

Linen of Snowy Whiteness

The real beauty of linen lies in its whiteness. It must come from the washing spotlessly clean. So, naturally enough, it is always rubbed twice as hard, and so wears out twice as fast.

But here is a new way to wash linen as well as other fabrics—a way that saves half the rubbing and doubles the life of the garment.

This new way is the way of Taylor's Borax Soap. For no other soap saves both labor and garments as does this wonderful soap—it saves its own cost many times over.

Taylor's Soap

Here is the Taylor way: Place the white clothes in warm, soapy water and let them soak over night. Then draw them out one by one and rub them lightly with Taylor's Borax Soap. When well soaped, roll them up and lay them in the bottom of the tub under water. Let them soak in this way for half an hour. Then rub them gently on the washboard, rinse and wring them out. Hang them on a rope clothes line, for wire may put iron rust spots on the clothes.

Scalding is never necessary with this soap, for it removes the dirt by itself. The borax softens the water, so less soap is required, and also much less rubbing.

Colored clothes are washed the same, only they should not be left to soak over night, and never boiled. Follow these simple directions and your clothes will come out fresh, clean and free from any "soapy smell." The white goods will be whiter, the colored goods brighter and the woollens softer than ever before.

Borax not only softens the water, but also softens—the hands—it leaves them even whiter than ever before. Also it purifies and sweetens—it destroys every germ and prevents the possibility of contagion.

Don't be satisfied with common soaps that make it necessary to rub your clothes doubly long. Such soaps are more expensive than you ever imagine. This wonderful soap costs no more to buy than the ordinary—so why not have the best when you pay no more? Order a box today.



JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA.



Autumn Shoe Selling.

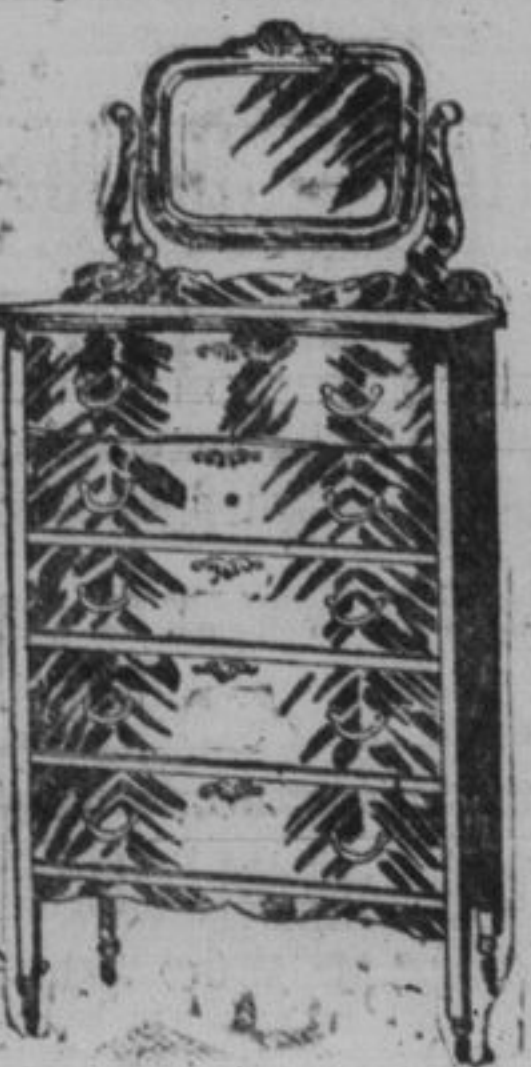
We frankly believe that no shoe house in Canada to-day has a more complete showing of Small New Fall Shoes than those we are daily showing. Our Patrons.

All the New Exclusive Features in Smart Shoes Are Here

The prices too are most reasonable. We shall enjoy showing you the new goods. Make yourself at home here. No need to buy. Just drop in and let us SHOW YOU.

J. H. SUTHERLAND & BRO.,

The Home of Good Shoe Making.



BEDROOM FURNITURE THIS WEEK

See Our Window Display.

Bedroom furnished complete. Solid Polished Oak or Mahogany Dressers, Solid Polished Oak Chiffoniers, Solid Polished Oak Ladies' Dressing Tables, Solid Polished Bedroom Chairs and Rockers, Brass and Iron Beds, Hercules Springs and Ostermoor Mattresses Students' Tables and Bookcases.

JAMES REID

Phone 197 for the Leading Undertaker.

GRAPE FRUIT

Also another car of those delicious California Valencia Oranges

R. H. Toye, 302 King St. Phone 141

At the Octagon House.

BY CLARISSA MACKIE.

Rosamond Lee walked slowly down the rose-bordered path to the tall stone wall that inclosed the deserted house next door. The owners were abroad and there was no prospect of their immediate return to inhabit the Octagon house, as it was called.

Rosamond had made many excursions about the neglected grounds and dreamed many dreams beneath the rotting trees that rose from the unkept turf. She had taken toll of the blooming flowers and shrubs in their seasons, and now she fed the gray squirrels that raced up and down the green branches.

Here family laughed at her fondness for the Octagon house and predicted a speedy abandonment when Mrs. Phillips came home again—for Mrs. Phillips was old and irascible and much feared by Rosamond since she was a little child.

But on this glorious September day when the late monthly roses were budding the path with delicate sweetness, Rosamond, a fair, sweet rose herself, thought little of Mrs. Phillips in distant Berlin. The day was made for her—far her alone—and the Octagon house!

She followed the stone wall to an intersecting fence which served as a stepping-stone. In a trice she had jumped lightly to the soft turf on the other side and sped swiftly across the dappled green toward the house.

The crooked piazza which followed the outline of the old house was covered with Virginia creeper, even now turning to brilliant scarlet and gold in one corner where the vines hung low and formed a curtain was a long wicker chair and a pile of Rosamond's favorite books.

She had tired of reading and was sitting half drowsy with sleep when a step on the piazza roused her. Never before had any one trespassed on her chosen retreat.

She had parted the vines and peeped through to discover a man's tall form bent to peep into the half-drawn shades of the long windows. He straightened up again and she saw that his clothes were gray and dusty and that white dust powdered his dark hair. He was mopping his forehead vigorously with a handkerchief and she noticed that his hands were bronzed by exposure to the sun.

"He's wondering how to get in," murmured Rosamond to herself. "If only I were brave enough I would go out and frighten him away—but I am fearfully afraid of burglars—and yet, if he should break in and steal some of Mrs. Phillips' pictures, I would feel dreadfully—because I have enjoyed her hospitality—unasked!" She smiled thoughtfully and then sat quietly.

Presently she dropped a book on the floor and rustled out of her retreat with a haughty expression on her sweet face. The stranger jumped to his feet and pulled off his gray cap.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I didn't know any one was around." Rosamond fixed him with a cold stare while she mentally decided that he was too good looking to be engaged in such

a nefarious pastime as burglarizing unoccupied country houses.

She lifted her pretty brows inquiringly. "You wished to see some one?"

"Why—er—no—I didn't expect to see any one here—I thought the place was vacant," he stammered, knocking his pipe a side, the running and stuffing it into his pocket.

"It is not vacant—I am here," said Rosamond bravely.

"So I—er—see," with an air of resignation.

"The house is well protected," "I am glad of that," he said heartily. Rosamond imagined his tone was sarcastic. "Perhaps you wished to see my husband," she said in a wavering voice.

"The man started violently and his eyes forsook her face and dropped to the ground. "Of course it would be a pleasure," he admitted. "Is he around?"

Rosamond edged closer to the steps and ran lightly down to the path below. "I will call him—he is not far away," she cried breathlessly. Then she turned and sped swiftly toward the wall that divided the place from her home.

Once there her father would telephone to the village for assistance and thus the burglary would be prevented.

She thought she heard swift steps behind her and she renewed her speed toward the wall. Her heart was beating almost to suffocation as she stepped on a loose stone. She uttered a terrified cry as the stone slipped and she fell to the ground.

Now she heard swift steps, in reality, as the stranger crossed the turf and bent anxiously above her. "I hope you have not hurt yourself," he said gravely.

"I have sprained my ankle," admitted the girl with white lips. "What were you trying to do—not to scale the wall?"

"Yes—was your husband over there?"

"A red flush crept to her brows. "Yes," she said.

"Shall I call him?" said the suspected burglar frankly. "Or shall I carry you back to the piazza and get you some cold water? Where are the servants?"

"I hope you have not hurt yourself," My aunt wrote me that the place was vacant." He hammered out the questions with remorseless haste.

Rosamond stared with growing horror. "Who are you? Who is your aunt?" she gasped in return.

"I am Mrs. Phillips' nephew—my name, David Phillips. I have bought the place and I came down to look it over. I was to have met the real estate man at the station—he came, but he forgot the keys, so I walked on. As he said nothing about the place being occupied, I was surprised to find a tenant."

Rosamond closed her eyes wearily, while her brain sought some escape from her appalling position. She was angry at having placed herself in such a situation. She might have known this good-looking young man was not a burglar. She opened her eyes with startling suddenness and looked straight at him.

"I wish you would go away," she said, petulantly.

"Of course, if you wish—but you are suffering. May I not call for your husband—if you will tell me his name and pulled off his gray cap.

"I haven't any husband," she said recklessly. "You see, I've been in the habit of running over here and sitting on the porch reading; and today I saw you looking in the window and

I thought you were a burglar, and so I tried to frighten you away by pretending I had a husband. I live next door and my name is Rosamond Lee—so there. You may laugh if you want to."

"But I don't want to laugh," he said softly. "I think it was awfully brave of you, you know, when you believed me to be a desperado. Now, Miss Lee, you must let me help you home again, for that ankle needs attention at once. Permit me as a neighbor and perhaps later on a friend."

He stooped and lifted her in his strong arms and carried her through quiet bypaths to a small gate in the wall, and thus up the rose-bordered path into her father's care.

Many times after that David Phillips strode up the rose-bordered path to see Rosamond Lee, and the following June when the roses were rioting in the garden he claimed her as his own, and together they passed under the portal of the rejuvenated Octagon house, of which Rosamond became in fact the mistress.

Ontario's Truancy Law.

Toronto Star. In its last issue of the Labor Gazette attention is directed to the amendment to the Ontario Truancy Act made at this year's session of the Legislature of that province. In Ontario, unlike Manitoba, every child between eight and fourteen years of age is required to attend school for the full term during which the school in the section or municipality in which he or she resides is in session, unless excused for certain reasons which are defined. By the amendment made in last session no child under the age of fourteen may be employed by any person during school hours. A penalty not exceeding \$20 for each offence is imposed for violation of this section.

Where, however, in the opinion of a justice of the peace or of the principal of the school, the services of a child are required in husbandry, or in urgent or necessary household duties, or for the necessary maintenance either of the child or of some person dependent upon the child, the justice or principal may by certificate setting forth the reason therefor, relieve the child from attending the school for any period not exceeding six weeks during each public school term.

An Old Play.

Strand Magazine. A treacherous tree is always interesting and entertaining, epigrammatic in conversation and delightfully outspoken.

When Miss Constance Collier was playing Roma in "The Eternal City" Mr. Hall Caine was anxious to get a powerful effect in a certain scene she was taking with the late Robert Taber, and the former himself was in a vein of reminiscence. "I once saw," said Mr. Caine, "a very striking bit of business. The man picked up the woman and threw her over his shoulder. Miss Collier looked at him in consternation, for she would be rather a heavy person to throw about. However, they did their best, but their futile efforts were interrupted by Tree. "That reminds me," said the actor-manager. "I saw a play in Italy once in which the hero caught hold of the heroine by the legs and banged her head on the floor." "Splendid—a magnificent idea!" in-terpolated the enthusiastic author. "What was the play?" "Punch and Judy," replied Tree.

No wonder the North Pole was so difficult to discover. There wasn't any pole there.



It is what's inside the garment that makes or mars it. Starting with equal quality cloth one tailor will produce a garment worth twice as much.

You cannot see inside a coat—and its hidden parts you must take on trust.

If we would make a Semi-ready Overcoat as some tailors are content to make clothes we could save a buyer \$5 to \$10—but he would lose money and we would lose his goodwill.

Where you find the Semi-ready label you look at clothes that are personally inspected and approved—and we guarantee the lasting quality of both fabric and workmanship.

Semi-ready Tailoring

"Better than Custom Tailoring" THE H. D. BIBBY CO. KINGSTON.

If Christie's "Zephyr Cream" Sodas were judged on flavor alone—

LEAVE aside, if you like, all other points of superiority and judge Christie's "Zephyr Cream" Sodas on flavor alone.

If you have never tasted Christie's you may say that there never is much flavor to a soda biscuit. Just you try Christie's and see!

The flavor of the pure, wholesome raw materials that go into Christie's "Zephyr Cream" Sodas is carried through to the finished product—and made lasting—by scientific methods of mixing, baking and packing. The Christie Flavor is delightful. Test it.

Christie, Brown & Company Limited



AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS WHO PLAYED AGAINST OXFORD.

It cannot be said that the hopes of May regarding the English cricket season, which concluded this week, have been realized. For the weather has rarely been summerlike. The Australians, whose triumph in the test matches, after a bad start, was a lesson in grit, skillful adaptation and machine-like unity, were unlucky not to win the last match of their tour, the result of which has already appeared. Had not the play been curtailed for two days owing to rain they would no doubt have wound up with a win.

Since they arrived in England, at the beginning of May, the Cornstalks have suffered only four defeats. Thirteen games have been won, and the large proportion of twenty-one of the thirty-eight matches entered upon was drawn. Although on figures they have not such a good record as the 1905 team, the Australians, all things considered, were superior to that side. On the other hand, they cannot be considered the equals of the 1902 or 1899 team.



It is officially announced that the Spanish troops occupied Mount Guruga, Morocco. The ascent of the mountain and its occupation was effected without resistance. The troops saluted the raising of the flag with prolonged cheering. The news of the Spanish success was communicated to King Alfonso, who manifested his great satisfaction.

Said the Miller—

BEAVER FLOUR is a blend of Ontario Fall Wheat and Manitoba Spring Wheat. Each supplies what the other lacks. It is as good for pastry as for bread—best for both. At your grocer's.

Beaver Flour

DEALERS—write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals. The T. H. Taylor Co. Limited, Charham, Ont.

Made to Measure **SHOES** Always Modish

SHOE REPAIRING WHILE YOU WAIT, is not idle talk. The Goodyear Repair Outfit I recently installed enables me to do work promptly and at less cost than ordinary shoe repairs. You save 15 per cent. in getting your work done at "The House of Quality."

A. E. Herod,

PHONE, 837. 286 PRINCESS STREET.