles or general fatigue after a few hours of constant standing or walking.

These persons should wear the Scholl "FOOT-EAZER".

Thus notice the difference between one who wears them and the other who does not.



The "FOOT-EAZER" not only eases the feet, but the nervous body and mind. It is an anatomical foot rest, made of two German Silver Springs, leather covered, and is worn in the shoe like an insole. Gives firm support to the foot. Bridges the weight from heel to toe. Not heavy or rigid, but thoroughly delightful and comfortable to wear, by the most exacting wearers of fastidious fashioned footwear.

The Scholl "FOOT-EAZER" prevents crowding and cramping of the toes, and instantly removes pressure of the annoying callouses on the sole.

Braces and bridges up the ankles, and holds them firmly, giving a graceful carriage to the whole body. We guarantee foot comfort and satisfaction.

Try a pair today.

FOR SALE BY NEILL THE SHOEMAN LINDSAY

## MODERN PANDORA

A Blunder That Brought Happy Results in Its Train.

By LUELLEN TETERS.

Janet Alston quickly seized her suitcase and started out as the train thundered into the station at the little resort, eager to make her escape before Carrington, who sat in the back of the car, should espy her. In his party she recognized a supercilious beauty whose name had lately been significantly linked with his, and several comfortable looking dowagers who had come down, as she, to either stay with friends or at the big hotel over the regular Saturday night hop.

She felt ashamed of her innumerable bundles, each breathing its own secret of chocolates, early hothouse peaches for dear Aunt Caroline, and some magazines.

Cousin Tom's happy, ruddy face was not visible among the crowd of people on the platform. She glanced around in desperation, anxious to secure the services of a hackman to carry her at once to her destination, but beyond a few private vehicles there was nothing available.

Over her shoulder sounded Carrington's deep voice and Lillian Royer's silvery, airy laughter. She started nervously, dropping the telltale parcel of peaches, which scattered promiscuously in all directions through the throng.

"Let me help you?" Carrington jumped with alacrity to her aid, restoring the downy, pink cheeked fruit to her arms.

An icy "Thank you" rewarded him. Womanlike, angry at the innocent offender, she felt like venting her displeasure on him.

"I suppose your cousin meets you?" he inquired, pausing for a second as the ladies accompanying him moved on.

"Oh, yes," she replied lightly, hoping that he would not detect the delinquent's absence.

She squared her back on the group as the Carrington trap, in the hands of a trim groom, rolled noiselessly up, and the ladies were helped in. There was a whirl of rushing wheels, and a cloud of dust indicated its flight down the country road. Tears of mortification and anger welled up in her eyes. Were it not so far she would walk the distance, bundles, suit case and all. A black speck was coming rapidly toward her far up the highway. It finally revealed red and black wheels. A sensation of mingled annoyance, pride and timidity swept over her as she saw that, after all, it was not her cousin, but Carrington, who had evidently lost no time in returning from his stables.

"I suppose your relatives didn't expect you until the 5.30," he said pleasantly as he drove up. "I was afraid you would attempt to walk the distance. Won't you let me drive you over?"

"Thank you, I will wait for Tom," she said, blushing at the falsity of her position.

"I came back purposely to get you," he went on, ignoring her discouraging glance. "It's hard on the peaches. They'll be overripe if you keep them in this hot sun much longer. Come, please."

She hesitated visibly. "For the sake of the peaches then," she assented, reaching him her parcels.

"I will not question the conditions," he replied.

"It would be of no use," she answered in his vein, "for I never argue."

They drove smoothly over the white, threadlike road under the canopy of trees, talking indifferently on superficial subjects, the man not insensible to the charm of her laughing eyes and nut brown face, the girl responsive to every flash of his blue eyes and inwardly delighting in his slightest mannerism. Between them lay the unconfessed joy of a past summer time when he had been her constant attendant at this same place, until golden haired Lillian Royer arrived one day as a guest of his mother. Involuntarily she sighed, and the man, finding its echo in his own heart, repeated it.

"You will be at the hop tonight?" he asked as he deposited her at her destination.

"My frock is here." She pointed to her suitcase.

"You cousin said Egerton was coming down too." He watched her face narrowly as he spoke.

"A later train," she said evenly. "I decided to come on the 8 o'clock special."

He could make nothing of her explanation, however, as he thought her words over after leaving her. Surely, if report were true that the two were

in love and to be married, it looked odd that they did not plan to arrive on the same train. His mind revolved on Janet's speech in spite of his attempts to dismiss it.

Janet promptly thought no more about him, unable long ago to find an excuse for his changed behavior. Opening her suitcase, she began to draw out her small wardrobe. The articles seemed peculiarly unfamiliar. She shut it hastily, intently scanning the modest initials, "J. A." on the side. It surely was hers, but how could it be when before her was a vision of duffy, lace trimmed pink crepe de chine, with a low cut bodice bordered with dainty wild roses; pink silk stockings, a pink fan, a rose spray for the hair and down in one corner a pair of high heeled pink slippers? What hallucination of the brain was this, or was it the triumph of an aggregation of the day's annoyances?

She laughed and cried hysterically. They belonged to somebody else, but she either had to wear them or remain at home. The ample dimensions of Aunt Caroline's dresses forbade any further consideration of them.

Like her prototype, Pandora, when she opened the case she let the witches out. The woman who hesitates meets the proverbial fate. By the aid of pins the waist was adjusted trimly to her more slender figure, the toes of the frivolous slippers were stuffed out with tissue paper, and the balance of the toilet was made to her complete satisfaction.

The hop progressed as all similar affairs do where there is a sprinkling of black coats and pretty girls. Janet, promenading the room on Egerton's arm, recognized a familiar white frock coming toward her. With sickening dread of an impending scene she saw that its wearer was Lillian Royer, and Carrington walked beside her.

"I am afraid there has been some mistake in our suit cases," Miss Royer cried sharply. "I don't see how it could possibly have happened. You must have taken mine—by mistake."

Janet drew herself up ominously, indignant at the insinuation.

"The initials were the same as mine," she explained, with very red cheeks. "To all outward appearance it looked like my suit case. Since I came down here for the dance I had no alternative but to wear this dress or stay at home. It was no fault of mine that the mistake was made. I assure you."

Miss Royer glanced contemptuously at the white dress she wore. "I was forced to wear yours," she said, "not having any other with me. I took my sister's suit case, Mrs. Adams—Julia's. She used mine, for it held more. I am sure you will not object to coming with me now to the dressing room and exchanging."

"Certainly not," Janet said proudly. There was a frown settling on Carrington's brow. He was conscious of a strong desire to take Janet in his arms and anathematize Miss Royer in forcible terms. But the sting of a broken half promise and forgotten vows held him aloof.

"What a little hypocrite she is!" Miss Royer exclaimed to him as she took her across the floor. "She knew all along it was mine." Carrington made no comment.

Half an hour later, after a solitary smoke in a retired corner of the piazza, he came upon a little white figure crying all alone.

"Janet," he whispered anxiously, bending tenderly over her. "don't cry."



THEODORE ROOSEVELT, New York, Sept. 12.—Mr. Roosevelt announced his political creed here yesterday. It aligned him definitely within the Republican party. It placed him on record as an advocate of some policies which are in favor with the insurgents, and as an opponent of every special interest which he believes exercises a sinister influence upon the affairs of the people.

## How the Concrete Fence Post Came



The Travelling Agent Tells About Improved Farm Conditions Back Home

ONE of the most striking changes amongst the farmers in the vicinity of my old home," said the travelling agent of a large Canadian firm of agricultural implement manufacturers, upon his return from a visit to his birthplace, in the State of New York, recently, "is the better and more permanent character of the buildings and various farm improvements."

"I remember how, years ago, it took my father and all three of us boys one whole day to harvest a certain field. The present owner of the place says that his young son now does that work in a single day, and so far as he can see he never even has to mop his brow."

"Talking with some of the farmers in that section, regarding the methods of the present day, as compared with the past, I find that a very great saving has been effected by the introduction of the use of cement. The price of this article, when I was a boy, was almost prohibitive. In fact, we had hardly ever heard of cement at all, and when we did, it was more as a luxury—an article to mend the dishes in mother's kitchen—rather than as an article to be used on the farm. Nowadays, most of the boys have been learning how to use it, and no matter where you go you are sure to see something made of it."

"I was particularly struck with a fence which my brother put up on his place, some years ago. My brother and I, you must know, particularly hated looking after fences. When I was a boy, the posts were picked off the property. Somehow these stones would get removed, and down would come the fence. Father used to be a little hard on us sometimes we thought. When the other boys were off playing he used to set us at work repairing these fences. As the stones wouldn't hold the posts up, he made us dig holes deep in the ground, and drive the posts down into them. These held fairly well, but the trouble was that the posts would rot. That did not matter so much those days, for posts were cheap. The

trouble was that we had to go over the fence and repair it and waste all sorts of time over it. In fact, the fence was the bane of our lives, and must have cost a lot to keep in repair.

"A good many accidents took place, one way and another, with those fences, which it seems to me now must have cost father even more than the fences did. I remember one night the horses got tearing around the fields and bumped into a part of the fence which had been neglected for some time past, for the reason that we were busy harvesting the hay. There was a field of green grain. The horses got into it and trampled all over it; but worse than that they gorged themselves with it, with the result that two of them died the following day, and the other two were barely pulled through by the aid of a veterinary from the nearest town.

"As I was about to say, my brother, who lives on part of the old farm, took me down to the old line fence, just to look at the place where the horses broke through that time. He told me that when he saw cement being used so much he wondered if it wouldn't be a good thing to make fence posts of, so that they would not rot or break. He got into touch with a cement firm, without further delay, with the result that they sent him full instructions regarding the making of cement fence posts.

"Jack was very proud of his fence, and it struck me, when he showed it to me, that I had never seen anything nicer. It was as straight as a die, and there wasn't a sign of a break in it from end to end. The posts were all upright, and the wire—it was smooth wire—was as tight and as trim as it used to be on Judge Foster's lawn. Jack asked me how long I thought it was since the fence was built. I told him perhaps a few months—four or five months. 'Well,' said he, 'make it years instead of months and you would be nearer it.'

"It was a fact that for half a dozen years that fence had stood there, and that during that time not a break had taken place, and

Jack had not spent five minutes looking after it.

"I asked my brother if the fence I ever had on my farm cost more to use to have so much trouble with when we were a boy but once put up it is worth ever. Those posts cost more. The longer they are up, the better and the stronger they become. I made a few little mistakes when I began the work, but they were not serious, and I now know how to provide against them. The great advantage of this kind of fence is that it never needs to be repaired. I suppose, of course of time, the wire will wear out and break, but that will be the fault of the post, and you will remember, it was the posts that used to give me so much worry when we were boys."

"I asked him if the post loosened and fell over in any way that used to make much work for us in those days.

"Well," said he, "they do sometimes. But do you remember how solid the wooden post used to be after they had been in the ground a good while and before they began to rot. The farmer they remained there for ever they became. That is with these posts. I never remember a post that was ever disturbed, but are always become imbedded in the soil. I have sunk them pretty deep, and the result is that they are always just as you see them. The strongest man on this farm has hardly put one of these posts in the ground on my farm, and the fence will be settled there for more time will be there after them, and there will be no danger of the horses breaking like they did at this spot years ago, or so—as you are a member."

"I remembered all right, and we stood there laughing, and I distinctly began rubbing the spots once more, which were on us upon that memorable occasion."

### Where is that confounded Egerton? He shouldn't leave you here alone."

She raised her head proudly, her tear clouded eyes flashing. "Why always that man?" she cried childishly. "I hate him. I only want to be alone. Please go away."

"You're not engaged to him? You don't like him?" He could hardly credit what his ears heard. "They told me the day was set and"—

Janet put a soft little hand over his mouth.

"You did not seem to care sufficiently to find out the truth," she said.

"I was afraid of hearing the death-blow to my own hopes," he answered boldly in his— "tell me now—I want my fate settled at once—can't we go back to that last sweet summer time and start all over again, you and I? Can't we, dear? And we'll let the world know it tonight, so that they will leave us alone hereafter. Will you, Janet?"

The throb of the orchestra drowned the silence. Carrington put his arms around her, and she did not protest against it.

### Dead, Sitting In Bed.

Woodstock, Sept. 6.—Sitting bolt upright on the edge of the bed and with an unlighted cigar in his hand, the fully dressed body of Walter Quick was found in his room at the Royal Hotel yesterday evening. He had been seen last at the G.T.R. station Sunday evening and had evidently been dead some hours when found. Dr. West and Coroner Maloy decided that death was due to an apopleptic seizure and that an inquest was unnecessary.

Quick, who was a young man employed as a tuner at the Thomas Organ Co.'s factory, had been staying at the hotel while his mother was away in Cleveland.

He was to be married in a day or two to a popular Woodstock young lady.

### Posed as a Man.

Death has just brought to light a most astounding story of an elderly woman who had for twenty-five years successfully and without suspicion masqueraded as a man. She was known as Harry Lloyd, and was seventy years of age. For many years Lloyd had lived in Alma Road, London, with Miss Lloyd, a school teacher, who always referred to her as father. Lloyd had been ill for some weeks, but for an unaccountable reason which is now, however, made plain, refused to see a medical man. About 4 feet 10 inches in height, quietly dressed in masculine attire, with dark grey hair kept fairly short, and using a monocle, she was frequently to be seen in the streets, and no one seemed to have had any suspicion as to her sex. Apparently French in extraction, she was well educated and gave lessons in French. When Dr. Foote was called after her death he found to his surprise that the "man" was in reality a woman, and Miss Lloyd appeared profoundly astonished when he communicated his discovery to her. An amazing feature in the case is that about twenty-one years ago Dr. Foote's partner attended a woman who was said to be Harry Lloyd's wife.

### Ancient Greek Calendars.

Among the Greeks and Romans almanacs and calendars were not written for the general public, but were preserved as part of the esoteric learning of the priests, whom the people had to consult not only for the dates of the festivals, but for the proper times when various legal proceedings might be instituted. About 300 B. C., however, one Enclius Flavius, secretary to Appius Claudius, stole these secrets by repeated applications to the priests and collated the information so gained. It was really publishing an almanac when, as Livy relates, Flavius exhibited the first on white tables around the Forum. From this time similar tablets, containing the calendars, the festivals, astronomical phenomena and sometimes allusions to historical events became quite common. They have been dug up in Pompeii and elsewhere.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

### Title of Queen Mother.

It is many years since the queen mother, by which Queen Alexandra will in future be distinguished. The consort of King George, of course, at the time of the dowager, while the wives of King George all died before the last Queen Maria, wife of King George, who lived for years after the restoration to the throne. A previous instance we have in Queen Elizabeth Woodville, wife of Edward IV, and mother of King Richard III, who was married to a brother in the Tower of London. See Advertiser.

### The Auto's Snap.

"What I'd rather be than a seedy looking man in a suit and a snap, automobiles don't snap. 'Don't they?' said the tourist. 'Just listen to this. Three miles in two years and three times. Three times. That's an automobile. That's an automobile. That's an automobile. Snap, eh? Huh?—New York Times."

### The Nox Taster's Drug and Tobacco.

We have for you a cure for your cough, cold, and asthma. Can be given to a person knowing his own mind absolutely without any great work by giving a will mail a full amount for five dollars. The Nox Taster's Drug and Tobacco Co., Dept. L. St. Louis, Mo. E. Gregory, special agent.