

PURIFIED HIS BLOOD  
Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills  
Healed Mr. Wilson's Sores

When the sewers of the body—bowels, kidneys and skin ducts—get clogged, the blood quickly becomes impure and frequently sores break out over the body. The way to heal them, as Mr. Richard Wilson, who lives near London, Ont., found, is to purify the blood. He writes: "For some time I had been in a low, depressed condition. My appetite left me and I soon began to suffer from indigestion. Quite a number of small sores and blotches formed all over my skin. I tried medicine for the blood and used many kinds of ointments, but without satisfactory results. What was wanted was a thorough cleansing of the blood, and I looked about in vain for some medicine that would accomplish this. At last Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills were brought to my notice, and they are one of the most wonderful medicines I have ever known. My blood was purified in a very short time, sores healed up, my indigestion vanished. They always have a place in my home and are looked upon as the family remedy." Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills cleanse the system thoroughly. Sold in all druggists at 25c a box.

AN APPEAL TO WIVES.

Cure the Drinking Husband by Using Orlin—Can be Given Secretly. No more terrible affliction can come to any home than the craving for strong drink of husband and father. We appeal to wives, mothers, and sisters save the husband and father or the brother with Orlin, a scientific cure for the liquor habit. Can be given secretly. Orlin is sold under an absolute guarantee that it will cure the habit or money will be refunded. Save the happiness and prosperity of the home with Orlin, 15¢ per box. Write for free booklet, "How to Cure Drinkers," Orlin Co., 267 Orlin Building, Washington, D.C. Orlin is sold in this city by G. W. Mahood, Cor. Bagat and Princess Streets.

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Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are bad. Avoid them. Use Carter's Little Liver Pills. Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Core Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, no matter how Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

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is the best polish in the biggest box. It is a paste, and far less trouble than any other preparation. A gentle rub brings out a brilliant, lasting shine. Is without a rival for polishing stoves, pipes, grates and ironwork. If your dealer does not carry "Black Knight" Stove Polish in stock, send us his name and tin, and we will send a full size tin by return mail. THE F. F. DALLEY CO., LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONT.

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Our experience is that in selecting Shoes fit is the prime essential, and so we offer our customers various styles from the factory of Utz & Dunne, whose product is noted for its good fitting qualities.

The Sawyer Shoe Store

RAN DOWN THE HILL.

HOLDS A RECORD IN MOUNTAIN RAILROADING.

Engineer Jimmy Fidler Holds the Doubtful Credit—Describing the Rapid Run. To Engineer Jimmy Fidler, once of the C.P.R., belongs the doubtful credit of having ridden a runaway engine the length of the Hill, which is the name for the steep slope down Kicking Horse Pass in the Rockies. The trial road officials evidently thought the credit wasn't Jimmy's. Jimmy started down the Big Hill one summer day a dozen years ago with a light engine. He let the engine get away from him and found himself approaching the first safety-switch at much more than the eight miles an hour prescribed by the time card for light engines. The runaway was already reversed to use the water-brake, so all that Jimmy could do was to attempt an emergency application of the air-brake and give it sand. Having done this without producing any visible effect, Jimmy turned to the fireman with a sickly grin and shouted: "Here goes for Field!"

He reached for the whistle lever and sounded four impetuous yelps to inform the main line. Fearing that the signal might not be taken seriously, Jimmy repeated it and then gave it a third and a fourth time. The switch-tender saw that the approaching engine was unmistakably running away, and the rules warned him in big, black-faced type that under such circumstances he was to leave the switch set for the spur to trap the runaway. But here was a man clearly going to destruction who wanted to meet his fate on the main line. As between obeying the rules and honoring a dying man, the switch-tender allowed Jimmy to tear down the main line, sounding a continuous succession of signals to the next switch-tender.

Such frantic reiteration was not to be disregarded. Number two switch-tender obeyed the command, then number three did the same. The three profoundly astonished switch-tenders gazed open-mouthed after a trail of smoke disappearing in the distance. The sound of a whistle came faintly up from the direction of the smoke, for Jimmy seemed to have formed the habit.

The fireman's first impulse had been to jump, but the rocks looked hard, and Jimmy's grin caused him to hesitate until he had become too terrified to act. The engine took the sharp curves with a violence that called for the fireman's undivided attention to keep from being thrown against the boiler-head and having his brains knocked out. As for Jimmy, the grin had frozen upon his face. He sat up on his seat box, staring straight ahead, working the whistle lever like an automaton.

Two miles and a quarter from Field is a tunnel which marks the bottom of the steep grade. On emerging from this tunnel the runaway began to respond to the efforts that had been made to stop it. Then the two men recovered their self-possession, and looked out upon the bright world in pleased surprise at finding themselves still in it.

When they reached Field the fireman, with an earnestness born of conviction assured the excited group awaiting them that they had come down the Hill at the rate of 450 miles an hour. The unemotional records, however, showed that the actual time consumed in covering the eight miles from Hector to Field, including a stop below the tunnel, was seventeen minutes. Even this seemed to Jimmy Fidler a feat to be vaunted, for no engine had ever made the descent of the Big Hill in such fast time; and, if it may be added, none has ever done it since, for the average engineer is thankful for the time allowance of forty-two minutes for light engines.

The company though, did not reciprocate Jimmy's sentiments. Instead of being dinned in the usual way, Jimmy was discharged by wire, and, as if that action were not quick enough, the message was marked "rush."

A Run on Hats. The close of the professional lacrosse season was followed by an incident, the truth of which is vouched for by a clerk in a well-known haberdashery. One afternoon seven men came in together and took possession of the show room. The shortest member of the party, a little fat fellow with a jolly countenance, sat down in a chair and appeared to take very little interest in the other six, who proceeded to raid the hat boxes.

It took some tact and ingenuity to please them all, but the clerk did his best. One man wanted a hat which would suit a long head, and as it was placed on the top of a long body, he concluded that a wide brim would take away the steep-like effect. Another man wanted a hat which would suit a large head surmounting a small face, but he urged that he must not be made to look as though he was wearing an extinguisher. So it went on until the whole half dozen had been suited and were ready to depart satisfied with their purchases.

Then the little fat man got up from his chair, drew out a roll of bills and asked what the total cost would be. "You seem to have suited them all so well," he said, "you might see if you could have a hat which would suit a bone head. Perhaps you will understand me better when I say that I was absolutely confident last May that the Toronto would win the championship of the N. L. U. and go after the Mantle Cup."

Canada's Peak. Americans try to convey to effete Europeans the impression that they have the highest mountain on the continent within their borders. Mount Logan held the record, and it is in Canadian territory. Americans always speak of Mount McKinley as if it were in American territory. It is in the corner post of the official boundary line between the two countries, and is as much in Canada as in Uncle Sam's land. The new mountain discovered by Surveyor Riggs, which beats all records, and is the highest mountain on the continent according to American despatches, appears to be on the American side. It is really in Canada. When the eagle wants to sit on the highest peak it will have to carry the Union Jack.

FRASER O' GUYSBORO.

How the Big Man Betried a Canadian Boy in Boston.

The late Hon. Duncan Cameron Fraser, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, and formerly member for Guysboro in the House of Commons, died recently, was the hero of many stories which had gathered around his name and his picturesque personality in the course of his lengthy and varied career as a lawyer, judge and politician. A giant in stature, standing well over six feet in height and broad in proportion, he had a heart and soul which matched his Herculean frame. He was a Scot of the Scot, filled alike with the pride of race and the gift of the gab, and his oratory was in equally great demand at Liberal campaign meetings and banquets of the St. Andrew's Society and the Sons of Scotland.

One of the best tales concerning him had its locale at a political meeting in his native province. The future Lieutenant-Governor was striking the sentimental chord, and was dilating on his boyhood days to an audience largely composed of his fellow-Scots. "Gentlemen," he said, "I do not know whether you will believe me or not, but it is nevertheless a fact that at school I was only punished once by the teacher—and that was for telling the truth."

"Weekly, Tamman," came the quick retort in the high-pitched tones of an aged and shrewd Heelan man, "it cured ye a richt."

Another anecdote which showed the man's kindness and generosity of Mr. Fraser concealed under a bluff exterior was contributed several years ago by a Toronto newspaperman to the annual program issued by the Toronto Press Club. Under the caption, "A Nova Scotia Angel in Disguise," the story runs: In the days before telephones were in use in the United States to the extent that they are now, a Canadian newspaperman was stranded in the good old city of Boston. After several days of the strenuous life without the wherewithal to support his strenuousity, he managed to get some space work on the old Journal. He "made good" in a fashion, and was congratulating himself that the days of park benches for sleeping places and a tightening of his waist-band for meals were over. But the first night, or rather early in the morning, the city editor called him across to his desk and said: "Take a heroic and go out to Brookline, call on Mr. Rink, and ask him such an address, and ask him whether it is true that his wife has left his house and entered action for divorce. Don't come back without the story and bring the photos of the principals with you."

The Canadian, who had not lost all sense of decency, and who still retained his belief that a newspaperman might be a gentleman and that being a reporter was not synonymous with being a cad, felt his breath come in gasps at the very idea. He was about to protest, when the city editor was called to the chief's attention, and the chance was lost. He had to go to the assignment, or quit.

It was a difficult choice. A man with an empty pocket has sometimes to pocket his pride in lieu of something else wherewith to fill it, and hunger won the day. Accordingly, the Canadian started out. He went over to the Tremont House in search of a heroic, and was feeling just about as miserable as any self-respecting man could, when by a chance he met a voice of Gaelic accent. "Hullo, what are you doing here?" The Good Samaritan (for such he proved to be) was a burly Nova Scotian politician, well known all over the Dominion for the strength of his voice, and now occupying the highest place in the gift of the crown in his native province.

The reporter told his story—how he had outrun the comb, how he had been stranded, and finally the disagreeable assignment which he had been given.

"Come here, youngster," said the Nova Scotian, and he took the lad by the arm. "You are not going to Brookline to-night or any other night on such a mission. You are going to sleep right in this hotel, and you are going to have a good supper. Leave it to me to attend to the city editor."

And they went in together. The reporter went down to the restaurant and filled himself with Boston chicken pie; the politician went away to return half an hour later with the remark, "Here's the price of your day's work. That Jack-in-office won't ask a Canadian boy to prostitute himself again in a hurry."

Then they had a drink and went to bed, the boy to dream of an angel in human form, six feet or more high. He awoke in the morning to find his Good Samaritan gone and a ticket for Montreal awaiting him in an envelope.

Working Knowledge. Although the joke is on himself, a prominent Brantford, Ont., manufacturer considered this one too good to keep. He and a man who is head of another Brantford industry spent the summer on the continent, and while in Italy they decided to take in Grand Opera. They were feeling at peace with their world and happy in it, so while body else in the audience to preserve absolute silence, they carried on quite a conversation. Their feeling of good fellowship taking in more than themselves, the one who tells this incident turned to the Italian in the next seat and, with a view to starting a conversation, asked, "Do you speak English?" The Italian's answer promptly closed the conversation. He said, "Yes, I know very good English. Shut up!"

Cow Butted In. On Monday morning about 2 o'clock Ruthvenites were awakened by a crash of glass. Alerick Wigle, who occupies the house from which the sound came, made a quick get-out-of-bed, and on going outside found that a wandering cow had got her horns fastened in a large creeping window, and in trying to get her head smashed in the whole front of the window—Windsor Record.

ABOUNDING IN WEALTH.

Vast Wild Region Will be Opened by Canada's New G.T.P. Line.

A party of sportsmen and prospectors have just returned from the Yellowhead section in British Columbia, west of the main line of the Grey Trunk Pacific, where the big Transcontinental will enter this country, so rich in scenic grandeur, fertile valleys and mineral wealth. Several construction camps are already at work at the very foothills of these towering mountains. The expense of penetrating this range will be enormous, but the vastness of the undertaking does not daunt those at the head of the great enterprise, as surveys and explorations by competent engineers prove that the new region that will be opened to civilization, the agriculturist and the miner is one of the finest in the Dominion. All who have returned to Ottawa from this country speak of it as incomparably rich in every respect.

One of the party, being interviewed, declared the Yellowhead country the most wonderful on the American continent. "It is like a thrilling story," he declared, "in which each chapter takes a new grip on the mind. Throughout this whole section of central British Columbia there are mountain peaks uncounted and rivers unknown, fir-clad foothills and vast valleys of waving grass. The lakes and streams are filled with fish and the land carpeted with endless varieties of wild berries. There are mineral possibilities which will call the prospector from the corners of the earth as soon as the railway reaches the heart of the Rockies, and that is expected next year. These deep and sheltered valleys will some day become a great ranching and dairying country. A man who offers to sell the settler, the speculator has already appeared. One man bought 20,000 acres there 10 years ago for 50 cents an acre, and is now asking as high as \$50 an acre for land near the railway line. A man who offers to sell a section of land that is not even surveyed, and when you ask him to show his title he will be forced often to admit that he has no claim whatever beyond the fact that he has filed on a certain number of acres, and as described as lying in a certain valley. Just how the authorities are going to straighten out this tangle ultimately and deliver title is a thing to be worked out."

"But for our party, we were out for grandeur. We have seen many magnificent mountains and glittering glaciers, but when we reached the Grand Fork of the Fraser River, where the dark mountains seemed to have been pulled apart, and saw Mount Robson through the opening, we took off our hats and sat our cayuses in silence. The Indians called this mountain 'Yah-hai-has-kun,' because a guide which they follow, its face looked to the Indians like a 'spiral road.' However, that was a trail which even the red man refused to take. For years trappers and prospectors had spoken of Mount Robson, Mount Hooper and Mount Murchison as the great peaks of the Yellowhead country, but the Indians are always for Yah-hai-has-kun. That, they would argue, is the chief mountain of the Rockies. Because of this contention, and because of measurement, Brown, Hooker and Murchison fell short of expectations, Milton and Headie, who reported on the northwest passage, measured Mount Robson by a chain which lay 10,750 feet above the valley of the Fraser and 13,700 feet above the sea. Thus the contentions of the Indians have been verified as to the premier peak of the Canadian Rockies."

Saskatchewan's New Governor. George William Brown of Regina, who has been appointed to succeed Hon. A. E. Forget, as Lieutenant-Governor for the big province of Saskatchewan, is an Ontario boy. Born in 1860, at Holstein, of Irish parents, he struck out for the west and passed through a period as a homesteader on the Regina plains. He had, at leisure times, begun the study of law, and was called to the Saskatchewan Bar. Later he was the farmers' choice for North Regina, and sat in the Assembly at the prairie capital twelve years.

Mr. Brown retired from active politics, his health giving way. During these years of legal and Parliamentary activity, Mr. Brown stuck to his farming operations, and he proved just as successful at that strenuous work as he proved his capability on the floor of the House of Assembly. He has come to the front by sheer force of character, having neither "pull" nor friend at court to back him up.

He was pointing away at his country briefs when the Saskatchewan farmer (who has the say in things out there), discovered he was the man they wanted to represent them and to look after their interests in the Legislative Assembly? His constituents used to say, "See George about it!" and that meant a lot! It meant the wonderful comradeship between the man and the member and the men who believed in him. That explains George Brown's advancement in public life.

All Arranged. Tom Flanagan, the Toronto man who used to manage Tom Longboat, the great Indian runner, has not much use for professional pedestrians. One day a couple of years ago he was led to bet a bunch of money on a foot-race. His man, who was the favorite, was beaten. After the race—which looked suspicious—a man who was believed to have stood in with the pair of runners, said to Flanagan: "I don't see what you have to kick about. The start was by mutual consent, you know."

"I ain't kickin' about that," snapped back Flanagan. "What I'm sure at is that the finish was by mutual consent, too."

There Are Others. A Marseilles woman has been buried in her own piano at her own request. There are others who might be similarly interred by request of the folks next door.—Stratford Herald.

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