"Cornwall" Steel Ranges

retain fire over night with less fuel than any other steel range.

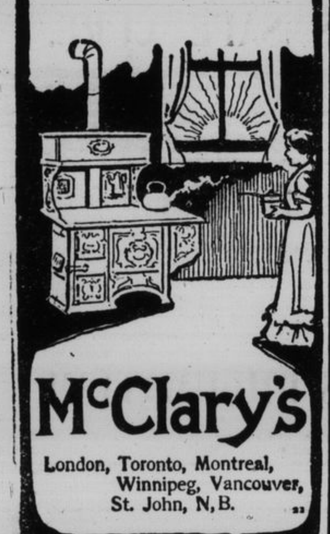
Put in your coal, arrange the dampers, and leave it for the night.

In the morning a strong fire responds instantly to the draughts—no tedious waits for a cooking heat.

The "CORNWALL" has many good features not found on any other steel range.

Sold everywhere.

Write for Catalogue.



McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

LEMMON LAWRENSON & CLAXTON, Agents.

In strengthening and invigorating properties there is no tonic equal to

Carling's Porter

Its purity and delicious flavor make it invaluable for invalids.

Sole agent of Kingston, J. S. Henderson.

"Oh, Woman

in your hours of ease," (after using that Home Dye of highest quality, Maypole Soap,) think of the trouble you had with the old-fashioned powder dyes. A welcome to the brilliant fast colors you get so easily, safely, quickly with

Maypole Soap

Sold everywhere. 10c. for colors, 15c. for black.

INFANTS' DELIGHT SOAP

Superior to all other for the Toilet and Nursery.

Made by John Taylor & Co., Toronto.

WHAT WE HAVE DONE FOR OTHERS WE CAN DO FOR YOU.

We have helped many people select, just the Silver Piece, Ring or Watch they were looking for, and have given them only the best.

Our Cut Glass and Sterling Pieces are attractive, which we take pleasure in showing.

SMITH BROS.,

OPTICIANS and JEWELERS.

Sterling Novelties.

BROADBRIM'S

Letter From Greater New York.

COST OF STRIKE

NEVER WILL BE KNOWN TO HUMAN BEING.

The Difference Between the Labor Strikers and the New York Writer—Settling Down to Ordinary Business in New York.

(Special correspondence, letter No. 1,331.)

New York, Nov. 21.—For the last week statisticians have been endeavoring to figure the cost of the recent strike. One places the loss to the workingmen at $20,000,000. Another, who says he never was wrong in his life, puts it up at $140,000,000. Neptune, which is the outer planet of our system, as far as we know, takes over one hundred years to make the circuit of his orbit. Statisticians differ as much, relying on their mathematical accuracy in regard to the distance of Neptune from the earth. Looking at these facts, no man living can estimate the cost of the recent strike. Who can give you the cost of the tears and agony, which you cannot put into dollars and cents, and this fact shows conclusively that the amount of the cost will never be known to any human being. Now, then, for a series of facts which may not be revealed until the judgment day. The millions of unemployed whom this strike was to benefit were an ignis fatuus following, will o' wisp, through the morass of darkness and suffering, never realizing their folly till it was too late for a remedy. Who did they strike to injure? Was it the poor man, one of their own clan? Oh, no. They struck to make the rich acknowledge the power of themselves and their union. They denied to any but themselves the right to use their own capital, to say what it was worth in the money market or what power they should exercise in the governance of their fellow men. Were they satisfied to give him a share in this government? No. They desired to have the sole say and arbitrament as to who should have the right to labor. They were not satisfied to think for themselves, but insisted upon thinking for everybody else. They insisted on the labor marts of world having the sole control of every work on the face of the earth.

The difference between the labor strikers and myself is this. I believe the right to work should be universal and that the poorest man on the footstool of God should have that right protected against the most powerful organization ever known to man. It must be constantly borne in mind that the poor man has nothing to sell but the labor of his hands and the genius of his brain. As an atom in this tremendous aggregation he has no power sufficient to resist the force of the organized strikers. If he does resist death may be his portion. The employer simply refuses to answer favorably the demands of labor, and the reason is because there is not sufficient margin to give him a return for his capital. The knight of labor says he must; the employer declares before heaven that he will not. The knight of labor sounds his slogan for a gathering of the clans; the capitalist puts his money in his strong box, and sits down in his palace to await the result. What is that result. Now look at your figures that never lie. He has a million tons of coal mined and in the market; he has never imposed a certain profit on all that millions of tons. The strikers saved him the trouble. The coal delivered in New York at $4 a ton has suddenly multiplied to $25 a ton. Who does this hurt?—Croesus, with his money bags, who quietly enjoys has multiplied capital, which is worth six times and a fraction more to-day than it was on September 1st, 1902, or the laborer, like myself, who sent a prayer to the throne of grace petitioning the Almighty, "Give us this day our daily bread?" The statistician, in enumerating the sources of national wealth upon the world, uses the simile of calling coal "Black Diamonds." Had he lived till to-day he would have seen the force of his simile in the enjoyment of the rich and the suffering of the poor. The one rides in his magnificent automobile, while the poor wretch, ground to the dust, drags his suffering form along the king's highway, praying for that death which cannot come too soon and the name of which is the open sesame to the paradise beyond.

The best of life is yet to come, and that there is another and better world than we have ever known in this lower state, and which leads right up to the throne of grace and happiness for evermore. At last our great metropolis is settling down to the ordinary business of life and in a few weeks all classes of the community will be found in their former places. The soldier will be still a soldier, the sailor a sailor, and the laborer will be found paving our streets, and energetic women from the east, west, north and south will be giving us the benefit of their very best experience and showing us the way to the straight and narrow path or the Little Church Around the Corner. An event occurred in this city a few weeks ago which seemed a culmination of disciples' hope. Daniel Sickles, a gentlemen well known in Masonic circles and who was acknowledged authority in Masonic affairs, and was also the publisher of the text book of Masonry, the Ahiman Rezon, loved a favorite poem of Tennyson's, called "Sunset and Evening Star." The poem runs as follows:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And let there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.
But such a sound as moving seems asleep
Too deep for voice or foam.
When that which drew from out the wondrous deep
Turns again home, twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark.
And let there be no sadness or farewell
When I embark.
And though from out the realm of time and space
The flood may bear me far.
I hope to meet my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

What a wonderful and startling realization of that beautiful poem had this elder prophet in Masonry. He had taken quite a long walk in the afternoon and came down to his dinner with an exhilarated feeling unknown for years and spoke hopefully of his future. He rose from the table and proceeded to his chamber, followed by an attendant to see if there was anything he required. The attendant retired for a few minutes not more than three or four, and returning found the author of the Ahiman Razon lying dead upon his bed. The face of the dead apostle was calm and peaceful as if in the realization of the enjoyments and happiness of that brighter and better land with the anchor of peace to hold him fast in the peltings of the storm and the unshaken hope in his belief that the best of his life was yet to come.

I have been wondering ever since Tuesday last what it is or was that stirred this community to its innermost depths, not only of respect and gladness at the discharge of a man who, accused of murder, stood in the shadow of the electric chair for three long and terrible years. Is it possible to a purview of justice that this man is to all intents and purposes to the world judicially dead? I have seen in my time many criminal trials where a human life was trembling in the balance, yet I never saw anything before like the Molineux trial. The ablest of our legal gladiators were engaged in the prosecution and defence, and at the close of this three years' legal battle he took the stand in his own defence and stood like a lion at bay.

The court room each day was crowded to suffocation and the number of female heads that crooned to catch every sentence and displayed the most intense interest in each proceeding might have manifested quite a keen and angry jealousy in the breast of Mrs. Molineux, if she had been so inclined. It began with the opening of the trial and continued to the end. And when at the conclusion the foreman announced the words, "Not guilty!" the fear of personal punishment for contempt of court vanished from the assembled crowd, and each woman in the multitude would have suffered martyrdom rather than repress the exhaltation which burst spontaneously from her throat and was manifested almost to hysterics by the clapping of their hands. I kept my eye on the judge, who tried to look grave and angry at the violation of this rule of his court, but, bless your heart, he might just as well try to stem the current of Niagara, for he was swept away by the resistless flood that no earthly force could battle with, so he dropped his threatening hands, his head fell forward as if in despair, as if saying quietly to his innermost self, "Thank God that the battle is over!" It is the most singular termination of any criminal trial within my ken and will no doubt be quoted as authority for ages to come.

—BROADBRIM.

AN HONEST DOCTOR.

Editor: If any of your readers suffer from sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele or emaciation, my Latest Method Treatment will cure them. So positive am I that it is an infallible cure, that nothing need be paid until the cure is effected; this is certainly a fair proposition, for if I had any doubts as to its efficacy, I could not make this offer for patients to pay when cured. It makes no difference who has failed to cure them, let them write me and I will send my book and blank for home treatment free.

They can address me in confidence, Dr. Goldberg, Dept. M., 208 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Compromise Without Arbitration.

London Spare Moments.

"For goodness' sake, Polly," asked the young lady's mother at breakfast, "what was the matter with you and Harry in the parlor last night?"

"Why, mamma, what?" inquired the daughter, demurely.

"Why, you quarrelled for half an hour like a pair of maniacs."

"Oh," she replied, remembering the circumstance, "Harry wanted me to take the big chair and I wanted him to take it, because he was the visitor, you know."

"Well, what did you quarrel about?"

"We didn't quarrel—only, he insisted that I should take it, and I would not."

"Then how did you settle it finally?"

"Well, mamma, we compromised, and both of us took it."

Advertising Pays.

In discussing the prosperity of railroads in the United States George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central, said recently that the present calendar year would be the most successful in the history of the passenger department of the New York Central.

"From present indications, the passenger departments of the New York Central will exceed by $2,000,000 the record made last year," he said, "when the earnings exceeded by approximately $3,000,000 the earnings of 1900."

Mr. Daniels attributes the increased earnings of his department to extensive advertising, inaugurated several years ago.

Extravagant Dressing.

The London Morning Leader has been opening its columns to a correspondence on the wastefulness of women. The charge that women spend extravagantly on dress has been resented by several writers, but Miss Frances H. Low, a well known lady journalist, declares that the growing tendency to wear expensive clothes is being severely felt by the profession to which she belongs. A few years ago a working journalist was able to wear a dress which had quietness and simplicity for its characteristic notes, but to-day she must either wear a shoddy imitation of the society woman's dress or lose the work that brings her bread and butter.

A man's wife may lay down the law to her husband, but she is always willing to let him lay down the carpets.

Any man who lives up to his epitaph is a dead one.

A PRIZE

FOR EVERY CORRECT ANSWER

WE ASK NOT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY

FREE

THIS PICTURE PUZZLE represents a Celestial engaged at washing. About him are pictured faces of three customers. Find these three faces, mark each, then read and sign the accompanying request, return it to us and we will give you ABSOLUTELY FREE, without any money, your choice of the herein illustrated magnificent Prizes:—either the Solid Arizona Silver Sugar Shell or the finely gold-finished Chatelaine Brooch and Secret Locket.

Chinese Puzzle

Request for Puzzle Prize and Medicine

ELECTINE MEDICINE CO., LIMITED
Toronto, Ont.

SIRS—I have found and marked the three Faces in your Picture Puzzle, and if correct send me the following Prize

.....

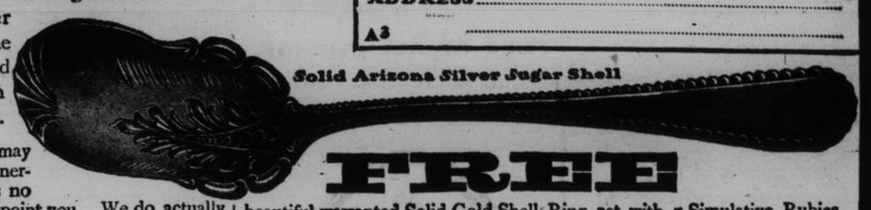
(Write here which you want, Sugar Shell or Chatelaine Brooch and Locket)

also send me Ten 25-cent Boxes of Electine Medicine. I agree to make an earnest effort to sell the Medicines and return you the money with the understanding that I am to receive for this service a Butter Knife, a Pickle Fork, a Set of 6 Solid Arizona Silver Teaspoons and a Solid Gold Shell 5-stone Ring; or the 5-stone Ring, a Nethersole Illusion Bracelet, a Parisian Belt Buckle and a Set of Table Tennis—as I choose. If I fail to sell the Medicine I will return it to you in 30 days, and retain my Prize for answering your Puzzle.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

A3 .....



FREE

WE WISH to impress upon any who may be suspicious owing to the unusual generosity of this proposition that there is no catch word or scheme in it to deceive or disappoint you. We do actually give the prize you select if your answer is correct. Frankly, we have adopted this method of prize-giving, simply to interest you in our business. We want your goodwill, and enlist your services only by offers that will merit your approval. Upon receipt of the prize you select you cannot help being impressed with the generosity of our business methods, as they are both well worth many times the trouble of writing for. The Sugar Shell is made from a lump of Solid Arizona Silver. It is better than sterling silver from a practical point, as it looks as well, will not tarnish as quickly and will wear longer. All our Arizona Silverware is the same beautiful metal right through, and is guaranteed to wear 50 years. The Chatelaine Brooch and Secret Locket is admired and worn by the most fashionable ladies. The Locket opens and will hold two photos. It is the embodiment of artistic skill and beauty, and makes a most charming decoration. With the prize you select we will send you 10 boxes of Standard Electine Medicines to sell, if you can, at 25 cents each, then return us our money and we will give you, absolutely free, a Butter Knife, a Pickle Fork, a set of 6 Solid Arizona Silver Teaspoons and a beautiful warranted Solid Gold Shell Ring, set with 5 Simulative Rubies, Emeralds or Opals, or if preferred we give you the Solid Gold Shell Five-Stone Ring, a Nethersole Illusion Bracelet, an Imported Parisian Belt Buckle and a complete set of Table Tennis (the most fascinating and popular game in the world). Never before has there been gathered together such an array of beautiful premiums for so slight a service. Our medicines and premiums stand squarely on their merits and are satisfying in every respect. We know this from thousands of testimonials praising them. It will be to your advantage to reply "at once."

REMEMBER all you have to do is to solve our puzzle and sign and return the request. The prize you select and the medicines will be promptly mailed postpaid, and even if you do not sell the medicine you at least get a beautiful prize for simply making the effort and interpreting our Picture Puzzle. Write us now "to-day." You risk nothing, as we do not ask one cent of your money.

ELECTINE MEDICINE COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.

POETICAL SELECTIONS.

"Down To Sleep."

The New York Mail and Express.

November woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill,
The morning's snow is gone by night;
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie "down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes, and spreads;
I never knew before, how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things lie "down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;
I hear their chorus of "good night."
And half I smile, and half I weep,
Listening while they lie "down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still;
November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;
Life's night rests feet which long have stood.
Some warm, soft beds, in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can "lay us down to sleep."

The Fellow Who Fights Alone.

Denis McCarthy in New York Sun.

The fellow who fights the fight alone,
With never a word of cheer,
With never a friend his help to lead,
With never a comrade near—
'Tis he has need of a stalwart hand
And heart not given to moan—
He struggles for life and more than life,
The fellow who fights alone!

The fellow who fights the world alone
With never a father's smile,
With never a mother's kindly tone,
His sorrowful hours to guile,
Who joins the fray at the dawn of day
And battles till light is flown,
Must needs be strong, for the fight is long—
The fellow who fights alone!

Ah, bitter enough the combat is
With every help at hand,
With friends at need to bid godspeed,
With spirits that understand;
But fiercer far is the fight to one
Who struggles along unknown—
Oh, brave and grim is the heart of him,
The fellow who fights alone!

God bless the fellow who fights alone,
And arm his soul with strength
Till safely out of the battle rout
He conquering comes at length,
Till far and near into every ear
The fame of his fight is blown,
Till friend and foe in the victor know
The fellow who fights alone!

The German Philosophy.

Exchange.

A Dutchman addressing his dog, said: "You vas only a dog, but I vish I vas you; when you go mit your bed in you shust turn round dree dimes and lay down; ven I go mit the bed in I hav to lock up de place, and wind up the clock and put the cat out and ondress myself, and my frou vakes up and scolds, den de baby vakes up and cries and I half to valk him mid de house round, den maybe, ven I gets myself to bed it is time to get up again. Ven you get up you shust stretch yourself, dig your neck a leedle and you vas up. I half to light de fire, put on the kiddle, scrap some mit my vife already and git myself breakfast. You play around all day and have plenty of fun. I haf to work all day and have plenty of drubble. Ven you die you vas dead; ven I die I haf to go to hell yet."

A Parable Of Life.

Christian Register.

Once on a Saturday night a minister bent wearily over a half finished sermon. There had been a domestic revolution. The "help" had deserted; the weather was hot; the minister was tired. As he worked hopelessly at his sermon, he heard in the chamber above a still more weary wife trying to soothe a restless infant. The minister braced himself to his task, sure that his duty lay before him. But yielding at last, he dropped his slow moving pen and, going to the chamber above took the crying child. The exhausted mother fell asleep. The child, feeling the soothing touch of a new hand, also fell asleep in the father's arms. Then, sitting in the peaceful stillness of the twilight he found his sermon coming with freshness and power.

Consistency is said to be a jewel; yet paste diamonds are not jewels, although paste is noted for its consistency.

Time flies—but you can't make the man believe it who is compelled to wait five hours for a train at a country station.

MADMAN LOSES HEAD

Was Responsible for Death of English Missionaries.

Pekin, Nov. 21.—The military Mandaria Lieu Lian Yu, of Chenchou-Fu, in the province of Honan, who was responsible for the murder of the English missionaries, Bruce and Lewis, last August, was put to death yesterday at Channsha, in the presence of the British consular representatives.

It had been reported that Lieu Lian Yu had escaped. The throne recently issued an edict ordering that he be beheaded and this order was carried out.

Canada And Munroe Doctrine.

Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Canada is, in fact, protected by the Monroe doctrine. No power on earth would have the temerity to attack Canada, for the simple reason that Uncle Sam would instantly make the quarrel his own. This nation could not permit a hostile foot to be set on the soil of the dominion. . . . But it is not because we are "brothers and cousins" that we stand between the dominion and any possible enemy. Our interest is much larger. It is the interest upon which the Monroe doctrine is founded. No foreign power will be permitted to invade any portion of the American continent.

Religion And Business.

Chicago Chronicle.

One of Senator "Billy" Mason's stories is about two of his brothers, Ed. and Jim, who dealt in wool at their home in Iowa. Jim went to a revival meeting (unthinkingly, the senator says) and "got religion." In his first burst of enthusiasm he told his brother of how much better he felt since his conversion, and urged Ed. to come into the fold. The latter pondered gravely for a time and then said: "Ain't any doubt but what religion's a good thing, and I'm glad you've got it, Jim, but I guess you better let me alone just now," he continued, reflectively. "You see, Jim, one of us has got to weigh the wool."

Some men know so much that their knowledge gets in their way when they attempt to talk.

The sword swallower should tackle a saw occasionally; it would be more toothsome.

The eight-day clock is a hard worker and a chronic striker.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1900.

Neave's Food

For Infants, Invalids, And The Aged.

Nearly 80 Years' Established Reputation.

DR. BARNARDO says:— "We have already used Neave's Food in two of our Homes (Babies' Castle and the Village Home), and I have no hesitation in saying it has proved very satisfactory."—July 27th, 1901.

Manufacturers: JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

Wholesale Agents:—THE LYMAN BROS. & Co., Ltd., Toronto & Montreal.

HAIR! HAIR! HAIR!

BALDNESS,

THIN HAIR, DISCOLORED HAIR, ETC.

PROF. DORENWEND COMING!

He will be at British American Hotel, THURSDAY, Nov. 27th.

With samples of Hair Goods, Ladies' and Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Bangs, Wavy and Plain Fronts, Switches of every description, etc.

He can improve your personal appearance.

Plain features and disfigured heads caused through the loss of hair made perfection.

Thousands owe their fine looks to the skill of Prof. Dorenwend.

Human hair Adorns and Protects the head.

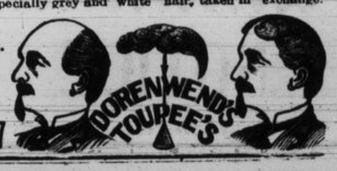
Don't fail to see his new Patent Hair Structure, patented all over the world.

First-class cut hair, especially grey and white hair, taken in exchange.

Private Apartments Secured at Hotel.

Remember for Only One Day

Thursday, Nov. 27



A Busy Man.

The American Metal Market publishes the following from J. H. Duffy, a Machias, Me., blacksmith, who is said to have discovered how to weld copper, temper lead, and manufacture brass from cheaper metals, chiefly lead:

"Jentlemen, I temper any Kiends of metals I make Brass out of lead and silver out of lead I am now gone to try the lost art on Glass yours Respectfully. J. H. DUFFY, Machias, Me."

Nov. 1, 1902.

Sometimes the woman that's rattled gets in the best work.

Jim Dumps at college struggled hard
To gain the place at center guard.
Last year he tried, but tried in vain,
On "Force" he then commenced to train.
Now hear the bleachers cheering him:
"Good tackle! 'Rah for 'Sunny Jim'!"

"FORCE"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

helps a man to tackle anything.

Sweet, crisp flakes of wheat and malt.

Used on Yale Training Tables.

"For the past two months I have used a great quantity of 'Force' on the Yale football training tables. The players eat about ten packages a day.

"ELIZABETH PATERSON,
"42 College St., New Haven, Conn."