

FOR MURDER.

Police Description of the Fugitive, John Robinson.

The authorities at Sudbury request that the following official circular be given publicity in the hope of securing the apprehension of the man named therein:

Wanted for murder—James Robinson, of the township of Hugel, seven miles from Warren, Ont., seduced his eldest daughter, and by him the elder, barely 19, has given birth to two infants, and the younger, not yet 18, is about to be delivered of her third. Mr. Robinson has confessed to the murder of two of these infants in one week, March, 1908, and implicates her husband as accomplice. When last seen, on or about Aug. 12 last, Robinson wore a dark suit, black fedora hat, black shirt with white stripes, No. 7 hand-made boots. Description: Aged 50, grayish light red hair and moustache, peculiar clear blue eyes, reddish purple complexion, especially in cheeks, one tooth missing from front of mouth; height, 5 feet 7 or 5 feet 8; weight, 150 to 155 pounds; walks with short nervous quick steps, speaks quickly, slightly ruptured, left foot angles out. Probably making for some lumber camp, as he is a skilled woodsman, but likely to keep moving, seeking further escape. Will travel under alias, likely Ross. Has brother working in tannery near Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. All information thankfully received by the sheriff or the crown attorney at Sudbury, Ont.

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My system is now stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAN, 3115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs. Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

A DEAF SENATOR.

The deafness of Senator McEnery, of Louisiana, is well known. He is able to hear but little of the Senate debates, and is obliged frequently to ask for information as to pending question before voting.

One day, one of the Washington correspondents, desiring to see the senator on business, sent in his card. Senator McEnery came out into the lobby, and the correspondent, placing his mouth at the statesman's ear, bawled out:

"Senator, have you got any news?"

A look of astonishment came over McEnery's face. Putting his hand in his pocket he pulled out a cigar, and, handing it to the newspaper man, stalked back into the Senate. He went over to the seat of the late Senator Pettus, of Alabama, and said:

"Some of these newspaper fellows are mighty funny in their ways. One of them called me out just now and asked me for a cigar."

FISH IT AWAY.

If the heart's full of trouble and the soul full of care,
Take 'em out to the bloom of the bright spring air.

If the burden seems heavy and the back bends down,
Take a trip to the lines at the end of the town.

Sit there, sit there, sit there all day,
Till you fish and you fish and you fish it away.

The loss and the gain and the grief and the gloom,
Take them out to the bird and the beast and the bloom.

The sorrow and the worry and the tear in the eye,
Need a whiff of the wind and a breath of the sky.

With the soul at rest and the heart at play,
Just fish and fish till you fish it away.

Business looks bad and the work's gone wrong,
Take it out to the woods and the fields full of song.

To the trees and the streams, and they'll hear your story,
While they lean to your lips with the fresh lips of glory.

Don't mind a bit what the old folks say,
Just fish and fish till you fish it away.

Cross words, black looks, and you want to forget—
The best old cure for a grouchy frowny yet.

To taste God's sun where it loves to shine
On a stream where a man sits down with life line.

And his hook and his cork and his bait, to stay
Till he's fished and he's fished and he's fished it away.

—Baltimore Sun.

PROFIT SHARING.

A Boston Store Said to Have Carried It Furthest.

Never attempt to move trees, when in full leaf, as they will invariably die. Profit-sharing, which in America is virtually an experiment, has been in practical application for a quarter of a century in England. The number of labor co-partnership societies there rose from 15 in 1883 to 112 last year, with an increase in business from \$800,000 to above \$20,000,000.

The South Metropolitan Company last year divided \$180,000 among its employees, the equivalent of a 7½ per cent. dividend on their wages, and in eighteen years it has distributed \$2,100,000 to workmen as their share of the profits. Six English gas companies adopted the profit-sharing plan during the year.

According to Moody's Magazine Mr. Carnegie says that a Boston store has gone furthest of all in "the direction of making its employees shareholders." This establishment, he says, employs 700 to 900 men, the capital stock is held only by employees and is returned to the corporation at its value should the employee leave the service. Every share of stock belongs to some one working in the store.

A Symphony of the Shore.

(By a Banker.)

Perhaps of all the varied melodies of Nature the music of the shore is the most entrancing. It is a brilliant moonlit night, and the foam-crests of the curling breakers glitter and flash, then, breaking in measured sequence on the hard sand, are hurled up the sliding acclivity of a bank of small pebbles, the deep diapason of the first impact succeeded by a swirling through tufel fugue as the waters successively advance and retire. Now it is a wailing dirge as a higher wave more forcibly strikes the pebble bank; or now the rhythmic cadence of a sprightly, joyous roudale; while, as a rippling accompaniment of this harmonious symphony of the waves, the liquid murmur of a purling brooklet issuing from acombe in the towering cliffs blends its modest strains with the ever varying music of the surf.

And then the plaintive sighing of the sea breeze amidst the leafage of the aspens and the graceful birches growing luxuriantly up each side of the beautifulcombe; or the strange whirling chirr of a night-jar; or perhaps the shrill cry of a belated curlew, all contribute to this exquisite concerted harmony.

And not Nature's music only gladdens and fascinates. For how beautiful the moonlit surge as, like a flood of molten silver, it eddies and swirls in wild confusion, or is hurled against some great isolated rocks or boulders, hurling high in air a great volume of spume and spray all illumined in a pale lustre by the rays of the full-orbed moon; while, mingling each other, bounding and dancing along the hard sands, now rolling over and over, now capering in the air, or now jostling together as in rollicking some mood, are innumerable wisps of frothy spindrift and foam, fantastically and grotesquely disporting themselves in the moonlight like a bevy of sea-fays holding high revel.

Aye, it is all beautiful, surpassingly, overpoweringly beautiful. It is lovely and attractive beyond the power of words to express. It causes a thrill of glad fascination of rapt ecstasy, and throbs and courses through the veins, and the memories of it all, never effaced, never weakened, dwell in the minds of a lifetime. Surely the utterance of the prophetic vision that in the Great hereafter there shall be no more sea is but figurative. But whether that be so or no, surely to those who attain to the gloryland will be accorded permission to roam over the beauties and the glories of Creation, and perhaps in other planets to see scenes of almost equal beauty. But surely this earth of ours must be the masterpiece of Creation. For it is the orb selected by the Son of God whereon to make the Great Atone-ment for the universes. For "Christ having died once dieth no more," and it is unthinkable that that Majestic Being could, in unending succession on other planets, suffer the penalty, the scorn, and the agony which He endured for us and for our salvation. But it was all suffered on our behalf in expiation of the sins of those who will but come unto Him for eternal life.

Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes. Relieved By Murine Eye Remedies. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You'll Like Murine. It Soothes. See At Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedies Co., Toronto.

DON'T ARGUE WITH THE POLICE-MAN.

(Toronto Star.)

The citizen is badly advised who gets into a dispute with a policeman. If he tells you to move on—move. If he tells you to shut up—shut. If he calls you hard names—listen. It is very seldom that a man who is minding his own business will, through some kind of error, attract the notice of a policeman. But should it happen, it were better to show open contempt for a judge of the Supreme Court with his wig on than resist even with the flutter of an eyelid a Toronto policeman in search of a cell-filer.

Has a Steady Job.

"I think a loafer is about as bad as an ordinary hobo." "And I think he's worse. A hobo moves around a little, but a loafer stays in the same town and works the same woman for his hand-outs."—Cleveland Leader.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

23 THE PA

Horse Distemper

Prince Edward Farmer Solemnly Declares Nerviline Is a Specific.

"After fifty years' experience in raising horses I can safely testify that no remedy gives such good results for an all round stable linctus as Nerviline." Thus opens the very earnest letter of J. J. Evanston, who lives near Welling-ton, P. E., "I had a very valuable horse that took distemper a month ago, and was afraid I was going to lose him. His throat swelled and ran and he had a terrible cough. I tried different remedies, but was unable to relieve my horse of his pain and suffering till I started to use Nerviline. I mixed a bottle of Nerviline and sweet oil and rubbed the mixture on the throat and chest three times a day and you would scarcely believe the way that horse picked up. Nerviline cured him. I also have used Nerviline for colic in horses and cows, and earnestly recommend it to every man who is raising stock."

For strains, sprains, swellings, colic, distemper, coughs and colds, no linctus will prove so efficacious in the stable as "Nerviline"—it's good for man or beast, for internal or external use. Wherever there is pain, Nerviline will cure it. Refuse substitutes. Large bottles, 25c., five for \$1, at all dealers, or The Catarthzone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Origin of the Long Boston. It is said that the "Long Boston," the waltz which was among last season's novelties, was first danced by a couple subject to the dreamy harmony of bewitching and enticing music, who were dumbly obeying the power of this capricious influence. This girl and man from Boston unconsciously adopted the step, and henceforth the step took the popular fancy and was called the Long Boston, having since been taken up by a fashionable dancing teacher of New York and made by him the dance of the day.

The story goes that this dancing couple, members of the beau monde who had danced at many balls given at the most exclusive royal courts of the world, were attending a dinner dance at a New England summer resort. They had dined well and when the music in one of the two-steps suddenly changed to a blissful enrapturing waltz they had surrendered themselves so much to the dreamy, sensuous, enchanting music that they only partly changed from the two-step to a waltz, and unconsciously adopted a more harmonious, symmetrical and pleasing dance than either the two-step or the waltz.—From Vogue.

SAVED A BULL.

An interesting narrative entitled "A Hero Life-Story," being incidents in the remarkable career of Nicholas Oberling, of Lawrenceburg, Ind., appears in the June issue of the Wide World Magazine. Oberling had been put in charge of the ferry and several days after he entered upon his duties Colonel Willis, of Boone County, Kentucky, was taking a drove of cattle across from Lawrenceburg on the ferry-boat when a vicious bull, whose feet had been hobbled as a precaution against accident, partially broke from its fastenings and plunged overboard in mid-stream, sinking almost immediately. Oberling volunteered to rescue the animal. With a keen-bladed knife clutched between his teeth he dived to the bottom of the river, where he speedily located the bull and liberated it with a few strokes of the sharp blade.

Freely of its fetters, the animal rose at once to the surface. Oberling, however, was less fortunate. His efforts to free the bull had caused him to sink almost knee-deep in a treacherous quagmire at the bottom of the river, and it was only through almost superhuman exertion that he succeeded in extricating himself. When the youth reached the surface his strength was nearly spent, but his presence of mind did not desert him. Espying the bull, which was a short distance away, swimming lustily for the shore, he, with a last desperate effort reached out and grasped it by the tail, where he clung, utterly exhausted, while the animal towed him ashore.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

WHERE THE PUNISHMENT CAME IN.

(Life.) "What's doing in the way of amusements?" asks the newcomer of the old inhabitant of Hades.

"Baseball game every afternoon," answers the old inhabitant.

"Baseball?" You don't mean it! That's great. I was a fan from wayback on earth. On the square, do you have baseball every day?"

"Sure thing." By yinker! This place suits me. Baseball! Say, this can't be H—, then."

"Yes, it is. The home team always loses."

Thought Circus Performers Were Spies

The performance at a Beigrade circus of which Herr Schmidt, an Austrian, is the proprietor, was broken up yesterday by a hostile demonstration of a political character.

The cause of the disturbance was a newspaper report that the circus performers were really Austrian officers disguised for espionage purposes.—From the London Evening Standard.

MR. MAGOON'S CART ROADS.

One Great Achievement Due to Yankee Intervention in Cuba.

"In the four years between 1898 and 1902 an American military government of Cuba freed this island from the scourge of fever which had played havoc with its foreign born population through about four hundred years," says a writer in The World To-day. "The herculean labor of cleaning Cuba, accomplished through his sanitary department, is the pre-eminent service the country remembers in connection with the name of Gen. Leonard Wood, Military Governor."

"In the two and a half years which elapsed between the 'August Plague' of 1906, which made it necessary that the United States again assume control of Cuba's affairs, and the termination of intervention in the inauguration of President Gomez, the American Provisional Administration of the republic rendered the island a commensurate service. It met a demand for improved means of transportation in the provinces, as voiced in vain by the producing classes of Cuba through two full centuries."

"The system of macadamized highways planned and pushed far toward completion by his department of public works is the pre-eminent service to be remembered on mention of the name of Judge Charles E. Magoon, Provisional Governor of Cuba. Cubans call these highways 'the cart roads of Mr. Magoon,' because formerly what made roads there were in Cuba were built for ox carts and were therefore cart roads, the name being synonymous with good roads, in which sense it is still employed. The building of these roads has been of vast commercial benefit to the island."

BABY'S GREAT DANGER DURING HOT WEATHER.

More children die during the hot weather than at any other time of the year. Diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera infantum, and stomach trouble come without warning, and when a medicine is not at hand to give prompt relief, the delay may prove fatal to the child. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are children during the hot weather months. An occasional dose of the Tablets will prevent deadly summer complaints, or cure them if they come unexpectedly.

Mrs. D. Mearns, St. Tit, Que., says: "My baby suffered from a severe attack of cholera infantum, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared, and he regained health splendidly."

Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SCHOOLS FOR STUTTERERS.

Discussing stuttering, Dr. Leopold Senner, of Vienna, said last night that there are classes in the public schools in Vienna to overcome the defects in speech of children.

"The length of the course," said Dr. Senner, "is five weeks and instruction is given during two hours each day. The number of pupils in each class is limited to eight, as a class cannot be conducted successfully with a larger number. The children draw from other schools, attendance, as it is essential that they devote themselves exclusively to the course for the cure of stuttering. In order to be admitted to the classes the children must present medical certificates that they are free from any organic disease that would interfere with the purpose of the instruction."

"The co-operation of the parents," continued the Austrian physician, "is especially important to the success of the cure. During the period of the special instruction it is necessary that the children have a separate room at home where they can practise the exercises given them without any disturbance whatsoever. The parents must undertake to have the children practise the exercises at home for at least four hours daily, and during the first two weeks not to allow them to speak at all except to practise the exercises prescribed by their instructors."

"Keeping silent is of such importance that the success of the course depends upon this requirement being strictly observed. Parents are particularly advised never to cast any doubt upon the effectiveness of the course or of the teachers. It is well known that stutterers lack self-confidence, and this must be taken into account in the treatment. The children should be encouraged by calling attention to progress that has been made, for stutterers are extremely susceptible to praise. Parents, however, should be careful to make no experiments and to make no tests."

"At the end of the five weeks course," added Dr. Senner, "the instructor brings each pupil back to his regular school and indicates to his teacher what has been accomplished, besides giving advice concerning his further instruction. The teacher is requested to try to encourage and make permanent the new habits acquired. Children who have taken the special course in stuttering are examined each month in order to determine what permanent results have been obtained."—From the Washington Herald.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Coloring Billiard Balls Red.

It often happens that red billiard balls more or less completely lose their color and that a desirable appearance is lost. Nothing is easier than to restore their original color. To do this dissolve some dried potassium permanganate in a small quantity of water placed in a porcelain capsule large enough to take a billiard ball. Heat this liquid till it is used only a few drops, and add a mordant about ten drops of sulphuric acid. Put the ball to be colored in the capsule and leave it there about three-quarters of an hour on the corner of a stove, the temperature not being allowed to exceed from forty degrees to fifty degrees centigrade. At the end of that time take it away from the fire and let it cool.

The operation is complete in from two to three hours. Care must be taken to turn the billiard ball from time to time, so that it may be colored all over, for the coloring matter is deposited and the part of the ball at the bottom would be too deeply colored.

When the ball is withdrawn from the liquid it only requires wiping and then rubbing around with a woollen rag to make it brilliant again. It may be further polished by means of chamois leather impregnated with colcothar.



SUNLIGHT SOAP

No trouble with Sunlight Soap. Just follow the directions on the wrapper and Sunlight does the rest. Costs little—goes far—never injures hands or clothes.

WORSE THAN A JOY RIDE.

"I lunched with W. B. Trites on Grand Prix, Sunday at Armonville," said a Philadelphian. "Mr. Trites has made a bit abroad with his novel, 'John Cave.' Though the book only appeared in May, the first edition is already selling at a premium to London collectors."

"In the white and elegant restaurant in the heart of the Bois de Boulogne Mr. Trites was naturally jubilant. Our table was under a tree. A soft air rustled the leaves. The sky looked very blue, and the pale and elegant toilet about us were dappled with dancing patterns of shade and sunshine."

"Over his coffee and cigarette Mr. Trites talked. He talked, since it was Grand Prix Sunday, about horses. He told me a number of horse stories."

"One of these stories concerned a young Philadelphian who drove tandem from the Country Club home to Chestnut Hill on a very dark night after a very elaborate dinner. It's a good thing there are not many Philadelphians like that young man."

The narrator shook his head, compressed his lips and smiled a shocked smile.

"In a very high cart," he resumed, "after a very elaborate dinner this young man drove with a friend, on a very dark night, to Chestnut Hill. Dear me! The pace was terrific. The horses were invisible in the black gloom, but their hoofbeats made a sound like thunder. The cart bounced, jolted, ran on one wheel; and the friend held on very tight, reflecting with horror on the great height of the fashionable vehicle."

"At last the brilliantly lighted facade of a mansion appeared, and like the wind the cart rushed through a lofty gateway. But as it made the turn it leaped—it reared—"

"Easy, Jim! Easy round the corner, old chap!" gasped the guest.

"Was 'sh' at?" the host asked, sleepily. "Why, haven't you—got hold of the reins—hic—either?"

If allowed to roam over your house those few innocent-looking house flies may cause a real tragedy any day, as they are known to be the principal agents for the spread of those deadly diseases, typhoid fever, diphtheria and smallpox.

No other fly killer compares with Wilson's Fly Pads.

HAD SMOKED THEM.

Erskine M. Phelps, of Chicago, was introduced at Nice to Lord Blank, of England. As he was smoking, he said to Lord Blank: "Will you have a cigar?" "Thank you, but I smoke only one brand, the Henry Clay." "All right; I'll order some." The box was brought. It was embellished with the familiar figure of "Harry in the West." As he took his cigar, Lord Blank said: "When old Clay was alive he made a good cigar, but his sons don't keep up his reputation."

"Henry Clay? Why, he didn't make cigars; he was a statesman, and ranked as high with us as Gladstone and John Bright do in your country."

"I beg your pardon, I've smoked these cigars all my life, and I tell you old Clay made a d— sight better cigar than his boys do."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

A LOT OF SCOUNDRELS.

(N. Y. Sun.)

One thing, however, has been clearly brought out in the inquiry, irrespective of the question of responsibility for Lieutenant Sutton's death. There was a state of society in the circle of officers in which he moved that was exceedingly discreditable to those responsible for its tone and quality. Drunkenness, profanity and brutality appear to have been some of its characteristics. It is an insult to any respectable private in the Marine Corps to subject him to the orders and control of some of the officers who have found their way into that branch of the service. Some of those whose acts were described before the Sutton court of inquiry are certainly not gentlemen; indeed, very much stronger language might be used about their conduct.

Blobs—The average woman is tickled with a feather. Slobs—Yes, but it must be an ostrich feather.

THE BEST WOODEN PAIL

Can't Help But Lose Its Hoops and Fall to Pieces. You Want Something Better Don't You? Then Ask for Pails and Tubs Made of

EDDY'S FIBREWARE

Each One a Solid, Unbreakable, Lasting Mass Without a Hoop or Seam. Just as Good as

Eddy's Matches

ISSUE NO. 36, 1909

AGENTS WANTED.

CONVINCERS, HAVE THE BEST LOOK—our sample cases, best goods and the best terms. Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—LADIES TO DO PLAIN AND fancy light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance; charges paid. Send stamp for full particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal.

The Lady Who Danced the Minuet.

The minuet, which is to be a feature of the Bath pageant, was ever the aristocrat of dances. Before the lady of the eighteenth century elected to step the dainty measure she had many points to master, for to dance the minuet was to court criticism. The plunge taken, she wore a lappet on her shoulder to tell the company she proposed to make or mar her ballroom reputation.

Another point of etiquette lay in the gloves. A soiled pair was good enough for the country dance, but an absolute new one had to adorn the fair hands which graced the minuet. And so the lady of the eighteenth century on dancing bent set out with two pairs in her satchel.—London Chronicle.

A Most Delicious Pickle

can be made by dropping the contents of a package of

Parke's Pickle Mixture

In a salin of vinegar, boil for fifteen minutes and pour over the pickles. This mixture keeps the pickles solid and nice the year round and imparts a most delicious flavor to the pickles. Sold at 25c. by grocers or sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of 25c.

PARKE & PARKE

HAMILTON Druggists CANADA

BOILED TO MUSIC.

A well-known American bishop tells a story of a visit to a small town in one of the Southern States, where he was awakened one morning by a soprano voice, which came from the kitchen, singing a famous hymn. As the bishop was dressing he meditated on the piety of the servant. Speaking to her after breakfast of the pleasure it had given him, he was met by an unexpected answer, "Oh, thank you, sir," she replied. "But that's the hymn I boil eggs by—three verses for soft and five verses for hard."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

SHE WASN'T PLAYING.

In a Western Kansas town, relates Paul Lovewell, at a party of adults, it was proposed that the entertainment consist of the games that prevailed in the good old days of childhood—"Post office," "tin-tin," "London bridge," and so on. Finally a prize was offered for the person who could make the ugliest face. The judges witnessed the contortions of faces for a while and then awarded the prize to an old maid.

"You win," they said, handing her a box of bonbons.

"I will thank you to know," she replied, "I was not playing."

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL.

To All Women: I will send free with full instructions, my home treatment, which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flashes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder troubles, where caused by weakness. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write to-day. Address, Mrs. M. Summers, Box 118, Windsor, Ont.

PSYCHOLOGY.

(Washington Star.)

"So you believe in telepathy?" "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "Though Henrietta is miles away I can tell exactly what she is thinking about this minute."

"And does she know your answer?" "She does. She is wishing I would hurry along that hundred she wrote for and she knows I'm worrying about where the cash is coming from."

Lifebuoy Soap is delightfully refreshing for Bath or Toilet in hot weather. For washing underclothes it is unequalled. Cleanses and purifies.

EXPLAINING IT.

"I observe," said Pluto to the new arrival just from New York city, "that you do not seem to like our climate."

"I do not," responded the new arrival. "That," pleasantly explained Pluto, "is because you are accustomed to something different. It's not the humidity here, you know; it's the heat."

What Could He Have Meant?

"Do you ever write on an empty stomach?" asked the mere man.

"Sir!" exclaimed the literary person, "I am a poet, not a tattoo artist!"

Sunday

LESSON XI.—S

Gloss of Paul's Journey.—Acts 21.

Commentary.—I.

Tyre (