

Hay's Hair Health

Restores color to Gray or Faded Hair—Removes Dandruff and invigorates the Scalp—Promotes a Luxuriant, healthy hair growth—Stops its falling out. Is not a dye.

Hay's Hair Soap is recommended for the hair and scalp. It is made of the finest ingredients and is guaranteed to give perfect results.

JAS. B. McLEOD, AGENT

DYSPEPSIA CLAIMS MANY LIVES.

But John Mitchell's Life was saved by Morriscy's No. 11 Dyspepsia Cure.

Woodstock, N.B., Aug. 10, 1910.

I had a very severe case of stomach trouble which caused me great pain, and a lot of distress. I tried several doctors, but could get no relief. I also tried about all the patent medicines that are recommended for stomach trouble, and still I was getting worse—in fact, I felt like dying, and had to stop work. My friends thought my days on earth were few, and I thought so myself. I had heard a great deal about the wonderful life of Father Morriscy, and thought I would go and see him. He prescribed his No. 11 Dyspepsia Cure for me, and I took his medicine as he directed, and soon began to feel relieved, and today I am a very well man; have gained in flesh—have no pain in my stomach, and am feeling first-rate. There is no doubt that he saved my life, and I only wish I could find words to express my gratitude. I hope all who suffer as I did will use his marvelous No. 11 Stomach Remedy.

John H. Mitchell.

The above prescription is not a "Cure-All" or so-called patent medicine. Dr. Morriscy prescribed it for 44 years, and it cured thousands after other doctors failed. Price, 60c. per box at your dealer or Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Limited, Montreal.

Sold and guaranteed in Kingston by J. B. McLeod.

Buy real Vanilla Extract

Make sure you get the real Vanilla, not an imitation. Buy Shirriff's—the extract of the finest Mexican Vanilla Beans. Aged until it is stronger, richer, infinitely superior.

Shirriff's True Vanilla

RASH SO BAD BABY GAVE NEAR DYING

Head Broke Out. Spread to Arms, Legs and Entire Body. Itch So He Would Scratch Until Blood Ran. One Box of Cuticura Ointment and Nearly One Cake of Cuticura Soap Cured Him. Has Had No Return.

"When my boy was about three months old, his head broke out with a rash which was very itchy and ran a watery fluid. We tried everything we could but he got worse all the time, till it spread to his arms, legs and then to his entire body. He got so bad that he came near dying. The rash would itch so that he would scratch till the blood ran, and a thin yellowish stuff would be all over his pillow in the morning. I had to put mittens on his hands to prevent him tearing his skin. He was so weak and run down that he took fainting spells as if he were dying. He was almost a skeleton and his little hands were thin like claws.

"He was bad about eight months when we tried Cuticura Remedies. I had not laid him down in his cradle in the daytime for a long while. I washed him with Cuticura Soap and put on one application of Cuticura Ointment and he was so soothed that he could sleep. You don't know how glad I was to feel better. I took one box of Cuticura Ointment and pretty near one cake of Cuticura Soap to cure him. I think our boy would have died but for the Cuticura Remedies and I shall always remain a firm friend of them. He was cured more than twenty years ago, and there has been no return of the trouble. I shall be glad to have you publish this true statement of his cure." (Signed, Mrs. M. C. Maitland, Jasper, Ontario, May 27, 1910.)

For more than a generation mothers have found a speedy, reasonable and economical treatment for their skin-affected little ones in Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Although they are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a liberal sample of each may be obtained free from the Porter Drug & Chem. Corp., 5000 Maple St., Boston, U.S.A.

Some people are so shorn of influence that they can neither rule or ruin. A lot of times our sympathy goes where it is not deserved or appreciated.

A PRICE ON HIS HEAD

BONUS FOR MURDER OF PERSIA'S EXILED MONARCH.

Disguised as a Merchant the Shah Has Returned to His Country Hoping to Win Back His Throne—Failed to Establish Harmony With His Subjects and He Was Let Go—Now Hanging Round Again.

"The goodly sum of \$22,500 will be paid for the head of one Mohammed Ali, late Shah of Persia, but recently a student of medicine and surgery in Odessa, on presentation of said head at the rear entrance gate where hangs the sign 'Deliver all goods here.' It is not absolutely essential to present the head in detached form, but for convenience in handling that method would meet with Government approval.

This is the thought rather than the phrasing of a proclamation, referred to sarcastically by some as a bull, which is tacked on the outer walls of the Imperial Palace at Tehran as an inducement to some enterprising Kurd to solve a situation that otherwise is bound to be productive of considerable excitement in the kingdom of Persia in the near future. Private subscriptions have raised the sum to \$100,000, which shows that the high cost of living. It is not recorded that so great a price was ever before placed on a person's head. Up to the time that this is written Mohammed Ali may be said to be still in the altogether. His valuable head has not yet been collected, although the soldierly, finding in the normal wage nothing to spur them to other warfare, sees in the attractive bonus for one special murder an inducement, the like of which no Cossack or tribesman ever before contemplated.

When Mohammed Ali, 23rd in direct line from the son of the Prophet, passed out the northwestern gate of the city of Tehran on the evening of July 16, 1909, no loyal Kurd kissed the earth his feet had trod, or so much as gave him parting salams. It was all day, likewise good night, for Ali.

He had been a Shah for just 18 months and 8 days, to be exact, and was going into banishment because public opinion, which even in the Near East is not without potency, had decreed that, having failed "to establish harmony among his subjects, he was no longer worthy to wear the 18-pound girdle of state or the three-story tiara of the King of Kings." Once outside, the gate was closed by representatives of the order of things, and as a Persian painter wrote at the time, a Shakhingly incompetent ruler had got his deserts. Still you can't always tell in Persia. Stable government may make for tranquility, but not for joy. It did not in and around Tehran, and here and there was seen a tired, dusty man. And so Mohammed Ali, finding conditions and opportunity, alike favorable, has started to come back, using the words in both a geographical and colloquial sense. Persia, alert to the trying emergency, immediately went into council on the state of the nation and issued the above proclamation.

With Mohammed Ali out of the way, a regent as a figurehead and a national assembly, Persia took a step which would have given the average Shah aneurism of the aorta. It actually proceeded sanely to straighten out its finances for the purpose of seeing, if it stood at all, where it was. The National Assembly, with rare good judgment, sent Dr. William Shuster, who is not yet 40 years old, treasurer general and gave him complete charge of taxes, revenue, credit and accounting. Whereupon, Sipahdar Salari, the Premier, knowing perhaps what it meant, resigned his office and, taking a carriage, asked to be driven to Europe—a Persian way of expressing his disgust. Having started to regulate the national finance, the Assembly didn't stop. It went on regulating until it had got the people mixed up. There seemed to be too many rulers, a condition long ago discovered to elsewhere on the footstool.

When Mohammed Ali had made his predecessor step out of his shoes to the end that he himself might step into them he paid his regrets to rebellious nobles with quick firing guns and it was not long before he was unpopular as the man he had ousted. The populace rose and swarmed to the court square and the Shah, aware that his popularity was waning, summoned troops of tribesmen to protect him.

Stories differ as to how the ex-Shah got back into Persia. One says that he wore a false beard and rode in the steerage of a sailing ship, and another that he covered his \$22,500 head with a whitened wig and sought by dress and manner to appear like a venerable Parsee merchant. The town of Astrabad gave the exiled monarch a welcome of instituted cordiality and warmth. The province of Mazandaran flung its royalist banners to the breeze and made bold to challenge the minions of the Tehran Government to come and try to win the \$22,500 head and see what they'd get. Three regiments accepting the challenge started some time ago.

After the dinner the prodigal ought to set himself at work to pay for it. The man who makes a practice of "bitting in," should be "bitted out."

You generally win when good principle is back of you in the battle. Most of us have to have more or less help in our efforts to go it alone.

A BAD BREAK.

Kingsley Thought Aeronaut Must Have Been a Dentist.

Charles Kingsley was at a dinner once with the aeronaut Coxwell. It was shortly after Coxwell and his companion had made a flight in which they had risen so high that Coxwell's hands were frozen and he had only time to tear open the air valve with his teeth. A. C. Benson tells the story in the latest installment of "The Leaves of the Tree" in the North American Review. After dinner Kingsley suddenly exclaimed:—"I have often thought that the first man that ever went up in a balloon must have been a dentist."

"Some one laughed and said, 'What an extraordinary idea!' I don't know," said Kingsley; "a man who is always looking down people's throats, and pulling teeth about and breathing their breath must be inspired with a tremendous desire to get away and above it all," Coxwell leaned forward and said very good-humoredly, "Well, Mr. Kingsley, it is true that I am a dentist, but it was not that made me become an aeronaut." "My dear Mr. Coxwell," said Kingsley, flushing red, "I am sure I beg your pardon, I had no idea it was you. You must have thought me singularly ill-mannered to make a joke of it." Kingsley could not recover his spirits for the rest of the evening. He hated giving pain to any human being more perhaps than anything in the world.

Thoughts on the Onion.

The onion is a much-abused fruit. Some of its detractors claim it is a vegetable, but those who truly love the onion consider it a fruit. In its tender youth, raw and bushful though it be, there is nothing quite so delicious. As it approaches sturdy maturity it appeals to the aesthetic senses, whether sliced and eaten raw, or stewed or fried.

Misguided people have set up the argument that the onion is healthful. This has led others to regard it as a medicine of some sort. The onion should be taken for what it is—one of the most delightful of our American fruits. If the crop were limited, then the flavor of onion on the breath would be considered an indication of affluence, and the woe who not only tinctured his kisses with onion but bought onions for his dulcinea, as he now buys bonbons and ice cream scores of dollars, is the beau ideal of the community.

Scientific Salesmanship.

"How do you manage to sell so many automobiles?" was asked of the salesman who wears diamonds and a silk hat and smokes thirty cent cigars. "I don't mind telling you if you treat it confidentially," he replied. "You know, most people judge a machine by the speed it can make. Well, there is a quiet little stretch of road about ten miles out of the city. I get the prospect to take a ride in the machine I want him to buy. When we reach that stretch of road I let her out for all she's worth, generally about thirty miles an hour. Pretty soon my partner, disguised as a constable, stops us and asserts vehemently that he has timed us and we were going eighty-five miles an hour. After some wrangling I manage to buy him off, and on the way home I close the deal with the prospect."

Made an Offer.

After one of the selling races had been run, in which the noble steed had run badly, it was put up for sale. Bidding was not very brisk, in spite of the auctioneer's eloquent recital of his virtues. Slowly, very slowly, the price rose to five pounds and there stuck, and it seemed as though no power on earth could induce the company to offer another penny for the dilapidated steed. "No advance at five? Going at five! For the last time five!" said the knight of the hammer. Just then a gentleman strolled up, and after carefully scrutinizing the animal, said: "Stay, I'll give five and six for him!" Collapse of auctioneer.

Some Snake Story!

This story is told of the late Dr. Emil Reich: One day while traveling he lay down to rest in the shadow of a bush and fell asleep. He awoke with a start to find that night was coming on and that rain had begun to fall. Quietly snatching up his umbrella he tried to open it, finding it worked stiffly, he pressed the spring vigorously. Suddenly there was a sound of ripping and tearing and a snake fell to the ground split in two. The reptile had apparently swallowed the umbrella as far as it could!

Record Honey Yield.

What is believed to be a world's record has been created by a hive of bees on the farm of Mr. J. Selley at Cadeleigh, Devon. No less than 147 pounds of honey has been taken from the hive, and had there been 20 other hives there they would all have done as well, says the expert who removed the honey from the hive. The whole of the honey was gathered from white clover, and is of the best quality.

A Careful Quail.

"I thought I ordered quail." "Dat's quail, sub." "Quail nothing; that's chicken!" "It was chicken, sub, but it seed me a-comin'." "What has that to do with it?" "De sight ob a cullud pusson always makes a chicken quail, sub."

With Alacrity.

"Waal, I dunno," said the farmer's wife when Dusty Rhodds applied for a meal. "Would you be willing to do a few chores?" "Madam," said Dusty, "if you'll give me something to chew on I'll chaw all day."

Unexpected Politeness.

"I notice," said the young man's employer, "that you are always about the first in the office in the mornings." "Thank you, sir." "Why do you thank me?" "For noticing it."

Would Abolish Slaughter Houses.

The abolition of the private slaughter house and the wiping out of the trade in home-killed carcasses are again strongly recommended by Dr. J. G. Rutherford, Dominion Veterinary General and Live Stock Commissioner, in his annual report.

ONTARIO'S GOVERNORS.

Passing of Government House Recalls Some Of Its Tenants.

The building of a new Government House in Chortley Park, Toronto, not only means the end of the old red-brick structure, but also, for forty-four years has been a landmark of this city, but it emphasizes anew the rapid growth of the city and the trend of population from south to north, says Frank Yeigh, in The Toronto Globe. The Toronto of 1811, when measured by that of 1887, affords a striking evidence of civic expansion.

When the Government House was built, at the corner of King and Simcoe streets, the settled part of the Toronto of that day was practically bounded on the north by Bloor street, and the official home of the Lieutenant-Governor was practically within the residential area of the city. Today, however, commerce and transportation are ruthlessly closing in on the old house, the spot it now occupies will in a short time be yielded up to their insatiable appetite, and a prosaic freight shed, with all their dirt and dust, will succeed the home centre of the King's Provincial representative.

Government House was erected during the Confederation year of 1857, when the troubled period of partnership between Upper and Lower Canada, under the union act, came to an unalloyed end, and when Upper Canada became Ontario. It was constructed by the Sandfield Macdonald Government, at a cost of \$100,000, the Hon. John Carling—now the veteran Sir John—being the responsible Cabinet Minister, as Commissioner of Public Works, and the late John Elliott of Toronto, the contractor.

The building stands on the site of Elmley House, an old-time and stately residence of the days of Little York, occupied by Chief Justice John Elmsley, which became Government House after the war of 1812. For many years, therefore, the original Vice-regal "mansion" was the home of George and Matilda, of Colborne's Bond Head and Arthur, and later of Sir Edmund Head, as Governor-General of the two Canadas—all of whom figure prominently in Canadian, and especially Upper Canadian, history.

When Confederation was accomplished, Elmley House was demolished, and the new structure, imposing for its day, typified the new era of provincial development. Government House was then occupied by opponents since 1857, each reflecting the complexion of the political party in power. It may be interesting to recall their names in sequence of appointment: 1857—Major Gen. H. W. Stisted, P.C., C.B.; 1873—Hon. John W. Crawford, P.C.; 1878—Hon. D. A. Macdonald, P.C.; 1880—Hon. John Beverley Robinson, P.C.; 1889—Hon. Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., P.C.; 1892—Hon. George A. Kirkpatrick, P.C.; 1897—Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat, G.O. M.G.; 1903—Hon. Sir William Mottimer Clark, K.C.; 1908—Hon. John Morrison Gibson, K.C., LL.D.

The very names recall memories of the many interesting incidents that cluster around the old Vice-regal headquarters, especially in connection with the social and military life of those early days, when, as now, hospitality was unbounded, and many a scene of gaiety of the earlier years is still held in special remembrance by those who live to tell of them.

"Variety" New Stadium.

The intercollegiate football teams who will visit Toronto this year in the annual games will find that the oval at Toronto University has been wholly transformed and brought into line with the most up-to-date athletic fields in the Canadian college circuit. The college authorities have spent \$45,000 on the oval, a few feet south in order to give room for a circular path, have laid down a very excellent path, enclosed the grounds from street view by an eight-foot concrete wall, erected a grandstand with a seating capacity of 2,500 and bleachers to accommodate another 1,500, thus increasing the seating capacity by 7,000. The space under the grandstand has been utilized for ticket and executive offices, dressing-rooms, shower-baths, and these are being equipped with the most modern devices for the pleasure and comfort of the college athletes and their visitors.

Versatile Miss Ashwell.

Miss Lena Ashwell, the Canadian girl who has made such a fine reputation for herself on the English stage, is to appear, for some time, at least, in the London music halls. In other words, she is going to try vaudeville for a while.

Furs Double 'n' Value.

Among the many articles the prices of which are advancing, may now be added that of furs. Dealers say that the coming winter will see a rise of from 10 to 100 per cent. in almost all lines of these comfortable garments. The reason given is that the demand for fur during the last four years has increased a hundredfold, and owing to the districts where fur was formerly very plentiful being rapidly becoming thickly settled, it is becoming difficult to get. This is particularly true of Canada, where the tide of immigration has lately been very great in the parts of the country where the most valuable fur animals were plentiful.

The Health of Montreal.

The Montreal Star has been taking a flogging at the health situation in the metropolis. The terrible infant mortality in Montreal during the heat wave is fresh in the minds of the public. The Montreal death rate is very high. In the last six years the average is 23.64 per thousand of the population. Improvements in the water supply are under way for the relief of typhoid. But typhoid is only one ailment of the suffering Montreal public. The white plague is eating its dirty way into the homes of the people. Tuberculosis deaths have increased from 619 to 1,306 in the past four years.

Be not deceived.

Be not deceived. There are plenty and plenty of times when the world will refuse to weep with you. Sometimes it is possible to forget our own troubles by helping others to lose sight of their trials.

CANADIAN HOBBIES.

Many of Our Big Men Have a Predilection For Killing.

It is in the use of the spare moments that men have for themselves that they reveal the real spirit and quality of their living. The deadly tasks which crowd the days from morning until night sap the energies and stifle individuality; but when in the brief intervals of leisure one does the thing he wants to do in response to the desire that is within him, he shows what he really cares for, and gives expression to his own personality.

The Canadian "Who's Who" is an interesting study in the careers of several thousand of Canadian men and women who have attained distinction in some line of activity, but the significant features of these brief histories are not so often in the records of success and accomplishment as in the list of recreations in which these men indulge in their moments of leisure. Recreation is play, whether for body or for mind, in the form of outdoor sport or athletic, intellectual study or in the expression of emotion or personality in the form of art. Even riding a hobby is play, and a hobby is often a test of character.

Of the 600 whose recreations are quoted, 223, or more than one-third, acknowledge shooting as a favorite form of play. Of these fourteen at least specify rifle target shooting, and six big game shooting. The rest may be presumed to devote to hunting in one form or another. "Let us go out and kill something," is the way a witty Frenchman once described the Englishman's idea of sport, and the Canadian seems in a fair way to follow his example. Fishing and shooting go together with a large number of people, and 162 mention fishing as a recreation.

Golf and bowling, however, are the recognized recreations of many successful men. Next to hunting and shooting, golf appeals to a larger number than any other individual form of sport. There are 199 golfers and fifty-five bowlers among the list, among whom are judges, lawyers, physicians, business and professional men in all walks of life.

There are also those whose chief pleasure is in the margins of their days in the company of Mother Nature; try to understand something of her marvellous secrets. When the work of the day is over 38 turn to gardening as a recreation, twelve to fruit-growing, thirty to botany, two to poultry-raising, two—and all honor to them—to tree-planting, and one each to floriculture, orchard work, vine culture, bee-keeping and plant study.

The most extraordinary thing, however, about the entire list of recreations is the comparatively small number who find play in intellectual or artistic pursuits. Twenty-two claim to find relaxation in music, and twenty-one in reading. Of these one confesses that his attitude towards music is that of a listener rather than performer, and Mr. J. Castell Hopkins gives the reading of novels as his only recreation. Six others give literature as their refuge in their hours of ease, three others mention books, and one poetry. Sir William Osler's recreation is bibliography, John Tolmie, M.P., is fond of Scotch poetry and music, T. B. Flint, clerk of the House of Commons, is given to travel and research, Sir James Grant is a collector of Silurian fossils, and W. L. Goodwin, of the Kingston School of Mines, is a student of birds and their songs.

Three men are philatelists, but only one, the Chinese Consul-General at Ottawa, is a numismatist as well. Mr. A. H. W. Cleave, superintendent of the Canadian Royal Mint, has a passion for microscopy and astronomy. Dr. Ami, formerly of the Geological Survey, has made geology his hobby as well as his life work, and Rev. C. J. S. Bethune, who for forty years was headmaster at Trinity College School, Port Hope, is one of the leading authorities in Canada on entomology.

Photography is a hobby with eleven; seven of whom Sir William Van Horns is one—are artists; two are woodworkers, and two are interested in art and one in stamps. Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, the distinguished artist and writer of animal stories, hunts big game with a camera rather than with a rifle; R. K. Kernighan, who is widely known as the "Kahn," takes his recreation in the planting of trees; Dr. George Johnson, formerly Dominion Statistician, studies place names; W. E. Smallfield, of the Bentway Mar-cury, devotes his leisure time to municipal and local activities and takes pleasure in it, and Dr. J. A. Macdonald, editor of The Toronto Globe, finds his chief delight in making speeches.—E. J. Hathaway in Canadian Century.

Sectional Book Cases Gumm--The Best Made

"I am all right now, thanks to Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy."

The same relief is ready for you. Are you sure you do not need it? If Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy helped Charles Holmes, why won't it help you?



I was troubled with heart disease, and after reading about Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy, I got a bottle. Before I got the Heart Remedy I had to sit up most of the night, and felt very bad at my stomach. Whatever I would eat made me feel worse, and my heart beat very fast. But thanks to Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy, I am all right now. I eat good, sleep good, and feel like a new man, although I am almost 66 years old. I have been a soldier in the late war of the rebellion, and was badly wounded." CHARLES HOLMES, Private Co. B, 54th N. Y. Infantry Volunteers, Walton, Delaware Co., N. Y.

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy is kept in thousands of homes as a friend always to be relied upon in time of need.

Sold by all Druggists. If the first bottle fails to benefit, your money is returned. Ask any Druggist. MILES MEDICAL CO., Toronto, Can.

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NOT BY MEANS OF SENSATIONAL ADVERTISING. NOT BY MEANS OF PREMIUM SCHEMES. NOT BY MEANS OF SO-CALLED BARGAIN SALES.

Simply by supplying, at all times, the best Shoes at a reasonable price and the fairest treatment possible to our customers.

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This particular path leads to

J. H. Sutherland & Bro. "THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES"

THE LEAST FUEL, THE MOST SATISFACTION.



It Was the Best 25 Years Ago--It is the Best To-day.

You have all heard of the Happy Thought Range and most of you know some one who owns one. One of the first ranges made exclusively for the Canadian market, it is still first in the estimation of the Canadian housewife. The

HAPPY THOUGHT

Range has maintained its leading position through the determination of its makers that nothing short of the very best was good enough to put into it. The best material, the best workmanship, the best ideas. Every year has seen it a better range. Every new idea in range making has been thoroughly tested and when found to be an advantage it has been added to the Happy Thought.

By this means alone could its supremacy be maintained—and that it has been maintained is testified to by the enthusiastic praise of the thousands of housewives who use it. Come and see one at our store. In appearance, as in general worth, it leads.

More than a quarter of a million "Happy Thoughts" are in daily use in Canada. KINGSTON AGENTS:

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