

MINISTER GIVES FACTS TO PUBLIC

Tells of Wonderful Change Tanlac Brought In His Wife's Condition.

Yet another minister of religion to give his unqualified endorsement to Tanlac as a medicine of remarkable merit, is the Rev. John Zaetschky, pastor of the Lutheran church, Ohio synod, Calgary, Alberta, who resides at 1920, 5 1/2 Street W. In a statement made at the Liggett-Findlay Drug Store recently...

"For nine years my wife suffered from dropsy," he said, "and for the past five years had been in a very bad state of health. Her appetite was very poor, and although she ate but very little she always had a full feeling after meals. Her system became so shattered that the least thing would alarm her, and she was getting worse year by year. She tried all kinds of treatments, and even went to the hospital on several occasions, but always failed to get more than temporary relief.

"We had read much about the merits of Tanlac and finally I bought a bottle. It seemed to do my wife good and so I continued with it. She has now taken three bottles in all, and a decided change for the better has been the result. She now sleeps the whole night through and has lost that tired, drowsy feeling. She is so much improved that she can now do her housework with perfect ease, and the pains in her back have disappeared entirely. I would not go so far as to say that she is entirely relieved of the dropsy, but it does not bother her half as much as it did, and she has not been so well for many years past. Tanlac has helped her wonderfully and we wouldn't be without it on any account. It is certainly a splendid medicine and I take pleasure in recommending it."

Tanlac is sold in Kingston by P. Chown and by the leading druggists in every town. —Advt.

NOW is the time to get your lawn mower ready. Don't wait until the grass is ahead of YOU. All makes repaired and sharpened promptly. J. M. PATRICK 149 SYDENHAM ST. Phone 2056J.

MATTRESSES Don't throw away your old Mattresses. We renovate all kinds and make them as good as new. Get our prices. Frontenac Mattress Co 17 BALACLAVA STREET Phone 2106W.

Webster's GROCERY TABLE DELICACIES Just received a large shipment of NIAGARA GRAPE JUICE Extra good quality. A very refreshing drink during the hot weather. Whipping Cream always in stock.

Webster's BAGOT AND EARL STREET Phone No. 47 and 790.

A pretty wedding was solemnized at Addison on Wednesday when Miss Bernice Taplin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Taplin, became the bride of Harold Percival, eldest son of John Percival of the same place. Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Davis left Napanea on Wednesday to visit friends in Winnipeg, Moose Jaw, Calgary, and Edmonton. They will return through the western states. Deseronto will celebrate Labor Day with sports and a grand assembly under the auspices of the Board of Trade.

"Pip-Pip, Toot-Toot, Good-Bye-ee" Letters have been received from London and New York in which the phrase "Pip-Pip, Toot-Toot, Good-Bye-ee" is substituted for the customary "Good-bye" or "Fare you well." Considerable curiosity has been aroused amongst the recipients as to the origin of the queer phrase. It turns out now that London has been captured by a new song with this unusual title, which translated into dictionary English means "Good-bye, Sweet-heart, Good-bye." This catchy song has now "caught on" in New York and is becoming the dance riot of the Gothamites. Local music dealers report the receipt of a few sample copies. The melody is a beautiful melody of the chorus and the wealth of clever London slang make a novelty song that is something new for America. It will, no doubt, be very popular with all the boys who served overseas, who had appreciated this curve from music halls of Brighton—"Pip-Pip, Toot-Toot, Good-Bye-ee."

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Clan of North America

Vegetarianism FRANCIS BOLT-WHEELER The council met to hear the usual Monday complaints, though these had not been increasing as much as the directors of the Camp had feared. "Trouble in your department, again, Martha!" said the Camp Director as he opened the only slip of paper which was found in the Complaint Box. "What now?" exclaimed the Camp Steward. "Don't they get enough to eat?" "Too much vegetables and not enough meat," the complaint reads. "That's Gardner John's fault," Martha retorted. "How could I



know that he was going to have fresh vegetables in plenty all the time? He's a regular Burbank—and I can't let good food go to waste." The Director smiled. "I think we can easily answer this complaint," he declared. "You remember, we asked the weight of every member of the Camp on that original permission from the parents card?" "Yes, well?" "We'll send to town for a weighing machine, a correct one, and make every one in camp get weighed again. I miss my guess if you don't find that most of them have gained."

That won't make them any less hungry for meat," objected Wil, who, as Captain, was close to all the boys. "No, but it'll answer our policy," the Director retorted. Events proved that he was right. Out of the seventy-three members in the camp, there were only nine who weighed less than they had weighed in the spring, and it happened that not one of these nine was among those who had signed the complaint. (Tomorrow: The Medical Scout.)

The Piece of Cloth

And the Memory-Man said: A certain Burmese man, desiring to give up the world and retire to the forest for meditation, was hindered by a holy Rishi to take with him absolutely nothing. The Burmese, despite this precaution, and feeling shame at being naked took with him a Piece of Cloth to wear round his waist. But, in the woods, rats were plentiful, so, to save the cloth, he needed a cat. The cat could not catch rats every day, so, to feed it, he needed a cow to give milk for the cat. But the cow needed to be looked after, which meant that a hut must be built for the boy and a stable for the cow. To look after the house, a maid was hired. But the maid and the boy over a pair of your brother's worn-out kid gloves, your well-fitting gloves would make your hands swell—and you will soon find the skin as smooth and delicate as though you had not pulled up a weed this summer."

Gardening Hands

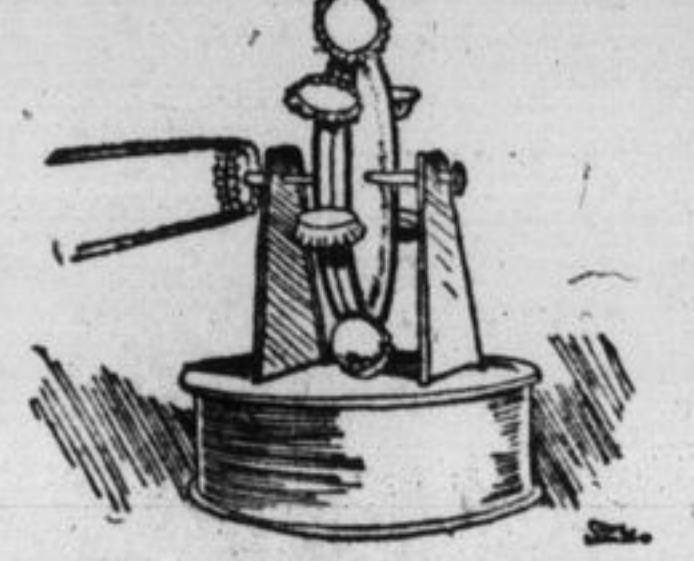
"Mother, look how coarse my hands are getting, and it's all that horrid weeding and gardening!" "Yes, Cora, that is probably the cause. But you can prevent your hands from coarsening, if you take the trouble. Use nutton talow, it is the best of all agents. Do not use it as it comes from the butchers', of course, as the smell would be more disagreeable than the rough hands. Melt it down in a kettle and take off the first skimmings. Then let it get cold and scrape the purest part from the cold layer. Melt that down again, and add a little orris root before the tallow cools. There are many good preparations in the drug-stores, but none purer than what you have made yourself. Once or twice a week put a thick coating on your hands, before going to bed, slip over a pair of your brother's worn-out kid gloves, your well-fitting gloves would make your hands swell—and you will soon find the skin as smooth and delicate as though you had not pulled up a weed this summer."

Daily Twelve-Syllable Rhyme

Every great Genius has To begin As a lad.

Tin Can Tricks

Water-Wheel Motor EDWARD THATCHER The thundering waters of Niagara are forced to drive dynamos that shoot electric thrills all through New York state and eastern Ontario. It took many brainy engineers to figure out how it could be done. By following the same principle, and using a little solder and some tin can lids, you can make your kitchen faucet run a motor like the Niagara dynamo, only quite a bit smaller. Solder together two push-on can lids to form a flanged wheel. To the rim of this solder six or eight bottle caps, equal distances apart. These form the



buckets and must be firmly fixed for they will have to stand the strain of the falling or running water. Uprights to hold the axle are made by soldering two flat pieces of tin on to a salmon or other flat can. Use a nail for the axle. Be sure that it is through the exact center of the wheel, soldering firmly to prevent wobbling. The mill will run now, but to turn it into a regular water-motor solder two more bottle caps together—and to the end of the nail. These will make a flanged pulley wheel. In order to get an even pull on the belt, the nail must be fastened to the exact center of the pulley. Why? Use a string belt. Set the mill under a faucet or in a stream of water and watch it spin (Tomorrow: An Indian Story "Biting a Grizzly Bear's Nose.")

THE COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

But the laugh succeeded in bringing him back into the reality of things. He started at right angles, pushed into the maze of white-robed spruce and balsam, and turned back in the direction of the cabin over a new trail. He was not in a good humor. There possessed him an angry and acute feeling of animosity toward himself. Since the day—or night—fate had drawn that great, black curtain over his life, shutting out his sun, he had been drifting; he had been floating along on currents of the least resistance, making no fight, and, in the completeness of his grief and despair, allowing himself to disintegrate physically as well as mentally. He had sorrowed with himself; he had told himself that everything worth having was gone; but now, for the first time, he cursed himself. To-day—these few hundred yards out in the snow—had come as a test. They had proved his weakness. He had degenerated into less than a man. He was a coward.

He clenched his hands inside his thick mittens, and a rage burned within him like a fire. Go with Father Roland? Go up into that world where he knew that the one great law of life was the survival of the fittest? Yes, he would go! This body and brain of his needed their punishment—and they should have it! He would go. And his body would fight for it, or die. The thought gave him an atrocious satisfaction. He was filled with a sudden contempt for himself. If Father Roland had known he would have uttered a paean of joy.

Out of the darkness of the humor into which he had fallen David was suddenly flung by a low and ferocious growl. He had stepped around a young balsam that stood like a seven-foot ghost in his path, and found himself face to face with a beast that was crouching at the butt of a thick spruce. It was a dog. The animal was not more than four or five short paces from him and was chained to the tree. David surveyed him with sudden interest, wondering first of all why he was larger than the other dogs. As he lay crouched, there gleamed his tree, his ivory fangs gleaming between half-uplifted lips, he looked like a great wolf. In the other dogs David had witnessed an avaricious excitement at the approach of men, a hungry demand for food, a straining at leash ends, a whining and snarling comradeship. Here he saw none of those things. The big, wolf-like beast made no sound after the first growl, and made no movement. And yet every muscle in his body seemed gathered in a tense readiness to spring, and his gleaming fangs threatened. He was ferocious and yet shrinking; ready to leap, and yet afraid. He was like a thing at bay—a hunted creature that had been imprisoned. And then David noticed that he had but one good eye. It was bloodshot, helplessly alert, and fixed on him like a round ball of fire. The lids had closed over his other eye; they were swollen; there was a big lump just over where the eye should have been. Then he saw that the beast's lips were cut and bleeding. There was blood on the

jumped back. Thoreau stood within ten feet of him, horrified. He clutched a rifle in one hand. "Back—back, m'sieu!" he cried, sharply. "For the love of God, jump back." He swung his rifle into the crook of his arm. David did not move, and from Thoreau he looked down coolly at the dog. Baree was a changed beast. His one eye was fastened upon the fox breeder. His bared, bleeding lips revealed inch-long fangs between which there came now a low and menacing snarl. The tawny crest along his spine was like a brush; from a puzzled toleration of David—his posture and look had changed into deadly hatred for Thoreau, and Thoreau for him. For a moment after his first raising the Frenchman's voice seemed to stick in his throat as he saw what he believed to be David's fatal disregard of his peril. He did not speak to him again. His eyes were on the dog. Slowly he raised his rifle. David heard the click of the hammer—and he heard it. There was something in the sharp, metallic thrill of it that stirred his brute instinct. His lips fell over his fangs, he whined, and then, on his belly, he dragged himself toward David. Thoreau looked upon then. He would have staked his very soul—wagered his hopes of paradise against a babble thread—that what he saw could never have happened between a man and man. In utter amazement he lowered his gun. David looked down, was smiling into that one, wide-open, bloodshot eye of Baree's his hand reached out. Foot by foot Baree slunk to him on his belly, and when at last he was at David's feet he faced Thoreau again, his terrible teeth snarling a low, rumbling growl in his throat. David reached down and touched him, even as he heard the fox breeder make an incoherent sound in his beard. At the caress of his hand a great shudder passed through Baree's body, as if he had been stung. That touch was the connecting link through which passed the electrifying thrill of a man's soul reaching out to a brute instinct. Baree had found a man friend!

When David stepped away from him to Thoreau's side as was hidden under his beard was of a curious ashen pallor. He seemed to make a struggle before he could get his voice. "And then? M'sieu, I tell you it is incredible! I cannot believe what I have seen. It was a miracle!" He shuddered. David was looking at him, a bit puzzled. He could not quite comprehend the fear that had possessed him. Thoreau saw this, and pointing to Baree—a gesture that brought a snarl from the beast—said: "He is bad, m'sieu, bad! He is the worst dog in all this country. He was born an outcast—among the wolves—and his heart is filled with murder. He is a quarter wolf, and you can't club it out of him. Half a dozen messengers have owned him, and none of them has been able to club it out of him. I, myself, have beaten him until he lay as if dead, but it did no good. He has killed two of my dogs. He has leaped at my throat. I am afraid of him. I chained him to that tree a month ago, to keep him away from the sheep dogs, and since then I have not been able to unleash him. He would tear me into pieces. Yesterday I beat him until he was almost dead, and still he was ready to go at my throat. So I am determined to kill him. He is no good. Step a little aside, m'sieu, while I put a bullet through his head," he said.

THE SUGAR SAVER

among cereal foods Grape-Nuts No added sweetening needed. You'll like the appealing flavor of this sugar-saving food. SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE!

A KHAKI FARMER

How He Overcame Obstacles and Made a Home. What a determined, enthusiastic and adaptable man can do on the land is told by the New Westminister British Columbian. B. Bruckshaw on his return after four years in the army decided to settle on the land and chose forty acres near Meridian, getting possession last September. The place was breast high with undergrowth, and generally speaking, was a pretty tough proposition. However, he took his wife and five children (the youngest two months old) to his location and pitched a bell tent. He was told by neighbors that he was making a mistake as the land needed draining and would take too much capital to clear it.

He built a barn and moved the family in. At that time his two cows were left in the open. He started to clear his land with a mower, after turning down the lowest tender of \$15 per acre for the job. With hard work he succeeded last fall in clearing fifteen acres and his stand of oats compares favorably with anything in the valley. Next he built a five-roomed house 23 x 42, and this spring he continued to clear land and to put in crops of oats, peas and vetches. Mr. Bruckshaw also has several acres in potatoes, turnips, mangels and carrots, a good garden, a chicken house with nearly 400 chickens and will have five acres seeded to barley. Neighbors turned to and helped him erect a home, so that the labor did not cost him a cent.

The barn has accommodation for twelve cows and at present houses six grade Jerseys and three heifer calves of his own raising. He and a neighbor, also a returned soldier, piped water 1,700 feet to their house. He has more land under cultivation now than some of his neighbors who have held land for more than twenty years and who did not spend four years fighting the foe. This is briefly the story of one who is home to stay, although handicapped by difficulties that would appal a stronger man. Recent legislation enacted by the Brazilian congress provides for the payment of compensation to workmen killed or injured in the performance of labor. Aeroplane excursions are said to strengthen tubercular lungs. Be quick to commend—slow to condemn.

Before the other could speak, he had walked boldly to the tree. Baree did not turn his head—did not for an instant take his eye from Thoreau. There came the click of the snap that fastened the chain around the body of the spruce, and David stood with the loose end of the chain in his hand. "There!" He laughed a little proudly. "And I didn't use a club," he added. Thoreau gasped "Mon Dieu!" and sat down on the birch as though the strength had gone from his legs. David rattled the chain and then re-fastened it about the spruce. Baree was still watching Thoreau, who sat staring at him as if the beast had suddenly changed his shape and species. (To Be Continued.)

PILETS

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, protruding Pilets. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. 50c. per tin. All dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co. Ltd., Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

Sonora THE PHONOGRAPH BEAUTIFUL For loveliness of tone, for charming appearance and for in-voluntarily exclusive features of real merit, Sonora is the instrument which is invariably chosen by all those desiring the utmost in quality and value. At the Pan-American Exposition, Sonora won the highest score for tone quality. Each Sonora model at its price is matchless in value. You will take pride in possessing a Sonora. If you already have a Phonograph with which you are not quite satisfied, trade it in at LINDSAY'S as part payment on a Sonora. Easy terms can be arranged for the difference in price. Call for further particulars. Troubadour Model The illustration shows a Sonora Troubadour model, finished in golden or fumed oak or mahogany. It plays all makes of disc records, has automatic stop, double spring motor, tone modifier and filing accommodation for 90 records. Price, complete with 20 double-sided 10-inch records (40 selections) of your own choice only \$200 OTHER SONORA MODELS UP TO \$650.

LINDSAY'S C.W. LINDSAY LIMITED 121 Princess Street - Kingston

Wood Split Pulleys for power transmission. A large assortment of sizes carried in stock. Prompt delivery to stages, boats or trains.

Allan Lumber Co. Phone 1042. : : : Victoria Street

Drink Charm Black Tea Sold in Packages Only G.E.O. ROBERTSON & SON, Limited

Sweet as a Smile A smile of satisfaction from radiant youth and beauty—wearers of clothes washed with Sunlight because the garments cleaned with Sunlight Soap retain all the "charm of their newness"—the preservation of fabrics in their original freshness and smart appearance. Insist on getting the Soap you ask for—SUNLIGHT. LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

SOWARDS COAL CO. Until further advised, and subject to change without notice, the price for COAL will be: Stove \$15.50 Egg \$15.50 Nut \$15.50 Pea \$14.00 Carrying 50c. extra. PHONE 155. ALL SALES FOR CASH. Phone orders C.O.D.