



Frank Jones is not only a smart "kid" at figures, but a gallant boy as well. In his new counting-out game, he has arranged the boys and girls in such a manner that in counting round and round the girls shall be counted out, and the boys shall "get left."

NOT IN COMBINATION TO INCREASE GRAIN CARRYING RATES.

Denial By the Lake Vessel Owners Grain Carrying Rates Have Recently Fallen Over One Cent a Bushel.

Montreal Witness. The discussion going on during the past few weeks in regard to the alleged combine among lake freight carriers, which was the cause, it was said, by the informants, of grain rates making a jump from three and a half or four cents up to seven cents a bushel from Fort William to Montreal, has caused quite a stir among shipping interests and grain men.

While many of the latter are stoutly maintaining that such a combine does exist, and by its charges off-sets the natural advantages of the St. Lawrence route as a grain shipping medium, the lake vessel owners just as determinedly deny that they are in any combination to boost up grain rates.

"We moved out the first of our new wheat about the middle of September, and paid 4 1/2. Since then we have been getting boats at 3c, several at 3 1/2c, 3 3/4c, and last week we loaded a big one at 6c, and I know of shipments to Georgian Bay ports at 1 1/2c, equal to 6c, here."

those concerned came to the conclusion that this was no time to combine on rates. Certainly chartering that I have done, and opinions that I have had, show clearly that they are quoting different rates to-day. If there is a minimum price we haven't got down to it yet.

Just to illustrate—I have been offered tonnage for early October loading at 6 1/2c, Lake Superior port to Montreal, by one party, and another one came along to-day and wanted to know if I would give him 4 1/2c to Kingston. The rate from Kingston to Montreal is 1 1/2c, so that would be 6c here—1 1/2c less than the other. They are offering boats to Kingston for 4 1/2c, later October shipment. That rate is better still, as the rush will be on then, and I am told on good authority that this owner will take 1c less to secure a contract.

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PRaises THE I.C.R.

Editor of the British Colonizer. Writer of Splendid Train Service.

Toronto Globe, Sept. 22nd. The editor of The Colonizer, an English magazine devoted to colonization, exploration and migration, has traveled in Canada recently, and part of his journey was from St. John, N.B., to Halifax, and from thence by the Intercolonial Railway Maritime Express to Quebec, where he connected with the homeward-bound steamer.

"We left St. John by the Intercolonial railway for a twelve hours' ride to Halifax. This railway is owned by the people of Canada, and is called the People's line—Canada's All-Canada Route to the Sea. Excellent train service is given."

"One of the features which we fully appreciated was the most excellent service on the dining cars. Each meal costs 75 cents, and a splendid choice is given. On each occasion we enjoyed well cooked meals served by courteous and obliging waiters, and were struck by the variety of the carte. After our experiences of the slipshod meals on other railways, the change was delightful. It is a matter of concern to all travellers on long journeys to receive good meals. We have tried dining cars where meals are advertised as 'famous,' and unhesitatingly affirm that the 75-cent meals on the Intercolonial cars proper are miles ahead in every way and meet the public needs most nearly. We hope the management will persevere in giving the public that which, with our much-travelled experience, we declare to be equal, if not superior, to that on any other railway in Great Britain, America, or the European continent."

QUESTIONS FOR MR. HANNA.

London Advertiser. There is some discussion over the conduct of Hon. W. J. Hanna in acting as counsel in several cases before the drainage referee, an official of the Ontario government, removable at its pleasure.

One of these cases calls for special attention. It was a dispute between the township of Metcalfe and the townships of Adelaide and Warwick, tried at Stratroy on May 22nd to 25th, 1906. The referee having given judgment in favor of Metcalfe, which was represented by Mr. Hanna as counsel, and Mr. Pope of Stratroy, as solicitor, the township of Adelaide entered an appeal, but negotiations for a compromise were opened, and a settlement was effected, which involved a grant of \$2,500, from the provincial government. Of this sum \$1,450 goes to Metcalfe, and it is said will scarcely suffice to pay for the services of Mr. Hanna and Mr. Pope.

Did Mr. Hanna suggest these negotiations? Did he use his influence as a member of the government to secure a grant from the government to a municipality which was indebted to him for legal services?

An answer to these questions is imperative.

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People who have perfect digestion need never worry about danger of disease. Sound digestion produces a surplus of vital energy, whenever digestion is disturbed restore it to normal condition at once with Day's Dyspepsia Cure. This preparation has digestive, tonic and laxative properties. Each bottle contains sixteen days' treatment. For sale only at Wade's drug store.

RURAL MAIL DELIVERY.

Toronto Star. The sole objection to rural mail delivery is its expense. For this reason it is wise to make a modest beginning. But there is ground for hope that the policy may be developed and enlarged without burdening the country. The post-office is not a losing, but a paying institution, and what is more, its financial position has been steadily improving.

In 1896 the deficit was \$781,540,000. In 1902 there was a surplus of \$5,000. In 1905 there was a surplus of nearly half a million. In the two following years there were surpluses of more than a million. And all this time postal rates were being reduced—the Canadian rate, the imperial rate, the rate to the United States from three to two cents. The rate on drop letters has just been cut in two, and, judging by the experience of previous reductions, this will not impair the service.

In all public undertakings the surplus should be used to extend the service; and upon this principle the time is ripe for rural mail delivery and other public benefits.

ANOTHER BROKER'S STATEMENT.

"As far as I know there is no combine in existence now fixing a minimum rate for the carriage of grain on the lakes. This information was given to a Witness representative, to-day, by an exporter, whose activities keep him in close touch with lake carriers, and who, in the past has not been backward in proclaiming his knowledge and suspicions in this matter. "I am talking of the present time, remember, because everybody was aware, and the association made no secret of its agreement as to tariff last year, and right up to this spring. But there has been such an outcry in the papers, talk of appeals to Mr. Brodeur, and so forth, that I suppose

Poetical Selections

If I Could Touch. William Stanley Heathwaite. If I could touch your hand to-night, And hear you speak one little word, I then might understand your fight, Up the star steps, snows, upward.

If through the mists of gold and gray That tint the weary sunset skies There shone two stars across the bay That thrilled me like your passionate eyes.

If only some small part of you Would speak or touch or rise in sight, Death would be then between us two, The passing of a summer's night.

The Parish Bells. The bells of the parish chime at morn The welcome sweet To the day they greet. And promises for the day that's born: A hope that the weary with tasks undone— A plea for the weak ere the evening sun— And cheer for the saddened is borne up— The chime of the parish bells at dawn.

The bells of the parish at eventide— A knell a sigh For the day gone by. And summer for the hopes that died: A trust that the Father will see the best The day has borne, and forget the rest— A prayer on the wings of the fading light Is the knell of the parish bells at night.

The Smile of a Woman. Baltimore Sun. The smile of a woman—it brings back the sun When shadows drift down and the daylight is done! The smile of a woman—it lifts and it leads The heart that is heavy, the spirit that bleeds! The smile of a woman in world that are dim With garments of winter, wind-driven and white, Dawns down the dark valleys and over the hills 'Till spring laughs again on the lips of the hills And summer's soft morning comes back to the land With a rose in its hair and a bloom in its hand The smile of a woman—it brings to the earth The music of morn and the red lips of mirth, The hope and the joy and the dreaming of rest Where Love holds a little one's face on her breast.

Dear Hands. Susan Marr Spaulding. Roughened and worn with ceaseless toil and care, No perfumed grace, no dainty skill had these. They earned for whiter hands a jewel of ease, And kept the scars unlovely for their share. Patient and slow, they had the will to bear The whole world's burdens, but no power to seize The finer joys of life, the gifts that please, The gold and gems that others find so fair. Dear hands, where bridal jewel never shone, Where on no lover's kiss was ever pressed, Unwanted quiet on the breast, I see through tears, your glory newly done. The golden circlet of life's work well done. Set with the shining pearl of perfect rest.

The Old School. Thomas Burke in London Nation. Here where the white-crowns sweep and crier And far hills fade as it is night, And evening trembles into night, And rooks like wavy ribbons rise, And hills encircle, fold in fath— Her passive, purple robes and loom: And from a depth of melting gloom Leap out her hundred sails of gold. Upon the air soft voices go— Faint echoes of a lover's lay When life was ours and life was May, When the first shrinking violets blow.

And all the sadness of the years, And all the pains of old desire, Revive, and like a smouldering fire, Burn deeper for the rain of tears. Yet are the dead not wholly gone: They bore her name by land and sea, The higher parts where hills are near, When all is done, reclaim her own.

So as her festal windows glow, Within their castellated frame, Each light becomes the ardent flame Of some young soul of long ago.

Repentance. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Straight through this fact to-day By Truth's own hand is driven— God never takes one thing away But something else is given.

I did not know in earlier years This law of love and kindness, I only mourned through bitter tears My loss in sorrow's blindness.

But ever following each regret O'er some departed treasure My sad, repining heart was met With unexpected pleasure.

I thought it only happened so, But Time this truth has taught me— No least thing from his life can go But something else is brought me.

It is the law—complete, sublime— And now with faith unshaken It pains me 'till I bid my time, When any joy is taken.

No matter if the crushing blow May for the moment down me, Still back of it waits Love, I know, With some new gift to crown me.

Don't. J. W. Foley in New York Times. A hundred times a day I hear His mother say: "Don't do that! dear!" From early morn till dusk 'tis all "Don't do that, dear!" I hear her call From the back porch and front and side As though some evil would betide Unless she drummed it in his ear; "Don't do that, dear!" "Don't do that, dear!"

If he goes out and slams the door: "Don't do that, dear!" and if the door Is newly scrubbed and he comes near: "Don't do that, dear!" "Don't do that, dear!" His life is all "Don't this," "Don't that," "Don't loose the dog," "Don't chase the cat."

"Don't go," "Don't stay," "Don't be there," "Don't here," "Don't do that, dear!" "Don't do that, dear!"

Sometimes he seems to me still As any mouse until a shrill "Don't do that, dear!" falls on the air And drives him swift away from there, So when he finds another spot: "Don't do that, dear!" and he says: "What?"

And she replies and cannot say— "Well, don't do it, anyway!"

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9 Good Things.

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