SUPPOSE WE PUSH *the* CLOCK *an* HOUR AHEAD.

"Charlie—oh, Charlie! Get up—it's half-past six o'clock, and you'll be late for work."

She succeeded in raising his sleepy head a few inches from the blissful pillow; but he fell back again with a resoluteness that jarred the bedside.

"You, Charlie—do you hear me? It's half-past six. Look at the clock."

Half lifted, he stared at the insolent dial. Yes; it was half-past six. He leaped out, and drew the window curtain. The night hung black as Erebus.

"Half-past six, eh?" Charlie muttered, as he reached under the bed for his shoe. "I'm a poor, but honest man; and no falsifying clock is going to shake me out of bed at half-past five another day longer."

The heel of the shoe went through the clock face, with all the tons of his accumulated wrath.

"That," announced Charlie, as he dived back under the heavenly covers, "settles the hour-ahead business, if I lose my job this morning."

It was the beginning of the terrific war on clocks, which had been imported from England, where they didn't like the new time arrangement any better than here.

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise.
—Verses by Some Ancient Criminal.

Fanciful? A prose poem by Edwin Markham, tired labor's most clangorous champion? Not in the least. Only the advance sketch of what may be happening in a million homes here, if the English advocates of pushing the clock an hour ahead should ultimately gain their goal and America should seek to profit by their example.

The movement has had many and most earnest adherents in England.

It had its origin in conditions which all England recognized and deplored.

To begin with, every indication pointed to the fact that England was tired—tired with that fag of overwork under which a man, from sheer training in habits of industry and from sheer force of will driving the worn-out bodily energy, goes to his job every day at the regular hour, and then lies up against it, doing so little that he might as well be loafing.

For years there had been lamentation over the decadence of the erstwhile mighty British mechanic, accusing him of idling whenever he was not directly under the "master's" eye and, when he was, showing a truly nefarious artfulness in accomplishing nothing, while he appeared to be working steadily.

But, a few years ago, the very classes who were in the habit of heaving bricks of admonition at the British working man themselves gave disconcerting evidence of the same disorder. Among the well-to-do, whose brains were very urgently needed in the management of their various businesses and enterpises, or in the country's politics, the "week-end" spread to such a consuming extent that the working week, normally a full six days, with Sunday for normal, Scriptural rest, was pared down to four days and a half, because:

What! Run down to a country house for a Saturday half holiday, and rush back in the small hours, Monday morning? Might as well stay in town over Sunday and bore yourself to death.

No; better knock off work sensibly Friday evening, enjoy a decent rest, and be full of vim by Monday. But this business of using a week-end Saturday morning—why, you might as well leave town Saturday afternoon. Better quit work early Friday—say, about noon—travel comfortably, and have all day Saturday for satisfying relaxation.

Then came the bank clerks, and other polite employees, whose firms perceived they would be all the better for a break in the working afternoon—just a few minutes, you know, while tea could be served—sort of a pick-me-up, to increase the efficiency of the office force.

At that agreeable stage of the paring-down process on the working day Great Britain suddenly awoke to the appalling fact that Germany, where everybody manufactured and clerked and sawed wood as long as anybody was able, was invading the world's markets like an irresistible avalanche. Worse—Germany was actually capturing England's own home market with almost anything she chose to export to Great Britain.

The searching of hearts and the searing of consciences followed. But loafing on the job, week-ends, and afternoon tea, and all the other handicaps of a nation overweighted with generations of work and rights devoted to pleasures more or less exhausting, were too strongly entrenched each in its conceded privileges, to be done away with.

It was then that the proposal ran like wildfire, all over Great Britain, to push the clock an hour ahead. Everybody would have to get up an hour earlier, by the clock, and everybody would, by the same old clock, stop work an hour earlier.

It looked like tweedledum vs. tweedledee, so far as the actual working time goes that can be chiseled out of twenty-four hours. But the adherents of the movement contended that the early hours of the day possess a vitalizing power which would assure the early-rising nation more energy in its labors; that the day's rest would come at an earlier hour, and so be less profligately enjoyed; in short, that the hour-ahead ruse would be a wholesale trick on humanity to make it healthy, and so, prosperous.

Now, when an Englishman wants anything, from a porous plaster to a miracle by Joshua, he proposes an act of parliament. "The daylight bill," as it is known, has already won the favor of the select committee in the House of Commons, and no one in England will be surprised if it be in active operation by April next.

The world is such a tight little ball of mud nowadays that no nation, like Great Britain, can so tremendously alter its activities without directly affecting the United States in some measure—as, for example, in Stock Exchange dealings, where, even now, only two hours are available for all transactions between America and Europe.

Indirectly, by the force of example, it may lead to a similar movement here; or, should it improve Great Britain's position in her competition with Germany, and force Germany to push its clocks an hour ahead, the United States might then be literally compelled to join the early-rising movement.

HAWKING MACHINES.

Catarrh Sufferers Are Nothing But Hawking, Spitting and Blowing Machines, Says An Authority.

Is it possible that in these days when cleanliness and sanitary reform is being preached in the churches, schools and at public gatherings, that thousands of people will continue to suffer from catarrh when there is an absolutely certain remedy always on hand.

Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) is a pleasant, medicated and antiseptic air. Breathe it in and it will cure catarrh. It will stop foul breath, watery eyes, and crusts in the nose in a few days.

Mrs. H. W. Wilson, of Johnson St., Wallaceburg, Ont., says: "Yes, we are great friends to Hyomei for the reason that Mr. Wilson has had catarrh for several years and tried several remedies and doctors, but nothing has relieved the trouble like Hyomei. His trouble is from pains across the eyes and a burning or huskiness in his throat. Sometimes much difficulty in breathing, the glands in his eyes and nose swollen and the disease made him literally sick all over. I cannot say enough in praise of Hyomei, and there is nothing that can give better relief to catarrh than this remedy which we heartily recommend."

A complete Hyomei outfit, consisting of a strong, hard rubber pocket inhaler and a bottle of Hyomei, costs only $1, and extra bottles, if afterwards needed, cost only 50 cents each. G. W. Mahood sells it and guarantees it to do exactly as advertised.

Hyomei also cures asthma, bronchitis, coughs, colds and infant's croup.

AFFAIRS AT ATHENS.

Many Granolithic Walks Laid There This Year.

Athens, Nov. 6.—The granolithic sidewalk contractors have suspended work here for the year. They made local improvements to the tune of $71.40. On account of illness, the Marks' Bros' company did not fill its engagement here last week. C. R. MacIntosh, former principal of the late model school, visited here on Saturday last. Mrs. E. J. Pressant has returned to Guelph after visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. N. Beckstedt. J. Earle and daughter, Mrs. Moulton, are visiting in Hamilton. W. T. Wallace, M.A., of Queen's University, occupied the pulpit of St. Paul's church, last Sunday. Rev. E. H. Croly, of Lyndhurst, visited Rev. R. B. Patterson, at the rectory last week. Rev. W. N. Scott, of the Baptist church, is in Ottawa for a few days.

The W.M.S., of the Methodist church had a very enjoyable meeting at the parsonage, yesterday. A good programme was provided and Mrs. (Rev.) F. A. Reid gave a report of the meeting of the board of missions. Refreshments were served at the close. The adult Bible class of the Methodist church is to be entertained at the parsonage, this evening. Plans are being made by the various Sunday schools to hold a union meeting in the interests of temperance on the afternoon of Sunday, November 29th.

The Epworth League social on November 2nd, was very enjoyable. The chief event was the missionary photograph contest, the winner being Miss Lulu Smith. There were also other puzzles and some questions in pictorial arithmetic to engage the attention of those not taking part in the contest. The literary programme consisted of vocal numbers by Miss Winnifrid Halliday, of Phillipsville, and Miss Smith, and recitations by Miss Rae Gallagher and Mrs. William Towriss. Refreshments were served in the basement of the church.

Pleasant Hallow'en gatherings were held at the homes of Miss Marion Cornell and Miss Frances Clow. A surprise party at Miss Bessie Rowsome's last week proved very enjoyable for the thirty or so of students who were fortunate enough to be present. A hockey team has been selected and now the players are just waiting for ice.

VALUE OF RAW APPLES.

If You Want to Live Long Eat Plenty.

Many persons fancy that raw apples are indigestible and only endurable in the early morning. Doubtless the old adage that fruit is gold in the morning, silver in the middle of the day and lead at night is to some extent answerable for this erroneous impression.

Dietitians say that ripe, raw apples contain more phosphates in proportion to their bulk than any other article of food, fish not excepted. A recent writer on this point boldly declares that in this lies the secret of healthful longevity. They correct biliousness and act as a sedative upon the racked nerves and allay insomnia.

"Eat uncooked apples constantly, although, of course, in moderation, and drink distilled water only and years will be added to your life, while the evidences of age will be long in coming."

This argumnt is based on the supposition that as age advances the deposits of mineral matter in the system increase and that aging is little more than a gradual process of ossification.

Phosphoric acid contains the least amount of earth salts and for that reason is probably the nearest approach to the elixir of like known to the scientific world.

If you want to live long, retain your youth at the same time and to increase your brain tissue eat plenty of apples, drink only distilled water and eat as little bread as possible.

Tart apples are far more wholesome than sweet, and all, like potatoes, should be fully ripe when eaten.

A pioneer resident of Thurlow passed away, Friday, in the person of Permelia Latta, widow of the late George Latta, Poucher's Mills. She was seventy-four years of age and had been ill for the past three months.

All disorders caused by a bilious state of the system can be cured by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. No pain, griping or discomfort attending their use. Try them.

Miss Minnie Palmer, trained nurse, of Belleville, was severely injured in a runaway accident at Cortland, Ky., a few days ago, and died from her injuries.

The death took place in Sydney, of Mrs. Lavina Ketcheson, widow of the late Charles Ketcheson, in her

Poetical Selections.

Silver Wedding.

Said the Fork to the Knife,
"I cannot be your wife,
Although you're a dashing young blade
You've the polish of steel,
Yet I cannot but feel
At your side just a trifle afraid."

"Lack-a-day!" said the Knife,
"If you'll not be my wife,
A mate I must seek very soon,
For working alone
Is not easy, I own;
I think I'll propose to the Spoon."

With a face like a bowl?"
"What! That pudgy fat soul,
Said the Fork, in satirical voice,
"'Tis needed in life,
When selecting a wife,
To be circumspect in one's choice."

"Now the sugar tongs seem
A most excellent scheme,
A helpmate 'twould be at my side,
Of course there's a spring,
As of youth, in that thing—"
"Suit yourself, sir," the lady replied.

But the Knife whispered low,
"I cannot be so,
There is only one end to my fate."
And so they were wed,
In a water cress bed,
On the flowery edge of a plate.

As It Seems To Him.

Youth's Companion.

The bright sun is a little boy who runs
around the sky
To meet his mother every night.
I watch him going by.
At six he jumps out of his crib.
I like to see him stand
Behind our house, all red and glad
above my pile of sand.
By nap time he has gone way round, peeps
in my room at me;
And while I rest he plays outside behind
my appletree.
The little sun walks toward the pines
all through the afternoon
Because he hears his mother call,
"Come, boy, to cribby soon!"
His mother heaps big clouds of pink for
covers on his bed,
And on a pillow soft and blue she lays
his yellow head.
I used to wonder how the crib could be
in front at night
And yet behind our house the sun could
wake up at daylight.
I've thought it out; All through the
dark his mother's kind strong hand
Just wheels his crib on round the sky
back to my pile of sand.

The Weaver.

Nancy Byrd Turner, in Youth's Companion.

All night the lady spider spun
Her silver tapestry upon
A loom that reached from edge to edge
Of rose-bush branch and window-ledge—
A wooden wall, a curtain green,
With the fine fabric hung between.
All night unceasingly she toiled
While thread on silky thread uncoiled,
And, barred and ringed and waves
through,
The dainty wonder-pattern grew.
Now and again a wind breathed by
And shook the sheer strands fitfully;
Once in the dark a blundering moth
Was tangled in the fragile cloth,
But a good firefly held his light
Till she could set the trouble right;
A thread respun, a mended rent,
And on the happy weaving went.
Near down, a rose-cup overflowed
And all the texture thickly sewed
With gems of dew. Then, as the last
And on the happy weaving went,
Soft line was being tethered fast,
Up rose the sun—and lo, the thing
Of the small toiler's fashioning
Was shimmering silver, golden-decked,
Shot with rare colors, diamond-decked;
Delicate, perfect, filmy-fair,
Fit for a fairy queen to wear!

Ah me, with never warning cried,
Sudden the noiseless blinds flew wide,
And on the shaken rose-bush flew
A fluttering broken thread or two!
The lady spider scurried out
Safe from the ruins—put to rout,
Defeated, overthrown in vain:
At dark she will begin again.
Already she has chosen the site;
A wondrous web she'll weave to-night—
A mesh of lacy gossamer
Hung with the finest skill of her
Lovingly, on another loom—
The window of another room!

For One Gone Home.

Emily Huntington Miller, in Interior.

Sometimes the Master takes a human
life
And clothes it with the beauty of His
grace,
And sets the radiance of His peace to
shine
With its clear light on some beloved
face.

And hand in hand with His own saints
we stray,
While day by day their voices tenderer
grow;
Till, sudden, at the parting of the way,
His chariot meets them, and they smile
and go.

So she passed on—the loving and the
loved—
We know not where—we could not see
for tears—
But in some realm from doubt and fear
removed,
She wears the beauty of unfading
years.

Smiling she waits, serene and undismayed;
For lo! her eyes in clearer light behold
The hosts of God in shining ranks
arrayed,
The angel guard the prophet saw of
old.

Onward with them her tireless footsteps
press;
Her soul takes up their strong, exultant call,
And knows the truth our hearts but
dimly guess,
How God's great purpose folds about
us all.

With us with them; unseen, yet near at
hand;
Not loving less for that sweet, heavenly birth,
She has but joined the glad immortal
band
Who do the Master's will in heaven or
earth.

Who knows what nobler errands of His
grace
In ways untried her eager hands fulfil?
Or if her feet, with swift, unwearied
pace,
Tread the familiar paths before us
still?

When strength is small and courage almost fled,
It may be hers to whisper at our side:
"O faint not! fear not! since the Master said,
All power is Mine, and I with you
abide."

MARRIED.

HUYCK—WAGAR.—At Napanee, Nov. 4th, Charlotte Mary (Lotta) Wagar, to Edward Blake Huyck.

BAKER—ABRAMS.—At Tamworth, on Nov. 4th, Wm. Geo. Baker and Mary Ann Abrams, both of Sheffield township.

GRANT—ASSELSTINE.—At Moscow, on Oct. 28th, Frederick A. Grant, Sydenham, to Flora Belle Asselstine, Moscow.

SHERMAN—McWAIN.—On Oct. 28th, at Napanee, Jennie Pearl McWain, eldest daughter of Thos. McWain, of Gretna, to James Stanley Sherman.

FRASER—SWITZER.—At Tamworth, on Nov. 4th, Sergeant John G. Fraser, of No. 8 Co., Arden, and Miss Aldora Storr Switzer, of Marlbank.

DIED.

GREEN.—At Napanee, on Oct. 31st, Mrs. Eliza M. Green, aged eighty-three years.

WAGAR.—At Richmond, on Nov. 2nd, Eli Wagar, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eli

Weak Little Boys

may become fine strong men. Some of the strong men of to-day were sickly boys years ago. Many of them received

Scott's Emulsion

at their mother's knee. This had a power in it that changed them from weak, delicate boys into strong, robust boys.

It has the same power to-day. Boys and girls who are pale and weak get food and energy out of *Scott's Emulsion*. It makes children grow.

Send this advertisement, together with name of paper in which it appears, your address and four cents to cover postage, and we will send you a "Complete Handy Atlas of the World"

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington Street W., TORONTO, ONT.

It is well known
to the Medical profession that

WILSON'S Invalids' Port

(à la Quina du Pérou)

is the most potent, simple and agreeable factor in maintaining health.

It is the best and simplest preparation for regulating the action of the heart.

Dr. EDEN WALKER
New Westminster, B.C.
Says:
"I have used Wilson's Invalids' Port a good deal in my practice in the last ten months, and am very pleased with the result. It is a first rate tonic, and has the advantage of being palatable, and easily borne by cases with impaired digestion."

BIG BOTTLE
All Druggists Everywhere. 43

"WOMEN!"
"Are You Nervous?"

The results of modern civilization are evidenced in an increase of nervous disorders. It could not be otherwise with the way we eat, drink, lose sleep, and keep up a continual round of excitement. The work, the worry, the excitement, all tell upon the nerves till they cry out in revolt, and will not be placated till a remedy such as

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

come along with their nerve-strengthening and energizing properties, and restore them to their normal condition.

Mrs. Wm. Levi, Markdale, Ont., writes: "I had for several years been troubled with nervousness, and, like many others, spent lots of money on medicine that did me no good. I was so bad that the least noise would make me jump and my heart would thump so you could hear it plainly and I could not lie on my left side at night. I saw a few testimonials of others and decided to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and to my great joy and surprise they completely cured me and it only took six boxes to do it. I have a neighbor, Mrs. Rickett, and I induced her to try them and they effected a cure. I can endorse their use for anyone afflicted as I was."

Price, 50 cents a box, 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Unshrinkable Underwear can't ravel. It is knitted by machines that lock every stitch.

We stand ready to give you a new garment for any Stanfield's Underwear that ravels, just as we will replace any Stanfield's Underwear that shrinks.

Sizes from 22 to 70 inch chest—in light, medium and heavy winter weights.

Your dealer will likely have your size and weight. If not, he can get them for you.

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STANFIELDS LIMITED - TRURO, N.S.

Miss Elizabeth Willoughby, sister of the late Hon. Dr. Willoughby, has been appointed matron of the Insti-

Extra Good Value
$2.00

Men's Box Kip Blucher Boot. Good wide back strap down to heel. Solid insole. Good counter

for $2.00

H. JENNINGS, King St

Wm. Murray Auctioneer
27 BROCK ST.
New Carriages, Cutters, Harness etc., for sale.
Sale of Horses every Saturday.

When a girl gets the hammock habit her mother is apt to acquire about the same time the ironing habit.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

Established 1873 — 51 Branches

is a Bank of age and strength. It has a record behind it of 35 years of sound and successful business, and is strong in resources and banking experience.

We invite you to join the large number of prudent, successful people who have found banking relations with it both agreeable and profitable.

If you have not yet begun to save your spare dollars make a start to-day by depositing *One Dollar or more in our Savings Department.* 62

KINGSTON BRANCH
J. S. Turner, Manager
COR. PRINCESS AND BAGOT STS.

"No Bread Like Toye's Bread"

That's what they all say. 'Phone 467, or send your order to

195 Ontario Street.

"Regenerating" The Indian.

Outing Magazine.

Among the Pueblo Indians is the largest Indian school in the country, under a kindly management, which is heroically struggling to fit one hundred and sixty round pegs into square holes. It looked like a bad job. The teacher seemed unhopeful, and the depressed faces of the pupils, beneath the unhandsome government bang of their hair, contracted painfully with my memory of the jollity and bubbling-over spirits of some Navajo children, mounting their ponies by climbing up their tails and galloping gaily off to their daily tasks of herding the cattle and sheep of their families.

It All Depended.

Calisle agriculture is a failure in Arizona, because of natural conditions of moisture, but the Hopi with their primitive methods cultivate corn and melons and grow peaches successfully, easily providing food for their families while the item of clothing is quite negligible.

Tourist—Looks like pretty good soil around here. What crops do the farmers grow in this section?

Native—That all depends, stranger.

Tourist—Depends on what?

Native—On what sort uv seed they puts in an' the weather.

Vital Importance.

You are sure to save needless suffering and you may save life by having at hand a bottle of Smith's White Liniment. It is of vital importance that pain or injuries be treated promptly. Here is a remedy that relieves pain in an almost magical way, and cures strains, bruises, lame backs, etc., quicker than any other remedy we know of. Large bottle 25c., at Wade's drug store.

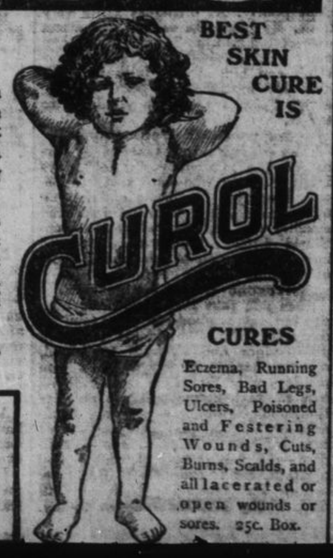
BAD LEGS

A TINY SCRATCH---WATCH IT!

One of the after effects of the recent summer is the serious sores and Bad Legs brought on through scratching the heat blains or insect stings. Few people realize the danger of a scratch. It often ends in blood poisoning and death, but invariably in a life-long BAD LEG. CUROL will prevent either, for immediately it is applied to a sore or wound, it gets busy and destroys the disease germs with a rapidity which is marvellous. There is no need for any one to suffer from bad leg, ulcers, and irritating annoying skin troubles when the CUROL treatment will remove them.

CUROL is a pure HEALING BALM, free from injurious minerals and rancid animal fats, and is absolutely pure. CUROL is a wonderful HEALER, and in long standing cases goes to the root of the difficulty with a determination which is simply marvellous. It first of all eradicates every particle of disease and foreign matter. Having accomplished this, the healing is often only a matter of days. THE HEALING DONE BY CUROL IS WELL DONE, for it positively will not heal until the wound is clean and free from impurities.

25 CENTS BOX. Sold by all druggists and stores, or post paid from CUROL SALVE CO., SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO. 6 boxes $1.25



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Eczema, Running Sores, Bad Legs, Ulcers, Poisoned and Festering Wounds, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, and all lacerated or open wounds or sores. 25c. Box.

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MAIL THIS COUPON TO CUROL CO SPADINA AVE. TORONTO. FOR FREE SAMPLE
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