A CHILD can clean house with "SURPRISE" Soap. It loosens up the smoke and dirt and fly-specks on woodwork and paint so that no hard rubbing is necessary.

Simply take a cloth and some hot water, make lather of "SURPRISE" Soap, and then rub the doors and window-sash very lightly. It will surprise you to see how quickly and easily the dirt comes off.

"SURPRISE" Soap is the best to clean everything washable. It never injures anything or makes the hands sore or rough.

SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP. It is a pure, hard soap, and costs no more than common kinds.

BODY FLOATING IN THE FENELON RIVER

Mystery Solved by Discovery of Body of Miss Powers at Fenelon Falls —Disappeared About Two weeks Ago

Fenelon Falls, Oct. 22.—A mystery which surrounded the sudden disappearance two weeks ago of Miss Powers, who for some years was employed as cook at Twomey's hotel, was solved this morning, when her body was discovered floating in the river by a young man who was fishing. He saw an object floating in the river, which looked like a human body, and turned to the village to report. Mr. G. L. Main's launch was secured and a doctor was conveyed to the spot, where the body was seen. It was found to be that of the late Miss Powers, and it is supposed that in a fit of temporary despondency she threw herself into the river. The body was not badly decomposed, and was easily identified.

The deceased lady was 41 years of age, and a daughter of Mr. J. J. Powers, of this village. She was highly respected and deep sympathy is felt for the bereaved family. For some little time before her disappearance Miss Powers was seen to be in a despondent mood, and it is supposed that this fact explains her disappearance, and subsequent discovery of her body. It is not expected that an inquest will be held.

Word was received this morning in Lindsay corroborating the finding of the body by two young lads — Ted Calder and Willie Shaw—who were fishing. Miss Powers, as we understand it, has been missing for two weeks; she suddenly disappeared one night, no one knew where, although it was supposed by many that she had entered a convent, while others advanced the supposition that she had been drowned. She was thirty-nine years of age and well known by the town people. Relatives made a diligent search for her but without results.

FORMER PROPERTY MAN EXPOSES "FAY" METHODS.

In an Affidavit He Describes the Means by Which She Answered Questions Written by Members of the Audience.

Leslie's Weekly, in a recent issue, has the following, which will be read with interest by many who saw Mrs. Fay's performance in Toronto last year:

In the course of an action brought by Mrs. Eva Fay, a professional mind-reader, who attracted much attention last season by her performance in a New York variety theatre, to restrain two playrights from using the name "The Fays," in a theatrical production, affidavits were made by one of the defendants that Mrs. Fay accomplished her seemingly wonderful feats by ingenious mechanical means. When the "act" is performed persons in the audience are asked to write questions on paper pads, from which the questioner tears off the sheet on which he has written and puts it in his pocket. Mrs. Fay, from her place on the stage, repeats the question and gives an answer. The affidavits charge that the pads are so treated that an impression of the writing remains on the sheet next to the one torn off, so that the question may be read by a confederate and telephoned to the stage, to Mrs. Fay, whose heavy veil, the affidavit says, conceals her end of the telephone. As the deponent was at one time property man for Mr. and Mrs. Fay, special interest attaches to his charges.

LACK OF ENERGY.

A Common Trouble Among Growing Boys —A New Blood Supply is Needed— Dr. William's Pink Pills Actually Make New Blood.

There are thousands of young men just approaching manhood who have no energy, who tire out at the least exertion, and who feel by the time they have done their day's work as though their day was a week long. In some of these cases there is a further sign of warning in the pimples and disfiguring eruptions which break out on the face. There are certain signs that the blood is out of order, and unless it is promptly enriched, a complete breakdown, or perhaps consumption, may be the result. All these young men should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make new rich, red blood, clear the skin of pimples and eruptions and bring health, strength and energy. Here is a bit of proof. Adolphe Roland, St. Jerome, Que., is a young man of 9 years, who says: "For more than a year I suffered from general weakness, and I gradually grew so weak that I was forced to abandon my work as a clerk. My appetite failed me, I had occasional violent headaches, and I began to suffer from indigestion. I was failing so rapidly that I began to fear that consumption was fastening itself on me. Our family doctor treated my, but I did not gain under his care. I was in a very discouraged state when a friend from Montreal came to see me. He strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so and inside of three weeks I began to feel better, my appetite began to improve and I seemed to have a feeling of new courage. I continued the pills until I had taken ten boxes and I am now enjoying the best of health I ever had. My cure surprised many of my friends who began to regard me as incurable, and I strongly advise other young men who are weak to follow my example and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial."

There is no mystery about the cures that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make. These pills actually make rich red blood which braces and strengthens every organ and every nerve in the body. That is why these pills cure all common ailments like anæmia, rheumatism, indigestion neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, headaches and backaches and the special ailments of women and growing girls. You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine or from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

FALL DUCKS NOT YET IN.

Continued Fine Weather is Keeping the Birds up North.

Evening Post of October 23.

Last year at this season fall ducks in almost countless numbers were flying about Sturgeon Lake and feeding in the marshes of Goose and Emily Lakes. So far this season no fall ducks have been seen, the fine weather permitting them to enjoy the security to be found in the distant north. A couple of days of real cold weather and a snow storm or two would send the birds south, and for this desirable combination of events our duck hunters are most devoutly wishing at the present time.

However, the enthusiastic duck hunter will find plenty of sport awaiting him in the devising of means of getting within shooting distance of wary ducks that make these waters their breeding and feeding grounds. Many large flocks were seen the other day by some visitors at Sturgeon Point, and Mr. Main, of the Bank of Montreal at Fenelon Falls, who visited the marsh opposite Blythe the other day, says he saw wood ducks and whistlers apparently in flocks of hundreds.

Mr. Thos. Sadler, who is occupying his cottage at Ball Point for a couple of weeks, is having some good shooting, and Alderman Rea, his next door neighbor, takes a hand in the fun occasionally with fair success.

Messrs. J. M. Knowlson, town, Herb. Knowlson, New York, and Arthur Simpson, town, are now encamped at Sandy Point, and will make things interesting for the duck fraternity during the next two weeks. They are splendidly equipped, Herb having brought over a beautiful Krupp made gun. "Cap" uses a Parker, worth $150, and Bob swings his old reliable with which he has been decimating duck flocks for a quarter of a century or more. By the same token, he came mighty near losing it yesterday. His canoe filled with camping gear, was being towed with two others behind a yacht from Sturgeon to Sandy Point, and it upset. A camp stove, frying pan and other gear disappeared into the depths, but the old gun refused to leave its owner, who, when he fished it out from under the thwart, looked as pleased as if he had picked up a block of Cobalt stock.

For the encouragement of duck hunters generally we publish the following taken from the Winnipeg Free Press of twenty years ago: A hunting party returned yesterday from the mouth of the Red river, laden with spoils. They report having had a glorious time, with plenty of game. The freezing up of the ponds and the presence of a couple of inches of snow drove the hunters home. They bagged 1500 ducks.

THE CULTIVATION OF BULBS.

Notes by Mr. Wm. Hunt, Ontario Agricultural Society.

At the request of the Guelph Horticultural Society the following short notes on "Bulb Culture", have been prepared by Mr. Wm. Hunt, Ontario Agricultural College. These notes are furnished with bulbs given to scholars of Guelph schools by the Society, as premiums in geranium growing competition.

Dutch hyacinths—These hyacinths are best adapted for pot or window culture as they are scarcely hardy when planted out of doors. Use loamy potting soil, or good garden soil. If earth from the garden is used, mix about one-fifth part of fine sharp sand with the earth. Plant the bulb so that the top of the bulb is about half an inch below the top of the pot. Press the soil fairly firm around the bulbs. Water them well, once, so as to moisten all the soil in the pot or box. The top of the bulb should be only just below the surface of the soil, when potted The surface of the soil should be about half an inch below the rim of the pot to allow space for water. Place the pot or box in a cool place, either out of doors or in the cellar, and cover it with about two inches of coal ashes, sand or light soil. If put in a cool, damp place they will require no more water until they are taken out. If they are put out of doors some extra covering of leaves or straw should be given to prevent them from being frozen too severely Keep them in this cool, dark position for five or six weeks, or longer, until the roots are rooted well, when they can be brought into the window Water must be given now, whenever the soil appears dry. Keep the soil always moist but not soddened, until they have done flowering. If potted in September or October and treated as described they should be in flower at Christmas or New Year's. Dutch hyacinths are of little use to grow the second year, although if kept dry when they have done flowering, they will sometimes flower again the following season if repotted in autumn or planted out in the garden the following summer.

Narcissi and Tulips—Both of these can be grown in pots or boxes in the window for winter flowering, or they may be planted out in the garden for spring flowering. If grown in pots or boxes for the window, treat them as recommended for the Dutch hyacinths, although they will be a few weeks later in flowering.

If you wish to grow them out of doors, plant them early in October. Dig the ground well and rake it fine. Then plant the bulbs in clumps, rows, or singly in the border. Dutch hyacinths, narcissi or tulip bulbs should be planted so that the tops of the bulbs are two or three inches below the surface of the soil, and should be about eight or ten inches apart. The surface of the soil should be patted down firm after the bulbs are planted. Dutch hyacinths are not quite hardy out of doors and require winter protection.

Narcissi and tulip bulbs are quite hardy, and will need no protection during winter. They will continue to grow and flower every spring for years if left undisturbed in the border.

All bulbs, such as hyacinths, tulips, narcissi, etc., should be potted and planted as above. In planting out of doors, however, smaller bulbs, such as crocus, snowdrops, chionodoxa, scilla, etc., can be planted closer together, but at only about half the depth recommended for Dutch hyacinths, narcissi and tulips. Crocus do not grow well as a rule indoors, but make good border bulbs.

CASTORIA. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

BALSAM LAKE TO LAKE SIMCOE

That Section Was Formally Taken Over Wednesday by Trent Canal Officials.

Evening Post of Oct. 17.

Mr. A. J. Grant, chief engineer of the Trent canal, Mr. J. H. McClellan, superintendent, and other officials passed up to-day to Gamebridge. They will formally take over the section of the canal between Balsam Lake and Lake Simcoe. The stretch of canal is sixteen miles, and the opening of it makes fifty-five miles of additional waterway available. The part to be taken over embraces the contract work of Messrs. Brown & Aylmer and Mussrs. Larkin & Sangster. The Trent Canal will then be open all the way from Healey's Falls to Orillia. The new lift lock at Kirkfield is not yet completed and will not be taken off the Dominion Bridge Co's hands until the spring.

In connection with the water supply along the Trent Canal, Supt. McClellan says that even in case of no more rains there is plenty of water conserved to keep all the big industries in Peterboro going from now until April next. The water at Fenelon Falls is fourteen inches higher than normal, at Balsam lake it is thirteen inches, and at Sturgeon lake it is a foot higher. The water supply, therefore, is ample to supply all present and future needs. Not only in Ottawa has low water occasioned much inconvenience, but also in Gananoque and other towns.

Is That His Record?

(Ottawa Free Press.)

And now Capt. G. H. Gauthier, of Windsor, is named as the possible successor of S. T. Bastedo as deputy commissioner of fisheries. Is this not the same gentleman who has on more than one occasion been charged with illegal fishing by both the Ontario and United States Government?

Only part of the wheat berry is fit for food. Yet much that isn't often gets into flour. You cannot see it or taste it, but it's there. It is simply a case of the miller getting more flour from his wheat and your getting less nourishment.

Royal Household Flour

is so milled that nothing goes into it except the part of the wheat that is food. You get just what you pay for—the best and purest flour made. It goes farther because it is all flour. Your grocer can supply you.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.
156 Montreal.

POWER FOR BELLEVILLE.

Prominent Citizens of the Bay City are Directors of New Power Company.

Several conferences have taken place the past week in Belleville, says in Daily Ontario, regarding the Healey Falls power, which resulted in a deputation visiting Belleville recently. It was composed of representative men of the lake front towns—directors of the Northumberland-Durham Power Company, Limited, the company which is expected to do great things for Belleville and district, and in which the best of Belleville citizens have become directors recently.

The deputation waited upon Sir Mackenzie Bowell, K.C., M.G., to secure his acceptance of the presidency of the company, and after a long meeting, Sir Mackenzie gave his acceptance in response to this urgent appeal, because of the necessity of Belleville being placed in the position of having cheap and large quantities of electric power to offer industries along with the grand water transportation facilities with which it is blessed.

The deputation was composed of J. Culverwell, managing-director, and protem President; E. C. S. Huycke, K.C., and Councillor Chas. Munson, of Cobourg; Alderman D. V. Sinclair, and H. C. Hunt, sec-treas., of the Belleville Hardware Company. Letters were also received from Col. H. A. Ward, M.P., and Robert A. Muholland of Port Hope.

Belleville will also be pleased to learn that lately, Mr. J. M. Hurley, ex-M.P., became a subscriber of stock and also at the earnest request of Messrs. Huycke and Culverwell on behalf of the Board of Directors, accepted a directorship in the company.

Mr. Hurley stated that he did so because it was his duty as a public citizen to advocate in unmistakable terms the necessity of electric power in great quantities for this city.

The company hold a lease from the Ontario Government for the Healey Falls, and lower rapids, and own by deed two portions of the adjoining upper rapids.

They propose running their main transmission line down to Campbellford, four miles south, and on to Brighton, diverging west to Colborne, Cobourg and Port Hope and east to Trenton and Belleville. They intend uniting other Trent river powers, and at the present time Mr. Culverwell has secured by deed several portions of the different water powers near Campbellford.

Belleville can expect in the near future to be connected with a transmission line with thirty thousand horse power, connected at the intial end.

As the motto read on the menu card of the Board of Trade banquet last week. "Here's to Belleville — More Power to Her."

The Hydro-Electric Power Commission have written the company, requesting them to develop power for the needs of Belleville.

SHORT STREET CHATS.

Conversational Tidbits Picked Up by the Post Man on His Travels.

Kent-st. Business Man — "Apparently Kent-st., between William and York-sts., is to become Lindsay's Wall Street, where the financial affairs of the town and community will centre. Five banks will be located in a short time within the boundaries mentioned, with another 100 yards away on William-st. It looks good, but, to tell you the truth, I'd prefer to see five business stores."

Mr. A. L. Campbell—"Do I believe in advertising? Well, I may say that in my opinion it is the duty of every business man to let the public know what he has to offer —he seeks custom, and should not be surprised if he fails to get what he fails to ask for. However, speaking about the benefit of advertising, if not already a firm believer I would have been converted as a result of the grand response to our advt. announcing the arrival of a car of New Brunswick potatoes. We hoped to sell one half off car, and place the rest in our cellar, but orders came in fast and furious, and 1200 bushels sold off car. Not only that, but we have orders now booked for half of another car to arrive, and I expect to have to wire for a third. The Evening Post covers the town all right—I know it, because I received prompt enquiries from all parts as soon as the advt. appeared."

IN THE POET'S CORNER.

THE MYSTIC.

Through all the day our loads we bear,
By common highways must we go,
But when at night we rest, we hear
The Voice again, whereby we know
Through all the rush of hurrying feet
One walked beside us on the street,

Then wide your spirit's casement fling,
Your censer fill and lift it high!
Behold, its flame is flickering
Because a wind is blowing high;
Look forth and see a Shadow fall
Upon the common roadside wall.

"Folly!" the world may say, "We name
Your vision empty phantasy.
What is the flicker of a flame,
A wandering shadow passing by?"
But we, we know Who went unseen
Our censer and the world between.

O ye that walk this dusty place,
Whose spirit in the clamor reels,
Whose ears are filled with nothingness,
Unmeaning drone of endless wheels,
Come walk with us, and you shall learn
Whose Hands their mighty axles turn.

'Tis but our nightly way we tread
With dizzy brain and bruised feet,
While clouds of dust all fiery red
Sweep to the sunset up the street,
Yet the gloom quivers, Hush! and hark!
Who was it called us from the dark?

—Lucy Lyttleton, in the Spectator, (London).

THE DAILY GRIND.

My son, when you speak of the work you do, there's something to keep in mind;
No matter how little it pleases you don't call it "the daily grind."
Don't tell of the tasks that you dislike, nor grumble at sorry fate—
There never was work set to our hands that we had a right to hate;
It isn't the work; it isn't the hire; nor telling from sun to sun
That counts in the eyes of them who see—it's "how is the labor done?"
As soon as you say it's the daily grind, that moment you hate your work,
That moment the imp of indolence shows you how you well may shirk;
That moment you lose all your good intent; that moment you ought to quit,
For the work that you do is a friend to you while you are a friend to it,
And once you have called it a slavish task and named it "the daily grind."
Your work is a snare that will catch your feet and cause you to fall behind,
My son, when you work you must finish your task; you must finish that task alone,
And work that is done with a friendly hand will change to a stepping stone,
Will carry you over the barring stream or out of the clinging slough
And lift you to where you may put your hand on the work that you want to do,
It will help you along to the heights you seek, will bring you unto your goal—
Just when you declare it's "the daily grind," it will bind you both heart and soul,

—W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.

AT THE DRESS GOODS COUNTER.

You're sure it's fast color? How wide did you tell me?
A full yard? Oh yes. You are sure you can't sell me
Ten yards any cheaper than five? Just a minute—
You're certain it hasn't a thread of green in it?
I couldn't wear green, and the light here's a little
Confusing. The threads in it seems rather brittle—
These dyes rot stuff so. Dear me, seems that one twenty
Is high. Are you sure that six yards will be plenty?
Now what do you think—does this silk sample match it?
It has just a pale tinge of blue—do you catch it?
Now, what I was thinking was — well, now, I wonder!
That's not the right sample at all! Such a blunder!
I picked it up as I left, in a hurry,
And must have picked up the wrong one! Such a worry
It is to do shopping! Now isn't it fretting,
And just as I thought I was so near to getting
Some skirt goods to match it! Is this piece as high as
The other? How would this look out on the bias?
You say you have none in the dark blue? Such a pity,
A dark blue in that would be awfully pretty!
What's that piece up there? No, the one just above it!
Voile? Get it down please. Oh, I admire it! I love it!
Now, isn't that sweet? But so light, I was thinking
It might not be easy to clean without shrinking!
Have you some blue silk near at hand? There! Just lay it
Beneath. With that lining of blue I should say it
Would make up just splendidly. You haven't got it
In red? Why is that? Oh the red dyes would rot it.
Too bad! Red is just what I wanted. How queerly
It happens that you always see something nearly
But not quite the color. Well, if it is blue it
Is blue and not red, and that's all there is to it.
I guess we'll go back to that first piece. You say it
Is warranted goods? Oh, yes this is the way it
Should go. And you think that six yards would be ample?
You're sure of that? Well—you can give me a sample.

This Firm has Won the Reputation of Being the

Best Fur House

...IN LINDSAY...

OUR STOCK is now complete, and every article, small and large, has been thoroughly examined by us, and we can say to the ladies of Lindsay and County that the reputation we have gained will be fully sustained this year.

Although prices in many of the leading Furs have advanced, still we bought early, and can sell our present stock at last yera's prices

To intending purchasers, we advise you to choose early, so as to get a first choice, and also to save the advance price, which we will have to sell our 'repeat orders" at.

HIGH (W.D.Co M.) GRADE

Our Large Stock consists of:

Jackets, Ruffs, Stoles, Caperines, Collars, Muffs, Gauntlets, Caps, Fur-lined Jackets, Men's Coon Coats and Men's Fur-lined Coats.

O'Loughlin & McIntyre.

CASH AND ONE PRICE.

MAY HAVE ANOTHER RAILWAY.

Haliburton Citizens are Living in Hopes For New Extension.

A despatch from Haliburton states that another start has been made on the extension of the railway to the north, presumably to the Whitney Station. This railway has been projected for some time, and its completion is something which the people of Haliburton would gladly welcome and which, they believe, would result in the establishment of a new era of prosperity and progress in that section.

Mr. Thos. Preston has a gang of men at work clearing the land of the Canada Land Co., and they are heading towards Haliburton. Hopes are running high for another roadway tapping this region, which, in natural resources, is reported to be very rich.

Enormous Land Holder Dead.

A cable despatch announces the death of Lord William Scully, in London, England. He held 40,000 acres of land in central Illinois, 60,000 in Nebraska, 50,000 in Kansas and 40,000 in Missouri. He owned a house in Washington, D. C., and had lately became naturalized.

Railway Wrecks.

If experiments which are now being made with a new device known as the telegraphone, succeed, another long step toward the prevention of railroad accidents will have been taken. It is expected that before long the new apparatus will be in use on several big railroads.

The telegraphone makes a permanent record of all train dispatching orders sent by the telegraph ticker or over the telephone wire. The sound waves set up by the ticker act upon the diaphragm of the transmitter attached to the telegraphone and are thence conveyed to a thin steel wire, where they are electrically stored. As soon as a record of the orders has been made upon the wire the train despatcher places the receiver attached to the telegraphone to his ear and hears the orders just as they were given.

Records may be repeated as often as desired but as soon as there is no further need to keep them they may be wiped out by passing a strong magnet over the wire, thus making it ready for use again.

In this way the possibility of error in train despatching orders will be greatly reduced. There is no need to trust to the memory as the orders are there upon the wire and can be referred to at any time. The records can be transferred for future reference by connecting the receiver of the machine in daily use with the transmitter of a large storage telephone. Should any mistake occur the responsibility can immediately be located by reference to the records on the storage machine, an indicator showing on just what portion of the wire any particular record has been made. The record will give so perfect a reproduction of the despatcher's voice even after months have elapsed that it can be at once recognized.

OBITUARY.

Well Known Lindsay Lady Dies in Frobisher, Sask.

A despatch from Frobisher, Sask., says: For the first time in the history of Frobisher the grim reaper visited our town and gathered in one of our most beloved and respected citizens in the person of Miss Margaret Emma Lee, cousin of our resident physician, Dr. R. Allen Lee. The late Miss Lee was advised by her medical adviser to come West for a change of climate about a year ago, when she came here with her sister from Lindsay. After coming here the change of air seemed to be very beneficial to her, and she began to steadily improve but unfortunately caught cold while attending to her household duties, from which she never fully recovered. It was thought that she was out of danger, when she took a change for the worse on Thursday of last week, and passed away to the great beyond on Sunday last at midnight.

The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Parker, of Oxbow, assisted by the Rev. W. D. Jackson. Floral offerings were numerous. Her sister, with whom she lived, and relatives, have the deepest sympathy of the whole community in their bereavement. Her death will be greatly regretted by her many Lindsay friends.

The Oldest Human Body.

"The oldest body of any human being now reposes in the Egyptian gallery of the British Museum", says the American Antiquarian. "It is the body of a man who was buried in a shallow grave, hollowed out of the sandstone on the west bank of the Nile before the time of the earliest mummied king which the museum possesses — before the time of Menes, who was supposed to have ruled Egypt at least seven thousand years ago."

Pedestrians' Rights.

Commenting on a recent case of running down of a lady by an automobile in the streets of Toronto, the Globe says; "The law on this subject of right of way will have to be settled eventually by the courts, and the sooner the better. The first victim of an accident who has the courage to put up a fight will find plenty of sympathy, and probably also of more substantial backing." That the streets are primarily for the pedestrian, and that he has a right of way therein, was supposed to be settled long ago. That is the law and practice in England, and our own courts have rightly followed it. Not long ago Judge Choquet, of Montreal, in punishing a reckless chauffeur took occasion to impress the fact on the public in general and motor vehicle owners and drivers in particular. There is no reason to think that any court will decide otherwise, unless our legislatures by statute alienate this reasonable protection from the pedestrian. The streets are for the people, not only for those who are prosperous enough to own motor cars.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Cures Grip in Two Days.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grove on every box. 25c.