The Leader

Vol. XIV, No 31 MORRISBURG, ONT., FRIDAY, AUGUST 7 1914.

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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, Secretary

St. Lawrence Hall
MORRISBURG. ONT.
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Open for treatment of Rheumatism, Asthma and other diseases.
Mechanical treatment used instead of medicine.

LEADER ADS BRINGS RESULTS

Local and General

Mr. Sandy Gormley of Alexandria spent the week-end in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Loucks are in town from Regina, Sask.

Mr. and Mrs. Paull of Clinton, Ont., are visiting in town.

Mrs. T. Darling of Montreal is visiting her mother, Mrs. Kellogg.

Mr. Richard Adams, Ottawa, is holidaying at his home here.

Miss Lessard of Prescott is the guest of Miss Annie LaBelle.

Miss Johnston of Montreal is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Jas. H. Mullin.

Mrs. Arnold Anderson and children are visiting at her home in Waterdown, Ont.

Mrs. Frank S. Barkley of Winchester Springs died last Tuesday after a lingering illness.

Mrs. Henry McCaslin of Matilda Township passed away on July 25 in her 57th year.

Mr. and Mrs. Challies of Toronto are here on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Gibson.

Mr. Joe Gokey and family of Gorham, N.H., were here during the horse show.

Mrs. Ed. Myers and daughter, Veryl are spending a couple of weeks in Toronto.

Miss Ella Ault of New York is spending her holidays with her sister, Mrs. J. L. Mcmartin.

Miss Eva Ault of Ottawa is the guest of Miss Gladys Sherman at the St. Lawrence Hall.

Mrs. Joseph Archambault spent a few days with Mrs. Sylvester Hutt.

Miss Lucille Austin, of Norwood N.Y., is the guest of Miss Hazel Beckstead.

Mrs. Geo. Dillen, sr., left last night for Berlin, to reside with Dr. and Mrs. Huehnergard.

Rev. H. Cameron returned on Wednesday after enjoying a couple of weeks' holidays.

Mrs. Hilton of New York, is visiting at the home of Mr. Geo. Cameron.

Mrs. Fred Coulter of Haileybury, is visiting at the home of Mr. Frank Woods.

Misses Florence and Sadie Bouck of Toronto are on a visit to their home here.

John Flynn, the veteran horse man was down from Prescott to attend the races.

Mrs. Al. Murray of Brockville spent a couple of days with her mother, Mrs. Wm. Lavis.

Miss Mary Pyke of Dickinson's Landing is visiting Miss Lorraine Cook.

Mr. Richard Pyke of Dickinson's Landing spent Sunday with Mr. ArchieMcKoy.

Capt Murray Barry, wife and two children, of Kingston, were visiting in town this week.

Dr. and Mrs. Joe Gormley and Mrs. Jos. Hughes motored from Crysler to attend the Horse Show.

Mrs. A. McMillan, sr., and Mrs. A. McMillan jr., of Alexandria, spent a few days this week in town the guests of Mrs. L. Laurin.

Stanley A. Hesse and Miss Jessie M. Merkley, daughter of Mrs. A. Merkley, both of Iroquois, were married on Wednesday, July 29th.

Mrs. A. Roy and children and Mr. Ogal Mallen of Toronto are here to spend a few weeks with their mother, Mrs. Jas. Mallen.

Rev. G. S. and Mrs. Anderson and Miss Edna Anderson of Ottawa spent Thursday and Friday in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller and daughter, and Mr. Geo. Armstrong of Spencerville were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Armstrong during the horse show.

Mr. Proctor Chalmers arrived here on Tuesday from Winnipeg to spend a couple of weeks' holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Chalmers.

Mr. Irwin Casselman of London arrived home on Friday last to spend a few weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Casselman.

Mrs. Brady and Miss Laura Stuart have returned home after spending a week at Canton, N. Y.

Mr. H. P. Boynton of the steamship department of the C. P. R., Montreal, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Frenette for the past week.

Visitors at Allison's Island this week: Miss Irene Daley, Miss Margery Daley, Dr. Walter Daley, Cecil Brownlow, Allan Newell, all of Ogdensburg, N.Y.; and H. E. Seyfort, Bengharnton, N.Y.

Mrs. Robson who has been spending a couple of weeks with her brother, Mr. Fred Sherman returned to her home in Ottawa on Thursday.

Union services next Sabbath, August 7. 11 a.m. Knox Church; 7 p.m. Methodist Church. Rev. H. Cameron will conduct the services.

The Misses Margaret and Elizabeth Crawley of Ogdensburg were the guests of Mrs. W. H. McGannon for a few days this week.

Rev. Chas. O. Carson has been spending his holidays at Christie's Lake the guest of Rev. T. J. Stiles. He reports having spent a most enjoyable time, boating, bathing and fishing.

On Friday night Dr. Will C. Davy was installed District Deputy Grand Master of Eastern District No. 21 A.F. & A.M. by Rt, Wor. Bro. Chas. O. Carson, P.D. D.G.M.

In an international rifle match held at Prescott, the Prescott Rifle Association easily defeated the 40th Separate Company of Ogdensburg. The margin was 64 points.

Mrs. Elizabeth Logan died at the home of her son, Thomas Logan, on Sunday morning, July 26, at Waddington. Mrs. Logan was in failing health for a number of years. The funeral was held from the home of her son on Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock.

The regular sitting of the Council was held in the Town Hall on Monday night. Members all present. Accounts to the amount of $718.83 were passed, and a special committee was named to look after the proposed changes to be made at the water works plant and to engage an engineer in connection with same.

Mr. A. J. W. Beckstead has purchased the farm on the Nash Creek one mile east of Morrisburg, formerly the property of the late Jane Nash, the purchase price being $3000. Mr. Beckstead has been on Mr. Farlinger's farm three miles east of Morrisburg, known as Riverside farm for the past seventeen years.

The steamer Robert R. Rhodes, owned by F. E. Hall & Co., Montreal, with a cargo of 55,000 bushels of wheat loaded at the Government elevator at Port Colborne for Montreal, sank in the Welland Canal between locks 17 and 18 early this morning. Navigation will be interrupted, as boats cannot pass the steamer at this point, which is near where the G. T. R. bridge spans the canal.

President Wilson appealed to the people of the United States to remain calm during the war in Europe. He declared the United States owes it to mankind to help the rest of the world during the present crisis. The Administration is bending every effort, he said toward getting ships to carry the foodstuffs and other products of the United States to all the world, and to bring home Americans stranded in Europe.

Do you remember how the tiny electric lights twinkled like fireflies amid the foliage of the trees at the Canadian National Exhibition last year? That was the foundation of a wonderful system of electrical ornamentation that is being completed for this year's Exhibition. The Grand Plaza wii be canopied with electric stars, and the fountain will be illuminated, while various devices symbolical of Peace Year will help to beautify the grounds.

The annual garden party of the Women's Guild of St. James Church was held on the Rectory Lawn last night when hundreds of the people of Morrisburg and vicinity had a most enjoyable evening. The weather was perfect, the refreshments abundant and the program thoroughly enjoyable. Mr. Andrew Broder, M.P., and Rev. G. S. Anderson delivered stirring patriotic addresses and all was concluded by the hearty singing of God Save the King. Receipts of the evening was $90.

Neither Rev. Mr. Behrens of Berlin, Ont., nor Rev. Mr. Genzmer of Pittsfield, Mass., were able to attend last Sunday, the 125th anniversary of the first Protestant Church in Ontario, but in all other respects the event conformed with previous announcements. Services were conducted at 2.30 p.m. in St. John's Church, Riverside, by Rev. Mr. Maurer of Williamsburg, who, in the course of his sermon, stated that the first Protestant church in the Dominion was built by a Lutheran congregation in Nova Scotia.

EUROPE IS NOW ABLAZE

BRITAIN MAKES ITS DECLARATION OF WAR

London, Wednesday, Aug. 5.—At 7 o'clock last night Great Britain declared war on Germany. There was no formal declaration of war by Germany against Britain.

The announcement of the war declaration was withheld until midnight by order of the King and Privy Council in order to observe the terms of the formal ultimatum.

The official text of the British Government's declaration of war is as follows:

"Owing to the summary rejection by the German Government of the request made by His Britannic Majesty's Government that the neutrality of Belgium should be respected, His Majesty's Ambassador at Berlin has received his passports, and His Majesty's Government has declared to the German Government that a state of war exists between Great Britain and Germany from 11 o'clock p.m. August 4."

The Admiralty immediately after the declarations of war were made flashed this order to the British fleet:

"Great Britain declares war on Germany. Capture or destroy the enemy."

Following this order King George sent this personal message to the fleet:

"I have confidence that the British fleet will revive the old glories of the navy, I am sure that the navy will again shield Britain in this hour of trial. It will prove the bulwarks of the Empire."

TORONTO REGULARS

Amid cheers I. Company of the Royal Canadian Regiment, which has been stationed at Stanley Barracks, Toronto, left for Halifax at 8.30 o'clock Sunday night. The company of Canadian regulars, which was under the command of Captain E. K. Eaton, numbered 69 men. Major John Kaye, who has been in command of the detachment at Toronto, followed Monday. The company of the Royal Canadian Regiment, numbering 60 men, which has been stationed at London also left for Halifax. Company K of the Royal Canadian Regiment, numbering 600 men under Major Hill and Lieut. Balders, also left for Halifax on Monday.

The following is a war summary, taken from the daily reports.:

MONDAY

Germany declared war on Russia and announced that she expected to be at war with France in a day or two. In the meantime German forces have invaded French territory at one point and taken possession of the independent Duchy of Luxemburg, whose neutrality is guaranteed by the powers.

Russian detachments invaded Germany at several points.

The British Government will make announcement as to its attitude today. One Government organ says that Britain will not send an expeditionary force at the present time.

The Italian Cabinet confirmed its announcement of neutrality.

British naval and army reservists have been called to the colors and the Territorials, it is said, have been summoned.

There is no confirmation of a reported engagement in the North Sea.

Japan will aid Britain if circumstances governed by the alliance arise.

The Cabinet was in session all day at Ottawa discussing plans for Canada's aid to the Motherland in case of necessity.

TUESDAY

Britain lines up beside France, and will use her fleet to protect the French coast from attack by the German navy. That is the one great outstanding fact in today's war news. Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons declared, amid the cheers of members of all parties that on Sunday night he had given an engagement to the French Ambassador that if the German fleet goes into the English Channel or into the North Sea to attack French shipping or the French coast the British fleet will give all the protection in its power.

This action is taken not because of any specific agreement between France and Britain requiring it, but because the French fleets have been withdrawn from the northern coast to the Mediterranean, where they protect British interests as well as those of France.

Many Frontier skirmishes attend the concentration of troops on the borders of Russia and Germany, and France and Germany. In most of the the Germans are the agressors, their object undoubtedly being by sending out small raiding forces to mask the real work of gathering the great invading columns that will doubtless be launched against France especially by the end of this week or the beginning of next.

A new thing in war which may upset Germany's plans for secret concentration of her armies is the military aeroplane. The French aviators are displaying in war the daring for which they have become famous in times of peace. They are flying far into the interior of Germany, scouting and dropping bombs on railway tracks and troop trains. France has hundreds of expert military airmen who should be able to keep the War Office in Paris and the Generals in the field informed as to the direction from which the storm will come. As the German armies begin to concentrate the task of the French aviators will be easier, and the value of both the German dirigible and the French armed aeroplane will be demonstrated.

Canada is making every possible preparation for self defence and for a prompt response to any request from the mother country for military aid. The forts at Halifax have been manned, the coal mines at Sydney are to be protected, and if Parliament is called and says the word a large Canadian contingent will be chosen from the many thousands of officers and men who have volunteered their services and despatched promptly for service in Europe.

WEDNESDAY

Great Britain declared war on Germany at 7 o'clock last night, Greenwich time. Immediately this message was sent by the British Admiralty to the great British fleet in the North Sea: "Great Britain declares war on Germany. Capture or destroy the enemy." It was reported last night that a great naval battle was already on. King George had proclaimed the mobilization of the British army earlier in the day and Parliament had voted $525,000,000 for emergency purposes.

A French fleet has met a German squadron in the Mediterranean, following the bombardment by the German ships of Bona, Algeria and defeated the Germans in battle, sinking two of their cruisers and capturing one. French troops are concentrating on the border to oppose the German advance, and many skirmishes between advance guards are reported.

The Canadian Government was notified by the British War Department last night that war had been declared on Germany and an extra session of Parliament was called for August 18. Portions of the militia have been called out for active service to protect the coast. All measures prescribed by the scheme of defence have been put into effect.

THURSDAY

The announcement today that the Government had purchased from Chili two submarines at Seattle, Washington, and had quietly moved them to the Esquimalt Station, follows a brief period of rapid negotiation between the authorities here, the Admiralty and the Government of Chili.

The submarines purchased by the Canadian Government are probably the Antafosta and the Iquiqui, built for the Chilian Government by the Electric Torpedo Company, of New York, and launched early last Fall. They have just been completed, and come to Canada fresh from the makers. They will doubtless be rechristened. Both are ships of the Holland type. This is a very high class of submarine, and much favored by the navies of both Great Britain and the United States.

The next was the Lutheran Church in Riverside, which thus is the oldest Protestant congregation in Ontario or Quebec. The influence of the Lutheran congregation of Riverside, Mr. Maurer said, had been great in Lutheranism in the Dominion, different from other Lutheran congregations in Canada, they having got a start through money subscribed by this one. In the prayers offered a strong pleading was made for peace.

Two companies of the 59th Regiment, A. in charge of Commandant Leslie and B in charge of Commandant Lawless have been called out for duty. Company B is stationed at the locks in Morrisburg and Company A at the Cornwall locks. It will be the duties of these companies to see that the traffic in the canals will not be interfered with during the present war in Europe.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, wife of the President of the United States died at the White House yesterday afternoon. Death came after a struggle of months against Brights disease with complications. The President was completely unnerved by the shock, but he bore up well under the strain, and devoted himself to his daughters. The end came while Mrs. Wilson was unconscious. Her illness took a turn for the worse shortly before one o'clock in the afternoon and from then on she grew gradually worse.

Mr. Irwin S. Cobb, the humorist, is visiting Maclyn Arbuckle at his home in Waddington. They are working together on a series of comic moving pictures for which Mr. Arbuckle will pose. They will remain at Waddington for some little time where Mr. Arbuckle is preparing for his appearance in Cobb's play "Back Home."

At the Summer School which was held at Point Iroquois last week, the following officers and committees were elected for 1915: President, J. J. Jackson, Brinston; Secretary, Rev. A. H. Visser, Iroquois; Treasurer, W. J. Forward; Program Committee—Rev. Geo. Stafford, Cardinal, chairman; Rev. A. J. H. Strike, Morrisburg, secretary; Rev. Wm. Philip, B.A., B.D., Inkerman; Rev. Wm. Howitt, B. A., B.D., Prescott; Rev. F. H. Sproule, B.A., Winchester. Local Board of Management — M. W. Beach, B.A., Iroquois, chairman; W. A. Bowen, Iroquois, secretary; Rev. A. H. Visser, Chas. Tuttle, A. McInnis and Robt. Ellis. Registration and Finance Committee — I. Hilliard, K.C., Morrisburg, chairman; J. S. Bass, Prescott, secretary; Rev. A. E. Sanderson, S.T. L., Spencerville; Rev. A. S. Cleland, Shanly; Rev. Wm. Halpenny, Dundela; Rev. J. H. Murray, Brinston.

HORSE SHOW

The directors of the Dundas Agricultural Society have every reason to be gratified at the great success which crowned their efforts on Tuesday and Wednesday. The weather was what could be called a sample of ideal weather for horse races, and had much to do with the great success. The attendance the first day was not near as large as the second, although it it was quite apparent in the late hours of the afternoon on the first day that the gathering was gradually increasing, and that Wednesday would be a record-breaker. So it was. The weather was right; the judges were right; the directors were right, and the races were right, so that everybody went away expressing themselves as being thoroughly satisfied with the outing.

Numerous attractions, including games, groceries, and the Citizens Band kept the attention of the visitors every minute of the day. The baseball match on Wednesday afternoon resulted in a victory for Spencerville—10-4. The visitors proved themselves superior to the locals in every respect.

The races were very keenly contested, every class being well represented.

The crowd, though large was remarkably orderly on both days, and the "drunks", although one could be seen here and there swaying with the wind, were not very numerous. "The Girl You Couldn't Buy," staged at the Music Hall both nights of the Fair delighted a good audience each evening.

We regret that owing to the pressure of other news we have to hold the list of prize-winners over until next issue.

ALGONQUIN PARK

Algonquin Park, situated 285 miles west of Montreal, in the Highlands of Ontario, 2000 feet above the sea level, is one of the most delightful vacation playgrounds in America. The Grand Trunk Railway have built and are operating the Highland Inn at Algonquin Park Station, and a series of log cabin camps reached by stage from this point that offer attractive features, such as, a life in the wilderness with city conveniences, splendid fishing, pure air unlimited scope for the amateur photographer, and where health and pleasure abound.

Just the out-of-the-way sort of sport that appeals to the lover of nature. Handsome descriptive literature may be had on application to W. H. McGannon, Agent.

The Wedding Eve;

Or, Married to a Fairy.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued).

I broke into my capital and paid off every farthing. I sold my yacht, my house, my furniture, and dismissed the servants with wages instead of notice. Not a soul would I see, and I felt deeply grateful to Madge for leaving me alone in my bitter disgrace and shame. All the world of artists and journalists were babbling over the "smash-up at Adrian Hervey's. His pretty little wife has ruined him, and bolted abroad with some other fellow." No doubt our wretched story formed the basis of some highly amusing and unveracious club-stories. But I heard none of these things, for I admitted no human being into my presence but my man of business and Wrenshaw, and neither of them ever mentioned my wife's name.

All through this time of tension, of sleepless nights, of heartache, and fasting, of days of vain looking and bitter regret, of drudgery over figures and accounts and cruel humiliation, the refrain of a song beat through my throbbing head:

"My heart, in need of rest,
No longer hopes nor gathers;
Without will, without power,
Farther to go or fly;
Take me home to thy breast,
Oh, valley of my fathers,
For one hour of repose
Before lonely I die."

When all was over, and with honor tarnished and name disgraced, crippled in fortune and stricken in heart, I found myself alone with Wrenshaw, I turned to the faithful old servant and told him my plans.

"I must leave London and all these people," I said, "and go somewhere where no one knows me, or I shall go mad. I can't paint—it may be that I shall never paint again. My day is over. But if you'll have the patience to put up with me, I know a lonely old house half-way up a hill that rises from the marshes which stretch to the sea. There, you and I, Wrenshaw, can live in quiet for a time at least, until the wounds are a little less raw. Will you come?"

"Anywhere with you, sir."

And so, on a bleak November day, Wrenshaw and I became inmates of the old French House at Lythinge, on the steep sloping moorland above the marshes and the sea.

CHAPTER XXIX.

All through that bitter winter Wrenshaw and I lived our hermit life under the vast red-tiled roof, colored gold with lichen, and hung about with ivy, of the old house above the marshes.

About our little garden enclosure, walled in by fragments of what was once a Roman stronghold, the Kentish sheep strayed, bleating in the driving snow, and huddled together for warmth against the massive fragments of the ancient stonework.

Down below us in the marsh villages, lights twinkled out at night, and high above, on the crest of the cliff, the windows of the square-towered church gleamed red on Sunday evenings. Our supplies of food were brought by hand, for there was no road across the strip of rugged moorland to where the ancient, half-timbered house stood in complete solitude, and far from any other dwelling-place. I had taken the house for a year at an exceedingly low rental, as the owner was only too glad to have it occupied at any time of the year but the summer.

All day long, whatever the weather might be, I took long walks by the sea. I could not paint. The light was bad through an exceptionally severe winter. But had the skies been azure, and the sunshine that of Italy, it would have been the same. I could not paint. I had lost all incentive to work. Money was of no value to me, and as for fame—the sooner my name was forgotten the better I should be pleased.

The "Rose and Crown" had changed hands, the Nokeses having failed to make it pay. Consequently I ran no risk of meeting any one who would recognize me and remember Lilith. I took the house in the name of "Mr. Wrenshaw," and, apart from this precaution, it is improbable that any one would have known me, for, during the days that elapsed after I first learned that Lilith had left me, my hair had grown as gray as that of a man of fifty.

In the evening, I would come in "dog-tired," and would sit in front of the wide, old-fashioned fireplace, watching the burning logs, and brooding over my lost Lilith, who had vanished from my life like the marsh fairy I had called her.

Wrenshaw enjoyed the solitude. He mistrusted his own sex, and hated nearly all women. Madge was his one weak spot, and I soon discovered that he occasionally wrote to her. About me, of course. She had had too much delicacy to write to me direct, but I knew that she would sympathize. Only I did not want to hear of her sympathy. I wanted to wear my sorrow alone.

Winter broke at last into a stormy spring, and a furious March came in, swathed in driving snow. One bitterly cold day I had spent searching with the shepherds for lost lambs among the snow, and had come home late, tired out and numb with cold, to eat a little food, and then sit and doze and dream before the fire.

Wrenshaw had gone to bed—he kept military hours—but late into the night I sat, tempted by the warmth and too drowsy after a long and fatiguing day in the biting cold to rouse myself and go to bed. In the comatose state into which I had fallen, I lived again through the scenes I had that day witnessed, and searched again with the shepherds by murky daylight under a leaden sky, and afterwards by lamplight, which cast a red stain over the gleaming snow, for the missing sheep, beneath the feathery downfall that pricked our faces.

But in my confused fancies it seemed to me that it was Lilith for whom we were seeking, and an agony of apprehension possessed me as I beheld the deep drifts by the wayside.

The night wore on, and still the same ideas pursued me. Lilith was lost—Lilith was calling me. The hallucination grew so strong that I seemed actually to hear her plaintive voice above the snow and sleet on the window-panes:

"Dick! Dick!"

Once I even sprang up in my chair, and threw open the lattice-paned window. A rush of snowflakes was driven into the room, and the cold air seemed to clear my brain and convince me of my folly. Never before had I so strongly realized my utter loneliness. My very soul seemed to cry out for my wife in forgiveness and in pity for with the instinct of love I knew that she was in trouble, and that she needed my help.

In the morning so I decided, I would go back to town, and leave no stone unturned to find her. So long as she was happy with the man she had preferred to me, so long would she forget my very existence. But should sorrow or ill-health come upon her, I felt sure she would creep back to me to tell me her troubles, just as she used to do when I first met her here at Lythinge nearly four years ago.

But in the morning it was Lilith who came to me. I found her lying huddled within the porch over my door-step, like the lost lambs on the hillside, half dead with cold and exposure, wrapped in a woolen shawl, with icicles in her yellow hair.

My heart almost snapped in two with pity as I lifted her and carried her into the warm dining-room, and wound hot blankets about her frozen limbs, and kissed her poor blue lips, and chafed her stiffened fingers. Wrenshaw helped me loyally without a word, and I believe he was almost as glad as I when, after hours of care and watching and fighting with death, I felt her quiver in my arms, and saw her eyes open and fix themselves upon my face, vacantly at first, but presently with the saddest little half smile of recognition flickering in them.

"I knew you would be here at the French House," she whispered feebly. "And I knew you would be kind to me, whatever anybody said. And I wouldn't have bothered you, Dicky dear, but I've come home to die."

CHAPTER XXX.

"I can't die yet. I have so much to tell you."

Lilith said this as she lay that night propped up by pillows on the couch by the fire.

A doctor had been sent for from Cranling—for I could not bear that the wise old doctor from Sandhythe should see the tragedy he had sought to avert—and had pronounced the patient to be dying from the results of overstrain, shock, and exposure acting on a delicate constitution. Heart and nerves had broken down, the lungs were seriously affected, and the doctor held out no hope of recovery.

I wanted no second physician's opinion. Death was written in Lilith's face, in her hollow eyes and sunken mouth, in the yellowish, waxen tint of her skin, and the terrible emaciation of her form.

"I haven't had enough to eat just lately, and I have been so cold sometimes without a fire," she said. "I haven't had you to look after me, Dicky. But it hasn't been the cold or hunger, though they were hard enough to bear—it's been here," and she pressed her thin little hands against her heart—"that's where the aching has been, and that's what has killed me. Oh, I know I am dying—I knew it two days ago, and I was dreadfully frightened at first. And then I thought if I could only come to you, and beg your pardon, and get you to forgive me, I might get forgiven—somewhere else."

Her head fell back on my arm, and she stared for a moment wistfully into the fire.

"You must not talk of forgiveness," I whispered; "I have nothing but love for you in my heart—there is no room there for any other feeling. Lie still and rest, dear; don't try to tell me anything. You have come back to me—that is all I want to know."

She put up her hand to my face, and stroked it with a little caressing gesture I remembered well—remembered with a stab of infinite pain.

"It is very good of you, Dicky, to be so nice to me and to ask no questions. But I must tell you some things, so that you may understand."

Her voice was very thin and weak. Constantly I had to make her stop in her rapid, whispering talk to take some restorative, and to softly wipe her damp forehead and to lift from off it the clustering hair which looked, in its glossy abundance, pathetically full of life and vigor against her wasted cheeks.

"I know I have been very wicked," she began again after a pause, "and I have treated you dreadfully. But somehow things have been all wrong from the beginning. When you determined to make a lady of me, and sent me to Morland House, I was miserable. You see, the girls quizzed me and stared at me, and I wasn't used to their fine-lady ways. And I couldn't bear being shut in and kept a prisoner. And then I was very, very fond of you; you don't quite know how fond I was, I think. It would have been all right and I'd have been quite good, if you'd promised to marry me when I came out of school. But when I knew you were going to marry Lady Madge, I felt sort of desperate to think I'd have to put up with two years of that school, and then perhaps end in being a nursemaid or a governess, after all. And then—I met him!"

She paused and turned her eyes from me to the fire again. A faint blush crept slowly over her pale cheeks, and deepened as she went on speaking:

"He fell in love with me as soon as he saw me, he said. Not in your romantic, adoring way, but in the way girls like me like. He'd make me slip out and meet him and he'd snatch me up in his arms and kiss me so that he hurt me, and swear and go on, saying he'd kill himself or me if I didn't run away with him. And—and I was dull and miserable and you never came—and three months after I'd gone to Morland House I stole off and married him."

"You married him!"

"Yes. I have my lines—I have never parted from them. Often, after I was with you, I'd take them out on the sly, and look at them, and tell myself I belonged really to him, only he didn't want me any more. And then I'd cry my eyes out nearly, and you would find me and wonder what had upset me, and be very kind, and make me forget him. And he did love me just at first, and he hated you because I was so fond of you, and would tell me how well you were enjoying yourself among your grand relations, and making Lady Margaret laugh at me. He was so handsome and so masterful—and he said if I didn't go away with him, you would get married and get tired of keeping me, and I should have to become a servant after all. I was afraid of him at first, but then—then I got to love him, and one morning I ran away from school and was married to him in St. Peter's Church at Bristol. And at first I was very happy. Afterward, when you got rich, and he wanted to get rid of me and to get hold of your money through me, he swore it wasn't a real marriage, and that he had a wife already. I don't know if that's true. After he and I were married, he went and saw Mrs. Morland, and she was dreadfully angry at first, until they arranged between them that while he and I lived together about the country, you should be deceived, so that you might send the money for my education all the same. Mrs. Morland had half, and we had the other hundred. She was dreadfully in debt, and we had no money at all but what I made by dancing."

"By dancing?"

"Oh, yes! I worked awfully hard, and for three months we joined a little fit-up theatrical company of singers and dancers. And in Lymhurst, at a hall where I was dancing, Lady Margaret saw me and told me afterward how beautiful I danced. And she saw my husband, too."

"Your husband!"

"Yes, yes!" she answered fretfully, turning her head from side to side. "Lady Margaret's got such sharp eyes, and she caught a glimpse of him somehow. She knew me again in a minute when she came to see us in Kensington. I can't understand why she didn't let on to you—but I suppose she thought I wasn't really married before, and that what was done couldn't be undone. Oh, Dicky, why didn't you marry her and save all this dreadful worry?"

"Don't tell me any more!" I groaned. "You are breaking my heart, Lilith. How could I know? Why did you not tell me the truth? You loved me as a child, and I thought you must grow to love me again."

She shook her head.

"Not as you want me to," she said. "If you had been the first—but by the time I met you again that day in Regent Street, he had made me so fond of him and so afraid of him I had no feeling left for any one else. We were dreadfully poor then. I had been dancing at a hall just outside London, and I had come up to try and get a West End engagement. That night, after you'd left me at Mrs. Jackson's, I crept out to let him know what had happened—"

"You told me you drove to the studio—"

"His studio," she whispered; "one a friend had lent him. Then he told me I might go out with you if I brought him thirty pounds the next day—"

"What an infernal villain! Lilith, you must tell me his name."

She sat up on the couch and clung to me, coughing and crying.

"It is nobody you know or ever heard of!" she protested again and again. "He was an artist at Bristol, and saw me out walking with the school. He is wonderfully clever, but he doesn't like working. And he's very well-educated, and was always telling me how ignorant I was. And sometimes, when he'd been drinking a little too much, he would strike me and even knock me down. But I loved him always, even after I saw he got tired of me And," she murmured with a little sob, "I love him now!"

She stared into the fire and was silent. I had passed beyond self-suffering in the intensity of my pity for her. Otherwise, it would have cut me to the heart that now, as she lay dying, all her thoughts, all her regrets, were for the cowardly and contemptible ruffian who had brutally ill-treated her and had sold her to another man.

"I couldn't bear marrying you," she went on, suddenly rousing herself. "You know I couldn't. I begged and prayed him to let me off, and ran away to London, as you know. And Mrs. Morland thought it was dreadful, even though he said our marriage was not a real one. Afterward, I was always teasing him to take me back, for, although you were so kind to me, I felt he was my husband, and not you. But he would hardly ever see me, and always wanted money, money, nothing but money. Then at last I heard that he had fallen in love with some one else, and was going to marry her. And I felt quite mad-like, and that I must go back to him, whatever happened.

"So I left you and went to him. But he would not see me. And the woman he was with took away my jewels and money, which I offered her to get to see him, and laughed at me, and told me that now I had left you and could send no more money, he hated me as much as he loved her. And then I got very, very ill. And they sent me back to London. And I tried to find you, but you were gone and the house was sold. And I went back to the old cheap lodgings he and I used to have, and persuaded the landlady to take me in. I think she meant to be kind, and she gave a little food now and then. And I lived in a room by myself until I felt sure I was dying. Then suddenly I thought of what you said one day—that if a man wanted to hide from the world, he would come to the French House at Lythinge. So I came here. But I dared not knock at the door lest you might be too angry. And I was weak and faint and so tired, and I grew sleepy with cold outside your door. Then at last you found me in the morning. But it was silly of me not to knock, for I might have known you would be kind."

She died in my arms at daybreak, falling asleep with a little sigh like a child tired out—this woman who had never loved me, and who had never even been my wife.

And I buried my heart and my youth and all my hopes in this world with her in the churchyard on the cliff over the marshes, just where she had told me she wanted to lie, years ago.

In her purse we found a sealed envelope in which was the certificate of marriage between "Lilith Saxon, aged sixteen, and Nicholas Wray, aged thirty-five."

"Every fatalist knows that saving a man's life is the best way to turn him into a dangerous enemy."

Wray's words, uttered on the day when I came between him and starvation or suicide, rang in my ears during the journey I undertook, intent upon taking the life I had saved.

Killing him was too good for him, but he had murdered Lilith, and I could not let him live.

In Venice I met the man face to face at last. In the vast dining-hall of a dilapidated palace, he and the black-haired woman were presiding at a boisterous supper-party. Handsome, loose-lipped women, silly youths, and older men with sinister faces, drank and sang and shouted—and in the midst of them Wray lifted his eyes and saw me in the doorway, waiting for him.

I was glad to take him thus, while he was enjoying life after his fashion, and I waited quietly while, with his old trick of posing, he drew his tall figure to its full height and drank to my health, "the health of an old friend I have been expecting for some time," before excusing himself to his guests and joining me at the door.

Not a word did we exchange until I had followed him into his room on the floor above, and locked the door that we might be secure from interruption.

Then I took a case of pistols from the pocket of my overcoat, and laid them on the table.

"I know everything," I said. "For your injuries against me I do not care. You are such a pitiful hound as to be beneath my personal vengeance. But for the infamous wickedness of your treatment of Lilith, whose death lies at your door, I will kill you if I can."

"You are right from your point of view," he said, fingering the pistols, "and as I don't mean to kill you, you will probably kill me. You have always had the devil's own luck! The odd part of it is, though I envy you, I can't dislike you. I am nearly forty—old before my time, and heartily sick of everything—you have taken care of yourself and been a good boy; yet you look as though the gilt was off life's gingerbread for you, too. But we are both of us, saint and sinner, much too good to quarrel over a woman. Hervey, they're not worth it. Harpies or druges, handsome tiger-cats, like that woman downstairs, or little soulless toys, like Lilith—"

"If you speak her name I will shoot you before you can defend yourse f!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"As you please. Life has no more charm for me. As an artist, I have lost all inspiration, and now that funds are no longer coming in, the game isn't worth playing. But whether you shoot me or not, I must remind you that I warned you from the beginning what the end would be. When I took that girl you didn't want her, and she was miserable where she was. By the time I had got tired of her you were mad about her, and after all you married the woman you wanted, which is something surely. Once you had got her, I never encouraged her to come after me. The mistake was taking that type of girl seriously."

"I will not listen while you insult the dead," I said. "I will count up to six and then—fire."

"As you please!"

But on the third count Wray turned his pistol against himself, and so saved me the task of ridding the world of a villain.

All this happened nearly two years ago, and the "long, long grass to keep one warm in winter and cool in summer" is waving over Lilith's grave in Lythinge churchyard.

For fifteen months I watched the changing seasons over the marshes, hugging my sorrow and living upon memories. Then I fell unaccountably ill, and the wiseacres of Lythinge said it was marsh-fever and ague, the two local maladies—it was all one to me what they called it, for I had no wish to live.

But Wrenshaw, whose devotion was only equaled by his obstinacy, telegraphed to town one day, unknown to me, and that same night I was carried off, willy-nilly, across the patch of moorland to a carriage waiting in the cart-track, and so turned by back upon the French House and its memories forever.

At the coaching inn by the crossroads, where I had stayed on my first visit to Lythinge, Madge had left her mother and suite installed, the Diamond Queen, in the worst of tempers, audibly wondering what her daughter could see in "that lantern-jawed cousin of hers," and why he "couldn't be left to die if he wanted to"?

She wonders thus still, and indeed I wonder too. I wonder at Madge's tenderness, her tact, her infinite patience, and I wonder most of all at my own cold-heartedness, and at the absence from my heart of any trace of the passionate devotion such a woman deserves.

She urges me to paint, and takes her old interest in my work; but my hand seems to have lost its cunning.

Only to-day I owned as much to her.

"I am a failure, dear," I said, "a gray-haired failure! You were always impatient of failures. Years ago, you urged me to make a name that you might be known as a great artist's wife, and not I as 'the rich Lady Margaret's husband.' A broken career, a broken life, is all I have left to offer you."

She slipped down on her knees beside me where I sat at my easel, and laid her hands upon my shoulders. Tears streamed from her eyes, but a lovely light was shining in them.

"Why, you will be marrying an old maid," she cried, "who waited until she was nearly thirty because she could not get the man she wanted, the man she had waited for and loved for fifteen years. Oh, Adrian, my love, haven't I been a failure, too?"

THE END.

DANIEL GUGGENHEIM.

A Business Man Says His Word Is Better Than His Bond.

Daniel Guggenheim, the head of the great American exploration and development organization, whose operations stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Alaska to Chili, and into the heart of the African Congo, is a man with a kindly smile and a gentle manner who deals with millions as most men venture with dollars. The story of the Guggenheim family has been told elsewhere, and it reads like one of the fancies of the Arabian Nights.

Daniel Guggenheim, for all his kindly, human demeanor, for all his courtesy and gentleness, is a strong man. Much of his power lies in his vivid imagination and in his broad sympathy for humanity. He is the type that will lead men, but never drive them. There is no trouble with labor in any Guggenheim property in any portion of the land. Daniel Guggenheim says:

"The business ethics are those of the community in which the business exists," he says. "The stream rises no higher than its source unless it is forced higher. American business is far better than it was a few years ago, and yet there is room for vast improvement. It is not now on the plane where individual greed is the some actuating factor."

This is what happened in the Guggenheim offices when rebates of freight charges became abhorrent and were declared illegal. The first blow was struck by the Interstate



Daniel Guggenheim.

Commission of that time. Rebates became anathema. Daniel Guggenheim ordered that every effort should be made to carry out the spirit of the thing. There must be no single rebate. Then he found that interstate rebating had stopped, but that within the State is continued; he found that he was taking rebates in Colorado of $1.50 a ton on ore shipments.

"See the railroads and insist on an equal rate," he said to his representative. Two weeks later his traffic department reported that the road refused to make an equal rate. The rate from mine to smelter must remain at $3 a ton. To change it would breed trouble.

"It costs less to haul a ton of ore than a ton of general merchandise," averred the roads. "We have to charge the merchandise $3, but there is profit in ore at $1.50. Besides the people expect to be charged $3."

"Fix an even rate or we'll adopt other measures," replied Daniel Guggenheim. I have the facts. If rebating is wrong between States it is wrong in States. Our smelters are not anchored in one spot for eternity. They are movable."

The rate changed without great delay.

"Perhaps such wrongful practices as brought the muck rake into our national life were phases of our commercial development," says Mr. Guggenheim. "I don't know. If they were phases they were assuredly bad ones and we want no more of them." And then was broached the matter of government or public regulation.

"Inevitable, and justly so," says he. "And why should anyone object if the work is properly done?"

A man of affairs—of very big affairs—said some time ago in reply to a question:—

"Dan Guggenheim? I'd sooner have his word than his bond. I might lose the bond, but I couldn't lose my knowledge of the man's high character."

Taking no Chances.

"Do you know his wife well?"

"Not at all."

"Would you like to be introduced to her?"

"I don't think it would be safe. I'm the friend he always blames for keeping him out late."

The Retort Unexpected—"You looked very foolish when you proposed to me," said the wife. "Well, Henrietta," replied the meek husband, "maybe I was."

On the Farm

Profit in Good Draft Horses.

It costs but very little more to raise good draft horses than the ordinary scrub and the drafter will sell for three or four times the sum.

A well-bred draft horse is almost as good as cash in the bank, because he sells on sight and brings a good price. A farmer who breeds good drafters, using first-class stallions, can in a few years make a reputation which will add from ten to 25 per cent. to the price of his animals over the prices of others equally good bred by men without reputation.

There is always good money to be made in raising horses of this class, although many farmers seem to think that it does not pay. Most of them are right about this as far as their own experiences go because they do not raise the right kind.

It is true that horses of a nondescript character, lacking proper form, weight or style for any particular purpose, never bring high prices and are, therefore, not profitable to raise. The average farmer has no business to attempt to raise fancy carriage or saddle horses because they require special knowledge of breeding and training and are profitable only to men who thoroughly understand the business of preparing them for market.

The draft horse, however, is the animal that does the hard work not only on the farm, but in the big cities and he is always in demand. The reason there have been so few good drafters raised in the last few years is because too many farmers took up trying to produce roadsters by breeding their mares to light stallions and as most of them were not willing to pay for the service of a first-class animal, the result is that the country is filled with second and third-rate horses of no particular use and which bring low prices.

It is gratifying to note, however, that farmers are coming to their senses and are now breeding more drafters than ever before. Using stallions on mares of the same type with proper weight, he can produce a type of animal that will turn out a profit at three years.

Draft mares will do practically as much work on the farm as horses and mares will prove the best breeders.

Give the Trees Room.

The question of how much space to leave between the trees is one that occasions much argument. This should be regarded largely by circumstances. If trees are to be kept well pruned back they may be as near as four yards apart, while those which are to be allowed more free growth in the tops should be at least twenty feet apart. The question of distance depends entirely upon the system of training and richness of the soil.

The common system of keeping the orchard in sod practiced by many apple growers, and except in very rare cases, among small growers, is practically unknown. Thorough cultivation is necessary to develop the peach crop as the tree during the time of bearing requires extremely large amounts of moisture and plant food.

Growers differ widely upon the system of cultivation, but all are agreed that plowing as early as possible in the spring, thorough cultivation during the first half of the summer season and the growth of a cover crop of some kind during the fall and winter are essential to the proper care of the peach orchard.

The disc or spading harrow is better than the plow in most cases, as the side extensions enable much closer work without injuring the trees. In the case of gravelly or hard, heavy soil the disc or spring-tooth harrow is necessary during summer cultivation, while the light smoothing harrow is required on soils that are in a fine state of tilth.

Making Split-Log Drag.

The halves of the drag should be framed together by wooden braces so that the split surfaces of the log shall be in front. The face of the drag should lie at an angle of 45 degrees with the lines of the road, thus drawing the earth toward the centre. The rear log should follow in the track of the first. Drags should be used after rains, or continued wet weather to smooth the earth's surface and prevent ruts from forming to hold water. The drag not only smooths the road, but crowns it and puddles the mud so that it is hard when dry.

These drags have been used with great success on clay or water-holding soils. Many stretches of black gumbo roads in the west are maintained by the use of this implement alone.

Every farmer should own one and after a rain he should spend a few hours on the road adjacent to his farm. If there are many depressions to fill, the drag should be used when the road is wet.

After it has been used long enough to make the road fairly smooth, the drag gives the best results if used when the earth begins to dry.

8,000 AT WEDDING FEAST.

Festivities Extend Over Eight Days On Big Scale.

A wedding whose guests numbered over 8,000 persons and whose feasting continued for eight days was celebrated recently at Sadagora in Bukowana, one of those remote country districts of Austria-Hungary, where mammoth wedding festivities on a scale unknown in America or Western Europe are the rule.

The affair at Sadagora exceeded in magnificence and lavish hospitality any function on record in that district, however. It was a Hebrew wedding. Sadagora enjoys a certain fame in Eastern Europe as the seat of the renowned Babbinical dynasty known as the Miracle Rabbis. The bride was the daughter of the Grand Rabbi of this line, Aron Friedman, and the groom, Salamon Friedman, belongs to a branch of the same Rabbinical dynasty at Czortkow. The marriage was arranged by the chiefs of the two families, entirely without the knowledge of the young people. In fact they met for the first time only the evening before the wedding at a preliminary feast, when they danced together as a sign of their willingness to marry.

The chiefs had taken it for granter that there would be no hitch in their plans, and had invited the Rabbinical families of all the Orthodox Jews in Russia, Poland, Roumania, and Hungary. They came down on Sadagora in thousands. Many of imposing stature and patriarchial dignity. They wore black silk caftans, low shoes and white stockings, while their ladies were attired in a sort of crinoline and adorned with rich jewels. There were some dressed in the latest modes of Paris and Vienna.

The ceremony took place in the gardens of the Grand Rabbi's palace, guarded by mounted troops. Thousands were unable to hear or see what was going on, so dense was the throng, but all had a hand in the feasting which followed. During the eight days the commissary's books accounted for 200 pounds of fish, 500 head of poultry, 250 pounds of beef, 5,000 pounds of bread and many casks of wine. The Grand Rabbi was out of pocket to the extent of at least $40,000.

In addition to this he presented the bridal couple with a palace in Sadagora, completely furnished and equipped with a staff of servants. He will meet the entire cost of the household for a period of six years, when it is assumed that the young bridegroom will have attained a position where he can support his family himself.

Remorse is memory that has soured.

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Hints for the Home

Breakfast Cakes.

The custom of partaking at breakfast of the hot cakes or biscuits saturated in butter or some kind of sweet syrup cannot perhaps be considered a very wholesome one, but it is undeniably inviting. The following may be eaten with molasses, maple syrup, treacle, butter, honey or with a preparation known as French honey, closely resembling orange or lemon curd, the first two named relishes as well as the special flours employed in the recipes being obtainable at any grocery store.

Cream Johnnycake. — Sieve together three breakfastcupfuls of Indian corn or maise meal, two breakfastcupfuls of wheaten flour, one breakfastcupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda and half a teaspoonful of salt. Work to a moderately thick batter with two breakfastcupfuls of cream, pour into a tin greased with butter, bake for about twenty minutes in a quick oven, and serve hot, cut into squares with a well heated knife.

Plain Johnnycake — Follow the above directions, substituting milk or better still, buttermilk for the cream. In both recipes the quantity of sugar may be reduced or altogether ommited, while by many people a very slightly sweetened johnny-cake with a faint flavoring of cinnamon or other spice is much liked.

Johnnycake with Eggs—Beat up three eggs in a quart of milk, stir in one teacupful of wheaten flour, with which has been mingled one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda and two teaspoonfuls of salt, and sprinkle in as much Indian corn meal as is required to mix to the right consistency, from four to six cupfuls being the approximate amount. The question of sweetening and spice is again optional, the baking and serving being accomplished as above. For those who do not care for the flavor of maize meal a nice johnnycake is made as follows: Measure one breakfastcupful of wheaten flour into a bowl with one dessertspoonful of salt, and if wished a little spice. Rub into it two ounces of butter, add four ounces of sugar and from three to four ounces of sugar and from three to four ounces of semolina previously boiled until tender; work to a stiffish batter with an egg beaten up in three-quarters of abreakfastcupful of milk as above.

Buckwheats (with baking powder)—Blend one pound of buckwheat flour with a flat teaspoonful of salt and a piled one of baking powder mix with tepid water to a thick smooth batter, pour in a thin layer into a well greased tin and bake in a sharp oven until nicely browned on both sides. If preferred milk can be substituted for water, or the two can be mingled in equal proportions, while a sweetened buckwheat cake is made by stirring one tablespoonful of treacle or molasses into the liquid employed for mixing. The cakes may also be cooked in a frying pan, in which case rather a thinner batter is required and is managed exactly like pancakes.

Buckwheats (with yeast)—Mingle one breakfastcupful of milk with a similar quantity of absolutely boiling water, stir in half a teaspoonful or more of salt, and either two ounces of brown, moist sugar or two tablespoonfuls of treacle. When cooled to about blood heat dissolve one half ounce of yeast in the liquid, dredge in by degrees as much buckwheat flour as will make a thick batter, beat for ten minutes and tuck the basin up in a clean cloth, leaving it in a warm place over night. Bake in thin cakes, diluting the batter. If necessary, with a little warm water, a small quarter of a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda being stirred in by some cooks at the last moment a proceding which is especially indicated if the batter appears to have gone at all sour.

Sweet Rye Loafies—Sieve together two breakfastcupfuls each of flour and rye meal and one teaspoonful of salt, pour into the centre one-half ounce of compressed yeast smoothly blended with one teacupful of tepid water, two breakfastcupfuls of milk and water in equal proportions and one teacupful of molasses; strew flour lightly over, leave in a warm place to rise for an hour, covered with a clean cloth, form into miniature cattage loaves and bake in a sharp oven.

Boston Bread—Mix three breakfastcupfuls of graham flour with two breakfastcupfuls of maise meal one teacupful of saleratus, work to a batter with two breakfastcupfuls of sour milk, into which has been stirred one teacupful of molasses, put into a greased mould and steam steadily for three hours.

Triangles—Bring one breakfastcupful of milk slowly to the boil with a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, dissolve in it one ounce of butter and pour over as much wheat meal as is needed to make an elastic dough. Roll out to one inch thick, cut in triangles and bake for ten or twelve minutes in a quick oven, the addition of sugar and flavoring being optional.

Waffles — For making these waffle irons are required. These must be heated and well greased with butter, the batter poured in a thin layer into one half, the other closed over it and the irons held over the fire for a few minutes, being turned once during the process. For the mixture put three quarters of a pint of flour into a bowl with half a teaspoonful of salt and one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and mix to a suitable consistency with an egg beaten up in half a pint of milk.

Cream Waffles — Measure eight ounces of flour into a basin with a quarter of a teaspoonful or more of salt and having scooped a hollow in the centre work in first two tablespoonfuls of liquified (not oiled) butter, next a well beaten egg and finally one breakfastcupful of raw cream mingled with half that quantity of milk, then beat well. If only a small allowance of cream is available the proportion of milk can be increased accordingly.

Hints For The Home.

An excellent cleanser for a tailored suit is dry bran.

Good lard is much better than butter for basting roasted meat and for frying.

Bread will cut thinner and in more even slices if you turn the loaf upside down.

To smooth an iron, plunge it while hot into cold water with a little soap in it.

Eucalyptus oil will remove grease including machine oil, from any fabric without injury.

A very good way to singe chickens is to hold them over a saucer of alcohol. There is no soot left then on the flesh.

Muslin tubing makes pillow cases which are very little trouble, either to make or to launder. They should be left open at both ends

Varnished paint can be kept bright by soaking in water for some time a bag filled with flaxseed, and then using it as a cloth to clean the paint.

Stains on flannels may be removed by applying yolks of eggs and glycerine in equal quantities. Leave it for half an hour and then wash out.

Fish, when prepared for frying, should be laid on a board and dredged with flour or meal mixed with salt; when one side is dry, dredge the other.

To save time on wash day drop all the little things like handkerchiefs into a pillowcase-shaped bag of mosquito netting, and pin this to the line.

Worn out brooms can have their straws cut down half way and covered with felt or carpet to serve as a polisher after wax has been applied.

Try flavoring the next batch of fudge with a little cinnamon extract or stick cinnamon when it is cooking. It will prove a pleasant variety to the perennial vanilla.

Paste labels on the inside of glass jars used to hold food supplies, such as rice, tapioca, spices, etc. Thus labeled, the jar can be washed without soiling the label or pulling it off.

Fold a piece of emery paper in the centre and draw the knife rapidly back and forth several times turning it from side to side. This is an excellent sharpener for paring knives.

It is safer during the hot weather to parboil many articles of food that are to be kept a day. Meat and fish keep better when sprinkled with salt after washing well. Wash off well before cooking.

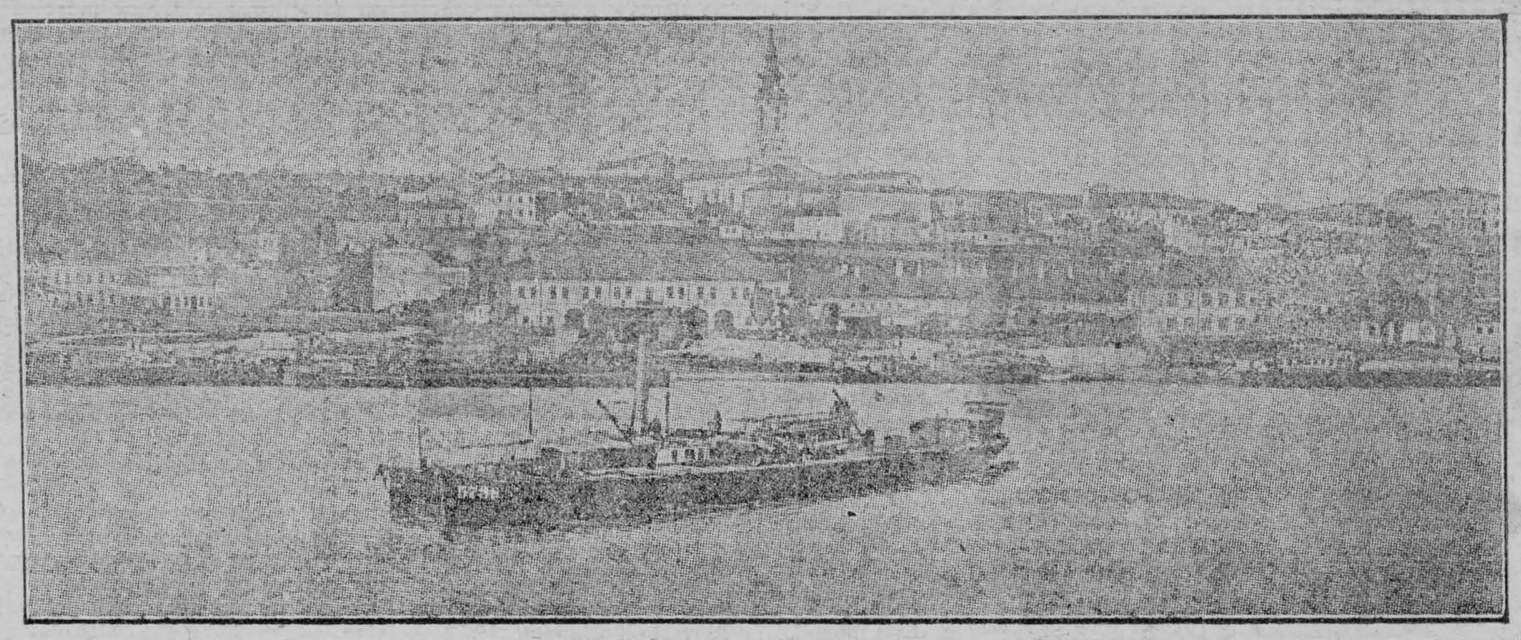
Butter that has become rancid may be sweetened in the following manner: Melt the butter, skim it, then place a piece of light-brown toast in it, and in a few minutes the toast will have absorbed the unpleasant taste and smell.

The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life.

Perhaps nothing disgusts a girl more than to have a young man make a bluff at kissing her.

How curious it is to talk of doctors paying visits. Everyone knows that the visit pay the doctor.

Little inharmonies between friends are dangerous, not in themselves but in the bitter memories and misunderstandings they may leave in their trails.



BELGRADE, SERVIAN CAPITAL.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL STUDY

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, AUGUST 9.

Lesson VI. The Barren Fig Tree and the Defiled Temple, Mark 11. 12-33. Golden Text, Matt. 7. 20.

Verse 12. On the morrow—On Monday morning, the day following the triumphal entry. During this last week it was the custom of Jesus to spend the night at Bethany and return during the day to Jerusalem.

Bethany—See preceding lesson.

13. A fig tree . . having leaves—Though this was earlier in the year than one would naturally expect to find figs on the trees, the fact that the leaves were out would suggest that there might be fruit, since in fig trees the fruit, which is in reality modified blossom, appears before the leaves.

It was not the season of figs—The early variety of figs appeared in June, the later crop in August. The time indicated in our lesson was about April.

14. If this incident stood alone, if we knew nothing else about the character of Jesus, we should be inclined to think his act petulant. His words would seem to have been spoken because he was irritated and disappointed. Why should one curse a tree? But we know enough of the life of Jesus to cause us to seek a further explanation. The true meaning of any man's words is to be found, not in his isolated sentences, but in a study of all his teachings. The meaning of one act of any person can be rightly understood only when compared with his acts in general. Moreover, Jesus frequently chose enigmatical methods in order to compel men to think or to teach them a forceful lesson. The sin which Jesus had so often found it necessary to reprove was that of hypocrisy. Here is a tree guilty of this same thing, and Jesus takes the opportunity afforded him to pronounce judgment in symbolic form upon this prime fault of a class with whom Jesus and his disciples would constantly come in contact.

15. Them that sold and them that bought in the temple—This traffic was carried on in the outer court of the temple. It consisted in the buying and selling of animals, incense, oil, and other things required for sacrifice. It saved the pilgrims the trouble of bringing all these things with them from their distant homes, and was therefore a convenience and had the sanction of the chief priests. But the mercenary spirit of these traders led them to abuse their privilege, and their business was characterized by desecration, greed, and fraud.

Moneychangers—Those who, for a consideration, changed money, giving the people the smaller coins they needed in making small purchases and also giving those who came from a distance Hebrew coins in exchange for the Greek or Roman money they had brought with them.

Doves—The offering of the poor, who could not afford to bring sheep or oxen.

16. The court of the Gentiles, designed as a place where strangers might come to worship, had come to be used as a shortcut by those passing to and fro with vessels or packages.

7. It is not written, My house shall be called a house of prayer for all the nations?—See Isa. 56. 7, in which it is predicted that strangers who worshiped God, as well as Jews, shall be admitted to the privileges of the temple. The Jews had come to regard the court of the Gentiles, which was the seat of a universal worship, so indifferently that they allowed it to be used by the traders. We cannot tell how often strangers desired to come to the temple to worship, but there were some who accepted the Jewish faith, and we know that certain Greeks came asking to see Jesus. Jesus felt that this part of the temple, as well as the other courts, should not be given over to purposes which would prevent the worshiper from finding it a place where he could hold undisturbed communion with the Father.

A den of robbers—Quoted from Jer. 7. 11, in which the prophet speaks of the desecration of the temple because of the character of the people who used it. Here, it is not the people primarily, but the wrong use of the temple, which is condemned. Jesus evidently objected to having the house of prayer used as a place for personal gain. But fair trading could not be called "robbery," and before using so strong a word Jesus must have noticed that these traders were greedy and unscrupulous and that they sought to enrich themselves by taking an unfair advantage of those who came from a distance to worship in the temple.

18 The chief priests and the scribes—These were the authorities who had sold to the traders the right to carry on their business in the temple court. Since the words of Jesus were a rebuke to them as well as to the traders, they resented this invasion of their established rights. They also constituted the main body of the Sanhedrin, and therefore sought how they might destroy Jesus.

They feared him—Because the multitude stood in awe at the power of Jesus and the authority of his teaching.

19. We learn from Matthew that he went to Bethany.

20. As they passed by in the morning—Returning to Jerusalem.

22. Jesus answering—Replying to the wonder expressed in Peter's remark.

Saith unto them, Have faith in God—The thoughts of Jesus seem here to take a different turn from what we expect, and these words, with those following on forgiveness as a condition of answer to prayer (verse 25), may be given here as the substance of a longer conversation of which we are not given the full setting. If in direct reply to Peter's remark Jesus explained that faith in God was the source of his miraculous power over the fig tree, then, realizing their need far more fully than did they themselves, he may have been led to show them how they might attain the same power namely, through faith.

23. This mountain—As Jesus and his disciples were near the Mount of Olives all the way from Bethany to Jerusalem, the mountain referred to would be the Mount of Olives.

Doubt—Meaning, to be divided. Compare James 1. 6.

Shall believe that what he saith cometh to pass—This was the teaching of Jesus regarding the accomplishment of any great and seemingly impossible task through faith. It need scarcely be added that in referring to the moving of mountains he spoke in figurative language. Jesus himself never performed a miracle for the sake of doing a great or spectacular thing, and "neither Jesus nor his disciples ever removed mountains except metaphorically."

24. All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for—Prayer will also give the disciples power, but in prayer as well as in works it is necessary to have unshaken faith to make it efficient.

Receive—Received.

25. Whensoever ye stand praying—Usually the Jews stood when they offered prayer. Kneeling or entire prostration was sometimes used on occasions of great importance, as at the dedication of the temple (1 Kings 8. 54), or when the petitioner was in great trouble.

Forgive . . that your Father also who is in heaven may forgive you—Forgiveness is a second condition to the efficacy of prayer. No one can really receive forgiveness from God unless he has a penitent heart and a proper spirit about sin and forgiveness. No matter how willing God might be to forgive, the offender would not be able to receive pardon so long as he possessed a hardened heart and an unforgiving spirit. God does not, of his own accord, limit his forgiveness. These limitations are placed upon him by human conduct.

Figures may not lie, but statisticians frequently get their dates mixed.

"Do you keep two servant girls?" "No; my wife isn't strong enough to wait on more than one."

A Teetotaler's Epigram—Liquor improves with age. The longer you keep it corked the better it is for you.

EXPERIENCE OF A TORNADO

FREAKISH TRICKS WHICH IT PERFORMED.

Was An Impressive, But Terrible Sight, Declares An Eye-Witness.

It was my good or ill-fortune, says a writer in the Century Magazine, to be an eyewitness of one of the devastating tornadoes that often sweep American soil. About 6.30 on the afternoon of April 27, 1899, I left my house at Kirkville, Mo., to post some letters. The day had been rather remarkable, alternating between suffocating heat and chilliness of early spring. Dense dark clouds occasionally rolled across the saffron sky, and showers of rain alternated with bursts of sunshine, while the winds had been capricious, at times blowing in gusts and gales, to be followed by a dead calm. It needed no barometer to indicate an impending atmospheric disturbance, for everyone could feel it.

At the time I started from my house a gentle shower was falling, and I took my umbrella with me. As I stepped from the west door of the veranda a continuous roaring off to the southward burst on my ears, and, my house being on high ground I had an excellent view in that direction.

In the southwest, at the extreme limit of my vision, hung a lowering dark cloud, from which occasional peals of thunder issued. Just below the cloud, seeming to rest upon the earth, was

A Whirling Monster of Vapor.

dust and smoke, coming apparently toward me with an incessant and steadily increasing roar. The first appearance was that of a huge locomotive emitting black smoke and steam, and coming at a tremendous speed. The tornado seemed suddenly to tear itself loose from the black storm cloud and to advance at an increased speed rotating from right to left.

I quickly entered the house, calling to my wife and children to fly for their lives. My youngest daughter, aged sixteen, had gone to the second story to secure some windows, and evidently alarmed at my call, was for a moment dumfounded with fear. Bounding up the stairway I met her coming down, and my wife took her and our eldest daughter into the yard west of the house, where they sought safety behind some cedars.

Having placed them in what I thought the most secure place available, I once more turned my attention to the storm, which I found much nearer. The great funnel-shaped cloud, expanding and extending up into the vault of heaven, seemed to extend over the entire eastern horizon. It was a dark, steamy cloud, from which were emitted evanescent flashes of electric light.

My next care was for my mother and two sisters, one of whom was blind. Their cottage is on the same street, just opposite my own house. As I started across the street I shouted to a neighbor, who, with his wife and child, stook motionless on his veranda, calling to them to fly for their lives. By this time the tornado was near and its roar so loud that my voice could not be heard, though they saw my frantic gestures.

In the west wing of my mother's cottage were north and south windows, and I could see her standing quietly at the south window, gazing in awe and silence upon the fearful phenomenon, so terrible in its splendor that she was spellbound and incapable of motion.

I Shouted as I Ran.

but my calls were unheeded. She stood like a marble statue, her slight form and white hair silhouetted in the dull gray twilight that enveloped the scene, while the roaring, expanding monster continually was drawing nearer and nearer.

Suddenly there came a report as if a shell had exploded at the window. The noise broke the spell which chained her to the spot, and with my sisters and a servant girl she ran from the house.

All that I have described could not have occupied more than ten or fifteen seconds. The street was only 60 feet wide, and I was but halfway across when the report came from the cottage. At the same moment I discovered that the course of the tornado had changed, and that it was sweeping in a north-eastern direction through what is known as Fible's Addition to the city. Fibles Addition is built up chiefly with frame houses, one or two stories in height, which are occupied mainly by students, laborers and small merchants. A large brick house stands just southeast of the addition and to the east of the storm path, while the North Missouri state normal school building is just beyond the western limit. I knew that at this hour nearly all the people would be at home at supper and the tornado would burst on them without a moment's warning. A great crushing feeling of horror and grief supplanted the awful dread that only a moment before had stilled my heart.

Shouting to my wife that we were safe and directing her to telephone for surgeons, I ran east in the direction of the tornado. It had now grown to such gigantic proportions that it seemed to extend from the zenith to the farthest limit of the eastern horizon. When it struck the densely populated part of the city the continual crashing and tearing of houses was added to that of incessant rumbling and roaring, making an awful sound, which swelled in volume until the earth trembled beneath our feet. The air was filled with flying debris. Doors, shutters, roofs and even whole houses were sent soaring and whirling to a height of 300 or 400 feet. I saw the wheel of a wagon or carriage flying up into the storm cloud. One house was lifted upward to a height of more than 100 feet, when it seemed to explode into

A Thousand Fragments,

which went soaring, whirling and mingling with the other debris.

The wind two blocks away as it crossed our street pulled down a cedar tree in my front lawn and a huge large plate glass of the house adjoining was burst outward by the pressure of the air within and shattered into a hundred fragments. During the few seconds that the tornado took in crossing our street no one was in sight and I continued my flight toward the scenes of disaster without meeting or seeing anyone.

On it swept in its unswerving northeast course, a great black monster obscuring the eastern sky, a raging, baleful thing; a hateful, devouring demon, tearing up houses to their foundation stones, roaring, rumbling, crashing, thundering in its awful rage, the most terrifying spectacle man ever gazed upon until it swept out of sight, leaving a path of smoking ruins in its wake.

About 30 minutes after the tornado had swept over the city a black, angry cloud rose in the west and spread over the entire city deluging it with a downpour of rain, while the wind blew such a gale that many of our younger assistants became frightened and ran into cellars, ditches and sewers, to escape the fury of a second tornado. In vain the older and more experienced shouted that there was no danger. The downpour of rain soaked us all to the skin and was, of course, much worse for the unfortunates, many of whom were still under the ruins. Those whom we did rescue were laid on mats, doors and shutters until we could get men to carry them beyond the stricken district to carriages and ambulances, for the timbers and debris made it impossible for a vehicle to cross the patch.

MANY LAKES DISAPPEARING.

In Europe as Well as Africa, They Are Drying Up.

A report just laid before the Senate at Cape Town says definitely that South Africa is drying up not because of any lessening of the average rainfall but on account of the steady disappearance of the local water supplies. "There is no doubt," it adds, "that many parts of the Union will eventually become uninhabitable."

Long ago Livingstone pointed out this probability, and within the last half century quite a number of lakes in central Africa have disappeared while Lake Chad is shrinking every year.

Europe in no better case. A German geologist recently made an exhaustive inventory of the European lakes and found that hundreds had disappeared or been reduced to insignificant proportions. In the canton of Zurich 150 lakes were catalogued in 1660; now there are barely seventy. No one seems to have looked into the matter of the lakes of the British Isles.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One it that they haven't any mind, the other that they haven't any business.

TIME-TABLE

EASTBOUND

o. 8 (daily)	due	4.19 a.m.
12 (daily except Sun)	"	6 55 a.m
' 4 (daily).....	"	3.32 p.m.
6 (daily).....	"	3.55 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 MAILS

	Despatched	Arrive
Day, west	12.30 p.m.	1.30 "
Waddington.....	1.30 "	3.00 "
Day, east.....	3.30 "	4.30 "
Winchester.....	2.00 "	11.15 a.m.
Night, east... ..	7.30 "	
Night, west.....	7.30 "	
Sunday, E. & W.	7 30 "	

The Leader

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY FROM ITS OFFICE ON MAIN STREET, MORRISBURG, BY

The Leader Publishing Co.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1914.

THE TIME FOR THE BLOW

Austria-Hungary's ultimatum to Servia gave that little power the choice of either at once relinguishing its independence or at once fighting for it. That so spirited and martial a State would grovel at the feet of its big neighbor could not have been expected. The Vienna Government could have no doubt that Servia would fight before it would be brought under Austrian ascendency to the degree prescribed in the ultimatum. In other words, Austria-Hungary meant war from the outset, and speedily declared war after it received the extremely prompt and reasonable reply of its small neighbor.

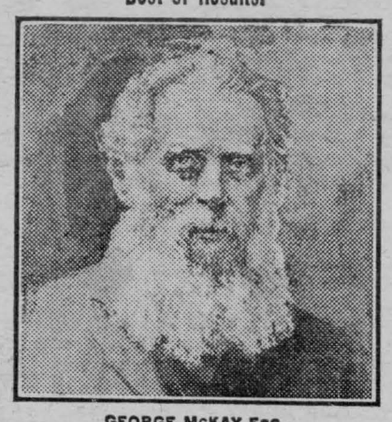
This does not mean that the Austria-Hungarian Government deliberately went about to plunge the two great coalitions of Europe into war. It had doubtless become somewhat contemptuous of the feelings and the understandings that gave the element of risk to its disturbance of the peace. In recent years it had twice seen that risk successfully run. It itself had seized Bosnia and Herzegovina in as flagrant a fashion as that in which it is now proceeding to crush Servia. The former outrage goaded Russia to the verge of war as the latter outrage is at present doing. But as Russia was at that time restrained from fighting, so Austria-Hungary evidently calculates Russia will be restrained now. Another threat from Germany, Austria's powerful ally, or an urgent appeal from France, Russia's powerful ally—or these influences combined—may be reckoned upon by the Vienna Government to keep the Muscovite power patient again under extreme provocation. Austria-Hungary may have reason to believe that, in regard to the affairs of the Near East, the solidarity of the alliance between itself and Germany is greater than the solidarity of the alliance between Russia and France Moreover, it probably counts upon the distant relation of British foreign policy to Balkan affairs to add Britain's persuasions to those of France to keep Russia quiet. It may take it for granted that Britain's direct interests would not warrant her in acting with the other powers of the Triple Entente in case of war. If Britain should stand aloof France would have redoubled reason for using its influence to restrain Russia. Not only at the time of the seizure of Bosnia and Herzegovina was the hazard of a general European war braved by Austria-Hungary, but also the same risk was incurred when war broke out between Turkey and the Balkan allies, and afterwards when the Balkan allies fell foul of one another. Austria-Hungary may therefore feel that the peril of a general European war is but a bugbear, and that it itself can proceed to work its will upon Servia without fear of molestation by Russia.

There are considerations which would incline it to regard the present as a favorable time for aggression upon the Balkan States. The life of the aged Emperor must be approaching its end. His personality is a real political bond counteracting the tendencies towards dissension among the discordant populations of the empire. Now that Francis Ferdinand is gone, the venerable Francis Joseph is not likely to be succeeded by a man capable of inspiring the same enthusiasm throughout the Dual Monarchy. If the empire is to strike with united force. it is doubtless felt that the blow should be delivered while he is alive. Hence, for the reason, the swiftness with which the murder of the heir-apparent has been followed by the attack on Servia.

Another reason for choosing the present time is that Britain has its hands full at home. By the criminal folly of the Asquith Government the nation has been brought to the brink of civil war. Ireland is divided into two great camps of trained and armed men who may come into collision at any moment. If hostilities should begin between the Unionist and the Nationalist volunteers in Ireland evils greater than any that have yet afflicted that unhappy country would befall it. The trouble would quickly overspread the whole United Kingdom. If all had been well with Britain at home Austria-Hungary might have kept hands off Servia.

A FAMILY REMEDY FOR MANY YEARS

Used "Fruit-a-tives" With The Best of Results.



GEORGE McKAY Esq.

KIPPEN, ONT., June 17th, 1913.

"I have been using "Fruit-a-tives" as a family remedy for many years. They are the best medicine I have ever tried. "Fruit-a-tives" do me the most good—they never gripe and their action is pleasant.

"I have used them for Indigestion and Constipation with the best results, and I heartily recommend them to anyone similarly afflicted.

These troubles have left me completely and I give "Fruit-a-tives" full credit for all this. A nicer pill a man cannot take."

GEORGE McKAY.

The enormous demand for "Fruit-a-tives" is steadily increasing, due to the fact that this wonderful fruit medicine gives prompt relief in all cases of Indigestion, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Rheumatism, Chronic, Headaches, and Neuralgia, and all Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

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

SYNOPSIS OF BY-LAW No. 716 Of the Township of Williamsburg,

In the County of Dundas

INTITULED—"A BY-LAW TO AID AND ASSIST THE MORRISBURG AND OTTAWA ELECTRIC RAILWAY COMPANY BY GUARANTEEING THE PAYMENT BOTH AS TO PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST OF $70,000.00 OF AN AUTHORIZED ISSUE OF $2,500,000.00 OF FIVE PER CENT. THIRTY-YEAR FIRST-MORTGAGE GOLD BONDS OF THE SAID COMPANY.

The liability intended to be created by this By-law is the guarantee of the principal and interest of $70-000.00 only of the authorized issue of $2,500,000.00 of the Five Per Cent. Thirty-year First Mortgage Gold Bonds of the Morrisburg and Ottawa Electric Railway Company which Bonds or the proceeds thereof are to be applied for the construction and equipment of the proposed line of the Morrisburg and Ottawa Electric Railway Company extending from the City of Ottawa in the County of Carleton, through,or partly through, the Township of Williamsburg in the County of Dundas to or near the Village of Morrisburg in the County of Dundas. The Township of Williamsburg shall become liable upon the said guarantee in case of default of payment of the interest or any part thereof or the principal or any part thereof of the Bonds of the Morrisburg and Ottawa Electric Railway Company to the par value of $70,000.00 the payment of which the said By-law authorizes to be guaranteed by the said Municipality.

The debt or liability created under the said Bylaw shall become payable on default of the Morrisburg and Ottawa Electric Railway Company to pay the interest on any bond or bonds guaranteed by the Municipality under the by-law or any part thereof, or on default of payment of the principal or any part thereof.

The municipality shall be liable for the payment of such portion of said Bonds or interest guaranteed by it as shall not be paid by the Morrisburg and Ottawa Electric Railway Company when and as the same become due and the payments (if any) to be made by the Municipality, together with any costs or charges in connection therewith shall be a charge upon and when and so often as the same is paid shall be assessed, levied and collected (at the same time as other taxes are levied and collected) by a special rate on the dollar sufficient therefor in addition to all other rates upon the ratable property of the Township of Williamsburg.

The issue of $2,500,000.00 of Bonds of the Morrisburg and Ottawa Electric Railway Company is to be secured by a deed of trust by way of mortgage to a trustee or trustee approved by the Reeve of the Municipality or by a majority of the reeves of the municipalities guaranteeing any portion of the said issue which trust deed shall contain a first mortgage or charge upon the line of railway from the City of Ottawa to the Village of Morrisburg and upon the rights of way, station grounds, and other railway estate and interest therein, buildings and other structures, and improvements, rolling stock and equipment, plant, machinery, tools, and supplies and other personal properties, present and future, acquired or to be acquired for the purpose of the line.

The form of the bonds or debentures to be guaranteed and the form of guarantee and the disposition of the proceeds of sale, pledge or otherwise pending the expenditures of such proceeds for the purpose of the line of railway shall be subject to the approval of the Municipal Council of the Township of Williamsburg and such terms, provisions and conditions shall be included in said deed of trust as counsel for the Municipality of the Township of Williamsburg may direct or the said Council by resolution thereof approve.

The line of railway to be aided shall be constructed in a thorough and workmanlike manner. The bridges over rivers shall be constructed of concrete and steel construction. The rails shall be not less than seventy pounds to the lineal yard with standard fastenings. The ties shall be of sound material and laid according to the standard rules for the construction of electric railways.

The Township of Williamsburg shall be subrogated in and to all the rights of the holders of the guaranteed bonds any interest upon or principal of which may be paid by the Corporation of the Township of Williamsburg and the Township of Williamsburg to the extent of the moneys so paid by it shall be in the position of the holders of the bonds or debentures in respect to which default in payment was made by the Morrisburg and Ottawa Electric Railway Company.

The Bylaw shall take effect upon and after the final passing thereof.

NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that the foregoing is a true Synopsis of a proposed Bylaw of the Corporation of the Township of Williamsburg to be submitted to the vote of the electors on the 17th day of August 1914, between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon at the following places:

Polling Subdivision No. 1—In William Henophy's house, lot 6, Con. 1; Deputy Returning Officer, Jesse I. Casselman; Poll Clerk, Clarence Baker.

Polling Subdivision No. 2—In Robert Cunningham's hall, lot 7, Con. 3; Deputy Returning Officer, M. S. Beckstead; Poll Clerk, H. A. Gallinger.

Polling Subdivision No. 3—In McMillan's and Barkley's hall, Centre Com., Con. 8; Deputy Returning Officer, John S. Marselis; Poll Clerk, Chris Barkley.

Polling Subdivision No. 4—In Cochrane's hall, lot 30, Con. 5; Deputy Returning Officer, Stanley McIntosh; Poll Clerk, Geo. R. Whitteker.

Polling Subdivision No. 5—In John Hall's house, lot 31, Con. 3; Deputy Returning Officer, Matthew Plantz; Poll Clerk, Merton Saddlemire.

Polling Subdivision No. 6—In M. A. Barkley's hall, lot 25, Con. 5; Deputy Returning Officer, William Carr; Poll Clerk, R. H. Beckstead.

Polling Subdivision No. 7—In Charles McMillan's house, lot 16, Con. 6; Deputy Returning Officer, John A. McLean; Poll Clerk, Mahlon Beckstead.

Polling Subdivision, No. 8—In Orange Hall, lot 31, Con. 8; Deputy Returning Officer, Morley McPherson; Poll Clerk, Abram Bailey.

Polling Subdivision No. 9—In Mrs. William Cleland's house, lot 36, Con. 1; Deputy Returning Officer, Harvey Froats; Poll Clerk, Ezra Duvall.

AND that on the 10th day of August, A.D., 1914, at the hour of 7 p.m., at the office of the Township Clerk of the Township of Williamsburg in the said municipality has been fixed for the appointment of persons to attend at the polling places and at the final summing up of the votes by the Clerk.

AND TAKE NOTICE further that a tenant who desires to vote upon said proposed Bylaw must deliver to the Clerk, not later than the tenth day before the one appointed for taking the vote a declaration under The Canada Evidence Act that he is a tenant whose lease extends over the time for which the debt or liability is to be created or in which the money to be raised by the proposed Bylaw is payable or for at least twenty-one years, and that he has by the lease covenanted to pay all the municipal taxes in respect to the property of which he is tenant other than local improvement rates.

AND THAT if the assent of the electors is obtained to the said proposed Bylaw it will be taken into consideration by the Municipal Council of the said Corporation at a meeting thereof to be held after the expiration of one month from the date of the first publication of this notice, and that such publication was made on the 24th day of July, A.D., 1914.

GEORGE M. LANE,
Township Clerk.

THE MUSKOKA LAKES

The Muskoka Lakes offer you relief from summer heat. They are in a region where one may escape from the bustle and dust of the city where there is an evenness in climatic conditions and a purity of atmosphere that cannot be surpassed. The Grand Trunk Railway is operating to this lake—land complete double service of vestibule trains and pullman cars. Write to W. H. McGannon for illustrated folders, rates, etc.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

HARVESTERS EXCURSIONS

Aug. 14th and 21st, 1914

To WINNIPEG

$12

From all Stations in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, east of Kingston, Sharbot Lake and Renfrew.

Proportionately low rates from Winnipeg to all points in Manitoba for Excursion of August 14th, and to all points in Manitoba, and Moose Jaw and East in Saskatchewan and Edmonton and East in Saskatchewan and Alberta, via Saskatoon, for Excursion of August 21st.

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

For information apply to nearest Can. Pac. Agent.

BYLAWS

The Morrisburg & Ottawa Electric Railway Co.

Meetings will be held at:—

MOREWOOD.....	Tuesday, August 11, 7 p.m.
DUNBAR.....	Wednesday, August 12, 7 p.m.
ARCHER.....	Thursday, August 13, 7 p.m.
WILLIAMSBURG.....	Friday, August 14, 7 p.m.
CHESTERVILLE.....	Saturday, August 15, 7 p.m.

All freeholders are cordially invited to attend.
Speakers will give full explanation and answer all questions.

OGDENSBURG'S BIG FAIR!

AUGUST 31, SEPTEMBER 1, 2, 3, 4, 1914

Opens to the Public, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st. Four Days of High Class Attractions, Entertaining and Instructions.

EVERYDAY, if weather permits, PROF. HUTCHINSON will give a thrilling BALOON ASCENSION, introducing for the first time in Northern New York his HUMAN BOMB ACT.

TUESDAY will open with PAIN'S DAYLIGHT FIRE WORK DISPLAY of American Flag from a bomb exploded 1000 feet in Air.

WEDNESDAY IS ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY DAY with special exhibit of County-Owned Horses in 23 Classes.

BIG HORSE SHOW with Representatives From Leading American and Canadian Stables,

BIG EXHIBIT OF DAIRY PRODUCTS AND APPLIANCES.

FIRST AUTOMOBILE SHOW EVER GIVEN IN NORTHERN NEW YORK.

DAILY CONCERT BY BIG OGDENSBURG BAND.

MIDWAY, LARGEST AND BEST EVER SEEN IN NORTHERN NEW YORK. CLEAN AND AMUSING.

THURSDAY EVENING HIGH CLASS CONCERT, PARTICULARS OF WHICH LATER.

SPECIAL RATES ON ALL RAILROADS AND STEAMBOATS.

BIG RACES FOR $5,000 IN STAKES AND PURSES.

SPECIAL EXHIBIT OF OGDENSBURG FIRE DEPARTMENT with Modern Fire Fighting Appliances.

PREMIUMS OF $10.000.00

Remember the Dates for the Big Fair

ANDREW IRVING, President. **L. C. NASH,** Secretary.

Sunday Church Services

St. Mary's (R.C.) Church

High Mass with sermon at 10.30 a.m.
Catachism at 3 p.m.
Evening service at 7 o'clock.
Rev. J. A. Meehan, pastor.

St. James' Church, Morrisburg

Sunday, Aug. 9th—Holy Communion at 8 a.m.; Litany and Matins at 11 a.m.; Evensong at 7 p.m.
Friday, Aug. 14—Adult Bible Class at 8 p.m.

Trinity Memorial Church, Riverside

Sunday Aug. 9th, Evensong at 2.30 p.m.

The Methodist Church

Morning service at 10 30; evening service at 7 o'clock. Sunday-school at 2.30 p.m.
Rev. A. J. H. Strike, pastor.

Knox (Presbyterian) Church

Morning service at 11 o'clock; evening service at 7. Sunday-school at 10 a.m. Rev. H. Cameron, pastor.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Home-Seekers' Excursions

—TO—

Western Canada

These excursions will again be run to Western Canada, this year, via the popular route of the Grand Trunk. Arrangements have been made that tickets will be on sale every Tuesday, commencing March 3rd and until October 27th. These tickets will bear a two month limit, which may be extended one or two months on tickets sold in March, April, May, June and July on payment of $5 for each month. Stop-overs allowed at all stations, Winnipeg and West thereof.

Settlers Excursions

To Porcupine, Cochrane, Haileybury and other points on T. & N. O. Ry.

Going July 30th returning Aug. 9th, 1914; Going Aug. 25 returning until September 4th, 1914; Going Sept. 30th returning until Oct. 10th, 1914.

Canadian National Exhibition

PEACE YEAR

America's Greatest Livestock Show
Acres of Manufactures
Exhibits by the Provinces
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Greatest Oriental Spectacle ever presented on Continent

Paintings from England, Scotland, United States and Canada
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Grand Water Carnival

Creatore's Famous Band

Score of other Bands
Dozen Band Concerts Daily
Chesapeake and Shannon
Biggest Midway ever
Peace Year Fireworks

International Peace Tattoo
10 Bands 400 Musicians

Aug. 29 1914 Sept. 14
TORONTO

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toronto County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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-Trea

Central Canada Exhibition

OTTAWA, CANADA

September 11th to 19th, 1914

Entries close Sept. 4th. Canada's Greatest Fall Live Stock and Poultry Show. Accommodation for 2,500 head.

All freight paid upon Live Stock entries from Ontario and Quebec.

Seventy acres of new, bright and up-to-the-minute exhibits.

New $50,000.00 Agriculture and Horticulture Buildings.

Dairy building covers 12,000 square feet in which prize competitions will be held in butter-making daily.

Huge parades of prize animals on track in front of grand stand.

Magnificient afternoon and evsning performance in front of grand stand.

2—WILD WEST SHOWS—2

(The Best Ever)

Unprecedented night and military and fireworks display, "Nero, and the Burning of Rome."

For fuller and more complete information, apply to

E. McMAHON,
Manager and Secretary, 26
Sparks street, Ottawa, Can.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West Land Regulations.

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. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions.

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, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may preempt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth $300.

The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough, scrubby or stony land. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. CORY, C.M.G.,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.—64388.

Cured of Sciatica and Rheumatism

After being attended by several physicians from August to October I was cured in two weeks at the

Morrisburg Sanitarium

C. B. CARTER,
Township of Matilda.

BORN

HILL—At Morrisburg, on Thursday, August 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. Heber Hill, a son.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Our Correspondents

WILLIAMSBURG

Mr. and Mrs. John Weston of Prescott were calling on friends in town Monday.

Mr. Clifford McIntosh was a visitor at Elma on Sunday.

Mrs. Dr. Collison of Brinstons spent Monday in our village.

Mrs. Ferguson who has been visiting with her son, Rev. D. Ferguson, has returned to her home in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Thomas Lane and Mrs. Andrew Buchan left Thursday to visit friends in Cornwall for a few weeks.

Mrs. H. M. Ouderkirk of Cardinal was renewing old friends in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Barkley of Mountain spent Sunday at Mrs. S. E. Barkley's.

Mrs. Elizabeth Polly of California is visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Charles Phifer's.

Misses Blanch Wells and Blanch Beckstead of Hoasic were the guests of Miss Eva Beckstead the latter part of the week.

Mr. Adam Marcellus is home for a few days.

Mr. Martin Casselman of Cardinal is on the sick list and is spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Casselman.

Mrs. John Warring and daughter Alice spent Sunday at Mrs. Martha Weaver's.

Mr. andMrs. Jerry Lane spent Sunday at Mrs. Effie Tuttle's, Dundela.

Miss Winnie Phifer of Chase's Mills was the guest of Miss Mayfred Phifer a few days last week.

Mrs. Herman Woods of Wales and Mrs. Herbert Woods of Prince Ruport spent a few days last week visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Beckstead's.

Miss May Norval who has been visiting friends in Cedars, Quebec, has returned home.

Max Strange spent a few days with friends in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Morley Wells of Hoasic were guests at Mr. Frank Empey's on Sunday.

Rev. Warner Genzmer of Rochester, N.Y., was a visitor at the Rev. Maurer's a few days.

Rev. Genzmer will occupy the pulpit in the Lutheran Church on Sunday morning and Rev. H. J. Behrens of Berlin, Ont., will occupy the pulpit in the evening.

Mr. andMrs. F. Beckstead of Morewood was in town on Sunday by auto and was guests at Mr. Charles Phifers'.

Miss Clara Armstrong of Morrisburg spent a few days visiting with Miss Grace Merkley.

Miss Maud Strader left Tuesday to spend a few weeks' vacation with friends in Iroquois and other places.

While out pleasure driving on Saturday evening, Mr. Claud Casselman had an upset. His buggy was pretty well shattered but the occupants were not hurt any. Only he was pretty well shaken up with a little scare.

Our town was deserted on Tuesday and Wednesday, the citizens having gone to the horse races in Morrisburg.

Miss Alice Casselman is visiting friends in Morrisburg this week.

PEACOCK—TAYLOR

A very quiet and pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Deeks of Williamsburg on Monday morning August 3rd, when Miss Gertrude Taylor of Ottawa was united in marriage to Mr. Alexander Peacock of the same city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. A. Ferguson, and after dinner the happy young couple started east on the 3.32 p.m. train for a short wedding trip before returning to their home in Ottawa.

EAST WILLIAMSBURG

Mr. Neil Willard of Buffalo is visiting at Mr. William Vanallen's

Mr. Stanley Wells and sister, Martha, spent Sunday with friends at Hoasic.

Mr. Gilbert Beckstead of Froatburn is visiting at Mr. William Henophy's.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Prunner and son, Lorne, and Mrs. Frank Rooks and baby of Nudell Bush were at Mr. William Henophy's, jr. Sunday.

Our picnic which was held at Maple Isle on Thursday was a grand success as the day was fine and every one seemingly enjoyed themselves.

Mr. Jake Garlough and Mr. Hutchison of Williamsburg and Miss Lottie and Murray Styles of Froat burn attended the picnic on Thursday.

Miss Emma Watson of Winchester, is spending the week in our burg.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Hamilton and daughter of Brockville and Miss Josie Summers of Winchester and Miss Ida Beckstead of Morrisburg, are visiting at Mr. J. N. Willard's this week.

Miss Ida Watson of Winchester, who has been spending the last week with her aunt, Mrs. Martha Watson returned home on Sunday and was accompanied by her friend, Mr. Morris Cheeney of Winchester.

Mrs. John Wells of Aultsville, spent Friday with friends in our burg.

NATION VALLEY

Mrs. Bell of Guelph hasbeen the guest of her sister, Mrs. Grey.

Miss Jane Carruthers left on Tuesday last to visit several relatives in Moosejaw, Sask.

Miss Violet Hess of Syracuse, N. Y., is home on holidays.

Mrs. Wm. Jamieson is at present visiting relatives at Brinston's Corners.

Mrs. Jno. Millar and son Frank of Inkerman were guests recently of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rae.

Miss Mabel Rae is this week at Point Iroquois.

Miss Dean Darling spent the past week at North Williamsburg, guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. Darling.

Mr. Davy Jamieson of Montreal visited his parents of this vicinity the 1st of the week.

Mrs. Malcolm Smith and Miss Edith Smith of Chesterville spent Wednesday in this vicinity.

GLEN BECKER

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Beckstead was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Barkley on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Munroe of Nation Valley visited friends here this week.

Mr. Adam Fetterly of Cornwall was here on business recently.

Considerable repairs are being made to the school houses of sections 10 and 20.

Mr. Walter Coulthart and Misses Jennie and Aggie, were the guests of Mrs. M. Barkley Wednesday.

Mr. P. O. Berkley has his new Poultry plant about completed. The main building will be 100x16 feet.

Miss G. Flandert of Norfolk, N. Y. is the guest of Miss Hilda Barkley.

BRINSTON

Miss Lulu Beckstead of Ogdensburg is visiting her cousin, Miss May Gilson at present.

A good crowd attended sacramental service here Sunday morning, also service Sunday evening.

Miss Wright of Morrisburg is spending a couple of weeks with her sister, Mrs. Dr. Harvey.

Miss Ethel Ault of Cornwall is spending a couple of weeks with friends in town.

Mrs. C. Johnston of Spencerville visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Bush, over Sunday.

Mrs. Chas. Gibson is visiting friends in Brockville this week.

Mrs. R. Wallace spent last week at Winchester Springs.

AULTSVILLE

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Mrs. L. Barclay which occurred very unexpectedly at her home on July 28th.

Mrs. Barclay was held in high esteem by all who knew her. Deceased was a member of Immanuel Presbyterian Church and an earnest and devout worker in the Women's Foreign Missionary Society.

Mrs. Barclay leaves to mourn her loss, besides her mother, brothers and sisters, a husband and two young sons.

FROATBURN

Quite a few from here attended the horse races at Morrisburg on Aug. 4-5.

Miss Lottie and Mr. Murray Styles took in the picnic on Maple Island on Thursday.

Mrs. C. Bouck and sons, passed through here Sunday enroute to Riverside.

Mr. J. Beckstead and daughter Miss Ella of Williamsburg passed through here on Tuesday.

Mrs. Jas. J. Styles left on Tuesday for New Richmond, Wisconsin to visit her daughter, Mrs. Ross Swerdfeger and other relatives.

SOMETHING WORTH NOTING

The following points have been noted by various authorities on poultry-keeping, and it might be well for the average poultryman to keep them in mind:

That there is no breed or variety amongst those in general use that far excels, other breeds or varieties, so far as egg production is concerned.

That more depends upon the strain than the breed or variety, and the breeder has the improving of the strain in his own hands. Through selection he can improve the laying capacity of whatever birds he may be keeping.

That some hens have a born tendency to lay, while others have a born tendency to put on fat. It is therefore essential to cull intelligently, and make close observations when feeding. The tendency to fat may be corrected to some extent by careful feeding.

That to trap nest in the fall and winter, and breed from the pullets and hens that lay early and well right through the winter, will pay the average poultryman.

That hens like sprouted oats, and steamed alfalfa leaves, and these two forms of green food, do much towards filling the winter egg basket. The food too is cheap.

That the Mediterranean class can stand more protein, and fattening foods than the large breeds. They do not put on fat readily, and are not liable to get too fat, as is the case with the Asiatic and American classes.

That the Mediterraneans are affected more than the other classes by extreme cold, on account of their large combs, their smaller bodies, and closer feathering, affecting their egg yield accordingly.

That to get eggs one must feed liberally especially in winter.

That the old belief of the male bird being necessary to egg production, has been exploded long ago, the truth being that hens lay a few more eggs when the males are not with them, and the eggs keep better.

That regularity in feeding is essential for the best results.

That a hen cannot maintain several hundred lice on her body, and, at the same time, lay eggs.

That any birds showing the slightest signs of disease should be removed from the flock. Promptness in isolating may save the whole flock.

That dry, well ventilated houses are necessary at all times, and in building poultry houses provision should be made for admitting a maximum amount of sunlight.

The poultryman who will read, mark and learn the above points is not necessarily perfect. He will, however, be climbing the ladder of perfection, getting better egg yields and be able to smile at he who is content to follow along the old road.

INSIST ON BETTER ROADS

Better roads are essential to better living as well as to the farmer's comfort and convenience. They are essential to the reasonable pleasure of his family. Good roads mark the standing of every community.

The greatest objection to living in the country is the difficulty of getting about. You must get about if you properly market your crops if you are to keep your machinery in order, if you send your children to school, if you go to church or attend meeting. These are not little things. They are matters of vital importance. Bad roads impose the heaviest tax on a farmer that he pays, and he is certain to pay for it, whether he knows it or not. He pays it in the wear and tear of all his vehicles. He pays it in the loss of time. He pays it in the additional labor imposed upon his stock. He pays through the labor or self-denial of his family.

Therefore, work for better roads as you would work to put out a fire in your barn. Study the best methods for building and maintaining better roads as you go along. The roads of a community are largely determined by local conditions. Some communities have an abundance of road-making material. Others have to rely upon material of secondary value. The farmers ought to determine what material to use, and they ought to ask engineers how best to use that material.

Heated Air, Electricity, Ozon Massage and Vibrations used at The

Morrisburg Sanitarium

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

One baking tells the tale. Use PURITY FLOUR once and you'll always use it.

PURITY FLOUR

MAKES
"More Bread and Better Bread"
and—Better Pastry too.

Buy a sack of PURITY. Your money will be returned if it does not prove entirely satisfactory. 613

Sold by Mullin Bros., Casselman Bros., W. G. Beckstead, Chas. S. Colquhoun. C. E. CASSELMAN, Distributor.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhœa. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Bishopric Wall Board



The modern building material. Makes a handsome air-tight wall for any building. Is better than plaster and makes a big saving in time and cost of applying. Suitable for either exterior or interior use.

A single sheet of Bishopric Asphalt Mastic Wall-Board is 4 x 4 feet square. It comes from the factory accurately cut to the 4 x 4 foot size and is all ready to nail on the studding of your building. Anyone who can drive nails can put it on. It takes wall paper, paint, burlap or any other wall decoration.

1000 square feet of Bishopric Wall Board covers 1000 square feet of wall space. No shrinkage need be figured on, therefore it is cheaper than planed boards or any other material for sheeting.

If you want only 100 square feet for trial it will cost you only $2.70. Special low price for 1000 feet.

Dominion Brand Roofing

Look for the Red Label

2 or 3 ply Ready-to-apply Roofing. One square in a rod. Fixtures supplied with each roll, consisting of sufficient broad-head nails and cement for laps, together with full directions for laying.

One side granitized, making it fireproof.

Absolutely the the best and cheapest roofing to buy.

R. H. BRADFIELD & CO.

Plate Glass Front Hardware Store

MORRISBURG, - - - ONTARIO



For Headaches

Here's the Reason and the Cure

Most people at some time or another suffer from headaches—disordered stomach, liver or bowels is the cause—any one can be cured—one woman says: Chamberlain's Tablets did more for me than I ever dared hope for—cured headaches—biliousness—and toned up my whole system—I feel like a new woman." No case too hard for these little red health restorers. 25c. a bottle. Druggists and Dealers, or by Mail.

Chamberlain Medicine Company, Toronto 5

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS YOUR BEST FRIEND

OUT OF HIS DEPTH

A select company of the employees of Messrs. Hatchen & Slee, the well-known drapers, had arranged a picnic up the river, and Bob Clayton had looked forward to it for weeks. When he rose from his bed in the morning and saw the glorious sunshine, he felt that the good weather was directly due to his earnest supplications.

He had selected this event as furnishing the best possible opportunity for carrying out the project nearest to his heart.

For months he had paid sollicitous attentions to Ethel Gibb, the pretty typist, and these, he was convinced had been received not unfavorably. He had pictured the scene and rehearsed the part he would play. He would lead her away from the party to a quiet spot on the river bank. It would be evening, and the only sounds would be the gurgling of the water and the voice of someone singing in the distance. The atmosphere would be charged with sweet sentiment, and he would take Ethel's dear little hand, and, beginning with a subtle reference to his recent rise, and to the hollow loneliness of his life, would so lead up to his declaration of love.

That was what he had planned; but no sooner had he joined the party at Hammersmith than he became aware of a disturbing element.

That element was a dashing young man in white flannels, with a blue jacket with brass buttons.

"Lemme introduce my friend Mr. Townley," said Fairlee, of the ribbon department. "Percy, this is Mr. Clayton."

"Pleased to meet you," said Mr. Percival Townley graciously, adding as a car came along: "Is this our Rolls Royce?"

It was clear to Clayton from the laughter that this sally aroused that Percival Townley had established himself as a wit.

Nor was he mistaken. As he tendered his fare to the conductor he bade that official to "Hold your hand out, naughty boy." He demonstrated a trick with matches, and made a running comment on every incident that happened.

"He'll be the life o' the party," whispered Fairlie. "He's a great card. I'm glad I thought of bringing him."

"Rather," replied Clayton gloomily.

He did not at all appreciate the attention that the new-comer was concentrating on himself. Even Ethel Gibbs, who sat next to him, seemed to be greatly enjoying the entertainment.

Somehow Mr. Percival Townley's correct river attire, together with his manner of assurance and vivacity, forced home upon Bob Clayton the conviction that his clothes were old, and that he ought to have a straw hat instead of a cap, and that he had cut himself while shaving and that he had nothing to say.

Once he made a bold attempt to compete with "the life of the party." He began narrating an anecdote he had heard the previous day. When he was half-way through with it he suddenly realized that he had forgotten the end of it, and had to admit as much.

Mr. Townley shook his finger at him.

"I believe," he said daringly, "that you've just discovered that it is not a proper story."

"Indeed it is," protested Clayton, flushing.

"Ah, so you say! Hold your hand out, naughty boy!"

There was a burst of laughter which Clayton believed to be at his expense.

He had no appetite for the delicious pork-pies and sandwiches and fruit that came out of the hamper. Seated opposite him was Ethel Gibbs, and beside her Percival Townley, and her eyes were dancing with merriment at his words. He had never been able to make her laugh like that.

He was the only member of the party who was not enjoying the picnic. He made a brave attempt to force a laugh now and again. During a lull in the conversation Mr. Townley addressed the company:

"Lets have another story from Mr. Balzac over there," he said, pointing his stick at Clayton. "Pass the salt, Mr. Galt. Thanks, Mr. Shanks!"

"You are a comedian, you are!" grinned Fairlie. "I don't know how you think of all that. It was a good notion of mine to bring him along, was'nt it, Miss Gibbs?"

And Ethel replied "Yes" with enthusiasm.

Bob Clayton now wished that he had never joined the party. It was clear to him now that Ethel did not care for him in the least, else she would not let a stranger monopolise her like this.

At that moment an aeroplane appeared overhead.

"I wouldn't go in one of those things if you paid me," said Fairlie.

Mr. Townley shrugged his shoulders.

"It's not so bad as it looks," he said. "Of course, the first time you Volplane you get a bit of a thrill."

"Have you ever been up, Mr. Townley?" asked Ethel Gibbs.

"Twice," replied Townley, looking heavenwards.

Ethel clasped her hands.

"I'd love to go up!" she cried. "Were you high? And who took you up?"

"High! About two thousand feet. A fellow named Smith took me up. He's an airman—a pal o' mine."

"Never heard of him," growled Clayton.

"Go down to the foot of the class, then!" was Townley's quick rejoinder.

"Was it very exciting?" cried Ethel breathlessly.

"So, so. Nothing to a submarine, though—at least, that's my opinion. But then, when I went down in a submarine it was rather an exceptional experience."

"Have you been down in a submarine too?"

"I tell you, my friend Townley's seen some life," put in Fairlie.

Townley looked modestly at the river.

"We were experimenting with a new pump," he said. "I'm in the engineering line, you know. What made the thing a bit risky was that if the pump didn't work properly we'd not rise to the surface."

The party were awed into a short silence. Then there came down the river a punt in which a stout gentleman was being initiated into the art of punting. His endeavor aroused the amusement of the picnic party.

"What he ought to do is to let the pole fall into the water," said Townley critically. "No use shoving it down like that. He'll never learn to punt in a thousand years in that way."

"Do you go much on the river, Mr. Townley?" asked Ethel.

"A goodish bit. My uncle's got a houseboat at Henley."

"How lovely! Then you can punt, of course?"

Mr. Townley looked at her with an amused smile.

"I won the singles at Henley last year," he said lightly.

"I was at Henley yast year," put in Clayton aggressively I never saw any punt racing."

"Didn't you; Which day did you go, then?"

"The last day."

"That's why, then. The punting comes on the first day."

Clayton tore up a handful of grass and threw it viciously into the river.

"That's what we ought to ha' done," said Fairlie. "We ought to have had punts."

"That would have been something like," agreed Townley, with a meaning glance toward Ethel.

Clayton was seized with a sudden idea. At all costs he meant to put his suspicion to the test.

"Why can't we, then?" he demanded. "It's not too late yet."

"Where d'you think you'd get a punt?" asked Townley.

"Where d'you think—in a greengrocer's?" cried Clayton, and this time it was he who got the laugh. "We passed a boat-hirers on our way here."

So acceptable was the idea that a move was made to the boat-hirers.

"There's too many of us for a punt?" said Townley. "Let's have a skiff."

"Not likely!" cried Clayton loudly. "What I want to see is you punting."

Townley met his glance and flushed. There could be no mistaking the challenge.

"If you think you are going to see me tiring myself in this heat you are mistaken," growled Townley.

"You can take it easy," suggested Clayton.

To Townley's chagrin there was no lack of punts for hire. He pointed out the superior attractions of a skiff, but Clayton was adamant. He selected a punt, and insisted on embarking.

"Now, then, show us how it's done," cried Clayton. Then he added in a whisper to the girl by his side: "I'll bet he can't punt."

Townley heard the whisper, and, with a savage glance at Clayton, seized the pole.

It was a heavy cargo, but in the shallow water his pole found good support, and a lusty shove sent them toward mid-stream. Townley was secretly surprised at his success. Clayton was seized with chagrin. The fellow could punt, after all. He was not very graceful at it, and he got a lot of water down his sleeves; but they were going. There was no doubt about that.

"It's lovely," murmured Ethel.

"I could have sworn—" whispered Clayton, but the girl interrupted him.

"Don't be so disagreeable," she said quickly, "You've been a perfect bear all day."

"Hot work, Percy?" asked Fairlie suddenly.

Percival Townley was finding it very hot work indeed. And there entered his mind a doubt as to whether things were going to turn out at all right after all. At each shove of the pole the nose of the punt swung round.

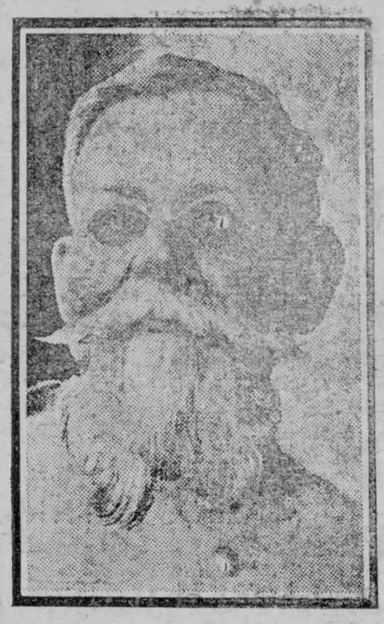
"Which way are you taking us?" demanded Clayton. "We can't go both ways at once."

"You mind your own— Dash!"

The pole suddenly descended into deep water.

"It's too deep for punting here," he gasped.

"How do these other chaps manage it, then?" asked Clayton. "Peg away!"



GEN. CARRANZA,
the new Dictator of Mexico, who has been leader of the Constitutionalists.

Townley looked round nervously. A big steam-launch was bearing down upon them. They could hear the singing of its passengers and the rattle of dishes. Its whistle blew threateningly. Clayton seized a paddle, and, while he strove to propel the punt in one direction, Townley as strenuously tried to pole it in the other. It will never be known which force would have prevailed in the long run, for Townley, chancing to get his pole to the river bed, gave a furious lunge. The punt swung round. Townley tugged at the pole. It was as though it was dragging him out of the punt. He hung on gamely; then, with a wild cry, he toppled into the river.

"Well, of all the—" began Clayton, but Ethel shrieked:

"Look! He can't swim!"

That was very evident. Townley came to the surface, his arms smiting the water.

"Help!" he shouted.

Without a moment's hesitation Clayton jumped after him—not dived, as he might have done, but jumped. The watchers saw him seize Townley, and, with a strange stroke that they had never seen before, pull him to the bank. In a few minutes they saw him rise to his feet and help Townley on to his legs. By this time Fairlie had managed to paddle the punt to the bank, and the jeers of the people in the launch had died away.

"How splendid you are!" cried Ethel, ignoring the panting and sodden Townley.

"Oh, that's nothing!" said Clayton. "Must cut off to get dry somewhere."

"I'll come with you," she said.

As they walked along she exclaimed with scorn:

"I don't believe he was ever up in an aeroplane."

"Nor do I," agreed Clayton.

"But, Bob, you never told me you could swim!"

"I can't, that's why," grinned Bob Clayton.

"But how tremendously brave of you to jump in, then!"

"Oh, not so brave as all that! You see, I simply walked to shore."

"Walked!"

"Yes, I kept well under the water to make him think it was deep; but I knew by the way the pole went down that it wasn't much above my waist." He glanced anxiously at the girl. "You're not angry with me, are you?" he asked.

"You are a caution, Bob!" she cried.

Bob Clayton swallowed.

"I say, Ethel, I may as well tell you now," he began. "I've been wanting to ask you—that is to say, do you think that you—that you and I——"

"Wait till you get dry, Bob, and you can tell me then," was the blushing interruption.

"I believe you've guessed!"

"Guessed what?"

"That I—that you—that we——"

She caught his hand and squeezed it.

"Of course," she replied. "But don't kiss me in front of the hotel. Wait till you get dry."—London Answers.

Silk Fishing Lines.

The familiar leaders for attaching fishhooks to lines, known as silkworm gut, is made from the caterpillars of silkworms, by placing the freshly-killed worms in vinegar for several days. The caterpillar is then pulled apart in such a way as to draw out a glutinous thread formed by the silky secretion, three feet long, which is then stretched on boards and dried in the sun. The silkworm from which this kind of fishline is made is a green variety about three inches long, feeding on the leaves of the camphor tree. Forty grades of this product are recognized by dealers, the price varying from 30 cents to $6 a pound.

Many a man who is thrown on his own resources, says a cynic, falls back on those of his friends.

First Lady: "Too bad! Mrs. S. always has such abominable weather for her afternoon teas." Second Lady: "Yes; she never pours but it rains."

Comment on Events

The Fifty-Sixth President.

Francisco Carbajal, who has been elected Provisional President of Mexico succeeds a long line of emperors, presidents and dictators of various sorts who have ruled or tried to rule over that troubled country for a greater or lesser length of time. For lightning shifts in its rulers no other country in the world can compare with it. In the sixty years prior to President Porfirio Diaz's second term there have been no less than 52 rulers of Mexico, the large majority of whom were usurpers. Since the abdication of Diaz the number of rulers, permanent or provisional, has been increased by four, so that the latest occupant of the National Palace is the 56th. Although Carbajal is said to be of a peaceful and conciliatory disposition, his name is suggestive of anything but gentle methods. There was old Carbajal, famous as the faithful lieutenant and chief executioner of Pizarro. When he was being led to execution for all his bloody deeds he consoled himself by saying, "I have no enemies—I have killed them all."

Commission Government.

According to the report of the National Municipal League of the United States, recently issued from Philadelphia, the commission and commission-manager forms of government for cities have proved their worth wherever they have been carefully and fairly tried out. The committee of the league which issued the report agrees that commission government is a relative success and that the people living under it generally are more content than those where the old form obtains. The reason given for this is because the commission system is more sensitive to public opinion and does away entirely with the political affiliations of municipal government.

Revival of Boxing.

It is said the craze for boxing has gained full sway in France and is now making substantial headway in England. It has become so entrenched in those countries that the discussion has arisen whether or not women should attend boxing bouts. When that time arrives we are going to turn pessimist.

There are some good people, no doubt, who are able to see nothing wrong in a boxing match, and we are quite certain that all the bad peple of all grades and tones are positively sure there is nothing wrong in it. But let that get the rage, like the tango, and there will be nothing that can hold humanity down to the serious, simple and beautiful life. Maybe it cannot hurt society, but if it can't it will only be because society is passed hurting. We refer to this because a contemporary says, "It is well to be warned in time that a new craze is in the air and that it may possibly be headed this way."

Crime and Passion.

Two of the most sensational murders of a decade are now the subject of investigation by experts in criminalogy in the United States. Two women of good social standing and heretofore of unblemished character, one of them the mother of children, stand accused of murder. In one case the victim was a woman and in the other a man. There is mystery in both cases, as there usually is in murders in which women are accused. Men kill in quarrels or for gain or for some motive well understood. A murder by a woman is usually an emotional act. It is the result of a sudden and uncontrollable impulse. At Stamford, Connecticut, a business man makes a social call upon a woman at her apartments. He is found lying dead on the sidewalk. It is at first believed his death was due to a fall, but suspicion is aroused and points to the woman, and the developments are such that she is held without bail. At Freeport, Long Island, N.Y., a married woman visits a doctor in his office. As she is about to leave she is fatally shot. The doctor explains that the shot came from the outside through a window. Investigation throws doubt on this story. A dictagraph in the office set by the doctor's wife for the purpose of eavesdropping points to jealousy as the motive for the murder and other circumstances seem to implicate her. The hope is entertained by all well wishers of their kind that in both of these cases, so much shrouded in mystery, the accused women may prove their innocence. It is shocking to the mind that any woman, high or low, should be accused or even suspected of murder, but human passions have no sex and the impulse to crime exists in all stations in life.

The Real Ireland.

The Irish Homestead says that the number of co-operative conferences and meetings which are taking place all over Ireland indicate the vitality of the movement. We read lately in an English pa a frequency hitherto only rumored in romances about the Wild West of America, per a very pessimistic account of Ireland as a place where nothing but secret conspiracies took place, where everybody was armed, where the revolvers went off with and then we read all these reports of farmers meeting in conference, considering their industry, the organization of the meat industry, the tillage problem, winter milk, labor, dairying, federation, and we wondered whether our neighbors across the Channel would not be just as much interested in these things as in the firing off of an old gun in the dark."

Most friends of Ireland would like the outside world to know that amid the tramp of marching men and all the other sensations there are a considerable number of people engaged in the intellectual employment of building up a rural civilization in Ireland, and that they come in large numbers to meetings and discuss economic problems and seem utterly unaware that their country is regarded by many outside Ireland as completely given over to the Devil and anarchy.

900,000,000 Bushels of Prosperity.

To escape prosperity with such crops as are promised this year by the United States Government experts, remarks a New York daily, is going to be difficult. The wheat crop in particular, notes another, "is real, and not psychological, grain." For the farmers are already busy with a "bumper" harvest of winter wheat, comprising the larger part of this years record-breaking total wheat production, which is estimated at 900,000,000 bushels, an increase of 137,000,000 over last last year's record crop. Other grains show signs of bounteous harveste, and, according to the U.S. Department of Agriculture's estimate, thirty-five States will produce crops greater than the average for the past ten yeare.

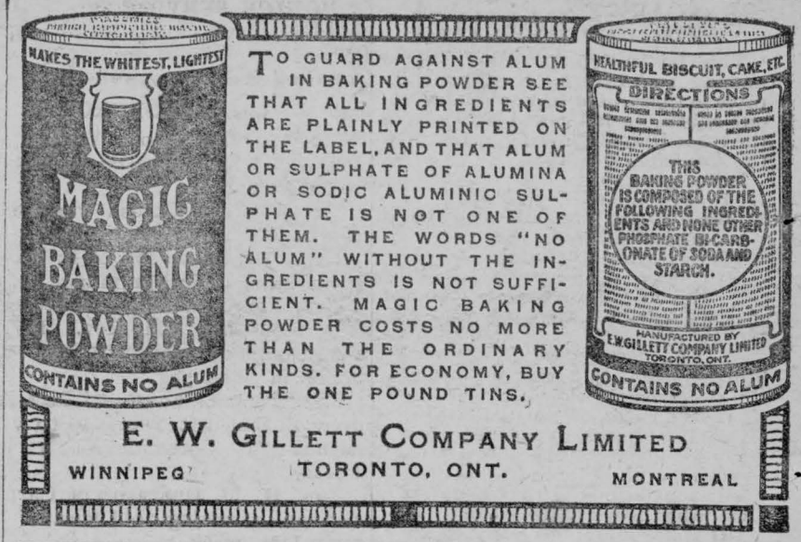
Sunday Fatalities.

Every Sunday has its automobile accident and its fatality. Why is it so? Is it because it is Sunday? Some with good reason think so, but we discard the technical reason for the broader one that if Sunday was spent kindly, thoughtfully, temperately and those qualities that so honor the day there would not be such frequency of sad and fatal mishaps.

We turn aside from all puritanic dictation, and advise that we "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," not from any dogmatic or verbal standpoint, but from that high summit where the vision spreads out to include moderation, happiness, the simple life and the poise of the soil. Observing this advice there will be few if any tales of sorrow every Monday morning. But rather there will be a day of good sense and happiness, instead of a riotous pursuit of fun, an experience that only shallow minds and uncivilized hearts insist upon.

"Yes, my brethren, keep in the straight and narrow way," said the preacher. "Well," commented Mis Smartest, "what else can one do in these hobble skirt?"

"What were the provisions of your uncle's will?" "I am to have all he left after the payment of his just debts." "That was all right! What did he leave?" "Just debts!"



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E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

AN ELEPHANT WOODCHOPPER

Rama's Intelligence Was Really Wonderful.

In the timber-hauling department of the forest service of India, the elephant has proved himself an eminently useful workman. His combination of enormous strength and high intelligence is very valuable when he has to cope with the giant trees of the dense jungle. And of all the elephants in the service, Mrs. M. A. Handley says, in "Roughing It in Southern India," none was so wise as Rama.

Rama was the one the men always chose for any special task that needed great judgment. I often saw him thus engaged when a huge tree had to be felled. On one occasion, I remember, it was of such height and girth that it would have been risky for the men to be anywhere near at the last, in case it should give way too suddenly, or lurch over sidewise. But it could not fall backward, so Rama's business was to push it over, when the two axemen had hewn deeply enough to make that possible; and when that moment had come he was to be the judge.

A space was first cleared for the fall of the giant tree, where it could do not harm. Rama was evidently the brain of the partnership, for when the men were pretty well through the trunk, they consulted him by stopping and looking at him. That meant that he was to test it to see whether they should go on cutting any longer. He knew by trying with his forehead how much resistance the tree still offered; how he knew is the marvel, for no one could teach him that; but know he did. It was supremely interesting to watch him stand, with his grand head pressed against the trunk, every muscle in his body taut, but only for a few seconds, in order not to waste his strength. Then, if his judgment declined the task, he would step aside for the axemen to put in another ringing stroke or two; and again it was their turn to stand by while Rama made another trial. He knew, without having been taught, the importance of attacking the weakest point, and brought all his strength to bear on that. As soon as he was satisfied, the men were, nor would they have dared to give a single extra blow. Not having his intuitive knowledge, they left everything to him, their own safety included.

When Rama's instinct told him he could fell the tree, he did not move aside, but lifted his head and looked all round, in a way that said plainly enough that the time had come for all to keep clear, that he was now going to pit himself against the tree, and that the tree would have to go. Not until everyone was at a safe distance would he begin. Then, again lowering his head, he pressed and pressed, with forehead and bent knee, while the tree creaked and groaned, and at last fell over just where it was meant to fall. Then men and the elephant were trembling, for it had been a task of strength and nerve for all of them. Then the axemen did a pretty thing; they went up to old Rama, and rubbing their faces against his, kissed him!

SAVING WESTMINSTER'S ROOF

Has Been Almost Ruined by a Tiny Beetle.

The roof of Westminster Hall, long a remarbable example of what the genius of a master builder can accomplish in bridging space, has been almost ruined, according to a London correspondent, by a tiny beetle whose first cousins have destroyed many millions of feet of timber in western America.

The mischief has been discovered in time, however, and the builders are putting in new wood to replace the huge beams that are worm-eaten or perishing from dry rot.

The roof is two hundred and ninety two feet above the floor. The remarkable thing about it is its width—sixty-eight feet—which is covered in a single span by stout English oak. With the exception of modern iron-girdered roofs, there is only one roof in the world with a greater span, and that is the Hall of Justice in Padua, Italy.

William Rufus built the hall in 1097, but it was not until three hundred years later that the artificers of Richard II. undertook the stupendous task of replacing with a single span a roof that was originally built with a nave and side spans. These forgotten builders did their work well; they understood and provided so well for all the possible lines of strain and thrust pressure and resistance that the great timbers seem to soar from corbel to corbel.

It was the irony of destiny that in 1399 the roof that Richard had constructed looked down on the ceremony of his solemn deposition. Two and a half centuries later there was another striking scene in the hall, for in 1657 Cromwell, robed in purple and ermine, was installed as Lord Protector in the hall. Only four years later his head, severed from the exhumed trunk at Tyburn, was carried on a pole and set up in Westminster, as Samuel Pepys so unctuously records in his diary.

Parliament sat in Westminster Hall, although not exclusively, from quite early times. Justice was administered there in the king's name, and some of the most important and tragic state trials were held beneath its roof. Sir William Wallace, King Charles I., Sir Thomas More, Anne Boleyn, the Protector Somerset and Lord Strafford are only a few of those who faced their fate beneath the old oak timbers. Gladstone and Edward VII., dead, both lay in state beneath the roof.

God gives us all some small sweet way to set the world rejoicing.

It's the experience of every man that he wants a lot he doesn't get and gets a lot he doesn't want.

"A bald man is like a king with no children of his own." "In what way?" "He has no hair apparent."

SOUTHWEST PETROLEUM & DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, LIMITED

Calgary, - Alberta

Directors.

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Capital Authorized, $1,000,000. **Holdings 4,220 Acres.**

FIRST WELL. This will be drilled just West of the famous Dingman producing Well.

SECOND WELL. Will be drilled on West Half Section 36, Township 18, Range 3 West of Fifth.

THE ALBERTA OIL FIELDS, are now merely at the beginning of their development. The most eminent Geologists, however, no longer hesitate to predict that they will prove among the most valuable Oil Fields of the world. The shares of good Companies holding well-selected Lands are a perfectly fair and legitimate speculation at the present time, and it should be borne in mind that after the Oil Fields are more fully developed and proved shares in Companies such as the Southwest Petroleum & Development Co., Ltd., will very likely be unobtainable except at very much higher figures.

THE COMPANY'S HOLDINGS are among the most valuable in the district and are scattered throughout the oil-producing area. All leases held could already be sold at a very heavy advance over cost.

SHARES may be obtained at par, $1.00 per share, from the undersigned, but are subject to withdrawal without notice. Prospectus and full particulars upon request.

W. B. LEITCH,
Agent for Eastern Canada.

Bank of Ottawa Building,
Montreal.

GUARD AGAINST CHOLERA INFANTUM

Cholera infantum is one of the most fatal ailments of childhood and during the hot summer months thousands of little lives are lost by its ravages. The best way to guard against it is to give the baby an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets never fail to regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach, thus preventing cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentry and all other stomach and bowel complaints. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FOR THE BLIND CHILD.

A School Was Established and Maintained by the Government.

The expenditure of public money [illegible] schools and school-masters is regarded by our legislators, and by the people who elect the legislators, as a good investment. The educated man is more useful to the community than his illiterate neighbor; his labor is more productive, he lives a happier and more contented life, taking an intelligent interest in the various questions that come before him for decision; he is not easily misled by the demogogic agitator, and he knows better than to yield to temptations in a criminal direction. For these and numerous other equally good reasons, it "pays the state" to provide facilities for education for all the children of the people, whether born here or coming from a foreign country to make their homes among us—hence our free school system, reinforced to some extent by compulsory education laws. For the blind who cannot be taught to read by sight, a system for reading by touch has been devised, the printed characters representing letters, etc., being embossed on the paper, instead of being indicated by a difference in color. Having learned to read and write, the education of the blind person can be continued to any desired extent, including the subjects taught in public schools for the seeing, music and several handicrafts. Happily, the blind are not sufficiently numerous to necessitate the equipment of many schools for their accommodation, so the scheme of taking the blind child to the free school instead of bringing the free school to the blind child has been adopted. The Ontario School for the Blind, located at Brantford, admits as pupils blind persons of both sexes, between the ages of seven and twenty-one, without charge for board, tuition or books, but parents are expected to provide clothing and pay travelling expenses. It is a school—not a [illegible]e," nor a Hospital, nor an Asylum—and among the pupils are many who, though not entirely blind, have sight so defective that they cannot receive an education in the ordinary public schools. If any reader of this paper has a child so afflicted, or knows of one in his neighborhood, a letter or post card, addressed to H. F. Gardiner, Principal O.S.B., Brantford, giving the name and post-office of parent or guardian, will help the school to do all the work for which it was established and is maintained by the Government.

PRIZE FOOD.

Palatable, Economical, Nourishing.

A Western woman has outlined the prize food in a few words, and that from personal experience. She writes.

"After our long experience with Grape-Nuts, I cannot say enough in its favor. We have used this food almost continually for seven years.

"We sometimes tried other advertised breakfast foods but we invariably returned to Grape-Nuts as the most palatable, economical and nourishing of all.

"When I quit tea and coffee and began to use Postum and Grape-Nuts, I was almost a nervous wreck. I was so irritable I could not sleep nights, had no interest in life.

"After using Grape-Nuts a short time I began to improve and all these ailments have disappeared and now I am a well woman. My two children have been almost raised on Grape-Nuts, which they eat three times a day.

"They are pictures of health and have never had the least symptom of stomach trouble, even through the most severe siege of whooping cough they could retain Grape-Nuts when all else failed.

"Grape-Nuts food has saved doctor bills, and has been, therefore, the best ecenomical food for us."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "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.

"QUICK SERVICE."

A Restaurant Where the Waiter Used Roller Skates.

I had to pass several hours in a certain small town in which there was no hotel, writes a Youth's Companion contributor. Late in the afternoon I saw on a window the words, "Restaurant. Quick Service," and I was so hungry that I made up my mind to take a chance.

I entered a very long, low-studded room, evidently occupied at one time as a bowling alley. A broken, dilapidated show case stood on the cheaply built counter. Two or three dirty glass jars contained some broken candy. A few ancient looking cookies lay in a box with glass front. Two tables with eight chairs each, and a few poorly printed signs that bore the bill of fare, comprised the furnishings of the place. No one was visible. I sat down at the table, and instantly a harsh voice appeared to proceed from the solid wall behind me. "What'll ye have?" it said.

From the eatables announced on the different signs, I chose "Cold Beans, 10 cents," and as the inquiry was evidently aimed at me, I shouted back, "Beans for one!" I had scarcely uttered the words when out of the door in the partition at the lower end of the room shot a tall man in roller skates. He wore a red undershirt and corduroy trousers.

With a grinding, roaring noise, he bore down upon me. As he shot past my table, he slid the plate of beans within an inch of my lap, at the same time shouting, "Cough up!" Still skating on he reached the front of the room, described a figure eight near the door, and started to return. I had the dime ready, and as he flew past, he scooped it up, and would no doubt have taken the table cover along, too, were it not for the fact that is was made of oilcloth, and nailed down.

I ate about one-third of the beans and had enough.

Will Quickly Cure Any Sour Stomach

Relieves Fullness After Meals.

"When I was working around the farm last winter, I had an attack of inflammation," writes Mr. E. P. Dawkins, of Port Richmond. "I was weak for a long time, but well enough to work until spring. But something went wrong with my bowels, for I had to use salts or physic all the time. My stomach kept sour, and always after eating there was pain and fullness, and all the symptoms of intestinal indigestion. Nothing helped me until I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Instead of hurting, like other pills, they acted very mildly, and seemed to heal the bowels. I did not require large doses to get results with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and feel so glad that I have found a mild yet certain remedy. To-day I am well—no pain, no sour stomach, a good appetite, able to digest anything. This is a whole lot of good for one medicine to do, and I can say Dr. Hamilton's Pills are the best pills, and my letter, I am sure, proves it."

Refuse a substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, sold in yellow boxes, 25c. All dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

SPILLING THE LICKER.

A Bit of Information Which May be New to You.

Did you know that whisky would take the varnish off wood? No?

Being unfamiliar with the "joy juice" neither did the observer. Consequently maybe here is a bit of information.

A man who had the appearance of one who had too often and too long imbibed too freely shuffled into a saloon and asked the bartender for a drink of whisky. His order was filled in what is said to be the usual way in saloons, viz., the bartender placed a whisky glass, a bottle of whisky, and a glass of water on the bar.

The customer proceeded to fill the whisky glass. And fill it he did, to overflowing. At this juncture the bartender said: "I'll give you a larger glass if you want it." But as his tone was not gentle the customer did not ask for a larger glass. He offered instead, a quartet of words which sounded as if they might have been intended for an apology or an explanation. He then gulped down the whisky and left the place.

"Hardly much money selling that fellow whisky," said another man, who "just happened" to be in the saloon.

"Oh, I don't mind what he drinks," said the bartender. "I just hate to see him spill the whisky on the bar, for it takes the varnish off."

The man who "just happened" to be in the saloon made no reply, but since then he has confided to friends that he has been wondering what whisky will do to a man's stomach if it will take varnish off wood, as the bartender said it would.

Fixing Them Both.

"What was her father's present to the bride and groom?"

"Nothing specific. He told the bride that there would always be a room in his house for her, and a job at his factory for the groom."

Do Long Breaths Hurt?

DANGEROUS PLEURISY ALWAYS BEGINS THIS WAY.

Speediest Cure Is Nerviline.

Ouch, that stab-like pain in the side is like a hot knife blade in the ribs!

Probably got overheated—cooled too fast—now there is congestion, tightness, such soreness you can't draw a long breath.

This is the beginning of Pleurisy.

Pleurisy is far too serious to neglect a single instant.

Quickest relief will come from a vigorous rubbing with Nerviline. This trusty old pain reliever will fix you up in no time—will take away the congestion—make you well just as it did Mr. Samuel St. Johns, of Stamford, who says:—"In running to catch a train last week I became much overheated. I put up the train window and rode that way in order to get cooled off. In an hour my side was so full of pain and my breathing hurt so much that I thought I had pneumonia. I always carry Nerviline in my grip, and at destination I rubbed my side thoroughly three times. The warm penetrating effect was soon noticeable and I quickly got relief. Nerviline, I consider, saved me from a serious illness."

Any sort of a cold can be quickly broken up with Nerviline, which is a marvel for reducing inflammation, for relieving congestion in the throat and chest, for curing stitch in the side, lumbago, neuralgia, sciatica or rheumatism. Nothing more soothing or powerful. The 50c. large family size is the most economical. Small trial size 25c. at dealers everywhere.

"FIGHTING JOE" MARTIN.

Holds the British Empire Record for Changing Seats.

The news that "Fighting Joe" Martin is shifting his political scenery—leaving the British House of Commons and coming back to Canada—is far from a surprise. But if he stays in Canada that will be a surprise. He has established a unique record, being the only man in the British Empire who has held a seat in four different Houses. He has been in the Manitoba Legislature, the Dominion House of Commons, the British Columbia Legislature (where he became Premier), and in the British House of Commons. He might now be expected to round off his career by introducing his dynamic personality into the rest of the Legislatures and Parliaments of the Empire.

Joseph Martin has held a career unmatched in Canadian politics. He left his birthplace in Milton, Ont., when a young boy, and before



Hon. Joseph Martin.

he was out of his teens he was a telegraph operator in the United States. Then came the panic of 1873, and he returned to Canada to become successively a school teacher, a lawyer, and a professional politician. Wherever he was and whatever he was at he exhibited revolutionary tendencies. "He might be a good leader in time of war, but not in time of peace; and a mighty poor follower at any time," so he once was summed up.

"Fighting Joe" started out not as an ordinary Liberal, but as an extraordinary Radical. He was up in Portage la Prairie, Man., and made a stand for Provincial Rights thus winning a seat in the Manitoba Legislature in 1882. He stayed in that House ten years. While there he roused the whole country by stating that "Mr. Speaker was the most unscrupulous partisan he had ever met." The Legislature refused to proceed with business until he apologized. "Joe" stayed away for several days until his action became a widespread sensation. Then he turned up, and made an apology, which he closed by adding, "But it's true just the same." That was in Opposition. When the Liberals came into power Martin became Attorney-General in Thomas Greenway's Cabinet. Among other remarkable demonstrations of his individuality he announced that the French language would be abolished in the Separate Schools. This, it is said, was the commencement of the Manitoba school question.

Was B. C. Premier.

Mr. Martin was next heard of in the Dominion House as member for Winnipeg. He sat there from 1893 until 1896, when his faculty for disagreeing with other people and standing rigidly for his principles led to his defeat.

Then he went farther West, and of course soon became a political factor in British Columbia. There, in spite of the dislike of the vested interests and the regular politicians and enemies who took a pot shot at him whenever possible, Mr. Martin became Premier of the Province. Lieutenant-Governor McInnes, in a period of turmoil in which "Fighting Joe" mixed merrily, dismissed Premier Semlin, and called on Mr. Martin, who had been Attorney-General, to form a Cabinet. The situation did not please the members, who with Western impulsiveness filed out of the House through one door as the Governor came in the other to prorogue the House. Martin hurriedly got together a Cabinet, but in the ensuing election he was given a tremendous trouncing, winning only nine seats.

After that the "stormy petrel" bobbed up in England. He was elected member of the British House of Commons for East St. Pancras, London, in 1910, and has since held that seat, where, they say, they "can't get anyone too Radical for them." In Britain Mr. Martin has been as lively a "kicker" as ever. He has made things uncomfortable for Premier Asquith on various occasions and has especially delighted in "roasting" Hon. Winston Churchill. He has hotly complained in the House of being left off the Liberal party's Whip's list and being ignored sometimes by the Speaker. He has while in England found time to give advice and pass judgment on the various Canadian leaders from time to time. He scolded Sir Wilfrid Laurier, gave hints to Mr. Borden, and when Mr. Rowell became Ontario Liberal leader, Mr. Martin wrote him a lengthy letter of warning and counsel.

Mr. Martin has not told us just where he is going to settle, but if he returns to Canada he will be heard from as easily one place as another.

Delays Sometimes Expensive

Business or social engagement—just a few minutes for lunch—can't wait for service. What can be had quickly?

Order

Post Toasties

with fresh berries or fruit and cream. They will be served immediately, they are nourishing and taste mighty good, too.

Sold by Grocers —everywhere!

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

WATERY BLISTERS INTENSELY ITCHY

Between Fingers. Spread to Tips. Would Swell Up, Itch and Burn. Did Not Dare Put Hands in Water. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Cured.

Carman, Manitoba.—"A breaking out between my fingers was the first trouble. It was very itchy and spread to my finger tips affecting the nails. It first appeared in watery blisters and they were so intensely itchy I scratched them and let the water out making sores. They would swell up, itch and burn and finally the nails would loosen and come off. I spent many sleepless nights. I did not dare to put my hands in water except to wash them.



"I kept using ointments, ——, —— Ointment, but was not cured. Sometimes the remedies would help a little but I was not free from it altogether. I was that way for nine years trying everything. I heard of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for them and before I had used them half a dozen times I noticed an improvement. By washing with the Cuticura Soap and applying the Cuticura Ointment frequently I was cured in three months." (Signed) Miss Florence E. Sanderson, May 20, 1913.

For more than a generation Cuticura Soap and Ointment have afforded the most economical treatment for affections of the skin and scalp that torture, itch, burn, scale and destroy sleep. A single set is often sufficient. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post-card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A.

MISUNDERSTOOD ANIMALS.

Here Is a Good Word for the Bear and the Snake.

Boa constrictors and grizzly bears have long been thought of as creatures to be dreaded, but Mr. Enos A. Mills, the noted naturalist, has a good word for the bear, and Dr. Frank Baldwin, recently returned from an exploring trip to the Philppines, speaks of the snake more sympathetically than otherwise.

Mr. Mills declares that the grizzly is the most maligned of animals. He minds his own business, except when he is attacked, and lives on nuts, fruit, bark, grass, carrion, garbage and insects, and, as a rule, kills nothing larger than a mouse. Mr. Mills says he is an excellent mouser, patient and thorough in his methods.

Doctor Baldwin says of the boa constrictor:

"All my reading life I have regarded the boa constrictor with horror and aversion. When I got into the jungle, my great desire was to meet a large boa, in order that I might do him some very real harm. When I did find one, my sentiments were those of pity for the snake. He was stretched across the path, and when the natives saw him, they pounced upon him with yells of delight. On the other hand he seemed dazed.

"With a native for every yard of him, holding him firmly, he jounneyed on legs through the jungle and down to the beach. He wriggled feebly, and hissed in a hopeless manner. There they cut his head off, with no more ceremony than they would have used if he had been a chicken, folded as much as they could get of him into a kind of clamshell about three feet in diameter, and built a fire. In an hour he was cooked, and in another hour, this great snake, which had been painfully accumulating feet and inches for years, had disappeared. I must say that I felt a little indignant!"

Isn't This Romantic?

Two toes loved by four corns for five years and sentenced to die by five applications of Putnam's Corn Extractor. If you want to cure corns, "Putnam's" is the only thing—try this painless remedy, 25c. at all dealers.

BETTER FARMING.

What the C. P. R. Is Doing for Farmers in the West.

The C. P. R. "better farming" special trains, operated in connection with the Manitoba Government, went on duty this month in the interests of intelligent and scientific farming in the West. These trains will contain specimens of noxious weeds, most troublesome in the province, and lectures will be given to teach the effectual methods of eradication. There will be models of weed seeds, so that identification will be easy; Manitoba birds, with instructions as to their habits, whether destructive or beneficial; injurious insects will be illustrated on the moving films; a car with cattle, sheep and hogs, in connection with which lectures will be given to young men, especially; a car devoted to home economics for women, where lady demonstrators will teach nursing, sewing, and so forth. To show how thorough and real and close this instruction is meant to be by the Canadian Pacific and the Government, it may be stated that field crops and miniature lay-outs of farm buildings will be shown in two cars for the purpose—while instruction will be given as to the protection of such buildings. Saskatchewan is in need of mixed farming, and there will be special features on two large cars, which will be devoted to stock. On the Saskatchewan train, lecturers will accompany; and instruction will be given in everything practically appertaining to the life of the farm. This idea is intended, of course, chiefly for the new settlers, who may have but a hazy idea of farming. The object both of the company and the Government is that the people should farm to the best of their knowledge and ability, so as to extract from the soil what nature is ready to give, if she be properly coaxed. In carrying out this idea the Canadian Pacific is willing to spend money, knowing that good farming anywhere in the North-west will mean, ultimately, better and more profitable business for itself.

Fozzled.

John Henry was keeping company with Myrtle Marie, and when the father of the latter returned from the office one evening he was timidly approached by his pretty daughter.

"Papa," said the fair one, "did John Henry call on you this morning?"

"Yes," answered the paternal one "but I couldn't make out much of what he said."

"Couldn't make out what he said!" returned Myrtle Marie, wonderingly. "What do you mean?"

"As near as I could understand," explained papa, "he said he wanted to marry me; that you had enough money to support him, and that we had always loved each other, so I told him to go home and write it out in plain English."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

CLARK'S POTTED MEATS—

The child's delight. The picnicker's choice. Everybody's favorite.

Full flavored and perfectly cooked make delicious sandwiches.



FARMS FOR SALE.

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

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL A Fruit, Stock, Grain or Dairy Farm, write H. W. Dawson, Brampton, or 90 Colborne St., Toronto.

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

NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE.

GOOD WEEKLY IN LIVE TOWN IN York County. Stationery and Book Business in connection. Price only $4,000. Terms liberal. Wilson Publishing Company, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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.

Willie's Dilemma.

Sister—Willie, if you hang around and listen when Jack calls to-night I shall whip you.

Willie—And Ma says she'll whip me if I don't keep tabs on you and him.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Not Quite.

"I sleep with your letters under my pillow," the modern lover wrote

Then he yawned and muttered to himself:

"At least I go to sleep over the letters. I suppose it's the same thing."

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for $30. Cured him with $1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for $85.00. Profit on Liniment, $54.00.

MOISE DEROSCE.
Hotel Keeper, St. Phillippe, Que.

No Reason to Cheer.

Squire—"Well, Matthew, and how are you now?"

Convalescent—"Thankee, sir, I be better than I were, but I beant as well as I were afore I was as bad as I be now."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

A Slight.

"What do you think! A man brought back the umbrella he took from our hall-stand. It speaks well for the honesty of the man."

"Yes, but it's a terrible slight to the umbrella."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Harry's Reply.

"Why do you insist upon having the biggest share of the pudding, Harry?" asked the mother of a small boy. "Isn't your elder brother entitled to it?" "No, he isn't," replied the little fellow. "He was eating pudding two years before I was born."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Also Cautious.

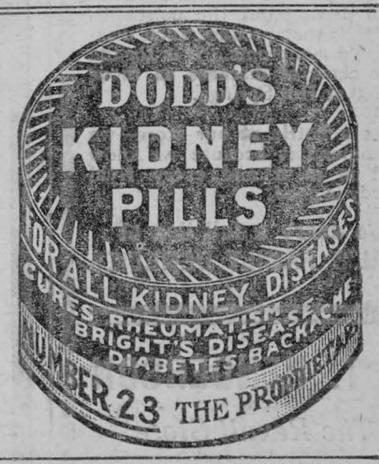
A carpenter sent to make some repairs in a private house entered the apartment of the lady of the house with his apprentice and began to work.

"Mary," the lady said to her maid, "se that my jewel case is locked up at once!"

The carpenter understood. He removed his watch and chain from his vest in a significant manner and handed them to his apprentice.

"John," said he, "take these right back to the shop. It seems that this house isn't safe."

Lots of fool men exchange single bliss for matrimonial blisters.





Which Of These Merchants Do You Know?

LEADING merchants in every city in Canada are helping to rob sweeping of its danger and discomfort by recommending that their customers use

DUSTBANE

"Catches Sweeping Dust"

Dustbane catches and holds dust on the floor, kills germs, purifies the air, and brightens floors and carpets.

You can get Dustbane from the best merchants everywhere. Among those who can supply you here at home are :—

W. & J. MEIKLE,
S. D. BECKSTED.

Call your grocer now—then you will not forget.

4

Free Trial Offer

ORDER a regular 35 cent tin of Dustbane from any merchant whose name appears here. Use it according to directions for a week. If you are not perfectly satisfied, return unused portion to the store and your full purchase price will be refunded.

Dustbane is packed in 10c and 35c tins for household use, and in quarter, half, and full barrels for offices, schools, stores and factories. It is made and guaranteed by

Dustbane Manufacturing Company Limited, Ottawa.

WILLIAMSBURG COUNCIL

Pursuant to adjournment, the Municipal Council met in Barkley's Hall, Bouck's Hill on Saturday the 25th day of July. Members all present. Minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. The Road Superintendent of the S. E. Ward was instructed to sell the job of cutting the brush on the Taylor road in the 3rd concession. A resolution was passed to the effect that the Council will not pay for any stones taken up by Pathmasters in doing Statute Labor without permission from the council. The Road Superintendent of the N. E. Ward was instructed to sell the job of completing the township portion of the Samuel Kyle award ditch and to sell the job of putting in a 20-inch tile sluice across the road at the corner by James O'Shaughnessy's. The Clerk was instructed to notify Geo. D. Beckstead to complete his portion of contract on the Saddlemire Drain forthwith or it will be completed at his expense, and to ask Winchester Township Council to repair the North Townline, rear of lot 11 by using a portion of the money due Williamsburg at last settlement. No action was taken on the request of Asa Hess to repair the McIntosh bridge. The tender of Henry D. Rose for the Donald Hanes Debentures was accepted and the Reeve, Treasurer and Clerk authorized to sign said debentures and attach the Corporaee Seal thereto. The Road Superintendent of the N.W. Ward was instructed to remove the large stones on the road in front of the store at Bouck's Hill and fill up the holes. The Clerk was instructed to notify Howard Merkley, Pathmaster, to repair two sluices in his road division by Statute Labor one on the road west of J. W. Herriman's, by putting in 20-inch tile and the other, north of Luther Deek's, by putting in 10-inch tile, tile to be got at William Bowman's, east of Elma,and also to perform the balance of his Statute in his division by drawing gravel from the Weaver gravel pit. All stones to be separated from gravel that is not suitable for road material. The following grants were made for the improvement of the roads: $25, gravel road, between lots 6 and 7, 7th concession, $15; gravelling given road, 3rd concession, $50; gravelling Nash road, 3rd concession, from John Dawley's, north and $25, gravelling South Townline. To meet a grant of $25 made by the Council of the Village of Morrisburg, orders were passed in favor of the following: Joseph Pemberton, 128 rods of wire fence, $19.20; John Casselman, 39 rods, $5.85; Robert Casselman, 51 rods and 7 ft., $7.72; W. A. Beckstead, 57 rods, $8.55; Geo. Williams, 42½ rods, $8.50; Oscar Coughler, 110 rods, $16.50; Donald McIntosh, 39 rods, $5.85; Cook Casselman, 39 rods, $5.85; Isaac J. McIntosh, 92 rods and 10 ft. $17.29; T. A. Weaver, 78 rods and 10 ft., $11.80 and Henry Merkley, 40 rods and 10 ft., $6.10; Geo. S. Vassaw, cedar for sluice, $6.72; J. M. Casselman job given in 1913 ditching, 2nd concession, 920; Melvin Casselman work on road $11; John Reid work on crusher, $9.00; Mert O'Shaughnessy, ditto, $9.00; Hiram Hays, ditto, $4.50; Allen Froats, ditto, $31.05; M. Marcellus, ditto, $61.25;; Earld McIntosh, ditto, $14.55; Roy Casselman, ditto, $15; John Baker, ditto, $35.55; Walton Baker, ditto, $3.50; Chas. Lane, work on road, $10; Fred McMillan, 49 loads of gravel, $12.25; Leader Publishing Co., advertising Court of Revision, $2.70 and printing account re Hanes Drain, $8.10; F. M. Eagleson, services re Shennette award ditch, $55.50; Ontario Bridge Co. pipe railing for Merkley Bridge, 1913, $6.72; M. O. Barkley, work in gravel pit, $2.00, Jack Nichols ditto, $1.50; Alfred Smith, ditto, $1.50; J. A. O'Shaughnessy, work on Church road, $37.50; Fred Wells, 9 cords of stone, $5.40; G. Casselman, plank and nails, covering on bridge, 2nd concession, $3.62 and 45 feet of cedar for McKenzie bridge, 1st and 2nd concessions, $4.50; J. R. Styles, 64 feet of cedar for bridge, $5.85: R. S. Barkley, work on grader, $15, and spreading gravel. $20; A. F. Beckstead, . 212 loads of gravel, $53; Jim Nichols, hauling gravel Front road, $6; Geo. Casselman, ditto, $6; Geo. Crowder, ditto, $30; David Hall, ditto, $3; Geo. Smith, ditto, $2.[illegible] Henry Duvall, ditto, $18; Roy Casselman, ditto, $6; Chesley O'Shaughnessy, 22½ day's work, Church road, $45; T. C. Merkley, 60 loads of gravel, $15; Geo. Casselman, work on grader, $6; Stanley Saddlemire, board for engineer re Saddlemire Drain, 50 cents; W. I. Beckstead, services re Saddlemire Drain 75 cents; Stanley Saddlemire excavation, 25 per cent. of contract re Saddlemire Drain, $54.75; Sawyer Massey Co., repairs for crusher, $44.33; W. I. Beckstead, excavation, 25 per cent. of contract re Saddlemire Drain, $39. The council adjourned to meet at Williamsburg on Saturday the 29th day of August at 10 o'clock a.m.

THE MORRISBURG AND OTTAWA ELECTRIC RAILWAY COMPANY

Attention is called to an advertisement in another column of a series of meetings arranged by the Morrisburg and Ottawa Electric Railway regarding the bylaws being submitted to the freeholders of Winchester and Williamsburg townships. The railway is asking that bonds be guaranteed for about one-sixth of the cost, and as the railway fully expect to pay interest on its bonds there is really no liability at all and is merely an exchange of credit—a credit that will enable the Company to sell its bonds. When we consider the rich and fertile lands and prosperous villages along the route of railway, and the immense fields of gravel owned by the railway, and also the fact that the demand for gravel in Montreal and Ottawa and intermediate points is nearly three million yards per year, we feel confident that if the railway is managed properly the revenue must be enormous, and should pay handsome dividends on stock as well as bonds. Inasmuch as the bonds are a first mortgage on the entire property—right-of-way, road-bed, equipment, stations, terminals,, etc.—and when we know that the cost will exceed one million five hundred thousand dollars, there can be no doubt our security is first-class, and in addition the railway will be a God-send for our townships by affording a market for what we produce. The bylaws have been drawn up by Mr. W. B. Lawson and consequently the interests of our people have been carefully safeguarded. We would urge every freeholder to attend the meetings and learn full particulars about the bylaws so that a fair and intelligent vote will be cast. Everybody wants a railroad.

GORDON—VANALLEN

A very pretty wedding took place at 10.30 o'clock, Wednesday morning, August 5th, at the home of Mrs. Mary VanAllen, "Fairview Hill," when her second daughter, Ethel Olga became the wife of Stanley A. Gordon, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Gordon of Moncton, N.B., the Rev. A. J. H. Strike officiating.

Miss Lulu Gordon played the wedding march, while the bride entered the drawing room on the arm of her mother. She wore her travelling suit of black velvet with king's blue silk stripe with ivory crepe de chine blouse and carried a bouquet of white carnations and lily of the valley.

The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl and diamond necklace; to the pianist, a cameo broach set in pearls.

The house was very prettily decorated with golden rod, and after the ceremony the guests retired to the dining room where a very dainty luncheon was served, after which the bride and groom left amid showers of confette and good wishes for a trip by boat to Fort William, then to Saskatoon, where they will be at home to their friends after September the first. Out-of-town guests included Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Gordon and daughters, Lulu and Josephine of Moncton, N.B., and Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Scott and son and daughter of Winchester.

FALL FAIRS

South Mountain, Sept 10-11.
Spencerville, Sept. 29-30.
Toronto, Aug. 28, Sept. 12.
Vankleek Hill, Sept. 21—23.
Welland, Oct. 6-7.
Williamstown, Sept 16-17.
Winchester, Sept. 8-9-
Woodstock, Oct. 6—8.
Alexandria, Sept. 22-23.
Belleville, Sept. 7—9.
Brockville, Aug. 30, Sept 2.
Caledonia, Oct. 8-9.
Cobourg, Sept. 22-23.
Cornwall, Sept. 3—5.
Guelph, Sept. 15—17.
Hamilton, Sept. 16—19.
Kingston, Sept. 30—Oct 1.
London, Sept. 11—19.
Niagara-on-the Lake, Sept. 15-16.
Ottawa, Sept. 11—19.
Perth, Sept. 2—4.

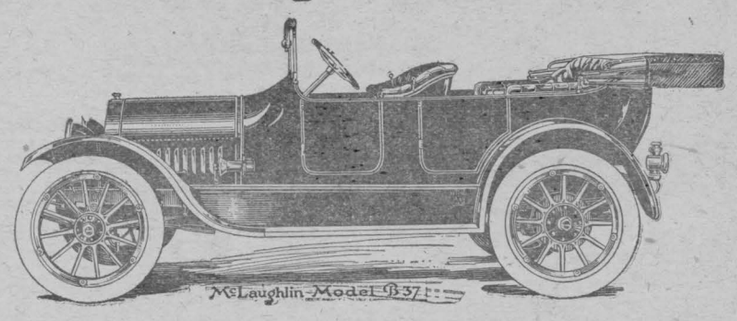
SPECIAL JULY OFFERING

During July we will give a hat with each suit of clothes purchased for cash only.

It will be to your advantage to make an early selection.

F. A. Nash, *Merchant Tailor*

McLAUGHLIN
The King of The Road



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The Molsons Bank

Incorporated 1855

Capital and Reserve : $8,800,000

90 BRANCHES IN CANADA

A General Banking Business Transacted.

Circular Letters of Credit.....
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At All Branches. Interest Allowed at Highest Current Rate.

MORRISBURG BRANCH — WM. WALLACE, Manager.
Williamsburg Branch — C. H. JOY, Agent.

Portland Cement

We are handling one of the Canadian Cement Company's

BEST BRAND

Delivered in any quantity

We have a carload of **British Columbia Red Cedar Shingles** and a small quantity of **Featheredge Siding**.

COAL

If you have not ordered your Coal why not come and see us and get the best on the market.

GUARANTEED BY
BAKER & SNYDER

A Strong Eye

is so valuable a possession that it should be far more highly appreciated and taken care of than it is.

Don't Strain the Eyes

You may lay up for yourself years of eye-trouble by so doing.

We can relieve your eye-strain with prouer glasses and help preserve your eye-sight.

Make the appointment today for an examination.

The WHITTEKER OPTICAL PARLOR
A. A. WHITTEKER J. M. WHITTEKER



Three Favorite Talcs

—Made of the highest quality talc money can buy—milled to infinite smoothness, and then perfumed with the genuine "CORSON" perfumes.

Corson's **Ideal Orchid Pomander Violet**

Don't buy cheap, inferior talcs, coarsely milled and cheaply scented, when by asking for CORSON'S you can get the best.

Ask your Druggist

Made by 39
SOVEREIGN PERFUMES LIMITED, TORONTO



THE BEST

is what we always try to get in

GROCERIES

and you can depend upon getting everything fresh.

We have some special values in

TEAS and COFFEE

all brands and at all prices.

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MORRISBURG

PURE BLOOD MEANS STRENGTH

NYAL'S BLOOD PURIFIER

means pure blood. Try it and you will be convinced.

Boils, sores, pimples, skin diseases and rough skin indicate impure thin blood. Nyal's Blood Purifier purifies and enriches the blood driving out the poisonous materials that produce such disagreeable symptoms. It is for the same class of diseases as those treated at Hot Springs.

Get a bottle at our store—we recommend it because we know what is in it and every Nyal remedy is good.

We carry a full line of NYAL'S FAMILY REMEDIES

D. T. HENDERSON
The Rexall Store
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