

'S Killer

Can't kill you in
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Potato Bug Killer.

STORE

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TENTION

Can Save by Feeding
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a small quantity of this
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NO EQUAL.

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POUNDS

and that we are offering
DUST or Oat Middings
in ten lots.

an Oats This Week

LLING Co.

Durham, Ont.

urniture!

our

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TIME TO BUY

nd colors, Floor Mats,

rtains, Lace Curtains,

les of different kinds.

l. Glass Cupboards, etc.

Sideboards, Extension

China Cabinets, Odd

ure Mouldings, Picture

Tables, Hall Seats.

utes, Mattresses, Springs.

will be sold at lowest

AL ATTENTION

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Next Door to
Post Office

Selling Out Giving up Business

A Few Prices Quoted Below :

- Staple's Towing, 7c. for 5c.
- " " 10c for 8c.
- Flannelette 36 inches wide, reg. 12½c. for 10c. I
- " " 10c. for 8c.
- Oxford Shirting reg. 13c. for 10c.
- Wrapperette worth 12c. for 8c.
- Print worth 12c. for 8c.
- Gingham worth 15c. for 10c.
- " " 12c. for 8c.
- White Vesting up to 25c. to clear at 12½c. per yd.
- Apron Gingham at 10c. and 12c. per yd.
- Dress Goods, a big range to clear at cost.
- Ladies' White Waists and Summer Suits to clear at cost.
- Clothing, Boots and Shoes to go at cost price.
- Crockery and Glassware to clear at cost price.
- Groceries to clear at cost.

Prices cut on every article in the store as everything must be cleared.

LEVINE & CO.

RUSSELL'S OLD STAND

The Big Millinery Reduction Sale

is in full swing

Continues until 1st of July

We had a splendid opening trade, but there is still a vast choice of the most beautiful creations to select from—all colors.

The prices are reduced next to nothing. Look up last week's adv't for descriptions and price lists.

New Hats Constantly being Added to the Stock

Call in early and take full advantage of the bargains offered in this summer's most fashionable millinery.

MISS DICK,

Lambton Street, - - - Durham

PASSING OF THE CLAIM

STORY OF A JOURNALISTIC TRAGEDY OF THE WEST.

Colonel R. T. Lowery's Little Journal Published in Kaslo During Boom Ended Its Short Career With a Unique Issue Which is Now Eagerly Sought by Collectors — Printed Its Own Funeral Oration.

Westerners who remember the Slo-can boom still tell of a paper which is perhaps the most famous publication of the pioneer life of the Rockies. It was Lowery's Claim, printed in Kaslo, and finally forced out of that town by the hard times which followed the inflation.

The paper was founded by Colonel R. T. Lowery, a remarkable character who has made and cheerfully lost some \$100,000 in the many journalistic ventures fathered by him since the days of the Kaslo claim, and who still remains in harness in Greenwood, in the boundary district of the same province, where he now edits The Greenwood Ledger. In the earliest days of his mining experience I became a contributor in a small way to the divers and sundry Lowery publications, and in that way became well acquainted with the "editor and financier," as he called himself, says a recent article in the coast paper. He was then, and still is, an original writer and an original thinker, a humorist of all kinds of shams and, withal, a man of the most tender heart, and one whom I am proud to number among my very good friends. The venture of the Kaslo boom resulted in a loss of about \$1,000; but, nothing daunted, the colonel came to the scratch in the same spot in 1895 and resurrected his first journalistic venture under the name by which it gave to the ghost. He succeeded in regaining what he had lost in the boom, holocaust, and a fair profit. Still later the paper passed under the editorship of Harold Bolce, the well-known magazine writer, who was then connected with the late "Barbarian." Brown in his mining ventures in that part of the world, and he in turn gave way at the helm to David King, another remarkable character, who has since written much of literary value, and who now resides in New York. At that time the name of the paper was changed to The Kootenai, and under that title it is still conducted, apparently with success, in the little northern hamlet.

The Claim began its career at a very inopportune time, and felt the full effect of the utter stagnation that followed the meteoric fall in silver a few weeks later, and the consequent failure of the late John M. Burke's bank. It struggled along for a few weeks, in the hope that some silver lining would reveal itself in the clouds of encircling gloom, but eventually gave up the ghost and erected its own tomb on its front page. The publication of this general notification that Kaslo was "busted" was most strenuously resented by those who were compelled to face the music without the wherewithal to reach outer civilization, and the doughty colonel narrowly escaped being the chief guest at a little necktie party arranged in his particular honor. Copies of the last issue of The Claim are few, and now command as much as \$25. The Mining Review is indebted to Colonel O. T. Stone and A. T. Garland of Kaslo for a copy.

At the time the paper suspended it consisted of four pages liberally patronized by advertisers, but the box office evidently suffered keenly from inability to recover the amounts represented in the space thus appropriated. A glance at the advertising pages of the final spasm gives one a nightmare of topsy-turvydom that completes the freaky appearance of the sheet. The advertisements of those in arrears were turned upside down or sideways, or otherwise marred, while the reading matter was graced by inverted column rules, indicative of the impending journalistic funeral.

The funeral address in the guise of the leading editorial was as follows: "The Claim goes up the shaft to-day, and will be deposited in the journalistic boneyard with the amount of regret customary on such occasions.

"Its career has been short, but not altogether peaceful. Its readers have been numerous. It has made some friends and a few enemies. The pay-streak having entirely disappeared, we are forced to prospect somewhere else. To the few staunch friends who have helped us with their money and sympathy we extend our sincere thanks. To our enemies this article will be pleasant reading. Our suspension will enable them to bamboozle the public without fear of being molested, and consequently they will be happy.

"Four months ago this paper had the brightest prospects of any paper in Canada. To-day everything is changed. Such is the life in the wild and silvery West. One day a prospective millionaire—the next, nothing to live on but wind and one of Burke's checks.

"In lieu of erape we have hung the printing office towel on the door knob. Turn off the gas, ring down the curtain, and exclaim: 'The play is over, the flag hauled down, The Kaslo Claim is dead, extremely dead.'

Anatomical Phenomenon.

The medical faculty over at Queen's University are quite excited about a little clinic which went on there the other afternoon. The subject was a convict escaped from the penitentiary, through the safe way of dissolution. He was on the table as an instructive example of appendicitis. Funny part about the convict was that his whole anatomy was out of joint—just a trifle as his morals had been with society. His heart was on his right side, his appendix resided on his left instead of his right; in short, this convict's whole nature was in rebellion. His unharmonious development is said by prominent practitioners to be unparalleled as an instance of total internal displacement.

"LOVED HIS FELLOWS."

"Dicky" Lane of Montreal Was Head of the "Charity Trust" There.

"Dicky" Lane, the genial "Dicky," is dead, and the poor old mothers, the outcasts, the released jailbirds are wondering who is going to fill their baskets for them this winter.

For "Dicky" to the poor was like a chirrup of a free canary to a sparrow in a cage. When he crossed a threshold care flew out the poor man's transom and the necessities of life came in; more than that, Dicky's smile and Dicky's chatter dispelled the gloom of poverty. "Dicky" was the genial secretary of the Montreal branch of the Charity Organization Society. For ten years and more he has dispensed riches, in the shape of pound loaves of bread cut into quarters, to those of Montreal's humanity too proud to beg, too honest to steal, too weak to work. Not that "Dicky" handed out his charity indiscriminately. Far from it. He was a keen judge of character, and was betide the habitual bread line man who grovelled into "Dicky's" sanctum on Bleury street aping a sickness. Then "Dicky's" chirrup became a caustic snap, and the bread line man would be seen not long after hastening away with a chagrined air and a little yellow ticket—the little yellow ticket denoting work to be done in some quarter of the town before he could eat. "Dicky" was the head of a "Charity Trust." He had no difficulty in maintaining the monopoly.

Besides being a servant of the Lord to the poor, "Dicky" never found a door closed to him amongst the wealthy. When he was not commiserating with some poor old dame over her lot in life, or picking out waifs and strays from the Recorder's dock, he became quite a Beau Brummel and a boy about town. You never saw him that he did not have a red carnation or a rose in his buttonhole, topped to the nines. He stood in just as well, perhaps a little better, with the wealthy old dowagers who have carriages and pairs, as he did with the decayed old ladies who carried off afoot what he put under their shawls. "Dicky" was undoubtedly a ladies' man.

Born in the United States, college bred, of independent means, a fad which led him to study scientific, social and charitable methods showed him his life's work. The Charity Organization Society in Montreal has been Richard Lane and Richard Lane was the Charity Organization Society. Through his keen interest in this work he had placed himself in a class by himself, and was recognized in all the cities of Eastern Canada and the United States as an authority on organized charity.

His funeral, in which the presidents and directors of some of our largest manufacturing, financial and industrial institutions rubbed elbows with their furnace men, was ample proof of the goodness of his work.

Actors Looking to Canada.

Canada is regarded in England as already worth serious consideration as a theatrical touring ground. More and more we will find English companies coming to Halifax for an exclusive Canadian tour.

So remarks Mr. George Graham, an English actor of high standing, who passed through Ontario recently.

"Canada as a theatrical country is gaining every year in favor with English managers," said Mr. Graham. "With the passing of every twelve-month the population is given such an impetus that towns which previously were unable to support companies find themselves suddenly with a nice theatre and a public demand for attractions.

"Edward Terry has announced a tour here of eight weeks solid. That shows faith in Canada by a distinguished English management and I am convinced that his example will be followed by many others. Canada is a delightful country for the most part to play in; the audiences have likes similar to our own people in England and seem particularly glad to welcome English companies.

"This augurs a pleasant relation in Canada's theatrical affairs as time goes on."

Original Interpretations.

A story is going the rounds of a school teacher in one of the foreign settlements of Toronto, upon whom a deputation of Italian mothers waited with a complaint that they would not have their children taught songs which ridiculed their nationality by referring to them as "dagoes." Inquiry showed that the offending line occurred in "My Old Kentucky Home," in which the sentiment occurs that "The day goes by like a shadow on the heart."

This anecdote is matched by a woman who had sent her little son to the infant class of a Sunday School. He came home lustily chanting a hymn, and one line caught her attention as it ran, "White men to the forward; dark passengers through."

When the small boy was questioned he felt certain that such was the hymn taught them by the teacher, but by piecing out the context his mother found he had made a slight mistake in catching the words which were in reality "Fight manfully forward, dark passions subdue."

On the "Hog Special."

From Thousand Island Junction to Gananoque runs a spy line railway commonly called "The Hog Special," which is much used by commercial travelers and other unfortunates. Stories beyond number are told on this line, for though it is only a few miles in length, there is ample time. This is one which the drummers will swear to be true.

It was a hot summer day and the train stopped just a mile out of the town. There was nothing unusual in this, and the travelers continued to smoke. Finally the conductor appeared.

"Has any one a piece of string?" After some fumbling one of the men discovered a bit about a yard long.

"That ought to do," said the conductor.

"What do you want it for?" asked a curious person.

"A 'cious broke," came the laconic reply.

Buggy Sponges

Big strong ones that give good service and wear like iron. Cost more than sponges that go to pieces after the second or third washing, but are worth double what they cost. From 50c. up, according to size.

Chamois Skins

Need one to properly wash buggies, but you want the imported, oil dressed skin, or it will become hard and stiff. We have the right kind from 10 cents up.

Buggy Paint

Can do the job yourself with the ready-to-use paints we carry. Come in five suitable colors. 25 cts. a can.

Macfarlane & Co.

Druggists and Booksellers
C.P.R. TOWN OFFICE :: Buy Your Tickets Here

Promotion Examinations.

- NO. 3, GLENELG
- Jr. IV to Sr. IV—Cassie Ritchie, Nona Williams, Carrie McNally.
- Jr. III to Sr. III—Pearl Falkingham.
- Jr. II to Sr. II—Myrtle Falkingham, Reuben Paylor, Kate McNally, Willie Ritchie.
- Jr. I to Sr. I—George Williams, Cecil Paylor, Lizzie Morrison, Joe Morrison, Robbie Bell, Luther Falkingham and John Ritchie, recommended.
- Sr. I to Jr. Pt. II—Howard Ritchie, Nellie McKenzie.
- Jr. I to Sr. I—John Boyd, Thos. Morrison.
- J. F. SMITH, Teacher.
- NO. 5, GLENELG.
- IV.—M. Edwards, C. Nelson, -F. MacRae.
- From Sr. III to Jr. IV—Emerson Peart, 73 per cent., B. Wright, 52 per cent.
- Jr. III to Sr. III—J. Edwards, A. MacRae and H. Hunt eq.
- Sr. II to Jr. III—(Over 70 per cent.) L. Black and R. Jackson eq. (over 60 per cent.) E. Cook, W. Black, R. Peart, H. Timmins, M. Wright, (50 per cent.) M. Haley, E. Wright, E. Edwards, K. Cook.
- Pt. II—B. Nelson, W. Jackson, E. McClocklin, R. McClocklin, J. McGilivray, W. Haley, P. Rye.
- Sr. I—W. Gray, C. Cook, F. Haley
- IB—J. Peart, M. Greenwood, A. Blair.
- IA—J. B. Haley, E. Cook, H. Firth, W. Wright.
- Average, 32.
- MRS. J. LOVE, Teacher.
- NO. 8, NORMANBY.
- Sr. III to IV—Isabelle Marshall, Aaron Diebel.
- Jr. III to Sr. III—Elsie Sachs.
- Sr. II to Jr. III—David Widmeyer, Ethel Young, Olga Metzger, Alma Miller, Clarence Robinson, Dora Pfeffer.
- Jr. II to Sr. II—Nelke Anderson, Hughie Ball, Johnny Pfeffer, Clara Schenk.
- Sr. Pt. II to Jr. II—May Byers, Lazetta Seim and Henry Horst eq., Hazel Young, Roy Thompson, Willie Fritz, Adeline Pfeffer, Arthur Diebel.
- Jr. Pt. II to Sr. Pt. II—Ervin Miller, Reuben Fritz.
- Sr. I to Jr. Pt. II—Marguerite Whiteford, Clifford Whiteford, Henry Fritz, Albert Pfeffer.
- Jr. I to Sr. I—Robbie Marshall, Charlie Snider, Norman Thompson, Gertie Widmeyer, Marjorie Little, Freda Schenk, Freddie Krel-ler.
- Jr. I—Lizzie Hoff, Viola Diebel, Lavina Pfeffer.
- Average attendance 41.
- W. S. BINNIE, Teacher.

MARRIED.

McQUEEN-KENNEDY.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Wednesday, June 28th, by Rev. Wm. Farquharson, Neel Alex. McQueen, of Egremont, to Catherine Elizabeth, daughter of the late Chas. Kennedy, of Glenelg.

For Sale

50-ACRE FARM AT DURHAM, 3 miles from town, 2 from rail, on main road to Collingwood. A pretty 8-room house, 4-stall stable, barn, pig pen and hen house, all in good condition. Soil good sandy loam, about half cleared, balance under cedar trees, berry bushes, and natural closed in spring near house. Fences in good order. A snap for growing fruit, vegetables, and raising poultry. Will sell for \$1100 on easy terms, to suit purchaser, or would take \$300 down, balance on mortgage. Apply to G.E. Brown, Midway.

Poultry Lice

Must Go

If you realize how much damage they do you will not lose any time in ridding your poultry of lice, fleas and similar parasites. We have a preparation that has never failed to free poultry from these pests. It is

MacFarlane's Light-ning Louse Killer.

Lice are increasing with great rapidity this weather, better lose 'em time in applying this certain remedy. Price 25 cents.

Summer Goods

We have just put into stock a nice lot of Hosiery, women's and children's.

Children's in plain black, pink, cardinal, blue, tan and white. Embroidered in black and white.

Ladies' embroidered in white and black, and plain black and tan.

Our wear-well for women, girls and boys are what their name means; you will not be disappointed in them.

Ladies' Summer Vests, without sleeves, with short sleeves and long sleeves.

We have a few Ladies' Waists left—only 25. If you want one don't delay.

Men's Wear

Men's White Shirts, Outing and Working Shirts, Men's Bal-brigan Underwear, Men's Summer-weight Wool Shirts, Men's Cotton half Hose, Men's Cashmere and Wool Hose, Men's and Boy's Straw Hats.

Call and see us.

C. L. GRANT

Municipal Notice.

The Council of Glenelg having made arrangements to comply with the law, and have all dogs within the municipality taxed, according to law.

Parties owning or harboring dogs missed by the assessor, will save trouble and expenses by reporting the same to the Clerk within ten days after this notice. Dated July 2nd, 1911. J. S. BLACK, Clerk.

TRIPLE DROWNING

The sad news was received here last week of a terrible drowning accident which occurred on Sunday last at the Shawanaga river, eighteen miles north of Parry Sound, on the Canadian Northern. Three little boys, 17, 15 and 13 years respectively, sons of Mr. Thomas Fawcett, went down to the river to bathe, and not returning home the father went down to look for them. The children were not to be seen, and after some search the three bodies were found in the water with life extinct. It is not known how the accident occurred, but it is supposed that one became overcome in the water, and the others went to his assistance and were all drowned. Mr. Fawcett is well known here and at Kimberley, where he lived until moving up north a few years ago. The names of the boys were Stewart, Fay and Willie, and were bright, intelligent little fellows. Mr. Fawcett's many acquaintances in these parts greatly sympathize with him in his terrible bereavement.—Markdale Standard.

Walt. Mason on Royalty.

The king sits high on his nobby throne and knights and ladies of high degree will suit or blanch at his lightest tone and bow and grovel and bend the knee. There's glowing splendor on every hand, it is a stirring and dazzling scene; and peers and princes of every land have come to jolly the king and queen. But the face of the monarch is sad and worn—the face of a man who has seldom laughed; perhaps he thinks it a thing to mourn that he was called to the reigning craft. Perhaps he envies the man who digs, the man who dwells in a humble cot, with his muley cow and his bunch of pigs, and his apple trees and his garden plot. He may have dreams of a quiet life, far from diamonds and thrones and silk, with his barefoot kids and his happy wife, who sings while skimming the morning milk. To ride to town on a load of hay and get two pun at the village scales may seem far better than holding sway over England, Scotland and Cork and Wales. To live your life in the blinding glare that beats for aye on a throne and crown—a better to ride an old roan mare, and carry three dozen eggs to town. The faces of kings are always sad, their eyes are heavy, their whiskers grey; their souls are sick of the reigning fad—they'd like to ride on a load of hay.—Walt. Mason.