

GES and ages before the first mammoth trumpeted his way ahead of the glacial drift; geologicaeons previous to the entrance of the three-toed horse on to the cosmic stage; long, long in advance of the time when the bat-like pterosaurs with their twenty foot wing-spread went dipping and swooping over the wide arm of the Arctic Ocean that used to reach down through the continent via Alberta to the Gulf of Mexico, there was one big stretch of country that had risen above the encroaching ocean and had never sunk again. This wonderful thousand mine trip has been called the backbone of the world, because here the very earliest rocks were never covered by later water-laid deposits, and to-day, as you

sit in the observation car at the back of the Imperial Limited and watch the C. P. R. ties flash out from under you, as you cross the top of Lake Huron and swing westward over Lake Superior. These Archaean (or Laurentian) rocks as they're called, underlie all others everywhere. They are the very skeleton of the world, but, as the land rose and sank and rose again at million

year intervals, the timeless sea about which geologists dream, laid mile on mile of sand and clay and silt and ooze above them; which layers in turn were covered by others and pressed into rock.

Some of these rocks contain fossils—little zoological sketches tucked away for us modern to speculate about—but the lower down we go, the farther back into dreamless eternity, the simpler and simpler these life-forms become, until, when we reach the Laurentian rocks—which in the main were not laid down by water, but cooled after we know not what terrific adventures in the subterranean fire—there are no animals, no plants, no words or sounds to indicate anything except what that strange Old Book tells us that, "The earth was without form. And void." But if these Laurentian rocks and the just-later Huronian are poor in life-records, they are richer than you can dream in something else. If the animals preceded man and the vegetables came before them again, the mineral kingdom was the first of all created thoughts. And the thousand mile strip from the St. Lawrence to the Manitoba boundary, with its hundred thousand mile area, is all Laurentian and Huronian. And if we dare believe the geologist-all solid wonder when it comes to mining.

The Hastings-Grenville gold area, the Cobalt silver finds, the worlds greatest nickel belt around Sudbury, the copper and iron and silver mines north of Huron and Superior, the gold of Gowganda—these are just little scratchings on the outside of the pile of wealth that belongs to us because the underpinning of the St. Lawrence-to-Superior region held firm, and ourdawn-of-time amineral riches didn't have its primal nakedness covered up with geologic clothes. Under certain circumstances the blast furnaces of creation sent to the surface molten rock that was so hot, and was cooled so rapidly when it came into contact with the atmosphere, that tiny steam bubbles formed in it. When the rock solidified and the steam escaped, this left little round or almond-shaped holes. The geologist—who always wears his dictionary hung to his tongue—came along and called this formation amygdaloid, because amygdasa was Latin for an almond and the true scientist never talks modern languages unless he's ordering a meal.

Some of these gems are worthy to be set with diamonds, the jeweller experts say, and bring anywhere up to a hundred and fifty dollars. They are not as spectacular as the pink thomsonites, but the olive color is as soft as an October landscape, and so "different" that no wonder the girl who beholds it promptly wants a specimen. Another semi-precious stone of the district to be had at the Porte Arthur and Fort William stores is malachite, green as spring grass in Ireland, a copper ore superior in color even to the Russian variety, and much beloved of the cool blonds who can wear it.

America. The crystals run from a quarter of an inch to five inches in length. Some of them, alas, wear rusty brown opera cloaks over their mauve gowns. The geologists love them just as well, but the jewellers won't have anything to do with these modest violets. As for agates, the shores are full of them—fish eye agates, cornelians, moss agates, wee watch charm beauties, and huge banded wonders as big as your head. Indeed there are so many of them that the supply exceeds the demand and unless there is something unusual in the specimen, the cutter won't bother with it. When it comes to garnets, those wine-dark sparklers literally riddle the rocks all along Georgian Bay, the only trouble being that, the hardness of rock and garnet being about equal, the lake wears them both down at once, and unless some method is found of chemically shelling the little red stone out of its bed, it will remain more or less of a specimen—only this and nothing

Mrs. Henley nodded stiffly at the slovenly girl, no longer young, who poky rooms," trim figure perched up beside the was glad to fling herself in a hamdriver on the dray of trunks and new furniture which, was passing. And when it had passed her small white gate she sat down the can with which she was sprinkling the pansy bed and looked after it. The expression there was Josiah's two nephews, who that lay about her slightly wrinkled mouth was not pleasant.

"Who was it?" asked the husband

come out to open up her house for they were ready to go back nome andthe summer," She added disap- not bother with the niceties of dress sprinkling can: "I don't think it looks very nice for a woman or her vied Jennie Gole her smarter patrons age to ride out on the dray."

"Oh, I guess it don't look aso very bad," faughed old Joshiah Henley, "Say, this magazine don't believe in so much spraying:"

Mrs. Henley went around to the pump for another can of water. She was ashamed of her pettiness, her mean spirit, But every May, when Jennie Gole came out from the city, where she worked all winter, and opened her big, charming house for boarders, she felt just as meun and just as spiteful. And all through the sweet spring months and the languid summer months her mean feelings increased. For Martha Henley, too. kept summer boarders-not so many as Jennie and on a distinctly different scale. Jennie had a cotored cook and citified waitress, a pert girl who sometimes came up to the Henley farm for extra cream. And Jennie's boarders were pert, handsome people. At least, they were well dressed. They were distinctly of the class that is labeled "smart" They loafed around Jennie's tawn and porch in a languid way: they lounged around the woods and country roads in a leisurely, bored fashion that only the possession of money!

usually gives. At least none of Martha Henley's boarders had that leisurely, selfpoised way. . They were an unpretentious lot. She seldem had more than seven during the entire summer. First came old Mr. and Mrs. Howard, who used to live near there

month of country cream and fried chicken. Then there was Addie Holt old mother. Addie kept books for ing." a second cousin of Josiah in St. Louis. She was a tait, rather mock and lie there every day of her two weeks' vacation. Mrs. Henley liked her and was glad to see her get a nice rest, but Addie certainly was shabby, and so was her mother. Then came out for six weeks of fishing. They were pleasant young fellows, and not a bit of bother. They liked from the tiny porch where he had anything that Mrs. Hentey cooked. been nodding over the farm maga- At once when they afrived they got zine that came in the morning's mall. into khaki pants and sweaters and "Jennie Gole. I guess she has did more than was necessary, until work. Of course Martha old not care how they dressed, but she enand Josiah had finally guessed it.

ness, ma, we've got enough to live on without a raft of boarders." She knew it. And she knew that Jennie had to keep boarders or slave

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unitment

He laughed at her. "My good- she could wear it just as well. Oh.

could have all you wanted. and her garrulous, but well meaning has two girl friends that are com- only a pert girl in charge. She cion : Gole, really I feel that I am paying

"Well, you wouldn't want to bre yourself out with a lot.

"I could have a girl if I had a bigis, if they paid well."

"But our folks pay well enough." don't they?" anxiously. "Course know. Addie and her ma can't afford

"Course they can't, and I con't want more from them. It's only-" But she could not explain to Josiah that ambition-not mere desire for money-moved her. She had pienty a live upon, out she longed to be a successful women of affairs. knew of no better descriptive phrase It irked her to see Jenny fit about with that important air. She knew she knew, too, that she was silly, but

she couldn't help it. Envy gave rise to positive temper before the summer was over. old Mrs. Howard added fuel to how she offended when she said his bed is not made well enough. to wear a fluffy white dress and mix if any one ever tasted betterwith that crowd up there." And Jennie soothingly interrupted: "H the two boys offended, too, by say- is always complaining. . And and

fertable. And yet---ing to town on business. She at place: " He ordered tea three differways was dressed neatly in white, ent nights." And though she was as old as Martha Henley she looked by years nie. "Sometimes I don't think the

"She does tantalize me,"

near." prised when Jennie told the object of easier to take care et." she had to go away for a weed. She travagant."

"Anyway," persisted Joslah, "you of her house? There would be no assumed a bright, obliging smile. Mr. Addie work, but she hated to leave it with Whitkins appeared. He said: "Mrs. altogether trust the girl, either. It enough to get better service. I don't "Our house is too small to have would be a favor that she could no fancy the bread we had for luncheon. more," she objected. "Just little, ver repay-never-but wouldn't she? It was white and fresh, but I fancled-Well, Mrs. Henley at first; said it tasted a little of wheat."

stiffly that she didn't see how she could. But she soon decided that she could, and she took Jennie's thanks guiltily, knowing that not friendliness, but curiosity, inspired

"Don't let them run over you," advised Jennie, as she hurried away after installing her. Mrs. Hentey neither resented that. It implied that she was not used to such people Six days later Jennie came back. "Get along all right?" she asked.

Mrs. Henley looked at her a long "Did that woman with dia mond earrings have a piece of toast browned just right?" she demanded.

Jennie sighed. "I don't think so How-how did her daughter act?" ."She threatened to leave because you hadn't watermelon, for break fast the day you went away, " grimly "Of course, I forgot it," anxiously 'And that tall man in the eighth east bedroom?"

"That elegant one in white flanon any style." Addie never anew nel and eyegiass?" coldly. "sie say gratefully: "Ge! This is the place found a tiny wrinkle in the spread. to rest in. But it's a good thing And he told Mr. Whilking that the I'm old and homely, or I'd be ttening strawberry shortcake was punk. And

"He ordered hot tea at midnight She was glad they all were com- because his shoulder ached from lying in a hammock all day. He thinks Jennie Gole rode by sometimes, go- the hammock was hung over a damp "It is fretting work," sighed Jen-

money I make is worth the wear and Mrs. | tear of making it. Henley sighed, half whimsically to "I don't see how you make any ground being broken by a rise or deherself. "I wish she didn't live money, having six kinds of meat ev-

ery night for dinner." just about over, to Mrs. Henley's su-- confessed Jennie. "I wish I didn't revetting. prise, Jennie stopped one day instead have the finicky high-priced class. or riding on. She was more sur- Now, I dare say your people are lots ing earth stand at a steeper slope

The second secon c | ers at that time. Wound she, as a can't get any better," Then the end towards the enemy.

Mrs. Hensley snorted. Then she went home. "How did you get along?" asked Josiah, "I got kind of tired of cooking for myself." "Did you?" absently. "Well I'm

"Cured of what?" asked Josiah. But she declined to tell.

### BATTLEFIELD TERMS

Although used every day in descriptions of happenings at front, many military terms are not generally understood. Here is a selection from the lesser-known military terms: Beaten zone .- The belt of ground

beaten by a cone of fire. Enfilade fire .- Fire which sweeps a target from a flank. Grazing fire. - Fire which is par-

allel, or nearly so, to the surface of the ground. Dead ground .- Ground which can not be covered by fire. Abattis .-- An obstacle formed o trees or branches of trees picketed to

the ground, with their points towards the enemy. Banquette.-The which the men stand to fire over a Counterscrap. The slope of the

Donga .- A channel or gully formed by the action of water. Embrasure .-- A channel through

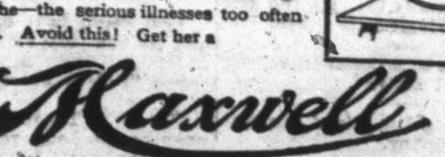
Fascine .-- A long bundle of brushwood, tied up tightly, used for road Fold in the ground .- A slight hol-

Gabion .- An open cylinder of And then, when the summer was "I don't make so terrible much," brushwood, sheet iron, etc., used for Revetment .-- Any method of near-

the stop. A relative had died and "And your maids are terribay ex- Sap -A trench formed by men knew that Mrs. Henley had no boar - -- "I knew," sighed Jennie. "But I trench and constantly extending the

OVER A WASHTUB

all day, rubbing and scrubbing in a hot, steamy wash-house. Think of the drudgery—the backache—the serious illnesses too often caused by chills. Avoid this! Get her a



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and to some extent recovered, but a few days later. as I was struggling updown the whole flight, and from that time ! I was hed, and as I was placed co I lay. Medical treatment did no good, so I was for three months they tried everything possible to bring back sensation to my limb. Massage, electricity, and all that proved useless. Everybody thought the leg should be taken off, as the para-

dreamt that I was told to take them, and I seemed to see myself as well and

active as ever. I told my husband and he got me some. After taking the tablets for time I felt a ting ling in my foot, and found I could move t. Oh! how pleased I was. Soon I was going about on crutches, and then one day I put aside my crutches and walked out into the streets without any support at all People came to their doors to see me. It was a modern

miracle. Now I am

Cassell's Tablets to me.

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was dead; there was no feeling in it; | ever so well; strong and active; and

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MRS. A. A. LEVER, ENGLISH-ROAD, SOUTHAMPTON, SATS: "I remember Mrs. opkins when she was quite paralysed. She was taken to hospital, and I certainly

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