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All Men's Oxfords with leather and Neolin soles and gun metal mahogany calf. Regular \$3.00, \$7.00 and \$8.00. Will be sold at half price.

Also all our White Canvas high and low shoes will be sold at half price. Call and see these bargains as they must be cleared out this season.

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Capitalize This Asset

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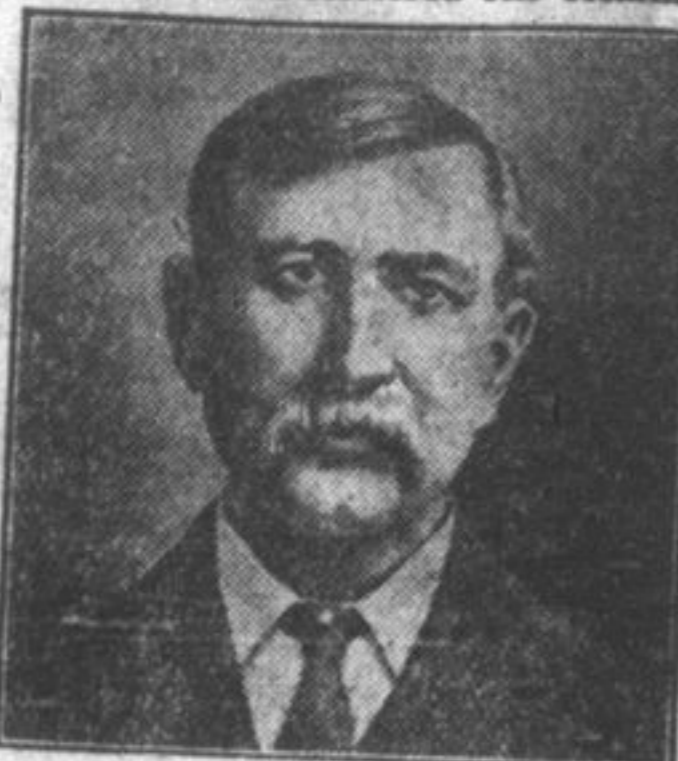
The Manufacturers Life Insurance Company

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Please fill in and forward to the above address. Without obligation, please furnish me with particulars of your Endowment Policy for a child... years of age. I would like to save \$... yearly.

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A Canadian Homestead

THE typical homestead of the Canadian prairie is open to the four winds of heaven. It is possible there is a road leading to it, but one should not rely upon that. The ocular evidences of a thoroughfare are not everything in this great, level land. It would be safer to accept the friendly guide of a compass than to be deluded by the path which, now beaten, now dim, here wide and there merging into the ploughed furrows of the "fields," may bob up again by a swamp, or else disappear altogether in the tender haze of the horizon line. The homestead can be seen miles away, a fixed though minute point, a "road," on the other hand, makes no pretense to constancy or permanency. The homesteader who built the house on the trees, virgin prairie, or who intends to build one, usually hires himself out to an established farmer in a kind of preliminary apprenticeship. This hiring is one of the essential steps in developing his qualifications. He has to get his hand in, to increase his knowledge, to acquire the practical knowledge requisite for working his land. As a "homesteader," he has secured a tract of unappropriated land not exceeding 160 acres, on condition of settlement, cultivation and continuous occupancy as a home by him for a definite period, and the payment of certain sums. His initial task is to "break" the prairie, so that the soil can be penetrated alike by sun and frost and transformed into a light, friable mold. So one day, lighted by the hard experience which has helped him to adapt himself to his primitive environment, he gathers to himself some household goods, and probably accompanied and assisted by a wife, treks for the one spot on the lonely prairie which henceforth, for some years, is destined to be his promised land. His other possessions of the portable kind, have the same practical character, to say the least. He must have a wagon, and a pair of oxen or horses, and on to the wagon he loads the greater part of his future home and what is to be therewith. A more incongruous "load" could hardly be imagined. Stovepipes may protrude from the midst of bedding, baskets and lanterns cling like barnacles to the strange-looking "craft." The walls and roof of the new house may be slung, by means of lashings, to the sides just above the springs, while the lowly domestic broom, probably sticks up at a rakish angle above the litter at the rear, as if symbolical of that temper which has made a clean and triumphant sweep of all the social encumbrances of the past. For a number of years the homesteader will be called upon to make a sacrifice of almost everything he holds dear, for the sake of this great adventure. The teeming world, the humble freights, kith and kin, known and loved ways, have been left behind, that he may win his birthright to the soil and gain what, after all, must at times seem to him like a phantom freedom.

A few weeks later his first crude home has arisen on the prairie. There is no architecture to speak of. The shelter is little more than a door and a window with some clapboards arranged rectangularly around them. Owing to the race with time and the hurry to conquer the earth, the roof of the clapboards are not sawed off. The stovepipe now stands like a flagpole above the humble wooden roof. Water barrels and sacks are littered about. There is a grinding wheel, and a bench. Probably there is a tent to relieve the solitude of the shack. There may be a hencoop and a woodpile. A trail, newly-made, may run left and right from the lowly threshold and lead to the field. But ploughed furrows are to be everywhere, to come up to the door and almost touch it, for nothing must run to waste. Where everything, the man, his cattle, his wife, must yield of their utmost, there is no room for such frivolities as yards and gardens, or hedges or flowers, or lanes and trees. Is not the railroad only two hours' ride away, the schoolhouse a short twenty miles distant, the big town of the prairies a scant day's journey?

It will, of course, be two years before the first crop is garnered, another year, perhaps, before the first rude shanty, with some improvements, will give place to the comfortable farmhouse with its barn, machine shed, granaries, pig pens and, luxury of luxuries, the telephone! And another five years after that? The homesteader rests for a moment over his plough as he pictures in his mind's eye the coming town with its stores and churches, the paved roads and the political caucus, his election to a seat in the local Legislature and, it may be, his final return to the beloved beaten ways of life which he left when he set out in search of the heritage of the prairies.

Crazed Cow Causes Panic. While a herd of cattle was being unloaded at Orangeville recently one of the cows apparently went mad, stampeding through the village streets, attacking everyone encountered. Miss Street and Mrs. John Richardson were gored and serious. Injured while Miss Eleanor Williams and Mr. J. B. Irwin had narrow escapes.

Sad Ending for Hero. Lieut. Alex. McClintock, of Lexington, Ky., who went out with the 87th Canadian Battalion, was the D.C.M., and later wrote "Best of Luck," has committed suicide at New York.

Straw Hats for Firemen. St. Thomas' firemen have petitioned for straw hats for the summer and the council is thinking over the request, some of the aldermen fearing that the hats might catch fire.

Forty Years an Editor. Mr. H. P. Moore has just completed the fortieth year of his occupancy of the editorial chair in the Acton Free Press office.

Rev. L. A. Dixon, M.A., Toronto, has been decorated by the King as Commander of the Order of the British Empire, for services in the war. He is now in Y.M.C.A. work in Mexico.

Poverty develops either a woman's worst traits or her best ones.

GETTING THEIR MAN.

Some Anecdotes of the Riders of the Plains.

In peace, as well as in war, the Mounted Police have served Canada well. They have given the Northern reaches of the Dominion world pre-eminence for efficient and thorough administration of law, protection of life and property, compelled respect for the machinery and the agents of British justice. They have conveyed and protected settlement—broken up, smugling and illicit whiskey running—established and maintained postal communications—safeguarded railroading and surveys—performed a thousand and one onerous yet humbly services, and each of these efficiently and well. They have fought the prairie fires for the settlers on the plains parched by the summer sun. They have, with equal readiness and with parallel courage, battled against blizzards and the winter perils of the desolate mountains, to preserve the lives of footloose and adventurous argonauts following the lure of the Golden Rainbow to its foot in the Klondike snows.

It was Sergt. Fitzgerald who first visited Hazelton Island and had the honor of establishing the detachment at that far distant point in the bound Arctic, the most northerly station of the world, to which twice yearly the police dog-teams made their scheduled pilgrimages. It was Fitzgerald, too, who silently trailed Labele, the triple murderer of the Klondike, around the earth, and ultimately brought him back to the scene of his crimes, to pay the penalty and demonstrate again the force's working in that remote region.

"We always get our man." Constable (later Corporal) Conrad it was who, while patrolling a fire-swept district, heard of a rancher with ten children cut off by the wind-blown fire. They could not be reached or saved, opinion agreed. They must be, said Conrad. He fought his way through the fire—times all but suffocated. His hat was burned on his head. His hair, mounted and eyebrows were singed. His clothing time and again was afire. But he won through and saved the settler and his family.

"We always get our man." Sometimes the tale is tragic. The hero of the story of that splendid and vigilant thoroughgoing and dreadful days and night brought in to Fort Resolution a prospector whom loneliness had transformed into a dangerous madman—only himself to lose his mind. A few weeks later, a consequence of the terrific mental and physical strain to which he had been subjected. There is another story of a young constable, a man of good family and university education, who did his best—and failed.

Despatches had to be sent to a far distant post under weather conditions of extreme severity. The constable pocketed them and set out. Soon after, a stinging blizzard set in and his trail was obliterated, with all records of man and mission. Days slid into weeks bringing no news of either.

The following spring a red-coated rider on a lone patrol duty, accidentally entering a wooded coulee, found shreds of a storm-worn uniform of the force, still clinging to the bones of the lost courier. His list moments, as plainly shown by the circumscribed evidence, had been haunted rather by the dread that he should fall in his duty than by any concern for his personal safety. For in the sudden mass of his long-forgotten orders he had painfully perfor officer and the word: "Lost—horse dead—am trying to push ahead—have done my best."

Noted Canadian. Dr. James Douglas, philanthropist, mining engineer, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Phelps, Dodge corporation, died at his home in New York on June 26th, in his 81st year. Dr. Douglas gave away large sums of money for educational and charitable purposes, but his greatest gift was probably made to the General Memorial Hospital of New York of three and three-quarter grammes of radium, valued at about \$375,000, to be used for all time in that hospital in cancer and other work. This radium represented the tribute for years in the west on carmine ores.

Dr. Douglas was born in Quebec, Nov. 4, 1837. His father, Dr. James Douglas, was a surgeon of repute, and the first to introduce modern treatment of insanity into Lower Canada, as the founder of the Quebec Lunatic Asylum, in the management of which for some time his son, James, participated.

He left Canada in 1875 to take charge of the metallurgical operations of the Chemical Copper Co., a concern operating at Phoenixville, Pa., where he was first to separate, on a commercial scale, the precious metals from the copper by the electrolytic method of refining.

A Slight Error. Sergt. R. Douglas Pinkerton, author of "Ladies From Hell," war experiences of the famous London Scottish regiment so-called by the Germans, tells of a friend of his a lady, who was asked to go into a certain New York store to get a copy of the book. When she got to the store she found she had forgotten the title, and all she could remember was that it had "hell" and "ladies" in it. So she asked the Hell With the Ladies." And she got the right book!

Costly Gallantry. In the course of a celebration at Fort William a young lady resolutely "fainted" at Current Park and a chivalrous youth at once went to the rescue. Later he discovered he was short his stickpin, watch and wallet.

Hiding Their Ages. As a consequence, it is charged, of willful misstatement of ages, the number of women in the British census groups age twenty to twenty-five and twenty-five to thirty, are disproportionately high.

The older a man gets the less time he has to learn the things he thought he knew when he was a boy. Unless a man has good backing he is seldom able to put up a bold front.

THE ANCIENT RHINE.

It is there any one good thing that came out of that political Nazareth, the Vienna Congress of 1815. It was the pact which internationalized the River Rhine. But that agreement put into force more than a hundred years ago, has never had much hold on the human imagination. On the contrary it is "Die Wacht am Rhein" which has held the world in leading-strings. One does not think of the Rhine in terms of an international river, though its source is in Switzerland and its mouth is in Holland. One is apt to forget that its bed forms a frontier of Alsace, and to overlook Napoleon's fantastic claim to Holland as a country built up of Rhine deposits. The fact is that for us the Rhine is colored through the great patriotic songs of Germany, try what we may to avoid it; the Lorelei is to us a strenuous out of German myth, the Rhine maidens guarding the precious Rheingold are German women, and the legends and saga of the Rhine have a purely German impress.

But, after all, these are but academic prejudices which tend to distort the facts. The geographical argument for internationalization of the river cannot be gainsaid. One hardly needs to be assured that the Rhine is, in essence, the common property of several nations, that "The Watch on the Rhine" is an anachronism as a German call to sole watch and ward. It fits into neither our age nor our modern sense of the growing interdependence of nations, its sentiment survives from the period of the Holy Roman Empire, when the Hapsburgs ruled over the entire course of the stream within their rashly state, and modern Germany has not yet emerged. Most emphatically the Rhine is not and never has been a purely German river, and its custody rightfully devolves conjointly upon the nations who own its banks.

The question of the internationalization of the Rhine has just now come up in an acute form through Germany's arch schemes, not only to bring the river navigation under her exclusive control, but to place Switzerland in a state of economic slavery to her.

The transference of Alsace-Lorraine to Germany, in 1871, there has been a consistent endeavor on the part of the Germans to avoid fulfillment of the terms of the treaty. The effect of the treaty was to facilitate free navigation between Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Great Britain. The object of the Germans was to make Switzerland dependent upon Germany for her coal and iron, and to force the republic into commercial and industrial dependence.

To effect this purpose, the Germans willfully neglected the navigation of the river between Strassburg and the frontiers of Switzerland at Basle. They not only failed to maintain the channel in a proper manner, but, by the construction of low level railways, bridges, prevented any but the smallest vessels from passing underneath. The Germans are now plotting a further breach of the Rhine Act, by the erection of great power stations along the banks, between Basle and Strassburg, and they seek to obtain the written sanction of Switzerland for the project.

Switzerland is, of course, by no means inclined to agree to the German scheme. Neither in her own interests, which demand a navigable Rhine all the way to Lake Constance, nor in those of international law and justice, can she openly attach her signature to such a pact, which would imply a surrender to strengthen the fetters of her commercial slavery to Germany. Her obvious course is to uphold the terms of the treaty of 1815 while awaiting the sole panacea and solution, an allied victory, which will effect the transference of Alsace-Lorraine to the French.

The Curiosities of Pain. That a high-speed rifle bullet may pierce a man and cause him so little pain that he is unconscious of his wound has been long known. A slower bullet would cause considerable pain and shock. Dr. George W. Crile finds an explanation of this and similar phenomena in his researches in the evolution of actions and responses. The evolution of organs has been pretty thoroughly worked out, but the evolution of functions of organs is a new thing.

During the long course of development of man and his ancestors swift piercing and laceration such as inflicted by a high speed bullet were not encountered, and hence no pain reaction against them would evolve, while slow lacerations were most common, and the usefulness of being conscious of them in the keen way of pain is most evident.

Such is the insensibility of the human organism to an uncommon sort of injury that according to Dr. Crile, "a device of exquisitely sharp knives driven at superlatively high speed might cut the body to pieces without causing any pain whatever."

No Monopoly in Rubber. India rubber is extracted from a great variety of trees, vines and shrubs, native to widely separated countries. A "corner" in the crude rubber market is now an impossibility as plantations have been so successfully developed that the production will be sufficient for the steadily growing demands. There are 50,000 acres of American-made plantations in Sumatra alone.

Vast areas exist for the production of crude rubber from Mexico to Uruguay in the Americas; from the Sahara Desert to Cape Colony in Africa; from Southern India to Australia in the east.

Rubber amalgamates itself with a great variety of plastics, waxes, gums, vegetable and mineral oils, earths, metallic oxides and sulphides.

Major F. F. Arnoldi, D.S.O., acting lieutenant-colonel of artillery at the White camp, is sailing for Russia with a battery of Canadian artillery.

Opportunity and want lots must be improved to make them profitable.

AT THE HOTEL RANDOLPH ON THURSDAY, & FRIDAY, SEPT. 26TH & 27TH, (During the Fair), DORENWARD'S OF TORONTO



Invite you to their display of the newest creations in artistic hair-goods. If your own hair is thin, dull and unbecoming, let us demonstrate just what can be done to supply your lack of hair, and how perfectly it is accomplished.



FOR BALD MEN:—DORENWARD'S TOUPEE will make you look years younger and improve your health. Light as a feather and undetectable on our sanitary patent structure. This display is for 2 days only, Sept. 26th and 27th. Appointments can be arranged at residence if desired. THERE IS NO CHARGE FOR A DEMONSTRATION

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Safest because they are impregnated with a chemical solution which renders the stick "dead" immediately the match is extinguished. Cheapest, because there are more perfect matches to the sized box than in any other box on the market. War time economy and your own good sense, will urge the necessity of buying none but EDDY'S MATCHES.

MATHIEU'S SYRUP OF TAR & COD-LIVER OIL. CURES Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Etc. MATHIEU'S SYRUP is a sovereign tonic combining the curative properties of TARR and the strengthening virtues of COD LIVER OIL. Colds, when neglected or badly treated give rise to consequences of such a grave character that you should not risk using inferior preparations. MATHIEU'S SYRUP is the only genuine remedy whose reputation has caused to crop up many imitations of doubtful value. ON SALE EVERYWHERE

Rev. D. C. MacGregor, of London, has been invited by the Government to visit the Canadian soldiers in France as representative of the Presbyterian church. If a man's first love is himself, he never finds a satisfactory successor. Major F. F. Arnoldi, D.S.O., acting lieutenant-colonel of artillery at the White camp, is sailing for Russia with a battery of Canadian artillery.