**LOOK AT THE LABEL**

Our subscription list has been corrected up to date. See that the date on the label of your paper corresponds with that on your last receipt, If in arrears, please remit at once, as we need the money.

THE LEADER

# The Leader

Our JOB PRINTING is the kind that PARTICULAR PEOPLE LIKE. It is done promptly and satisfies you when you receive the work.

**Vol. XI, No 32** **MORRISBURG, ONT., THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1911.**

## Local and General

**Whitteker, the Optician,** will be at
Aultsville, August 24,
Bouck's Hill, August 25,
Morrisburg, Sept. 5 to 9.

Said the shoe to the stocking,
I'll put a hole in you.
Said the stocking to the shoe,
I'll be darned if you do.

Miss Marguerite Carter left for New York City on Monday.

Miss Nellie Mullin is visiting relatives in Watertown, N.Y.

Mrs. Lowndes, of Ottawa, is a guest of Mrs. (Capt.) Armstrong.

Mr. F. A. Broder, of Montreal, spent Sunday here with his mother.

Mr. Bert Carman, of Toronto, is visiting his parents here for a few weeks.

Mrs. Ryerson, of Toronto, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) P. C. Casselman.

Ogdensburg Trades and Labor Council is planning a big Labor Day celebration.

Judge McDonald, of Brockville, occupied the pulpit of St. James' church on Sunday last.

Mr. Clinton Jamieson is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Jamieson.

Go and see the old rivals at baseball on Saturday afternoon—Ogdensburg and the local team.

Mr. Arthur Merkley has installed a new 5 h.p. Niagara engine in his boat, which he claims works fine.

Miss Lottie Brown, of Ottawa, took advantage of the civic holiday to spend a few days at her home here.

Miss Jessie Keys, of Kemptville, has returned home after spending a few weeks the guest of Miss Brown.

Mr. F. E. Lavis, of the American Bank Note Co., Montreal, is spending a couple of weeks' vacation with his mother here.

Mr. Reginald Bradfield, of Montreal, is spending a couple of weeks holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Bradfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Carman and children, of New York, are holidaying in town with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Carman.

Miss Luella Stata and Miss Pauline Roesch, of Buffalo, N.Y., arrived to-day to spend a couple of weeks as guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Stata.

Capt. J. W. Murphy is installing a new 40 h.p. Niagara engine in his handsome yacht "Malinche." The boat should go some with this power in her.

Mrs. T. W. Howson returned on Saturday from a two weeks' visit at Toronto and Bobcaygeon. Her son Fred, who accompanied her, remained over.

Miss Harriet M. Preston, of Buffalo, N.Y., is spending a few weeks in town a guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Murphy, and also Miss J. Willard.

Fern Hal, a four-year-old mare, owned by William McPherson, of Kemptville, won the 2.17 pacing race at Montreal on Saturday, from a field of nine starters, in three straight heats in 2.12¼, 2.12¾ and 2.12½.

A special meeting of the Brockville Presbytery was held at Winchester on Tuesday, Aug. 8th, to consider the call of Rev. Mr. Mason, of Dunbar and Colquhoun, to the congregation of Pinkerton and Cargill, Bruce county.

Mrs. David Gordon, who has spent the last five weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. W. Beckstead, of Riverside, left last Friday for the Adirondacks, where she will spend two months before returning to her home in Toronto.

Mrs. Charles Crites, of Gallingertown, passed to her reward on Friday, July 28th, in her 23rd year. Besides her husband, she leaves three little girls and one son to mourn her loss. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. N. McLaren, of Woodlands, in the Methodist church at Gallingertown, interment being in Woodlawn cemetery.

**Children Cry**
**FOR FLETCHER'S**
**CASTORIA**

Miss Farlinger and Miss Isabelle left for the mountains this week.

The wind yesterday blew down the big elm tree opposite the foundry.

See Frank Stewart's adv. He is advertising reductions for this month.

Don't forget the annual garden party at the old Crysler place on Wednesday, 16th inst.

Mr. Wm. Pyper, of Montreal, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Pyper.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Murray, of Brockville, spent Monday with the latter's mother, Mrs. Wm. Lavis.

Miss Muriel Bolster, of Chesterville who has been teaching in Moose Jaw, Sask., is visiting in town.

Lady Whitney, accompanied by her grandson, Master Pat Thompson, is spending a few days in town.

Mrs. Fred Harrison and little daughter, of Toronto, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Harrison for a few days.

Capt. John Haines, of Cornwall, one of the oldest river pilots, is dead at the ripe old age of 71. He is survived by his wife and twelve children.

Union services Aug. 13th, 11 a.m. Methodist church; 7 a. m., Knox church. Rev. Mr. Cassidy, formerly of Guelph, will preach at both services.

Kingston's water supply is declared by Medical Health Officer Dr. R. B. Williamson to be contaminated, and advises the installation of a filtration plant.

Chief of Police M. T. Power, of Ogdensburg, has been asked to resign by the acting mayor, but has declined to do so, he desiring to have charges preferred and investigated.

The heat wave seems to have a long lease of life, as the extreme hot weather of last week has continued up to the time of writing (Wednesday) Sunday and Monday being especially hot.

There will be special revival services held in the hall known as the Apostle's Mission on Sunday, Aug. 13th, at the hours of 10 a.m., 2.30 p.m., and 7.30 p.m. Rev. George L. Monahan in charge.

The fair directors held a meeting Monday night to make arrangements for the special attractions. They are negotiating with several of the big attractions in the country, which, if procured, will make this year's show the best yet.

Donald Ferns and wife, of Hartford, Conn., the latter of whom was formerly Miss Violet Doran, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. James Buchan. Mr. Ferns is a son of the late John Ferns. He is one of the Morrisburg young men who has made good in the States.

Mrs. B. C. Barker and son, of Massena, N.Y., who have been the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Mouthrop, for some time, have left for Long Sault Island to join Mr. Barker, where they will spend the rest of the summer on account of Mrs. Barker's health.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Taylor, of Montreal, spent Tuesday night in town. They came by a yacht, being on a trip around the Rideau. Mr. Taylor will be remembered as being in the employ of the Molsons Bank here, but is now with the Eastern Townships Bank at Montreal.

The Misses Lucila M. and Eva B. Beckstead, accompanied by their friends, Miss Jeanette Montgomery, of Collingwood, and Miss Delorma Walker, of Toronto, arrived home on Monday after spending an enjoyable time camping out at Point Iroquois during the summer school.

The local baseball team is scheduled to play on Saturday next, on the M.C.I. athletic grounds, the Ogdensburg nine, and it should be a hummer, as the Ogdensburg team will be the same as played against Corrigan's nine, while our battery—Dain and Mallen—have been having lots of practice of late, having played three games last week at Stanley Island and one this week, and have made good.

The lightning of Tuesday did considerable damage in St. Lawrence County, N.Y. Edgar Brown, son of John Brown, of Lisbon, had a narrow escape from death. He was in the barn at the time and was stunned by a bolt. A young horse was also injured in the same barn. Del Hutchinson, on the Heuvelton road, lost seven cattle which were under a tree. Mahlon Ward, of Depeyster, lost a barn, which contained 100 tons of hay and 17 loads of grain.

Miss Myers is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Harry Bradfield.

Mr. H. J. Munsell, of Utica, N.Y., is a guest of Ald. J. D Dain.

Miss Maude McPherson, of Metcalfe, is visiting Miss Pearl Beckstedt for a few days.

Miss Laura Doran is visiting in Brockville this week, a guest of Miss Bessie Vance.

Ralph Bouck, of Ottawa, is spending a couple of weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bouck.

Mr. Frank Hickey, of Boston, is spending his vacation here with his parents, Mr and Mrs. J. S. Hickey.

Church of England services on Sunday will be in St. James' church at 8 and 11 a.m. and at 7 p.m.; service in Trinity church at 2.30 p.m.

Miss Caroline Jarvis, of Cornwall, daughter of the late Judge Jarvis, has passed away at the age of 78 years. She was a devout member of the Church of the Good Shepherd. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. C. O. Carson, of Wales.

Dixie IV. proved an easy winner in the first of the series of races of the American Power Boat Association on Tuesday. She made the 28 miles in 50 minutes. The course is a triangular one of seven miles, which they cover four times, thus affording a view of the boats for the spectators at all times.

The Ladies' Aid of Elma, will give an ice cream social in the charming grove of Mr. Andrew Barkley, on Aug. 22nd. Dunbar band in attendance. A first-class time and good crowd is expected at this perhaps the last lawn party of the season. Admission to grounds and refreshment tables 25c; children under twelve, 10c. 32b

The special prizes for the Dundas Agricultural Society are published in supplement form for this issue of The Leader. If you are interested in them it behooves you to save them, as it will appear but once. Remember the dates—Aug. 30 and 31 and Sept. 1. The special attractions this year promise to be the best ever.

## NARROW ESCAPE

### Miss Celia Lemon Rescued From a Watery Grave by Geo. Dardis and Archie Woods.

Miss Celia Lemon was enjoying a bath on the outside bank near Mr. Bush's boathouse, and was accompanied by two little neighbor girls who were watching her. After paddling around in the shallow water, she ventured out a little further and encountered one of those treacherous spots where one is suddenly precipitated into the deep water and swiftly moving outward currents, and was being carried out fast, having reached a distance of about twenty-five feet from the shore when the little girls cried for help. Fortunately Geo. Dardis and Archie Woods were in Mr. Bush's boathouse and hearing the cries quickly took in the situation and swam out and soon had her on terra firma. She was about two feet under water, and had not assistance arrived immediately would doubtless have been drowned.

Dardis was in his bathing suit, but Archie had on his coat and other wearing apparel and also his watch, but this made no difference to Archie, for he went in as he was. When rescued she was still conscious.

The Leader would warn those who cannot swim to keep away from the outer bank, as the shore is very dangerous.

### Remembered Duty

Kingston, Ont., Aug. 8—Capt. John Dana, of the steamer Island Belle, did an heroic act at Morristown. He had an excursion on board from Alexandria Bay and just as the boat was docking and before the signal for reversing the engine was to be given, Captain Dana experienced a feeling of weakness and nausea and fell forward on the floor of the pilot house. Semi-conscious as he was he felt the great responsibility upon him and the need of quick action. Blindly he groped in the direction of the signal rope, pulled the necessary number of times, and then fainted. As it was, the boat did some damage to the cement wharf, but a worse accident was possibly averted by the captain's quick action.

**LEADER ADVERTISEMENTS BRING RESULTS.**

## MILLION FOR CHARITY

### Will of Late Wealthy Wisconsin Lumber Dealer

Chippewa Falls, Wis., August 1—The will of Edward Rutledge, a lumber manufacturer, admitted to probate today, disposes of personal property approximating $3,000,000. One million dollars is set aside as a trust fund, the proceeds to be used for charitable purposes. The proceeds are to be distributed to the worthy poor and to charitable institutions.

The residue of the estate goes to twelve or more nephews and nieces, most of whom live in Canada and never saw their uncle. Frank B. C. Gregg, a newspaper editor of Spokane, Wis., a stepson, is not mentioned in the will.

Mr. Rutledge was born and brought up in the township of Matilda, and went west in 1873 and engaged in the lumbering business, and will be recollected by the older citizens of Matilda. He is an uncle of Mrs. Crobar, who lived east of the town, but latterly at Iroquois.

A paper from Chippewa Falls, giving an account of his life and death, spoke very highly of deceased and that he had built an orphanage for old people and had endowed it. The banks and places of business of Chippewa were closed out of respect to his memory, and the Presbyterian minister spoke very highly of his character and worth. The remains were taken to Beloit by special train for interment.

### Jonah Beckstead

After suffering from February last Jonah Beckstead passed to his reward Tuesday night at 9 o'clock. Deceased was in his 39th year, and was born at Glen Becker, being the fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Beckstead. In February last he was taken to the General Hospital at Cornwall and operated on for appendicitis, which operation proved successful, but a complication of diseases set in through which he lingered until the time stated above. Some fifteen years ago he married Miss Nora Saddlemire, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Saddlemire, at that time living on the 3rd concession of Williamsburg, but now residents of town. To this union there were born one daughter. Besides his wife and daughter he leaves to mourn his loss his father, mother, five brothers and one sister, as follows:—Milo and John, of Morrisburg; Frank, Glen Becker; Ezra, of Bouck's Hill; Allen, on the old homestead, Glen Becker, and Mrs. McKenzie Seely, of Rowena.

The funeral will leave the house at East Williamsburg at 1 p.m. to-day (Thursday) for Knox church, Morrisburg, where Rev. Hugh Cameron will conduct service, after which the remains will be interred in the Presbyterian cemetery here.

The Leader extends its sympathy to the bereaved relatives and friends.

## WAR BENEATH THE WAVES

### Feature Spectacle of Fireworks Display at C. N. E.

War Beneath the Waves is the feature number of Coronation fireworks bill at the Canadian National Exhibition this year.

The spectacle shows a first-class battleship at one end. At the other, just beneath the waves, can be seen a submarine with only its periscope showing above the waves.

The Dreadnought is in a panic and with its great guns is trying to reach the tiny turret that tells of the presence of the enemy that threatens it with destruction.

As the guns crash and boom, calmly and in comparative safety beneath the water, the crew of the submarine are preparing to launch a torpedo.

Finally the toredo is ready—it is seen gliding gracefully through the water—the ship is struck, and a tremendous explosion follows.

Then comes the scene of destruction. The magazines of the doomed ship blow up, tearing it to pieces, and the terror of the seas sinks beneath the waves, while tremendous clouds of sparks and burning fragments settle down over everything in sight.

**CASTORIA**
**For Infants and Children.**
**The Kind You Have Always Bought**
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

### Conservatives to Meet.

A meeting of the Liberal Conservative Association of the County of Dundas will be held at Winchester Springs on Monday, Aug. 21st, at 1 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of selecting candidates for the House of Commons and Local Legislature, respectively, and in the event of a convention being deemed necessary, to settle upon the time, places and number of delegates to be appointed for that purpose, also for election of officers and general business in connection with the association.

The Hon. Sir James P. Whitney and A. Broder, M.P., are to be present and deliver addresses.

### Village Council

The regular monthly meeting of the village council was held in the town hall Monday evening, there being present Reeve Gibson and Councillors Merkley, Nash and Dain.

Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

Some communications were read from citizens of the town re bathing within the corporate limits of the town. The claim was made and was verified by the councillors themselves, that the boys and young men as well, were carrying the thing too far, making their appearance in very nude condition. It was decided to take some action to put a stop to it by enforcing the by-law.

Mr. Cyrus Casselman made a request for some more sidewalk lumber, and it was voted to get another carload.

A requisition from the school board for the annual grant was read, the figures being $3,089.30 for the Collegiate and $5,800 for the public school. The council did not quite understand an item of $2,000 of an overdraft, one-half of which they were asked to levy for, and it was referred back to the school board.

The question of a policeman for the village was brought up, and there being an application from Provincial Constable Stone, of Prescott, the clerk was instructed to communicate with him re price, etc.

On motion the council adjourned.

### A Tennis Contest at Winchester

About half a dozen players of the Morrisburg Tennis Club, with eight or ten supporters, went to Winchester on Saturday last to play a match with the experts of that town, and lost by a margin of one point. The local enthusiasts were greatly handicapped by having to play on a grass court which was much slower than their well-kept clay court here, and this made the bouncing of the balls very uncertain. The two men's singles were closely contested, but both these events went to Winchester, together with one of the mixed doubles. Morrisburg captured the first mixed doubles, also the men's doubles. After the afternoon's programme, the party were served with supper at the Temperance Hotel, and had an enjoyable dance before returning home.

The return match will likely be played here on Saturday, the 19th, when some fast tennis may be expected.

Following is a list of the winners of the Saturday events, with scores of the different sets:—

Men's Singles—Colin Cameron, Winchester, defeated M. Campbell, Morrisburg, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2.

Mixed Doubles—Miss Edna Wright and Ralph Fetterly, Morrisburg, won from Miss Ethel Cameron and N. Cameron, Winchester, in two straight sets. 7-5, 6-0.

Men's Singles—E. C. Barass, Winchester, defeated Jos Townsend, Morrisburg. 5-7, 6-2, 6-4.

Mixed Doubles—Miss Helen Cameron and Colin Cameron, Winchester, defeated Miss Loraine Bradfield and M. Campbell, Morrisburg, in two straight heats. 6-2, 6-3.

Men's Doubles—J. G. Brandstetter and R. Fetterly, Morrisburg, won from E. C. Barass and N. Cameron, Winchester, in two straight sets. 6-3, 6-2.

Umpires—Messrs. Chas. Cameron, Morrisburg, and N. Cameron, Winchester.

**FRUIT TREES**

Our Nurseries are open to inspection at any time. Those interested in the subject of fruit growing will do well to inspect our immense stock of growing Peach, Apple, Plum and Cherry trees, Small Fruits, Ornamental Trees and Shrubs. If our local agent has not called upon you, write us. Catalogues or terms to agents sent on application.

Brown Bros., Browns Nurseries,
Welland County, Ont.

## NEW SPECIES OF BEETLE FOUND

### Science Teacher at London Makes Discovery—Specimens Sent to Agriculturists.

London, Ont., August 4—Edward H. B. McKone, a science teacher of this city, has discovered what he believes to be a new species of beetle so far as this country is concerned, and which will in time wipe out the colored beetle, better known as the potato bug. The new beetle resembles a milk leaf beetle, and it preys upon potato bugs, destroying many of the pests in 24 hours. It was found in a potato field near Devizes, a short distance from London, and it is said that where the newcomers were plentiful the Colorado beetles were scarce. Several specimens have been sent to the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

### Entrance and Promotion Exams.

The results of the entrance exams. are out, and by a glance at the list it will be seen that the Morrisburg Collegiate Institute has done remarkably well. Of the sixteen who wrote from this school, thirteen were successful, five of whom made honors, which speaks well for the M.C.I. The following is the list:—

PASSED ENTRANCE TO NORMAL SCHOOLS:

Illah Baker, Douglas Bush (honors), Matthew Campbell, Ruth Eager (honors), Earl Garlough (honors), Laurence Garlough (honors), Percy Moore, Norman Rose, Harvey Servage, Anna Tierney, Elizabeth Tierney, Marjorie Wingard (honors), Frances Zeron.

PROMOTIONS.

IN ORDER OF MERIT.

Form I to Form II—Eva Currie (honors), Bertha Barkley, Lottie Steen, Janie Hart, Muriel Nash, Flossie McIntosh, Lennie Merkley, Jennie Shannette, Orrie Fetterly, Robert Hart, Hattie Willard, Mabel Whittaker, Hazell Beckstead, Arnold Myers, Eloie Casselman, Claude Deeks.

The following promotions are conditional upon their standing during the fall term:—

Katharine McArthur, Foster Hamilton, Sterling Vallance, Mary Dillen, George Hayunga, Donald Hanson, Ivan Markell, Franklin Steed, Blanche Van-Allen.

Form II to Form III—Ruth Hilliard, Charles Beckstead, Lottie Dodd, Myrtle Cleland, Dorothy Chalmers, Eva Jamieson, Matilda Baker, Jessie Vallance.

The following promotions are conditional upon their standing during the fall term:—

Charles Morgan, Albert Munro, Rex Becker, Wendell Osborne, Allan Robertson, Calista Salmons, Ethel Riddell, Malcolm Robertson.

### School Board

A special meeting of the school board was held in the agricultural office on Tuesday evening for the purpose of receiving applications for the position of classical teacher.

There were present Chairman McLaughlin and Messrs. Hickey, Jas. L. Casselman, D. C. Bush, T. Coligan, G. H. Merkley, C. S. Colquhoun, A. H. Casselman, C. T. Whittaker and Sec. Henry.

There being but one application, that of J. J. Bell, of Listowell, whose price was $1500, it was moved and seconded that an advertisement be placed in The Globe for three insertions, stating the price of $1200.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

### BORN.

Prowse—At 18 Beech Ave., Moose Jaw, Sask., on Friday, July 28, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Prowse, a daughter (Doris Naomi).

Munro—At Toronto, on July 29th, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Munro, a daughter.

Pruner—At Riverside, on Monday, July 31, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Prunner, a daughter.

Dodd—At Morrisburg, on Thursday, Aug. 3, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Dodd, a son.

Hunter—At Winchester, on Thursday, Aug. 3, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hunter, a son.

Casselman—At Mariatown, on Friday, Aug. 4, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Casselman, a daughter.

# FORTUNE FAVORS THE BRAVE;

## OR, A LOOK INTO THE PAST

CHAPTER XXV.

Mrs. Darnley was sitting in her charming little drawing-room, which, all dismantled as it had been when she had departed for Nice, yet looked cosy and pretty in the afternoon dusk and the fireglow. She was resting back luxuriously, glancing through a pile of letters which awaited her, one of which was from Lady Burton, giving a long and exultant account of dear Maude's engagement to the young Sir Richard Boothby, one of the catches of the matrimonial market.

"Boothby!" sneered Mrs. Darnley, as she flung the effusion into the fire. "It should be Boodle, as being nearer noodle! Poor creature! I suppose he has been caught blindfolded. Well, if all reports concerning him are true, they will be well matched—not a brain between them!"

With which kind remark Mrs. Darnley took up her tea and sipped it.

The sneer left her face after a while, and a frown came instead, contracting her smooth, handsome brows.

"After all, brains do not mean everything; if one's children are lunatics—well, they can be managed so much the better."

It had been a bitter blow to Mrs. Darnley that her son should have been so utterly crushed by Nancy Hamilton's apparent falseness and her speedy marriage, and in her heart there was a strong wave of jealousy to strengthen the dislike she had always felt for poor Nancy.

"I shall speak openly to Derrick," she mused on, "and tell him it is his bounden duty to marry Dorothy. The girl is over head and ears in love with him, and the marriage is desirable in every way. Thank Heaven that creature is safely out of his path; it was a strong measure, but a good one, and I don't regret my share in having given her a husband and a fortune."

And yet an uncomfortable expression passed over Mrs. Darnley's cold, haughty face as she said this to herself, an expression which deepened into something almost like consternation, as the door was opened at that moment and her maid announced:

"Mrs. Crawshaw."

Mrs. Darnley put down her tea cup with a hand that trembled slightly, then rose to her feet.

"Mrs. Crawshaw!" she repeated, as if doubting her ears; then suavely, "This is indeed a surprise! To what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

Nancy flung back her thick veil; her face was very pale, but calm.

"I wish to speak to you on a very important subject," she answered, quietly; "I shall detain you only a few moments. The importance of my business must be my excuse for this intrusion."

Mrs. Darnley bowed.

"Will you sit down, and may I give you some tea? Pray excuse the very bald appearance of my room, Mrs. Crawshaw, I really did not anticipate any visitors; I am returning to Nice almost immediately."

Nancy did not take the chair placed for her, she felt she must get to her subject at once. She came a step nearer, refusing with a gesture the offered tea.

"Mrs. Darnley," she said, hurriedly, "will you answer me one question? You must forgive me for putting this question to you, but my position is a desperate one, and it is no time for false sentiment.

"What question can you have to ask me?"

Mrs. Darnley spoke coldly and resentfully, but her hands moved nervously, all the same, as she replaced the tea cup on the tray.

Nancy's blue eyes rested upon her for an instant.

"I want to ask you this — were you aware of the reason which forced me to become Thomas Crawshaw's wife?"

Mrs. Darnley paused, then she prevaricated.

"This is, indeed, an extraordinary question," she said, in sharp, clear tones; "I really fail to understand you, Mrs. Crawshaw."

"Under ordinary circumstances I grant it would be extraordinary; under the present ones, no," the girl answered, feeling all at once that she was getting close to the truth. "Two nights ago my husband, in a drunken fit of madness, attempted to take my life; before he did this, however, he poured out a torrent of abuse upon me, and mingling in with this he taunted me with having been easily deceived, declaring that he had tricked me into marrying him, and that you—you, Mrs. Darnley, had helped him. I have come to you to know if this be true? If I am wronging you by asking the question, I will humbly beg you to pardon me."

There was dead silence in the room, broken only by the ticking of the clock; then Mrs. Darnley rose from her chair and faced the girl.

"And if I say that it is true," she said, with strange deliberation, "what then?"

Nancy shrank back from her.

"What—what could have made you do such a thing?" broke from her pale lips. "What had I ever done to you that you should deliberately wreck my life, my whole happiness, as you have done?"

"I will tell you what you did," the other returned, fiercely, "you stole my son's heart from me; you crept in where I should have been alone; you bewitched him, and it was necessary to save him from you."

Nancy stood motionless, speechless, and the other woman, seeing this, went on swiftly, moving restlessly to and fro as she spoke.

"I did not intend to stand by and see my son ruin himself and his career for you; if it had to be done again, I would do it. After all, what do you want more? You have money, and money can do much for persons of your status."

The insult made Nancy wince. She half turned away, but as she was going she looked back.

"I beg to tell you that my solicitors will require you to confirm what you have just told me," she said, in a quiet, very cold tone.

Mrs. Darnley started as if she had ben shot.

"What—what are you going to do?" she asked, hurriedly, for once frightened out of her calmness. "You surely are not mad enough to think you can get freedom through this?"

"Mad or no, I am going to try," was the girl's firm answer.

Mrs. Darnley gasped.

In that second, visions of disgrace, public dishonor, perhaps punishment—for if she had not actually forged that letter of Henry Chaplin's, which had been the chief instrument in working on the girl's mind, she had been a consenting and active party to the fraud — flashed hideously clear before her eyes. This must be prevented at all hazard—at any cost.

"And Derrick—have—have you no thought for him?" she murmured, huskily. "If—if you do this—I shall be disgraced, and my shame will be his shame."

A mist rose before Nancy's eyes, she paused. Then she said in a low voice:

"Your son has nothing to fear; he has done nothing dishonorable—your shame cannot touch him."

Mrs. Darnley drew a deep breath.

She had one more card left, she must play it without delay; it was a cruel, a wicked act, but there was no other escape from the net that was closing round her.

Bending forward, her face white to the lips, she looked at Nancy.

"Don't be so easily deceived," she murmured, "if I am dishonored, so will Derrick be also, since—since he too, was party to the trick, as you call it, which gave you, a penniless girl, such a magnificent fortune! Yes—Derrick stands with me in this."

"It can't be true—it can't be true!"

Nancy stretched out her hands and retreated till she reached the wall, where she rested a moment, stunned, overwhelmed with this awful statement.

The mother waited with sickening anxiety for the girl to speak, and as no words passed the strained, white lips, she spoke herself:

"Do you know why he did this?—because he wished to be free, and yet see you well cared for. He thought it was for your good to marry this other man—my son is poor and——"

But Nancy stopped her with an imperative gesture.

"Don't say another word," she said, in low, husky tones; "I—I have heard enough."

"And you will do nothing? Promise me you will do nothing."

Mrs. Darnley almost knelt in her eagerness and despair.

Nancy looked at her in silence. There was no need for words. Her eyes spoke when her lips refused to move, and after a while she turned away and walked steadily out of the room, out into the cheerless streets, with a heart as cold as ice in her young breast. Mrs. Darnley stood motionless for nearly a quarter of an hour when she was alone. Then she shuddered. She felt abased, degraded by what she had done.

"Derrick, it was for you — for you!" she whispered, and she shivered again. "What an escape!" she muttered, pacing to and fro. "But am I safe? Will she betray me?" She passed her hot hands over her eyes, then, as the vision of Nancy's face returned to her, she drew a deep breath; it was an expression of convincing relief: Derrick would never know the truth from Crawshaw's wife.

Then Mrs. Darnley started, and came to a standstill. Her quick ears had caught the sound of footsteps running up the stairs. She had forgotten until then that the hour she had appointed to see her son was near.

"He is coming," she said to herself, and with a swift movement she flung herself into her chair and took up her book.

The strong call on her nerves brought back her real self.

"How fortunate that she has been gone so long! A quarter of an hour earlier they must have met," she thought, and the next moment she was greeting Derrick with her usual cold smile, and not a sign of the humiliation she had felt so surely left on her handsome face.

* * * * *

Janet watched and waited for Nancy's return, and as hour passed hour she grew nervous.

"What can have happened?" she mused, anxiously. She stood all the time at the little window gazing down the street, and in her hand was crushed a telegram.

"Can she have seen? Can she know already?" she muttered again and again. "But it seems impossible. Who could tell her? Thank Heaven I sent that young lady at Ripstone Hall our address! If I hadn't done that we should never have known this news. Dear—dear! I wish she would come!"

And at that very moment her sharp eyes described the slender, black-robed figure walking wearily along.

"I have been nearly frightened out of my life, ma'am," she cried, as she ran to greet Nancy and draw her into the room. "Dear heart, how cold and white you look!"

And forgetful of all else, Janet began to chafe the girl's icy hands and remove her bonnet and cloak.

"I am all right only tired—only tired!"

Then Nancy's eyes fell on the buff-colored envelope Janet had thrown hastily on the table.

"What is that, Janet? What has happened?"

Her eys grew wide with fear. Was she traced already?

"Can you bear some great news, ma'am? Yes, I see you can. You are as strong and brave as a lion. You see, I disobeyed you, ma'am, and let Miss Leicester know you were safe, for I thought the poor young lady would fret her heart out, maybe, when she heard what had happened that night. I've heard from her every morning since I wrote, God bless her! and now she has sent this. Let me hold your hand, child, while you read it."

Nancy's heart seemed to rise in her throat. For one instant she could see nothing plainly, the next moment she was staring down at the written words, her fatigue, misery, Derrick Darnley's cruel treachery, all forgotten, as she read:

"Bring your mistress here at once. Mr. Crawshaw died this morning."

(To be continued.)

### THE BARGAIN HUNTER.

**Story of a Man Who Bought a Book from Franklin.**

One fine morning, when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a lounger stepped into the store, and spent an hour or more looking over the books, etc., and finally, taking one in his hand asked the shop boy the price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar," said the lounger; "can't you take less than that?"

"No, indeed; one dollar is the price."

Another hour had nearly passed when the lounger said:

"Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing office."

"I want to see him," said the lounger.

The shop boy immediately immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounger, with book in hand, addressed him thus:

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for that book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why your young man only asked me a dollar."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar then than to have been taken out of the office."

The lounger seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said: "Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it?"

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half now."

The lounger paid down the price, and went about his business—if he had any—and Franklin into the printing-office.

### A HYMN OF PRAISE.

Our Father in heaven, to Thee
Our hearts and our voice we raise,
For Thou hast ordained us to be
Employed in the service of praise.

For us Thou dost all things provide,
While unto Thy promise we cling;
For Thou art our Keeper and Guide,
Our Father, and Saviour, and King.

A path for our feet Thou dost make;
Thou rulest the land and the sea:
We know Thou wilt never forsake
The souls that are trusting in Thee.

Help us in all knowledge to grow
And set our affections above:
And through us lead others to know
The measureless wealth of Thy love.

T. WATSON.

Iona Station, Ont., 1911.

### FALSE HUNGER.

**A Symptom of Stomach Trouble Corrected by Good Food.**

There is with some forms of stomach trouble, an abnormal craving for food which is frequently mistaken for a "good appetite." A lady teacher writes from Carthage, Mo., to explain how with good food she dealt with this sort of hurtful hunger.

"I have taught school for fifteen years, and up to nine years ago had good, average health. Nine years ago, however, my health began to fail, and continued to grow worse steadily, in spite of doctor's prescriptions, and everything I could do. During all this time my appetite continued good, only the more I ate the more I wanted to eat—I was always hungry.

"The first symptoms of my breakdown were a distressing nervousness and a loss of flesh. The nervousness grew so bad that finally it amounted to actual prostration. Then came stomach troubles, which were very painful, constipation which brought on piles, dyspepsia and severe nervous headaches.

"The doctors seemed powerless to help me, said I was overworked, and at last urged me to give up teaching, if I wished to save my life.

"But this I could not do. I kept on at it as well as I could, each day growing more wretched, my will-power alone keeping me up, till at last a good angel suggested that I try a diet of Grape-Nuts food, and from that day to this I have found it delicious, always appetizing and satisfying.

"I owe my restoration to health to Grape-Nuts. My weight has returned and for more than two years I have been free from the nervousness, constipation, piles, headaches, and all the ailments that used to punish me so, and have been able to work freely and easily." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

**Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.**


## CURED OF CONSTIPATON

**Mr. Andrews praises Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.**

Mr. George Andrews of Halifax, N.S., writes:

"For many years I have been troubled with chronic Constipation. This ailment never comes single-handed, and I have been a victim to the many illnesses that constipation brings in its train. Medicine after medicine I have taken in order to find relief, but one and all left me in the same hopeless condition. It seemed that nothing would expel from me the one ailment that caused so much trouble, yet at last I read about these Indian Root Pills.

That was indeed a lucky day for me, for I was so impressed with the statements made that I determined to give them a fair trial.

**They have regulated my stomach and bowels. I am cured of constipation, and I claim they have no equal as a medicine."**

For over half a century Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills have been curing constipation and clogged, inactive kidneys, with all the ailments which result from them. They cleanse the whole system and purify the blood. Sold everywhere at 25c. a box. 2



## THE BEST PRESERVES

DURING THE PRESERVING SEASON

Redpath Extra Granulated Sugar

IS DAILY WINNING FRESH LAURELS.

Its uniform high quality commends itself to all good housekeepers.

"BEST FRUIT, BEST SUGAR, BEST PRESERVES."

Ask your Grocer for Redpath Extra Granuated Sugar

**The Canada Sugar Refining Co., Limited, Montreal**
Established in 1854 by John Redpath.


# THE FARM

**Useful Hints for the Tiller of the Soil**

### THE ORCHARD.

Three years of spraying, pruning and cultivation will bring an orchard that you are ashamed of into a condition that you will be proud of.

If you think of setting out an orchard and have had no experience, better hire a good man to show you how.

If you can get a man from your neighboring experiment station you will indeed be fortunate. If not, the ntry to get the man who grows the best fruit in your country.

The inexperienced planter thinks he is getting a bargain when he buys trees three or four years old, but experience will show him that yearlings are better and he should never plant anything over two-year-olds.

Always buy clean, straight trees with short stems and even then do not be afraid to prune before planting.

### POTASH AND ITS USES.

All fruit crops and most vegetables where starch is a constituent part require the presence of potash as one of the mineral elements of the soil. The only known source of potash was wood ashes when the value of this element of plant food was first recognized, but ashes now play but a very unimportant part commercially, having been superseded by the potash salts from Germany. This does not mean that they should be disdained by farmers having even a limited supply, such as comes from the fires for domestic use, but should be carefully saved and applied where most needed.

Kainit is a form of potash fertilizer which is extensively used as a direct application, especially on cotton as a specific to prevent blight, and on corn to drive away cutworms and rot lice, as a constituent of home-mixed fertilizers, and is also an ingredient of low-grade commercial fertilizers. It is not the best form in which to secure potash when it has to be shipped far, as the available plant food consists of about 12 5 per cent. of actual potash, equal to 23 per cent. sulphate, the remainder being sulphate and chloride of magnesia and chloride of sodium, all of little if any value as plant food.

It is best therefore, when a high grade article is desired, to use sulphate or muriate of potash. Sulphate of potash is suitable for every crop and soil. It contains forty-eight pounds of actual potash in each 100 pounds. It is the right form to use for tobacco, potatoes and fancy fruit and vegetables. The manufacture of sulphate is more costly than that of muriate, hence the selling price of sulphate is somewhat higher. Its mechanical condition is the best of any of the potash salts, it being in the form of a fine, heavy, dry powder.

The muriate of potash used for fertilizing purposes contains 50 pounds of actual potash in each 100 pounds, a higher per cent. of actual plant food than is furnished. It is suitable for all crops except tobacco, potatoes and a few fruits and vegetables raised for exhibition purposes. It can be applied long in advance of planting the crop without danger of loss by leaching. It is suitable for use on swamp-land, and a pound of real potash in this form costs less than in any other. At the low cost of potash, and since it may be bought direct from the importers, it seems wise on the farmer's part to "get a plenty while getting it."

This is also true in applying potash; use plenty, for it unites with other elements in the soil, forming combinations which are available for plant food, but are not quite so foluble in water as the potash alone. Of course in sandy soils the loss of any plant food is greater than in soils of a clayey nature, hence the former soils must be fertilized mostly for present needs, unless care is taken to apply barnyard manure or to otherwise fill the soil with humus. The humus question is one, however, that deserves the consideration of every farmer, whether he uses commercial plant foods or not, for decaying vegetable matter in the soil improves its mechanical condition, thus making it work easier, and it also is a medium through which the roots of plants can secure air, and, more than all, it fortifies the soil against both deluge and drought and prevents the baked condition which users of commercial fertilizers sometimes complain of, and which is so easily prevented.

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE TARIFF.

**Manufacturer and Farmer Should Have Protection.**

It was Abraham Lincoln who gave popularity to the Protectionist side of the tariff question when he said:—"When we buy goods abroad we get the goods and the foreigner gets the money; but when we buy goods at home we get back the goods and the money." This sound philosophy characterizes another of the late President's famous homilies:

"The farmer and the manufacturer," the president once said, with his chaacteristic shrewdness, "are both in the same boat and I reckon they've got to learn to navigate the craft together or they'll upset." "He compared the case of a Pennsylvania farmer," continues the historian in question, "and a Pennsylvania iron implement maker whose properties adjoined. Under a protective policy the farmer supplied the ironmaker with bread, meat vegetables, fruit, fodder for horses, etc. and the ironmaker supplied the farmer with all the iron, iron implements, etc., which he needed. Assuming that a change is made and the Protective policy abandoned, the farmer then discovers that he can buy his iron implements cheaper from Europe than from his neighbor, assuming that he sells a sufficient quantity of flour in Europe to enable him to effect the purchase of the iron. He ultimately discovers that the cost of carriage to the coast, transportation by sea to England, insurance and cartage on arrival, does not enable him to receive such a good reward for his labor as he formerly did when selling his flour to his neighbor, the ironmaker. He therefore, determines to sell his flour as before to his neighbor. But meantime the farmer discovers that while he has been purchasing his iron implements from Europe his neighbor, the ironmaker, has been compelled to stop his works and dismiss his employees not having sufficient work for them. The farmer, therefore, now finds that he has more wheat than he knows what to do with; also, that he is no longer able to sell his fruit vegetables, fodder, meat, horses, etc., to his neighbor, the ironmaker, as he has gone out of business. In fact, he finds that through buying abroad in the cheapest market he has destroyed the home market for his own products and thrown a number of his fellow-countrymen out of employment."

Many a man who isn't a liar doesn't tell all the truth he knows.