

A Man has no Excuse

for being badly dressed. It costs no more to buy good clothes than it does, in the end, to buy "cheap" clothes. The difference is in the comfort and wear.

"PROGRESS" Brand Clothing

is for the man who must economize, as well as for those who needn't count dollars and cents. It's the kind of clothing any man is proud to wear. It gives the service and comfort—it



holds its shapeliness and good looks—in a way that makes it a practical economy to buy "Progress" Brand Clothing

Sold by Leading Clothiers
throughout Canada.

The Youth of Mozart.

Mozart played the harpsichord at three! At six he and his sister, who was but eleven, went with their father on a musical tour round Germany. At nine he took London by storm by his organ playing, while all the symphonies which he played at his farewell concert there were his own compositions. Before he was ten he composed for the dedication of the Church of the Orphans at Vienna a mass and conducted the concert himself. Through it all the child Mozart seems to have remained unspoiled, unaffected, the plaything of queens.

At the age of six in Vienna, while he amazed the imperial household by his genius, he charmed them by his childishness. The emperor sat by his side as he played and called him his "little magician." The empress was delighted when at the close of the performance the little fellow sprang upon her lap and kissed her. When he slipped and fell on the polished floor the archduchess, Marie Antoinette, afterward the hapless queen of France, lifted him up and was amused at being thus thanked: "You are very kind. When I grow up I will marry you." In London also the royal family made much of him, and the child even accompanied the queen in a song.

No Choice.

"And you say all the girls at the summer hotel were devoted to you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I must say they were easily suited."

"They had to be. I was the only young man there."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A QUEER COACH ROAD.

Passengers Pay Their Fare and Work Their Way as Well.

In the old days of canal voyaging captains of boats were not infrequently asked to give a wayfarer a lift. The man was asked if he was willing to work his passage. If he said "Yes" he was put to work driving the horses. In Europe, it seems, a similar custom is practiced on paying coach passengers.

In the Pyrenees there is a coach road between two villages, one on each side of a mountain 16,000 feet high. After the coach has proceeded a little distance and reached the steep part of the ascent the conductor begs the passengers to get out so as to ease the horses. They are even requested a push behind and help the poor animals to drag the huge vehicle uphill.

When at last the summit is reached the traveler, wiping from his forehead drops of sweat as big as kidney beans, congratulates himself on the breezy ride down the steep slopes of the descent which awaits him.

There is where he makes a mistake, for the conductor, with a sweet smile, begs the gentlemen to be kind enough to hang on to the coach behind and act the part of a Westinghouse air brake or else the horses may be injured.

In this manner the terminus of the line is reached, the passengers having pushed the coach all the way up one side of the mountain and held it back all the way down the other.

In spite of this there is a rush for places on the coach daily, as there has been for half a century.—Spare Moments.

Traits of Turkish Nomads.

The Yuruks assert that human souls return into the bodies of animals and that the spirits of the latter take also a human form and appear at determined epochs. This is certainly the reason why they are so kind to animals. A Yuruk loves his horse as much as his family. The horses have their place under the tent, and it is not uncommon to see them warmly wrapped in a magnificent robe when the Yuruk and his children are covered with rags.

Some other customs attest also a pagan origin. In the orient everybody knows that the Yuruks worship certain trees and rocks. These facts yield sufficient evidence that monotheism is by no means the essential dogma of their religion.

After the Baby's Trade.

A gentleman who recently advertised the birth of a daughter tells me that he has received in consequence almost enough stuff to stock a general shop. The outcome of his advertisement includes samples of a dozen or more different foods and preparations of milk, several consignments of different soaps, samples of well known brands of tea and other well advertised goods, not to mention specimen photographs from sundry firms desirous of depicting the features of the little stranger. He mentions that the only article that would be really useful in his household under the circumstances not received up to the present date is a baby carriage.—London Truth.

Three Bites of a Sentence.

William Redmond, M.P., once arose to speak in the House of Commons, according to The Boston Evening Record, and there came a question, hurled at him from the Right side of the House:

"Will you vote for this bill if it comes up?"

Mr. Redmond looked from one side of the House to the other and slowly answered:

"I will—"

Immediately the Right side of the House burst into a storm of applause. But Mr. Redmond continued, as soon as he could be heard:

"—not—"

"Then the storm came from the Left side, and as soon as it subsided for a moment he completed what he started:

"—answer that question."

And perfect silence reigned on both sides.

SUMMING UP



THE principal features of my Pharaoh Cigar are as follows:

- 1.—Cuban filler—I select from the best grown in the Manicagua district in the Province of Santa Clara.
- 2.—Connecticut Broadleaf binder—the most expensive grown.
- 3.—Clear leaf Sumatra wrapper, I import direct from Holland.
- 4.—I do not work any tobacco until I age it at least three years—then the taste and fragrance are fully developed.
- 5.—Each cigar is rolled by hand, under my personal supervision—I secure in Pharaoh a steady, even combustion and a cool, sweet smoke.

J. Bruce Fayet, LIMITED
GRANBY, P.Q.

None genuine unless branded PHA-RO

People who like an article are generally ready to recommend it. In fact they usually DO.

Probably no factor is so potent in increasing the demand for an article as this very thing.

A recent illustration of this fact is the sudden popularity of

Royal Household Flour.

No other flour ever sold in this province has increased its sales to such an extent in so short a time.

Of course the thing behind this increase has been in the last analysis, the quality of "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" itself.

But the good words of pleased consumers have been the chiefest means whereby a knowledge of this superior quality has been spread.

People who once use "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" become so enthusiastic about the good results attending its use that they wonder how they have ever got along without it, and they pass the good word along.

J. N. Farnham, of Scovil's Bakery, St. John, N. B., says: "I have been a Baker for thirteen years, and have used all kinds or Manitoba flours, but never had a flour the equal of "Royal Household" for Bread Cake, and Pastry. Before using "Royal Household," I always had to use soft flour to make good pastry."

Couldn't Account For It.



Uncle Ezra Wilkins—Hanged if these city fellers hain't queer. That young dude thet's with us didn't hev no complaint last summer, but this season he's allus kickin' 'bout the butter.

Hank Hunkins—What's the matter with it?

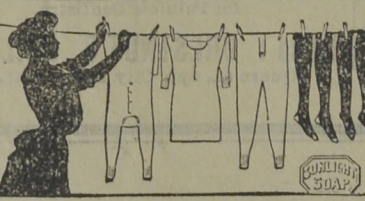
Uncle Ezra—Cussed if I know. It's the same butter we hed last year.—Leslie's Weekly.

Go Ahead!

Go ahead and lay the land out—make the furrow long and straight! Ain't no fish in any river's goin' to bite without the bait. Don't you see the birds are buildin' Nuthin' stops 'em low or high, And the lizard's thrown his blanket on the old fence rail to dry!

Go ahead! The woods are bloomin', and the fields are waitin' sweet For the wavin' of the corn blades and the ripple of the wheat! War ain't stoppin' all creation—pretty soon the shadow fades. Hooray for the old plantation and the field brigades!

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.



You won't harden or shrink woollens with Sunlight Soap. The purity of the oils and fats and the absence of free alkali prevent that.

G. T. WHELPLEY.

Oats! Oats!

One carload Carleton County Oats just stored. Quality good, price low. A large stock of

Middlings, Heavy Feed, Bran.

Victor Feed

At \$1.20 per 100 lb. bag.

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