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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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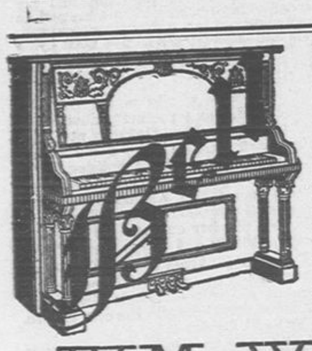

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Fall Term Begins Tuesday, September 3rd, 1907

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GOOD PUMPS

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Our practical man, Mr. J. Dennis, looks after all orders and repairs, and we can guarantee satisfaction.

Mail orders receive prompt attention.

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NEWS OF THE CHURCHES

"Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The Establishment of God's Kingdom on Earth—Articles Bearing on Church Work at Home and Abroad—Carefully Selected Contributions will be Received for Publication in this Column.

AT ST. ANDREW'S.

Evening Post of Sept. 23

"Love Not the World," epistle to John, 2nd chap., 15th vs, was the text of Rev. Jas. Wallace's sermon last night at St. Andrew's. This is an interpretation of life and a direction for it, said the minister, and it is because men have misinterpreted these words that they have adopted customs and dress of their own, and leaving the world and its sinfulness lived in monasteries and other places of seclusion to keep their lives and their hearts pure and clean. They believe that by mortifying the flesh at the present time they will be able to enjoy the delights and pleasures of the after world. Many have the same views now and believe the world will end soon, and are preparing themselves for the final day. This is a very material view. Scientists claim the world may last for years, and if a man lives according to God's law it will make little difference to him.

Modern society can only be redeemed by unworldly people. The rulers should be men who have insight and foresight, and who put their duty to God before anything else. "What is the best I can do for myself" seems to be the cry of everybody in the present age. "Love, not pleasure, love God", is Carlyles way of putting it and clearly shows us our duty.

The choir sang the anthem. "The King of Love" during the offertory, Miss S. Skinner and Mr. J. Gray taking the solo parts. "Hark, hark my soul" was the anthem sang at the conclusion of the sermon. The style in which this was sung was not up to the usual standard of the choir singing.

METHODISM AND LABOR.

Commenting upon the relation of U. S. Methodism to labor, Zion's Herald says; "Time was, in the memory of the writer, when the Methodist Episcopal church was the church of the people, when the working class, so called, believed in the divine mission of Methodism and flocked to its altars. But that day has passed. Boast as some still do of Methodism in her world-wide conquests, her missionary spirit, and large membership, we cannot be such spiritual egoists as to lay to heart any longer the flattering unction that we have the special support and sympathy of the masses. What is the matter? The answer is easy if we are to be frank and just with ourselves. We have lost the mind, spirit, passion, which carried us to the people and held us there — the divine compassion which pitied the people as "sheep having no shepherd." This is a fearless and honest confession, that applies to part of the Methodist church. We thank God it applies only to part, but it should not apply to any. The people still need Methodism and Methodism still needs the people. The divorce, if final, means death. If any part of Methodism forgets the poor and ceases to care for the masses, surely the fires have died out on her altars, and only a rekindling can avert desolation.

LORD'S DAY ALLIANCE.

The Rev. W. G. Hanna, of Mount Forest, has been appointed to succeed the Rev. T. Albert Moore as secretary for the Ontario Lord's Day Alliance. Mr. Moore having been appointed general secretary.

Mr. Hanna is looked upon as one one of the best and ablest of Canada's Presbyterian preachers. Naturally of a modest disposition, he has not been a seeker for self-advancement, but his friends look upon him as a man of such real culture and education that his success in Toronto is assured.

Mr. Hanna is a native of Huron county. He was educated at Princeton and has been stationed at Tara, Uxbridge, and Mount Forest. At the latter place he has been pastor for eight years and his congregation there hold him in the highest possible regard, and lose him with regret.

It is interesting to note that his son George has been attending the Harbord-st., Collegiate for the past two years, and recently won a university scholarship at matriculation.

Mr. Hanna's appointment was allowed by the Saugeen Presbytery recently.

HE HAD A PULL.

Worcester, Mass., Sept 14. — Because some of the concessionaries of the New England Fair 'Midway' put up tents on Sunday, Rev. Orson B. Mallory prayed for rain to spoil the fair's business.

The officials, who admit the fair will end with a $6,000 loss, are very unhappy. The farmers and the general public, disappointed at not being able to see the fair, are criticising the clerical petition for rain. The concessionaries, who paid for ground privileges, and whose work last Sunday in getting their tents and booths ready, called down the wrath of Mr. Mallory, are also disturbed.

Mr. Mallory says he did pray for rain and is glad of it.

WHAT GOOD ARE YOU DOING?

One day, while quietly at work, I overheard a neighbor call to a man who was passing and say to him, "What good are you doing?" That set me thinking, and from the depths of my soul came up the questions What good am I doing? What good could I be doing that I am not doing? For more than a quarter of a century that question has been an inspiration to me.

And now, as I draw near the end of my earthly pilgrimage, I ask each of my readers, What good are you doing? Aye, that is the question; not how good are you, but what good are you doing? May the Lord help you each one to do all the good you can.

—Christian Work.

VICTORY

Help me to make my, will mine own,
To choose for once my way.
For strength to follow what I've willed,
For strength, O Lord, I pray.

Save me from slipping down again
In that sweet soft decline
To dally with my evil self—
My will, my will is mine!

Ah! now with my whole soul I long
For steady constancy,
Lord, keep my tide of purpose full,
Give me the victory!

—J. Edgar Park.

Next Sabbath is Children's Day among the Sunday schools, and special programmes have been prepared for the day.

I can not do great things for Him
Who did so much for me;
But I should like to show my love,
Dear Jesus unto thee;
Faithful in very little things,
O Saviour, may I be.

HE'S A PROUD FARMER

Mr. William Lewis, of Verulam, Obtained Provincial Prize.

Evening Post of Sept. 23

Mr. William Lewis, of lot 11, con. 5, Verulam, is a proud farmer today, and not without reason. He was notified on Saturday last that a field of oats on his 200 acre farm had been considered by experts the best field of grain in the province, and that he had obtained the Provincial prize for it, over dozens of competitors from all over Ontario. Out of a maximum of 100 points this field of oats graded 96 points—truly a creditable showing. Mr. Lewis is a brother of Mr. M. J. Lewis, proprietor of the Victoria creamery and the farm is the family homestead.

Victoria County is noted the Dominion over as one of the best farming counties, and this additional honor shows the county forth in a enviable light.

YOUNG MAN'S SUDDEN DEMISE.

Herbert Russel, Son of Dr. Herriman Passed Away Yesterday Morning.

The announcement of the death of Mr. H. R. Herriman, youngest son of Dr. and Mrs. Herriman, was received in town early on Sunday, and was a great shock to his friends here. The deceased has been engaged in lumbering and oil interests at Honora, Manitoulin Island, which has occupied his time for a few years past. He has always enjoyed excellent health. A few days since letters were received from him that he was not feeling well, and later a telegram stating that he would come down home. He was on his way down to Owen Sound with the intention of getting treatment in the hospital, and boarded the steamer at Little Current on Saturday afternoon with fair prospects of reaching the hospital on Sunday morning. On the arrival of the boat it was found that he had miscalculated his strength and had succumbed during the night. The remains will arrive this evening by C.P.R. and will be taken to the family residence, and interment will take place at the family barying ground, Port Hope on arrival of the train leaving Lindsay at 10.50 Tuesday. A short service will be held at the home of his parents at 10 a.m., before proceeding to the G.T.R. train.

Will a Bicycle Float.

Mr. Mel. Robinson had occasion Monday morning to decide a rather unique bet between two of his many customers. They had dropped in for a friendly chat, and in the course of a few minutes the talk naturally turned to bicycles, since there are so many around the shop. After discussing the merits of the various makes somebody said that he had heard a bicycle would float a full-grown man. An argument was immediately started, one maintaining that the bicycle would float just on top of the water, and the other saying that he knew it would float at least eight inches out of water. Things got so hot tha tthe matter was put to a test, each betting that he was right. Mel. took an old wheel he had down to the wharf and threw it in the drink with a piece of cord attached. The wheel immediately went to the bottom like lead. He is now wondering why he didn't bet it would sink and so have a little besides the laugh on the two bettors.

No More Hair Germs

Falling hair is caused by germs at the roots of the hair. Dandruff is caused by germs on the scalp. Your doctor knows why Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, quickly destroys these germs. Makes the scalp clean and healthy.

We publish the formulas of all our preparations. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

AS TOLD IN THE POETS' CORNER.

A KNOCKER'S DREAM.

The devil sat in a grand stand seat,
And I was his guest, I'm sorry to say.
However, I do not much mind the heat—
I had left Manhattan the previous day.
The devil he swore in sulphurous style,
And again he would laugh in devilish glee,
When the victim fanned with a sickly smile—
For fanning is popular there, you see.

"These various players," the devil said,
"Are exempt from torture; it is my will.
They played swell ball before they were dead,
And now I think they are better still;
And being a red-hot fan myself—
I keep them playing from morn till night,
And let them sleep on a nice cool shelf—
I believe in treating my players right."

And I shook when he hissed "Don't drop that fly,"
Or bellowed, "Get down, you lobster slide."
Some of the players cavorting there
I have seen on earth in the big league games,
But you'll have to guess, for I do not care
To anger their folks by mentioning names.

At first I thought that the devil and I
Were quite alone in that spacious stand,
But all of a sudden I heard a cry
Like the lingering wail of a German band.
I looked and I saw in a red hot seat,
Fastened with white-hot, slinging chains,
A wretch who was racked from head to feet,
With pernaps a thousand different pains.

Some peanuts swung near his hungry eyes,
And five feet off was a patch of shade,
Where a stein of lager of goodly size,
Was flanked by glasses of lemonade;
And from time to time a player would stroll
To the scene of all this suffering grim,
Poke some fun at this wretched soul,
And take the drinks that were meant for him.

"That is a knocker," the devil said,
"A stiff who on earth had a season pass.
His home town players with slurs he fed—
He's paying the piper now, poor ass."
Frightened, I woke from my ghastly dream,
And went to the park the game to scan;
And at each play made by the local team,
I shouted madly, "Good eye, old man."

—Exchange.

THE ELOCUTIONIST'S CURFEW.

(Harper's Magazine)

England's sun was slowly setting
(Raise your right hand to your brow),
Filling all the land with beauty
(Wear the gaze of rapture now);
And the last rays kissed the forehead
of a man and maiden fair
With a movement slow and graceful
you may now push back your hair),
He with sad, bowed head (A drooping
of your head will be all right)
Tell you hoarsely, sadly whisper);
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered
(Try here to resemble Bess,
Though of course you know she'd never worn quite such a charming dress),
"I've a lover in that prison" (Don't forget to roll your r's.
And to shiver as though gazing through the iron prison bars),
"Cromwell will not come till sunset"
(Speak each word as if you'd bite
Every syllable to pieces), "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie", calmly spoke the sexton
(Here extend your velvet palm;
Let it tremble like the sexton's as though striving to be calm).
"Long, long y'ars I've rung the curfew" (Don't forget to make it y'ars,
With a pitiful inflection that a world of sorrow bears),
"I have done my duty, ever" (Draw yourself up to your height,
For you're speaking as the sexton);
"Gyurl, the curfew rings tonight!"

Out she swung, far out (Now here is where you've got to do your best,
Lest your head be twisted backward,
let great sobs heave up your chest,
Swing your right foot through an arc of ninety lineal degrees;
Then come down and swing your left foot, and be sure don't bend your knees.
Keep this up for fifteen minutes till your face is worn and white;
Then gaze at your mangled fingers).
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell
(Right hand to the brow once more;
Let your eyes look down the distance
—say above the entrance door).
At his foot she told her story (Lift your hands as though they hurt),
And her sweet young face so haggard
(Now your pathos you assert;
Then you straighten up as Cromwell, and be sure to get it right;
Don't say, "Go; your liver loves!")—
well; "Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

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SURPRISE

A PURE HARD **SOAP.**

INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

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The average tailor shows a few patterns at a price. In

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Suits and Overcoats to fit all men, and suit all tastes. LOOK FOR LABEL THAT PROTECTS. 109

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Great Bargains

Yet to be had at Rigg's Clearing Out Sale for the . . next two weeks. . .

Gold and silver frame Spectacles, Combs and Brushes, Toilet and Shaving Sets, Combs, Brushes and Glass in case; Albums, Walking Canes, Mouth Organs, Guitars and strings, Banjos and strings, Violins and strings, Go-carts, Baby Sleighs, Boys' Sleds, Toys and Dolls, Pipes, Tobacco and Cigars, a number of Show Cases, 4 Coal Stoves and 1 Gas Machine; all to be sold in bulk or otherwise.

JOS. RIGGS

6 Kent-st., Lindsay

LIBERTY.

I saw a mild-eyed maid, gentle and sweet,
All-timidly on tiptoe, pass me by,
There was a saintly softness in her eye,
And ever would she seem to court retreat.
Bowed was her head in sweet humility,
Low was her voice and tender, as the cry
Of amorous dove that doth his loved one greet.

No hasty haughty toss of head was there,
No fiery flashing eyes of angry flame,
No scornful sneering at the "weak and tame."
That shrinks to do what arrogance will dare!
And this fair maiden, with the lowly mein,
Was Liberty's sweet self a selfish queen!

—William H. Cumpston.

THE HILLS OF HOME.

The hills of home have called to me
Through days of stress and pain,
"Come back, come back, come back to us,
And learn our lore again;
Come back to us that we may ease
The burden of your soul,
Come back to your forgotten dreams,
And let us make you while."

Deep in the thundering city's heart
I hear the hill's low cry,
The sad entreaty of their call
That pleads for my reply;
And here where tides of traffic surge
On life's tumultous stream,
I hunger for the hills of home,
And for the old, old dream.

The voices of their sylvan vales
Call to me day and night,
And many an hour my heart has wept
For the old, lost delight—
The dreams I knew, the faith I knew,
Long ere I learned to roam,
Far from the quiet, steadfast peace,
Far from the hills of home!

—Charles Hanson Towne, in the Ladies' World.

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NOW READY

We have just received a large fall shipment of Framed Pictures, Picture Frames and Mirrors, and are now prepared to show a much larger stock than before, having sold our old stock.

For this week we offer great bargains in this line, but for this week only.

Call and look them over and if not satisfied that they are the best bargains in town we do not want you to buy them.

HENLEY BROS.

Blackwell Block - Near Market.

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This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing Hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this popular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds them, it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help. If you would have strong Hearts, strong digestion, strengthen these nerves—rebuild them as needed, with

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

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The great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effectual Monthly Regulator on which women can depend. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, $3 per box; for special cases, No. 3, $5. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: The Cook Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont. (Formerly Windsor)

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