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GIN PILLS are enjoying an enormous sale in many parts of the United States. Here is a letter from Whittby, Indiana, U.S.A., which proves how GIN PILLS cured a most severe attack of Rheumatism.



"Please send me a box of GIN PILLS for which I enclosed money order for fifty cents. When I sent for the last box, I was all crippled up with Rheumatism, and my face was so badly swollen that I could hardly see out of my eyes. After taking about six GIN PILLS, I felt better and after a few days treatment, I had no more pain. I never intend to be without GIN PILLS. Mrs. E.D. DEANS. Remember, GIN PILLS are sold on a positive guarantee to cure or your money refunded. 50c. a box, 5 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Dept. B Toronto.

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WATERBURY'S LIVER PILLS



The real extract of finest Mexican Vanilla beans. One bottle will flavor more than two dozen puddings.

Shirriff's True Vanilla

PARDEE BALL PLAYER

MEMBER FOR WEST LAMBTON A GOOD BATTER.

The Story of a Parliamentary Game in the West—Hon. George P. Graham Was the Pitcher.

One sees such gatherings in the east and growing West. To the exterior they are strange—thrilling, but un-understandable. The "oldest inhabitant," who was on the spot when the "city" was laid out, just four and a half years before, explained that the audience was composed of no less than seven nationalities, a conglomerate collection from the Old World and the New. They had turned out, three thousand strong, to greet the then Prime Minister of Canada on his visit to the prairies in the summer of 1910. But their attention for the time being was focussed upon an earnest young speaker summoned from the background by his leader to bespeak the mission of the tour.

There were men, women and children, of different races of diversified ideas, of individual aims and aspirations. They had come together—the large majority of them—out of curiosity. It was a mammoth meeting, taxing the capacity of the typical prairie rink, but it was impersonal, segregated, chaotic. Then the young man spoke. He was not an orator, but he had a message. His greeting was direct, personal, sympathetic. And when he sat down the gathering was unified and enthusiastic. It was one and won.

Just behind the press table sat a hoary-headed stalwart who had glared his right hand to his ear as a sounding-funnel throughout the address. "Everything about him proclaimed the Fatherland. His accent was pronounced. "Ach!" he exclaimed, leaning forward and placing his big hand on the arm of a nearby newspaper man. "Who it is?"

He was told. He nodded his head decisively. "Good, good," he repeated. "Dat young man has a future!"

The Young Man with the Future was Mr. Fred. F. Pardee, K.C., member for West Lambton and chief whip of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. He is 44 years of age—and young for his years. He has all the vigor and enthusiasm of youth, tempered with the wisdom of an early and successful Parliamentary career. He was born for politics, for his father was the late Hon. T. B. Pardee, Minister of Crown Lands in the heyday of the Mcowat administration in Ontario. But Fred is not the son of his father in the sense so frequently evidenced in public life. He stands on his own feet. He has come to the front on his own merit. He has made good on his own account.

Yet the chief whip is no exponent of the all-work-and-no-play doctrine. No man is more ready to enjoy to the full his hours of relaxation and recreation. Once the task of the hour is off his hands he is ready to participate in the lighter things of congenial camaraderie. And he is always ready for a turn in healthy outdoor sport, and still looks the athlete he was in his college days. It may be remembered, the captain of the Parliamentary team that took the measure of the newspaper men in that memorable baseball contest on the prairie diamond at Melville during the tour to which reference has been made. Mr. Pardee marshalled a phenomenal team, including one Provincial Prime Minister, one member of the Dominion Cabinet, one ex-Speaker of the Western Legislature, one Senator and several members of the House of Commons. He played first base himself—and played it without a glove! The press still charges it an unexpected defeat to the support rendered the Parliamentary pitcher, Hon. Geo. P. Graham, by the man on first base, who "pulled down the high ones" with one hand, and "scooped up the grounders" with the clean-cut perfection of a connoisseur. Moreover, the newspaper fielders learned to "move away back" when the chief whip came to bat—H. W. Anderson in The Canadian Courier.

Would Look Queer.
A couple of years ago, when Gus A. Forbes was paying a visit to his people in Calgary, Alta., he played a short season at the request of his friend, Ernest Willis, then manager of the Lyric Theatre, with the Empress Stock Company, of Vancouver, who were filling a summer engagement at that house.
Among other plays produced was The Charity Ball. One matinee, just before ringing up, it was discovered that the lady who played the Mother was not at the theatre, and Gus went to Billy Bernard, the director of the company, to ask him what he was going to do.
"I don't know," said Billy. "Oh, we'll get Mrs. — to go and read the part. What are you laughing at?"
"Nothing," said Gus, "only won't it look rather funny to have some one reading the part of a blind woman?"

Toronto's Roosters.
The proposal to prohibit the keeping of poultry in Toronto, especially roosters, except a majority of a man's neighbors consent, is evoking quite a storm of opposition. It looks as if the advocates of the freedom of the rooster would win out. They are strong on the liberality of the subject in Toronto, and some of the civic representatives think you are coming pretty close upon the time-honored sacredness of the home if you attempt to prevent a man keeping a rooster if he desires. The crowing of a rooster is not perhaps any more of a nuisance than the thumping of a piano by one learning to play, or the unearthly sounds made by some who practice on band instruments, except that it may come at a more unseemly hour.—Stratford Beacon.

An Aymer Cat's Bright Idea.
A cat has developed a liking for frogs. Daily Miss Pussy can be seen laying in wait for a Canadian Bandsman. She must have had French ancestors, or possibly a real Parisian transplant, to have a fondness for frogs' legs. She don't seem to be particular whether they are front or hind legs—they all go the same route.—East Elgin Reform.

A CLAY BELT TOWN.

Hearst, Ont., Is Making a Brave Bid For Success.

What towns exist to-day in Ontario's great hinterland are the result of developments that have taken place in the exploitation of her mine or forest wealth. The first thing we ask of a new town in the north is: What mines are there or what pulpwood treasure? But the popular conception of that largely-unknown region is changing. People are beginning to realize that the north has a bigger boast, a grander heritage of which to send despatches to the city papers, and, after all, a more alluring life to offer the restless from other lands. We are beginning to hear of towns being built upon a faith in the resources of the top six inches of the soil, which the new settlers believe possesses more gold than the whole interior of the earth. The latest story comes from Hearst, an ambitious collection of huts that is moving on fast in a faith pinned to the Clay Belt. The prospector may do much for Hearst, writes a young railway employee in the new paper, the Ontario Cochrane, on the N. T. Ry., who seems to have grasped the right view of things—there are rumors of hidden treasures. But, whatever the railroads or prospectors may do for her, Hearst's real future lies in the miles of agricultural land stretching out every side, even to the Bay. Facts already established about the soil belt Ontario's present farming district should make the inhabitants of that embryo town truly optimistic. There are no hills or rocks within a reaching radius of Hearst and muskegs are practically unknown. The surface soil is rich in its centuries of forest mould, and below the humus is a valuable subsoil of clay.

Hearst was surveyed last September, but it has not long borne the name. The Provincial Government had decided on establishing a townsite there and had named it Melvillequia when the National Transcontinental Commission chose the spot for a division point, being located some one hundred and thirty miles west of Cochrane. The commission called it Grant, in honor of the railway's chief engineer, but it was not to be known as that long, for immediately the Postoffice Department objected, on the ground that there is already a Grant in Ontario. A third christening was ordered, and the name of the new Provincial Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines was given to the infant town of scarcely two months. While it is the National Transcontinental Railway that is to make Hearst known, and the agricultural wealth of the clay belt, settlers are confident, will sometimes make her great, there are possibilities hidden in the rocks and forest that the little town cannot afford to overlook. Rumors have been current of the discovery of silver deposits, and there may be other valuable minerals awaiting but capital and enterprise to draw them to the world's market. Besides, the choice timber lands stretching for miles on all sides are a wealth in themselves, and in them are pulp areas and rivers affording opportunities for power.

Hearst hopes to attract people by her climate, which, while it permits of occasional drops in the mercury to 60 degrees below zero in winter, has a beautiful summer of long days and cool evenings. The winter is also a pleasant season, for, although it gets very cold, there are fewer stormy or otherwise disagreeable days than parts of older Ontario experience.

Good Advice.
Sir Edward Clouston, like many other Canadians, has learned that nothing ties up a railway like a driving snowstorm. A few years ago in February, the Ontario railways were almost completely tied up with one of the worst blizzards experienced in years. At the time Sir Edward had an important engagement in Ottawa, and although the weather prophets forecasted bad snowstorms, he decided to make the trip by the C.P.R., says The Toronto Star Weekly.

The train crew had a desperate fight to make headway from the time they left Montreal, and finally, when three miles from one of the smallest stations on the line, the engine went dead.
Sir Edward and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the president of the C.P.R., were warm friends, so when Sir Edward was informed that there was to be a serious delay he resolved to telegraph Sir Thomas.
A brakeman started out to make his way three miles to the telegraph office, and Sir Edward gave him a personal message to the C.P.R. president. He also insisted that the brakeman wait for a reply. His message was as follows:
"Sir Thomas Shaughnessy,
"President C.P.R.:
"Am tied up in a snowstorm in one of your trains. Three miles from nowhere. What would you advise?"
On account of the snowstorm, there were delays in transmitting the message and the reply, which reached the snow-bound knight three hours afterwards. It was clear, and to the point: "Sir Edward Clouston:
"C.P.R. train, three miles from nowhere.
"Advice patience and prayer.
"Shaughnessy."

Half a Saw-Horse.
Mr. Abe Bambridge, an expert in the rearing of horse flesh, sold a splendid black team to Mr. Charles Edgar last Friday. He is reticent about the price, but they did the deal in twenty minutes and "split the difference" on a half a sawhorse, which, being interpreted is "five bucks," in horse talk.—Harrison Review.

Cigars in Great Britain.
Cuba's best customer for cigars in Great Britain, which takes 60,000,000 every year.

Strong Banknotes.
A Bank of England note twisted into a rope can sustain a weight of 250 pounds.

An Australian rugby team will tour the Pacific coast this fall. Duncan, the champion Oke thrower, is going to take up boxing next fall. If you believe in hope, help it all you can. Every good thing needs help.

PEOPLING THE LAND.

New Brunswick Has Launched on a Striking Campaign.

New Brunswick has decided to keep young farmers in the east and to encourage immigrants of an agricultural turn to settle on lands as yet unfarmed in that province, says Harold Brown in The Canadian Courier. Spending \$12,000,000 to make a national harbor of Courtenay Bay does not epitomize the progressive policy of modern New Brunswick. There, as in all other fertile areas of Canada, the east is the thing. New Brunswick is still a province of large unclaimed areas of arable land. While the mad rush for free land is still on in the valleys of the Saskatchewan; while the trek to the free lands of the Peace River is going ahead of the railroads; while large areas of good land are being settled upon in British Columbia; and while Ontario is still pushing back the unsettled boundaries of its huge clay belt—the Maritime Provinces are beginning to realize that it is better economics for the east and better for the immigrant, to settle land which has lain idle along the Atlantic coast since the first hunt for the moose in Nova Scotia.

New Brunswick's forward policy on the land question began in a vigorous protest against the continual exodus of thousands of her best young agriculturists to the west; and against the almost more serious exodus of productive population to the western States. Newspapers and Boards of Trade, merchants and manufacturers and people in general made the protest something of an organized howl. The howl became an intention. The intention took form in legislation. The bill to encourage the Settlement of Farm Lands was the result.

Precedent to the bill, however, and the direct cause of it, was a somewhat remarkable paper read at the recent Immigration Conference in Fredericton, by Charles H. McIntyre. Mr. McIntyre was born on a stone-knob farm in New Brunswick. While still a youth he managed to get an education as far as graduating from the University of New Brunswick at Fredericton; after which he studied at Harvard, took a course in American law and set up a legal office in Boston, where he is now a prominent citizen, a partner in the Boston Canadian Chamber of Commerce, and as much interested in his native province as though he were still living in Fredericton.

"Speaking generally," he said, "the average young man without funds cannot purchase a farm and from its proceeds redeem himself from debt before he is worn out."
Mr. McIntyre cited the examples of several other countries in dealing with the maniacal land question: England, Germany, Ireland, Brazil, Australia, New Zealand. The basic principle in all these somewhat varying methods of getting idle people on to idle land, and of building homes for working men was some form of state assistance. Most of the aid given by the state took the form of loans to farmers. Mr. McIntyre outlined three methods of Government aid to potential farmers, and he recommended the appointment of a land settlement commission to be the agency by which any one of the three methods should be carried out.

The first-mentioned was the case of the fund in Government savings banks on provincial credit as advance loans to farmers. The second was provincial debentures. The third was bonds issued by the Land Settlement Commission itself, under provincial guarantee.

The bill of the New Brunswick Legislature, born of this idea set forth by Mr. McIntyre, makes the idea into a fact. It provides for the creation of a "Farm Settlement Board" of three commissioners, one of whom must be the Provincial Superintendent of Immigration, who becomes the secretary of the board.

New Western Senator.
Dr. F. L. Schaffner, M.P., for Souris, Man., it is announced, will be the new Senator for one of the Senatorial districts created by the extension of the Manitoba boundary under the bill of last session. He is one of the sturdy political stalwarts of the Government benches who during the dreary days of opposition won his reward by service of a faithful and effective kind and his translation to the Upper House is now said to be certain. Dr. Schaffner is another Maritime Province boy who has made good and has proven that the provinces given by the sea can produce plenty of brains men as well as fish. He comes of German and English parentage and was born in 1855 at Williams Town South, Annapolis County, and was educated at Acadia College, N.S., and Trinity College, Toronto, where he took his degree in medicine and law. He also took post-graduate courses in New York and Chicago and after moving to Manitoba he made rapid success in his profession and is now health officer for Morton and Boasevin, Manitoba, and also a member of the Board of Health for the prairie province. He has been councillor and mayor of Boasevin. He is an able debater, a well-informed politician and would add materially to the talent of the Senate.

File the Documents.
Sir Joseph Pope and Mr. J. S. Ewart are again setting up newspaper space at a terrific rate in the discussion of "The Canadian Flag." It is about the "tenth time these valiant wielders of the pen have fought out the question, and the probability is that before 1910 they will have threshed it over many times.

In order to save the valuable moments of these eminent gentlemen, we suggest that the present correspondence be filed away in the Dominion Archives. Then, whenever occasion warrants, Mr. Ewart can call attention in the press to "Exhibit I—E, chap. 78," and Sir Joseph, in wrath, can reply by mentioning "Exhibit T—E, chap. 19, 603."

The increasing cost of newspaper composition and the growing necessity for a conservation of the tempus fugit call for this reform.—Ottawa Free Press.



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It costs little by the package, but less by the box. It's portable—beneficial—enjoyable—cheap.

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