

TRAVERTON

This week, if fine, will wind up up hay making. Quite a number have already finished. Among the many who invested in hayloaders this season is Mr. D. Ryan, of the 8th con. Mr. James Hall, of the 10th con., is very low at present, having been sick for some time. Mr. and Mrs. Orchard, of Holstein, were guests of Mr. Wm. Greenwood, sr., the first of the week. Mr. Thos. Glencross disposed of ten head of fine stockers to Geo. Ryan, of Durham, lately. Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Blair visited the latter's parents in Markdale, on the first of the week. Many hearts throughout the neighborhood were saddened to learn last week of the death of Jackson Boyle, third son of Mr. Joseph Boyle, caused by his team getting frightened at the engine and running away, throwing him off in front of the disc harrow he was riding. Mr. Boyle lives at Strongfield, Sask. Mrs. T. E. Blair received the sad and startling news on Thursday evening of last week, that her brother, George, had died in Regina the evening before, from pneumonia. He was a splendid specimen of physical manhood, weighing 200 lbs. and was barely 24 years old. The remains, in charge of his brother Arthur, arrived in Markdale by C. P. R. on Monday, and were conveyed to the parental home, Mrs. Blair and the members of her family have the sympathy of a wide circle of friends and neighbors. Mr. T. E. Blair was summoned from his railway work, and is assisting the stricken family in these dark hours. Rev. and Mrs. Prudham were out visiting their parishioners on Thursday of last week, and held service in Zion in the evening, after which arrangements were made for the annual Epworth League garden party, to be held in the usual place on Thursday evening, August 8th. It promises to be a most happy affair. A very happy good-bye party was held at the fine O'Neill home last week, before the departure of Mr. and Mrs. M. O'Neill for their home in Saskatoon. Mr. and Mrs. O'Neill have had a month's very pleasant holidays.

Dropsical Swellings

are due solely to a diseased condition of the kidneys. There is a quick speedy cure in Anti Uric Kidney Pills. The Central Drug Store sells them and guarantees them to give the desired results. Come back and get your money if you are not perfectly satisfied. Be sure you get ANTI URIC PILLS. B. V. MARION on every package.

SOMETHING OF A FIGHTER

A Bruce county Highlander named Macdonald was overheard on Friday last recalling his unique experiences on past celebrations of the "Glorious Twelfth." "Mon," said he, "we had the gran' time at Kincardine yin year. Our lodge was there, and we were a' fightin' trim. There was me, an' me brither an' five others, an' we a' stud together an' licked an' Irishman from Lucknow. And he was thought tae be something of a fighter at that."—Ex.

CORNER CONCERNS

The annual garden party, in connection with St. Paul's church, will be held on Friday evening, August 9th, at the home of Mr. Robert Barbour. A good baseball game between Durham and Holstein teams will open the affair after six o'clock, and a good program will conclude it. Notwithstanding these two very interesting events, the centre of a sandwich is always the best, and in this case it will consist of everything good. Ice cream, cake, coffee, tea, soft drinks, candies, berries and chewing gum. Mr. Thos. Allan is home for a short time from Owen Sound, where he is engaged in the drug business. Mr. and Mrs. John McMeeken, of Toronto, are spending a few weeks with his parents, and other old friends here. It is over a decade since he left here, a young lad. Mrs. John Lawrence, of Los Angeles, California, is visiting her brother, your humble scribe, here, and many other old friends, after an absence of fifteen years. In fact it is twenty-five years since she left here after her marriage, with only a visit or two since. Mr. Joe Patterson was amongst the other sufferers in the recent thunder-storm to the extent of a valuable horse. Quite a number from this part will attend the Knox church garden party on Friday night. We postponed ours when we heard it was going to conflict, and will do everything else possible to contribute to its success, and, of course we know they will return the compliment. Little Miss — Cook, of Florida is spending her summer holidays with her sister, Mrs. Wm. McFadden.

FOURTH LINE, A. & G.

Haying is about wound up in this vicinity, the hay being a good crop in general. Mr. Chas. Kennedy, of Bunnessan, passed through our burg on Sunday. What's the attraction, Chas.? Mrs. John McLeod was called to the death-bed of her brother at Essay, on Tuesday last. Mrs. James Lyness, accompanied by Miss Ida Jones, visited Vandeleur friends the first of the week. Mrs. W. Fletcher is visiting Toronto relatives for a fortnight. Messrs. Edgar and Goldwin Patterson visited Waudby relatives recently.

ARRESTED FOR TRESPASS.

A C. P. R. detective arrested five boys in the railway yard on Friday night, and conveyed them to the town lock-up, where four of them were compelled to spend the night. Saturday morning they were brought before the magistrate and remanded until next Saturday at 11 a.m. Bail was accepted for their appearance when wanted. They are charged with trespassing with intent to commit an indictable offense. It seems that there has been some stealing from C. P. R. freight cars at the Orangeville station. The authorities are said to have the names of several older boys, who are suspected of being the chief offenders. It is reported that some of these have left town since Friday night's developments. —Orangeville Banner.

BUNESSAN.

Haying is about finished in this part. The crop was very good, considering the dry weather. Spring crops have come on rapidly since the showers came. Miss Duggan, of Guelph, is holidaying at her uncle's, Mr. Thos. McKeown's, and other friends. Miss Jean McFarlane returned to Toronto last week, after spending a couple of weeks' holidays at her home here. Miss Ida Jones, of Artemesia, spent a few days visiting in this burg recently. Mr. and Mrs. Thos. White, of Toronto, are visiting for a few days with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John McArthur. Mr. and Mrs. N. A. McQueen, of Boothville, Sundayed with the latter's mother, Mrs. E. Kennedy. Mrs. A. B. McArthur, and daughter, Marie, spent a few days with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Franks, of Caledon. Mrs. Houghtby, and two sons, of London, are spending their holidays with Mrs. H's brother, Mr. Dan. McArthur. Mr. Jack Irwin, of Artemesia, paid a flying visit to this burg on Saturday evening. Come early next time, Jack. Mrs. Jas. Trafford, of Mooresburg, is visiting her brother, Mr. Wm. Edwards. Mr. Geo. Binnie was on a business trip to Owen Sound last week. Mr. Sam. McComb, of your town, was a caller in this burg the first of the week. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McArthur, grandson, Charlie Anderson, all of Durham, visited among their relatives through the Glen last week. Mr. Angus McArthur had a couple of sheep worried by dogs last Saturday. After a prolonged illness of about three years, Mr. Thos. Gray, ex-postmaster at Bunnessan, died very suddenly on Thursday morning, July 25th, at the age of 75 years. Though he had been long ill, it was not expected he would die so suddenly, and the news came as a shock to all his friends and neighbors. He had been a resident of the neighborhood for a long time, and during eighteen years held the position of postmaster, which he resigned three years ago, owing to ill-health. He was predeceased by his wife about three years. Over twenty years ago a daughter died, and one son, John, a daughter, Mrs. Thos. McKeown, and six grandchildren, are the only relatives left to mourn his departure. We always found the deceased gentleman a good neighbor and friend, and the essence of honor in all his dealings. The remains were interred on Saturday morning last, in the Roman Catholic cemetery on the Garafaxa Road, near Orchard.

CHESLEY TO HAVE SWANS.

Our neighbor Chesley is not going to be beaten by any little one-horse burg like Owen Sound. It's going to have some swans to add another picturesque touch to its pretty little river. In a report of the last regular meeting of the town council it is noted that "The mayor said he had written King George V. in regard to presenting swans to this town, and said the King had been pleased to accede to the request, and that the swans would be here in the course of a few weeks."

ORCHARD.

Mrs. James Mark returned on Saturday from Toronto, where she has been spending a couple of weeks with her sister, Mrs. Ray. Mr. Gilroy, of Mt. Forest, has installed two new Bell pianos in the neighborhood lately, one at Mr. W. T. Pinder's, and the other at Mr. James Brown's. We are going to have a garden party. Watch next week for the date. Mr. Thos. Gray, one of the old pioneers of Glenelg township, was buried in the R. C. cemetery here on Saturday, at noon. We extend sympathy to the bereaved family.

A NEW CATALOGUE.

Our readers are invited to write for a copy of the catalogue just issued by W. H. Shaw, President of the group of schools including the well-known Central Business College of Toronto, and its four branches, the Central Telegraph and Railroad and the Shaw Correspondence.

THE GATE TO PARADISE.

"Don't call Brooklyn the City of Churches," says a globe trotter, who is equally familiar with the Hudson, the Rhine, the Ganges and the Nile. "There is a city in India which is looked upon as 'holy' by Buddhists and Brahmins which might dispute the title. Benares has about 2000 temples, and in these and fixed in the narrow streets where the public is free to worship are about 500,000 idols. According to Hindoo belief, it is the gate to Paradise, to which all who dwell within its walls enter immediately."

RIVERS UP AND DOWN.

Minnesota is so situated that in the northern part of the state there is a great area of land so flat that its waters sometimes flow into Hudson's Bay, and sometimes into the Gulf of Mexico. This area contains the head waters of the Mississippi river. There are times when certain lakes discharge at both ends, the northern outlet taking the flow through Red river or Rainy river into Lake Winnipeg, and thence into Hudson Bay, while the southern outlet leads to the Mississippi.

STATES SEEK TO WREST CONTROL FROM BRITAIN.

London, July 27.—The Morning Post to-day says: "The opening of the Panama canal will signalize a formidable attack by the United States on the supremacy of the British mercantile marine and the endowment of American trade in British markets with an immense advantage. The prosperity that is due to the control of the sea-carrying trade will be challenged under the new conditions by a strong and enterprising nation inexorably determined to recover the carrying industry it lost in the year of 1812." The Post then asks: "In view of this situation, what provision is being made by the Admiralty for stationing an adequate cruiser squadron in the West Indies?" and concludes by declaring that the supremacy of the merchant section of vessels must be maintained, and that English vessels must be well found, British manned and armed against the commerce destroying time of war.

What Did He Mean?

"I have been buying on and off at a little antique shop in a side street," said a woman who lives at an uptown hotel. "I had been in the habit of going to the shop on foot and, of course, had been waited on by one of the clerks. "Among the things I had purchased was a spoon, and I decided that I would call and get another to match it. This time I drove up with a coachman and footman, and the proprietor himself welcomed me. Before he could wait on me, however, he was called away, and he summoned a young woman. As he turned to go I overheard him whisper to her, 'G. W.' "The young woman took out the spoon I was after. The price she said was \$10. "But," I protested, "I got one here only the other day and paid only \$7.50 for it. "She looked a bit confused. Then she took up the spoon and examined the label closely. 'Oh, I made a mistake,' she said. 'The price is only \$7.50.' "Now, what I have been puzzling over is, what did the proprietor mean by the 'G. W.' he whispered?"—New York Sun.

Royal Authors Need Editing.

Royal authors sometimes need a deal of editing. A glaring instance is Frederick the Great, whose spelling and punctuation astounded Carlyle. "Astute" for "a cete beure" was a specimen of the former, and, as for punctuation, he never could understand the mystery of it. He merely scatters a few commas and dashes, as if they were shaken out of a pepper box, upon his page and so leaves it. "How," asks Carlyle, "can such slovenliness be explained in a king who would have ordered arrest for the smallest speck of mud on a man's buff belt, indignant that any pipe clayed portion of a man should not be perfectly pipe clayed?" He can only conclude that Frederick really cared little about literature, after all. Also "he never minded snuff upon his own chin, not even upon his waistcoat and breeches." "I am a king and above grammar," said another monarch.—London Chronicle.

An Unusual Bequest.

Among the most eccentric of testators are those who make bequests of their bodies. In 1871 a Mr. Sanborn of Medford, Mass., bequeathed his body to Professor Agassiz and Oliver Wendell Holmes, requesting that it should "be prepared in the most scientific manner known to anatomic science" and placed in the museum at Harvard. He also directed that his skin should be made into two drumheads to be presented to his "friend and patriotic fellow citizen, Warren Simpson" on condition that he beat on them the national air of "Yankee Doodle" at the foot of the monument on Bunker Hill at sunrise every 17th of June. On one drumhead was to be inscribed Pope's "Universal Prayer" and on the other the Declaration of Independence.—Exchange.

The Very Best Make.

A commercial traveler remarked the other day to a storekeeper: "Get your self a cash register. It will keep strict and accurate account of all you receive and all you disburse. It will show what you save and what you squander, what you spend foolishly and what you spend wisely, where you should stretch, and where you should waste it." "But," said the storekeeper, "I've already got a cash register which does all that and more." "Whose make is it?" asked the salesman, frowning. "God's make," the storekeeper replied, and with a smile at once reverent and grateful he nodded toward his handsome wife seated in the cashier's cage.—Exchange.

A Feat With the Feet.

Place a cork upon the floor. Measure four lengths of your foot from it and, standing at this distance, attempt with one foot to kick the cork over and recover position (both feet together) so that the foot that does the kicking does not touch the floor till it has returned to its mate. The efforts of any one trying to maintain an equilibrium in performing this stunt will arouse considerable mirth.—Woman's World.

That Held Him.

A Yankee clinched his heated argument with an Englishman as to the relative size of the Thames and Mississippi by saying: "Why, look here, mister, there ain't enough water in the whole of the Thames to make a gargle for the mouth of the Mississippi!"

Husbands.

"The majority of husbands complain that their hands are always in their pockets." "They do, do they? Then why don't they find there the letters they have forgotten to mail for their wives?"—Baltimore American.

Seeking an Expert.

"How are you at picture puzzles?" "Pretty fair." "Maybe you can put together these forty odd parts I have taken out of my automobile."—Washington Herald.

Pulled Him Through.

"Yes, the doctor has pronounced me cured." "What did he treat you for?" "A small bank account."—Life.

Intaking and outgiving, getting and giving good—that is our main business. —O. G. Ames.

WHEN PA LEAVES HOME.

Pa leaves home each blessed morning with the ringing in his head, "Don't forget to bring a spool of No. 60 cotton thread. Stop and tell the plumber surely that our pipes have sprung a leak. Ask the grocer for those berries that he promised us last week. Stop and buy some meat for supper; don't get pork chops, beef or lamb. Don't forget to buy a glass of 10-cent raspberry jam. Stop and ask about those photos, see if you can get a proof. Tell the tinsmith to get busy and come up and fix the roof. There's no coal left in the basement; better order up a ton. See if fish are in the market. Get a trout if they have one. Bring three yards of baby ribbon; ask them for an Alice blue. Get a small can of Pimentoes and a cucumber or two. If they're any nice head lettuce, bring along a round of that. On your way home stop and see if they have finished my new hat. Get a teething ring for baby and a half a pound of nails. While you're in the hardware store just bring along two 10-quart pails. Don't forget to buy some fixings to repair the garden hose. Take my glasses, have them tightened; they won't stay upon my nose. Don't forget the Sunday dinner; get a chicken if they're nice. Better stop in, sure, this morning, and tell them to start our ice." —Brooklyn Eagle.

LOVELY HAIR

Parisian Sage Immediately Banishes Dandruff, Stops Scalp Itch and Makes the Hair Radiant and Charming

PARISIAN Sage is not a dye—it does not contain poisonous sugar of lead or any other dangerous ingredient. It is a high-grade scientific combination that will put life, lustre and beauty into any hair the minute it is applied. Scalp itch goes over night; dandruff disappears; hair stops falling, and the scalp becomes immaculately clean and free from germs. There's a delightful treat coming to your scalp if you haven't tried PARISIAN Sage. Get it with Auburn hair on every carton and bottle. 50 cents at Macfarlane & Co's, and dealers everywhere.

WHY GEMS SHINE IN DARK.

What we call darkness is really the absence of all light, and in such a condition neither precious stones nor anything else will shine. But should there be even a little light, then anything that has a polished surface, such as a diamond, reflects that light from it, giving rise to the appearance of shining; and so one might be able to notice a stone of this kind in a very dim light, which we might be inclined to call darkness. But there must be a little light, or we could not get the reflection.

THE FATE OF OLD PIANOS.

What becomes of all the old pianos? Thousands of new pianos are sold every year, the greater number to those who already have musical instruments. The salesman allows a liberal price for the old piano in trade, accepts a little cash and takes the balance on monthly payments. Now, while he has sold one piano he has just as many on his hands as before, for he has accepted an old one. What becomes of it? It is repaired, revarnished, boxed up, and shipped with hundreds of others to South America, Africa, Asia, and other benighted portions of the world, where it is sold to the natives, who yearn for music, and whose ambition is to drum out tunes on an instrument of their own. These pianos are sold for a small amount down, and the balance in monthly, sometimes weekly payments, extended over a long period of time.

IN DEATH NOT DIVIDED

Kingston, July 25.—As the result of a shock following the death of her husband, who died on Wednesday, Mrs. Wm. McCartney dropped dead this afternoon, a short time before the body of her husband was to be removed to the burying grounds.

"Were all medicines as meritorious as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, the world would be much better off and the percentage of suffering greatly decreased," writes Lindsay Scott, of Temple, Ind. For sale by all dealers.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Halls Family Pills for constipation.

Carmangay is on the main line from Calgary to Lethbridge on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Other roads are surveyed and are to be constructed.



Carmangay is a Railway Centre. The shipping point of a vast Wheat, Flax and Oat growing territory; has a magnificent School House, three Grain Elevators, three Churches, two Banks, numerous well-built substantial Residences; owns and operates its own Water Works and Electric Lighting systems, and is a most up-to-date and self-reliant commonwealth. The Lots we have to offer are in the Original Townsite, and only a few minutes' walk from the Canadian Pacific Railway Station. Your capital, however small, is sufficient to take advantage of this exceptional opportunity—So get in on the ground floor. "Be Sure Your right, Then Go Ahead"—Davy Crockett. So send to us for an illustrated booklet, map, price list, etc. Then you will be sure to go ahead, much to your own advantage. Write name and address plainly on coupon, and mail to us.

AS A POET SAYS: Invest your cash in Western Land. Without procrastination, You'll have a fortune in your hand. And help to found a nation. Western Canada Real Estate Co., 502 Temple B'ldg, TORONTO, Ont. Western Canada Real Estate Company 502 Temple Building, Toronto, Ont. Please send me, without obligation on my part, literature containing facts, figures and views of Carmangay. NAME ADDRESS DURHAM CHRONICLE