

LIVE HAIR CLEAR SKIN



Assured by the Use of CUTICURA Soap and Ointment

All who delight in a clear skin; soft, white hands; a clean, wholesome scalp and live, glossy hair will find that these pure, sweet and gentle emollients realize every expectation in promoting skin and hair health and bodily purity.

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If You Can Afford to use the BEST buy Robin Hood Flour

"The Flour that is different." "If you do you will find that the cost of ROBIN HOOD is smallest after all." "The bigger loaf is one difference." "Easier assimilation of the bread is another difference." "The sweeter flavor is a third difference." "There are other points of difference. Any one of them worth the extra cost."



Keep Fit Your brain, muscles and nerves depend upon good physical condition. Secure it by using BEECHAM'S PILLS

STEALING ACROSS

RUSSIAN BORDERS SAID TO BE EASILY EXPLOITED.

How One Adventurer Placed That "Grat" Was King in the Great Northern Empire.

Literary Digest. Although Dr. Louis Smirnov had his American passport and was free to enter Russia unmolested, he wanted the experience of "stealing the frontier." So he got into communication with one of the "frontier brokers" who make a business of smuggling people into or out of Russia for fixed sums. As he was travelling in the land of the Cossack under an assumed name, Dr. Smirnov leaves blank some of the dates and names, "for obvious reasons." In his account of his crossing the frontier, in the Great South-west Magazine (Kansas City), he gives us a glimpse of "grat" in Russia, an empire whose foundations, he says, "are of solid bribery, and the superstructure of incompetency and irresponsibility cemented with vodka and champagne (champagne)." We read:

It was a beautiful autumn morning that promised a bright clear day when we started, I and my fellow "frontier brokers," the driver and the broker, toward the frontier.

We were in a long, uncomfortable, springless wagon, with piles of straw for seats and a trying journey ahead of us.

Yellow and gold fields, as far as could be seen, spread out in all the glory of a full harvest of waving wheat and corn, whose seeds had not yet been cut down. There was vigor in the morning air and three hours of rapid driving brought us to the last station, a mere hamlet, on the German side.

The end of German territory was in sight. We approached it at a rather slow pace, halted on the line, looked back for a moment thoughtfully, then pulled across. Russia! And yet we were not for not a very great distance away was a sentry box painted with alternate black and white stripes, a sign of the Russian government, and two wooden posts about twenty feet apart, similarly painted, were connected by heavy iron chains.

Straight for this chain—sign of Russia—the driver was making. Our hearts beat high with suspicion, fear, excitement. We thought surely the frontier broker had betrayed us and was bringing us straight into the jaws of the lion to give us up to his mercy.

As for myself, I would most likely come in, if caught, for a few months or a couple of years in a loathsome dungeon before my case would go through all the great mass of Russian red tape and finally reach the ears of the American consul at St. Petersburg, or I might at once be given my walking papers and banished from Russia, never again to enter it—under official knowledge—which would be a great pity.

We stopped at the end of the drawn chain, the black-and-white striped posts, emblems of Russian authority, being on either side of us.

Our broker alighted and went into the guardhouse, walking boldly and with head erect, like a man who was at home here and in his proper element.

We held our breath, except when some of my companions uttered curses and imprecations, and even this was done in a whisper. Some covered down so as to become as diminutive as possible, with the instinctive anxiety to desire in the presence of a natural enemy to escape notice.

Shortly our broker came back with an officer at his side. It looked as if our immediate arrest was a certainty. But the other smiled as he came up to me, and I noticed that the two bottles of the fine Bordeaux which I had seen sticking out of the broker's pockets were now bulging from the pockets of the officer's great grey coat.

"Zdrastvoite!" was the officer's greeting, but those who understood him dared not reply.

"This is the Italian duke," said the broker as he pointed to me; "the noble lady at her side is her highness, his wife, and the gentleman on the left is his son."

"Pravdo, pravdo, ya pominalny." I blushed scarlet with both indignation and shame. The Czech peasant woman and the real Russian were many years my seniors!

"Count von Heller and His Excellency der Herzog von Strosserhaus," said our obedient broker, introducing the German to the officer.

"Bitte, bitte," one of the Germans said as he handed the officer a handful of the best cigars ever made.

These he pocketed readily, and inquired as he pointed to a case of amourette, ill concealed by the straw in the wagon.

The Germans dummed and stammered with embarrassment, but the ever-ready guide of ours replied:

"A basket of lunch for the picnic that their highnesses are going on."

"Ah, ah!" inquired the paschalistic, "investigate" (pardon, please pardon me).

"Good day, good people," the officer said in parting, as the broker passed a sealed envelope over to him.

The chain was let down and we were allowed to go through unmolested. I looked back cautiously and saw the officer hastily tear open the envelope to see if the full amount, so much per head, was there, ready to recall us if it was not.

The amount was correct. Needless to say, this grat was divided among the guard and the officers of the guard in proportion to their rank.

We had passed the danger line and were safe in Russia, but we had not gone far when we saw a convoy coming under heavy guard from the same direction we hailed from. They were a group of men, women and children waiting to cross the frontier.

They were Jews, Poles, Russians, stealing out of Russia, to America, England, or Canada, but they loitered their last duty to their country, the pressing of the great mass of grasping officials, the "stealing" of the "grat."

TOMBSTONES UPSET

NEWBORO WONDERS IF THE THUNDER DID IT.

A Bad Fire Was Narrowly Averted—Bucket Brigade Worked Successfully—Wedding Scheduled for the 29th.

Newboro, June 21.—A serious fire was narrowly averted here last Friday afternoon. Shavings were being burnt in the forge in the shop of M. Vety and Paul, and sparks flew out and settled on the roof. When discovered the roof was on fire in three places, and owing to the dryness of the shingles had made considerable headway. A volunteer bucket brigade was formed and after a hard fight the fire was got under control. The I.O. O.F. hall is over this shop and for a time it was feared that the valuable regalia would be destroyed, but fortunately it escaped without any damage.

Early visitors to St. Mary's Anglican cemetery on Sunday morning found that seven monuments had been thrown over some time during the past week. At first it was thought that some demented person had perpetrated the deed, as no reason could be given for such an act. Many people, however, believe that the stones were in some way blown over by the thunderstorm on Saturday morning, although flower pots and other loose articles in the cemetery were not stirred. It is expected that local authorities will make an investigation.

Misses Frances Lewis and Helen J. Leggett were Tuesday visitors in Brockville. Misses Mad and Wood, of New York, came here on Saturday evening in their private car and are spending this week in the locality, enjoying the fishing in Newboro Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Murray, a son, Miss Lena Grothier, attending Ottawa Normal School, returned home on Saturday evening. Mrs. T. P. Kelley and son, T. P. Jr., of the Shamrock Concert company, are spending a few days at their home, Erin Cliffe, near here, before rejoining the company on its final tour of Quebec and the maritime provinces.

Rev. G. C. Wood preached his farewell sermon on Sunday last in the Methodist church here to an unusually large congregation. Mr. Wood and family left on Monday for their new home at Knowlton, Que.

John Cawley Westport, has a large staff engaged building the new granolithic sidewalk. It is expected that they will be completed this week. Dr. Preston is in Brockville attending county council.

Mrs. J. J. Nolan, of the local fish and game warden, J. R. Wright, Mr. McKenzie, Westport, has moved into Miss R. Hazlett's house on By street. Mrs. J. W. Foster and little daughter, Miss Catharine, and Miss Agnes Walsh, of Geneva, N.Y., are spending a few weeks here, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Foster.

Dr. Roy K. Lillie, attending Chicago university for the past year, graduated last week and has returned home. J. J. Gallagher was called to Brockville Tuesday on business.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Frances, a grand daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Sydney Lewis, to William Macdonnell, manager of the Bank of Montreal, Moosejaw, which will take place in St. Mary's church here on Wednesday 29th inst.

A number of men are engaged getting out the lumber at the Fisher's Landing wharves, near Bedford Mills, for the Ogdensburg Soda Pulp company.

Miss Mary Joyce, Kingston, Miss Joyce, Ottawa, M. Hamilton Joyce, Phillipville, were the guests of friends here Saturday evening. B. F. Bolton has recovered from his recent severe attack of bronchitis. Miss Agatha Cox returned on Saturday from a visit with relatives at Charlton. Mrs. Johanna Bell continues very ill. Ernest T. Foster, Lansdowne, was a visitor here over the week-end.

TOO MUCH WORK. Many Gave This as Reason—Resigning From Police Force.

Police men really have to work. There is not one round of pleasant evenings and merry days, not an uninterrupted career of flirting with pretty nursemaids and catching naps in the afternoon. If anyone doubts this statement, verification of it can be obtained from Col. Frank Pierce Morgan, raconteur, the prize beau of Washington, and the crown of statesmen for more than a generation. The colonel was walking on Pennsylvania avenue one afternoon when he exclaimed to his companion:

"See that fellow leaning against the lamp-post at that corner?"

The fellow was very visible, and exceedingly forlorn-looking.

"Well, sir," said the colonel waving his ornate hand, "that fellow bulbered me to death a couple of years ago asking me to get him a job on the police force. For three weeks, whether I went home at nine o'clock at night or two in the morning, there he was sitting on my front doorstep to ask me to get him that job. Finally I saw him loafing or something 'catamount' 'hereunto,' I succeeded in putting him on. He was delighted. He bought the most gorgeous uniform ever seen on any member of the force, and he went forth to protect public property and life. Five days I saw him loafing on a corner and expressed my surprise that he was not on duty."

"Oh, I resigned," he explained contemptuously. "Too much work. I didn't know a man had to work to be a policeman!"—Popular Magazine.

Why He Was Cruel. Tailor—I'm Glad that the Hamann Society has at last put Goodenough behind the bars.

Chalantor—What has he been doing?

Tailor—Why, he was so excessively and continually kind to his dog that he made the poor animal very ill, and was obliged to be put down.

It Reports a Remarkable Cure of Kidney and Bladder Disease From Belleville, Ont.

Also Recalls Mr. D. M. Waters' First Purchase of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills and Ointment a Quarter of a Century Ago.

When you read this letter you will readily understand why it is of special interest to us, for the druggist who sold the pills in this case gave his first order in 1885.

For twenty-five years Mr. Waters has watched the growth in popularity of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and other medicines and can now point to hundreds of cures in Belleville and vicinity resulting from his recommendations of these well-known medicines.

If you are tired of experimenting with any medicine which has proven its weakest control over disease of the kidneys and liver? Let this letter convince you or send us for records of hundreds of other cases.

Mr. Mark Ostry, Bay Side, Ont., writes:—"I purchased two boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills from my druggist, D. M. Waters, Belleville, Ont., and the amount of satisfaction my wife obtained from their use has led me to ask my druggist to send you this letter."

Mrs. Ostry suffered considerably with kidney and bladder trouble, causing great pain at times. The urine was very heavy and of a bad color. After taking a few doses of these pills, she felt better and when she had used the pills, she was entirely well."

The definite, direct and specific action of Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills on the liver, kidneys and bladder enables them to bring about cure in the most complicated cases. One pill does 25 cents a box, retail doses of 25 cents a box, wholesale doses of \$1.00 a box, 10 boxes \$10.00, sent by Dr. Chase & Co., Toronto.

MEXICAN CHURCHES

Are Built in Surprising and Beautiful Locations.

"It was a marvelous time of original and beautiful work that covered Mexico with churches, and set up in all the remote and almost inaccessible villages towers and domes that match the best work of Italy and recall the temples of Moorish art."

Every student of art and admirer of the picturesque and beautiful cannot fail to be impressed with the variety of design and grandeur of construction of the churches that are so lavishly scattered over Mexico. Most of them date back hundreds of years, and were built in a time when the Spanish patriots lorded over the humble people of the land, and compelled them to do their bidding with little or no reward. While the churches were designed by Spanish architects it is also very evident that the work was done by native Indians. On the facades, towers and portals are designs and figures unlike any architectural decorations in any other country. They are often difficult to interpret, and we come to the conclusion that in them are many Indian traditions of a prehistoric art and ornamentation. A great many of these carvings are not translatable and have more in common with the carvings on prehistoric temples than with those on any Christian edifices, much of them bearing a striking resemblance to Egyptian and Persian art.

The artists who designed these churches seemed to have had free play to express their love of beauty and originality in tower, facade, roof, and dome, and except in a general form there is nowhere any similarity between them. Often, as one goes whizzing through some small town or even in the open country, there can be seen above the green tops of ancient trees the marvelous domes and towers of the real pictures of the tombs of Aztecs and Incas, abundant in all Moslem countries; then, again, will appear a splendid tower that recalls a graceful minaret. The beauty and originality is almost entirely in the exterior, however. Nearly all of them, with their vivid outlines, picturesque walls, imposing towers, domes and facades, the falling colors and decaying decorations, are distinct, but the gaudy modern interiors are strikingly similar and almost universally commonplace.

One interesting thing about the churches of Mexico is their diversified and often surprising locations. In the United States the church in the small town is found in the centre of the village green, and each one is almost an exact counterpart of the other, but here they are built in all kinds of unusual form and interesting places. At Santa Fe there is a grand, weather-beaten old structure that seems to hang precipitated over a deep gorge, and the temple of Guadalupe is built on the side of a rock-covered hill. And in the country one can see domes and towers of churches arising from the midst of a timbered expanse of "mascate," standing boldly out on the open plain, with every outline clearly defined. The Holy Metropolitan church of Mexico, universally known as the cathedral, is one of the largest and most ambitious churches in the western hemisphere. It is built on the very foundation of the ancient pagan temple of the Aztecs, the cornerstone of the present building having been laid in 1573, but it was not till 1626 that it was formally dedicated. One may get some idea of the size of this church from the fact that there are thirteen different chapels in the building.

San Cosme is one of the oldest churches in the city, having been established about the year 1538. This monastery became a military post in 1836, and it was in the tower of this church that General U. S. Grant placed the howitzer that was used to such advantage in the battle of September 13, 1847.

Guadalupe is the most beautiful church and the holiest shrine in Mexico city. Before railroads were built over the country, Indians walked hundreds of miles over the mountains to worship there. The railing around the altar contains twenty-six tons of pure silver, and the floor is laid with diamond slabs of white and black Carrara marble.

About three miles west of the city's boundary is the hill Teotepac, the top of which is the sanctuary of Our Lady of Succor, called the church of Nuestra Señora de las Remedios. There is a beautiful and interesting legend about this building, which is so named from the fact that the virgin in whose honor it was built was supposed to have saved the lives of many thousands of Spanish soldiers.

Another well known church is San Diego, which was founded in 1621 by Franciscan monks. This church is just west of Alameda, and contains some of the most noted pictures in the republic, among them being "Prayer in the Garden" and "The Last Supper."

The original church and monastery of San Francisco were once the greatest in all Mexico, and its name is closely identified with the great events of the country from Cortez to Juarez. The ground covered three squares, in what is now the heart of the city. Cortez heard masses from its altars, here his bones were interred and here was sung the first Te Deum of Mexican independence.

If one does not come to Mexico for any other reason, it is well worth the visit to visit and study ancient churches, temples and cathedrals that are scattered so generously over the land.—Mexican Herald.

Ships Made of Concrete. An Italian engineer, Signor Gabrielini, has invented a process for the building of ships in artificial stone, and a vessel of this type is working with so much success that the firm of Frankfort that several more are in course of construction in Italy and Germany. The great advantage of the system is that ships built of reinforced concrete are free from barnacles. As compared with ordinary ships, the weight of a vessel is less by a fourth.

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SANITOL

Tooth and Toilet Preparations

are manufactured from the Best and Purest ingredients found in the world's markets. Are put up under the supervision of expert Analytical Chemists who have made their preparation a life-work. The choice of Toilet Preparations is a matter of vital importance—it concerns your health. Their absolute Purity is as essential to you as Pure Food or Pure Water.

SANITOL TOOTH PASTE 25¢

is pure white—CONTAINS NO COLORING MATTER—not only cleanses the teeth and keeps gold fillings bright, but permanently destroys the germs of decay. For those who prefer a powder there is no substitute for

SANITOL TOOTH POWDER 25¢

It acts differently from others. Its antiseptic properties tone up the entire mouth and gums, as well as clean and whiten the teeth and preserve them from decay.

SANITOL FACE CREAM 25¢

is pure white. Does not choke the pores. Contains no grease and is instantly absorbed. Invigorates and tones up the tissues of the skin. Removes all impurities and restores it to its natural healthy bloom. In choosing a Face Cream the purity of SANITOL is essential.

The other well-known SANITOL Preparations are:

- Sanitol Antiseptic Liquid, 25c and 50c
- Sanitol Children's Tooth Brush, 25c
- Sanitol Toilet (Toile) Powder, 25c
- Sanitol Toilet Water, 50c
- Sanitol Hygienic Toilet Soap, 25c
- Sanitol Bath Powder, 25c
- Sanitol Toilet-Etite Toilet Soap, 25c
- Sanitol Shaving Stick, 25c
- Sanitol Hair Shampoo, 50c
- Sanitol Hair Tonic, 50c
- Sanitol Face Powder, 25c

Our Specialty is Tooth and Toilet Preparations. We manufacture nothing else. Our standard is High-grade Quality. SANITOL Chemical Laboratory Co., Toronto, Ontario

Kellogg's