

WE CAN FIT ALMOST ANY FEET FROM THE TINY TOT TO THE G. O. P. HIMSELF

For easy walking and long walking shoes here is the place to get them. You will feel as proud as a lord in a new pair. Space won't permit us to quote prices. Will be pleased to see you call and get prices and have you, whether you purchase or not. Our aim is to supply good goods at close prices.



Trunks, Suit Cases, Telescopes, etc. Also some Hosiery lines in stock at moderate prices.

CUSTOM WORK AND REPAIRING as usual at THE Down Town Shoe Store J. S. McILRAITH

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1911 THE WESTERN FAIR

London, Canada, Sept. 8th to 16th \$28,000.00

In Prizes and Attractions Exhibition of Live Stock. The best ever seen in Canada Many Unique Special Attractions, including AERIAL, MILITARY AND HYDRO ELECTRIC FEATURES JUMPING AND SPEEDING CONTESTS BIG DOG AND CAT SHOWS. FOUR SPLENDID BANDS A MOST ATTRACTIVE MIDWAY—BEST EVER SEEN IN LONDON FIREWORKS DISPLAY EVERY EVENING

W. J. REID, President. A. M. HUNT, Secretary.

THE TORONTO NEWS IS THE CHIEF NATIONAL NEWSPAPER OF ALL THE PROVINCES A VOICE NOT AN ECHO

THE NEWS WILL BE SENT DAILY BY MAIL TO ANY ADDRESS IN CANADA FOR ONE DOLLAR AND A-HALF A YEAR

Furniture! Furniture!

Spring is here and our Spring Furniture Sale IS NOW ON. NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

- FOR THE FLOOR—Rugs, all sizes and colors, Floor Mats, Door Mats, Floor Oilcloth of different colors. FOR THE WINDOWS—Tapestry Curtains, Lace Curtains, Window Shades, Bobinette Poles, Brass Poles of different kinds. FOR THE KITCHEN—Tables, Chairs, Glass Cupboards, etc. FOR THE DINING ROOM—Buffets, Sideboards, Extension Tables, Dining Chairs. FOR THE PARLOR—Parlor Suites, China Cabinets, Odd Chairs, Parlor Tables, Music Cabinets, Picture Mouldings, Picture Frames, and all other requisites. FOR THE HALL—Hall Racks, Hall Tables, Hall Seats. FOR THE RED ROOM—Bed Room Suites, Mattresses, Springs, Bed Room Chairs, Couches, Lounges, etc.

EDWARD KRESS Next Door to Post Office

MEN-YOU NEED NERVE



EARLY INDISCRETIONS AND EXCESSES HAVE UNDERMINED YOUR SYSTEM The nerves control all actions of the body so that anything that debilitates them will weaken all organs of the system. Early Indiscretions and Excesses have ruined thousands of promising young men. Unnatural Drains sap their vigor and vitality and they never develop to a proper condition of manhood. They remain weaklings, mentally, physically and sexually. How you feel? Are you nervous and weak, despondent and gloomy, speckles before the eyes with dark circles under them, weak back, kidneys irritable, palpitation of the heart, bashful, debilitating dreams, sediment in urine, pimples on the face, eyes sunken, hollow cheeks, careworn expression, poor memory, listless, distrustful, lack energy and strength, tired mornings, restless nights, changeable moods, premature decay, bone pains, hair loose, etc.

Dr. Kennedy & Kennedy Cor. Michigan Ave. and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich. NOTICE All letters from Canada must be addressed to our Canadian Correspondence Department in Windsor, Ont. If you desire to see us personally call at our Medical Institute in Detroit as we see and treat no patients in our Windsor offices which are for Correspondence and Laboratory for Canadian business only. Address all letters as follows: DR. KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Windsor, Ont.

Through Ontario With The British-Born

By ARTHUR HAWKES.

SAULT STE. MARIE.

Once more the Scotch accent; this time in a large man with the big broad head that gets things done—Peter Faulkner to wit. A Liberal of many years; about to cast his first vote against a Liberal candidate, and a glad Secretary of the Canada-British Association.

This was one of the men who happened to be at the station when I arrived. He was the only Scot. The rest were English. Harry Sargeant became Chairman of the Association—a man of substance who has been through poor times and with whom the good times have surely come to stay.

Across the river the Michigan Sootown, three parts full of expatriated Canadians and home of a newspaper that comes over daily on the ferry and pays court to the Canadian Soot with abundant views of its doings. The border influence is a curious element in life here. On one street car one heard the sound of the fire-bell as they hear it in the States; on another the ticket-box—the coffee-pot of Toronto's peculiar affection—came around. The street, maybe looks a little more American than most Ontario streets, and you wondered what the atmosphere of the hall would be like.

Well, there was a bull-dog and a lumber Jack on the floor, alongside the speaker's table; and the bull-dog kept silence as long as he could; but when the audience loudly resented the interruptions of a too spirituously-minded person, the dog joined the racket, and was led to a less exciting quarters.

They tell you that at the Soo things are very different from what they are "in the East." They like to think they are Western. There is flavour of the bush and mines, as well as of the un-salted sea about the place; and a quality of speech here and there that is breezy, after its own fashion. We met a prominent citizen, who was asked if he was going to the meeting—a grandson of Scotland, who has been in Scotland and liked it.

"You bet," said he, "I'll be there with lard in my hair and my ears pinned back."

This originality is said to extend to the Government side of electioneering. The candidate for whom the Minnie M. carried foreigners to poll where they gave fraudulent votes, is the Liberal candidate again. The Minnie M. has ended her political career, but the bush poll is a menace to the dignity of the ballot box. I do not pretend fully to understand the peculiar ethics of bush polling; but I do know that the Englishman who is standing for re-election in West Algoma only fears defeat through unscrupulous use of opportunities in the remoteness of the bush.

Mr. Boyce is a Yorkshireman; a lawyer with brains. His speech very gently bewrays him, for he comes from Wakefield. As far as I can learn there are no adventitious aids to his popularity, and the British vote will have no difficulty in cleaving to him. The Welsh are quite abundant at the Soo. Many of them are in the Steel Works, where they don't lose their gift of song.

NORTH BAY. I was only outside North Bay station a couple of hours; but long enough to give the "Globe" correspondent an opportunity to perpetrate one of the most perfect examples of garbling I have ever seen. The Secretary of the Sons of England very properly said that the Society would have nothing to do with the meeting. This was distorted into an official repudiation of the British-born movement. "A local barrister," who turned out to be the Mayor, was reported as entering the lists which led to controversy with me, and disorder in the meeting, and as being finally prevented from speaking. The facts were that the Mayor imputed untruthfulness to me, which the meeting as well as I resented and compelled him to withdraw. Then when he was called to order for irrelevancy I offered him an additional ten minutes, I to have five for reply. He refused to accept the offer.

A branch of the Canada-British Association having been formed, the Secretary of the Sons of England became its secretary.

BRAMPTON. Brampton has less than three thousand population, but 20 per cent. of them are said to be British-born. The factories employ nearly all of them. We were going away from the meeting where Canon Walsh had shown himself to be a Britisher through and through, and had said that he had been watching the movement and saying nothing for several months. "Do you know Reading?" said the mechanic on my left. "Through it many times, but only stayed off there once," said I. "I come from just over the river, in the other country," he said. "From Caversham?" I hazarded. "Yes," he said. "And I've been here five years, and I like it."

"Another spoke?" "Have you ever been in Hereford?" "Never in the city, but once I bought papers at the station, and was called back for handing the bookstall clerk a bad two-shilling piece." The Hereford man looked at me doubtfully, and I answered the question he didn't ask to his perfect content.

A little later we were drinking—oh, nothing worse than cider and ginger ale; for at Brampton they get their local option straight, when Secretary Akehurst observed that they were getting the effects of free trade in the Old Country, all right, all right. He had been reading of the railway strike.

Hereford made an interesting remark: "They don't get enough to buy good beer," he said, and further displayed a candid indifference to the cost of living, for there is more to live with in Brampton than there had ever been in the Welsh marshes. I'm afraid they were both Tariff reformers in the Old Country.

The Brains of John Bull's Junior Partner

By ARTHUR HAWKES.

There are all sorts of funny readings abroad about the firm of John Bull Unlimited, and especially about the Old Fellow himself. He seldom takes a good look at himself, and until lately he hasn't cared a gramme what other people thought of him.

John Bull has regarded himself as a good-natured soul who is taking care of a few bits of land scattered around the globe in the interests of civilization generally—a sort of political philanthropist. The other fellows in the international field don't regard him in that light. They think he is grasping old codger who, instead of being satisfied with control of nearly all the strategic strongholds of land and sea power, puts up an awful howl as soon as anybody else looks around for a second-rate coaling station, or a bit of rock from which his traders may saunter into a hitherto undiscovered market.

What these people are most puzzled about is the way this old John Bull keeps the affections of his children, who have become his partners. "Why," they say, "he used to declare that they would soon leave him, and here they are closer than ever to the Old Gentleman with the side whiskers and the peculiar pants."

Just so. The way the British Empire keeps together is a regular Chinese puzzle to all sorts of clever statesmen. They can't make it out at Washington. Sometimes we can't quite make it out ourselves—this loose, strong, splendid partnership that girdles the world and has none of the ordinary forces of Imperial compulsion about it. The Dominion is one of the junior partners.

"Junior Partner" hasn't a very cock-a-whoop sound. It is a bigger name than it looks. Mr. Sifton, in a memorable speech against Reciprocity in the House of Commons put the fact more picturesquely: "The Rising Hope of the British Empire." You know firms with the junior partners become the Pillars of Reliance. The John Bull Unlimited is one of them.

Canada is a miracle within the Empire, as the Empire is a miracle among the nations of the earth. The impossible has been achieved. They used to say that you could not allow an overseas Dominion of the Crown to have responsible government in exactly the same way as the United Kingdom. They said that a Colonial Governor should not be compelled to accept the advice of his Ministers when they had a majority of the popular House. But these things are done and the Imperial bond is closer and warmer than it has ever been.

All this means that the obligation upon Canadian statesmanship is more subtle and tremendous than it has ever been. We have established a Department of External Affairs to handle our peculiar three-cornered relationships, but this Department is not specially charged with the duty of keeping our internal population well informed about the niceties of our external relations.

You cannot expect a farmer in the Saskatchewan valley to be well informed about the possibilities of trouble that may lie within our connection with India, Australia and South Africa. He is the great statesman who, knowing all the intricacies of statecraft, which he cannot publish, can guide the great body of public opinion aright on the big, underlying principles which dominate national action.

The brains of Canadian statesmanship—I mean statesmanship; not the erection of a post-office here, of a bridge there, and the handing out of a job somewhere else—must be directed to making clear the two-fold, fundamental basis of our national progress—the development of Canadian commerce in Canadian channels, and the extending of the right idea of Canadian national prestige, in its relation to international and inter-Imperial affairs.

Here is something to cling to—that the English-speaking peoples are the great potentiality in the modern world. They are broadly divided into the Empire and the Republic. In the re-adjustment of influence that is taking place within the Empire Canada is rapidly advancing towards the first place.

Canada has the advantage of being alongside of the United States. From being neglected by Downing Street and regarded by the United States as a very poor relation to be acknowledged by a cup of cold water and a few kind words, she is regarded with almost jealous anxiety by the United Kingdom and the United States. The remarkable spectacle has been seen of the President of the United States seeking the people to make a deal with Canada which would secure commercial union with and give to the United States control of the wheat trade between Canada and Europe.

The position of Canada between the United States and Great Britain is the position of the boy in the middle of the see-saw who sends the parties at the end of the plank up and down as he wills.

Canada was growing along splendidly from this point of view. The only transcontinental railway of America was ours as a means of expanding our trade in our own way. The Government undertook a second transcontinental, and is heavily aiding a third.

The brains of Canadian statesmanship were required for the fulfilment of the national policies, which were undertaken with so much care and foresight. We needed time to consolidate our forces and to bring into national sentiment the aliens to our genius. Instead we are invited to reverse our method for one which the shrewd, experienced leaders of the Republic are sure will deflect the life blood of commerce into their arteries, and make our future commercially subsidiary to theirs.

They have warned us. It is time we warned ourselves.

If I Were Farming Again

By ARTHUR HAWKES.

A rather inconsequent slogan was concocted in a Montreal newspaper office the other day and telegraphed all over the country as the battle-cry of the Liberal party in this election. It is "Let the farmer have his turn."

When clever politicians conspire to make a slogan they generally make a mistake. The cleverer the politicians the bigger the mistake.

The slogan doesn't really hit off the situation, except from the point of view of those who, like Sir Wilfrid, have decided that they want Free Trade as it is in England. Sir Wilfrid's speeches in the West last year frequently contained this doctrine. If you are for unconditional free trade it is no use trying to make out you are for the National Policy. So you mustn't talk about letting the farmer have his turn—as if he were not capable of taking care of himself. To have free trade as it is in England means that wages would have to come to the English level, and the power of wages to buy grain produce would be correspondingly weakened.

Half the controversy that troubles the world arises not because people give different answers to the same question, but because they ask different questions, and they approach public affairs from different points of view. In this Reciprocity business one man sees only a few schedules. Another discerns a change in the temper of the national life.

Many people tell us that the farmer thinks of nothing but price. I believe they are mistaken, important as the price is. I am very chary of talking to farmers about their relationship to a commercial-political question, because, having left the farm, I leave lecturing to farmers to those who know nothing about farming except what they see in the papers and observe from train or automobile. The best I can do is to size up the situation as I believe I would if I were farming again, remembering the long days of toil, the short nights of rest, the aching limbs and hardened hands, that used to belong to one's daily rustle with the earth.

The farmer who takes wide interest in public questions is the man above all others who should be able to grasp the great forces that originate and govern political action, because he is detached from many petty things that afflict city people, and because his closeness to nature helps him to discern the processes of national change and growth which are always behind political action. In politics—not the fussy little manoeuvres between rivals for office that we sometimes dignify by the name—it is dead true that whatsoever a country sows that will it also reap.

Another consideration that would influence me, I think, as a farmer having to decide a question would be the knowledge that most likely some of my next of kin would leave me the farm, and that I should be ambitious for them to achieve the best possible result in other walks of life, and I should remember that nearly all the best services of the nation have been performed by rubes who were raised on the farm.

I would have a peculiar interest in the development and dignity of my province and of my country, from a patriotic point of view. I should know that in the building up of Canada the climatic factor has played a vital part. Just as the far north of Canada is the backyard of the southern portions of the Dominion, so, unless there has been something to check the flow line, instead of there being big cities in Canada manufacturing for the farmers, and buying his produce at good prices, our industrial centres, without which no country can be really prosperous, would have been in the United States.

I should inquire how the United States had become such a great manufacturing country, and should read carefully what Mr. James Wilson, the Scotsman who is Secretary of the Agriculture of the United States, has said:—

"The American farmer brought about the building of the American factory because he wanted a home market. The home market is the best to be found anywhere, because our people live well and are all able to buy the best farm produce, that is, all who are willing to work. It may be said, without much exaggeration, that the American farmer is responsible for the upbuilding of the factory. He has voted steadily for half a century to give protection to the extent of the difference in cost of production between this country and any country that desires to sell in our markets. Was that right or wrong? Was it wise for the farmers to do that? There was no market at home. They wanted a market as near the factory as they could bring it."

Having read that I would dig into the Dominion Government reports, which show that in 1909 prices received by the farmer had risen over those of the ten years before 1899, like this:—

Grain and fodder, including thirteen selected standard commodities, 49.9 per cent. Cattle and cattle products, hogs and hog products, sheep and sheep products, fowls and turkeys, 48.6 per cent. Dairy products, 33 per cent. without much exaggeration, that the American farmer is responsible for the upbuilding of the factory. He has voted steadily for half a century to give protection to the extent of the difference in cost of production between this country and any country that desires to sell in our markets. Was that right or wrong? Was it wise for the farmers to do that? There was no market at home. They wanted a market as near the factory as they could bring it."

And that the price of goods the farmer has to buy have not risen to an equal extent, as this list shows:—

Woolen goods, 23.3 per cent.; cotton goods, 25 per cent.; boots and shoes, 25 per cent.; metals and implements, 2.4 per cent.; imported goods—decrease, 4 per cent. The staple lines, which represent over 90 per cent. of the farmer's expenditure, have only increased 14.3 per cent., while the goods he sells have increased 35.7 per cent.

Mr. Land Hunter Look Here

H. H. MILLER The Hanover Conveyancer OFFERS

325 ACRES close to Proton Station, brick dwelling, fine large out-buildings, windmill &c.; hay, 2 tons to acre, only \$5,500. Knocks the sunshine off Alberta bargains.

533 ACRES near Proton Station and Seawater Junction, fine brick residence, splendid horse splendid soil, good water, orchard &c. Will sell less than \$25 an acre. A bargain surely.

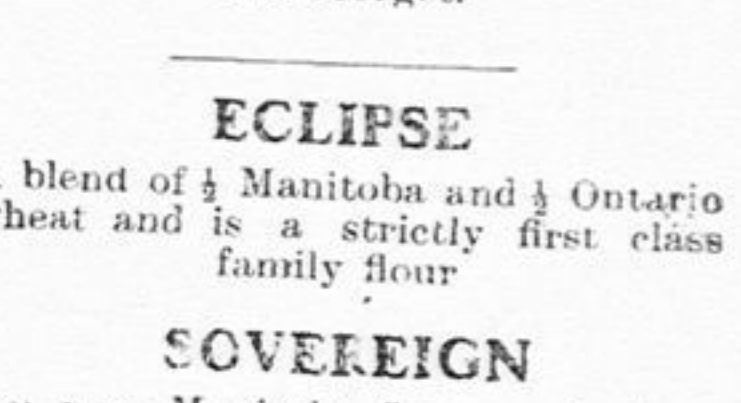
HARDWARE and Tinsmith Business, Grey County, Post office in corner, Top Lees than \$10,000 will buy 40 acres of land store and dwelling, barn, other farm dwelling and \$4,000 stock.

GENERAL COUNTRY STORE 10 miles from Durham; very cheap. Large number of cheap farm properties. Money to Lend at Low Rates. Lands bought and sold. Debts collected. All kinds of writings dr. wa.

No man who does business with H. H. Miller is ever satisfied to go elsewhere. Our methods seem to please. Always Prompt. Never Negligent.

H. H. MILLER - Opposite The Re House, Hanover

People's Mills



A small or large bag of a fine grain, white, nutritious flour, is sold as our brand. Have you ever tried it? Get your grocer to give you our kind next time and see the superior baking qualities it possesses. Better and more wholesome, because of a secret process that we put the wheat through. Don't forget.

ECLIPSE

A blend of 1/2 Manitoba and 1/2 Ontario wheat and is a strictly first class family flour

SOVEREIGN

100 pure Manitoba flour, made from No. 1 Manitoba wheat cannot be best in either bakers or domestic use

PASTRY FLOUR

is made from selected white wheat and is a superior article for making pastry, etc.

Chopping Done Every Day

All up-to-date flour and feed on grocers keep our flour for sale. Your grocer does not keep it come to the mill and we will use you right. Call us up by telephone No. 5. All kinds of Grain bought at Market Price.

John McGowan

ELLIOTT Business College TORONTO, ONT. is recognized as "Canada's High Class Commercial School". The instruction is absolutely first-class. Write to day or on free catalogue. Enter now.

Rexall Remedies

Children's saying don't usually appeal to the man who tells of the following incidents that came to his notice, but he thought these too good to leave untold:

At a funeral at Egbert, Ont., a boy three and a half years old was driving with his father. The church bell started to toll slowly and solemnly, and as the first stroke sounded, the little chap, imitating the bell, droned out, "One." Again the bell sounded, and again the child said, "One." He kept on calling out "One" to several more strokes of the bell, and then, looking up at his father, he said, "Who don't the bell say 'Two' daddy?"

The other incident concerns a Toronto girlie, who had grown out of babyhood, but was still plenty young enough to be taken on the knee of big sister's caller and petted. One evening the caller, seated on the sofa, had taken the tot on his knee and had let her lean back into a nest of comfortable cushions. In a lull in the conversation the little one piped up from her comfortable den, "We're going to be married." "We," of course, meant the little one and the man in the case. "May we come to the wedding?" asked the mother for herself and "big sister." The youngster seemed to be thinking it over, but soon she answered, "We'll see how you're dressed."