

We aim

TO GIVE YOU

Meats of the very best variety and quality.

Service that are unequalled with the facilities at hand.

Prices that are right.

Give us a Call

A. R. SMITH

NOW

You will be replacing your worn-out Springs and Mattresses with New. Before you do so don't fail to inspect our complete line of Springs and Mattresses.

Dining Room Sets---

---Bedroom Sets

We will be pleased to show you our large assortment of the above.

FURNITURE AT MODERATE PRICES

Agent for the celebrated

WHITE SEWING MACHINE

--IVAN W. HOLMES--

Furniture and Undertaking

Chas. Yocom

IS PREPARED to do All Kinds of Blacksmithing at Moderate Prices

Bring in your Harrows, Ploughs, Pumps and anywork that you want done Neatly and Promptly.

I have a Fine Line of FORGES for Sale.

Don't Wait

Until late season to get your machinery in shape, when everybody is on the jump trying to beat time, but bring them in to-day. Save money by

DOING IT NOW!

The WEST-END Shop

TIME
Three Prime Virtues
—IN A PHOTOGRAPH—
Artistic Quality, Permanency,
and Likeness
—OURS HAVE ALL THREE—
MOORE'S STUDIO
MAKERS OF QUALITY PHOTOGRAPHS
PHONE 155
104th St. Since

Go to
A. RODGERS
—FOR—
**Repairing & New Handmade
Boots and Shoes.**
A. RODGERS,
JAMES, ONT.
Agent for
Consumers Wallpaper Co
See Our Samples.

Read the Ads—It Pays

A Summer Cruise

It Involved an Adventure

By JAMES BRAINARD

There have been two cases of ships discovered in good condition, but deserted by their crews. One was found on the open sea under sail, the other at anchor on a coast. These two are all that thus far have been recorded. It remains for me to record a third. I am a gentleman of leisure given to yachting. I am fond of cruising on my yacht either with a party of friends or a single male companion. During the last season I started from the New York Yacht Club's dock at New York for a cruise eastward along the coast. I put in at several places on the route—New London, Marblehead, Portland and other ports—for fresh table supplies, then steamed on, intending to enter the St. Lawrence river and visit the Thousand Islands.

We met a number of yachts, for it was in the season, and yachtsmen are prone in hot weather to occupy the cooler regions of the northeastern coast. One evening while steaming across one of those beautiful bays that indent the rocky coast of Maine we saw near the shore a steam yacht riding at anchor within a cable's length of the shore.

Alec Wingate was with me on this cruise. Alec was the son of a British baronet and had domestic troubles. He had married the daughter of a colonel in the English army, a very beautiful girl, who, after a couple of years of married life, during which she and her husband had lived very happily together, suddenly disappeared. Whether she had been kidnapped or had gone off with a lover no one could tell. There was no evidence, at least none that any one had ever got hold of, to point in either of these directions. The only other theory was that she had been murdered. Wingate had hunted for her all over the world and had come to America for the purpose. I had met him and, having taken a liking to him, begged him to divert his mind from his loss by going on a cruise with me.

Our course lay near enough to the anchored yacht to enable us to see with glasses what she was—that is, we could have seen any flag, people or other distinguishing marks. But there were neither people nor flags. She was a steamer yacht, but no smoke was being emitted from her stack. Her stern was at one time toward us, and what was my astonishment to see no name on her.

We slowed up, expecting every minute to see some one appear on the deck, but after waiting half an hour without any one appearing it began to look as if either a party had gone ashore from her for some purpose or she had been deserted. The first of these theories was not very likely correct. In the first place, at least one member of the crew would have been left in charge, and, in the second, this was a perfectly wild coast, and there could be no object for any party to go ashore unless for water.

I gave orders to steam up alongside the nameless yacht. The hour was about 7 in the evening, and a fine dinner was set in the cabin. A fire was burning in the galley. Every boat belonging to the yacht was in its place. In the lockers in the after part of the vessel were articles of male and female wearing apparel, the latter indicating that ladies had been aboard.

And here the mystery changes from those sea secrets I have mentioned, or, rather, another mystery is added. Alec Wingate recognized a dress contained in a rosewood locker as one that had belonged to his wife. He at once became wild with varying emotions. There was pleasure at this evidence that his wife at least had been recently alive. There was bitterness lest she might have been living on this yacht with a paramour. There was fear, lest, though she had so recently lived, she had met with some misfortune.

To allay this excitement I told Wingate that he might easily be mistaken in the dress. But he said that it was the one in which he had most liked to see his wife arrayed and the only one of her wardrobe that he would surely recognize.

We went through the yacht from stem to stern looking for some explanation of the mystery. Every stateroom, every receptacle, was ransacked. The firebox door stood partly open, and I looked in to see if materials had been put in to light a new fire. The old fire was still smoldering. The only thing we discovered was that the yacht had undoubtedly been made in England. And the maker's marks on the finishing and furniture were English. The upholstery had been purchased of a well known upholsterer in London.

Having satisfied ourselves that there was no one aboard, we left "the nameless" and returned to our own vessel. I induced Wingate to sit down to dinner—he would eat nothing—and discuss the matter. He wanted to go ashore the next day and search the coast. This seemed to me a useless expenditure of time. I had come out for a cruise and did not like the prospect of waiting while a search party beat the beach in a desolate country where there was nothing but wild moose or caribou. But Wingate suggested that the party on "the nameless" might have gone ashore for hunting purposes, and I at last consented that the next day he might take three of the crew, go ashore and spend twelve hours in looking for the deserters of the yacht.

THE GREEN VAULTS

They Hold the Sultan's Vast Store of Hidden Wealth.

BILLIONS IN RICH TREASURE.

Besides the Green Ladies Throne of Sultan Gold, These Mysteriously Guarded Caves Secrete the Hoardings of All the Greedy Rulers of Turkey.

In the green vaults of the porte lies hidden away what is perhaps the greatest treasure in the world, collected for centuries by Turkey's greedy rulers and hoarded away from the gaze of any inquisitive mortal. No one has ever been able to estimate the value of the sultan's jewels, for the treasures are guarded by day and night. There are at least twelve sets of heavily barred doors to pass before the actual entrance is reached to this Aladdin's cave. For every lock there are two keys, entrusted to as many custodians, each having twenty-four guards. These are supposed to spy on each other, as well as protect the guardians of the keys.

The green vaults of Constatia, as the treasure caves are called, are within the grounds of the porte. Approached through a court called Dar-es-Souadeh—the court of felicity—it is seen to be a low domed edifice with an interesting doorway, enriched with marbles and tiles.

The jewels appear to consist mainly of set and unset precious stones. All information regarding them, however, is kept secret because of the impoverished condition of the country, and if the exact amount of the sultan's wealth were discovered certain unscrupulous leaders might be tempted to "break in and steal." The possiblers of Constantinople say, however, that if a person offered \$100,000,000 for the green vaults and secured their contents he would make a great bargain.

Perhaps the throne of beaten gold, adorned with millions of rubies, pearls, diamonds, sapphires and emeralds set in mosaic, is the most dazzling object in the treasury of the "Shadow of God on Earth." How Selim I, ever brought it from Persia away back in the fifteenth century, when traveling was so difficult, is quite beyond human comprehension.

Nowhere in the world are there precious stones to compare with the two great emeralds which adorn the top of the sultan's throne. One of them weighs four pounds and is as big as a man's hand, the other being a trifle smaller.

On a table of ebony and sandalwood, within reach of the throne, stands a marvelous golden tankard incrustated with 4,000 diamonds. By its side lies a platter wrought of the purest gold and literally veneered with diamonds. On the ground surrounding this dazzling site are scattered thousands of rubies, pearls, turquoises and emeralds mingled with exquisitely carved diamond buttons. The magnitude of the whole thing makes one gasp with amazement.

There are effigies of the sultans clad in robes of state from 1451 to 1834, with jewels on the feathers of their turbans, daggers and swords which are priceless, as are the wonderful rubies and emeralds in the clasps of Ibrahim and Solymann II.

No museum in the world can boast a richer collection of armor, scimitars, shields, pistols, saddles, sandals, canes and the like, all bejeweled or wrought of gold.

When the sultans give a banquet in her harem the treasury is generally raided for the occasion. At one of these reveals bouquets of diamond flowers stretching from shoulder to shoulder were worn by the sultan's favorites. The sultana herself was adorned with ropes of pearls of unparalleled size, and in her ears were birds the size of butterflies holding in their beaks sparkling gems. The sultan's grand daughter, a mere infant of eleven, used to be tortured by having her hair done up in a knot on top of her head inside a diamond crown, the front of her dress covered with diamond orders, while her hands were incased with golden mittens studded with precious stones.

Few are aware that the sultan is in receipt of the largest income paid to any earthly sovereign—something like \$1,000,000 a year—and has the right to ask for more should his privy purse run short. The treasury of useless wealth hoarded away in the green vault, if converted into cash and used for national purposes, would transform the miserable Ottoman empire into one of the richest powers of the world.

The Swanee River.
It is related that when Stephen Collins Foster was composing "The Old Folks at Home" he was at a loss for the name of a river which would be melodious and also fit the rhythm of the song.

A brother suggested "Pedee"—"Way down upon the Pedee river."
"No," said the composer. "Pedee is not poetical enough."
Various other names were tried, only to be rejected by the fastidious author. At length a gazetteer was obtained and Foster looked through long lists of names until he reached Swanee or Swannee, as it is usually written.

The suitable name was found, and in this manner was immortality bestowed upon that hitherto almost unknown little southern river.

A little less frightens; a great one tapers.

STORY OF A PAINTING.

The Change the Artist Made in "The Spirit of Seventy-six."

"The Spirit of Seventy-six"—the famous drama and life trio—came from the brush and galleys of Archibald N. Willard.

The artist emerged from overalls and Wellington (No. 1) wagon shop. A picture called "Panic No. 1" displayed in a Cleveland art dealer's window, attracted the attention of the discriminating and paved the way to a kind of partnership with James H. Ryder, through whose suggestion the "Seventy-six" picture was begun.

In its early stages this painting was called "Yankee Doodle," and it was first planned along serio-comic lines. But one day, declares Mr. Willard, "I caught a glimpse in the eye of the old man who posed for the center figure, and I could go no further. The old picture pushed everything else aside and went ahead and painted itself."

The old man whose flashing eyes inspired this change of conception was the artist's father, Rev. Daniel Willard, a man of revolutionary stock.

Thus curiously it was only by the merest switch of an inherited sentiment that this symbol was prevented from becoming a fanciful burlesque to live only for the brief day of its creation.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

What a Man Should Have and Be at the Age of Thirty-five.

Jack Lait says in the American Magazine:
"At thirty-five a citizen should have a wife and children; he should have an ermanent trade, business or profession; he should own a home; he should have money in bank and a commensurate endowment policy half paid off; he should be through with experimenting and on his way, realizing the dreams he dreamt when he had time to dream, walking over the paths he laid in his road building years, hiking on his second wind beyond the point to which he laboriously strained his way heretofore."

"Youth is a tonic and its manifestations are grit and gameness, hope and energy; ambition and hard tackling, nerve and pep and good as new recoveries and gay times and extravaganzas; at youth is a bargain commodity—reckless to own, cheap to buy."

"He's only a boy," says the world, and he goes at fifty cents on the dollar. Therefore youth is the time to invest, and sometimes later comes the time to collect. Somewhere is the turn-of-mind that is marked '35.'"

At the age of three years Reginald was already a celebrated coward. Particularly he was afraid of all four-footed animals. There was talk in the family of adopting a dog.

"Would you like to have a dog, my son?" said the proud parent.
"No," said Reginald.

Somewhat later Reginald returned to his father's side. Evidently he had been turning over in his mind the proposition recently submitted.
"I'd like to have a dog," said he, "if I could have one with his mouth shut."

A Poisonous Frog.
People in general look upon all species of the frog as being perfectly harmless. Should you be traveling in New Granada (United States of Colombia), however, you would do well to set a certain little tree croaker severely alone. He secretes a poison equally as deadly as that of the rattlesnake. It exudes from his skin in the shape of a milky liquid.

Not So Cruel.
"I heard the other day of a man in difficulty who was calling repeatedly for help, and nobody would go to his aid."
"How cruel!"
"Not necessarily. He wanted a cook, and there was none to be had."

Sole Logic at Influence.
"There is no effort without a cause," quipped the wise guy.
"How about when a woman changes her mind?" asked the simple man—Philadelphia Record.

Last Kind of the World.
Teacher—How many kinds of poetry are there? Pupil—Three. Teacher—What are they? Pupil—Lyric, dramatic and epidemic.

The Snow King.
The snow king exists in nature so far west as the foothills of the coast and the bluffs of New England.

Flower
regard
Not

BA
The Ja
1881 E
We are at a
save local ne
the facts, we l
ings and giv
Narvik popu
items of new
ADVERT
Lately count
Lion to purcha
Buckling out
do it's any
let by which
any person of
in the discov
where the pub
concluded at
about what un
green grass
section of bus
five cents a
tion.
Notes to ad
copy for contr
in the hands of
day noon at
While willing
st's possible
roun we must
to our lives
forcement of th
Judicial Dec
ment notes—
(12 lines to in
and five cen
with-quent use
Small Aus
ments of scen
Found S
For Sale to
25c per sheet on
Advert sent
tion without w
appear until w
ceived for the
Subscriptions
strictly in adva
advance a doll
charged. Unle
extra, strictly
If you wish y
give aid as well
VRS b

Alex.
Pans and Organ
Reed-nee
Hamilton
Leave all ord

SOME GO
If you have dar
killing the germs.
If your hair is fa
There is a fa
sandy, these mis
to remain young.
PARISIAN SA
shows, in guaran
cure dandruff
will give you your
PARISIAN SA
—it prevents the h
It is the best
hair, as it makes
Soft, soft and be
PARISIAN SA
60c a tin
For Sale by
K. Sea