The Leader

Vol. XIII, No 31 MORRISBURG, ONT., THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1913.

Local and General

Whitteker, the Optician, will be at
Wales, Aug. 20.
Aultsville, Aug. 21.
Morrisburg, Sept. 1 to 6.

Miss Isabel Farlinger is visiting friends in Kemptville this week.

Reuben Weegar, of Toronto, is spending a few holidays in town this week.

Miss Katharine Gormley, of Montreal, was the guest of the Misses Campbell this week.

Mrs Richard Pyke and daughter Mary, of Dickinson's Landing, are visiting friends in town.

Mr and Mrs J. C. Casselman and daughter Helen, of Montreal, are spend their holidays in town.

Mr and Mrs A. Gilbert and son, of Brockville, were guests of Mr and Mrs A. J. Harrison for a few days this week.

Mr George Hummell, of Montreal, is spending a couple of weeks' holidays with his parents, Mr and Mrs Andrew Hummell.

Staff Captain Arnold, wife and daughter, of Toronto, are guests of Mrs Arnold's parents, Mr and Mrs A. A. Whitteker for a few weeks.

Mr and Mrs David Gordon, of Toronto, are spending their holidays with the latter's parents, Mr and Mrs Walter Beckstead, Riverside.

Miss Nellie Pruner, formerly of this place and now of Saskatoon, Sask., is visiting friends in town, staying while here with Mr and Mrs Charles Shoove.

Mr and Mrs C. W. Castleman who have been spending the past three weeks visiting friends in Chicago, Ill., will spend a few days here before returning to their home in Syracuse, N.Y.

Nathan Frank, Ogdensburg's grand old man, celebrated his 84th birthday Tuesday. Mr Frank has lived to see the fruit of his industry blossom out into one of the finest mercantile industries in Northern New York.—Ogdensburg News.

Mr and Mrs James Hitchcock, of Bloomfield, N.Y., announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Katherine Warley Holmes, to H. Proctor Rose, of New York, son of Mr and Mrs Harry N. Rose, of Waddington, N.Y. Miss Holmes is a daughter of Mrs Hitchcock by a former marriage. The wedding will take place the latter part of October.

The school board met on Tuesday night to consider applications for the position of public school principal. The application of Mr W. H. Black, of Almont, was accepted. Mr T. M. Henry, specialist in mathematics at the M.C.I., asked the board for his release. A teacher is being advertised for and if one can be secured, Mr Henry's request will be granted.

At the regular meeting of the Council on Monday night accounts were passed amounting to $2,786.78. The question was raised by one of the members as to whether the power debenture and government rental of power should be included in this year's taxes. This would raise the taxes from 25 mills to about 33 mills. The matter will be discussed at a meeting to be held tomorrow (Friday) night, when the rate will probably be struck.

A very interesting meeting of the Women's Institute was held on Saturday. Mr Andrew Broder, M. P., spoke for about half an hour on the Battle of Crysler's Farm, in the centennial celebration of which the Institute is largely interested. In closing his remarks Mr Broder said he hoped the two countries would always be on the same friendly terms as at present, which led Miss Grace Merkley to remark, in moving a vote of thanks, that her views quite coincided with those of Mr Broder, adding jocularly that she hoped the day would come when women could go to Ogdensburg without having to meet customs officials on their return. Mrs Arthur Casselman seconded the motion for the vote of thanks. Arrangements were made by the Institute to furnish meals to the 1,000 school children who are to take part in the celebration at Crysler's Farm on the 27th inst. It was also arranged to have the exhibit of relics in the Agriculture Office during the two days of the celebration. An effort will be made to have a member of the Dominion Police here to look after the exhibit.

Mrs Denesha, of Boston, Mass, is visiting friends in town.

Miss Ruby Thom, of Toronto, is visiting relatives in town and vicinity

Mrs Lorne McIntosh, of Winchester Springs, is the guest of Mrs J. B. Connor this week.

The undersigned is prepared to do all kinds of Upholstering and Furniture Repairing. Orders executed promptly. First-class workmanship. Shop on Main street west, Morrisburg. Your orders solicited.

31tf F. J. Rowe.

The services in St. James' and Trinity churches on Sunday last were conducted by the Rev Rural Dean Fisher, of Port Elmsley, assisted in the evening at St. James' by the Rev Mr Gray, of New York, who preached a deep and practical sermon on the subject of "Worship". Rev Mr Anderson conducted services in St. Paul's church, Waddington.

Church of England services on Sunday, 10th inst, will be Holy Communion in St. James' church at 8 a.m., Sunday-school at 10, Morning Prayer and Litany at 11. Service of Holy Baptism at 4 30 p.m. and Evensong at 7 o'clock. Sunday-school in Trinity Memorial church at 2 p.m., Evensong at 2.45—offerings on behalf of the Lord's Day Alliance.

The Waddington baseball team was defeated here on Saturday by a team which comprised three of the regulars, two old-timers and four youngsters who certainly know how to swat the ball. Beany Campbell, who has played with Waddington for a hundred years more or less, was also on the job. The score was 10-5 in favor of the locals. The attendance was not up to the average meagre support given the boys.

A meeting of the St. Lawrence Valley Fruit Growers Association will be held in the Agricultural Office, Morrisburg, on Saturday afternoon Aug. 9th, at 2 o'clock. Prof Caesar, O A.C., Guelph, who is at present inspecting nurseries in the county, has been asked to attend and speak to the Fruit Growers of this district. Everyone interested in Fruit Growing would make it a point to attend.

Wesley Storey, of Prescott, had his right ear almost completely torn off at Kingston the past week. Storey is thirty-three years of age and works as a deck hand on the tug Emerson. It appears that the man had bought a ticket at the G.T.R. station for Prescott and on decending the steps, he slipped and landed on his head, tearing his ear badly. He was taken to the hospital and fourteen stitches taken to close the gash in his ear.

Mr J. Wesley Allison will act as judge at the Greater New York Horse Show and Exposition next week, judging hackneys, standard-breds and harness horses. The large number of entries—over 4,000, which is the greatest number at any show ever held in America, will make judging no easy task. Mr Allison will be associated with many noted horsemen, the list of judges including Reginald Vanderbilt of Newport, Ex-Governor Horace White of Syracuse, Edward McLean, of Washington, Baron de Meyronnet de Saint Mars of Paris, and others. Mr Allison will also act again this year as judge at the Rockingham Horse Show at Boston, which is to be held August 18th to 23rd.

On Tuesday afternoon an old resident of Morrisburg passed away in the person of James Fox, in his 72nd year. He had been ailing for some time, gradually growing weaker, and on Tuesday it was decided that he be taken to the Hotel Dieu at Cornwall for treatment. He had gone only a short distance from the house on his way to the station to take the afternoon train, when he suddenly collapsed on the sidewalk, death being almost instantaneous. Deceased was a native of Ireland and came to this country when a boy with his parents. He is survived by his widow, who was before her marriage Mary Moran; six sons — James, Frank, Charles, Fred, Harry and Leo; and four daughters—Nellie, Lillian (Mrs Wm. Stein), and Della, all of Cleveland, and Mrs Dan O'Riley, of this place. The funeral is to take place tomorrow (Friday) at 9 a. m. at St. Mary's Church.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

LEADER ADVERTISEMENTS BRING RESULTS.

Grand Union Harvest Excursion on the biggest and best excursion boat on the St. Lawrence the Thousand Islander from Farran's Point to Alexandria Bay, Tuesday Aug. 19th. Boat will leave Farran's Point at 6 30 a.m. and Morrisburg at 8 a.m. and will stop at Ogdensburg going and returning, tickets 75 cts; from Morrisburg to Ogdensburg 50 cts. The Thousand Islander will not enter the canals but will go up and down outside. Moonlight excursion from Morrisburg to Farran's Point at 8 o'clock up and down the rapids on a floating palace the Thousand Islander will be an unique trip.

Mr Cyril H. Pruner, son of Mr and Mrs Zeman Pruner, who left for Saskatoon five years ago is continuing to make good in the west. His latest venture is in coal mining, he being secretary treasurer and one of the directors, along with G. W. McPhee (president) and Wm. Murphy (vice-president), of a joint stock company which have purchased a 280 acre coal property at Castor, Alta., 220 miles west of Saskatoon. The coal lies only 20 feet below the surface and 8000 tons have been taken from one acre in area, the amount in one seam alone in the property being estimated by a mining engineer at 2,000,000 tons. The company's charter was granted last Thursday. Mr Pruner is very enthusiastic over his prospects and expects to clean up the modest sum of two million dollars.

The Late Hiram Carman

Death claimed on Tuesday morning an old and prominent resident of Morrisburg, Hiram Carman. The end was not unexpected, his death being due to the infirmities incident to old age.

The late Mr Carman was born at Iroquois in the year 1826, the son of the late Peter Carman and grandson of Michael Carman, a U. E. Loyalist. As a young man he served as surveyor for a number of years under the late Capt. T. S. Rubidge, being afterwards appointed collector of customs for the port of Morrisburg, a position which he occupied for thirty years, when, owing to failing eyesight, he was obliged to retire on a pension.

He was one of a family of eight—four sisters and four brothers, the only surviving member being Mrs J. W. Forward, of Iroquois. He married Julia Ross, sister of the late John S. Ross, who survives, with three daughters—Mrs R P. Adams, Mrs Herbert Bradfield and Miss Nellie. His Honor Judge Carman, of Lindsay, and the Rev. Dr. Carman, are cousins.

The late Mr Carman was a Conservative, and a lifelong adherent of the Church of England. The funeral took place today at 2 o'clock at St. James' Church, the Rev. G. S. Anderson officiating. A short service was held at the house, Mrs Carman being an invalid and unable to attend at church.

Among those from out of town who attended the funeral were Mrs Croil, Montreal; Mr and Mrs J. T. Field, Cobourg; Mrs W. J. Forward and son Walter and sister, Mrs W. L. Redmond, Mr Allan Ross, of Iroquois; Mr Colin Carman, Cornwall.

AN IMPOSING DIRECTORATE

Many Prominent Canadians on Art Publication Board

Among the Directors of the Art Publication Society, we notice the names of some of Canada's sterling business men, who have done much to raise the standard of music teaching throughout Canada.

Lieut.-Col. A. E. Gooderman, E. R. Wood, A. F. Webster, Peter C. Kennedy, A. E. Ames, of Toronto, and S. L. Barrowclough, G. A. Glines, Ralph Connor, T. M. Ryan, R A. Shattuck, Arthur Stewart, of Winnipeg.

Mr W. H. Barrowclough, assistant manager, is making a tour of Eastern Ontario, calling on music teachers, and is meeting with marked success. Thousands of teachers and pupils throughout Canada are enrolling with this society, and those who are interested in high class music should not fail to see him.

Have a complete Conservatory education in your own home. Ask your teacher about this Godowsky System, learn to know why you are playing as well as how to play.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

THE HORSE SHOW

Weather Conditions Fine—A Large Crowd, and Good Races

The Dundas Agricultural Society' annual horse show on Tuesday and Wednesday was favored with ideal weather conditions—summer skies, without the midsummer heat. The attendance on the first day was not large, but the second day saw a big turnout. Many of the classes were not well filled, although the quality of the exhibits made up in part for the lack in quantity. Some dissatisfaction was expressed with the judging. In all such exhibitions when awards are not made on merit the exhibition is in danger of losing the confidence of exhibitors.

The special attractions advertised to take place in front of the grand stand didn't connect, although numerous other little attractions on the grounds kept the people busy. The races drew the bulk of the crowd and were well filled and keenly contested, eleven horses starting in the 2.50 class, the biggest field of horses in a single race that has been seen here in a number of years. A mix-up occurred in the third heat of the 2.50 class on the first day, which resulted in the placing of two quarter judges on the track the second day to keep the "boys" straight. The crowd was almost as orderly as a Sunday-school picnic, and there was a noticeable absence of drunks on the grounds.

The Norwood, N.Y., band enlivened the crowd with popular airs, and the Society made no mistake in engaging them.

The following are the results of the races:

2.50 CLASS.

Sam Hill, W. C. Coir	3	8	drawn			
Brad McKinney, E. Wallace	5	3	drawn			
B. B., D. P. Gormely	2	2	1	1	5	1
Santiago, Alex. King	6	4	5	4	2	3
Alcoon, Wm. Williamson	1	1	drawn			
Patty R., J. Riley	9	7	drawn			
May B., John Kavanaugh	4	9	drawn			
Miss Reflector, J. McEvoy	11	5	4	2	3	5
Harold K., Frank Parker	10	6	3	3	1	2
Orta, G. R. Duvall	7	10	2	drawn		
Island Belle, Joe Amell	8	11	6	5	4	4

Winners—B. B., Harold K., Santiago, Miss Reflector. No time giv

2.22 CLASS.

Corncracker Joe, W. Adams	5	3	4	
Lord Ermine, S. W. Boyd	2	2	2	
Jim R., A. H. Runions	4	4	3	
Lodi, Dr. Singleton	3	5	dr	
Cardinal Pointer, T. J. Dillon	1	1	1	

Winners—Cardinal Pointer, Lord Ermine, Jim R., Corncracker Joe. No time given.

2.40 CLASS.

Harold K., F. Parker	6	3	2
Harry Wilkes, W. Anderson	2	5	6
B. B., D. P. Gormely	1	1	1
Santiago, A. King	4	4	4
Island Belle, Joe Amell	5	6	5
Minnie H., E. Wallace	3	2	3

Winners—B. B., Minnie H., Harold K., Harry Wilkes. No time given.

FREE-FOR-ALL.

Perfection, Shaw & Ellis	dh	dh	3	3	1	1	1
Corncracker Joe	4	4	4	4	4	r.o	
Red Bars, J. Cameron	dh	dh	1	1	2	2	2
Cardinal Pointer	3	3	2	2	3	r.o	

Best time—2.17½.

NAMED RACE.

Prof. Hal, T. T. Shaw	3	2	2	1	1
Roan Hal, Wm. Stetham	2	3	1	2	3
R. B., R. E. Johnson	1	1	3	3	2

Half-mile heats; best time 1.12.

BANK OF OTTAWA SPECIAL.

Bill Hilda, D. Driscoll	1	1
Lady Grenville, D. Driscoll	2	2
Billy, H. Walker	3	3
Minnie M., Jas. Miller	4	
B. Robertson	6	4

Winners—Bill Hilda, Lady Greville.

Below is given the list of awards:

Section 1—Harness Horses

Class 3—Pair of mares or geldings, 15 hands 2 inches and under—1st R. L. Blair.

Class 4—Single gelding or mare in harness, over 15 hands 2 inches—1st Ross Hanson, 3rd Jas. Hodge.

Class 5—Single gelding or mare in harness, 15 hands 2 inches and under—1st Jas. Seeley, 2nd D. Driscoll, 3rd Orren Strader.

Class 6—Brood mare and colt—2nd D. Deeks.

Section 2—Standard Bred

Class 8—Stallion, show to rein or in harness—1st and 2nd D. Driscoll.

Section 3—Runabouts

Class 11—Runabout horses, 14 hands 3 inches to 15 hands 2½ inches—1st J. Wesley Allison, 2nd J. Seeley, 3rd J. Link.

Section 4—High Steppers

Class 12—Single actor or high stepper, mare or gelding, 15 hands 2 inches and over—1st Ross Hanson, 2nd Alex Shaver, 3rd G. W. Bogart.

Class 13—Single actor or high stepper, mare or gelding, under 15 hands 2 inches—1st J. Seeley, 2nd Orren Strader, 3rd D. Driscoll.

Section 5—Heavy Draft

Class 17—Span of heavy draft horses (mares or geldings) weighing not less than 3000 pounds—1st Mason Deeks, 2nd Albert Beckstead.

Class 18—Span of light draft horses, weight of team not to exceed 2,600 lbs.—1st G. W. Reddick, 2nd Robt. Dodge.

Section 7—Hackney Horses

Class 23—Hackney stallion, any age—1st J. Wesley Allison.

Class 24—Stallion, 2 years old—1st J. Wesley Allison.

Section 8—Clydesdale

Class 31—Filly, 2 years old, shown to rein—1st Chas. Hanson, 2nd G. W. Reddick.

Section 10—Percherons

Class 36—Stallion, shown to rein—1st J. Wesley Allison.

Specials

Allison's Island Farm—Best Dalton King colt foaled in 1912—1st D. Deeks. Best Dalton King colt foaled in 1913—1st D. Deeks. Best Dalton King colt shown in harness—1st Jas. Link, 2nd F. B. Robertson.

Henry Birks & Son, Montreal—Best high stepper exhibited before an appropriate vehicle—1st Jas. Seeley.

Ryrie Bros, Toronto—Best brood mare exhibited (owned in Dundas county)—Wm. Williamson. Best heavy stallion exhibited (owhed in Dundas county)—J. Wesley Allison.

Roger Miller & Son—Ladies' driving contest, half mile—Jas. Seeley.

A. W. Lavis—2nd for ladies' driving contest—Orville Seeley.

A. H. Casselman—1st for team of light draft horses—G. W. Reddick.

C. J. Weegar—2nd for team of light draft horses—Albert Beckstead.

G. W. Cook—For best yearling colt by thoroughbred horse, Orontos—1st Geo. Styles.

W. & J. Meikle—Ladies' driving contest—1st Jas. Seeley, 2nd Orren Strader.

F. A. Nash — Gentleman's single turnout—Ross Hanson.

F. R. Chalmers—2nd for gentleman's single turnout—Jas. Seeley.

Frank Stewart—Best carriage horse on grounds—Ross Hanson.

A. C. Jenkinson—2nd for best carriage horse—Jas. Seeley.

G. W. Cook—Best heavy draught team—Robt. Silmser.

W. H. McGannon—Best single roadster, once around track—D. Driscoll.

Chas. W. Marsh—Lady's driving contest—D. Driscoll.

Dr. Will C. Davy—2nd in lady's driving contest—Orville Seeley.

The Music Hall attraction in the evening did not attract large houses, yet the entertainment was of a good class. This was the first appearance here of the Russell-Coutts-Bain Concert Co. Mr John A. Kelly, who is with the company this season has pleased audiences here on different occasions by his clever exposition of the ventriloquial art.

The Campaign on the St. Lawrence One Hundred Years Ago.

RETURN OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED OF A DETACHMENT OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES DECENDING THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, UNDER THE COMMAND OF MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES WILKINSON, IN AN ACTION FOUGHT AT WILLIAMSBURGH IN UPPER CANADA ON THE 11TH NOVEMBER 1813.

Killed—Subalterns, 3; sergeants, 7; corporals, 3; musicians, 1; privates, 88. Total, 102. Wounded—Brigadier-General, 1; Assistant Adjutant-General, 1; Aid-de-camp, 1; Colonel, 1; Major, 1; Captains, 5; subalterns, 6; sergeants, 9; corporals, 18; musicians, 1; privates, 193. Total, 237. Total killed and wounded, 339.

Names of the Commissioned Officers Killed and Wounded

Killed—Lieutenant William W. Smith of the light artillery: David Hunter, 12th infantry; Edward Olmstead, 16th infantry.

Wounded—Brigadier-General Leonard Covington, mortally, since dead; Major Talbot Chambers, Assistant Adjutant-General, slightly; Major Darby Noon, aid-de-camp to Brigadier-General Swartwout, slightly; Colonel James P. Preston, of the 23rd infantry, severely, his right thigh fractured; Major William Cummings, 8th regiment, severely; Captain Edmund Foster, 9th ditto, slightly; Captain John P. Murdock, 25th do. do.; Lieutenant William S. Heaton, 11th do., severely; Lieutenant John Williams, 13th do., slightly; Lieutenant John Lynch, 14th do., severely; Lieutenant Peter Pelham, 21st do. do.; Lieutenant James D. Brown, 25th do., slightly; Lieutenant Archibald E. Grary, do. do, severely, in the skirmish the day before the action.

Adj-Gen's. Office, H. Q. Military district No. 9, French Mills, Nov. 1813.

T B. Walback, Adj.-Gen.

N.B. Colonel Preston commanded the 13th regiment of infantry during the action; and Major Cummings did duty with the 16th regiment infantry in the action.

GENERAL WILKINSON TO GENERAL ARMSTRONG.

Headquarters, French Mills.
Nov. 18, 1813.

Sir,—I beg this may be considered as an appendage to my official communication, respecting the action of the 11th inst. I last evening received the enclosed information, the result of the examination of sundry prisoners, taken on the field of battle; which justifies the opinion of the surviving general officers, who were in the engagement. This goes to prove, that the imperious obligation of duty did not allow me sufficient time to route the enemy, they were beaten—the accidental loss of one field-piece notwithstanding, after it had been discharged 15 or 20 times. I have also learned, from what is considered good authority, (but I will not vouch for the correctness of it), that the enemy's loss exceeded 500, killed and wounded. The enclosed report will correct an error in my former communication: as it appears, it was the 39th, and not the 84th British regiment, which was engaged on the 11th. I beg leave to mention, relative to the action of the 11th, what, from my extreme indisposition, I have ommitted:—having received information, late in the day, that the contest had become somewhat dubious, I ordered up a reserve of 600 men, whom I had directed to stand by their arms, under Lieut.-Col. Upham, who gallantly led them into action, which terminated a few minutes after their arrival on the ground.

With consideration, &c.,
James Wilkinson.

Hon. J. Armstrong, Sec. War.

The strength of the enemy, according to the statement of a number of British prisoners, taken on the field of battle, (and separately examined) was 2,100 men—4 pieces of artillery, and 7 gun-boats, one mounting a 24 pounder.

FROM LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MORRISON TO MAJOR-GENERAL DE ROTTENBURG.

Williamsburg, Upper Canada,
November 11, 1813.

Sir,—I have the honor to inclose a copy of the agreement entered into by Captain Mulcaster, of the royal navy, and myself, with two of the principal inhabitants of *Hamilton, in the State of New York. Having understood, when passing that place, that public property was deposited there, and being informed by Lieut.-Colonel Pearson that his excellency the commander of the forces had directed a small force to act against that village, we considered it our duty, as we possessed the means, to fulfill the intentions of his excellency; but not having sufficient conveyance, or time, to bring the property away, and as it appeared that it principally belonged to merchants at Kingston, we deemed the inclosed terms best to propose. I also enclose herewith a copy of Major-General Wilkinson's proclamation.

J. W. Morrison,
Lieut.-Colonel, 89th,
commanding corps of observation.

Major-General De Rottenburg.

(*) Now Waddington

AMERICAN AGREEMENT TO DELIVER UP CAPTURED PROPERTY.

We do hereby promise on our respective words of honor, to deliver on the opposite side of the river, at the house of Jacob Wager, if a flag should be permitted to land, all the public property of the United States, if any should be found here; also all property belonging to his Brittannic Majesty's Government, and the individuals thereof, now deposited in the house of Charles Richards. It being expressly understood that the property and persons of the inhabitants of the village have been spared in consideration of the preceding arrangement. And we do hereby further pledge our honors, that the boats shall also be delivered, which belong-

(Continued on Page 4.)

A Dark Shadow;

Or, A Coming Vengeance

CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd).

As the son of Dandy Rafborough, Clive was intimately acquainted with the life aristocratic; he made himself as intimately acquainted with the life of the gutter; and he had cast in his lot once and for all with the people.

Lord Rafborough's amazement and indignation when he was informed of his son's intention to contest Brimfield as an out-and-out Radical became, in the commonplace phrase, more easily imagined than described; but he was always polished and courteous, even when suffering from the gout, an attack of which Clive's conduct promptly produced, and he dismissed and cut off his son with a smile and a shrug of his shoulders and the following words:

"Of course, my dear Clive, you are old enough to go your own way, and I would not be so rude as to suggest that you are a young fool; but you will permit me to remark, more in sorrow than in anger, that you cannot expect me to countenance this new departure of yours. It is more than wicked; it is—absurd. We Rafboroughs have, I admit, been guilty of some foolish things, but none of us have been quite so idiotic as to pose as a Radical and 'a friend of the people'—I believe that is the ridiculous title that they give you—and I am sure you will not be surprised when I hint, as delicately as possible, that we have no desire to be connected with your enterprise or to countenance your extravagant political opinions. I can't cut you off with a shilling, because I do not possess at this moment that useful coin; but I would suggest that while this insanity of yours lasts it would be as well if you avoided your people and Eaton Square, and confined yourself to your new friends. Good-bye, my dear Clive. I wish I could bid you God-speed; but the hackneyed benediction would be so completely inappropriate that I really must refrain from uttering it. The only hope I can express is—and I do so devoutly—that you will soon be clothed and in your right mind. When you return to this desirable condition we shall all, of course, be glad to see you. Until then—— Don't let me detain you. Goodbye."

Clive possessed that which is a rarity in these days, a warm heart; and he felt the parting from his father and his brothers, Adolphus and Bertie, very keenly; but he had put his hand to the plough, and he was not the man to leave it and slink home to Eaton Square, crushed and beaten.

The money he had inherited from his mother provided him with only a small income; but notwithstanding a somewhat riotous time at Oxford, his tastes were very simple, and he cheerfully settled down in a couple of rooms in a back street in Chelsea, and as cheerfully denied himself the familiar luxuries of Carlton dinners, Bond Street clothes, and shilling cigars. Of course, he was ambitious; every man who is worth his salt desires to make his mark on the age in which he lives; but, strange as it may seem in these pushing, self-seeking days, Clive's ambition was subordinated to a genuine desire to help the people whose cause he had championed.

To-night he had scored a great, an amazing success; he had put his foot on the first rung of the ladder which leads to great things; the applause, the cheers were still ringing in his ears; but sweet as they were—and why shouldn't they have been?—the few words of praise from his leader, and from Lord Chesterleigh especially, were sweeter to him. His thoughts turned towards Lady Edith. He was not a susceptible man, but it would have been impossible that he should not have been struck by her youthful grace and beauty. His keen eye—and Clive Harvey's eye was very keen indeed—had noted the indications of the girl's proud and haughty spirit; but he was not inclined to dwell upon them; for you see, she had been very gracious to him. She had smiled upon him, as the youngest woman of her class knows how to smile when she wants to be sweet and to impress a man favorably. Her voice had softened when she spoke to him, and her words were still present with him.

Both father and daughter had given him a cordial invitation; should he avail himself of it? He had got to regard himself as an outcast from the exalted sphere in which they moved; would it be wise to go back to the flesh-pots of Egypt; would it be prudent to place himself in the way of temptation; had he not better stick to "the people" with whom he had cast in his lot?

Pondering these questions, he had wandered on down Victoria Street and into Pimlico, so lost in thought that he paid no heed to the direction which he had taken; and suddenly looking round, he found that he had strolled into one of the shabby streets leading off the main thoroughfare. The street was nearly deserted, though it was not very late—the House had risen early—and the public-houses were still open. A drunken man, who was cheerfully zigzagging home, nearly collided with Clive; he hiccoughed an apology, which he made with difficulty, while he supported himself by clutching Clive's arm; and it was characteristic of Clive that he did not push the man away from him with impatience or disgust; for the Radical aristocrat had learned to tolerate and even to pity that which he loathed.

A little further on a sleek cat scratched at a door, and mewed plaintively, looking up at Clive and saying quite plainly, "You're taller than I am; do ring the bell, or I shall be shut out all night!" So Clive stroked the cat and rang the bell. As he walked on he heard the sounds of music, and, turning a corner of the street, came upon a public-house. It was a quiet one, no doubt "used" only by the inhabitants of the shabby, seedy houses, and outside on the kerb stood a man, a diminutive hunchback, playing a violin, and playing it well.

Beside him stood a young girl singing. It was not a strong voice, but it was so sweet a one and with such signs of careful training that Clive stood on the other side of the street and listened. The girl's back was turned to him, and she wore a shawl over her head, so that he could see no part of her face; but he was struck by a certain grace in her figure and her attitude. She was standing with her head slightly thrown back, her hands loosely clasped in front of her; and, as she sang, the slight girlish figure moved almost imperceptibly to the rhythm of the music.

Clive felt the pathos of her presence and her sweet, low voice, and he crossed the road, and stood just behind the pair, so that he might hear the song more distinctly. It came to an end presently, but the girl stood without changing her attitude until the hunchback touched her gently on the arm. She started slightly, and, drawing her shawl about her face, looked round, and, seeing Clive, came towards him with a little tambourine extended, while the hunchback went into the public-house to collect contributions.

Clive dropped half a crown in the tambourine; without raising her eyes, the girl made him a graceful little curtesy, and was turning away when Clive involuntarily spoke to her. Involuntarily, because he was even more touched by the sight of her face than he had been by the grace of her figure. It was a singular face, strangely out of keeping with the shabby surroundings and her humble calling. London is full of pretty girls, and they are almost as numerous in the slums and the byways of Pimlico and Whitechapel as they are in Mayfair; but this girl's face was not merely pretty; for though it was not yet quite beautiful, it was rich with the promise of a natural loveliness.

In the pure oval of its contour, the dark grey eyes, the long lashes, the soft, almost black hair, and delicately-shaped lips, there was a suggestion of Italy or even of Spain; but Clive knew, even before she spoke, that she was not foreign, and there was no relation between this girl with the downcast eyes and the timid demeanor and the over-ripe Italian young lady who accompanies the street organ.

"You sing very well, my child," he said; "but your voice is not strong enough for the streets; and I am afraid you will spoil it."

Up to the present she had, when she raised her eyes, looked past and beyond him, as if she were moving and acting in a kind of dream; but at the sound of his voice she met his gaze with a little startled look and a suggestion of fear in a half-shrinking movement; and Clive was sorry that he had frightened her by addressing her. He felt that it would be kind to walk away at once; but, with a mistaken idea of reasuring her, he said:

"I hope you are going home now. It is getting late. Perhaps you have had a bad day—I know what that means—let me give you a little more; your singing is worth it."

She looked down at the coin in the tambourine, no doubt expecting to see a penny, and she colored vividly as Clive dropped another half-crown on the parchment. Her lips moved with a whispered "Thank you," and with a swift, grateful glance up at his face—a face good to look upon at that moment, for it was full of a strong man's pity and tenderness—she was moving away, when the hunchback came out of the public-house, and, limping quickly towards them, caught her arm, and, looking angrily and suspiciously at Clive, muttered:

"Come away, Mina!"

Annoyed and distressed by the dwarf's distrust of him, Clive walked on. He had nearly reached the end of the street when he came upon four young men linked arm in arm, and walking, or rather dancing, unsteadily across the pavement. They were uproariously tipsy, and were obviously ready for anything in the way of a lark. Of course, Clive made way for them, and went into the road; one of the youths ungratefully acknowledging his polite consideration for their condition by calling out, truculently:

"Wot ho, 'Arry! Here's a blooming swell; let's knock 'is 'at off."

Clive did not wait for the adoption of this playful suggestion; but before he had gone many yards, he stopped and looked round thoughtfully. The hunchback and the girl would meet these vulgar votaries of Bacchus; it was just on the cards that they would be molested by them; the poor little dwarf was anything but an adequate protector for his companion; there might be trouble for them. Clive went back—and just in time. The tipsy hooligans had formed a ring round the dwarf and the girl, and, probably without meaning any serious harm, were dancing and howling round the victims of their hilarity.

The girl, with the shawl closely drawn round her face, was clinging affrightedly to the dwarf, while he, half-dazed by the noise and impish movements of their tormentors, was threatening and imploring them by turns.

As Clive came up, one of the young men, more daring than the others, was expressing a desire, with sundry oaths, that the girl should show her face; and he made a clutch at her shawl, and tore it from her head. The girl screamed, and clung still more tightly to her companion. Clive caught the youth by the back of his collar, and swung him on to the pavement; the others, startled by Clive's onslaught, drew back; but only for a moment. After all, they were three to one, and Englishmen. Their drunken hilarity gave way to angry resentment at what they no doubt considered an unprovoked attack upon their friend, and an impertinent interference with the rights of the citizen, by a perfect stranger, and, what was worse, a 'owling swell.

So they were unwise enough to set upon Clive with fist and hoof. At first Clive took the onslaught good-naturedly, and, keeping them at arm's length, earnestly advised them to be off before the police came; but suddenly one of them, the most sober of the party, and therefore the most capable of mischief, whipped off a heavy belt from his delectable person, and struck out viciously. It just caught Clive on the cheek; but unfortunately it fell, buckle end, on the girl's shoulder. Clive heard her moan, and saw her sink to the ground; and, of course, he grew angry, and lost his temper.

The gentleman with the belt suddenly struck the pavement with the back of his foolish head, another of his joyous companions was hurled with considerable force against the wall, and the third, in avoiding a blow straight from Clive's shoulder, tripped up, and sprawled over his fallen friend. The incident had now development into that form of row which the reporters are fond of describing as a "fracas"; and Clive, as he caught sight of a policeman tramping with orderly hurry towards them, saw himself figuring next morning, in company with a party of hooligans and a pair of street musicians, at the nearest police-court.

By this time, however, the troublesome young ruffians had become sober enough to notice the approach of their natural foe, and, gathering themselves to their feet, they made off with the unobtrusive speed and silence of the proverbial Arabs.

To the demand of the policeman that he should be informed of the nature of the trouble, Clive, who was bending beside the hunchback over the still prostrate form of the girl, replied that they had been attacked by a party of youths, and assuring him that the trouble was all over, begged him to follow them, and see that they did no more mischief. The policeman might have hesitated in complying with the request, and accepting this easy solution of the matter; but Clive very improperly backed it up with half a sovereign, and the policeman, murmuring:

"Yes; he'd better keep his eye on them," hurried in their direction.

By this time the girl had recovered consciousness, if, indeed, she had altogether lost it, and rising unsteadily with Clive's aid, stood trembling and swaying to and fro. She was as yet scarcely able to stand, and Clive put his arm round her to support her; for the hunchback seemed for the moment helpless and overwhelmed. Quite unconsciously she leant against Clive, and hid her face on his breast as if to shut out the sounds and the sights that had so terrified her; and almost as unconsciously Clive soothed her, and tried to reassure her.

"It's all over," he said. "They have gone, quite gone. You're all right! Oh, my child!" The exclamation was wrung from him by the sensation of something warm that was trickling over his hand. The cruel belt had struck her badly, and she was was bleeding. "I am afraid you are hurt! Are you far from home—have you far to go?" he asked the hunchback. "If we could get a cab——!"

The dwarf drew his hand across his brow confusedly.

"It's not far," he said quakingly. "In Benson's Rents—three streets off—there's no cabs in these parts—isn't she well enough to walk? Are you much hurt, Mina? I'm—I'm so upset. Is she hurt, badly hurt, do you think, sir? Oh, I'm afraid she is! She's half fainting now. I'll never get her home. I'm not strong—you see what I am, sir," with pathetic bitterness, "and I'm all of a shake still. God knows what would have happened to her if you hadn't come back and helped us! I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, sir! And you've hurt yourself! That young wretch has cut your cheek. Oh, if we were only home!"

"Pull yourself together," said Clive encouragingly. "I don't think she is much hurt; at least, I hope not. You must let me help her home. I can carry her quite easily, of course——"

The girl must have heard him; for she seemed to become suddenly aware that she was clinging to him; a vivid blush rose to her pale face, and, with a murmur of refusal, she shrank away from him, and looked round for her shawl. Clive picked it up, and gently put it round her head.

"You are better now?" he said. "That's right; you must let me help you home."

Her lips moved, and Clive caught a "No, no!" and an appealing glance at the hunchback; but it was impossible that he could leave the pair until he had seen them sheltered safely. He drew the girl's arm through his, she yielding reluctantly, and the three went slowly down the now quiet streets. Benson's Rents proved to be a block of small houses up an alley approached under an archway. It was a poor place enough; but it was neither so villainous, so dilapidated, nor so dirty as some of the slums with which Clive was acquainted. The dwarf stopped at the last house of the buildings, and knocked at the door.

Almost before the sound had ceased the door opened, and an extraordinarily quaint figure appeared. For a moment Clive could not tell whether it was a woman, or a girl in her teens, or a mere child; for, though the figure was girlish, it was clad in a woman's dress; the face had something of the look of a child, but its juvenility was counteracted by an expression of shrewdness, self-reliance, and worldly wisdom which would have befitted a woman of forty; and the quaint figure was rendered still more weird by the elfish, sharp little face being surrounded by rows of crackers, surmounted by a nightcap, the like of which Clive had seen in pictures of the early Victorian era.

This extraordinary mixture of childhood, girlhood, womanhood, and elf was flickeringly illuminated by a tallow candle in a ginger-beer bottle, which she held aloft, and by the light of which she surveyed the group with wrath and indignation darting from her black, bird-like eyes.

"Why, where on earth have you been, father?" she demanded. "You ought to have been back from your beat an hour ago! and wot's 'appened to Meena? She's all of a shake—and bleedin', too! What is it, a beanfeast, or a prize-fight? I thought you'd get into mischief and trouble, when I let yer out to-night. Might as well trust a couple of babies out of yer sight! And why on earth don't yer come in; wot do yer stand gawking there for?"

She clutched at the still trembling Mina, and drew her in; but the hunchback hesitated, and, looking from the truculent figure to Clive deprecatingly, began nervously—

"This gentleman, Tibby——"

The weird little creature gave a melodramatic start, and stared at Clive as if she saw him for the first time, and, with her arm round Mina, eyed him up and down with an aggressive air as if she resented his presence, and was quite determined to accept no excuse for it.

"So it is a gentleman!" she said, as if he might easily have been mistaken for a lamp-post. "An' wot might Mr. Gentleman want?"

"He's been very kind to—to Mina," explained the dwarf apologetically. "You see, there was a row, Tibby——"

"Oh, was there?" retorted the girl with a deceptive suavity. "Well, there'll be another, and a precious big one, if this gentleman don't take hisself off, and mind 'is own business.

As she uttered this disconcerting threat she shot out a hand, clutched hold of the dwarf, jerked him stumblingly over the threshold, and slammed the door in Clive's face.

Clive stood staring at the door for a moment or two with pardonable confusion; then he turned away, and set off homeward with the cry of the street singer, as she went down under the blow of the belt, mingling strangely with the cheers and shouts which had acclaimed his triumph in the House; and with the faces of the two girls, that of Lady Edith, Lord Chesterleigh's daughter, and Mina, the poor little nightingale of the London streets, chasing each other like dissolving views before his mind's eye.

CHAPTER III.

Clive let himself into the modest little house in Burelgh street, and went up to his rooms—small, but by no means uncomfortable diggings—on the second floor. His reading lamp was lit, and he sat down, started a pipe, and drew some papers towards him; for be it known that a member of Parliament's work does not cease when he leaves the House—that is, a member plagued by a conscience and ambition.

But he found it rather difficult to concentuate his mind on the Blue Book he wished to master, and he leant back and blew smoke rings in the air, trying not to think of the poor little street singer. He had almost succeeded when there came a knock at the door, and in response to Clive's "Come in!" a man entered.

He was Clive's fellow- lodger, and lived in still more modest rooms on the floor above. He was a rather singular-looking man, with one of those clean-shaven faces which rouse the curiosity of the observer, while riveting his attention. The fact was not only an impassive one, but it appeared to be absolutely incapable of expression; the lips were thin, and scarcely moved when he spoke; and the eyelids were thick and drooping, so that Clive could not have told, if his life depended upon it, whether his fellow-lodger's eyes were dark or light. His movements were as devoid of expression as his countenance; as he stood in the doorway—he was in his shirt sleeves, and they and the rest of his clothes seemed to hang upon him as if they were displayed on a too meagre tailor's dummy—he looked more like an automaton than a sentient human being.

One may live in a house in London for ten years without learning the name and the occupation of one's fellow-lodger; but by a few chance words Clive had come to know that the man was a journalist; which no doubt accounted for the fact that he did not rise until midday, and did not retire to rest until early morning.

"Hullo, Quilton!" said Clive. "Come in."

"Sorry to intrude," said Quilton, "but I've run out of bacca. Can you spare me a pipe?"

Clive signed to his open pouch. "Certainly. Sit down."

Quilton sank noiselessly into a chair, and filled a blackened clay slowly and with precision.

"Do you happen to know the rest of 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes'?" he said, without lifting his head.

Clive laughed, and shook his head.

"No, I suppose not," remarked Quilton. "Nowadays people never know more than the first line of anything. I asked a bandsman in the Park the other day if he could repeat the whole of 'God Save the King,' and offered him a shilling for the feat. Of course, he couldn't. If I know the whole of 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes,' I would repeat it to you as my humble tribute to your triumph to-night."

"Thanks," said Clive, with a laugh. "You were in the House?"

Quilton nodded. "I was. It was a fine speech, a remarkably fine speech. It warmed even us up in the Press Gallery. I am writing a leader on it for The Beacon."

"Thanks," said Clive again. "I am glad you liked what I said."

Quilton raised his lids for a second. "Yes. They were saying in the Gallery that you were the coming man, and I'm inclined to agree with them. Whether you'll be happier when you have arrived is another question. From my knowledge of human nature, which is——"

"Which is not limited," remarked Clive, for, from words that Quilton had let slip from time to time, Clive knew that this singular being had been a great traveller, and was an extraordinary linguist.

"I should say the difference between failure and success is inappreciable. But don't let me discourage you; in fact, I should like to join the great Mr. Graham and equally great Lord Chesterleigh in their admiration and appreciation of your phenomenal success."

"Thanks," said Clive once more. "Yes, they were both very kind."

"I saw them," said Quilton, lighting his pipe, and regarding the expiring match as if it were something of absorbing interest. "I heard some of Graham's men saying that you were the hope of the party." There was a pause; then, in an absolutely toneless voice, he added, "A very beautiful girl, Lord Chesterleigh's daughter."

"You saw her? Yes, she is very beautiful," assented Clive.

"Yes, I was standing near the carriage while she was talking to you," said Quilton, in a casual way.

"I wish I had seen you," said Clive. "I should like to have introduced you to Mr. Graham and Lord Chesterleigh. Mr. Graham is very much interested in The Beacon."

"Yes? It doesn't follow that he would be interested in me," said Quilton. "I am only a reporter, hack, and 'general utility' for that youthful but promising journal." Another pause; then he remarked, "Lord Chesterleigh was looking well. I thought; all the better for his rest, no doubt."

This repeated reference to Lord Chesterleigh reminded Clive of the wild-looking woman who had seemed to threaten the ex-Foreign Minister; and, wondering whether Quilton, whose knowledge of the history of public characters all over the world, and of London life generally, seemed to be encyclopaedic, could offer a solution of the mystery, Clive, after a moment's hesitation, said:

"By the way, I witnessed, in fact assisted at, a rather curious incident to-night. There was a block outside the gates as the Chesterleigh carriage was driving away, and, while it was stopping, a woman darted out of the crowd, and—well, appeared to be going to throw something at Lord Chesterleigh. I caught her arm, and tried to hang on to her, but she got away by a simple trick that ought not to have taken in a schoolboy, and I lost her."

"Oh," said Quilton, "that sounds interesting." But he did not look at all interested; indeed, his face was more like a waxen mask than usual, if that were possible. "What sort of woman was she?"

"What sort of woman? Oh, a tall, dark woman, with a foreign look about her—something Spanish, I thought. She was poor, I should think, for she was shabbily dressed, but with a touch of finery, a dash of color somewhere about her dress; perhaps that is why I thought she was a foreigner."

"Did Lord Chesterleigh see her?" asked Quilton indifferently.

"I think not," replied Clive. "He was looking the other way, towards Victoria Street."

"And Lady Edith?"

"No, I'm sure—yes, quite sure—she did not; she was looking at the block. You know her—you called her Lady Edith?"

Quilton shrugged his shoulders very slightly. "No," he said. "How should a poor devil of a literary hack know the daughter of Lord Chesterleigh? But I suppose most persons know her Christian name; it's in the papers often enough. What do you make of the incident? By the way, it would serve for an interesting paragraph for The Beacon—oh, don't be alarmed. Strange to say, I have that singular possession for a journalist, a delicate conscience; it is a great encumbrance, and handicaps me rather severely—as in this instance."

"I am not alarmed," said Clive. "I am quite sure you wouldn't use the incident, Quilton. What do I make of it? I don't know. At first I thought she might be intoxicated; but she wasn't. I rather fancy that she mistook Lord Chesterleigh for some one else. Why should a queer-looking woman rush up to his carriage and threaten him in that fashion? What do you make of it?"

"I don't make anything," replied Quilton. "I am rather inclined to think with you that it was a case of mistaken identity. I should say that Lord Chesterleigh was the last man to be connected with a mystery in which a woman was concerned. He is reputed to be a temple of all the virtues, the domestic ones especially. But it would have been embarrassing, to say the least of it, if the woman's eccentric behavior had been observed by the crowd, and attracted the attention of the police. The story would have been in all the morning papers, and Lord Chesterleigh and his innumerable friends—to say nothing of his party—would have been grievously distressed."

"That occurred to me just in time to prevent my giving chase to her," said Clive; "so I let her go."

"You acted wisely, in my humble opinion," said Quilton. "Always avoid a scandal. It is just possible," he added, "that the woman was mad. Did that explanation occur to you?"

"Of course," said Clive; "but I don't think she was mad, excepting with passion. I never saw a woman in a greater rage. She reminded me of a wild cat."

There was a pause. Quilton smoked without opening his lips, and blowing dense clouds through his nose. Presently he rose.

"Good tobacco of yours this, Harvey," he said.

"Take some more," said Clive; "take enough to carry you through the night. I guess you smoke right through your work, as I do."

"Yes," admitted Quilton. "Your heart will be as weak as mine, when you are as old as I am."

Clive regarded him with faint curiosity. He had often wondered whether the man was young or old; the smooth face, the impassive manner, baffled any conjecture.

"You speak as if you were a Methuselah," he said.

"I am older, as a matter of fact," said Quilton. "Good night!"

He paused, with his hand on the door knob; and with his thick eyelids completely covering his eyes, and his tone and manner one of absolute indifference, said:

"The woman stood right upder the lamplight, and yet you say you should not know her again?"

Clive looked up with slight surprise. "How do you know she stood right under the lamplight?"

Quilton turned his pipe from one corner of his mouth to the other before replying.

"She could scarcely have been out of the light where she stood," he said.

"Oh, well, of course, she was in the light," said Clive; "but I didn't say I shouldn't recognize her again. I'm not sure—yes, I think I might. Why do you ask?"

"Upon my word, I don't know," answered Quilton. "I imagine my question sprang from my desire to display a respectful and polite interest in your little story. I will go and finish that leader on you; it's getting late. I've likened you to Cicero, Cato, and Peabody. Is there any other orator or philanthropist, ancient or modern, you would like me to mention?"

Clive laughed, and picked up his Blue Book.

"Good night," he said. "Don't lay it on too thick, there's a good fellow."

Quilton went upstairs with his noiseless tread, and entered his own room, turning the key mechanically and as if the action were an habitual one. The room was sparsely furnished and much littered—the servant was never allowed to arrange or dust anything—and the deal table, the chairs, and a rickety lodging-house sofa were crowded with books and papers. A cheap paraffin lamp, and a bottle of gin and its accompanying glass, stood by the writing pad, on which lay the leader that Quilton was writing.

He poured himself out some gin, and sat down to his work, finished it, and, putting on his coat, got his soft felt hat from its hook; then he paused, and, with his hands thrust in his pockets, stared at the shabby carpet, worn by his continual pacing to and fro during the act of composition. He half turned towards the door, then went to an old cupboard at the end of the room, took from it a small battered box, and, unlocking it, turned over some papers and trinkets until he found a small miniature.

He carried this to the light, and regarded it for some moments with an impassive countenance.

"Yes, she's changed a good deal," he said reflectively. "I doubt whether he would have known her. So she has broken out again; that's bad."

He tossed the miniature into the box, locked it carefully, and, letting himself out of the room, went down the stairs in his usual noiseless fashion.

CHAPTER IV.

Harvey was not troubled with dreams; for he belonged to that healthy and fortunate, and extremely limited class of young men who fall asleep very soon after their heads touch the pillow, and are only awakened by a prolonged bombardment on the door by a long-suffering servant.

If he had been inclined to forget the closing incident of last night, he was reminded of it while shaving by the slight but perceptible scar on his cheek; and naturally enough he thought pityingly of the more serious blow which had fallen on the young girl. He wondered whether she had been badly hurt; and it seemed to him that in common humanity he ought to go and ascertain, notwithstanding the rebuff which he had received from the odd-looking creature whom the hunchback had addressed as "Tibby"; but he knew how keenly the poor resented anything like intrusion, and he put the desire from him.

He was due on a Committee at eleven o'clock, and after he had made a good breakfast, he lit his cigar and walked towards the House. As he was passing Wellington Barracks an open carriage overtook him; there was some luggage on the box, and inside the carriage was seated a thin and peevish-looking young man, wrapped in a big overcoat, and with an eyeglass.

He was Clive's eldest brother, Adolphus, Lord Sharing. Clive stopped, and the coachman, touching his hat, pulled up. Adolphus looked as if he were inclined rather to cut his brother; but Clive went up to the carriage and nodded.

"Morning, Dolf," he said; "going somewhere?"

Sharing's wizened face flushed an unhealthy pink, and he surveyed the tall, erect figure and handsome, healthy face of his younger brother with an unfriendly stare.

"Yes, I am going to Rafborough," he said querulously. "I am very unwell. The doctor says I must get away from London, get away for perfect quiet and rest."

"Sorry," said Clive. "How is the guv'nor?"

"He has a bad attack of the gout," said Sharing, eyeing Clive accusingly. "He's very much upset; and no wonder. He read that abominable speech of yours in the paper this morning, and it drove him half mad. 'Pon my soul, I can't think how you could have said the things you did. Deuced bad form, I call it. Seems to me you've gone off your head, and not only forgotten what's due to yourself as a —a gentleman, but what's due to the family."

"Sorry you didn't like the speech, Dolf," said Clive good-temperedly. "More sorry that the guv'nor's bad. I suppose he wouldn't like me to call, wouldn't see me if I did?"

"He certainly would not," replied Sharing, with a sniff. "And I don't see how you could expect him to; in fact, I don't see how you could expect any of us to stand the infernal nonsense—the way you're carrying on. I shall lose the train if I don't look out.—Drive on, Wilson."

Clive walked on thoughtfully and somewhat sadly. As he reached the Square he came within sight of the newspaper man's stand, and there, in large letters on the contents bills, was "Mr. Harvey's speech on the Housing of the Poor"; "The Friend of the People' on the Dens of London." Clive was not a vain man, and he averted his eyes quickly, with the embarrassment which a modest man feels when he sees his name conspicuously displayed in public; but it must be confessed that his pulse quickened and that he was conscious of a sense of gratification. At any rate, he had done something last night to deserve in some slight measure the title bestowed upon him.

(To be continued.)

NEW SPECIES OF WILD DUCK.

Carries Its Young on Its Back—Male Bird Feeds Ducklings.

A brand new species of wild duck, brilliantly colored, which carries its young on its back, and the young of which is regularly fed by the male bird while the female bird is sitting on a second setting of eggs, has been found near Lacombe, Alberta.

The birds were first discovered by Senator Peter Talbot. When the birds have reared their young ones an effort will be made to trap them for further study.

"The birds were found on a slough adjoining the road allowance near my farm," said Senator Talbot recently, in discussing his find, "and they have attracted a great deal of attention. The male bird at the present time takes care of the young, while the female bird is sitting on more eggs, and although many people have been near the nest and the younger ones, the birds do not appear to be the least bit frightened. The male bird is apparently able to form its body and wings into a kind of boat, and the young always ride around on the back of the parents in this fashion. Even when the parent bird goes under a wire fence across the slough and the younger ones are scraped off, they always managed to scramble back on to the backs of their parents, and as far as we have been able to see make no effort to shift for themselves, the male bird feeding them constantly."

The color of the new species of duck is also remarkable, according to those who have been watching them. Except for a dark streak running from the bill back across the head, the head is pure white, while the eye is big and of a bright red color. The neck and breasts of the birds are bronze in color, while the back is a light grey.

"No one in the vicinity has ever seen ducks of that kind before," said Senator Talbot, "and although we have made enquiries all over this Province, we cannot find that this particular species has even invaded the Province before."

Wife (pleadingly)—"I'm afraid, Jack, you do not love me any more—anyway, as well as you used to." Husband—"Why?" Wife—"Because you always let me get up to light the fire now." Husband—"Nonsense, my love! Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more."

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FROM MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

The largest dock in the world is at Cardiff, Wales.

For every thousand people in England and Wales, fifteen die annually.

Birmingham is the great jewellery manufacturing centre of the United Kingdom.

A medical officer reports that there are 10,000 people residing in the northwest wards of Deptford without a bath in their homes.

The King received in audience at Windsor, Field-Marshal Sir John French, and handed him his field marshal's baton.

The cemeteries around London cover 2,000 acres, and the land they occupy represent a capital of $100,000,000.

Three men were sentenced to six months and one to three months' imprisonment at Carlisle for picking pockets at a West Coast corridor express.

The Merchant Service Guild have announced that increased pay for captains and officers have been granted by various lines, including the Union Castle.

Unmarried men who will undertake to remain single for four years have been selected as recruits by the Swansea Watch Committee for the Borough police.

Prince Christian's pigs, including some noted prize-winners, have been sold at Slough. A sow named Saucy Vexen was bought for the King for over $130.

A serious attempt by suffragettes to destroy crops over a large area, and also to cause a heavy loss of life has been discovered at Yardley Wood, near Birmingham.

John William Griffith, said to be the oldest living authority on Cheddar cheese, has just celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of his birth at Shepton Mallet.

Two acres of earthworks constructed by the Royalists when Newark was besieged during the civil war in 1644 have been designated as public recreation grounds.

Eighteen thousand cotton operatives of Nelson, Lancashire, are making preparations for their annual "feast," in which they will spend between $100,000 and $150,000.

The death has occurred of Alderman James Marriott at the age of ninety-four. He was the pioneer of the cycle trade in England, and was Mayor of Coventry in 1865-7.

Mr. Henry S. Boyton, of Dover, has completed his fiftieth year as a choirman of St. Mary's, Dover, and was previously for thirteen years in the choir of another church in the town.

So many bats had made their home in the belfry of Holbeach Parish Church, Lincolnshire, that it was decided to take some steps to destroy them. Sulphur was burnt and 33 bats were killed in one evening.

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FLEET FOOT



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ASK YOUR DEALER. 1

A Night on a Dog-buoy

Thrilling Adventure That Befell a Greenhorn with a Scotch Fishing Fleet

There is a small village in the Highlands near the border line of Banffshire and Aberdeen that goes by the name of Mountblairy, and it was in the bracing air of the vicinity that I lived up to the time of the adventure I am going to relate, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine. My father was a crofter and had a small holding on the barren hillside, and it was all we could do, work as hard as we might, to get a bare living out of it. In order to improve matters I determined to try if a living could not be made in some other way, and so, in the late spring, after we had sown what little seed we had, I resolved to go down to the coast, about a dozen miles away, and try my luck as a fisherman, having heard good accounts of the wages that were given on the boats.

The road to Banff was soon got over, and that evening found me on the quayside watching the men at their work, and gauging as well as I could my own fitness for the calling. On making inquiries of one of the hands I was directed to go to the fish-curing establishment, where I should very likely find the owner of the fleet. He would most probably engage me, I was told, as all the boats were not completed with crews, which usually consisted of six men under a captain, with a boy as cook.

On Board The Donald Dhu.

The owner, Mr. Duff, put me through a sort of physical examination, and, after a little talk about the kind of work required, finally engaged me in the capacity of greenhorn on board the herring boat Donald Dhu. I thought the terms were very good—a £10-note for three months' fishing, free living and a share of a shilling a cran with the others for the whole period. This, with good luck, would leave me about £15 at the end of the season which would be a good help to the people at home.

On the following morning I made my way to the Donald Dhu, and, on presenting my papers, was shown to the berths in the bow of the boat, which was fitted for four greenhorns, the remainder of the crew finding quarters in a similar place at the stern. The Donald Dhu was a splendid craft, being comparatively a new boat.

When I went aboard the remainder of the crew were employed in mending and joining up the nets ready for the drift. There were 50 nets aboard, each about 30 yards long by seven yards deep, the meshes being about an inch square. When made up for casting the 50 were joined together, end on, until the whole formed one long net nearly a mile in length. Along the bottom edges stones were suspended in order to keep the nets upright when in the water, while through the upper edges of the nets a stout rope, called the baulk, was woven, for hauling in the catch.

In the Centre of Each Net

and at the places where the several nests are joined, were the buoys, or bows, as they are called in the vernacular. Some of these were made of tin or thin sheet iron, of the usual float shape, and painted to protect them from the action of the salt water. Others were of a more primitive kind, being nothing more than inflated dog skins, slightly tanned, with the hair still on. These were known as the dog-buoys. These were also in demand, consequently stray dogs were scarce in the village. Should one make its appearance about the place its demise speedily followed, and a few days afterward its skin was doing duty as a dog-buoy.

For the first half of the season we were kept pretty busy, the shoals of fish coming along frequently and keeping us well on the run. Our fleet consisted of about thirty boats, and it was a pretty sight as we left the harbor with our sails set and our bows pointing to the open sea.

We were fortunate in our catches, and nearly every trip placed about 70 crans of fish to our credit. This, at a shilling a cran to be divided among the crew, gave us an additional incentive to work hard while the season lasted.

All went well with us till about the middle of the season, when an incident occurred which nearly cost me my life, and which placed me in one of the most curious positions it is possible to conceive.

We had not been out for a couple of days, as the weather had been very heavy, and there was a good deal of thunder, but when it became clear again we made ready to take a trip a little farther out than usual.

It was 10 o'clock in the morning when word was passed round by Mr. Duff for the fleet to hoist sails and be off. All [illegible] urry and scurry for a few [illegible] er stood on t[illegible] luck on our trip, and as the boats moved out of the harbor in procession the people on shore gave us a hearty send-off.

Outside the Harbor

the full power of the breeze exerted itself, and, our sails bellying out in response, sent the fleet bowling merrily along. Our destination was to be about six or seven miles from a place known as the Skate Hole, which was about fifty miles from the nearest shore. This place was so called because fish of that name were to be caught there in abundance.

About 4 o'clock we arrived in the vicinity of our ground, and then the boats drew away from each other so as to give room for work, at least a mile being required by each boat to allow of the full drift being taken. As the cast would not be made till dark we put out our sea anchors and took in the sails.

At last the wished-for time arrived. We had observed a flock of gulls settle down on the water about a mile away, and, as this sign is always looked for to denote the whereabouts of a shoal, we got our nets out beside the hatch and prepared for a cast. Night was falling and the moon was on the wane, so that once the darkness set in we should have very little light to work by till the moon rose just after midnight, the couple of deck lamps being just enough to keep darkness away and nothing more.

"Stand by!" shouted the captain. "Haul away!"

Up went the mainsail to the chocks with a bang. The boat then got under way, and the sea anchor was got in-board.

"Cast away!" the captain shouted, and the end of the net, with its large dog-buoy and anchor stone, was thrown over the side.

Our boat was well on the move now, and the net was being handed over the side as quickly as it came out of the well. There were two men handing out the bottom part of the net, with the stones attached, while I alone was

Handling the Baulkline.

All went well till a rather larger buoy than usual came up out of the well in a rather awkward way. It caught on the edge of the hatchway and then came over the deck with a swing, catching me across the loins and, in the twinkling of an eye, pitching me overboard. The force of the blow was such that, while not hurting me, it lifted me about five yards from the side of the boat into the trough of the sea.

The thing all happened so suddenly and so unexpectedly that for a moment I could not realize what had occurred. I went under for a yard or two, and on rising found I was caught just under the baulkline of the net. I had no difficulty in releasing myself from it, however, and on coming to the surface found myself close to one of the dog-buoys, which I hastened to seize.

During this time the boat had got well away from me, and although I shouted to the men on deck to give them some idea of my whereabouts, the boat still held on its course. The net was still being paid out, so it was quite evident that I had not been heard, the noise of the stones and buoys coming over quite overpowering any other sound. It was no good shouting. The only thing I could do was to hold on to the buoy and await developments. In any case, I realized, it would be quite an hour before they could stop the boat and haul in the net to pick me up. Keeping my gaze fixed on the craft as long as I could see the lights on board gave me a hope of rescue, but at last the lights passed out of sight and my last hope of being picked up vanished with them.

I hung on to the slimy dog-buoy for dear life, the sea as it rose and fell making me fearful of losing my grip on its slippery surface. As my feet dangled in the water I could feel the net below, into which I endeavored to force my feet, so as to obtain

A Somewhat Firmer Position.

I gave up all thoughts now of being rescued until the nets should be hauled in at daybreak. If I could only hold on till then, I told myself, all would be well.

As it happened, however, I was not to be left in possession of the dog-buoy without a strong fight for it. I had the shoal of fish to reckon with. The herring now began to come against the face of the net, not in scores, but literally in millions. The very sea was soon one seething, pushing, hurrying, scurrying mass of herrings. How thick they were, to be sure! I think they were scarcely thicker in the "gutters" (troughs) ashore than they were around me. One could almost walk on them, they were so closely packed. When the first shoal was [illegible] by the net the other fish pressing on behind filled up what little space there was to spare, until they became crowded into a compact mass and almost forced me from my hold.

But I was determined to hold on as long as I could and not give in until I was actually forced to do so. I kicked and splashed as well as I was able, thinking by that means to drive them away. The herring, however, driven on by the pressure from behind, forced themselves inside my shirt and up the legs of my trousers, and I think that of all the horrible tortures that could be conceived, this was about the most dreadful. The sensation was awful, and I began to shout and yell in despair.

The shoal of fish had now filled the nets in my vicinity and was beginning to flow, as it were, over the top. The pressure of the fish as they crowded past me forced my legs up until they were straight out in the direction in which the shoal was heading. Luckily for me I had my hands well twisted in the rope that held the dog-buoy, and as long as my endurance lasted I knew I should be able to hold on. My only thought now was of the strength of the rope that held the dog-buoy.

If That Should Snap I was Lost.

After a while the fish began to get perceptibly less numerous. The shoal, then, must be nearly past—a fact that I hailed with joy, for it meant that I should be able to get a better position on the net than the one I had held for an hour past. My spirits rose accordingly. Presently I felt myself coming once more to an upright position beside the net, and soon I could touch the baulk-line under my feet, and was then enabled to obtain a long-wished-for rest. I could now disengage one of my hands to free myself of the fish that had accumulated inside my clothing. This was a great boon to me, and I felt much relieved when the operation had been performed. Luckily the water was not cold. I felt warm enough, but the exertions of the last hour or two had a weakening effect upon me. I began to feel drowsy, and as I held the dog-buoy to my breast I felt inclined to rest my head on it and go to sleep. I conquered this fatal desire, however, and began to sing and shout to pass away the time and keep me awake.

After much weary waiting I saw the first signs of dawn appear in the sky, and after a time, as it grew lighter, I felt a curious vibration of the baulk-line under my feet, and I knew then that my mates were hauling in the catch. Some time elapsed; then I was overjoyed to observe the top of a sail a few hundred yards away. I shouted wildly in my excitement, acting so foolishly that I almost lost my hold of the buoy. This so frightened me that I ceased my antics, and quietly waited till the boat came up.

I was laid up for about a month through this mishap, and in my dreams for a year afterwards I would repeat my adventure and the horrible squirming of the herrings against my flesh would awaken me with a start.

A man's future is his own. He makes it every day as he goes along.

MEXICAN RAILWAY DESTROYED BY GUERILLAS.



Pictorial Comment on Mexican Situation.

Why the United States Ambassador to Mexico has been rushed to Washington to confer with the President is no longer a mystery in the light of such pictures as the above. The guerillas are destroying railways in which European and American capital is interested, and such acts are said to have been common since Huerta assumed the reins of power.

Grains of Gold.

There is justice in the world, but sometimes it takes a deal of finding. —Mr. Filson Young.

There is nothing trivial if you love the person to whom it happens.—Mr. E. F. Benson.

I decline to admit that there is any stimulus in poverty or any inspiration in squalor.—Lord Curzon.

Cowards and weaklings curse the world; the strong do not blame the world; it gives them all that they desire.—Lafcadio Hearn.

Every happy moment that cometh in your way treasure as a prize! Let no one delay, for who knoweth what the end will be?—Halfiz.

Love does not spring up and grow great and become perfect all at once, but requires time and the nourishment of thoughts.—Dante.

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.—Charles Kingsley.

Bismarck and the Eggs.

The dinners and luncheons that King Ferdinand of Bulgaria had served him in the field during the late campaign are in startling contrast to the fare with which other victorious monarchs have contented themselves under similar conditions. After the Battle of Sedan, for example, the old Emperor William supped off a piece of dry bread, while he sat on a ladder that was supported on one side by a barrel, and on the other by the body of a dead horse. Bismarck used to delight to relate that, when he was foraging with two companions in an almost deserted village during the Franco-Prussian War, he came upon a man from whom he got five eggs. Unable to divide the five equally among three, he swallowed two. Then calling his companions, he shared the three remaining eggs with them — truly Bismarckian idea of an equable division, says the writer who describes the incident.

"Comin' Thro' the Rye."

Probably very few persons understand the expression "Comin' Through the Rye." There is in Scotland a small stream called the Rye. The girls forded it going to church, school and to market, and as the water was a foot or two deep they had to hold their skirts up. The boys would meet them in midstream and kiss them without any difficulty, as the girls couldn't drop their skirts to make any resistance. That's what the poet meant when he wrote "Comin' Through the Rye," but most people think he meant a field of rye.

Not So Fierce.

"Don't go near that old fellow in the pasture, sonny," the farmer warned the fresh-air child. "He's terribly fierce."

"I tried him out a'ready," the lad replied. "He ain't half as fierce as an automobile in the city. Got any bears or lions around here?"



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SOME SURVIVALS.

Clocks On Your Gloves—The Bow Insidea Man's Hat.

The three marks on the back of a glove and the clocks on a stocking are due practically to the same circumstance. The glove marks correspond to the fourchette pieces between the fingers, and in other days these pieces were continued along the back of the hand, braid being used to conceal the seams.

A somewhat similar origin is assigned to the ornamental clock on the stocking. In the days when stockings were made of cloth the seams occurred where the clocks do now, the ornamentation then being used to conceal the seams.

The useless little bow in the leather band lining a man's hat is a survival of the time when a hat was made by taking a piece of leather, boring two holes through it, and drawing it up with a piece of string.

Fact and Fancy.

The best test of honesty, after all, is horny hands.

Bicycling is good for asthma.

Sophistry means the other man's argument.

Mushrooms are nine-tenths water.

In the banquet of life the scum is usually mistaken for the cream.

Men wear their hats in Holland churches.

A friend in need is a friend you don't need.

Glass bonnets are worn in Venice.

There are some people that the more you think of them the less you think of them.

The French are the worst dressed soldiers, the Americans the next worst.

Are You Left-Handed?

Why don't you make more use of your left hand? It has been estimated that 97 per cent. of the English-speaking people are right-handed when they grow up. Seventeen out of every hundred are born right-handed, but the remaining eighty-three are born without any inclination to use one hand more than the other, and, therefore, become right-handed owing to influences brought to bear on them during their childhood days. It is impossible to calculate how much men lose by neglecting their left hands. Formerly—in primitive times, that is to say—everyone was ambidextrous; and the sooner people become ambidextrous again the better. In Japan, for many years past, soldiers and schoolboys have been taught to use both hands. And this wise example is now being taught in Germany.

Why Married Men Live Long.

The reason a married man lives longer than a single man is because the single man leads a selfish existence. A married man can double his pleasures. Any time he has a streak of good luck it tickles him all over, but it makes him feel twice as good when he tells his wife about it. And she is so pleased and proud that he feels like a two-year-old. There isn't a chance in the world of a man's arteries hardening or his heart weakening when he can get a million dollars' worth of pleasure out of making his wife happy.

The one thing a man is anxious to share with the world is the good opinion he has of himself.

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THE WORLD IN REVIEW

A great calm has settled down upon the political storm centres. Old timers in Ottawa say they never saw Capital Hill as quiet as at present. The Premier is at St. Andrews by the Sea in New Brunswick, attending to urgent matters of state by wire, but chiefly recuperating from the arduous work of the past year. The Minister of Finance is in England. Hon. J. D. Hazen, Minister of Marine, and Hon. Mr. Coderre are on a trip to the Yukon. Others are taking briefer holidays and a few remain at their posts to transact the necessary business of the country.

In Toronto it is much the same, though Premier Sir James Whitney is in his office every day. Sir James does not often take a holiday. His favorite trip is a voyage across the Atlantic, but it is only occasionally he is able to find time. This year Dr. Pyne, who is a close personal friend as well as a colleague of the Premier's, is in England on business in connection with the Education Department. He is the only one as yet to go on an extended trip, but the holiday spirit is in the air.

Col. Sam Hughes and the Canteen.

A critic of militarism said recently of Colonel the Honorable Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, that he was trying to reduce the science of murder by warfare to a Sunday School basis. The quip referred to Colonel Hughes' unrelenting hostility to the canteen or to any toleration of drinking among soldiers.

In this attitude Colonel Hughes is undoubtedly a judicious Minister of Militia, because it is unquestionable that a great deal of prejudice and hostility to the militia has been based on the more or less lax habits which in former days prevailed among the men in camp.

Now Colonel Hughes has gone a step farther and has attacked drinking among the officers of the permanent force, who have hitherto been regarded as somewhat privileged persons. At a recent garrison dinner in Halifax all intoxicating liquor was forbidden by the Minister. Notwithstanding this a number of the officers present behaved themselves in a manner which could only be explained by assuming that they had obtained access to a private supply. Several of the speakers were interrupted in a most uncomfortable manner. Colonel Hughes was not the man to let such an incident pass unnoticed and he took occasion to arise and deliver a castigation to the offenders that they will not soon forget.

Talk of resignation on the part of some of the officers followed immediately, and rumor has it that Colonel Hughes' reply was that they could not resign any faster then he would accept their resignations. Now it seems probable that the trouble will blow over and that Colonel Hughes is not the one who will come off second best.

The New Poet Laureate.

Robert Bridges is the new poet laureate. It is likely that not one Canadian in 10,000 ever heard of Robert Bridges before. But we are assured he is a very competent poet of the pure Oxford School of verse, and that he will be a creditable successor to a long line of distinguished holders of the position.

However, it seems undeniable that Robert Bridges becomes poet laureate because of his negative and not of his positive virtues. He is unobjectionable to the the powers that be. Therefore he got the job. Apart from political prejudices there is probably almost unanimous opinion that the one poet with the real spark of genius in the Empire to-day is Rudyard Kipling. It is quite true that Kipling has written a tremendous lot of trash. But that was inevitable in an age which demands from its favorites a tremendous volume of output. But much of his work has the true ring of genius and he could have taken his place beside Tennyson and Wordsworth and the others with no apology.

Kipling a Partisan.

But Kipling, in his later years particularly, has become a violent political partisan. He has been mixed up in most of the outstanding political controversies of the last decade. And he has not hesitated to use his poetic genius to further his opinions. The Home Rule issue was the most recent controversy on which he drew blood. As he has been generally against the Government it was scarcely within the range of human possibility that he would be selected for the vacant laureateship.

Similarly the one other outstanding poet of the time, Mr. William Watson, is non persona grata with the powers that be. Not only has he been mixed up in political controversy, including also the Home Rule issue, but his publication a few years ago of "The Woman with the Serpent Tongue," in which he attacked with virulence members of the Prime Minister's family circle, would to many minds be quite sufficient in itself to place himself outside the pale.

Lacrosse Still Languishes.

Canada's national game, Lacrosse, is still under the shadow of "roughhouse" tactics. One incident in which a player nearly had his eye gouged out led R. J. Fleming, owner of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, to threaten the disruption of the big professional league. The incident is not without significance. There seems little doubt that there has been a spirit of toleration of rough tactics on the part of those responsible for the conduct of the players. Meanwhile public interest continues to languish. Promoters do not seem to realize that they have got the game out of favor, and that the only way to get it back is by a long campaign of playing lacrosse and not by giving exhibitions of brutality.

Lord Chancellor Coming.

When Lord Haldane comes to Canada on Monday, the first of September, it will be the first occasion since the days of Henry the Eighth that a Lord Chancellor of England has gone outside the British Isles on a public mission. The Lord Chancellor is the custodian of the great seal. On this occasion, with the approval of the King, the great seal is to be placed in commission during the Chancellor's absence, which will last only a little over a fortnight. His stay in Canada will last about two and a half days, during which he will address the annual meeting of the American Bar Association in Montreal. He will leave England on August 23rd on one of the Atlantic greyhounds and be home again on September 8th. The last Chancellor of England to leave the country on a public mission was Cardinal Wolseley, who was sent on a mission to France, England's policy at that time being to check the ambition of the Emperor.

Bachelor quarters may be exchanged for better halves.

THE MAILS

	Despatched	Arrive
Day, west	12.30 p.m.	1.30 "
Vaddington	1.30 "	3.00 "
Day, east	3.30 "	4.30 "
Vinchester	2.00 "	11.15 a.m.
Night, east	7.30 "	
Night, west	7.30 "	
Sunday, E. & W.	7.30 "	

TIME-TABLE

EASTBOUND

No. 8 (daily)	due	4.19 a.m.
" 12 (daily except Sun)	"	6.55 a.m.
" 4 (daily)	"	3.33 p.m.
" 6 (daily except Sun)	"	3.55 p.m.
" 76 Sunday Only	"	5.20 p.m.

WESTBOUND

No. 7 (daily)	due	12.48 a.m.
" 11 (daily exc'pt Sun.)	due	7.47 p.m.
" 5 (daily)	"	10.13 p.m.

The Leader

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The Leader Publishing Co.

THURSDAY, AUG. 7, 1913.

The Campaign on the St. Lawrence One Hundred Years Ago.

(Continued from Page 1.)

ing either to the government of the United States, or to his Britannic Majesty's Government. And we do further admit, that on the non-compliance with these conditions, the village be subject to be destroyed.

David A. Ogden. Alex Richards. W. H. Mulcaster, captain royal navy, commanding flotilla. J. W. Morrison, lieut.-colonel, 89th regt. commanding corps of observation.

Hamilton, Nov. 10, 1813

FROM LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MORRISON TO MAJOR-GENERAL DE ROTTENBURG.

Chrysler's, Williamsburg,
Upper Canada, Nov. 12, 1913.

Sir,—I have the heartfelt gratification to report the brilliant and gallant conduct of the detachment from the centre division of the army, as yesterday displayed in repulsing and defeating a division of the enemy's force, consisting of two brigades of infantry and a regiment of cavalry, amounting to between 3,000 and 4,000 men, who moved forward, about two o'clock in the afternoon, from Chrysler's-point, and attacked our advance, which gradually fell back to the position selected for the detachment to occupy; the right resting on the river and the right on a pine wood, exhibiting a front of 700 yards. The ground being open, the troops were thus disposed: The flank companies of the 49th regiment, the detachment of the Canadian Fencibles, with one field-piece, under Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson, on the right, a little advanced on the road; three companies of the 89th regiment, under Captain Barnes, with a gun, formed in echelon, with the advance on its left supporting it. The 49th and 89th, thrown more to the rear, with a gun formed the main body and reserve, extending to the woods on the left, which were occupied by the voltigeurs, under Major Herriot, and the Indians under Lieutenant Anderson. About half-past two the action became general, when the enemy endeavored by moving forward a brigade from his right, to turn our left, but was repulsed by the 89th, forming en potence with the 49th, and both corps moving forward, occasionally firing by platoons. His efforts were next directed against our right, and to repulse this movement the 49th took ground in that direction in echelon, followed by the 89th; when within half musket-shot the line was formed under a heavy but irregular fire from the enemy. The 49th was then directed to charge the gun then directly opposite to ours; but it became necessary, when within a short distance of it, to check the forward movement, in consequence of a charge from their cavalry on the right, lest they should wheel about, and fall upon their rear; but they were received in so gallant a manner by the companies of the 89th, under Captain Barnes, and the well-directed fire of the artillery, that they quickly retreated, and by an immediate charge from those companies one gun was gained. The enemy immediately concentrated their force to check our advance, but such was the steady countenance and well-directed fire of the troops and artillery, that at about half-past four they gave way at all points from an exceeding strong position, endeavoring by their light infantry to cover their retreat, who were soon driven away by a judicious movement made by Lieut.-Colonel Pearson. The detachment for the night occupied the ground from which the enemy had been driven, and are now moving in pursuit.

I regret to find our loss in killed and wounded has been so considerable; but trust a most essential service has been rendered to the country, as the whole of the enemy's infantry after the action precipitately retired to their own shores. It is now my grateful duty to point out to your honor the benefit the service has received from the ability, judgment, and active exertions of Lieut.-Colonel Harvey, the deputy adjutant-general, for sparing whom to accompany the detachment I must again publicly express my acknowledgements. To the cordial co-operation and exertions of Lieut.-Colonel Pearson, commanding the detachment from Prescott, Lieut.-Colonel Plenderleath of the 49th, Major Clifford of the 89th, Major Herriot of the voltigeurs, and Captain Jackson of the royal artillery, combined with the gallantry of the troops, our great success may be attributed. Every man did his duty, and I believe I cannot more strongly speak their merits than in mentioning that our small force did not exceed 800 rank and file. To Captains Davis and Skinner of the Quartermaster-General's department, I am under the greatest obligations for the assistance I have received from them; their zeal and activity has been unremitting. Lieut. Hagerman of the militia has also, for his services, deserved my public acknowledgements, as has also Lieut. Anderson of the Indian department. As the prisoners are hourly bringing in, I am unable to furnish your honor with a correct return of them, but upwards of 100 are in our possession; neither of the ordnance stores taken as the whole have not yet been collected.

I have the honor to be, etc,

J. W. MORRISON,
Lieut.-Col. 89th, commanding corps of observation.

To Major-General de Rottenburg, &c, &c, &c.

Return of Killed, Wounded, and Missing.

Royal Artillery:—2 rank and file wounded.

Royal Artillery drivers:—1 rank and file wounded.

49th foot:—1 captain, 1 drummer, 5 rank and file, killed; 5 subalterns, 3 sergeants, 34 rank and file, wounded.

89th foot:—1 drummer, 4 rank and file killed; 1 captain, 1 subaltern, 3 sergeants, 57 rank and file, wounded.

49th foot, flank company:—2 rank and file killed; 1 subaltern, 11 rank and file wounded; 6 rank and file missing.

Canadian fencibles:—4 rank and file, killed; 2 subalterns, 14 rank and file, wounded

Canadian voltigeurs:—4 rank and file, killed; 9 rank and file wounded; 3 rank and file missing.

Militia artillery:—1 rank and file, wounded.

Militia dragoons:—1 rank and file, wounded.

Indians:—1 warrior, wounded; 3 warriors missing.

Total—1 captain, 2 drummers, 19 rank and file, killed; 1 captain, 9 subalterns, 6 sergeants, 131 rank and file, wounded; 12 rank and file, missing.

Names of Officers Killed and Wounded

Killed:—49th foot—Captain Nairne.

Wounded:—49th foot—Lieutenant Jones, dangerously; Lieutenant Bartley, severely, not dangerously; Lieutenant Claus, left leg amputated; Lieutenant Morton, severely, not dangerously; Lieutenant Richmond, slightly.

89th foot—Capsain Browne, severely, not dangerously; Ensign Leaden, slightly.

49th foot—flank company:—Lieutenant Holland, severely.

Canadian fencibles:—Lieutenant Delorimiere, dangerously, since dead; Ensign Armstrong, dangerously.

(To be continued.)

PLEASE PUBLISH MY TESTIMONIAL

So Other Sufferers Will Take "Fruit-a-tives" And Be Cured

Gratitude — heartfelt gratitude — prompted this letter. Madame Langlois was so thankful to "Fruit-a-tives" for restoring her to health and strength, that she gladly allowed her letter to be published.



MADAME VALERE LANGLOIS

ST. ROMUALD, QUE., SEPT. 23rd. 1912.

"I have pleasure in stating that I have been cured of severe Dyspepsia and Chronic Constipation by using "Fruit-a-tives." I was a terrible sufferer from severe Constipation for many years, and I tried every remedy I heard of, and also was treated by physicians without any permanent benefits.

Then I tried "Fruit-a-tives", and this fruit medicine has completely cured both the Constipation and Indigestion.

I cannot praise "Fruit-a-tives" enough".

MADAME VALERE LANGLOIS.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50—trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

NATION VALLEY.

Mrs Ellis Merkley and daughter Leona, of Gouverneur, N.Y., are visiting Mrs Richard Merkley of this vicinity.

Mr and Mrs Peter Darling spent Saturday at Morewood.

Rev and Mrs Woods, of Chesterville, were calling in the Valley on Tuesday

Mr and Mrs Peter Marcellus and daughter Winnie were guests in this locality on Friday.

Mr and Mrs Clarence Coons and children, of the Springs, visited here the first of the week.

Mrs Jno Jamieson and daughter Agnes have returned home from Montreal.

Mr and Mrs J. A. McDougal, of Winchester, were guests recently of Mr and Mrs Elliott and family.

Miss Madge Baldry, of Chesterville, spent the first of the week in this vicinity.

The picnic under the auspices of the Farmer's Club of the Valley held on Friday last was enjoyed by all. The day turning out fine and a goodly number were present. The Dunbar Band was in attendance and an ice cream and fruit stand was also on hand. Besides the usual picnic sports interesting addresses were delivered by Messrs Bradt, B.S.A., of Morrisburg and his assistant R L Vining; Jno Campbell, of Ormond; Andrew Broder, M.P, of Morrisburg; Rev Stevens and Rev Woods, of Chesterville and Jno Jamieson of this place. Preston Elliott the president and his assistants are to be congratulated

NUDELL BUSH.

Mrs Thurb. Barnhart spent the evening at Ferndale on Tuesday.

Quite a number from here attended the social at S. L. Casselman's on Thursday.

Mrs George Vassaw spent Sunday at Mr Schultz's

Mrs Melvin McIntosh visited friends in town on Monday.

Mrs Melvin Baker and daughter visited friends here on Wednesday.

Mr Sidney Lount was a business caller in Archer on Monday.

Miss Bertha Dillabough is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs Melvin McIntosh.

Mr and Mrs George Pruner and Master Garnet and Baby Martha spent the 3rd at Ferndale.

Mr George Dennison spent Monday in town.

Mr and Mrs Lount spent the 3rd at Brookside.

Mr Wm. Plantz sold three cows this week.

Mr George Henophy has returned home after spending a few weeks in Uncle Sam's domain.

Morewood High School June Exams.

Middle School, Form 3.—Number enrolled, 16; number who tried Normal entrance, 16; number recommended, 13; successful, 11. Gerald Bouck, Orne Carruthers, Inda Casselman, Blanche Countryman, Douglas Hunter, Richard Jervis, Donald Nado, Elder Smirle, Miles Swerdfeger, Ina Swerdfeger, Arthur Swerdfeger. Highest previous past list—10, in the year 1907; 14 of this year's class wrote for the first time.

Lower School, Form 2.—Number enrolled, 15; number who tried Lower School, 15; number recommended, 10; successful, 10. Agnes Coulthart, Clara Feely, Ian Gollan, Myrtle Fraser, Jean Ross, Verna Martin, Kellock Moffat, Orr Swerdfeger, Myrtle Casselman, Clarke Smith. These candidates are promoted to Form 3.

Names of candidates in Forms 3 and 2 are arranged alphabetically.

Lower School, Form 1.—Number enrolled, 19; promoted to Form 2, 19. Names are in order of merit, the first three obtaining honors. Kate Marcellus, Harold Falkner, Mamie Gollan, Ella Marcellus, Aggie Steen, Hazel Dillabough, Walter Carlyle, Milton Swerdfeger, Leslie Rounthwaite, Eva MacMillan, Hugh Loucks, Charlie McConnell, Lola Allison, Lyle Hunter, Muriel MacGregor, Estella Utman, Rowat Swerdfeger, Frank Jervis, Grant MacGregor.

Of the 16 candidates in Form 3, 14 are resident; of the 15 in Form 2, 12 are resident; of the 14 in Form 1, 16 are resident.

Fall Fairs

Alexandria, Sept. 10th and 11th.
Arnprior, Sept. 4th and 5th.
Berwick, Sept. 23rd and 24th.
Cornwall, Sept. 11th, 12th and 13th
Kemptville, Sept. 25th and 26th.
Merrickville, Sept. 18th and 19th.
Metcalfe, Sept. 16th and 17th.
Newington, Sept. 16th and 17th.
Ottawa Central Canada, Sept. 5-13.
Prescott, Oct. 1st and 2nd.
Toronto, Aug. 23rd to Sept. 8th.
Winchester, Sept. 2nd and 3rd.

AN ELUSIVE SURVIVOR.

'Tis the last fly of summer that flits on the wing,
And my heart almost bleeds for the lonesome young thing.
No mate of his old age, no comrade has he,
To stick in the jelly or drown in the tea.

I know if I spare him he'll frisk on my nose
Or, perched on my bald spot, disturb my repose.
Bereft of his vigor and shorn of his pride,
I'll send him to rest where the good flies reside.

So (swat!) let me finish his earthly career,
Then (bing!) goes a globe from my best chandelier,
And (smash!) my screen swatter is dashed at his head;
But, gosh, 'twas a finger bowl shattered instead!

Well (biff!), ain't it awful? I've missed him once more!
And (bang!) this destruction is making me sore.
So kindly let's gather the wreckage away
And hope that we land him on some other day.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

At the Photographer's.



Fond Mamma—Here's a photo of my little boy when he was a baby, and I want you to make one of him as he is now.

Photographer—Haven't you brought him with you?

F. M.—No; I thought you could make an enlargement from this.—Pele Mele.

Bingles.

Don't swear at the peanut man. He's part of the game.

Many a baseball has been batted out of shape in a no hit game.

In your wildest rage try to remember the umpire is somebody's darling.

If you were the best fielder in the world and couldn't hit you'd get your release.

Some great players started on barn lots, while others came from the college campus.

The game offers great rewards—great players are presented at the White House and own automobiles.

The sure batter makes as few home runs as any player, but his work swells the score.

A sharp crack and the pale sphere soaring over the fence! What a shock it must be to the battery!

The president of the United States is a fan, so try to be decently dignified even when there are three on base and two out.

We know the greatest baseball player in the world. Sometimes he muffs 'em and sometimes he fans, but his reputation doesn't rest on that.

The pitcher who curves his elbow at the bar in fast company cannot curve balls in fast company.—Judge's Library.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Canadian National Exhibition

EXPANSION YEAR

New Livestock Department
Everything in Agriculture
Exhibits by the Provinces
Exhibits by Dominion Government
Exhibits by Foreign Countries
Acres of Manufactures

MAGNIFICENT ART EXHIBIT

Paintings from Germany, Britain, United States and Canada
Educational Exhibits
Cadet Review
Japanese Fireworks
Canada's Biggest Dog Show
America's Greatest Cat Show

AND NERO THE BURNING OF ROME

The Musical Surprise
The Musical Ride
Auto-Polo Matches
Circus and Hippodrome
Roman Chariot Races
Athletic Sports
Great Water Carnival

IRISH GUARDS BAND

Score of other Famous Bands
Twelve Band Concerts Daily
Wreck of the Airship
Withington's Zouaves
New Giant Midway
Grand Double Bill of Fireworks

PATRICK CONWAY'S BAND

Aug. 23 1913 Sept. 8
TORONTO

PRAIRIE LAND CO.

11½ High Street West — Moose Jaw, Sask.

IT will surprise you to know what a small amount cash it takes to handle a pair of Lots bought from us, as in many cases we are the owners and can make terms to suit you.

ROTHESAY PARK
RESIDENTIAL
2 Lots, Block 47, $250 each.
2 Lots, Block 45, $250 each.

WESTMOUNT
INDUSTRIAL
3 Lots, Block 14, $275 each.
3 Lots, Block 12, $300 each.

FOR QUICK SALE ONLY

OTTAWA
Sept. 5-13, 1913
Central Canada
EXHIBITION

Freight Paid on All Live Stock Exhibits from Ontario and Quebec Points.

Two Daily Aeroplane Flights Starting from Front of Grand Stand.

Great Spectacular Show, "Siege of Delhi," and Latest Creations in Fireworks.

Full Programme Six Days and Six Nights.

New $100,000 Implement Hall Completed.

$20,000 IN PREMIUMS

Industrial Displays. Free Band Concerts. Big Improved Midway. Exciting Horse Races. 8 Vaudeville Troupes. Lowest Railway Rates. Entries Close Aug. 29.

Prize List, Programme, etc., sent on application.

E. McMAHON, Manager,
26 Sparks St., Ottawa.

HORSE SHOW
at Morrisburg
Tuesday and Wednesday AUG. 5 and 6, 1913

The PEOPLE'S Annual HOLIDAY

The Place to Meet Your Old Friends
Entertainment for Young and Old

Special Free Attractions

The Best Ever!

FRANK and TRUE RICE—The Comedy Kings and Best of All Hay Rack Rubes, Sly Jokers, Acrobatic Jesters and Teasing Tumblers.

HILL and SYLVIANY—Master Bicyclists, Forever Excelling, Featured the World Over, Performing the most delicate and dangerous balancing ever attempted on wheels.

THE FUNNY TUMBLERS—The Comedy Rube Acrobats, Frank and True Rice.

TRIALS OF SPEED

The Morrisburg Fair has always been noted for its good races and we have been assured that each race this year will be filled with the best field of horses we ever had.

FIRST DAY, AUG. 5th.

2.50 Class—Trotting or Pacing, 1 mile.....$100.00
2.22 Class—Trotting or Pacing, 1 mile.....$100.00
Farmers' Sons Race—Horses that never entered in a race; best 2 out of 3 heats—1st, $6.00; 2nd, $4.00.

SECOND DAY, AUG. 6th.

2.40 Class—Trotting or Pacing, 1 mile.....$100.00
Free-For-All—Trotting or Pacing, 1 mile.....$100.00
Named Race—Half mile heats; 3 out of 5; five to start or no race—1st, $25.00; 2nd, $15.00; 3rd, $10.00.

$300 in Special Prizes

Never before in the history of the Dundas Fair have we had as many special prizes and this is bound to bring out the best collection of horses in Eastern Ontario.

We Have Arranged the First Midway Ever Seen at the Dundas Horse Show

Merry-Go-Rounds Grocery Tents
Music Hall Attractions in the Evening

NORWOOD BAND

Butter Wrappers, printed and plain, in any quantity ... er.

Bradfield Bros. & Co.

GASOLINE

We have the exclusive sale of

Shell Motor Spirits

the highest grade for cars and boats.

Bradfield Bros. & Co.

Hardware ::: Coal ::: Groceries

Morrisburg's New Industry



The Incubator Plant

located on the Gravel Road and north of the Grand Trunk Railway, will be open for business in March for

Custom Hatching

Early Chickens Pay the Best

BABY CHICKS will be sold for Cash or trade under special contract, orders now being booked for spring delivery.

REMEMBER: Orders will be filled in their respective turn, therefore do not delay placing your order for the dates you desire.

For further information and free booklet, call or address

R. H. ASHTON, Morrisburg, Ont.

Canadian Pacific Railway

Harvesters' Excursions $10

Aug. 18th & Sept. 3rd, 1913

To WINNIPEG

PROPORTIONATELY LOW RATES BEYOND.

From all stations in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, Renfrew, Sharbot Lake and east.

No change of cars between the East and the Canadian West. No customs examinations. No immigration inspection.

For further information apply to nearest Canadian Pacific Agent or to D. T. HENDERSON.

ARTHUR FLYNN
Barrister, Etc.
Morrisburg, - - - Ont.

R. F. LYLE

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Notary, Conveyancer, &c. Solicitor for The Bank of Ottawa and for the Municipality of Morrisburg.
Barry Block, Main Street
MORRISBURG, : : : ONTARIO
Money to loan at lowest rates of interest

IRWIN HILLIARD, K.C.

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Notary, etc. Solicitor to The Molsons Bank.
New Molsons Bank Building,
MORRISBURG, ONT.
A large amount of private money to loan at present on easy terms.

J. G. HARVEY, V.S., B.V.Sc.
VETERINARY SURGEON,
GRAVEL ROAD, - BRINSTON, ONT.
Both Bell and Boyd Phone connections
All calls promptly attended to.

DR. G. M. GORRELL

DENTIST. Graduate of Chicago College of Dental Surgeons and of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Successor to Drs. Gorrell and Kelly.
Office: Casselman Block, Morrisburg.

F. M. EAGLESON
ONTARIO AND DOMINION LAND SURVEYOR, CIVIL ENGINEER

DRAINAGE and other Municipal work will receive prompt attention. Farm lines and sub-divisions.
CONCRETE WORK of all kinds, including bridges and culverts, a specialty.
Office in Sweet's Block Winchester, Ont.

EXCELSIOR Lodge, No. 142, R. C., A. F. & A. M., holds its Regular Meetings in the Masonic Hall, Morrisburg, on the Friday Evening on, or before, full moon.
A full attendance is particularly requested Visiting brethren are always welcome.
DR. WILL C. DAVY, W. M. B. A. HERRING, Secy.

CORNWALL GENERAL HOSPITAL

This institution provides skilled nursing and care at very moderate rates to those able to pay, and without charge to indigent persons from the three United Counties, other than the Municipal Grants.

It is kept up by:
1. Fees from paying patients.
2. Grants from the Government and Municipalities.
3. Donations and Subscriptions from Churches, Corporations, Societies and Individuals, the last being the largest source of revenue.

You are Asked to Assist in this work

The nucleus of an endowment fund has been established by a legacy recently received, and parties remembering the Hospital in their wills may stipulate that bequests made by them shall go to this fund.

If you would like a copy of the last Annual Report, drop a card to the Secretary, who will be pleased to send you one.

J. T. KIRKPATRICK, President. J. C. ALGUIRE, Sec'y-Treas

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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DESIGNS
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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
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Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms for Canada, $3.75 a year, postage prepaid. Sold by all newsdealers.

...Broadway, New York
...t., Washington, D. C.

Our Correspondents

WILLIAMSBURG

Miss Lena Marcellus who has been visiting her sister in Potsdam, N Y. for several months has returned home.

Miss Blanch Wells, of Hoasic, spent a few days visiting her grandparents Mr and Mrs Jerry Lane.

Miss Mary Ann Empey, of Winchester, is visiting friends in town and vicinity.

Miss Stella McMillan has returned home after spending several weeks with friends in Chesterville and Dunbar.

Quite a number from here took in the Odd Fellows picnic which was held at Dundela on Friday, Aug. 1st.

Mr and Mrs Edgar Casselman spent a few days visiting friends in Aultsville.

Miss Belva Barkley has gone to Mountain to visit her sister for a few weeks.

Mr and Mrs J. M. Merkley and baby, of Dunbar, spent Sunday at Claud Merkley's.

John Carson, of Iroquois, was renewing old acquaintances in town a few days the first of the week.

Stanley McIntosh has purchased the brick house which Ed. Casselman has been living in and Stanley sold his farm to Meril McIntosh.

Guests of Mrs Florence McMillan's this week were—Mrs Wm. Johnston, Mr and Mrs Charles Marcellus and baby Margaret, Misses Eva and Viola McMillan, Ormer Warren, all of Dunbar; Miss Martha Knowland, of Chesterville.

Winstanley and Helmer who has been laying the concrete walk here finished Tuesday and left for Mountain to lay concrete walks there.

At the recent Entrance and Promotion examinations Mr D. L Collison, who formerly taught here and at The Springs, sent up ten candidates for Entrance, all of them being successful and five taking honors. Ten were sent up for promotion from Junior IV to Senior IV and all passed, two taking honors. This is a remarkable record, and speaks highly of Mr Collison's ability and thoroughness as a teacher.

BRINSTON.

We welcome to town Mr and Mrs H. E Whitteker who have moved into L. J. Casselman's beautiful residence.

A number from here attended the I.O.O.F. picnic at Dundela on Friday.

Miss Ina Rivington, of Ottawa, is spending a few weeks, the guest of Miss Lottie Hamilton.

Miss W. Shaver, of Peterborough, is visiting at C. I. Gilson's this week.

Frank Barkley, of Williamsburg, passed through town one day last week in his auto enroute for South Mountain.

Miss Cora Lock is spending a few days in Iroquois.

We extend much sympathy to Mrs Willie Hanes and Ed. Thompson in the loss of their father, the late Edward Thompson of Dixon's Corners.

The funeral of the late Edward Thompson, of Dixon's Corners, was held here in the Methodist church on Monday.

It seems good to see Barney around again after suffering from a bruised knee.

Mr and Mrs Peter Lock spent Saturday at Ogdensburg.

Misses Mae Gilson, Ina Rivington and Lottie Hamilton took a trip up the river on Monday.

Mrs I. W. Ault and daughter Miss Ethel, of Cornwall, are visiting friends in this locality at present.

Morley Shaver, of Montreal, spent Sunday at C. Gilson's.

Quite a large crowd attended service here on Sunday evening.

A large number from here attended the R.C. social at Irena on Tuesday evening.

CEDAR GROVE.

Mrs N. Aubrey, of Cornwall and Mrs Archie Aubrey and children, of Ottawa, were the guests of Mr and Mrs Ezra Dillabough the latter part of the week.

Mr and Mrs Frank Colquhoun and Master Eddie were visiting friends in Morrisburg and Elma.

Mr and Mrs Percy Shaver, of Cloverdade, passed through the Grove enroute to Archer.

Mr and Mrs Willis Wereley of this place and Mrs Vance, of Ottawa, were visiting friends in Wales.

George Pitts and son Alfred, of Canton, N.Y. spent the latter part of the week with the formers sisters Mrs Geo. Dillabough and Mrs Geo. Ray.

Miss May Pitts and friend Miss Sherwood, of Toronto, are spending a few weeks at the former's parental home, A. C. Pitts in the Second Concession.

The farmers in the Grove have finished their hay harvest and report the crop lighter than last year.

AULTSVILLE

The annual excursion of the Immanuel Presbyterian and Methodist Sunday-schools will be held on Aug. 20th on the steamer Riverside. See posters as to time of leaving dock, etc.

Mr and Mrs I Miller and daughter Mabel of Ogdensburg, are spending a few days with Mr and Mrs Ira Empey.

Mr and Mrs J. Richardson and daughters, of Toronto, are visiting here with Mrs Richardson's family.

Miss Dixon is spending a few days with Mrs S. T Loucks.

Rev. W. H. Raney and family, of Ottawa, are camping on the Island.

Mrs Shaver and daughter, of Osnabruck Centre, and Mrs S. Campbell and daughter Grace, of Rochester, N. Y., are visitors at Mr H. Raney's

Mrs S. Shaver and daughter Evelyn were guests of Mr and Mrs F. Shaver on Tuesday.

Mrs Henderson, of New York, is spending her vacation here with her parents, Rev. W. A. and Mrs Hanna.

Mrs Cyril Campbell returned to her home at Woodlands on Monday.

Mrs McLean, of Port Huron, visited her sister, Mrs J. Casselman, here over the week-end.

Mrs James Clark and Miss Bella Castelman, of Lachine, are visiting friends here.

Miss Jean Bouck returned home on Saturday, after having spent several weeks with friends in Ottawa and Cornwall.

Mr Reginald Eamer, of Cornwall, was in town on Monday.

Miss Mary Ault, of Morrisburg, was in town on Monday.

Miss Marjorie Morgan is visiting her uncle, Mr Robert Henderson, Kingston.

Mrs Wm. McCary, Mrs E. Johnson and Master Willie Johnson, of Brockville, are spending a few days with friends here.

Mr and Mrs Carl Dafoe, of Brockville, are spending their holidays with friends at camp.

Mr and Mrs J. McDonald and Master Kenneth, of Toronto, are camping at Elmbank.

Mr and Mrs George LaBarr, of Brockville, are in town visiting friends.

Master Allen Markell returned from Cornwall hospital on Saturday and is rapidly improving

Mr E. S. Markell and daughters Carrie and Lorraine were in Morrisburg on Monday.

FROATBURN.

John Casselman, of Riverside, was in our burn on Thursday evening.

Mr and Mrs Dalton Saddlemire and daughter Pauline spent Friday at the latter's parental home here.

A. Gallinger, of Archer, passed through here on Tuesday enroute to Morrisburg.

Mr and Mrs W. E. Styles and children, of Deferiet, N.Y., spent the past week with the former's parents Mr and Mrs Jas. Styles.

Rev L. M. McCreery, of Morrisburg, was in our burn on Thursday.

Miss Amy Froats spent Wednesday the guest of Miss Dora Bowman.

Mr and Mrs Chas. Weagant, of Hoasic, passed through here on Saturday.

Mr and Mrs Mason Beckstead and son Acil spent Sunday with friends at Williamsburg.

Mr and Mrs Roy Swerdfeger, of Hoasic, passed through here on Wednesday.

Broder Millward spent Sunday with Murray Styles.

Mr and Mrs Lagorah Millward and daughter Audrey spent Friday at Dundela.

RIVER ROAD.

Mr and Mrs Ernie Boyce, of Cornwall, were visiting friends here.

Frank Shaver has returned to Brantford after spending his holidays at his home here.

Quite a number attended the Summer School last week.

Miss Ila Workman, of South Mountain, is visiting her aunt Mrs Andrew Reichardth.

Miss Nina Cooper, of Brinston, is visiting her cousin Nelda Cooper.

Jay Merkley was back to Mountain on business.

Miss Pauline Rombough, of Cardinal, is visiting her aunt Mrs Anson Wallace.

Arthur Hanes, of Toronto, is visit- friends here.

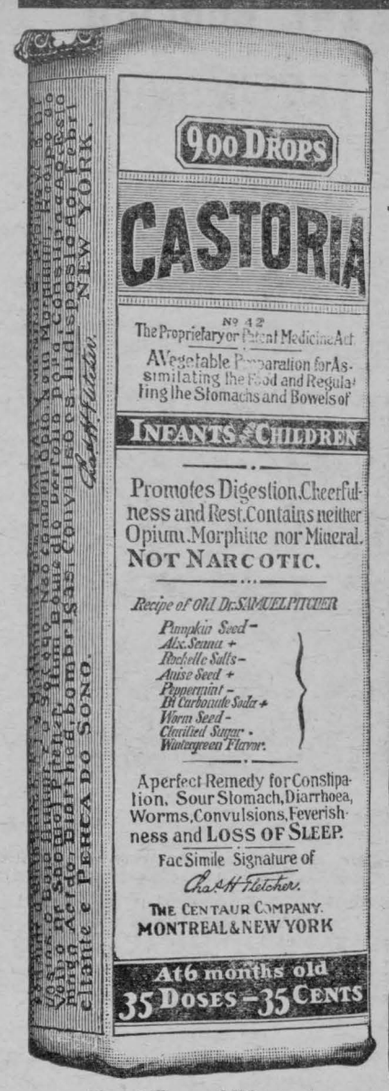
Mr and Mrs Arnold Binion are visiting friends at Lisbon, N.Y.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

VARICOSE VEINS CURED

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

Confined to His Home for Weeks.



"Heavy work, severe straining and evil habits in youth brought on Varicose Veins. When I worked hard the aching would become severe and I was often laid up for a week at a time. My family physician told me an operation was my only hope—but I dreaded it. I tried several specialists, but soon found out all they wanted was my money. I commenced to look upon all doctors as little better than rogues. One day my boss asked me why I was off work so much and I told him my condition. He advised me to consult Drs. Kennedy & Kennedy, as he had taken treatment from them himself and knew they were square and skillful. I wrote them and got THE NEW METHOD TREATMENT. My progress was somewhat slow and during the first month's treatment I was somewhat discouraged. However, I continued treatment for three months longer and was rewarded with a complete cure. I could only earn $12 a week in a machine shop before treatment, now I am earning $21 and never loose a day. I wish all sufferers knew of your valuable treatment.
HENRY C. LOCUST.

HAS YOUR BLOOD BEEN DISEASED?

BLOOD POISONS are the most prevalent and most serious diseases. They sap the very life blood of the victim and unless entirely eradicated from the system will cause serious complications. Beware of Mercury. It may suppress the symptoms—our NEW METHOD cures all blood diseases.

YOUNG OR MIDDLE AGED MEN.—Imprudent acts or later excesses have broken down your system. You feel the symptoms stealing over you. Mentally, physically and vitally you are not the man you used to be or should be. Will you heed the danger signals?

READER Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you intending to marry? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. **Consultation Free.** No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion **Free of Charge. Books Free**—"Boyhood, Manhood, Fatherhood." (Illustrated) on Diseases of Men.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything Confidential. Question List and Cost of Treatment FREE FOR HOME TREATMENT.

DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY

Cor. Michigan Ave. and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

NOTICE All letters from Canada must be addressed to our Canadian Correspondence Department in Windsor, Ont. If you desire to see us personally call at our Medical Institute in Detroit as we see and treat **no patients** in our Windsor offices which are for Correspondence and Laboratory for Canadian business only. Address all letters as follows:
DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Windsor, Ont.

Write for our private address.

To be sold at cost--the balance of our stock of

Lawn Mowers

These include Ball Bearing machines, the latest and best style machine on the market.

Also balance of screen doors and windows

Store open every evening until 8.30.

R. H. BRADFIELD & CO.

Plate Glass Front Hardware Store

MORRISBURG, ONTARIO.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Butter Wrappers at The Leader

Household

Selected Recipes.

Curried Eggs.—Six hard boiled eggs, one teaspoon chopped onion, one tablespoon butter, one and one-half cups milk, one level tablespoon cornstarch, one-half tablespoon curry powder; salt and pepper to taste. Boil the eggs twenty minutes. Remove the shells and cut into halves or slices. Fry onion in the butter, but do not burn; add cornstarch mixed with the curry powder; pour on slowly the hot milk; add the salt and pepper to taste; simmer a few minutes, pour over the eggs, already arranged on a shallow dish, and serve. This is also nice served cold at a picnic.

Spanish Rice.—Cut up about four slices of bacon into small pieces in skillet and cook over quick fire till brown, then add one-half cup rice, well washed, and stir till rice is a golden brown. Add one-half can tomatoes, one-half green pepper, one-half small onion, and season with pepper and salt. Let simmer until rice is tender. It is a most appetizing dish.

Spice Cake.—Cream one-half cup butter with one cup of granulated sugar. Add one egg, one teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, and ginger. One cup of chopped and floured raisins, juice and rind of one lemon, one cup of buttermilk, in which dissolve one-half teaspoon of baking soda. Then add two cups of flour with one teaspoon of baking powder.

Nut Bread.—One cup of sugar, two cups of sweet milk, three-fourths cup of chopped nuts, two cups Graham flour, two cups of wheat flour, four teaspoons of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of salt. Put together sugar and one cup of milk. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together and add to milk and sugar, after which put in the beaten eggs and the other cup of milk; last the nuts floured. Set on back of stove for fifteen minutes before baking three-fourths of an hour.

Apple Fritters.—Here is a fine recipe for apple fritters: Flour large round apples, peeled, cored, and cut each into four slices; one-half gill of wine, two tablespoons of sugar, one teaspoon extract nutmeg. Place slices of apples in bowl with sugar, wine, and extract; cover with plate; set aside to steep two hours, then dip each slice in plain fritter batter; fry to light brown in plenty of lard made hot for the purpose. Serve with sugar.

Graham Muffins.—Two Tablespoonfuls melted butter, two tablespoonfuls sugar, add one egg beaten light; three teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoonful salt, one-half cupful white flour, one cupful Graham flour, one cupful milk; add dry ingredients and milk alternately to first mixture; bake thirty minutes. This recipe makes eight large muffins.

Light Rolls.—One sifter of flour, two tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon salt, two tablespoons butter, two-thirds cake (1 cent) compressed yeast dissolved in one pint of lukewarm water. Mix and let raise over night, then make into light roll, let raise about one-half hour, and bake three-quarters of an hour in moderate oven.

Potato Salad.—Slice boiled potatoes, one or two cucumbers, and a small chopped onion, pour over following dressing: Mix one-half tablespoon salt, one teaspoon mustard, one and a half tablespoons sugar, one-half tablespoon flour, few grains cayenne, yolks of two eggs, one and a half tablespoons melted butter, three-quarters cup milk, one-quarter cup vinegar. Cook over boiling water until mixture thickens. Add two tablespoons cream if desired. This dressing without the cream keeps for a week. Mix it all while hot and let stand for some hours.

Boiled Dinner.—Get a half shoulder ham, two large carrots, one yellow turnip, one parsnip, and a small head of cabbage, put on to boil in large kettle, add one onion pricked with a clove, salt and pepper, boil slowly about three hours. Half an hour before serving set off of stove for a few minutes, skim off fat, and add potatoes, and put on to boil till potatoes are done, and serve with prepared mustard or ketchup.

Ginger Cookies.—One cup brown sugar, one cup molasses, one cup melted lard, one teaspoon baking soda dissolved in about one-third cup of boiling water and add as much flour as needed to make a stiff dough. Mix with sugar, one teaspoon ground cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoon ground cloves, one scant teaspoon ground ginger. Roll out either thick or thin and cut with round or fancy cutter. Bake in moderate oven.

Household Hints.

Vegetables to be tender should be cooked slowly.

In making French dressing use twice as much oil as vinegar.

Chicken soup is improved if a little grated cheese is put into it.

When packing a trunk, waists will be less mussed if they are put into a flat paste-board box.

In cleaning painted woodwork it is better to use a strong kerosene water than any kind of soap.

Do not allow chicken or fowl of any kind to soak in water before cooking—the flavor will be spoiled.

If a soft piece of homemade bread is rubbed on a scorch on woolen goods it will remove it entirely.

Lacquered brass can be cleaned by washing in hot water, and a little soap may be added if necessary.

An old piano stool will be found useful in the kitchen, as it can be adjusted to different heights.

Add a few minced dates to fudge as it comes from the stove. It will gives it a novel and delicious flavor.

When it is difficult to turn ice cream out of its can allow cold water to run over the outside of the can.

Water can be softened by boiling. A little borax or baking soda added to the water will also soften it.

When the head feels congested, try holding the hands and wrists in hot water as long as you can stand it.

Cotton crepe waists are much more wearable if they are starched in very thin starch and hung on a hanger to dry.

To dampen clothes quickly sprinkle them with boiling water instead of cold. They can also be ironed more quickly.

When a cake or pudding runs over on the stove sprinkle salt on it at once, and the unpleasant odor will disappear.

On children's every day garments, such as rompers, it is a good idea to use soutache braid instead of making buttonholes.

When cleaning the mop boards, the wall can be protected with a piece of cardboard held at the upper edge of the mop board.

When polishing the stove, first rub the hands thoroughly with soap and allow it to dry. The polish will then wash off easily.

The brine in which salt beef has been boiled can be poured on the garden walks. In this way weeds can be kept down.

A pleasing and simple dessert is made by adding a few chopped walnuts to apple sauce and serving it with whipped cream.

Every kitchen should have strips of carpet placed on the floor. Rag rugs are the very best to buy, as these wash well and last for years.

If a pair of shoes has become stiffened with walking in the wet, they should first be washed with warm water and then have oil rubbed into them.

A common brass cup hook, such as is used in china cabinets and on cup racks, can easily be screwed into the end of a broomhandle, making an inexpensive and handy broom hanger.

In a large family where there are many children, much loss of time and annoyance is saved if, before putting stockings into the wash each week, each person will tack the two stockings of each pair at the hems. There is no trouble in trying to make them afterward, as each person may use a different colored thread.

CAN CARRY MEAL IN POCKET.

Concentrated Food Tablets Make Living Easy.

A Spanish doctor is the latest inventor of concentrated food tablets.

Although some concentrated tablets of this sort have been on the market for some time the Spanish physician is perfecting these tablets so that any food may be served in concentrated form. With the addition of a little water and a little heat a full meal may be served if one uses the new tablets, it is claimed.

The only tablets heretofore that have been a success are tablets that are a compound of beef and that, when dissolved in water, form bouillon. The Spanish doctor's tablets are concentrated vegetables, meats, soups and sweets. By the use of five or six tablets of various kinds one may prepare a whole meal in a few minutes. The tablets are light in weight, and are being especially prepared for explorers, aviators and for automobilists who are making long cross-country runs. They may later be introduced into practical housekeeping, if they can be reduced in cost by manipulating large enough quantities.

Many of the tablets may be eaten without being altered in form, but, according to their inventor, they improve in taste by the addition of water. They are a dull brown in color and are a sort of powder. This powder is compressed with great force into a solid cake, which is wrapped in oiled paper and tin foil. Oiled silk will be used to protect those taken by explorers.

What Puzzled Her.

"I understand the text all right," remarked Aunt Ann Peebles after the sermon was over, "but the preacher's explanation of it puzzled me a good deal."

THE BLACK SQUALL

Louise, Virgil and I went botanizing on the south side of Lake Pend d'Oreille one day last summer, writes a Youth's Companion contributor. That is, Louise and Virgil were botanizing, while I watched a pair of humming-birds build a nest on a cedar limb. We had crossed the lake in our little power-canoe, the Papoose. About four o'clock we came back to the shore.

Once out of the heavy woods, the heat was intense, and it was so still that not so much as an aspen leaf quivered. Louise sank down in the shade of a willow and fanned herself with her sun hat, Virgil walked down the shore to find the nest of a sandpiper that we had flushed that morning, while I busied myself getting the motor ready. The town lay across the lake five miles away, but plainly visible in the clear mountain air. We could even hear the whine of the great saws in the mills, and the labored breathing of the switch engine as it wrestled with the heavy loads of lumber. When all was ready I called to Virgil, and he and Louise took their places in the boat.

"I feel as if something unusual were going to happen," Louise said, as she seated herself.

"I feel that way, too," I replied. "I feel that this motor is going to behave properly and start the first time I give the fly-wheel a turn."

"No, really," Louise insisted. "Have you never experienced a feeling as if something dark were hanging over you?"

"I wish I could experience something dark, a cloud, for instance, that would shut out some of this heat," said Virgil.

"'Have then thy wish,'" Louise quoted, and she pointed to the range of hills south of the lake. A huge black mass was rolling above the hilltops.

"That isn't cloud," Virgil said. "It must be smoke. There is probably a forest fire beyond the hills."

"It is neither," I broke in; "it's dust. We are about to experience on the lake a danger that menaces travellers on the desert."

We were now well out on the lake, and I hesitated whether to return or keep on. I watched the coming storm, and decided that it would meet us before we could make shore, and that the Papoose could not make head against it.

So I reached down and increased the speed of the motor. The little craft tore through the water. The cloud of dust had by this time darkened the sun. Already we could hear the howling of the gale and the crashing of the great trees uprooted by the fury of the blast. The lake was still calm and unruffled, but there was a sullen coppery tinge to the water. We saw the storm strike the lake three miles below. Instantly the calm water was lashed into foam, and a broad white band came tearing up the lake, preceded by a smother of blinding, choking dust. It filled our eyes until we could not see, and our nostrils until we could hardly breathe. In a few moments the white wall of water rolled upon us. The Papoose came near capsizing. "Port," I called to Virgil, "and run before the gale!"

He swung the boat, and the next wave struck her squarely astern, and drove her like an arrow into the one ahead. Louise sat perfectly still, holding to the thwarts, and watched the boiling sea. I blessed her courage, for if she had become frightened and made a movement, the tiny boat would have foundered.

The last sight I had of the shore, it was more than a mile distant. Now the dust was so dense that it was invisible. I took off my coat, knelt in the bottom, and held it over the motor to protect it from the flying spray, for our lives depended upon it. Virgil held the steering-wheel. Louise faced the situation with admirable courage, although every time we struck a wave she was deluged with spray.

The storm increased in fury, and as we neared the shore we could hear the hoarse roar of the breakers on the beach. I peered through the gloom, and made out dimly the fringe of cotton-woods, then the shore line itself. Our boat could not live in that sea much longer; she was half-filled with water already.

We were approaching the shore near the outlet of the city sewer. The outfall, held in place by upright piling, stood far out in the water, while nearer shore rose the long concrete tanks, over which the waves dashed. Virgil saw that the water on the north side of the tanks was less turbulent, and turned the boat in that direction. Two men on shore had seen our danger, and hurried out upon the flat tops of the tanks to give assistance. They stood in water to the waist, and the waves almost washed them off their feet. Louise rose, turned and crouched, ready to spring. Virgil drove the boat within a few inches of the concrete; Louise sprang up as the boat rose on the crest of a wave, and one of the men caught her. The next instant the Papoose was lifted and hurled upon the beach. As she strnck, I shut off the power, glanced up, and saw a white-topped wave towering above us. It broke, and in an instant all was dark.

The weight of water crushed both Virgil and me down into the bottom of the boat. It seemed an age before that wave started to recede, and when it did, the Papoose was sucked back with it; but one of the men grasped the mooring line, and held her fast until we got ashore. The next wave came, and with its help we shot the boat well out on the beach.



MISS LLOYD GEORGE.

A charming portrait of the eldest daughter of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Lloyd George. Miss Lloyd George was presented at Court this year. Like her father she is becoming a golf enthusiast.

GERMAN BIRTH-RATE FALLING

Will Be as Low as France in a Few Years' Time.

According to a statement made in the Reichstag by the German Minister of War, and corroborated in part by the Minister of the Interior, the birth rate in Germany is steadily falling, and if the present rate continues it will in a few years be as low as that of France. In 1876 the birth-rate in Germany was 39¼ per 1,000 inhabitants; in 1912 it had fallen to 29, indicating that in the period named the decrease in births amounted to about three-quarters of a million per year.

Since the beginning of the century the falling off in the birth-rate has assumed alarming proportions. In the 24 years from 1876 to 1900 the decline in the rate per 1,000 was 3¼, while from 1900 to 1912 it was 7, or more than double in 12 years what it was in the preceding quarter of a century. Should this decrease continue, it is estimated by Professor Wolff, the distinguished mathematician and economist, that by 1920 Germany will be confronted by the painful fact and problem that her birth-rate will be the lowest in Europe.

But if the birth-rate in Germany has declined, so also has the death-rate, and to this alone is due the fact that in the 12 years since 1900 the population of the empire has increased by eight and a half millions. The death-rate in 1876 was 26 per 1,000 inhabitants. In 1900 this was reduced to 20½, while last year the rate had fallen to 16¼. If the death-rate had not fallen, the Minister of the Interior estimates that there would be a reduction of the population to-day. Throughout the period indicated—from 1900 to 1912—the marriage-rate remained the same—about eight per 1,000 of the population—so that, as the Minister of the Interior says, "the cause which might explain the surprising lowering of the natality of Germany is not to be sought in that direction."

Went Too Far.

A rich old woman had one hobby. It was the lavishing of money on interior decorations. Every room in her mansion was done over time and again to suit her changing whims. One day she felt faint, and thinking a taste of claret would brace her up, drank of a red liquid she thought was wine, but which afterwards turned out to be red ink. The doctor, hurriedly summoned, impatiently shook his head. "Mrs. B——," he said, "there is such a thing as carrying this mania for interior decoration too far!"

Going One Better.

Angry Diner—Waiter, you are not fit to serve a p.g.

Waiter—I am doing my best, sir.

THE DEADLY BICHLORIDE.

Discoveries Show Way to Save Future Victims of Error.

The world-wide account of how Banker Saunders Walker, of Macon, Georgia, struggled nearly ten days against the deadly poison of one bichloride of mercury tablet already has stirred up the lethargic laboratory scientists, the experimental chemists, the practicing physicians, and the complacent legislative bodies. While one or two over-suggestive persons have since committed suicide from the publicity given to the Georgia victim, these would have received a similar suggestion sooner or later by word of mouth, and the good already wrought by the newspaper accounts has resulted in at least two discoveries that may be the means of saving such patients in the future.

Dr. Bertram Bernheim, of Baltimore, as one instance, has invented a little instrument that is not unlike a glass and rubber gas hose with two stop-cocks on it. Since Dr. Alexis Carrel invented his method of transfusing blood from one person to another merely by inserting a Y-shaped tube into the arteries of one and connecting them with the veins in the arms of the one who is to receive the blood, it has been a comparatively simple matter to save many lives where formerly almost sure death occurred.

Dr. Bertram Bernheim, who has improved on many of Dr. Carrell's devices, can now insert one of these glass tubes, shaped like a bow, in the arm of any one so that the patient's own blood will leave the upper part of the arm and enter his crescent-like canal, through which it flows, to finally return to the individual's own blood stream in the lower arm. This is the first time that any one has ever suggested handling a man's blood while it was alive and flowing through his veins.

This invention places all of the blood in your body at the disposal of the surgeon, who can examine it, dilute it, weaken it, filter it, analyze it, and finally allow it to flow on like the sweet, gentle Avon, after it has been purified and strengthened. The stopcocks inserted in two places in the tube allow the doctor to flag the flowing blood as he long as he pleases. Thus every ounce of blood in your body can be brought to a pause for a longer or shorter period, and any kind of harmless manipulation can be carried on.

Meanwhile, the rest of the blood is switched off in another channel, and the circulation is in no way interfered with. At the same time a solution of a certain salt keeps the stationary parts of the blood from clotting, and at the same time this is transpiring the surgeon can abstract every last vestige of such poison as bichloride of mercury.

Moreover, this is all done in less than the seven minutes necessary for all of the blood to complete a full circuit of the body. If, however, there is any reason for the patient to rest, eat or attend to his business, or for the doctor to go about his affairs, a bandage is put around the arm, and at some other time the filtering is continued.

The boon that such a contrivance could have worked for Mr. Walker is evident. He lived more than a week and the seven grains of the poison must have circulated over and over again throughout the poor fellow's body. Yet no one thought of a trap such as this, strangely simple as it is.

RADIUM'S TRIUMPH.

Announcement Made at Meeting of French Society.

An important announcement was made at a meeting of the French Radium Society to the effect that hypertrophy of the prostate gland is curable by radium.

In a case in which a surgical operation was impossible a platinum tube containing two centigrammes of sulphate of radium was inserted on several occasions and allowed to remain for several hours. Under the influence of the radiation the prostate gland shrank little by little, and at the same time the hemorrhage which accompanied the affection in this case also disappeared.

The result opens up entirely new possibilities for the curative use of radium.

Character the Test.

It is character, not congeniality, which is the final test of friendship. What holds us to our friends is not their companionableness nor their affection for ourselves, though the former is a source of delight and the latter is our pride. It is their strength and independence, their integrity, that win us, and that generous spirit of theirs which defends our conduct and our motives against the criticisms of a world that loves us not.

Intuition.

A fond mothe[illegible] tell just what the b[illegible] even when th[illegible] itself.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, AUGUST 10.

Lesson VI. The Passover. Exod. 12. 1-42. Golden Text, Matt. 20. 28.

Verse 21. Then—After having received specific instructions from Jehovah regarding preparations for the departure from Egypt and for the eating of the memorial passover.

The elders of Israel—In the original and literal sense of "older men," the heads of patriarchal families and tribes.

Draw out—Go forth.

According to your families—One for each family or group of smaller families or persons as specified in Exod. 12. 3, 4: "A lamb for a household; and if the household be too little for a lamb, then shall he and his neighbors next unto his house take one according to the number of souls; according to every man's eating ye shall make your count for the lamb."

22. A bunch of hyssop—A species of plant growing on walls, yet furnishing a stalk of some length—not positively identified with any known plant. The hyssop was considered as having purging or purifying qualities, and was used in different forms of ceremonial cleansing, as the cleansing of lepers or leprous houses (Lev. 14. 4, 51, 52); also as an element in the water of separation (Num. 19. 6).

Lintel—The upper crossbeam, or rafter, of the door, resting on the two sideposts.

None of you shall go out of the door of his house—Both the designation of the hyssop as the instrument for sprinkling the blood upon the doorposts and lintel and this injunction not to leave the house until the morning were added by Moses to the specific injunctions received from Jehovah; at least our narrative does not record these as part of Jehovah's specific instructions.

23. Jehovah will pass through to smite the Egyptians—In reality a destroying angel, referred to farther on in this same sentence as the destroyer, seems to have acted as Jehovah's agent in executing this severe judgment.

25. The land which Jehovah will give you—Which he had repeatedly promised in turn to their forefathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

26. When your children shall say unto you, What mean ye by this service?—Another injunction follows, not specifically mentioned in the command of Jehovah to Moses. Moses assumes that the regular repetition of the paschal ceremony will arouse in each successive generation natural curiosity as to the meaning and origin of the ceremony.

27. It is the sacrifice—To be offered in the sanctuary (Deut. 16. 5, 6).

Houses—Families.

The people bowed the head and worshipped—Indicating a reverential attitude toward, and a willingness to obey, the command of Jehovah given to them through Moses.

28. So did they—Both the miracles performed by Moses and Aaron, and the earnestness of their exhortation had profoundly influenced the people, convincing them of the truth of all that they had just been told concerning Jehovah's beneficent intentions to deliver them from the hands of their oppressors; wherefore they were ready to render implicit obedience in all things commanded them.

29. At midnight—"About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt" (Exod. 11. 4).

From the first-born of Pharaoh . . . unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon—"From the first-born of Pharaoh . . . unto the first-born of the maid-servant that is behind the mill" (Exod. 11. 5). Both expressions mean the same thing, namely that the first-born of all persons, from the highest to the lowest in rank, as well as all the first-born of cattle should be slain.

30. Not a house where there was not one dead—In reality there would be many families having no children, and in which, at the same time, neither husband nor wife was a first-born child; for all of which cases due allowance must be made.

31. Get you forth—The urgency implied in the words indicates that Pharaoh is anxious to get rid of the people whose prolonged presence has brought so much distress on his land.

Among my people—Although the Israelites dwelt in Goshen, on the outskirts of Egypt proper, yet their services to Pharaoh and to the Egyptian people might well justify the use of the expression as here recorded.

Two stewards on an Atlantic liner were having a heated altercation, each pouring most bitter anathemus upon the other's head. As a crowning insult one of them exclaimed, "Aw, you eats just like a [illegible]nger!"

LEGIONS LOST IN LONDON

FIFTY PERSONS VANISH IN BIG CITY EVERY DAY.

Twenty Thousand People Disappear Every Twelve Months.

London is great in everything, even in the number of its lost. The capital does not shout and boast about its mysteries. It is only when something dramatic happens such as the vanishing of a wealthy man, that one is reminded of the grim fact that somewhere about 20,000 persons disappear every twelve months within the area looked after by Scotland Yard, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger.

Many of the missing persons turn up, but a large number are lost to their friends and relatives for all time. London is the best place on earth if you want to hide. It is the most mysterious and most wonderful maze ever inhabited by man. To look in London for a friend with whom you have not made an appointment is like looking for a needle in a haystack, or a diamond in a desert, or a pearl in the Pacific Ocean. One can live in London a lifetime and travel about it and not know one thousandth part of it. Within the last twenty years quite twenty murders have been committed in London which have gone by unexpiated. You may be quite sure that the murderers, if alive, are in London. They are probably living very near to police stations, for it is a popular and a well-founded belief among criminals that if you want to keep your wrists free of the handcuffs you must pitch your tents close to the pegs on which the bracelets hang.

The London Detectives

would be proud indeed, if they could find only half the people who vanish in the capital every year. But they cannot. Some time ago two girl students took rooms together in the West End. One night they were hanging pictures and they found that they had run short of nails. "I'll go out and get some," one said. She went, just as she was, without hat or coat, to a little shop round the corner while her companion set about preparing the evening meal. The girl never returned. Inquiries showed that she did not quit the shop, and she has not been heard of since.

Vain also were the efforts to trace a girl who came from the north of England two years ago to take up a situation in a northern suburb. It is known that she reached King's Cross safely, but after that her movements are hidden behind the veil that hides so many of London's mysteries. She has not appeared since, and it is a thousand to one that she never will. There was the young solicitor who left his chambers in the West End one bright morning last year and was never seen again. Everything humanly possible was done to trace him, but all in vain.

I know an old woman who has been trying to find her missing husband for 30 years. She lives at Hammersmith. One morning, somewhere in the '80s, he went off to catch his omnibus for business in the city, and she has not seen him since.

For Years and Years

the poor old woman has travelled over the same ground twice a day in the hope of finding him, but I am afraid that their next meeting will be beyond the Great Divide.

London has cloaks enough to hide a million. If you want to disappear all you need do is move around the corner. Very few people in the metropolis are on speaking terms with those who live in the next flat or in the next house. There have been several cases in recent years of policemen having resided in the same block as men who were wanted for some notorious crime, and there is an instance of a wealthy former convict who vanished, assumed a disguise and another name, became a property-owner, and actually leased a house to the judge who some years before had sentenced him to penal servitude. Not very long ago it was found on the death of a certain public official that he had been running two establishments for twenty years. He had two wives and two families, yet neither of the women had the least suspicion. It was because the man lived in London.

It is next to impossible to carry on such duplicity in the country, but in the British capital, where neighbors, so far from being friendly, are terribly suspicious of one another, a burglar or a murderer can live for years among respectable people without being discovered. If London would only absorb a little of the neighborliness and good-fellowship of the provincial street, a little of the

"How Do You Do?"

habit on the stairs or over the garden fence, a little of the countrywomen's friendly chat at the greengrocer's cart and the fishmonger's barrow, there would be a shorter criminal life for the wrongdoers who at this moment are rubbing shoulders free and fearless, with straight-living folk in the city and the West End.

A friend of mine, a private detective is making quite a little fortune in London for no other reason than that it is a land of mystery and suspicion. Who ever heard of a countrywoman becoming suspicious of her husband to the extent of having him watched by a detective? But in London this is common. Because the capital is a great shadowland with millions of hiding places and millions of cloaks to protect the wrongdoer from the public eye. That young friend of yours who is flushed with ambition and means to come to town to make his fortune—if he should fail he need not feel ashamed a bit. If he wants to hide—well, London will find a corner for him. And nobody will ever find him until he wishes them to. London is as mysterious as she is great.

GOLD MINERS' LIVES SHORT.

Fifteen Years in Transvaal Limit of Workers' Activities.

The mining of gold in South Africa produces a mortality roll which is appalling.

"However healthy a Transvaal rock-drill man may appear to be on his return to this country," Dr. Haldane told the British Departmental Committee on Industrial Diseases in 1907, "he will probably be dead within a year or two."

Miners' phthisis is said to be due to the inhalation of fine dust, which arises not merely from rock drilling without the accompaniment of water spraying but also from blasting operations. Last year more than 1,000 of 3,000 men examined by the Medical Commission were found to have phthisis. No rock-driller could work in the mines for sixteen years and escape it. Death occurred as a rule before the age of 40.

Here is a table which showed at that time how inevitable is the doom of any man who undertakes this work:

Years' service.	Percentage affected.
½	1½
2½	25
3½	40
4½	55
6½	70
10½	80
13½	90
15½	100

KEEP CHILDREN WELL DURING HOT WEATHER

Every mother knows how fatal the hot summer months are to small children. Cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentry and stomach troubles are rife at this time and often a precious little life is lost after only a few hours' illness. The mother who keeps Baby'c Own Tablets in the house feels safe. The occasional use of the Tablets prevent stomach and bowel troubles, or if trouble comes suddenly—as it generally does—the Tablets will bring the baby safely through. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

IN MEMORY OF HIS SON.

Chas. G. Davies Will Erect Hotel for Unfortunates in Chicago.

A hotel for "down and out" men, to cost $100,000, will be erected by next winter by Charles G. Dawes, president of the Central Trust Company of Illinois, as a memorial to his son, Rufus Fearing Dawes, who was drowned in Lake Geneva last year. Eventually Mr. Dawes will erect a similar refuge for women of the same class.

These hotels had been projects which the father and son had planned to carry out together, and Mr. Dawes, in a statement given out recently, pledged himself to devote all his spare time to carrying out the work his son had long looked forward to.

"In memory of my dear son, Rufus Fearing Dawes, who met his death last September," said Mr. Dawes, "I shall during the present year inaugurate the work which we had often planned to carry on together, and to which for the rest of my life I shall devote that part of my time not required by business duties.

"As the first step I shall erect on the west side a hotel at an expenditure of $100,000, to be known as the Rufus Dawes Hotel. Lodgings will be furnished at cost, not to exceed five cents. The doors of this hotel will never be closed to those out of employment upon their promise to pay when they find work again. It will extend credit to the unfortunate upon their promise alone. A free employment agency will be run in connection with the hotel. I shall hope later to establish a similar hotel for women."

A strong-minded man is one who has occasion to say "I told you so" and doesn't.

DREADFUL ITCHING AND BURNING

White Blisters Spread All Over Head. Scratched Until Mass of Sores. Hard Crusts Left Raw Flesh. Had to Cut Hair Away. Healed by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Hair Growing Thick.

139 Romaine St., Peterboro, Ontario.—"My little girl's head was in a terrible state. It started with little white blisters,



which would break until it spread all over her head. The burning and itching were dreadful, especially at night when she would scratch it until it was one mass of sores all over her head and the pillow would be covered with blood. She could get no rest at all with the pain. She would beg of me to put something on to cool the burning and irritation. Hard crusts would form on her head which when she scratched it would leave the raw flesh underneath, and her hair came off with it or would be in such a dreadful state that I would be obliged to cut the hair away.

"I tried several remedies but none of them seemed to do any good. I then cut her hair quite close, washed it with Cuticura Soap and bandaged it using Cuticura Ointment. It is now quite healed without a mark on the skin. Her hair is growing nice and thick again." (Signed) Mrs. M. Saunders, Feb. 13, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. A single set is often sufficient. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 36D, Boston, U. S. A.

Pinero's Methods.

Britain's foremost living dramatist, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, has just celebrated his fifty-eighth birthday. As his name indicates, he is partly of foreign extraction, for his father was a Portuguese. His mother was Miss Williams, sister of a noted Trinity Pilot of Gravesend, and it was in that district Sir Arthur spent the days of his youth. He was at one time intended for a business career, and studied at Birkbeck College, but the call of the stage proved too strong. He made his debut before the footlights as a general utility

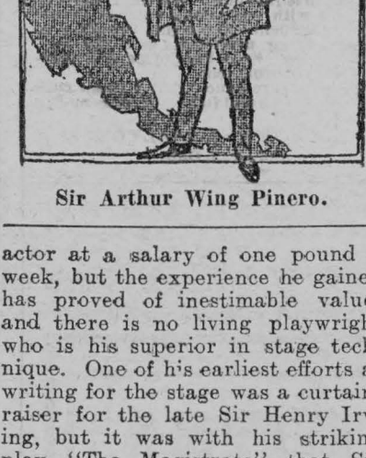


Sir Arthur Wing Pinero.

actor at a salary of one pound a week, but the experience he gained has proved of inestimable value, and there is no living playwright who is his superior in stage technique. One of his earliest efforts at writing for the stage was a curtain-raiser for the late Sir Henry Irving, but it was with his striking play "The Magistrate" that Sir Arthur gained his first big success.

Sir Arthur Pinero's method of writing a play is certainly unique, for he first devises the final scene, and from that works back to his opening. When he is about to rehearse a play he has planned out the minutest detail of business. He is a kindly autocrat at rehearsals, and the actor or actress who does not follow his direction is soon brought to task.

Bobby had worn his mother's patience to the limit one Sunday. "You are a perfect little heathen!" she remarked, giving way at last. "Do you mean it?" demanded Bobby. "I do indeed," said his mother. "Then say, ma," said Bobby "why can't I keep that penny you gimme for the Sunday School collection? I guess I'm as hard up as any of the rest of 'em."



URIC ACID NEVER CAUSED RHEUMATISM

I WANT to prove it to your satisfaction. If you have Rheumatism, acute or chronic—no matter what your condition—write to-day for my FREE BOOK on "RHEUMATISM—Its Cause and Cure." Thousands call it "The most wonderful book ever written." Don't send a stamp—it's ABSOLUTELY FREE. JESSE A. CASE, Dept. 476, Brockton, Mass., U.S.A.

GUESSING THE TEMPERATURE

How It Was Done With the South Polar Expedition.

It often happens on sledge journeys among the arctic ice that the thermometers are broken. In that case, the party finds itself without any means of determining the temperature. But Mr. Roald Amundsen, the discoverer of the south pole, says that if the explorer accustoms himself to guess the temperature, it is possible to estimate the mean temperature for a month with a fair degree of accuracy. This fact he proved by means of a guessing competition during the winter that his party spent in camp on the great ice barrier.

As each man came in in the morning he gave his opinion of the temperature outside, and each guess was entered in a book. At the end of the month I went over the figures, and the man who had guessed correctly the greatest number of times won the prize—a few cigars. Besides giving practise in estimating degrees of cold, it was a very good diversion with which to begin the day. When one day is almost exactly like another, the first hour of the morning is likely to be a little sour. The competition engaged every one's attention pleasantly. Each man's entrance was awaited with excitement, and one man was not permitted to make his guess in the hearing of the man who followed him. Therefore, they had to speak as they came in, one by one.

"Now, Stubberud," I would say, "what's the temperature to-day?"

Stubberud had his own way of calculating, which I never succeeded in understanding. One day, for instance, he looked about him, and studied the various faces. "It isn't warm to-day," he said at last, with a great deal of conviction. I could immediately encourage him with the assurance that he had guessed correctly. It was -69 degrees F.!

The monthly results were very interesting. So far as I can remember, the best performance in any month was eight approximately correct guesses. A man might keep remarkably close to the actual temperature for a long time, and then suddenly one day make an error of twenty-five degrees.

The winner's mean temperature agreed within a few tenths of a degree with the actual mean temperature of the month, and the mean of all the competitors' mean temperatures gave a result that was almost exactly correct. So if we had been so unlucky as to lose all our thermometers, we should not have been entirely at a loss.

Well Begun.

Officer (to recruit who has missed every shot): "Good heavens, man, where are your shots going?"

Recruit (nervously): "I don't know, sir; they left here all right."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The Way Of It.

Some men make fools of themselves for a pretty girl and a lot of others don't even have that excuse.

SAW NAPOLEON; STILL ALIVE.

M. Schamel-Roy Went to St. Helena, the Emperor's Prison.

There is still a Frenchman alive who saw and spoke with Napoleon and in his childhood played with the King of Rome. M. Pierre Schamel-Roy went to visit his father, who was one of the "caged eagle's" attendants at St. Helena, and there was presented to the Emperor.

His most touching reminiscence is that Napoleon showed him a doll which had belonged to his little son, remarking, "It is dirty, as you see. But they were his little hands which soiled it."

M. Schamel-Roy is a handsome old man of strong features, though sunken face, with a hooked nose and a flowing, silky, snow white beard. He was for many years costumer at the Opera, Paris. He has now a pension from the State of some twenty-six cents a day. M. Schamel-Roy is nearly 106 years old. His father was a soldier's orderly who spent his life in close personal attendance on the great Emperor.

A FRIGHTFUL FIRE

Causes widespread sorrow—likewise a lively corn causes much pain—the cure is "Putnam's," the old reliable Putnam's Corn Extractor, that never fails and always cures; try it. 25c. at all dealers.

Work and the Weather.

The restless days are here. All outdoors invites us and our work becomes a conscious effort and a bore. It is the time when we are most in sympathy with Jerome K. Jerome in his confession as follows: "I like work; it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours. I love to keep it by me; the idea of getting rid of it nearly breaks my heart."

Wire Wounds.

My mare, a very valuable one, was badly bruised and cut by being caught in a wire fence. Some of the wounds would not heal, although I tried many different medicines. Dr. Bell advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, diluted at first, then stronger as the sores began to look better, until after three weeks, the sores have healed, and best of all, the hair is growing well, and is NOT WHITE as is most always the case in horse wounds.

F. M. DOUCET.

Weymouth.

Evidently Preferred Noise.

"Is he fond of peace and quiet?"

"I guess not. He's giving his three daughters musical educations."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Exactly So.

"Embroidering letters on handkerchiefs is a very non-progressive business."

"How so?"

"Because it never gets beyond the initial stage."

Try Murine Eye Remedy

If you have Red, Weak, Watery Eyes or Granulated Eyelids. Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, 50c. Eye Books Free by Mail.

An Eye Tonic Good for All Eyes that Need Care

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Fine.

This sure would be a dandy world,
life would be one big bubble,
If money could be borrowed just as
easily as trouble.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.



Ginger Snaps.

Steady persistency will outrun spurt.

Only small-souled people are vindictive.

A man is not necessarily bad because he has the reputation of being singular.

There is but one leisure class in this country: hoboes and the idle sons of the rich.

Framed mottoes alone do not make a happy home.

If a man was born a fool he is likely to die one.

After all, we miss more trouble than we get into.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

He—I expect to die in harness. She—Then I take it for granted that you have a stable position.

FARMS FOR SALE.

H. W. DAWSON, Ninety Colborne Street, Toronto.

FRUIT, STOCK, GRAIN AND DAIRY Farms in all sections of Ontario. Some snaps.

FACTORY SITES, WITH OR WITHOUT Railway trackage, in Toronto, Brampton and other towns and cities.

RESIDENTIAL PROPERTIES IN Brampton and a dozen other towns.

H. W. DAWSON, Colborne St., Toronto.

STAMPS AND COINS.

STAMP COLLECTORS—HUNDRED DIFferent Foreign Stamps, Catalogue, Album, only Seven Cents. Mark's Stamp Company, Toronto.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GRAHAM BROS., FUR RANCHERS, will pay highest price for Black, Silver, Cross Foxes, Mink, Marten, Fisher, at all times. Dougal. L. Graham, Strathroy, R.R. No. 1, Ont.

MAIL ORDER MEN. Save 80 per cent. mailing expenses by our safe, sure, business-getting method of mailing and distributing catalogues, circulars, samples, etc. Particulars free. Results certain. W. G. Lawrence, Orillia, Ontario.

CANCER, TUMORS, LUMPS, ETC., internal and external, cured without pain by our home treatment. Write us before too late. Dr. Bellman Medical Co., Limited, Collingwood Ont.

GALL STONES, KIDNEY AND BLADder Stones, Kidney trouble, Gravel, Lumbago and kindred ailments positively cured with the new German Remedy, "Sanol," price $1.50. Another new remedy for Diabetes-Mellitus, and sure cure, is "Sanol's Anti-Diabetes." Price $2.00 from druggists or direct. The Sanol Manufacturing Company of Canada, Limited, Winnipeg, Man.

MALE HELP WANTED.

MEN WANTED

YOUNG MAN BE A BARBER. I TEACH you quickly, cheaply, thoroughly and furnish tools free. We give you actual shop experience. Write for free catalogue. Moler College, 219 Queen St. East, Toronto.

MEN WANTED

IMMORTALITY CERTAIN

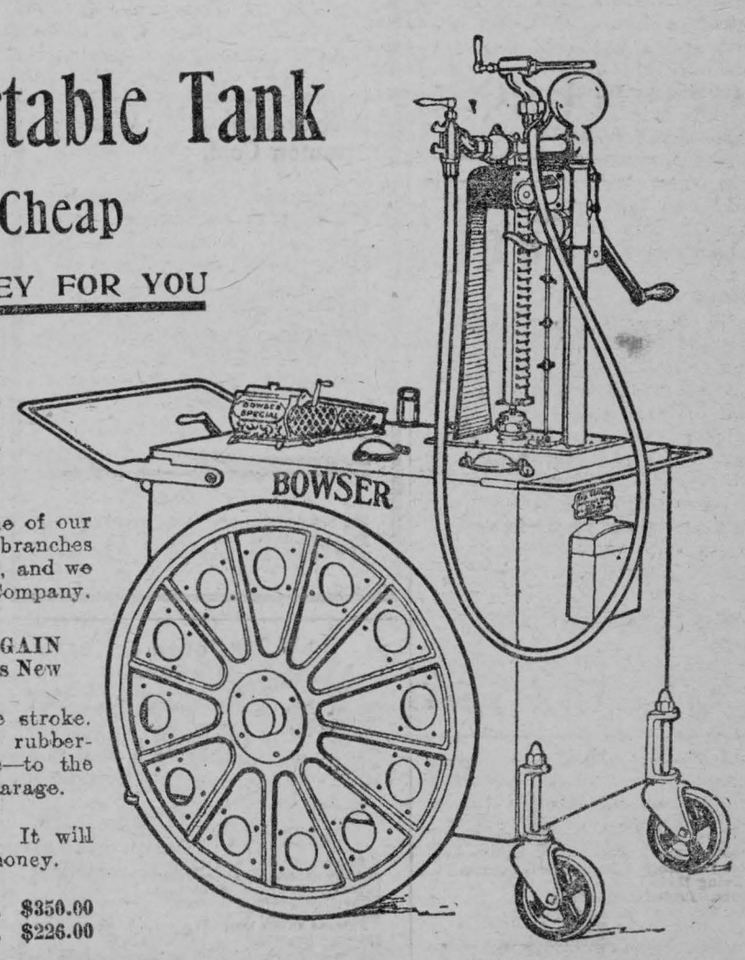
Swedenborg's great work on Heaven and Hell and the life after death. 400 pages, only 25 cents postpaid. H. Law, 436 Euclid Ave., Toronto, Ont.

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For Sale Cheap

WILL MAKE MONEY FOR YOU

GARAGE OWNERS and others who require a cheap and convenient method of waiting on customers should investigate this tank to be sold at a sacrifice.



This has been used a short time in one of our departments, lately discontinued. Our branches and Sales depots are already equipped, and we cannot place this Tank in our own Company.

THIS BOWSER TANK IS A BARGAIN
In Good Shape—Almost as Good as New

50 gallon capacity—one gallon to the stroke. Pump self registering. Mounted on rubber-tired wheels. Can be moved anywhere—to the sidewalk and back to any car in the garage.

The best investment you ever made. It will save your gasoline—your time—your money.

Regular Price $350.00
Special Price $226.00

Russell Motor Car Co., Limited, Accessories Department, West Toronto

"How I Shall Miss You When You are Grown."

What the poet sang every mother's heart has felt. Baby's Photograph taken now and then will preserve the image and memory of baby days for all time.

Clever Photographers, with the fast lenses and fast plates of to-day, also get wonderful results in baby pictures.

How long since you have had your baby's picture taken?

J. M. Whitteker

The Photographer in Your Town.

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Carefully Compounded

School Supplies

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For General House Painting we Strongly Recommend

Moore's Pure Linseed Oil Prepared Paint

As we firmly believe they are the best and most durable and economical Paints ever put on the marke .

For outside and inside use a flexible and enamel Paint. Will not check, chalk or blister.

Ask for color cards.

MULLIN BROS.

SOLE AGENTS

Fire! Fire!

Owners of buildings and contents will do well to remember that Fire is liable to destroy their property when they least expect a visit from this destructive fiend. They will, therefore, consult their own best interests by insuring with the undersigned in the Royal and other good solid British companies.

Remember that CHEAP Insurance often proves to be very DEAR when losses occur.

All HONEST claims promptly and liberally settled.

A. F. MERKLEY,
Local Agent, Morrisburg.
D. MONROE, Cornwall,
District Inspector and Adjuster.

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Butter Wrappers at The Leader

Cadillac

WANTED

Dealers to handle Cadillac Automobiles. The new 1914 car will be the best car for the money of any machine in the world. In addition to the well known Cadillac self-cranking and lighting system they will be equipped with a new type of gear change on the rear axle electrically operated.

Applicants for agency should state what territory they could conveniently handle, number of cars they could dispose of in a year, and whether at present they are handling any other make of automobile; also if a garage and repair shop is conducted in connection with their business.

For particulars address

HYSLOP BROTHERS, LIMITED

GENERAL AGENTS

Shuter and Victoria Streets, Toronto, Ont.

LOST

ONE pair nose glasses in black case, between R. C. church and W. H. McGannon's residence.

CATTLE FOR SALE

ONE Three-year-old Bull, Ayrshire, stall fed; also one cow.

A. W. WEAGANT,
Archer.

30c

FOR SALE

1 Three-spring Buggy, 2 seated rig; 1 Top Buggy, good; 1 Cutter, good; 1 Set of Single Harness; ½ Set of Double Harness; 1 Pair of Double Lines, as good as new; 2 Horse Blankets, as good as new; 2 Robes for cutter, as good as new; 1 Plow; 1 Double Set Whiffletrees. Apply to

ZENAS HALL.
Morrisburg.

30

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, the 5th September, 1913, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week over Rural Mail Route No. 1 from South Mountain, Ont., to commence at the pleasure of the Postmaster General

Printed notices containing further information as to condition of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of South Mountain, Hulbert, Pleasant Valley, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Ottawa.

Post Office Department, Mail Service Branch, Ottawa, July, 31st, 1913.

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

31c

Synopsis of Canadian North-West Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Subagency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-emp a quarter-section along side his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

COAL

We are now ready to fill all orders for the Celebrated Lackawanna and Western Scranton Coal.

July and August prices—Egg and Stove, $6.75; Nut, $7.

Special facilities for the farmers.

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Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

PARIS NEW HERO.

Metchnikoff's Discoveries Regarding Old Age Cause a Sensation.

The hero of to-day in Paris is Dr. Elie Metchnikoff. His name is upon every tongue. Stimulated by his discoveries, Parisians, male and female, all have a vague hope of living to be as old as Methuselah.

Since Metchnikoff presented the result of his investigations on longevity to the Academy of Sciences his glory has increased tenfold. So also has respect for man's faithful friend, the dog. For the serum which is to revolutionize our length of days comes from the dog. This lionized, gold-spectacled, long-haired, grizzly-bearded, unkempt man has forced his name into every study and every salon.

The name of Professor still clings to him since those distant days when he taught biology in the University of Odessa. About thirty years ago he took up the study of medicine, particularly that part of it to which biology naturally led up. He came to Paris in 1888, or twenty-four years ago. Since that time he has been connected with the Pasteur Institute, the immortal founder of which took him at once to his bosom.

For Pasteur had already read and admired the works of the learned Russian. Pasteur paid this savant the small salary of eight hundred dollars a year. But we must remember that the world-famed institute, which has grown to be a mighty force, was then only such a tiny concern that Dr. Metchnikoff declined for a time to accept even the pittance which Pasteur could ill afford to pay.

Only since 1910, when a legacy left by the philanthropist Osiris—the same who gave the Chateau de Malmaison to France—came into operation, has Metchnikoff begun to receive a salary of three thousand dollars a year. He was then, and is now, assistant manager of the Pasteur Institute. As vice-president Metchnikoff's habits are of the simplest, he can afford to spend what he earns on philanthropic causes. His clothes cost a minimum. During the day, while occupied in his laboratory at the Pasteur Institute, he wears overalls. When he sallies forth to go home he is dressed in a shiny black coat which at its best did not cost more than ten dollars. His tie, also of black, is usually awry and sometimes one side of a shirt collar, clamoring to be sent to the laundry, is open. His shoes come from those stores where a uniform price of two dollars a pair is charged, and are so much too big for the wearer that their toes turn heavenwards. The whole is surmounted with an unbrushed derby hat, which in its most palmy days commanded a price of fifty cents.

Dr. Metchnikoff travels by the underground railway to the St. Lazare station, always second class. He pays three cents for the trip. Out to his tiny villa at Vesinet he also travels second class, doubtless because there is not a third. Here he and his wife lead the simplest of lives. They are almost vegetarians. They drink much milk and eat many vegetables.

Dr. Metchnikoff is usually described as a Jew, and he has the characteristics of that ancient and clever race. Yet his father belonged to the orthodox or national church of Russia, and his mother was a Protestant.

Draining Desert Lands.

One of the curiosities of irrigation is that it is sometimes necessary to drain such lands. When the lands are situated on a comparative level the water from the irrigating ditch above seeps along the line between the rock formation and the soil to the land below and in many cases accumulates in such an amount that it actually becomes swampy. Then it has to be drained, just as in the case of swamps. It seems strange to witness the laying of a drainage system in an arid country, but it has been done a great many times. The average user of irrigation who fails may trace his lack of success to the too liberal use of water. Instead of watering he really drowns his crops.

Why He Came.

A man rushed into the barber shop and jumped into the first waiting chair, explaining, "Shave in a hurry." The barber was about to apply the lather when he noticed the customer's face. It had been shaved in spots and looked like a wornout hair rug. "I beg your pardon," said the barber, "but whoever shaved you did not understand his business or must have been nearsighted." "That's all right," replied the customer rather sharply. "Every man to his trade. You are a barber—well, I am not; that's why I came here."

Why He Refused a Fee.

I was born in Bonn, and a fellow student, an Englishman, was taken with sudden and serious illness. I propped him up, ran to the chemist at the corner and asked for a doctor. There was a doctor—by a happy chance—lodging in the room above. He came and attended my friend, with much attention. After some hours, when the matter seemed over, I asked him what was the fee. He threw up his hands and protested in his best English: "I charge—nothing! I am on my holidays."—London Standard.

A True Fish Story.

Here is a fish story told by a British nobleman: An Irishman had caught a big pike. Noting a lump in its stomach, he cut it open. "As I cut it open there was a mighty rush and a flapping of wings, and away flew a wild duck, and when I looked inside there was a nest, with four eggs, and she had been afther sitting on that nest."

Hens on the Trai..

Fresh eggs laid on the train formed the latest luxury offered recently to travelers on the Canadian Pacific Railway. They are not obtainable any longer. The hens laid many eggs, but they made too much noise. A carload of hens was attached to the Imperial Limited Express for its trans-continental journey from Montreal to Vancouver.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE

BERLIN, Ont.

Excellent Business College Department
Excellent High School Department
Excellent College or Arts Department

New Buildings with latest Hygienic equipments. The largest Gymnasium in Canada. Running Track—Swimming Pool—Shower Baths—Theatre.

First Class Board—Comfortable Sleeping Rooms.

RATES MODERATE. Special attention given to students preparing for University Matriculation. *Address:*

Rev. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., Ph.D.,
PRESIDENT.



REDDICK—At Glen Becker, on Tuesday, Aug. 5th, to Mr and Mrs Walter Reddick, a son.

DIED

On Tuesday, Aug. 5th, infant sonof Mr and Mrs Walter Reddick.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE,
Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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The Premier Commercial Training School

Offers complete courses in preparation for business life.

High standard of graduation and splendid success in assisting graduates to positions.

"Willis College has been recommended to me," say practically all applicants. Ask those who know.

As instruction is individual and the College being in session the year round, students may begin at any time.

Send for the Catalogue.

WILLIS COLLEGE,
Corner Bank and Albert Sts.,
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FALL TERM

—AT THE—

Cornwall Commercial College

CORNWALL, ONT.

begins on Tuesday, September 2, 1913. A good time to begin is just now. We offer superior advantages with our strong staff of expert teachers, excellent equipment, including 55 new typewriting machines, and thorough courses of study. Free Employment Department. 300 last enrollment.

Make your future a success by a small cash outlay. Catalogue and full particulars mailed free. Address:

CORNWALL COMMERCIAL COLLEGE
Cornwall, Ont.

HOUSE TO RENT

A GOOD comfortable dwelling house, one mile east of postoffice. Special terms with yearly lease. Apply to

29tf CHAS. R. DUPRAU

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I have received two barge loads of The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Coal Co's Celebrated

Scranton Coal

which will be delivered until further notice at the following prices:

EGG	$6.75
STOVE	6.75
CHESTNUT . . .	7.00

An allowance of 10c per ton on all coal paid for within thirty days after delivery.

The usual allowance made to parties drawing their own coal.

W. H. McGANNON

Morrisburg Sanitarium

Experienced trained nurses, electrician, masseur and masseuse. Can now furnish nurses for private nursing, on application. Plain or electric facial massage for ladies, from 10 a. m. to 12 m. and from 2 p. m. to 4 p. m., at the Sanitarium. Super-heated air for rheumatism, sciatica etc., given daily. tf8

Cream Serge Outing Trousers

TO YOUR MEASURE

$6.00, $7.00, $8.00

HOMESPUN Two-piece Suits

Nine different shades to Select from . . . . . .

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A General Banking Business Transacted.

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Roses, Violets, Carnations, Daffodils, Tulips, Lilies of the Valley, and all **Seasonable Flowers.**

The best of flowers in our line of business and we reach all points in Ontario, Quebec and N.Y. State

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Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Gold Fish and Aquarium Supplies

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