The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXIX LACHUTE, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1914. NO. 33

.. Preserving Time ..

Remember that I go to the expense and trouble of going to the market every week to select my fruits.

I am better prepared than ever to sell you the right kind of goods, the best quality and lowest prices.

Don't forget the following are on the market only a short while.

Plums, Pears, Peaches, Grapes
.. Blueberries, Melons, Etc. ..

PHONE No. 105.

P. PAQUIN, - Lachute

FRUITS AND CANDIES.

Just received a large Shipment of

Moirs' Famous Chocolates and Candies.

Purest and best.

We have the following Fruits fresh from the growers:

Grapes, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas. Onions and Tomatoes,

ED. DARLINGTON,
Main Street, Lachute.

WANTED,—Two Protestant Teachers holding elementary Diplomas, for Avoca Schools No. 1 and 3 for a term of ten months, commencing Sept 1st. Apply stating salary expected to

LESLIE BATES, Sec-Treas,
Avoca P. O. Pro. Que.

Beautiful Chambrays, Striped and Checked Ginghams to clear at 12½ cents per yard.

W. BANFORD & SON.

—:o:—

WANTED — Thirty girls. Can earn from $1.25 to $2 00 per day. Apply

THE AVERS LIMITED,
8-21 Lachute Mills, Que.

—:o:—

While everything grown on the farm advances in price, we are trying to give you the lowest prices you ever paid in Cotton Wash Goods.

W. BANFORD & SON.

—:o:—

E. P. Kelly drowned crossing the Ottawa.

E. P. Kelly, aged 62, of Grenville, was drowned on Saturday night in trying to cross the Ottawa river in a row boat. His craft capsized between Ste. Anne de Bellevue and Ville Terrault and the body was found six hours later.

Mr. Kelly was in charge of his brother's motor-boat, the Stella K A bad storm rose in the afternoon and he decided to remain in Ste. Anne. Towards eight o'clock the wind went down, but the waves were still high Mr. Kelly decided to board the tug, and with E. P. Leveuiller attempted, to cross. When about 100 feet from the tug, a large wave capsized the boat. Mr. Leveuiller saved his life by clinging to the sides of the boat, but Mr. Kelly, although a good swimmer, was drowned.

Mr. Kelly is survived by three children, his wife having predeceased him. The body in charge of his brother, W. H. Kelly, was taken to Grenville, where burial was made in the Roman Catholic cemetery.

Coroner McMahon went to St. Anne to-day, where he disposed of the drowning without a jury, on the evidence of Dr. Cyphist, on Tuesday morning.

—:o:—

Now is the time for a cheap Wash Dress at one third off.

W. BANFORD & SON.

Academy Re-opening on Wednesday last

Although the weather was far from pleasant, quite a large number gathered in the basement of the Presbyterian Church, where the distribution of prizes took place. After a few brief addresses by the Rev. Mr. McConnell, Inspector J. W. McOuat, and Dr. Fraser, a pleasing little event occurred in the form of a presentation to Miss Paton, who for over a quarter of a century so faithfully filled her position as teacher of the primary classes. She is now leaving Lachute for Montreal, but will wear a nice gold watch which, with a roll of crisp bills was presented her, along with the following testimonial:—

DEAR MISS PATON:—

On the occasion of your departure after so many years residence in our midst, a large number of parents and citizens of Lachute Town felt it to be fitting that some public testimony should be given to their appreciation of your long and efficient services as primary teacher in Lachute Academy.

Who but parents know with what pride, hope and anxiety they let the little fledglings go forth from the nest to attend school for the first time. It means a first entrance into what may prove to be a cold and hard world. It is a first step in the path to instruction.

And who but the teacher can know what it means to receive twenty five of such fledglings from different environments, with varied temperaments, and to start them in the way of knowledge? What patience? What ingenuity, what exhausting and brain wracking work it demands?

And who but the little child knows and feels the first impressions of that momentous day when its indivuality is merged with that of so many others, and when, for the first time, it is compelled to submit to a new discipling First impressions with the child are generally lasting, and its future at school very often is made or marred by its first contact with the teacher.

We gladly pay tribute to your wondeful success in meeting all these difficulties and making your school room one of the pleasant memories abiding with your pupils until the end of life.

In making you this presentation tonight we hope to give recognition to quiet, unassuming, faithful and efficient work, performed for many years at an inadequate salary. Almost all that is best in your professional life you have given to us, and the value of that life to the children who have passed through your classes cannot be expressed in dollars and cents. But judging from the enthusiasm of the subscribers to this testimonial, gratitude and affection in the hearts of your former pupils and their parents must prove no mean reward. And to-night, in the presence of your former colleagues, in the presence of those who have been recently, and not so recently, your pupils, and in the presence of a large number of the citizens of Lachute, we present you with this watch and purse, so that in your future labors in another place, you may have the consciousness that your efforts here, have been recognized and appreciated. We do not wish you "Good-By." but we do wish you "God Speed."

In behalf of the Subscribers.

And those linen lines one yard wide at 12½ cents were never equalled in Lachute.

W. BANFORD & SON.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

—:o:—

Mrs. (Dr.) Alexander spent Tuesday last with friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hay were in Montreal the early part of last week.

Miss Miriam Burke, has returned home from a pleasant visit with friends in the West.

Miss Grace Bradford left on Saturday for St. Hyacinthe where she will take up teaching.

Miss Annie McFaul, of Montreal, is the guest of Mrs. J. H. McFaul, for a few days.

Mr. Jos. Palliser has returned home after a couple of months visit with friends in New York.

Mr. Reid Giles returned to McGill, on Sunday last, after spending the summer holidays in town.

Messrs. Nap. Boivin and U. Lafortune, left on Tuesday for a few days visit with friends in Quebec.

Mr. Robt. Beers, who has been home for the past few weeks, owing to illness, has returned again to Montreal.

Mr. J. Paquette and family, of Buckingham, motored to town and were guests of Mr. Chas. Bedard for a few days.

Miss Eva Bradford left on Monday for Howick, where she will occupy the position, as principal of the Model School.

Mrs. Jas. Drysdale returned home on Thursday after spending a week in Vankleek Hill the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McIntosh.

The Misses McKaskill and Swails, of Boston, Mass., who have been spending the summer at the Glen returned home on Wednesday last.

Mrs. Shufelt and son Clarence, who have been summering at Ivan Bower returned to their home in Burlington, Vt. on Saturday last.

Good progress is being made on the Upper Lachute Road by the Parish Council. The work is being put through with commendable speed.

Ward McAllister, of Lachute Road, has disposed of his farm and Mr. Wm. Boyd is calling a sale of the stock and implements on Sept. 17th.

Mr. & Mrs. Duncan Paul and daughter of Saranac Lake, N.Y., who have been summering on their island at Lake Louisa, have returned home.

Miss A. Charbonneau, has returned home to Montreal, after spending a pleasant two month's holiday with her grandmother Mrs. J. A. Bedard.

Mr. and Mrs. Nap. Boivin who have been spending the past two weeks visiting friends in Holyoke, Springfield, and Boston, returned home on Friday last.

The Misses Alice, Mildred and Sarah Ford, of Fulton, N. Y., who have been spending the past two months the guests of the Misses Veitch, returned home on Monday.

On Thursday last, Mrs. Cooke, of Beech Ridge, gave a miscellaneous shower and on Saturday Miss Ruby Smith was the hostess at a china shower, both events being in honor of Miss Ruby Funcheon's marriage.

In addition to the regular services at week-end and on Labor Day the following special trains will be run: From Place Viger for Lachute and intermediate stations at 5.35 P.M. Saturday, returning will leave Lachute at 8.30 P.M. Monday.

The Albert Hall will be re-opened on Saturday again and the usual evening performance of moving pictures given. Mr. Bishop has been away for a couple of weeks motoring tour through the Thousand Islands and other points, and report a most enjoyable trip.

The Canadian Northern Railway announce special rates for Ottawa Exhibition of one way first-class fare for round trip good going September 14, 16 and 18, return limit Sept. 21st, also one and a third fare for the round trip good going Sept. 11th to 19th inclusive, return limit Sept. 21st.

'Tis said that everything comes to him who waits, and Mr. A. D. Hogg, after twelve years of patience, is only now rewarded by the reception of his silver medal for active service in the South African war. It is a handsome medal and will be highly prized by our honored townsman.

Sept. 2nd C. P. R. will sell excursion tickets to Quebec for V. C. Military camp going Friday and Saturday 4th and 5th, return limit Monday Sept 7th. Stop over allowed. Return fare from Lachute $5.00. A special excursion is also being run to the Ottawa Exhibition on Wednesday and Friday, September 16 and 18, at the rate of $2.20. Train leaves Lachute 8.10 a.m. returning same day at 11.30 p.m.

In the case of the Canadian Northern Railway versus Alex. LeRoy, of St. Andrews, the arbitrators held their first meeting on Saturday last and adjourned until the 10th, of September, at the Court House, Lachute. The board consists of N. Forest, notary, of Ste. Scholastique, G. F. Cahler, registrar, of Lachute, and J. A. McKay, of St. Andrews. The railway was represented by T. Renfret, K.C. of Montreal, and the respondent by L. L. Legault, advocate, of Lachute.

The many friends of Mrs. Harlow Giles will deeply sympathize with her, in the recent loss of her sister Miss L. Moore of Toronto. Deceased lady had been touring in Europe, for the past few months, but when nearing home on her return voyage was suddenly seized with paralysis. The funeral took place on Wednesday from the home of her brother Dr. Moore, of Ottawa.

Red Cross Society.

At the public meeting held in the town hall on Thursday last a branch of the Red Cross Society was formed. Dr. Alexander was chairman over the gathering, and after the work of the Society had been explained by Dr. Abbott, of Montreal, a committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions for a general patriotic fund. The election of officers was then left for Monday, when a meeting of those interested was called for, and the following elections took place. Mrs. Dr. Alexander, Pres., Mrs. Valois, Vice-Pres., Mrs. H. Giles, Sec-Treasurer. As soon as material arrives, work in that direction will proceed, and it is earnestly hoped that every lady in town and vicinity will avail themselves of the opportunity of helping those who are sacrificing so much on our behalf.

Laurentian Lodge, I.O.O.F. opens its New Hall.

For many years the Oddfellows have been meeting in the upper part of McFaul's store in the West End of the town and with their steadily growing membership, the old quarters became all too small for their requirements. A change becoming necessary, Mr. Robt. McArthur, one of the most enthusiastic members of the Lodge, was meditating the erection of a new store, and Laurentian Lodge conceived the idea of asking him to furnish a building that would be adequate for their needs as well. With every willingness Mr. McArthur applied himself to the task and last Tuesday evening some two hundred and twenty five guests were invited to its formal opening. It is a hall of which the Order may be justly proud. The building is one of brick structure, 50 by 35 ft, with upper ceiling of 11 feet, is finished in beaver board and mission oak, with hardwood floors throughout. The downstairs is divided in half, one side being served for the store and the other side a very serviceable banquet hall.

As the guests gathered the lodge goat was in great evidence. In his stall at the head of the stairs, he eagerly watched the visitors arriving, wondering which of the subjects was to be his victim, but seeing them coming in such numbers, he became somewhat disgruntled and just laid down to hold himself in readiness for the occassion, which however will only be required for next meeting night.

Mr. H. Slater was chairman of the evening and presided over a not too lengthy programme in which Messrs. McKenzie, Graham, Anderson, Goldsworthy and Bro. Irwin took prominent part. Refreshments were bountifully served by an energetic committee and everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

It was expected that Mr. R. W. Dixon, D. D. G. M., of Montreal, would be present, but owing to his absence Mr. R. McArthur gave some very interesting statistics relating to the standing of the Order and the Rev. Mr. McConnell gave a most earnest and inspiring address in which he vividly portrayed the scenes that were being enacted on the other side, and the need of our Christian Brotherhood in loyal support.

The chairman also made an appeal for assistance to the Patriotic Fund and at the close of the meeting, the balance of cakes left, were put up to auction and realized something over $6 00 which, with a grant from the lodge will be duly applied.

Town Council

The regular meeting of above Council was held on Wednesday last, there being present Mayor Felix Paquette and Councillors Hamilton, Labrosse, McKimmie, Scott, Boyd, McGibbon McFaul and Deslaurier.

A petition was presented by Messrs Lafleur and Valois to lay additional sewer pipes from Grace Street and down Barron Avenue. In view of the town putting in their own system in the near future Councillor McGibbon thought we should not give any further privileges. The matter was left over for further consideration.

The road question was then opened up by Coxncillor Scott on the appointment of an inspector. Mr. McDonald was introduced to the council which later offered him a salary of $125.00 per month for services as special superintendent over the roadwork.

Councillor Boyd asked the Mayor if a protest had not been served on the Council! If so, he would like it read.

Instead of the protest the mayor read two letters, one from C. Bedard and one from B. S. Stackhouse, denying their signatures on the protest. Mr. Jno. McGibbon while admitting they did not sign the protest, stated that both Messrs. Stackhouse and Bedard gave him absolute authority to use their names.

Mr. W. H. Garretsee asked the Council if they intended going on with the roads under present conditions.

Councillor Boyd claimed that the work should not be proceeded with as he was convinced that no contract had been given for work under By-law No 76.

Moved by McKimmie, second by Scott that the Contract for the macadamizing of the streets of the Town of Lachute with bituminous macadam as per by-law No 76 adopted on July 24th 1914, and granted on the 3rd of July 1914, to Messrs Lafleur and Berniquer be hereby approved and ratified to all intents and purposes.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

We have on hand a few Ladies Dresses of various kinds which we offer at a reduction of one third of the Price to clear.

These are composed of...

10 House Dresses
6 Linen Dresses
6 Marqoisette Dresses
1 Silk Dress

We have also a lot of Children's Dresses at from 25c. each to $1.25 each.

While they last.

W. Banford & Son,
Main Street, Lachute

THE ELITE

Spring Millinery comprising the latest novelties from Chicago and Montreal on view during this coming month. Unmatchable low prices.

Elegant New Blouses, Wash Skirts and Dresses, Underwear, Hosiery, Neckwear, Frilling, Smallware of every description. Make yourself comfortable with Bias Filled Corsets to suit every figure. A pleasure to show them.

H. E. Burwash, Rg'd.

Albert Hall Telephone 83.

Open SATURDAYS only, until further notice

A. E. Bishop *Plumber & Electrician*

Gasoline, Engine Oils, & Automobile Repairs.

Main St. Phone 83 **Lachute.**

Whn you Require Anything

In Watches, Jewelry, Cut Glass, Silver Deposit Ware, Silverware, Etc.,

You will find a large and reliable selection at our store While we make a specialty of testing eyes, and selling the right kind of glasses, we have enough other things here to share the expense of doing business and make it possible to be more than reasonable in our charges.

The precise advantage of coming here for your glasses is that you know us and we know you. We are equipped with modern facilities for examining eyes and relieving eye strain. Every element of risk has been entirely eliminated. We do the best that can be done by each and every customer.

T. JOUSSE, Main St., Lachute.
Watchmaker, Jeweller and Optician
Agent for the Edison Phonograhp.

The Scarlet Of It

Marie Edna Carroll was madly in love with her husband. She was also jealous of him. Henry Carroll was not only handsome, but possessed of a magnetism that seemed to draw every woman to his feet in worship. At least, so Marie Edna imagined.

The Carrolls had not been long married, and Henry's business affairs were often of a baffling nature. He never told his young wife of these things. He did not want to worry her. He merely cut down her allowance and grumbled at hard times.

Also, it was his belief that the less a woman knows of her husband's business the better for him and her. It was, perhaps, this attitude on her husband's part that made Marie Edna so curious—even suspicious. He treated her as a child, a spoiled child, and Marie Edna wanted to be treated as a grownup.

One night they were sitting in the living room. Henry was absorbed in his newspaper. Marie Edna was looking at him with that longing that a wife so often has for coversation when her husband sits comfortably before the fire, paper in one hand, cigar in the other.

The telephone rang. Henry reached for the instrument.

"Hello!" he said carelessly. Marie Edna heard the accents of a feminine voice at the other end of the line.

"You don't say!"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"I'll depend upon you. Goodbye."

It was Henry's part to the conversation. He returned to his paper.

Marie Edna's cheeks were scarlet. "Well," she demanded.

"Well!" he replied.

"I want to know who that woman was and what you were talking about," said the young wife, hotly.

"It was a conversation that did not concern you," retorted the young husband in disgust.

"It does concern me or you would not answer in those suspicious monosyllables. When a man conducts a telephone conversation in monosyllables, there is usually something clandestine about it."

"As you please," the man replied, lighting a fresh cigar.

Marie Edna burst into tears and talked of home and mother. Henry Carroll paid no attention to her. He was used to such demonstrations. Marie Edna went to her room and cried herself to sleep. Mr. Carroll put down the evening paper, pulled out a sheet of paper from an inner pocket, and, for hours, absorbed himself in the figures thereupon.

When the young wife wakened the next morning her husband had gone. It was a way he had when there had been unpleasantness the night before.

A few days later Marie Edna demanded of Henry the money for a new hat and tailor suit. She had not a charge account.

"Marie Edna," the man said gently, but firmly, "affairs downtown are pushing me very hard. I thought you understood that. I cannot afford to let you run up any bills now. If the trade I'm working on now goes through, you can have anything you want. But you must wait. Now, that is final, dear."

Marie Edna stood at the window and watched her husband as he walked toward the station. A fine-looking chap he was, clean-cut, dominating. His clothes were well tailored, his linen immaculate. She thought of her own pitiful wardrobe; a wardrobe that boasted only of the remnants of her trousseau. Why couldn't Henry understand that she simply must have—clothes? She had no gloves to wear to the matinee. Her suit was shabby. She thought of the well-fitting suits that she had been used to; the ones that father had always provided; and, softly, she began to cry.

It was the next morning that Marie Edna answered the telephone.

"This is Lurkman's talking, Mrs. Carroll," a voice came over the wire. "Your hat is ready for you to try."

Marie Edna stammered something and hung up the receiver. Her hat was ready! At Lurkman's—one of the smartest hat shops on the avenue!

Then it downed on her! Henry was sorry that he had been so short with her. It was his way of apologizing. He had ordered a hat for her.

She flew into her street clothes, and was soon at the hat shop. A tall, slim girl asked her to step upstairs, where Miss Whitman would show her the hat. Another little young woman led her to a maze of mirrors, removed her hat and told her that Miss Whitman would be with her immediately. In a moment a saleswoman appeared with a wonderful scarlet creation, but when her eyes fell on Marie Edna she stopped short.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "there must be some mistake. This is Mrs. Carroll's hat."

"I am Mrs. Carroll," replied Marie Edna, "and my husband ordered the hat."

The saleswoman bit her lip. "This hat won't do for you at all."

"No," said Marie Edna; "it is hideous. I wonder how my husband ever happened to select it. He likes quiet things on me."

"I'll show you something else," quickly put in the saleswoman; something more to your style."

But the maggot that drove Othello mad was working in Marie Edna's brain.

"Did Mr. Carroll order this hat himself?"

Again the saleswoman was confused. A business-like young woman stepped from the elevator and saved the situation:

"How dare you show my hat to customers?" she demanded of the speechless saleswoman. Then her glance fell on Marie Edna, and she understood in a flash.

"You are Mrs. Henry Carroll, aren't you?" the newcomer smiled. "Perhaps you've heard your husband speak of me. I am Miss Marquam. By telephone the other night I agreed to work overtime to get out some maps vital to the success of the trade he is working on. I got out the maps. That's why I ordered the bill for this hat sent to him."

"Oh," came understandingly from Marie Edna.

"Ah," sighed the saleswoman, in relief.

A few hours later Marie Edna nestled in her husband's arms. "I have some news for you, dear," he was saying, "but first I want to apologize for my ill temper these past weeks. I've been so worried financially, sweetheart, and you have been so brave and patient with me.

"But it is all over now, dear, and you can have ten tailored suits and twenty new hats if you want them, honey. The trade I've been working on is finished, and we have $30,000 in the bank."

Marie Edna's cheeks flamed scarlet, as she whispered:

"Dear, it is I who should apologize to you; for misunderstanding!"

"Perhaps we were both a little obstinate," the man added, softly.

Thoughts About Pleasure.

Pleasure used in rightful moderation is a tonic, cheering us up so that we may face our daily trials with fresh strength. But excessive devotion to pleasure is a deadly, clogging weed, which robs us of our best qualities and makes us useless weeds ourselves. Pleasure at another's pain is a mighty accurate kind of boomerang. It is going to come back and hit—hard. The only kind of pleasure of which one can never tire is that of giving it to others. The old maxim about "Business first" is not dead yet, by a long chalk. No decent man or woman can have a thorough enjoyment of pleasure while many tasks are shouting to be done. Half the misery of the foolish comes from confusing happiness with that very shoddy imitation, gaiety. 'Tis a false religion that condemns all pleasure. The abuse, and not the use of it, is wrong.

CONGENIAL WORK

And Strength to Perform It.

A person in good health is likely to have a genial disposition, ambition, and enjoy work.

On the other hand, if the digestive organs have been upset by wrong food, work becomes drudgery.

"Until recently," writes a Western girl, "I was a railroad stenographer, which means full work every day.

"Like many other girls alone in a large city, I lived at a boarding house. For breakfast it was mush, greasy meat, soggy cakes, black coffee, etc.

"After a few months of this diet I used to feel sleepy and heavy in the mornings. My work seemed a terrible effort, and I thought the work was to blame—too arduous.

"At home I had heard my father speak of a young fellow who went long distances in the cold on Grape-Nuts and cream and nothing more for breakfast.

"I concluded if it would tide him over a mornings heavy work, it might help me, so on my way home one night I bought a package, and next morning I had Grape-Nuts and milk for breakfast.

"I stuck to Grape-Nuts, and in less than two weeks I noticed improvement. I remember I used to walk the 12 blocks to business and knew how good it was simply to live.

"As to my work—well, did you ever feel the delight of having congenial work and the strength to perform it? That's how I felt. I truly believe there's life and vigor in every grain of Grape-Nuts."

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.

HIDDEN SUBMARINE MINES

MOST TREACHEROUS MODE OF WARFARE.

A Modern Invention, and There Are Only Two Methods of Fighting Them.

Submarine mines are probably the most treacherous war auxiliaries used in modern warfare owing to their location being so well hidden from the all unsuspecting vessel. Once they are hit all is over. It was one of these which sunk the "Amphion."

The use of the submarine mine as a legitimate weapon of defence and offense in warfare received the seal of international authority for the first time during the American Civil War. Tactical and local conditions determine the location of the system of submarine mines for any harbor, the former dealing with the relation of the mines with reference to the other elements of the defence; the latter with width and depth of channel, swiftness of current and variations of tide.

Submarine mines are either buoyant or ground mines and in general are of four kinds, (1) observation mines; (2) electro contact mines; (3) electro mechanical mines, and (4) extemporized mines. Ground mines of the second and third classes have the firing mechanism in a floating buoy.

Controlled on Shore.

Observation mines are controlled from a distant observation station, generally on shore, and fired by electricity when the target arrives over the mine. These mines are usually only about 10 feet under the water and this method is sometimes called judgment firing.

Electro-contact mines are intended for explosion in actual contact with a ship's bottom, and explode upon receiving a violent blow, or upon being tilted sidewise to an angle sufficient to close the electric circuit contained in the mine. In some cases this circuit-closing device consists of an iron ball in a circular seat, which rolls against contact springs, and in others of a body of mercury which comes in contact with a spindle when the mine is tipped, and this completes the electric circuit. This method is called automatic firing. Mines are usually arranged for combination firing, that is, for either judgment or automatic firing.

Electro-mechanical mines differ from electro-contact mines in that they themselves contain the firing battery.

Extemporized mines may be made by filling a barrel or box with gunpowder or gun-cotton, and fitting an electrical fuse to it.

Submarine mines, except purely automatic floating mines used in emergencies, are controlled from the mining case-mate on shore, which receives its information and orders from the mine commander stationed in his observing tower. The mines are planted in several lines, so as to compel hostile vessels to pass in range of more than one mine.

Destroying Them.

Submarine mines are usually attacked by counter-mining, which consists in laying a fresh line of mines across or near a mine field, and in causing the explosion of the old mines by the cussion resulting from firing the new ones. Another method of attack is by sweeping, which consists of sending a pair of boats, connected by means of cables fitted with grappling irons, and sometimes with explosive charges, to drag over suspecting mine fields.

Innocent Suffered.

Owing to the havoc created among neutral vessels during the Russo-Japanese war, and among all shipping for several years, by drifting mines floated in the vicinity of Port Arthur, the Hague conference in 1907 forbade the use of unanchored mines, or of anchored mines broken lose from their cables except they were of a type which became harmless soon after; also the placing of mines along the coasts and in front of the ports of an enemy with the intent to destroy commerce. At the close of a war all belligerents are to remove mines they have planted. The rules were to remain in force seven years.

Britain Opposed It.

The British Government has always opposed mine-laying in shallow water as a disloyal and cruel form of war, cruel because it is directed largely againat merchant shipping, and so may cause heavy sacrifice of life among innocent noncombatants, women and children, because it is often carried out, as in this case, by vessels taken over from the merchant marine.

British envoys to The Hague Conference in 1907 made earnest efforts to secure prohibition of mines, but were defeated by the opposition of Germany for reasons which are now clearly understood.

Was in Tornado.

Capt. Fox, who was in command of the Amphion, was a midshipman on board the British warship Calliope, the only warship which escaped destruction in the terrific Samoa tornado of 1889.

The Lance, which sank the German mine layer, Koenigen Luise, is one of the newest types of destroyers, developing 27,000 horsepower, with a speed of 33 knots. She is armed with three 4-inch quickfirers and burns oil. Her tonnage is 5,100, and her complement 100 men.

SIR GILBERT PARKER.

Canadian Knight in the Old Country Tells His Story.

Sir Gilbert Parker, the Canadian-born author, has just told his life story to a British journal. He says:

My father was a British officer of artillery, who first went to Canada in his very young manhood, at the time of the Rebellion in 1837, and went out again before troops were finally withdrawn from the Dominion. When they were withdrawn he decided to settle there.

While I was taking my university course, I was tutoring and lecturing at twenty and twenty-one. I fancy that it was easier for me to speak then than it is now. Eloquence is the easiest thing to acquire—thought is a different acquisition altogether.

I did not begin to write for the public till I landed in Australia, a boy of twenty-one. I had no intention of staying there, but had gone to the South Seas on a trip for my health with the money I had saved. At twenty-two I lectured in the chief cities of Australia, made a big journey in the interior, and was about to sail for England when I was offered the post of associate editor of the Sydney Morning Herald at a salary which, including payment for extra work, represented four figures. I omitted to state that I landed in Australia with £60.

Sir Gilbert Parker.

I had the good fortune when in connection with the Sydney Morning Herald to make trips as its Special Commissioner to different parts of the South Seas.

Then I began to write plays. Play-writing, not fiction, was my first appeal to the general public.

George Rignold, who was famous for his acting of Henry V., produced three plays of mine, all of which were successful, and brought me in more cash than I had ever thought of having from the pen, and kudos beyond my modest dreams.

I wish I had a heartrending tale to tell of the attic or the garret, and the meal at the cab-shelter. I have not, but I did not work the less hard for all that.

In Australia I worked fifteen hours a day. To-day I suppose I fill in as many hours with hard work as any man in this country, systematically, determinedly, and not allowing my feelings to control my will.

"Pierre and His People," which was my first book of fiction, produced in 1892, had followed a visit, after some years, to Quebec and the North-West of Canada. It was an immediate success, though not sensational in its sales.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

To-day's neglect spells to-morrow's worry.

Many a woman's imagination makes her an invalid.

Some women sweeten their tea with gossip instead of sugar.

A cat will not look at a king if there is a mouse in sight.

An economical woman tries to make her waist as small as possible.

Every little helps—especially little kicks when you're going down hill.

If the bride has seven gowns the honeymoon will last at least a week.

Make a play for luck if you will, but remember it is work that pays.

Many a fool man has worked himself to death trying to earn money to keep up the premiums on his life insurance.

Experience is a great teacher, but there are some conceited men who imagine they can give experience cards and spades and beat it at the teaching game.

CANADIAN BANK BILLS.

Government Authorizes Payment in Bills Instead of in Gold Pieces.

To prevent any uneasiness or unnecessary trouble on the part of those not familiar with financial matters, and with the strength of our Canadian banking system, the Minister of Finance has issued a timely and reassuring statement.

He outlines the effective steps which the Government is taking to ensure an abundant supply of currency during the war, and authorizes payments in Bank Notes instead of in Dominion Notes or Gold.

That is to say, the familiar $5, $10 and $20 bills, and those of higher denominations, issued by our Canadian Chartered Banks, have now exactly the same value as gold.

Railways, express companies, merchants, everybody in Canada, will continue to receive and make payments in Bank Notes. Our Canadian Banks are in splendid position to meet any demands which may be made upon them, as their reserves are exceptionally strong.

The Mysterious Egg.

The hen's egg, although weighing but 2 to 2½ oz., is a very mysterious little thing. Whilst the sex of an egg before the latter has been incubated, cannot be ascertained, it is quite simple, on the other hand, to discover the quality of the contents before breaking the egg. If the egg rattles when gently shaken it may be considered a stale one, more or less, in which the contents have become decomposed. The best method for a wife to adopt to ascertain the freshness of purchased eggs is the salt test. Dissolve six ounces of ordinary salt in a tumbler of water and place the egg therein. If a genuine new-laid article, the egg will sink just below the surface. After seven days it will float, and the more it protrudes from the surface of the water the older the egg. An egg that is even good only in parts will, singularly enough, lose much of its staleness during its swim in the frying-pan. The secret is well known to certain landladies.

The Humble Onion.

Many unsuspected virtues reside in the humble onion. To ease neuralgia or rheumatic pains there is nothing better than an onion poultice. Very few people know that. As a remedy for sleeplessness try the effect of eating a Spanish onion before retiring and eaten afterwards will prevent any disagreeable taste or smell. Scorched linen can be restored by squeezing the juice of an onion on the marks. The smell of paint can be removed if a saucerful of sliced onion is placed in the room overnight. For a wasp sting, there is no better remedy than the juice of an onion. The onion is an excellent blood purifier, and its continued use makes the complexion peculiarly smooth. A sliced onion placed in a sick room on a sheet of paper will absorb infectious odors. Burn, and renew daily. Flies will not disfigure gilt picture frames or mantles if the latter are washed in onion water.

Girl Has a Better Chance.

In almost all civilized countries women outnumber men, and this fact has been ascribed to the higher birthrate of girl babies; yet statistics show that 106 boys are born to every 100 girls. According to figures compiled by a statistician the girl has a better chance than the boy of attaining maturity.

An Endearing Act.

Wife (pleadingly) — I'm afraid, Jack, you do not love me any more—anyway, not so well as you used to.

Husband—Why?

Wife—Because you always let me get up to light the fire now.

Husband—Nonsense, my love! Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more.

We feel sorry for the average man who gets what he deserves.

NEWS ACROSS THE BORDER

WHAT IS GOING ON OVER IN THE STATES.

Latest Happenings in Big Republic Condensed for Busy Readers.

The Grand Trunk docks at Seattle have been destroyed by fire.

Twenty persons were injured in a panic on a Newark street car, when a fuse blew out.

Cotton dropped to $4 a bale in New Orleans as a result of the pessimistic reports from Europe.

The Connellsville, Pa., coke region reports an increase of over 300 ovens fired during the last week.

Twenty tons of gold consigned to the sub-treasury arrived in Wall Street by parcel post from Philadelphia.

A tuberculosis census is to be taken in thousands of churches throughout the United States next September.

Mrs. Thomas Cranshaw took pity on a negro tramp and fed him. As a reward, he robbed her of a gold watch and diamond ring.

New York theatrical managers are worrying lest the European cloud will hold up many performers who are summering abroad.

John Carroll, an 18-year-old New Yorker, had his arm so badly lacerated that he fell unconscious, when he attempted to pet a French poodle.

A Pittsburgh firm is said to have received orders for quantities of steel for bayonets and scabbards from the Austrian and Servian governments.

New York hotel proprietors fear a "waiter famine." Many Austrian waiters have already signified their intention of going home should war become general.

Sergeant David M. Lavine, of the Coast Artillery, stationed at Fort Totten, Long Island, may lose the sight of his right eye as the result of a mosquito bite.

New York wholesale poultry dealers have again taken up the practice of using a mixture of corn, cement and sand to increase the weight of their produce.

Thousands of fish were stunned and flung to the surface when four marine mines were exploded off Sandy Hook. The naval test proved a bonanza to the fishermen.

Frightened when a wounded sparrow fell on her hat and became tangled in it, Mrs. Floyd Nesbitt overturned her canoe and was nearly drowned near Garrison, N.Y.

Judge Gary, head of the steel corporation, says he sees no reason why American business financial prosperity should not continue, despite the present European crisis.

While pruning trees, William Ricketts, a Passaic man, slipped and fell, gashing his hand with his pruning knife. To make matters worse he was then attacked by his own bulldog.

Two girls and four boys were bitten by a mad cat in Gotham. The feline had been abandoned by a woman who moved from the neighborhood, and was maddened by hunger.

For threatening to kill his wife, Edward Treisch, Westhampton, Beach, L.I., got 30 days in jail. For stealing a chicken from Treisch, Jas. Reeve was put in the same jail for 90 days.

"I'd rather go to war and get shot than marry you," declared John Rzesnik of New York, when he found himself in court, charged with breach of promise by Miss Catharine Kobrynowics.

Baltimore fertilizer manufacturers received word from the German firm which produces the world's supply of potash, that no shipments will be made until the war ends. This makes the manufacture of fertilizer impossible.

THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY.

Happiness is not given exclusively to any one period of life; it may be enjoyed by all.—Paley.

Old wood is best to burn; old wine to drink; old friends to trust; and old authors to read.—Alphonsus.

The noblest service comes from nameless hands, and the best servant does his work unseen.—O. W. Holmes.

Adversity is hard upon a man, but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred who will stand adversity.—Carlyle.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble—Phillips Brooks.

Never repine at misfortune, or envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings.—Addison.

A woman should never get married until she can afford it.

ADVENTURE WITH SAVAGES

British Crew Captured by Sumatrans Had Thrilling Experience While Waiting to be Ransomed

For the crew of a British ship, numbering 28 hands, to be attacked and overpowered on the high seas by a band of savage pirates, and to be marched away and held prisoners for a period of over five months in the wilds of Sumatra, where they endured tortures and sufferings from which they were released only by the payment of a heavy ransom by a European government, savors more of romance than reality. Yet such was the fate that befell my companions and me, of the good ship Nisero, in the year 1889, says the Wide World Magazine.

The Nisero, which belonged to D. G. Pinkney & Sons of Sunderland and London, was a cargo steamer trading between Great Britain and the East. She was capable of carrying about 3,700 tons of freight, and in those days was considered quite a big ship. She was in command of Captain Charles Hoodruff, assisted by the usual complement of officers and crew, my position on the vessel being that of steward. All told, we numbered 28 hands, every one of them a British subject.

It was in the February of the year named that we loaded up at Sunderland with a cargo of coal, bound for Colombo. The voyage out was quite uneventful. We discharged our black diamonds at Colombo and then proceeded in ballast to Batavia, in Java, to load up sugar for New York. Steaming across the Indian Ocean we sighted the northern point of Sumatra safely, passed Brasse island, and then hugged the coast, steering for Diamond Point, with the intention of entering the Malacca strait. Everything went well, until the early hours of May 29th, when we ran into a particularly heavy fog. The ship's head was put out to sea, and we went dead slow. Despite these precautions, however, we touched bottom, and it was not long before we discovered that the ship was hard and fast aground. We could distinctly hear the sound of breakers which told us we had not run ashore. Apparently we had grounded on some uncharted reef, and at first we did not regard the matter very seriously. All we had to do, we thought, was to make everything secure and wait until the fog lifted and the tide rose, when we should float off without damage.

It was about 5 o'clock in the morning when the ship struck—as we discovered later—opposite a place called Point Nyes, about half way between Brasse Island and Diamond Point, on the northern coast of Sumatra. About an hour and a half later, when the fog began to lift a little, the lookout somewhat astonished us by reporting more than a dozen large native catamarans, under full sail, bearing down upon us. We crowded to the ship's rail and peered through the fog in the direction of the coming boats, speculating as to whether they would prove to be friends or foes. We had not long to wait to settle this point. Through his glasses the captain saw that the boats were crowded with armed savages, and as they drew near we realized that they were the dreaded Achinese, a powerful and warlike tribe who inhabit the northern portion of Sumatra, and whom the Dutch even to this day have not completely subdued. They are notorious pirates, and had evidently come out to rob us, if not to kill us.

It was impossible to get the ship away, and accordingly preparations were made to keep our foes at bay, for we knew that if we allowed them to board us we should be at their mercy. Rockets were fired and shots sent in the direction of the coming boats in the hope that the savages would be frightened off. Still, however, they bore down upon us. When they were within hailing distance we shouted to them, making it clear that we did not want them to approach nearer. Nevertheless, they came on taking not the slightest notice of our shouts and threats. As they drew closer we realized more than ever that their mission was not one of peace, and that if we valued our lives they must be kept away from the ship at all costs. Occasional shots from the captain's revolver troubled them little, and as our armory was small, consisting only of some four or five guns, and there was little ammunition to spare, other measures had to be sought to keep our dreaded foes at bay.

It was clear that this was not the first ship these men had attacked. Presently, by a clever maneuver, they spread out in an immense circle and completely surrounded us; then, dashing in simultaneously, they began to clamber on deck, climbing up the sides of the ship like monkeys by means of bamboo poles and grass ropes with hooks at the ends, which they flung upward, thus obtaining a grip on the ship's plates, portholes and rails. When they reached the deck many were hurled back clean into the water, but it was a short fight, for we were hopelessly outnumbered and securely bound, though not until we had all been more or less seriously wounded. I had a spear-thrust through the muscle of my arm, the scar of which I carry to this day, and our quartermaster had a spear driven right through his leg, while the captain had a very narrow shave, a spear, as it whistled through the air, taking the skin off one side of his face.

Many of the natives lay about the deck stunned by our blows, while several of their boats had been damaged. Sails had been knocked down, and here and there men lay apparently lifeless on the lashed logs of which the craft were constructed.

Once overpowered, we were quickly rendered incapable of offering further resistance, our hands and arms being securely tied with grass ropes. Our captors were half naked, brown-skinned savages, from five feet six inches to five feet eight inches in height, fairly muscular, and as nimble as kittens. Their bodies were greased with cocoa-nut oil, which made it very difficult to grapple with them, while they were armed with spears, a kind of tomahawk, axes, and a few old flintlock muskets. Once masters of the situation, they quickly made us understand by signs that we were to leave the ship and go ashore with them. Then, two or three savages gripping each man, they literally tossed us over the side of the ship into the water, where we were picked up by their companions and placed upon the catamarans. Sails were then set, paddles got out, and we made for the shore.

Not being able to speak their language, and the savages being very excitable and jabbering incessantly, our thoughts were anything but pleasant ones. Did they mean to kill and eat us, or were they going slowly to torture us to death? We had heard the stories of the cruelties they had inflicted upon other shipwrecked crews, and regarded our fate as virtually sealed. We could not make head or tail of their intentions, however, except that it was clear they did not mean a single one of us to escape.

After they had beached their boats the Achinese made signs to us that we were to follow them. Several of them, heavily armed, led the way and we sailors followed, absolutely surrounded by our captors. They plunged into the jungle, traveling in a more or less straight line, and thus we tramped along for several hours through thick tropical forests, which taxed our strength and patience, for fettered as we were, we often caught our feet and fell helplessly among the thick roots that littered the ground, while horrible thorns tore our clothes and slashed our bodies.

We journeyed on through that interminable forest for some seven or eight hours until we were utterly exhausted from fatigue and want of food. All we had to eat on the march was some wild fruit, which our captors gathered in the jungle, and an occasional drink from some stream.

The Achinese made it very plain to us by eloquent signs that any attempt to get away would mean severe punishment, if not death. Here, held as prisoners by our savage captors, we were destined to spend five weary and anxious months, knowing nothing of what was going on in the outside world and in ignorance of our ultimate fate.

That first night, we were too worn out to do anything but sleep, but as day succeeded day, and we remained cooped up in that wretched shed we began to discuss the seriousness of our plight and racked our brains for a means of escape. Twenty-eight Britishers were not likely to submit tamely to captivity among savages. We had not been among the natives more than a fortnight, when Quartermaster Potter, a big sturdy fellow, attempted to regain his liberty by quietly creeping out of camp at night. This was not easy, for, in addition to the guards around our prison, there were a dozen or more fires encircling us, the glow of which revealed our every movement. Potter told us of his intentions, and though none of us cared to join him just then—we felt it was practically hopeless—we wished him luck, and grew quite excited when we discovered that he had actually got away. It was a shortlived freedom, however, for about 9 o'clock on the next morning he was brought back by a band of savages. The poor fellow was almost naked, the little clothing he possessed having been torn off him by his angry captors.

Potter was given a punishment which more than one of us was compelled to suffer before we were ultimately released. Making a hot fire, the Achinese tied his hands together, and then, by means of cords drew them over the blaze, holding them there until they were badly burnt and blistered. For days Potter was completely crippled and in great pain, and we had to feed him like a baby. To alleviate his agony we placed cocoanut leaves dipped in water over the tender skin. The leaves were very cooling, and in time the wounds healed.

About the end of June the same fate befell another man, Murphy by name, but the poor fellow died some weeks later. In this case the savages, with fiendish cruelty, burnt his feet as well as his hands, with the result that Murphy could not walk. We made him up a bed of dried leaves, and in our rough-and-ready way did everything we could for him, bathing his burns and poulticing with cocoanut leaves. Nevertheless, our comrade grew rapidly worse, and toward the end prayed for death to release him from his sufferings. Alson, another able-bodied seaman, who essayed a bolt, was subjected to a like ordeal, while I still carry the scars of burns I received as a punishment for trying to escape. The torture by burning was unspeakably painful and was always carried out in the presence of the whole village. When the captive was brought back tomtoms were beaten and very soon the clearing would be crowded with savages. Then the fire would be lit, the prisoner brought out and the cruel punishment inflicted. Being bound and securely held, there was no escape. The men often fainted from the awful pain, while the Achinese gloatingly watched their sufferings. The pirates invariably wound up the proceedings with a dance.

After quite a number of men had suffered this ordeal by fire we began to recognize that it was impossible for us to get away. Possessing no compass and knowing nothing about the country, we did not even know in what direction to go. All around us was thick jungle, in some places absolutely impenetrable. What dangers lurked there we did not know, but we were well aware that it contained wild beasts, for we often heard the roarings at night. There were leopards and jaguars, we knew, and also enormous pythons. To have escaped from one savage tribe into the hands of another would not have improved matters, and it seemed as if this was the most we could hope for if we succeeded in avoiding the wild beasts and snakes.

None of us got more than a few miles into the jungle before we were overtaken, for the natives were expert trackers. Our experiences were practically identical. All the fugitives were suddenly pounced upon by the savages, who emerged from behind trees and bushes when we imagined no one was following us.

During our imprisonment among the Achinese we were fed on rice. A bagful of this grain, with the husks on, were brought every morning by one of the natives and flung down before us. We had to separate the rice from the husks and then cook it in a sort of cauldron over a fire which we kindled with an old flint. Water we obtained from an adjacent stream, fetching it in a kind of old pail we found. To vary our diet of rice we had various kinds of wild fruit, such as mangoes, oranges figs, apples, tomatoes and cocoanuts. These we either picked from the forest bordering the clearing or obtained from the natives. We induced the native boys to climb the cocoanut trees and throw us down the nuts. These we cracked and drank the milk. In spite of these shifts, however, our menu was not very satisfying to healthy, vigorous seamen.

Climbing the trees for fruit and nuts played havoc with our clothes, which were soon in ribbons. Many of the men, moreover, had been wearing little at the time of capture. When the ship was attacked the men below dashed up on deck in their trousers and shirts and these scanty garments were now in the last stages of disrepair. The natives took our watches and chains, our pipes and tobacco and every article we possessed that they fancied. They even took the rings off the captain's fingers. It was not long before we detected in the village many articles from the Nisero in the form of ropes, canvas, awnings, sails, chains and tools. Bars of steel were brought from the engine room, and out of these the natives fashioned improvised hammers and ax heads. They even brought the ship's chronometer ashore. This they evidently regarded as a curio, for it was broken up and the works distributed among the chiefs.

These garments they often wore, especially on festive occasions, when they presented a comical sight. One would be seen parading about in a shirt, another in a vest and a third in a sou'-wester cap. As we watched them, men would ruefully remark: "There goes my shirt!" "There goes my coat!" and so on.

Meanwhile, the days of our imprisonment passed slowly and wearily by, and no whisper from the outside world reached us. One day was very much like another. When the sun rose we would leave our bed of dried leaves, stroll down to the stream and perform our ablutions, often indulging in a swim. Our next task would be to cook enough rice to last us the day. We ate for breakfast, for dinner, and also for supper, and we soon came to loathe it. After breakfast we would wander into the adjacent jungle, which we were allowed to do—always accompanied, however, by some of the natives—to hunt for fruit. When night came and we turned in we were greatly troubled by myriads of voracious mosquitoes and flies.

Now and then we could not help being struck with the humor of the situation. Not only did the natives bring everything movable away from the ship, but our clothes as well.

One morning, when we had been there just over four months, we found the natives greatly alarmed. It was clear that something unusual was about to happen. The young bloods were greasing their bodies, fondling their spears, and marching to and fro. Were we being attacked by a rival tribe, or what was it? Just after noon we heard shouts, but they were not war cries, and then a band of natives, many of whom we had never seen before, stepped into the clearing, followed by a troop of some 50 European soldiers, dressed in light blue uniforms and peaked caps, and led by a smart little officer. They were Dutchmen, and we could not help giving them a rousing cheer, which they promptly answered. Without more ado they strolled over to us, shook hands with us warmly, and plied us with questions concerning our health. Never had we seen faces that cheered us so much as those of these sunburnt sons of Holland! Nearly all of them spoke English and we thanked heaven that we had been found and rescued at last.

We now learned that the British India steamer Mombasa had reported having seen our vessel ashore, and on assistance being sent to her it was discovered that not a single member of the crew remained on board. There were traces of a fight, however, and the wreckage of the ship found on the shore made it clear that we had been overpowered and carried off into the jungle.

The matter was at once brought to the notice of the Dutch government, which was asked to ascertain what had become of us, and by dint of many inquiries at last discovered our whereabouts. Word was sent, through the natives, to the chief who held us prisoners that we were to be at once released, but this the chief refused to do without first receiving a ransom. He threatened to massacre us if soldiers were sent against him. We learned all this from our rescuers. They informed us that the matter had been brought before the British House of Commons by Samuel Storey, then M.P. from Sunderland, and that the British people were very incensed at the inability of the Dutch to release us. The British foreign office had insisted on something being done, and that was why they had come to bargain with the chief. There were certain preliminaries to be gone through, but we should undoubtedly be free shortly. It was indeed joyful news.

The soldiers pitched their tents close to us, and that night we had the pleasure of tasting hot coffee, eating properly cooked European food, and indulging in a smoke—the first for ages. Never was a meal so satisfying and a smoke so soothing to troubled nerves.

Next morning our captain left us, in company with some of the soldiers and chiefs. There was to be a palaver with the chief who claimed us, and who was away at the time, one of the conditions being that the captain was to be present.

As the days wore on naturally we speculated as to what was happening, though our Dutch friends assured us that it was only a matter of arrangement. Twelve days later, to our dismay, the soldiers were called away, but returned next morning, and great was our joy when they informed us that we were now free, and were to accompany them to the coast. Our liberty had been bought by the Dutch government, which had agreed to give the natives 12,000 guilden—about £1,000. Thus ended our captivity of five months and three days among one of the most warlike and dangerous tribes of Sumatra. We soon reached Sarawak, where we found our captain awaiting us, and from that place we came home to England, via Rotterdam, by the steamship Sourabaya.

Princess Margaret of Connaught in Swedish Garb.

Princess Margaret of Connaught and her husband, the Crown Prince of Sweden, at the innauguration of the Centennial Agricultural Exhibition at Malmo. On that occasion Princess Margaret, dressed in Swedish national costume, received a procession of 1,000 peasants wearing the local costumes of every part of the country.

HOME

Jelly Recipes.

Crema di Leche.—Heat one and a half pints of new milk over a slow fire with the the thinly pared rind of half a lemon. Beat a whole egg and the yolks of three more till light, then mix in two ounces of sifted sugar and four tablespoonfuls of dried and sifted flour rubbed smooth with two or three spoonfuls of the milk. When this is all blended strain it into the hot milk just as it reaches boiling point and stir it together over the fire, without allowing it to boil, until it thickens and "drapes' the spoon. Have ready a layer of ratafias and macaroons mixed at the bottom of a deep glass dish soaked with half a wineglassful of brandy or so of essence of vanilla. Strain the hot mixture into this and strew ground cinnamon over it. Let it stand over night to get perfectly cold, then serve either plain or with whipped and sweetened cream flavored with brandy served separately.

Yellow Custard Jelly.—Put one pint of milk in a pan with one-half an ounce of leaf gelatine, dissolve the gelatine in the milk, letting it boil up, then add two ounces of sugar and when the milk has cooled a little and the sugar is dissolved stir in the beaten yolks of four eggs, taking care however not to let the mixture boil; flavor with vanilla and when nicely thickened pour into a border mould and leave till set, when you fill up the centre with iced gooseberry fool. For the gooseberry fool stew very slowly one quart of green gooseberries, after topping and tailing them, with half a pound of sugar, three or four strips of finely pared lemon peel and just sufficient water to prevent their burning. When tender rub them carefully through a fine sieve (adding a drop or two of vegetable green coloring, but be careful with this), and a wine-glass of maraschino liqueur syrup, a squeeze of lemon juice and half a pint of stiffly whipped cream (or failing this use custard); and either freeze in a freezer or pack into a tin, cover down tightly and bury in ice and freezing salt for some hours. The fool must be stirred up from the bottom and sides occasionally to make it set evenly and smoothly. Any fruit can be prepared in this way.

Orange Cheesecakes.—Boil the thinly peeled rind of four oranges in water to remove the bitter taste. When tender pound up with half a pound of sugar, four ounces of butter and the yolks of six eggs. Beat the mixture well and add the juice of the oranges; should the oranges be large only use the juice of two. Have ready some small patty pans or two large ones, line with puff paste, put in the mixture and bake. The whites may be used for meringues, etc.

Vegetable Soups.

There is an awful sameness usually to our mixed vegetable soup. Here are some recipes which suggest many variations of this old-time standby.

Vegetable soup with stock is made in this way: Measure a teacupful each of chopped cabbage, parsnip and turnips and a cupful and a half each of onion, carrot and celery. Put these chopped vegetables in a soup kettle and add a quart each of stock and water. Simmer until the vegetables are tender and then add a cupful of canned tomatoes and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Flavor with a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Serve very hot.

One recipe for vegetable soup without meat stock is this: Boil three quarts of water and add to it a cupful of chopped onions and the same amount of minced turnip and minced carrot, four cupfuls of shredded cabbage, a chopped leek and two tablespoonfuls each of minced celery and minced green pepper. Boil rapidly for 12 minutes and then simmer gently for an hour. Then add two tomatoes, or two cupfuls of canned tomato and two cupfuls of raw potato sliced. Cook for another hour and then add two tablespoonfuls of butter, two or three teaspoonfuls of salt and some pepper. Do not put the cover closely over this soup at any time during the cooking.

Another recipe for vegetable soup without meat stock is this: Chop a bunch of celery, a sweet potato, a parsnip, a turnip, two onions, a carrot, a white potato and a sprig of parsley. Add a little thyme and simmer with seven pints of water until the vegetables are tender. Rub through a sieve and return to the fire. Then add a tablespoonful of butter, rubbed smooth with two tablespoonfuls of flour and added first to a little of the hot soup. Stir over the fire for five minutes and serve.

Another vegetable puree, of which stock is an ingredient, is made in this way: Boil slowly until tender in stock enough to cover half a cupful each of chopped potatoes, leeks, onions, carrots, parsnips and turnips. Then add salt, pepper and other seasoning to taste and rub through a sieve. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter over the fire, and when it bubbles, add a tablespoonful of flour. Gradually pour on the puree and stir over the fire for four minutes. Then reduce the heat and add two well beaten eggs mixed with a little milk. Serve with croutons.

Household Hints.

If you wish fish to be crisp, do not cover it while cooking.

When ironing, have a number of coat hangers upon which to put waists, children's dresses, etc.

When serving apples whole on the table, polish them with olive oil.

Meat should be removed from the paper as soon as it comes from the market, otherwise the paper will absorb some of the juices.

A spoonful of kerosene put into the clothes boiler will make the clothes white and sweet. There will be no odor of the kerosene when the clothes are dried.

Several thicknesses of disks cut from the good portions of the kitchen oilcloth make excellent mats to put under the flower pots in the various windows.

In summer food must be carefully watched or it will spoil. If the milk bottle stands on the doorsteps a minute too long, the milk may turn sour.

A little vinegar added to water in which vegetables are washed will prove effectual in removing the dirt and insects. Salt will do the same thing.

To insure a perfectly ventilated house, is to open the windows in each room in the house, both top and bottom, for a suitable period every morning, and remember that it is easier to heat a house that is not full of vitiated air.

After the carpets have been beaten in the open air and relaid wipe the surface with a clean flannel that has been wrung out of warm water softened by the addition of a tablespoonful of liquid ammonia to the pint. As soon as the flannel is soiled rinse it, and when the whole carpet has been treated set the window and door open to get a draught, and avoid walking over the carpet until it is quite dry.

Dark rooms bring depression of spirits, imparting a sense of confinement, of isolation, of powerlessness, which is chilling to energy and vigor; but in light is good cheer. Even in a gloomy house, where walls and furniture are dingy and brown, you have but to take down the heavy curtains, open the window, let light stream in and gloom vanishes, and care and sadness flee.

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AND
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British Military Power.

The nations of Continental Europe, which have by compulsory service trained practically all able-bodied males for military action, have long looked with some derision at the small standing army maintained by Britain. High as its quality might be, it seemed like a corporal's guard alongside the millions of trained men Germany, Russia, France, Austria, and even smaller countries could put in the field. But the reserve strength of the voluntary system, as contrasted with conscription, is about to be demonstrated by the British military authorities. In the House of Lords, Earl Kitchener said that Germany had called to the colors almost its entire male population. The Copenhagen announcement that German boys from 16 to 19 years of age are being trained for defence is added confirmation of the news that the Landsturn and Ersatz have been brought into service. While the maximum of Germany's manpower is now being exerted, but a very small part of British military strength is yet utilized. Speaking of British army augmentation, Kitchener said:

"The principle we, on our part, shall observe is this: That while the maximum force undergoes constant diminution the reinforcements we prepare will steadily and increasingly flow out until we have an army in the field which in numbers will not be less than in quality and not be unworthy of the power and responsibility of the British Empire. The scale of the field army which we are now calling into being is large and may rise in the course of the next six or seven months to a total of thirty divisions (450,000 men) to be continually maintained in the field."

Canada, Australia, New Zealand and India are contributing about 60,000 men in the first contingents. The British regulars released from various parts of the Empire by the substitution of local troops will bring the overseas force up to about 100,000. Eighty battalions of the British Territorials have volunteered for service at the front. In Canada, as in the other dominions, the despatch of the first contingent is the prelude to the organization of additional forces. The comparatively small British force now operating on the front has already proved itself of Gibraltarlike strength in the allies' resistance of the German ivvasion. In the Motherland enlistment for service is but quickened and heartened by news of reverses to the allies' cause. Kitchener's call for still more troops, until Britain has a large and increasingly formidable force operating against the Germans, is sure to get a reception that will show that it is not so much compulsory training—valuable though that be—as the spirit of a people which makes it great in war.

The resources upon which the British can draw, in men and money, are vast. In the long drawn struggle against the Germans, these reserves are going to count much more tellingly against the Kaiser than if they had all been brought into play at the outset. Britain will prove again, as she proved in the Napoleonic and other wars, her right to consideration as a military power of no mean strength, not withstanding the smallness of her army in peace.

District News
—:o:—
News of Brownsburg

Mr. W. P. Davies of Montreal, is on a visit to his parents Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Davies.

Mr. E. T. Spidy, A. S. M. E. Winnipeg with Mrs. Spidy and infant are on a vacation the guests of Mrs Spidy's parents Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Davies Dalesville Road.

The residents of Brownsburg who have been summering at Lake Souisa have all returned home and making preparations to get their families ready for school, including Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Johnson and family and Mr. and Mrs. C. Freith and family.

Tuesday evening last a large party of young people on the invitation of the officers and members of the oddfellows lodge paid a visit to the new lodge rooms in the West End. A good time was spent the Lachute Oddfellows making excellent hosts. The party returning in the wee sma' hours of the morning, all pronouncing the affair a perfect success.

The Presbyterian Sunday School Picnic which was to have taken place last Saturday in Mr. VanBuren's Grove had to be abandoned by order of old probs. It is arranged to take place next Saturday at the same place. A good time is anticipated with permission of the clerk of the weather.

Owing to the inclement weather last Saturday the Dominion Cartridge Coy's Gun Club had to pospone their prearranged meeting much to the disappointment of its members. It has been arranged by the officers to hold the shoot next Saturday, Sept. 5th, when all members will try their skill for the Boa trophies.

Last Saturday a sale of furniture and effects took place at the residence of Mrs. W. D. McOuat which was attended by many intending purchasers considering the weather. The articles attained a satisfactory price, everything being disposed of and the sale was considered a success. Mrs. W. D. McOuat who has been a life long resident of Brownsburg has left the village to take up her residence with her two daughters Maudie and Leila in Montreal.

CARILLON.

Mr. Jack Fletcher spent a few days in Montreal last week.

The many friends of Mrs. F. Ethier will be pleased to hear of her speedy recovery.

Mr. & Mrs. J. Keeley of Montreal are spending their vacation with Mr. John McGowan.

Mrs. John McKinnon and little daughters returned home to Fort William on Sunday.

Mrs. Stackhouse and Mrs. Dale of Ottawa are spending a few weeks with their sister Mrs. P. Hodgson.

Mrs. Allan Snare and little daughter left for her home in Lachine after spending two months as the guest of Mrs. James Nichols.

Mrs. Fred Groves and Master Laurence has returned to Montreal after spending the summer months here.

Another of the old landmarks of Carillon has passed away in the person of the late Thos. Fagan in his seventy-fifth year. The deceased has lived here since his birth. He was government diver for forty-seven years and leaves to moarn his loss his widow, one son Allan and two daughters, Mrs. Mac. McKinnon, of Fort William, and Miss Rachael of Montreal. The funeral took place from his late residence on Friday morning, August 28th, to St. Andrews R.C. Church, where a requiem mass was held, the remains being afterwards interred in the St. Andrews cemetery.

DUNANY.

Mr. E. Ellis, of Lachine, was the guest of Mrs. W. M. Ellis at Clear Lake.

Miss Adèle Loynachan was the guest of Mrs. A. MacDougall for a couple of weeks.

Mr. H. Kearns, of Montreal, was the week-end guest of Mrs. Daniel Joss, Clear Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Carleton, of Montreal West, are guests at Mr. Daniel Joss cottage, Clear Lake.

Mrs. W. M. Ellis. Sr., of Lachine, spent a few days this week at Clear Lake, the guest of Mrs. Ellis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Taylor and little daughter, Ethelwyn, have returned to Montreal from Clear Lake.

Mr. Geo. Paquette and Miss Hope Paquette, of Montreal, were at Kearney Cottage for the week-end.

Miss Jessie Brennan, of Montreal, is spending a couple of weeks at Kearney Cottage, the guest of Mrs. Geo. Paquette.

Mrs. Williams and Mr. and Mrs. J. Fish and family of Montreal West, were guests of Mrs. T. D. McRobie, Boyd's Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Cooke and family, of Montreal, are occupying Mr. Heavysege's cottage at Clear Lake for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor have returned to their home in Montreal after spending the summer at their cottage at Clear Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. R. McIntyre, Miss Elsie McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. Whinfield and family, spent some time at Mr. J. D. Campbell's cottage, Boyd's Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Forbes, Master Gordon Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Duff, of Montreal, and Miss Beatrice Soutar, of Auburn, Maine, spent the week-end at Mrs. W. H. Taylor's cottage at Clear Lake, having motered out from Montreal.

DALESVILLE.

Mr. H. Brady is visiting friends here.

Rev. Mr. Denny spent the week-end in Dalesville.

Miss M. Steele visited Mrs. G. Dixon last week.

Miss M. McLeod, of Montrerl, is visiting Miss Graham.

Mrs. T. R. Cregeen spent the week-end with his family.

Mr. W. Frigg, of Montreal, visited Mr Murdock last week.

Messrs. G. and F. Davis spent the week-end with their families.

Mrs. D. McOuat, of Brownsburg, was the guest of Mrs. Dale this week.

Miss M. Vary and W. and M. Savage, visited Mrs. J. Graham on Monday.

Mrs. G. Davis and Master Cecil, of Montreal, are guests of Mrs. Dale.

Miss Jessie Silverson has gone to Kilowen to take charge of the school there.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson and family, and Mrs. Walsh returned to Montreal on Saturday.

Mrs. R. S. MacArthur entertained a few friends very pleasantly on Wednesday evening.

Pastor W. G. White will Occupy the pulpit, morning and evening, in Dalesville Sept. 6th.

Misses M. Dixon and A. Silverson and Geo. McCormick have gone to Lachute to attend the Academy.

The week night service at Brownsburg Tuesday evening Sept. 8th, will be held in the home of Mrs. Archie Murdock.

The many friends of Mr. Hebson Murdock, will be sorry to learn of his death which occurred on Tuesday last.

Mr. J. Tasse has purchased Mr. Robert's farm in St. Philippe, and intends moving his family from Dalesville in the near future. We wish Mr. Tasse success.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McArthur and Mr. J. Stuart McArthur who have been at Lake Louisa for some time spent a few days here, prior to their return to Montreal.

EDINA.

Divine Service will be held in Belt's School at 10.30 a.m., Edina Methodist Church, at 3 30 p.m., and at Brown's School House at 7.45 p.m. Sunday Sept-6th.

Some of our Edina boys were down at the Masonic meeting at Lachute, last Monday, and heard a very inspiring patroitic speech from H. Slater Esq. M. P. P. for the County of Argenteuil.

Although rain threatened and even made it's appearance on some of our harvest days the farmers for the most part, with one or two exceptions, have got in their oats which this year have proved most abundant,

A large band of young men at Edina have been working hard this week putting the picnic grounds into a presentable appearance It is a most pleasing sight to see our friend Mr. Joseph Moncrieff encouraging the bods who are determined to give the visitors a right royal welcome.

Rev. W. G. White the beloved pastor of Dalesville Baptist Church was most enthusiatically welcomed and cordially invited to return to Belt's School House and Edina where he filled the sacred desk in a most acceptable manner last Lord's Day.

We saw quite a crowd of our Dalesville friends at Edina, on the occasion of our picnic. One good thing about our Dalesville neighbors is that they are always willing to lend a helping hand to make any entertainment we may have a success.

Mr. Homer Brady, from Freleighsburg, and Mr. Robert A. Kennedy, of Dalesville two of McGill's Arts Undergraduates were present at the celebrations held at Edina this week, we were most pleased to see them with such pleasant company, and hope they will renew their visitors back to Edina.

Mrs. David Kennedy is holding her annual Turkey Shooting Match on Saturday, September 5th, at 1.30 p.m. It is at such matches that our Canadian boys learn to fight the Empire battles. If not mistaken the Boer War was brought to a happy termination because of Colonial aid and we are sure that when the time comes our boys will give a good account of themselves in the present continental war; so Mrs Kennedy is doing something for the cause of the Empire.

LOUISA.

Mr. G. R. Tomalty was in Lachute on Friday last.

Mr. H. Morrison spent Friday in Lachute, visiting his friends and relations.

The Louisa School has opened for its season work on Sept. 1st.

The farmer's are rushing the grain in the barns.

PUBLIC NOTICE.
—:o:—
Agricultural Society of the County of Argenteuil.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of Tuesday, the eight day of September next, for the Building of a Horse Barn, on the Exhibition grounds, near Lachute, of the same demensions and constructions as the one now erected on said grounds.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily to be accepted.

Dated at Lachute August 28th, 1914.

GAVIN J. WALKER,
9-11 Sec'y Treasurer.

CUSHING.

Mr. Fraser Watson has returned from the West.

Mrs. E. O. Keatley spent Sunday with friends in Grenville.

Mr. Chauncey Johnson, of Toronto, was a recent guest at the Manse.

Miss Bessie Gotto, of Longeuil, is visiting Miss Grace Fraser at the Manse.

Miss Katie Whelehan, of Montreal, is spending her vacation with her friends here.

Mr. A. Dunn, of Montreal, was the guest of his sister Mrs. E Whelehan last week.

Mrs. G. Higginson and Mrs. McDonald of Hawkesbury, were guests at Highland Home on Wednesday last.

GRENVILLE.

A Scout Concert will be given in Dansereau's Hall, under the anspices of the Ladie's Aid, of the Methodist Church, on Saturday, Sept. 5th at 7.30 p.m. A good programme is expected.

J. E. Arnold left with a car of horses for the Eastern Fairs, Three Rivers, Quebec City, Sherbrooke, and Ottawa, we wish him every success, Mrs. Arnold expects to attend the Sherbrooke Fair beginning 5th inst.

WEDDING BELLS.

STEVEN—FUNCHEON.

A quiet and pretty wedding was solemnized on Tuesday, Sept. 1st, at the home of the bride's parents "Hillcrest," Lachute, when Ruby Belle Funcheon, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Funcheon was united in marriage to Mr. Robt. G. Steven, of Dundee, Que. The bridesmaid was Miss Gertrude, youngest sister of the bride, while the best man was Mr. Peter Ferguson. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. A. McKenzie of Lachute. The happy couple were recipients of many beautiful and costly presents. They left on an extended trip by way of the great lakes to Chicago and other western points. Among the guests from a distance were Miss Jean Steven of Dundee, Que,, Miss Marion J. Boa, Miss H. France, Miss May Madden of Montreal and Wm. Hay of Hawkesbury.

SUPERIOR COURT

District of Montcalm, Province of Quebec, No. 50.

In the Superior Court. Martin Tassé, farmer of Rockway Valley, in the parish of St-Rémi d'Amherst, district of Montcalm, plaintiff vs Henry Sheppard Woodcock, financial agent, of Montreal, district of Montreal.

The defendant is ordered to appear within a month.

MONT-LAURIER, August 13, 1914.
RODOLPHE ROBERT.
Protonotary.
CAMILLE-L. DE MARTIGNY.
8-11 Attorney for plaintiff.

Superior Court.

Canada
Province of Quebec }
District of Terrebonne }

Dame MALVINA CLOUTHIER, wife of ALBERT CHARTRAND, merchant, of Ste-Monique, district of Terrebonne, duly authorized to "ester en justice,"

Plaintiff,

vs.

The said ALBERT CHARTRAND,
Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this case, on the twenty-seventh of August, 1914.

DONAT LALANDE,
9-25 Attorney for Plaintiff.
Ste. Scholastique, August 27th, 1914.

BIRTHS.

BLACK, — At Lachute, on Monday, August 31st, 1914, at Lachute, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Black, a son.

MARRIAGES.

PAICE — WHITE, — In Maisoneuve Presbyterian Church, on Sept. 1st. 1914, by the Rev. R. L. Ballantyne. Elizabeth A. (Lily) White, to Sidney Paice, formerly of Hampshire, Eng.

C. N. R. to Ottawa.

The Canadian Northern Railway are now operating through passenger service, Quebec to Ottawa and Toronto, running into Central Station, Ottawa, and Union Station, Toronto. This train leaves Lachute Westbound at 6.55 a.m. daily arriving at Ottawa 10 a.m. Leaves Ottawa 7.15 p.m. arriving Lachute 10.05 p.m. Train Ottawa to Toronto does not run on Sundays.

For further particulars, apply
10-30 M. ROBY, Agent, Lachute.

Desjardins' Footwear.

Do you understand what comfort means?

If so, you will come to us to have your feet shod, for we are boot specialists, having lasts to fit all kinds.

TRY and be convinced.

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THE PROVINCIAL BANK OF CANADA
Incorporated by Act of Parliament, July 1900.

Capital authorized: - - -	$2,000,000.00
Capital paid up and Surplus: - -	$1,637,873.49

It is the aim of this Bank to give courteous as well as efficient service in connection with all business entrusted to its care. The most careful attention is given to all enquiries.

JOINT Savings Accounts may be opened in this Bank, the money in which may be withdrawn by EITHER of TWO PERSONS.

Accounts opened and operated by mail.

Special attention given to Sale Notes.

General Banking Business Transacted.

J. R. McOUAT - MANAGER.

Offices Lachute and Brownsburg.

Lachute Grist & Flour Mills.
Wholesale and Retail.

Flour, Bran, Snorts, Middlings, Cornmeal, Oatmeal, Rolled Oats, Graham and Buckwheat Flour, Oil Cake and Gluten Meals, and Grain of all kinds, at lowest market prices.

FINE GROUND FEED OUR SPECIALTY.

All grinding guaranteed. Grinding Tuesday's and Saturday's.

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Main Street. Lachute.

MIXED PAINTS
Elephant Brand of Mixed Paints, Stains, Varnishes, etc.

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We are gradually increasing our stock of reliable Boots and Shoes for Ladies, Men and Children from the best makers.

GROCERIES

Are all as good and reliable as we can possibly buy.

GILES BROS.
Main St. Lachute.

New Tailor Shop!
ATTENTION!

We take this opportunity of inviting you to call and inspect our large stock of the very latest goods on the market. They are good goods and you find our prices right. Call and leave your order for a Nobby Spring Suit.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

R. P. GOULET, Merchant Tailor, West End, Lachute

DIXIE NoTUFT
TEN COMPARTMENT MATTRESS

The housewife who wants handsome, even-edged, well-draped beds uses the Dixie NoTUFT Compartment Mattress. Tufted mattresses "spread" and "widen." The Dixie NoTUFT is guaranteed again *both*.

It's easy to keep clean because its smooth surface offers no lodging place for dust, dirt, and germs. It's 100% comfortable because it has no tufts to detract from its resiliency. The Dixie NoTUFT Compartment Mattress is so constructed that we are able to *permanently* distribute filling heavier at points where wear is greatest. It is so distinctly different from the tufted mattress you *now* use that you can't afford *not* to come in and see it.

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Physician and Surgeon,
Office of late Dr. Christie
LACHUTE, QUE.
Day Phone. No. 20.
Night Phone. No. 47.

DR. G. A. CLUNIE, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Office over Banford's Store.
Absent Tuesday only.

L. L. LEGAULT B.C.L.,
ADVOCATE,
Roby's Block.
Main St., LACHUTE.

DR. HUGH McCONNELL,
SURGEON DENTIST
Will be in his officce every day except Tuesday.
Opposite T. Christie's Drug Store.

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Physicin & Surgeon.
Brownsburg, Que.
Graduate of McGill Medical College.

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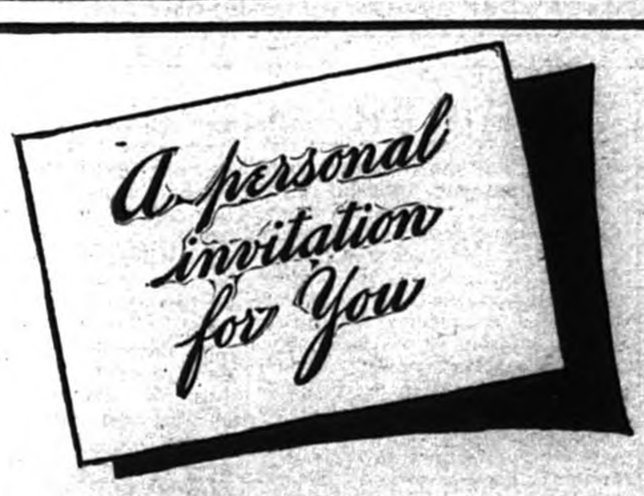
First-class herse. Embalming a specialty at lowest prices.
Agent for Mable and Granite Monuments. Telephone No. 42
BETHANY ST. LACHUTE.



We would like to visit every home and invite the people to our salesrooms to hear the Gram-o-phone. That's hardly possible, so we want everybody to consider this a personal invitation to come and hear the

Victor and Berliner Gram-o-phones

the wonderful musical instruments that play all kinds of music and entertainment so true to life that it is just like hearing the artists themselves.

The proof is the hearing. Come in any time—no obligation to buy.

Always a large stock of records on hand at

Omer Paquette's,
Main Street, Lachute.

THE NEWLY WED

Bride and Groom Should Share Their Friends and Relations

When a girl marries there is no reason why she should abandon the friends and interests that she has treasured in her earlier years. But how frequently it happens that one who had been the bright centre of a large family and of several friends suddenly changes when she becomes a wife.

The bride seems to be so wrapped up in her home and her husband that she has no interests outside them; while she utterly abandons her old pursuits, and, so far as her friends are concerned, seems to have passed out of her youth at once.

Of a very different type is the girl who regards marriage simply as an excuse for unbounded freedom.

There is a remedy for these extremes. The idea because the young wife has the cares of a house upon her shoulders she should devote herself to it entirely, is absolutely contrary to the rules of making happiness in the home, and should be banished from the mind.

There is nothing that tends so definitely to keep love fresh between young married people as a community of interests. If a man finds that the only topic a woman has any interest in is that of servant and bills, he will very soon fail to take an interest in what she says. Neither will he like the thought that her relatives and friends are being neglected by her. The young man took a pride in his fiance's popularity before their marriage, and would still prefer to see her sought after by her friends and relatives.

Newly married folk should endeavor to share their social pleasures. The husband should never be allowed to feel that it is a matter of indifference to his wife whether he accompanies her or not to parties. Many a man who imagines that he is not wanted says nothing, but just quietly allows himself to drift out of his wife's social life, bitterly realizing in sad silence that he is to be regarded as the breadwinner merely, and not as the companion and sharer of his wife's social successes.

The two should share their friends and relations, and make allowances for all they do not quite like in their mutual belongings.

Consideration to each other and unselfishness to all should be shown by husband and wife, and they should determine to share their joys with the friends of other years, and their relatives, who have been so good to them in the past. Thus the old sympathies will be riveted more closely.

BENEVOLENCE INDEED!

There was, not long since, a venerable and benevolent judge in Paris, who, at the moment of passing sentence on a prisoner, consulted his associates on each side of him as to the proper penalty to be inflicted.

"What ought we to give this rascal, brother?" he said, bending over to the one upon his right.

"I should say three years."

"What is your opinon, brother?" to the other, on his left.

"I should give him about four years."

The judge (with benevolence)—"Prisoner, not desiring to give you a long and severe term of imprisonment, as I should have done if left to myself, I have consulted my learned brothers, and I shall take their advice. Seven years!"

Bob Large: "How many men work in your office?"
Dick Little: "About half of them."

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

LABOR DAY.
Single First Class Fare
Going Sept. 7th; returning Sept 7th.
Fare and One-Third
Going Sept. 5, 6, 7; return limit September 8th, 1914.

New Service to CHICAGO
MAY 31
For tickets and full particulars apply to
J. S. GILES, Agent.

MIRACULOUS CURE OF ASTHMA

Suffered Terribly for 15 Years Until He Tried "Fruit-a-tives"

D. A. WHITE, Esq.
21 WALLACE AVE., TORONTO,
Dec. 22nd. 1913.

"Having been a great sufferer from Asthma for a period of fifteen years (sometimes having to sit up at night for weeks at a time) I began the use of "Fruit-a-tives". These wonderful tablets relieved me of Indigestion, and through the continued use of same, I am no longer distressed with that terrible disease, Asthma, thanks to "Fruit-a-tives" which are worth their weight in gold to anyone suffering as I did. I would heartily recommend them to all sufferers from Asthma, which I believe is caused or aggravated by Indigestion". D. A. WHITE

For Asthma, for Hay Fever, for any trouble caused by excessive nervousness due to Impure Blood, faulty Digestion or Constipation, take 'Fruit-a-tives"

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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Ottawa, Canada,
SEPT. 11, to 19, 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-Minute Exhibits.
New $50,000.00 Agriculture and Horticulture Building.
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 infront of Grand Stand.
Magnificient Afternoon and Evening Proformance in front of Grand Stand.
Two—Wild West Shhws—Two (The Best Ever)
Unprecedented Night Military and Fireworks Display. "Nero, and the Burning of Rome."
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From Montreal	Victorian	Aug. 4
From Quebec	Calgarian	Aug. 13
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From Montreal	Grampian	Aug. 1
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From Montreal	Sicilian	Aug. 2
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Unsurpassed Accommodation for 1st, 2nd and 3rd Class Passengers. Excellent Cuisine.

For rates, tickets and full particulars apply to **J. S. GILES, Lachute.**
or H. & A. ALLAN, Gen. Agents,
2 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

Do you want any skins tanned or animals or birds stuffed? If so, just drop me a line and I will execute your order at very low price.
9-11. G. A. MALETTE,
Lachute Mills.

Any one having accounts against the late Thomas McFaul, or those who are indebeted to him, will call and settle same with,
9-11 JOHN McFAUL, Executor,
Lachute Mills, September 5th 1914.

Those striped and Polka dot Navy, Blue, Mill Ducks, are yard wide, are a great bargain at 12½ cents.
W. BANFORD & SON.

Gentlemen!

As there are always a large number of my customers, who desire to know when I have received my Spring Suits, in order that they may place their order early, I therefore take advantage of this Adv't. to let them and anyone else, who desires a good-fitting suit, know that I have received my Spring and Summer stock of Suitings, Panting and Overcoating.

I also keep as usual the largest and best assortment of Gent's Furnishings, Hats and Caps, and Ready-to-Wear Clothing, of the very latest styles and designs.

Geoffroy Bedard
THE TAILOR,
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EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!
DOING WHAT?
Buying KITCHEN UTENSILS at
DEACON'S
Gasoline and Oil Stoves, Refrigerators, Kitchen Cabinets.
Everything in Tinware and Enamelware.
We have just received another Car Load of Corrogated Galvanized Iron.

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Tinsmith and Roofer.

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ESTABLISHED 1874.

Total Deposits Nov. 30, 1893	$ 4,100,282
Total Deposits Nov. 30, 1903	13,926,267
Total Deposits Nov. 30, 1913	40,807,499

In each of the Bank's numerous Branches throughout Canada there is a
Savings Bank Department
where an account may be opened with $1. or more. No delay nor formality necessary either in depositing or withdrawing money.

Lachute and St. Andrews Branch, - J. R. Parris, Manager.
Grenville Branch, - W. H. Lamb, Manager.

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The two go together and if you want them we are able to supply you. We confidently tell you that this is the best that money can buy and you will do well to call and see them. We can fit you up in household, furniture. Call and secure our prices. Better than elsewhere.

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HARNESS and HARNESS SUPPLIES, BUGGIES,
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A Full Line of the BEST STOCK Always on Hand.
W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.

The Wanderer's Return;

Or, A Change of Fortune.

CHAPTER XLVI.—(Continued).

A rather shabby little close carriage, which Mrs. Grey recognized as being the one "hack" of the "Reindeer" at Wendover, drew up before the house. The door opened, and a tall, gray-haired, most venerable-looking man, clothed in clerical black, whom Mrs. Grey immediately recognized as the officiating minister at the Wendover church on the day before, alighted and came up the steps.

Apparently he was expected, and seen by some one in the hall, for he was immediately admitted without knocking.

"It is the clergyman who preached yesterday," said Mrs. Grey, turning to Emma Cavendish and volunteering the information.

"The Rev. Dr. Jones. Yes; we both heard grandma say that she expected him. I suppose they were old acquaintances," calmly replied Miss Cavendish.

"She was very much disturbed when she heard of his being in this neighborhood, don't you think so?" inquired Mrs. Grey, taking courage to chatter.

"My grandmother is very infirm. It does not take much to upset her," answered Miss Cavendish, coldly.

"Yes; but I think she was more agitated by the arrival of this stranger at Wendover than she was by the death of her only son," persisted Mary Grey.

Emma Cavendish made no reply.

"And oh—by the way—the Rev. Dr. Jones! Why, that is the very same name of the old gentleman who brought Electra—Electra Nobody—to Mount Ascension in such a strange, sudden manner! I did not see him then myself, so I cannot tell if this is the same man, but I know that he bears the very same name."

"A very common name," observed Miss Cavendish.

"My dear, Jones is a very common name; but is the Rev. Dr. Jones so very common? And M.s. St. John described her strange visitor as a tall, gray-haired, venerable-lookin~ man. And this gentleman answers the description. And bears the same name. I think he must be the same man. What do you think?"

To this direct question Emma Cavendish answered quietly and coldly:

"He is the same man. I saw him at Mount Ascension, and recognized him in the pulpit yesterday."

"Oh, indeed! And he is an old friend of Mrs. Cavendish. But old as he is, he is young enough to be her son. I wonder if the old lady knows anything about his strange ward, Electra—Electra Nobody?" inquired Mary Grey, with intense curiosity.

"I do not know. And Mrs. Grey, I think we had better drop my grandmother's name out of this discussion," said Miss Cavendish, pointedly, as she touched the bell and arose from her seat.

Mary Grey shrugged her shoulders and picked up a book, which she opened and pretended to read.

After a little she withdrew from the room.

Emma Cavendish went through her morning's domestic duties; but after that she did not, according to her usual custom, order either her saddle horse or her pony chaise for her morning ride or drive.

Her grandmother had a visitor, and her own presence might possibly be required, she thought.

So she remained indoors, waiting for the visitor to depart.

She waited a long time.

The forenoon passed slowly away, and still the strange guest remained shut up in the old lady's room.

Emma looked out to see if the carriage that had brought him was still waiting. And as she looked she saw old Jerome come out of the house and speak to the coachman, and the coachman gather his reins and drive around in the direction of the stables.

The carriage and horses were to be put up then, she perceived. The visitor was going to stay to dinner. Now she certainly expected a summons to her grandmother's room. But no summons came.

At noon the old lady's bell rang. Jerome answered it. Emma met him as he came down the stairs, confidently expecting a message from her grandmother.

"Well, Jerome," she said, "am I wanted?"

"No, miss. The old madam have ordered luncheon to be carried up to her room for herself and the old parson."

"Well, erome, I will go and see that a nice one is prepared," said Miss Cavendish.

And she went in search of the housekeeper, and soon sent up a repast fit for a bishop.

The afternoon waned, and still the visitor lingered.

The sun went down. Twilight deepened into darkness. Jerome came in and closed the shutters and lighted the lamps.

And just as he lighted the last one and filled the room with a glare of light, the sound of wheels was heard again approaching the house.

"See who that is, Jerome," said Miss Cavendish, nervously.

"I know what it is, miss. It is the carriage coming around for the parson, miss," said the man.

"Oh," breathed Miss Cavendish, with a sigh of relief. Somehow she was glad he was going.

Meanwhile where was Mary Grey all this time?

I will tell you.

Adjoining the old lady's room was a wainscoted parlor, that was sometimes used for a breakfast-room. A half-glazed sash door or window door communicated between the two rooms. But this door was usually closed and locked, and a thin white muslin curtain was drawn before its half-window.

Mary Grey, with cat-like stealthiness, had been prowling about the halls and passages around the old lady's room, seeking to find out the secret of the parson's strange visit, and stealing away whenever she heard the bell ring or a footstep approach.

At dusk she heard the bell ring for the third time since the door had closed upon the visitor. And she slipped into the wainscoted parlor to avoid detection. The room was now pitch dark.

She waited with a palpitating heart until she heard the approach of old Jerome.

He entered the old lady's room. And in a moment after that room was lighted up. And the light shone through the thin muslin curtained window of the communicating door into the dark room where Mary Grey had hidden herself to watch and listen.

This was the chance she had waited for all day. She crept to the door leading into the passage, and softly turned the key to prevent intrusion. Then she slipped off her shoes, and crept to the window in the communicating door.

And there, hidden in darkness herself, she peeped into the lighted room, and saw and heard all that passed in the few more minutes that the strange visitor remained. It was the leave-taking but such a strange one!

The old man knelt at the aged lady's feet. And her venerable hands were extended over his bowed head in solemn benediction.

"Forgiven at last, my mother!" he said, in a voice shaking with intense emotion.

"Forgiven and blessed, my son! my son!" she answered, while her tears fell fast upon him.

"I have lived beyond the natural term of human life to give you this," she sighed.

And then she put out her aged and trembling hand and drew him to her heart.

And the next moment he was gone.

Mary Grey remained rooted to the spot with amazement.

Breathless with surprise at having scented a mystery, and baffled in curiosity by having heard just so much and no more, Mary Grey stood yet a few moments longer in the dark room, listening intently.

Then, when she thought the mysterious visitor quite gone, she cautiously felt her way to the door leading into the passage, and softly unlocked and opened it.

The instant she did so, she stood in the full light of the hall, confronted with the Rev. Dr. Jones.

"So you have been eavesdropping!" he said, sternly.

She stood as one petrified. She could not even scream.

He took her hand, and led her back into the dark room, and closed the door. Then he drew her away to the end of the room the most distant from the old lady's apartment, and repeated his charge:

"So you have been abusing the confidence of the family that protect and trust you by playing the spy to discover their secrets."

"I—I thought you were gone!" she stammered incoherently.

"No. I am here. I heard a suppressed or half suppressed breathing and moving close to the door between this and the other room as I passed to go out. I knew then that there was an eavesdropper lurking there, whom it was my duty to discover. I tried the passage door of this room, and found it locked. Then I went down stairs noisily and came back silently. I waited at the door until the eavesdropper should come forth. But I certainly did not expect to see you."

"I—I don't know you at all!" she gasped in terror, for she had far less courage than duplicity.

"No, you don't know me at all; or at least you don't know anything more of me than that I am called the Rev. Dr. Jones. but, mark me! I know you!" he said, with emphasis.

She could scarcely suppress a scream.

"Yes, notwithstanding the changed color of your hair, I know you well. Your hair was golden when I saw it first, and made a strange contrast with your deep dark eyes. Now, it is raven black."

"You—you are mistaken, You take me for some one else!" she faltered, trembling all over.

He laughed slightly, and shook his head.

"Whom do you take me for?" she now ventured to ask.

He stooped and whispered a word, at which she started and recoiled.

"So you see that I know you quite well," he said, composedly.

"You do not!" she burst forth, in eager yet suppressed tones. "I am not the girl for whom you take me. And that is not my name."

"No? Then your name, like the color of your hair, has been changed, that is all."

"I never bore the name you called me by. My maiden name was Rose. I changed it legitimately when I married Mr. Grey," she answered, in a tone of suppressed fury.

"So—so—so," slowly muttered the minister. "You are that widow Grey who was to marry my—to marry Governor Cavendish when his death put an end to your plans!"

"I was engaged to Mr. Cavendish. He knew me well. He loved and esteemed me. And he had every reason to do so."

"Had he? And so you successfully imposed yourself upon an honorable household under an assumed name and character, and with a design upon the hand and fortune of the widowed master of the house?"

"You are a wretch to talk to me so! I don't know who you are. But I know you want to injure me, yes, to ruin me!" she burst forth, in passionate, yet half-suppressed tones.

"Do not be alarmed. I shall not expose you to this family. Death frustrated your designs upon the governor. And really I think it was infinitely better for all concerned that he should have died, than that he should have married you. But that misfortune having been prevented, I do not see that you can do any more mischief here. There are no more men here to be drawn down to their destruction. So, as your being here in this pure home may really keep you out of sin, I shall leave you here in peace, at least for the present. But do not let me find you out in eavesdropping again," he said.

And then he turned and left her so suddenly that he was gone before she knew that he was going.

Then she doubled and shook both her little fists after him as she ground her teeth with impotent rage. And then she slipped out and flew up into her own room, where she relieved her feelings with a burst of hysterical weeping.

CHAPTER XLVII.

At this same hour old Mrs. Cavendish sat meditating in her armchair by the fireside of her chamber. She had sat thus since her strange visitor had left the room. She heard nothing of the singular scene going on in the extremity of the adjoining room. Neither did she hear him, when he went softly down the stairs the second time.

But she heard his carriage wheels roll away on the hard gravel of the drive, and then she put her hand to the bell rope and pulled it.

Jerome answered the summons.

"Go and ask Miss Cavendish to come to me," said the old lady.

The servant bowed and went out.

In a few minutes Emma Cavendish came into the room. She came up to the old lady and kissed her, and then she sat down on a stool beside the armchair, and slipped her hand in that of her grandmother.

"You know that I have had a visitor with me all day, Emma?" the old lady commenced.

"Yes, grandmother."

"Do you know who he was?"

"The Rev. Dr. Jones, grandma."

"And who is he besides being Dr. Jones? Do you know, dear?"

"No, ma'am."

"Emma, he is my eldest son."

The girl looked up at the old lady in blank amazement.

"You look astonished. But did you not know, my child—had you never heard that I was a widow when I married your grandfather, General Cameron Cavendish, inquired the old lady.

"Yes, ma'am, I had heard it; but it seemed so very, very long ago, I never thought about it at all. It always seemed to me as if you had never been any other than I had always known you, my grandmother, Mrs. Cavendish," said the young lady.

"And you never heard, perhaps, that I had a son by the first marriage?"

"Never!" exclaimed Emma, with no abatement of her surprise.

"Yes, my child. I had not only been a wife, but a mother, as well as a widow, for years before I ever saw your grandfather."

"Will you tell me all about it, dear grandma?"

"I sent for you for that purpose, my child. So now you must hear a little bit of strange family history."

"It will interest me, dear grandma."

"It is a tale of old times, child."

"Well, dear, you know I was born a Lorimer, of Loudoun county; and that, like you, I was an only daughter, though not, like you, an heiress."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I had several brothers. My portion would be but small. It was for that reason my parents wished me to make a wealthy marriage. I was young; I had no preferences, and therefore I obeyed them and accepted the offer of Mr. Beresford Jones, of the Beresford Manors. He was old enough to have been my own grandfather. He was sixty. I was just only seventeen."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Emma.

"Yes, my child. But he made me a right good husband. And I honored him for his wisdom and loved him for his goodness. And our marriage was a right down comfortable and happy one. That is one reason, my dear, why I so easily understood the attachment between your dear father and pretty little Mary Grey, you know."

"Yes, grandma."

"Well, Emma, the happy marriage did not last very long. Four years afterward Mr. Beresford Jones died, leaving me a young widow, with an only child, a son of three years old. He had made a will bequeathing the whole of his property to me and my son, share and share alike, unconditionally, and making me the trustee of the estate and the guardian of the heir."

"That was a great responsibility for one so young, grandma."

"Yes, my dear, it was. But I remained at Beresford Manors, taking care of the estate and looking after the education of my boy, for whom I had engaged a competent tutor. All my social pleasures then consisted in visiting and receiving visits from my country neighbors, occasionally shopping in the village, and weekly attendance at church."

"A quiet life, grandma."

"A very quiet life, my dear; and so it might have continued to be for many years, and perhaps up to this very time, had I not, one day at a dinner party, met Cameron Cavendish, then a very handsome young colonel of cavalry. My dear, I think we took a liking to each other at first sight; I do, indeed. Well, my darling, I will not dwell upon that old love story, but tell you at once, that, after an acquaintance of only five weeks, we were married. Our marriage was certainly a very hasty one."

"But if family traditions are true, it was a very happy one," said Emma.

"A very happy one, my dear child. In the twenty-five years we lived together, there was never a cloud over-shadowed our heaven of love. He even took my son into his heart, and loved him as his own child. One year after our marriage I was so happy as to place in his arms a boy of his own, my second son, Charles Cavendish, your father. We had several other children, dear Emma, but all except Charles and Susan—your aunt Wesley—were taken to heaven."

"And therefore you have not lost them, but they are waiting for you there!" said Emma, sweetly and solemnly.

"Yes, waiting for me there!" echoed the old lady. And she fell into a reverie, which continued until Emma said:

"Go on and tell me more, dear grandma."

"Ah, yes. Well, the girl was ten years younger than the youngest boy, you know, and so they had nothing to do with her. They, the boys, were nearer of an age. Beresford was four years older than Charles, but Charles was the brighter of the two. So they studied under the same tutor at home, and afterward entered college together."

The old lady paused for breath.

And Emma already suspected a preference in the mother's heart for the son of the second and the love marriage over the son of the first and conventional union. But of course she gave no expression to this thought.

(To be continued).

Faithfulness.

The diamond is one kind of crystal and coal is another. But, on the whole, though the diamond is beautiful, the world would rather give up its diamonds than its coal. More depends upon the coal—far more. Genius is as shining as the diamond; faithfulness to duty is often as dull as the coal to the eye. But it is the latter, after all, that helps the world most.

Glass in Place of Iron.

The iron ore deposits of the world are being exhausted, and the time is not far distant when we will have to get along without iron and steel. Some substitute will have to be found and it has been suggested by a scientist that the logical successor will be glass.

Interesting.

"Oh, yes, my husband is an enthusiastic archaeologist," said Mrs. Smith. "And I never knew it until yesterday. I found in his desk some queer looking tickets with the inscription, 'Mudhorse, 8 to 1.' And when I asked him what they were, he said they were relics of a lost race; isn't that interesting!"

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Joy reigns therein this morn;
The Queen—God bless Her Majesty—
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BENSON'S PREPARED CORN

VORACIOUS PLANTS.

Sense the Presence of Objects at a Slight Distance.

Without eyes, ears or sense of smell, so far as we know, plants are apparently affected by the presence of objects that do not directly touch them. In the case of animals, objects produce this effect through the well-known senses, but it is hardly probable that plants have any of these, although the discovery of lenses, analogous to those of the eye, in the leaves of some plants. Yet they must have some faculty nearly akin to ours, as is clearly shown by the experiments described by S. Leonard Baston. We know now, Mr. Baston asserts, that plants are able to feel objects at a distance. That is to say, they act as if they were aware of the presence of a certain thing, even though they may not be in contact at all. He gives as follows a few of the most startling cases which have come under his notice, says the Scientific American.

Everybody knows that the sundew catches flies. The leaves of this plant are covered with tentacles which, being very sensitive, close in round the captive. But the foliage of the sundew has another remarkable characteristic. If a fly is fixed about half an inch from any of the leaves a most astonishing thing happens. After a short interval it is seen that the sundew leaf has moved perceptibly towards its victim. Soon the cruel tentacles have reached the unhappy fly and are seen to be slowly moving around their prey. There is now no chance to escape, and with every moment the fate of the insect becomes more certain.

A few feeble wriggles and the fly is dead. When one comes to think of it, it is very strange that a plant should be able to go in pursuit of its prey in the manner indicated. Some plants are very unscrupulous; unable to secure a living on their own account, they prey upon the more hard-working of their fellows. Such is the dodder, a most virulent parasite, which, apart from the first few weeks of its existence, has no roots or leaves, and exists as a bloodsucker on other plants. The seed of the dodder germinates in the soil, and from this arises a curious threadlike growth. Now it is of vital importance that the young dodder should be able to seize hold of some suitable host, such as a clover plant, for instance. It is strange to watch the manner in which this threadlike growth works in and out among the grass stalks, seeking for a victim. When it comes within a certain distance of a clover plant the dodder grows forward at a very rapid pace until a hold is secured. Even the sturdiest plant must go down before the attacks of the cruel parasite. The threadlike shoot is within a few weeks multiplied by the thousand, and from every point are produced suckers which draw away the life-giving sap.

GUARDS THE QUEEN MOTHER.

Sir Dighton Probyn Attends Her Wherever She Goes.

Wherever Queen Alexander goes the question that is more frequently heards than any other is, "Who is the dear old gentleman with Her Majesty?" Sitting opposite the Queen Mother in her carriage on all occasions is the grand old man with the patriarchal white beard, and when on state occasions the Victoria Cross catches all eyes upon his breast curiosity as to his personality is great.

This is General Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., K.C.B., G.C.V.O., K.C.S.I. Though well over 80, this handsome military patriarch loses none of his youthful ardor when "on guard" over the King's mother, and the high position accorded him in the entourage of Queen Alexandra has been well won, not only by many years of faithful watchfulness over the destinies of the royal family, but by most distinguished services to the country as an army officer.

For a long time he was keeper of Her Majesty's privy purse. Queen Victoria's personal household consisted of twenty persons. Under King Edward the number was cut down to twelve. Throughout the reign Sir Dighton kept his place, but with the accession of King George, and the necessity of the widowed Queen Alexandra having old faces to whom she had grown attached about her in her separate household, Sir Dighton willingly relinquished his post in order to give the Queen Mother the comfort of his presence near her on all state occasions. And none outside the royal entourage know how absolutely Queen Alexandra relies upon the old V.C. hero for ensuring her personal comfort and safe conduct in her daily jaunts about London and elsewhere.

Sir Dighton, too, lends considerable eclat to a state progress, for he has for many years been one of the real ornaments of royal pageantry in London.

An Angry Constituent.

"No; I'll never vote for that fellow again."

"Why not?"

"I wrote him that I wanted a government plum and he sent me a couple of seedlings from the Agricultural department."

Lawyer—Madame, I'm sorry to say that I don't see the ghost of a chance for you to break your uncle's will. Client—Well, to be frank with you, I don't see the ghost of a chance to pay you for what you've already done if the will isn't broken. Lawyer—H'm! On second thought, madame, I think the will can be broken.

Which Way do You Buy Sugar?

Do you say decisively:
"A 5-lb. Package of REDPATH Sugar", or "A 20-lb. Bag of REDPATH", and
—get a definite quantity
—of well-known quality, "Canada's best"
—clean and uncontaminated
—in the Original Package?

Or do you say, thoughtlessly:
"A quarter's worth of Sugar", or
"A dollar's worth of Sugar", and get
—an unknown quantity
—of unknown quality
—scooped out of an open barrel
—into a paper bag?

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A DAY IN A CANADIAN SWAMP

It is autumn that, to French Canada at least, brings the full glory of the Canadian year. The wandering Englishman sings of the joys of an English spring, "Oh to be in England now that April's there!" forgetting, under the touch of homesickness, that April may be very tedious and chilly and disheartening, and that the joys may have more poetry than reality about them says a writer in Chambers's Journal. But spring in eastern Canada scarcely exists. One leaps at a bound as it were, from winter to full summer; and it is only afterwards one recollects that there were days full of "the infinite expectation of the dawn," when one watched the exquisite little waves of warm, light green breaking over the tree-tops, and welcomed the robins back to the garden, full of the business of life and mating; to see them later settling down to the responsibility of the worm winner of the brood. Summer in Quebec is hot, and is given up to tourists who take infinite pains to "do" a number of things that no native has ever heard of; but with the beginning of September one looks forward to eight weeks or more of fine, exhilarating weather, and the sport one loves best. Each day is like a golden gift, accepted with deeper intensity of gratitude because of the underlying, impoignant sense of impermanence, and the knowledge that "the shadow of the winter's on the year." Mind and body are in tune after the holiday, and respond gloriously to the fine, incisive quality of the half-summer half-autumn air that makes all exercise a delight. The beauty of the splendid autumn fires burns on every hillside, and kindles every bush and roadside weed into scarlet and copper and gold. The primitive instinct to kill awakes, and the hunter goes off to the hill, or, taking his gun and his dog, spends long days of

Tramping the Swamp.

The swamp extends from Quebec to St. Joachim, a distance of 26 miles. It lies all the way between the railway track, from which it is separated by a natural hedge of small bushes—alder, thorn, and young willow—and the river St. Lawrence. Near Quebec the ground behind the swamp is almost level, but it gradually humps itself into steep and irregular hills the nearer one gets to St. Joachim. These hills being wooded with birch and maple to a great extent, have often begun to turn even by the last week of August, and to color finely in true Canadian fashion. The prevailing tone varies in accordance with the season; if there has been a great deal of rain the leaves are sometimes almost wholly yellow, giving the effect of hills in perpetual strong sunlight. An early frost produces the brilliant and various reds, broken here and there by the dark or vivid greens of the conifers or deciduous trees that, for some reasons or other, are uneffected by the causes that have touched the others. In these hills there are plenty of partridges, more properly ruffed grouse—and not many miles north of Chateau Richer and Ste Anne, caribou and a few red deer may be met with.

The swamp itself is a slightly raised ridge, averaging about 180 yards in width, but varying greatly. It is crossed at intervals by little streams which at high tide are filled with river water, when one has to walk up to the railway bridge to cross them. The swamp is only completely covered at the high tide once a month. It is thickly overgrown with rank grass, seahay, and a tangle of wild stuff; and as old seigniorial law gives the resident right to the hay, the swamp is cut by the farmers, who feed their cattle with this coarse fodder. The strips of cut-grass just the width of the land higher up owned by the farmer, alternating with frequent pools and the generally wet and soft ground, add to the

Difficulty of Walking.

This is particularly the case toward the end of the season, when the west wind and rain have beaten down the tall grass, making the walking from east to west almost impossible for any but an ardent and youthful sportsman. Below the swamps are the Beauport Flats proper—wide, level stretches of mud, inlaid, as it were, with pools which are full of curious reflections of form and color, and broken by sudden, angular ridges of slaty rock It is here the plover feed. Beyond the flats are huge boulders on which numbers of great blue herons—very picturesque in spite of their poker-stiff necks and various mechanical movements—and gulls of various species sit to feed at low tide. With the herons it is a case of distance lending enchantment, and it is perhaps as well that they are difficult to approach, for their ungainly legs and neck, and their loose, dull gray plumage infested with parasites, at close quarters detract somewhat from the effect gained by their remoteness.

The natural beauty of the swamp is very great. Behind, in the north, are the hills ablaze against the clear blue sky with the transforming fires of autumn; and parallel with the swamp from Montmorency to Ste Anne runs the Island of Orleans, separated from the mainland by a shallow channel three quarters of a mile wide. In late October and the beginning of November great convoys of thousands of ducks of many species gather in the channel; and though the Quebec game laws distinctly state that no wildfowl of any sort may be shot from a motor-boat, yet the duck are constantly being chalked by men in gasolene-launches, and this in broad daylight, under the eyes of every sportsman on either the Island or the Ste Anne swamp! The island swamp closely resembles the Ste Anne side, except that, on account of the small size of the Island, there are no streams.

At Ste Anne, Grande Riviere,

which is of considerable size compared with the numerous little runnels that flow down the hillsides, and almost deserves its name, divides the swamp by its several channels. At high tide the delta is full of islands frequented sometimes by small "bunches"—to use the local term—of golden eye or mergansers. The general color of the swamp is brownish-gray, yellowing in the distance. On a clear day, as one looks down towards the end of the Island, the water is of an intense ultramarine blue, and the bold promontory of Cap Tourment is backed by almost summer-like masses of white cumulus cloud. Strange and wonderfully beautiful mirage effects are seen near St. Joachim, and through the crisp air one can hear the church bells of Chateau Richer and Ste Anne for miles. The shining spires of the great church, to which thousands of pilgrims make their way every year, are clearly visible lifting into the sky. The original shrine was built by a few French sailors, who had been saved from drowning, and expressed their gratitude and devotion in simple and patriarchal fashion by erecting an altar to their friend and patron. "La bonne Ste Anne Sauvegarde des Marins"; but splendour has long since swallowed up simplicity.

One leaves the town about six o'clock in the morning for a good long day in the marsh. It takes a little less than an hour to get to Ste Anne by electric tram; but a favorite device is to shoot for an hour or two in one place, and then take the tram which runs hourly, for three or four miles, and try the swamp again farther down. It is a clear, almost windless day in early September, with a slight haze hanging about marsh and river, that veils and softens all marsh outlines without obscuring the view.

The Swamp is Full of Birds.

but so early in the season snipe are few, and those found are small, breeding birds, very generally distributed. Later on in October, when the duck are arriving in large flocks, the larger snipe come from the north in pairs or small groups or four or five. The migration of the jacksnipe or pectoral sandpiper is just commencing, and the yellow-legs, young turnstones, black-breasted and ring-necked plover are still to be found. Sandpipers and plovers are on the beach early in the day, but about eight o'clock snipe seem to drop in from nowhere. They flush zigzag and curving, uttering a harsh "Escape! escape!" as they do so; but at this season the snipe shooting is nothing to what it will be in late October, when no other shore-birds, except perhaps the jacks and a few greater yellow legs remain. Even now the commonest shore-birds, the least and semi-palmated sandpiper, of which at the very beginning of the season one may see flocks of hundreds swinging up the river, wheeling alighting, feeding, and upon being disturbed taking flight again, always up, are almost all gone, all but a few stragglers, Sora rails are very common, but Virginia rail, the larger cousin of the sora, is rare; one seldom sees more than two of three in a season. Bittern are numerous, and put up with a frightened squawk. Sometimes they fly to the hills, and are lost to view in the trees. The habitants make them into a not unsavory pie, and are very glad of a present of a couple, when at midday one finds one's way up to a cottage to get a cup of coffee and a huge bowl of real habitant soup—almost a stew, and extraordinary good. The French-Canadian farmers in this locality are extremely well-to-do, and live very comfortably. "On mange comme il faut chez nous" was the dignified reply of a farmer wife to a young and hungry hunter who demanded rather magnificently

What He Could Have to Eat.

and after partaking of their good fare he felt inclined to agree heartily in the vernacular "Beau dommage!" which is equivalent to "Rather!"

The least bittern, not inaptly described as resembling a bit of yellow tape. is uncommon. Young black duck in the early season, and there are plenty of other wild fowl in the river—scaup, golden-eye, mergansers, and "butterball." Often small flocks of butterball are flushed from the crossing streams. They paddle violently along the water for a few yards to gain impetus, hurl themselves into the air, and fly like small cannon balls far down the river, till they join a flock of their own species in mid-channel, or disappear completely.

The sun drops below the northern hills comparatively early, and the mist which has hung about the swamp and river all day becomes a translucent golden haze. The spires of Ste Anne reflect a crimson glow, and the little cottages on the Island seem to be on fire. The luminous color graduously becomes more opaque, and through the thickening mist the lights of Quebec begin to appear one by one, till dusk falls completely, and the city lies like a handful of twinkling jewels on the hill.

Twelve hours is a long day, and one reaches the firm ground above the marsh to wait for a tram, well content to be on one's homeward way, and to have perhaps some dozen or fourteen snipe, twice as many plover, a couple of fat black experimented on in a pie, after the excellent fashion of the habitant.

PRESERVE BABY'S SKIN

With

CUTICURA SOAP

Assisted when necessary by Cuticura Ointment. They keep the skin and scalp clean and clear, sweet and healthy, besides soothing irritations which often prevent sleep and if neglected become chronic disfigurements.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on the care and treatment of the skin and scalp, sent post-free. Address Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 3K, Boston, U. S. A.

Knee Joint Stiff Three Years

CURED BY NERVILINE.

Anyone would marvel at my recovery, writes Mr. Leonard Lotham, a young man well known about Chatham. I had inherited a rheumatic tendency through my mother's family, and in my early days suffered frightfully. About three years ago the pain and stiffness settled in my left knee joint. I was lame and walked with a very distinct limp. Nerviline was brought to my notice and I rubbed it into the stiff joint four or five times a day. It dispelled every vestige of pain, reduced the swelling, took out the stiffness and gave me the full use of my limb again. I don't believe there is a pain-relieving remedy, not a single liniment that can compare with Nerviline. I hope every person with pains, with sore back, with lameness, with lumbago, with neuralgia—I do hope they will try out Nerviline which I am convinced will quickly and permanently cure them."

If Nerviline wasn't a wonderful painless remedy, if Nerviline didn't quickly relieve, if Nerviline wasn't known to be a grand cure for all rheumatic conditions, it wouldn't have been so largely used as a family remedy for the past forty years. No better, stronger, or more soothing liniment made. Get the large 50c. family size bottle; small trial size 25c.; sold by any dealer, anywhere.

HON. CHAS. JOSEPH DOHERTY

The Canadian Minister of Justice Is a Genial Man.

Hon. Chas. Joseph Doherty, Minister of Justice and member of the House of Commons for the St. Ann's District of Montreal, is acting as Premier while Sir Robert Borden takes a rest in Muskoka from the worries and labors of that position. From the worries particularly would Sir Robert be delivered.

"Judge" Doherty is not a worrier. He has the happy faculty of working without worrying. His nature is that of a genial, sunny-dispositioned Irishman of ripened philosophy. He smokes a cigar with extreme calm and enjoyment. He can relax—that's the blessed endowment which distinguishes him from his leader, Sir Robert, who is conscious of his responsibilities all the time, day or night.

Nothing more learned, sounder, or sounding, than Judge Doherty's speeches in the House are ever heard there since his election in 1908. The Minister of Justice delivers his utterances from his seat

Hon. C. J. Doherty.

for St. Ann's, as he used to deliver his judgments from the bench of the Superior Court of Quebec, which he adorned for five years back in the nineties. His style is entirely judicial, tempered, however, at times by a smile, and a delicious underlying sense of humor.

When he is in true form is when he is put up by the Government to state the legal and constitutional aspect of a subject in Parliamentary controversy. Then he succeeds beautifully in making the question as clear as mud. Nobody on the Opposition side can follow him, while those on the Government side sit back at ease, smiling. They don't need to follow him.

Sentences Miles Long.

They know the judge can bewilder them. He goes at it by a system of parenthesis. His sentences are miles long, with dependent clauses at every few yards. His predicate verb is withheld until the last. Nobody knows when it is coming, not even the judge.

After he is satisfied that he has completely involved his hearers in a hopeless tangle of comparisons, he, with marvellous surety and skill, picks his way out of his parenthesis, closing them after him one by one, like gates, and comes to his final assertion and his verb so long awaited. By that time the subject at the other end of the sentence is forgotten. It's a perfectly good sentence, however—if his hearers could only follow it, with a logical argument in it, all exceptions, accidents, farewell cases, etc., etc., duly noted by the way.

Judge Doherty, as was universally acknowledged, made the wittiest and best speech at the Press Gallery dinner last session. It was spontaneous entirely, being suggested by a joke in the menu card upon his parenthentical, indeterminate sentences. As a genial after-dinner speaker trust an Irishman, and Judge Doherty is an Irishman, inasmuch as his father and mother both come from the troubled isle.

When a Woman Suffers With Chronic Backache

There is Trouble Ahead.

Constantly on their feet, attending to the wants of a large and exacting family, women often break down with nervous exhaustion.

In the stores, factories, and on a farm are weak, ailing women, dragged down with torturing backache and bearing down pains.

Such suffering isn't natural, but it's dangerous, because due to diseased kidneys.

The dizziness, insomnia, deranged menses and other symptoms of kidney complaint can't cure themselves, they require the assistance of Dr. Hamilton's Pills which go direct to the seat of the trouble.

To give vitality and power to the kidneys, to lend aid to the bladder and liver, to free the blood of poisons, probably there is no remedy so successful as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. For all womanly irregularities their merit is well known.

Because of their mild, soothing, and healing effect, Dr. Hamilton's Pills are safe, and are recommended for girls and women of all ages. 25 cents per box at all dealers. Refuse any substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrade and Butternut.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Theories cause us more worry than do facts.

Dead men's shoes seldom fit those who wait for them.

The charity that begins at home also covers a lot of sins.

Boat rockers on the sea of matrimony deserve their fate.

Some men carry their courage around in a pocket flask.

Many a man learns something every time a fool blunders.

A woman's strength lies in her knowledge of a man's weakness.

Some men are honest because they are too poor to be otherwise.

It sometimes happens that the chap who hesitates doesn't get lost.

A man is known as his mother's son until he becomes his wife's husband.

A good woman may be talked about, but she doesn't talk about others.

Be sure you are right, but don't be too blamed sure that everybody else is wrong.

Don't think because a girl's complexion is a dream that all dreams are hand-painted.

Of course, a married man can live on less than a bachelor—if his wife takes in washing.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS KILL LITTLE ONES

At first sign of illness during the hot weather give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours he may be beyond aid. The Tablets will prevent summer complaint if given occasionally to the well child and will promptly cure these troubles if they come on suddenly. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are young children. There is no other medicine so good, and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that they are absolutely safe. Mrs. Edward Covell, Lombardy, Ont., says: "A mother who has once used Baby's Own Tablets for her children will never fail to show her gratitude for them. They made a wonderful change in the health of my little ones." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Some Insurance Items.

Beyond the fact that we can insure our own lives—a fact of which agents, canvassers, and officers do not fail to remind us—few people know that quite legal insurances can be taken out in many ways, says London Answers. For instance, every subject of the King has an insurable interest in the King's life, and may insure him. A creditor can legally insure the life of a debtor for the amount of the debt, and, even when the debt is paid, the creditor may lawfully continue the insurance. An employer of labor can insure the lives of his workers, the insurable interest, which alone makes the policies legal, being that he is liable for fatal injuries received in the course of their work. Mere relationship does not create an insurable interest. Husbands and wives can insure each other, and a child can insure its father; but a brother cannot, generally speaking, insure his brothers and sisters. Life policies can be sold or assigned, with notice to the company and an acknowledgment, but fire policies are not transferred without the company's consent.

A Friend of the Policeman

Continually on their feet, the "Peelers" are invariably troubled with corns and bunions—but not for long, because they know of a quick cure, Putnam's Corn Extractor. It cures painlessly in 24 hours; try "Putnam's," 25c. at all dealers.

No Bills to Pay.

She (reproachfully)—You didn't mind spending money on me before we were married.

He—No; I had it then to spend.

SUMMER TOURIST RATES TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

Via Chicago and North Western Ry. Special low rate round trip tickets on sale from all points in Canada to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, Victoria, Edmonton, Calgary, Banff, Yellowstone Park, etc., during August and September. Excellent train service. For rates, illustrated folders, time tables and full particulars, address, B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 45 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Some profits are not without dishonor.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Discourtesy.

"I don't think your father feels very kindly toward me," said Mr. Staylate.

"You misjudge him. The morning after you called on me he seemed quite worried for fear I had not treated you with proper courtesy.

"Indeed! What did he say?"

"He asked me how I could be so rude as to let you go away without your breakfast."

When a man appears to be listening attentively to your talk he may be thinking of something to say.

The world soon gets tired of a chronic kicker.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

CLARK'S SOUPS

Delicately flavoured—Highly concentrated.

WHY WORRY! Choose your variety and ask your grocer for "Clark's".

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.

FOR SALE.—TEN PAIRS BREEDING Foxes. Correspondence solicited. Reid Bros. Bothwell, Ont.

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.

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE

Under the control of the Department of Agriculture of Ontario
Established 1862.
Affiliated with the University of Toronto.

N.B.—College will re-open on Thursday, the 1st of October, 1914, in the new College Building, 110 University Ave., Toronto, Canada.

CALENDAR ON APPLICATION.

E. A. A. GRANGE, V.S., M.S.
Principal.

Perfectly Trustworthy.

"I see you employ a number of girls."

"Yes, and they work well."

"Don't watch the clock then?"

"Don't even watch the mirror."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Anybody Know?

"Carrots are good for the complexion."

"How about the hair? Will they make it carroty?"

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.

Logical.

Wife—I can read you like a book, John.

Husband—Then I wish you'd do more reading and less questioning.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT on my vessel and in my family for years, and for the every day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal.

I would not start on a voyage without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle.

CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN,
Schr. "Storke," St. Andre, Kamouraska.

Mr. Fogarty (in proposing the bride's health)—An' it's meself is proud to say I 'ave knowed the bride this 40 year. The Bride—It's a thunderin' liar you are, Fogarty, me bein' only just turned thirty wan an' a half.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Why Knock?

Mrs. Ellsworth had a new colored maid. One morning, as the maid came downstairs, the mistress said: "Emma did you knock at Miss Flora's door when I sent you up with her breakfast?"

"No, ma'am," replied the maid, with preternatural gravity. "What was de use of a-knockin' at her do' we'en I knowed fo' sure she was in dar?"

Better a penny in the hand than a nickel in the slot.

We Do the Cooking

You avoid fussing over a hot stove—

Save time and energy—

Have a dish that will please the home folks!

A package of

Post Toasties

and some cream or good milk—sometimes with berries or fruit—

A breakfast, lunch or supper

Fit for a King!

Toasties are sweet, crisp bits of Indian corn perfectly cooked and toasted—

Ready to eat from the package—

Sold by Grocers.

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

G. L. Meikle & Co.

WAR!
WAR!
WAR!

Is the serious, universal cry, BUT at G. L. MEIKLE & Co's. there is Peace & Plenty

No advance in Prices on anything that can be avoided

Full Stock of everything on hand

GOD SAVE THE KING!

G. L. Meikle & Co.
White Front

Footwear for School boys & School Girls

Give me a call and we will be pleased to show you them and prove to you that there are no better values in town.

Also a large assortment in Mens and Boys Ready-made Clothing.

Gents Furnishings, Shirts, Sweaters, Raincoats, Hats and Caps, Socks and Gloves, Etc.

Your inspection invited.

Boots repaired, Tel. 65

W. G. Staniforth

LACHUTE MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS

We deal in Foreign & Domestic Marble and Granite, first class work and best material in all the latest designs, always on hand.

Satisfaction guaranteed in all kinds of cemetery work, Monuments, Headstones, Posts, Fencing, etc.

Terms to suit Purchasers.

W. M. SCOTT, Prop.

The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of It and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Ring and the Man," "The Island of Regeneration," "The Better Man," "Hearts and the Highway," "As the Sparks Fly Upward."

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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CHAPTER XIV

She would not have been human if her mind had not dwelt upon the world beyond the sky-line on the other side of the range. She knew how those who loved her must be suffering on account of her disappearance, but knowing herself safe and realizing that within a short time, when the spring came again, she would go back to them and that their mourning would be turned into joy by her arrival, she could not concern herself very greatly over their present feelings and emotions; and besides, what would be the use of worrying over those things? There was metal more attractive for her thoughts close at hand. And she was too blissfully happy to entertain for more than a moment any sorrow.

She pictured often her return and never by any chance did she think of going back to civilization alone. The man she loved would be by her side, the church's blessing would make them one. To do her justice, in the simplicity and purity of her thoughts she never once thought of what the world might say about that long winter sojourn alone with this man. She was so conscious of her own innocence and of his delicate forbearance, she never once thought how humanity would raise its eyes and fairly cry upon her from the house tops. She did not realize that were she ever so pure and so innocent she could not now or ever reach the high position which Caesar, who was none too reputable himself, would fain have his wife enjoy!

CHAPTER XV.

The Man's Heart.

Now, love produces both happiness and unhappiness, but on the whole I think the happiness predominates, for love itself if it be true and high is its own reward. Love may feel itself unworthy and may shrink even from the unlatching of the shoe lace of the beloved, yet it joys in its own existence nevertheless. Of course its greatest satisfaction is in the return, but there is a sweetness even in the despair of the truly loving.

Enid Maitland, however, did not have to endure indifference, or fight against a passion which met with no response, for this man loved her with a love that was greater even than her own. The moon, in the trite aphorism, looks on many brooks, the brook sees no moon but the one above him in the heavens. In one sense his merit in winning her affection for himself from the hundreds of men she knew, was the greater; in many years he had only seen this one woman. Naturally she should be everything to him. She represented to him not only the woman but womankind. He had been a boy practically when he had buried himself in those mountains, and in all that time he had seen nobody like Enid Maitland. Every argument which had been exploited to show why she should love him could be turned about to account for his passion for her. They are not necessary, they are all supererogatory, idle words. To him also love had been born in an hour. It had flashed into existence as if from the fiat of the Divine.

Oh, he had fought against it. Like the cremites of old he had been scourged into the desert by remorse and another passion, but time had done its work. The woman he first loved had ministered not to the spiritual side of the man, or if she had so ministered in any degree it was because he had looked at her with a glamour of inexperience and youth. During those five years of solitude, of study and of reflection, the truth had gradually unrolled itself before him. Conclusions vastly at variance with what he had ever believed possible as to the woman upon whom he had first bestowed his heart, had got into his being and were in solution there; this present woman was the precipitant which brought them to life. He knew now what the old appeal of his wife had been. He knew now what the new appeal of this woman was.

In humanity two things in life are inextricably intermingled, body and soul. Where the function of one begins and the function of the other ends no one is able to say. In all human passions are admixtures of the earth earthy. We are born the sons of old Adam as we are reborn the sons of the New. Passions are complex. As in harvest wheat and tares grow together until the end, so in love earth and heaven mingle ever. He remembered a clause from an ancient marriage service he had read. "With my body I thee worship," and with every fibre of his physical being, he loved this woman.

It would be idle to deny that, impossible to disguise the facts, but in the melting pot of passion the preponderant ingredient was mental and spiritual; and just because higher and holier things predominated, he held her in his heart a sacred thing. Love is like a rose: the material part is the beautiful blossom; the spiritual factor is the fragrance which abides in the rose jar even after every leaf has faded away, or which may be expressed from the soft petals by the hard circumstances of pain and sorrow until there is left nothing but the lingering perfume of the flower.

His body trembled if she laid a hand upon him, his soul thirsted for her; present or absent he conjured before his tortured brain the sweetness that inhabited her breast. He had been clearsighted enough in analyzing the past, he was neither clearsighted nor coherent in thinking of the present. He worshiped her, he could have thrown himself upon his knees to her; if it would have added to her happiness, she could have killed him, smiling at her. Rode she in the Juggernaut car of the ancient idol, with his body, would he have unhesitatingly paved the way and have been glad of the privilege. He longed to compass her with sweet observances. The world revenged itself upon him for his long neglect, it had summed up in this one woman all its charm, its beauty, its romance, and had thrust her into his very arms. His was one of those great passions which illuminate the records of the past. Paolo had not loved Francesca more.

Oh, yes, the woman knew he loved her. It was not in the power of mortal man no matter how iron his restraint, how absolute the imposition of his will, to keep his heart hidden, his passion undisclosed. No one could keep such things secret, his love for her cried aloud in a thousand ways, even his look when he dared to turn his eyes upon her was eloquent of his feeling. He never said a word, however, he held his lips at least fettered and bound for he believed that honor and its obligations weighed down the balance upon the contrary side to which his inclinations lay.

He was not worthy of this woman. In the first place all he had to offer her was a blood stained hand. That might have been overcome in his mind; but pride in his self punishment, his resolution to withdarw ishment, his resolution to withdraw such time as God completed his expiation and signified his acceptance of the penitent by taking away his life, held him inexorably.

The dark face of his wife rose before him. He forced himself to think upon her, she had loved him, she had given him all that she could. He remembered how she had pleaded with him that he take her on that last and most dangerous of journeys, her devotion to him had been so great she could not let him go out of her sight a moment, he thought fatuously! And he killed her. In the queer turmoil of his brain he blessed himself for everything. He could not be false to his purpose, false to her memory, unworthy of the passion in which he believed she had held him and which he believed he had inspired.

If he had gone out in the world, after her death he might have forgotten most of these things, he might have lived them down. Saner clearer views would have come to him. His morbid self reproach and self consciousness would have been changed. But he had lived with them alone for five years and now there was no putting them aside. Honor and pride, the only things that may successfully fight against love, overcome him. He

The Dark Face of His Wife Rose Before Him.

(To be continued.)

Wm. Berry, Main St. LACHUTE

Offers the best and most complete stock of Buggies, Expresses, Rugs, Harness, and Harness Parts, Ranges, Thrashers, Wringers. Field & Lawn Wire, Fencing, Gates, etc.

A carload of Buggies to choose from. Call and get prices.

Also Agent for McCormick & Deering Machinery, Engines, Chatham Waggons and Carts, Beatty Bros. Stalls and Stanchions, Litter Carriers, etc.

The Grimm Sugar Outfit, the Pedlar Shingles, Sidings etc.

"Always to the Front."

With a nice assortment of Bananas, Lemons, Oranges, Pine Apples, Candies, Ganong's Chocolates and Ice Cream in Bricks or Bulk (3 colours.)

Try our Cherry and Pine Apple Sundaes.

Wedding Cakes a Specialty.

Flour and Feed always on hand.

Orders delivered anywhere in town by calling up Telephone No. 80.

ROBERT HAMILTON,
Baker & Confectioner, - LACHUTE

WOOL! WOOL! WOOL!

Bring along your wool and get the big price we are now paying.

And at the same time secure some of the many bargains we have to offer at our July Sale.

McFAUL BROS., - West End.

: Headquarters :

FOR

Carpenters & Machinists Tools.

Dry Cell Batteries
Spark Plugs
Cylinder Oil
Gasoline
Belting
Packing
Tungsten Lights
Saws and Axes
Ammunition
Roofing and Building Paper
Pumps
Pipe
Pipe Fittings
Stoves
Sinks
Enamel Ware
Fencing
Guns and Rifles
Paints and Glass
Horse Blankets and Halters.

T. McOuat & Son,

West End - - Lachute

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXIX LACHUTE, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1914. NO. 34

.. Preserving Time ..

Remember that I go to the expense and trouble of going to the market every week to select my fruits.

I am better prepared than ever to sell you the right kind of goods, the best quality and lowest prices.

Don't forget the following are on the market only a short while.

Plums, Pears, Peaches, Grapes
.. Blueberries, Melons, Etc. ..

PHONE No. 105.

P. PAQUIN, - Lachute

WEDDING BELLS.

—:o:—

CLELAND—COPELAND.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Copeland, Upper Lachute, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Wednesday Sept. 2nd, when their only daughter Amy Catherine, was united in marriage to Mr. Albert Thos. Cleland, of Genoa, the ceremony being performed by Rev. J. L. George, of Lachute. The bride who was given away by her father was attended by Miss Pearl Pollock, of Hill Head, Mr. Jas. Judd, of Ste. Eustache, supported the groom, and the wedding march was played by Miss Enda Patton, of Ste. Phillipe. After the ceremony, the happy couple drove to the groom,s home at Genoa, where a reception was held, a large number of relatives and guests being present.

Beautiful Chambrays, Striped and Checked Ginghams to clear at 12½ cents per yard.

W. BANFORD & SON.

—:o:—

WANTED — Thirty girls. Can earn from $1.25 to $2 00 per day. Apply
THE AYERS LIMITED,
8-21 Lachute Mills, Que.

—:o:—

While everything grown on the farm advances in price, we are trying to give you the lowest prices you ever paid in Cotton Wash Goods.

W. BANFORD & SON.

SHREWSBURY.

Miss Ethel McCullough has returned to Montreal for the winter.

Mrs. F. H. Buck and children has returned to their home in Montreal.

School No. 3, opened on September 1st, with Miss Lillian Rogers as teacher.

Mrs. Seaward and Miss Seaward of Beith, Que., are the guests of Mrs. John A. Good.

Mrs. Boder who has spent the past two weeks visiting her sister Mrs. H. McCullough, returned to the city on Tuesday.

Mrs. Horwood and Mrs Tester have removed with their families to Montreal, after having spent a long vacation at their camps here.

Miss Euphemia Creswell and Miss Margaret Walker, of Lachute, spent Sunday the guests of Mrs. Robinson.

BROWNSBURG CONTINUED.

blend hunting, hockey, shooting and skating with intellectual improvement.

It is pleasing to observe this desire and and still more so to learn that facilities are being provided for its gratification.

One of our former townsmen, lately resident in the city, and a graduate of a prominent Business College there, has returned to Brownsburg for a period which may cover the Fall and Winter, and perhaps the duration of the War, and he has decided to conduct—with efficient assistance—evening classes for those desirous of study.

The choice of subjects is left to the felt wants of the pupils, and includes Typewriting, Shorthand, Arithmetic, English grammar, spelling and composition. The classes are now being formed and any information on the subject may be obtained from Mr. W. King, Mr. A. M. Campbell or any of the others associated with them in this excellent scheme.

News of Brownsburg

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. Dan. Smith, who have been the guests of their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hooper have returned in company with their grandson Mr. Harold Hooper, to their home in Kingston, Ont. in their motor car, Mr. Harold Hooper will resume his studies at the Kingston College.

The funeral took place Monday afternoon to the Presbyterian Church where the service was held, the church being filled with many sorrowful friends. The principal mourners being the husband and family. After the service the mortal remains of the deceased were conveyed to Lachute cemetry followed by many carriages.

The posponed Presbyterrian Sunday School Picnic took place in Mr. Van Barrows grove, last Saturday afternoon, when the children, teachers and parents spent a most enjoyable time. Much interest was manifested in the sports and games which was organized by the teachers for the youngsters, and greatly enjoyed by the latter.

Last Saturday the members of the D. C. Co., Gun Club, renewed their weekly sport after a rest since the picnic, by a pleasant meeting at the traps. The principal event being the Spoon Shoot, which was eventually won by Mrs. E. J. Johnson after a keen contest with Miss C. Blair, who tied four times running which caused much excitement amongst the spectators. The scoring by every compeditor was not up to the usual Standard owing to a dull light. Many of the first class shots failed to score. Mrs. Fred Brunnelle being the only lady competitor who showed up to advantage by making 9 out of 10 in a practice shoot. The meeting was attended by several visitors, who are spending their vacations in Brownsburg, and evinced much interest in the sport.

A very sad and sudden death occured in Brownsburg last Saturday to Mrs. T. Mills which cast a gloom over the village, as she was greatly respected by all who had her acquaintance. About 10 a m. Mrs. Mills called into Mr. Parisean's Store to make some purchases for her family when she was taken suddenly ill and made a request to be taken to a near by neighbour, Mrs. Denny, while there it was noticed that her condition was serious, and Dr. Fraser and Alexander were called to attend the patient. Every thing known to the medical sciense was done for the patient, but she failed to rally, and passed peacefully away in the afternoon. The Rev. Mr. McKenzie who happened to be close at hand was called in to offer consolation. Mrs. Mills leaves a sorrowful husband, and three little children to mourn her loss. Much sympathy is felt for the husband and family in their sad bereavement by the residents of Brownsburg and Vicinity, as the deceased was well known and greatly respected.

The approach of the long evenings has prompted the youth of Brownsburg to look forward. This is an excellent mental exercise and it is also a good sign. Already quite a number have decided to

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

—:o:—

Mr. W. Robinson was in town the early part of this week.

Mrs. Geo. Armstrong, of Florida, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. McOuat.

Miss Lucy Morrison left on Saturday to take charge of a school at Boynton.

The Rev. J. A. McKenzie left this week for a month's vacation in New Brunswick.

Louis P. Hollwey, of Toronto, was the guest of Mr. Thos. Moore for the holiday.

Mrs. Robt. McArthur is spending a few days at her summer cottage at Norway Bay.

Buy your tickets for the Ottawa Exhibition from J. S. Giles at the Watchman Office.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Campbell, of Montreal, were week-end guests of Mrs. J. D. Campbell.

Miss Evelyn Sheldon, of Montreal, was the guest of Miss Jessie Cruise for the week-end.

Mr. T. Jousse was in Vankleek Hill the early part of this week as the guest of his son Paul.

Mrs. A. E. Westwood returned on Tuesday from a pleasant visit to friends in Montreal.

Messrs. Vandyke and Sawyer, of Sawyerville were guests of Mr. Yelland for the week-end.

Mrs. George Calder and family returned this week from their summer home at Sixteen Island Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Cregeen and daughters of Montreal were week-end guests of Mrs. Chas. Calder.

Mr. Samuel Caron returned home on Thursday last after spending a few weeks visiting in the West.

Miss McIntyre left on Monday for a a short visit with her sister, Mrs. Dumouchel, of Ottawa.

Miss Maggie Shaw, of Saranac Lake, is spending this week the guest of her mother, Mrs. John Shaw.

Miss Alice Berniquer has returned home after a week's visit to her aunt at West Shefford and Sherbrooke.

Mr. and Mrs. Cote have returned to Montreal after spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Heins, Lachute.

Messrs. Erle Todd and Theren Carpenter were in Quebec for the week-end in attendance at the Valcartier Camp.

Mrs. J. T. Ayers, and her sister Miss Jean McConnell, are guests of Mrs. (Dr.) W. W. Alexander for the week-end.

Mr. Lloyd McLaren, of Vankleek Hill spent Sunday in town the guest of his aunts the Misses S. and L. McGibbon.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Monette returned on Saturday from a month's visit with relatives at the Sault Ste. Marie and other Western points.

The marriage of Ida M. Simon daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Simon, to Mr. Geo. S. Floyd, of Verdun, will take place quietly on Wednesday, Sept. 23rd.

Mrs. Richard Hodge and daughter Alice, accompanied by Mrs. David Berry and baby Janet left this week to visit friends in Montreal and Vermont.

Mrs. McIntyre, who has been spending the summer visiting her relatives and friends in Lachute and vicinity, left on Monday for her home in Troy, Montana.

Miss Nettie McAllister, of Montreal, has returned to her summer home in Shawbridge after spending a week's holidays the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Pollock.

Miss McFarlane, of the Academy Staff, was in Quebec over Sunday, having gone there to bid her brother good-bye, prior to his departure with the contingent now awaiting embarkation orders.

The Canadian Northern will sell round trip excursion tickets to Valcartier, Lake St Joseph Hotel and Qnebec City, Sept. 11th and 12th, good returning Sept. 14th for $5.00 the round trip.

Sept. 2nd C. P. R. will sell excursion tickets to Quebec for V. C. Military camp going Friday and Saturday 11th and 12th, return limit Monday Sept. 14th. Stop over allowed. Return fare from Lachute $5.00.

Among those leaving this week to teach in Montreal and Vicinity, are the Misses May and Bessie McGibbon, Irene Riddell, Jennie Forbes, Frances and Violet Joss, Hattie and Annie McCoy and Margaret Hay.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas MacKimmie, of South Haven, Mich., accompanied by their two sons, Gordon and Carl, and daughter Janet, also Mr. Lawrence Packard, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. MacKimme for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. James Chambers, of St. Philippe, Que., announce the marriage of their third daughter Elizabeth Boyd to James Campbell Beattie only son of Robert Beattie, St. Philippe, Que. will take place late in September.

Don't forget that the Agricultural Society are holding the Annual Exhibition this year on Sept. 22, 23 and 24. This is the time when everyone in holiday making and as the posters announce "You will meet all your old friends."

Mr. Duncan Joss arrived here from the West on Sunday last, and has since disposed of his property in the East Ward to Mr. Jno. Paul. Mr. Waye who was a tenant in his house has removed to Mr. J. W. McOuat's property, recently occupied by Mrs. Slogie.

Under the auspices of the Baptist Church the evening of the 24th, of September has been set aside for a special engagement of Miss Lucy Webling and Mr. Walter McRaye, two of England's well known entertainers. They are recently from Europe and are on another of their extensive tours. A splendid programme of Playlets, Sketches, Comediettas, and scenes from great plays will be laid before the people of this county and you are advised to keep this evening apart.

Parish Council

There was a lively session at the Parish Council meeting on Tuesday afternoon and some not very complimentary epithets were hurled at one another over an opposition to the opening of the northern end of the East Settlement Road to the Upper Lachute School House. The report and procesverbal on the road was made by James Cowan, public notice of which had been given in July, same being homologated on August 3rd. At that time there apparently was no objection, but since then considerable opposition has been raised.

The New Roads.

Messrs. Lafleur & Berniquer are making up for lost time and are pushing things ahead in good shape. They have commenced on the road in the East Ward, adjoining that of the Parish, and when in full swing expect to make about 200 feet a day. Mr. McDonald, the superintendent appointed by the Town, is a thoroughly competent and reliable official who has had considerable experience in road-building, so that the Town are most fortunate in procuring his services. It is at least encouraging to know that a start has been made, and with favorable weather the contractors should make a good showing before the snow flies. Mr. Harry Ayers has opened up his quarry and is supplying the stone which Mr. McDonald claims is the very best for the road under construction. Eight teams are now engaged in the hauling and Mr. Ayers' intention is to put on a motor truck with trailers in order to make the work progress.

County Council.

The regular quarterly meeting of the County Council was held in the Court House on Wednesday, Sept. 9th, at which were present Warden R. Christie, Councillors D Black, R. Dobbie, T. Morrison, P. Dobbie, H. Dixon, C. Staniforth, T. Hodge, Dr. Legault, G. Dansereau, T. Kelly, A. Larose, L. Lepiere.

The revision of valuation roll was left over until next meeting.

On motion of Councillor Peter Dobbie, seconded by Councillor D. Black, a grant of $100 for this year was given to the Agricultural Society for the purpose of helping to pay a demonstrator on agriculture for this County.

The Council agreed to accept the offer of Lafleur & Co. for the connection of the sewer at a cost of $80, provided they would extend the care and maintenance of same for twenty years.

A most gratifying feature of the Councils, procedure was the voting of a sum $250 towards the Patriotic Fund. The cifizens of our good old county will be pleased to know that their representatives have voted the money to help alleviate the suffering and privation that must necessarily follow in the wake of the terrible carnage that is now taking place in Europe.—Ed.

CUSHING.

—o—

Mr. Fraser Watson is spending the week in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Whelehan, of Montreal, spent Labor Day with their friends here.

Mrs. E. O. Keatley and children returned to their home in Montreal on Friday last.

Mrs. Sayers and children of Montreal, are spending a couple of weeks at Mrs. C. L. Cooke's.

Mrs. P. R. McGibbon, of Lachute, was a guest of Mrs. Geo. Nicholls for a few days this week.

A merry load from this vicinity went up to Grenville on Saturday evening for the Boy Scouts concert.

Mrs. and Miss Cleland arrived home on Saturday from a month's visit with friends in Manchester, N. H.

Miss Mary Saltmarsh, of Concord, N.H. arrived Monday on a visit to her grandmother, Mrs. E. Whelehan.

The Misses Wales, of St. Andrews, were guests of their cousin, Miss Grace B. Fraser at the Manse for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walford and family have closed their residence here and returned to the city as have also the family of Mr. S. Hartley.

Mrs. W. Canning, jr., and little daughter Margaret with her cousin Miss Foster spent last week in Lachute, guests of Mrs. Robt. Canning.

A largely attended and very pleasant meeting of the Ladies' Association of St. Mungo's combined with the Missionary Auxiliary was held at the Manse on Wednesday afternoon. Among the other pleasing features of the meeting was an address on Japan given by Miss Bessie Gotto, of Longueuil, who was a guest of Miss Grace Fraser.

Mr. Gerald Ormsby who has spent the summer here as assistant engineer on this division of the C.N.R. is leaving the latter part of this week for his home in England, where it is his intention to enlist for active service. Mr. Ormsby whose father is a Bishop in the Anglican Church, already has two brothers serving in His Majesty's army.

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BRITAIN'S WAR ON GERMANY

ALLIANCES NECESSARY TO NATION'S SAFETY.

Britain Has Direct Interest in Preserving Independence of Belgium.

In an analysis of the interests and duty of Great Britain in the present situation, The London Times, prior to Britain's declaration of war on Germany, says:

One question is to-day on all lips: What course shall England pursue should a general European war break out? Prejudice, passion, or ignorance of the fundamental conditions of our national freedom inspire divergent answers. It is therefore necessary to consider in the cold light of historical fact and of reason the actual terms of the problem before making up our minds as to the course to be pursued.

At moments of supreme peril nations, like individuals, are best guided by the impulse that is strongest in human beings—the instinct of self-preservation. It is well that this should be so; for none but interests instinctively recognized as vital can carry a people through a life-and-death struggle.

Dangers of Isolation.

The first principle of all British foreign policy is recognition of the fact that England, though an island, forms part of Europe. Forgetfulness of this simple fact has in the past had disastrous consequences. Without reverting to the war of 1870, France to her fate, allowed her to be dismembered, and has ever since paid the cost in the growing burden of international armaments, it is necessary only to remember the position held by Great Britain at the end of the South African war. The policy of the late Lord Salisbury has been one of "splendid isolation." When disaster overtook us in South Africa, we were without a friend on the Continent and were only saved from attack by a European coalition because the Emperor of Russia declined to sanction such a policy, and because the question of Alsace-Lorraine, formed an insuperable obstacles to military and naval cooperation against us by Germany and France.

"Splendid Isolation."

The policy of "splendid isolation" became a military and political impossibility, unless we were prepared so to strengthen our Army and our Navy as to be able to defy any attack or combination of attacks by land and sea. King Edward recognized this fact, and with the advice of his Ministers sought to diminish the number of our potential enemies on the Continent. Contrary to many interested or mistaken assertions, neither he nor Lord Lansdowne ever conceived the policy of making friends in Europe as a policy of aggression.

The first step in this policy had little reference to Europe. It consisted in the Anglo-Japanese Alliance of 1902. But it was the Anglo-Japanese Alliance that led directly to the Anglo-French Entente of 1904. During 1903 England strove, as she is striving now, to prevent war, by urging Russia to come to terms with Japan. France also sought to restrain her ally, lest entanglement in the Far East should render Russia incapable of supporting France in Europe. Russian support was indispensable to France, who had constantly been exposed to diplomatic and military pressure by Germany, and had, in 1875, only been saved from German attack through the intervention of the Emperor of Russia, and especially of Queen Victoria. Queen Victoria then saw that the undisputed predominance of Germany in Europe, and the permanent disablement of France, would create for England a situation as dangerous as that which grew up when Napoleon established his supremacy on the Continent.

Balance of Forces.

Anglo-French efforts failed to prevent the Russo-Japanese war in 1904. Germany, who was anxious to remove the pressure of the Russian army from her eastern frontier, counteracted them. When the war broke out France and England were obliged quickly to decide whether they would join in the war and fight each other, or would agree to remain neutral and to counterbalance German supremacy. They chose the latter course in February, 1904. A few weeks later the agreement with France, known as the Entente Cordiale, turned this negative agreement into a positive pact.

Russia is now defending a vital interest. France, who is bound to Russia by alliance, and still more by the necessities of her European situation and political independence, is compelled to support Russia. England is bound by moral obligations to side with France and Russia, lest the balance of forces on the continent be upset to her disadvantage and she be left alone to face a predominant Germany.

Britain's Vital Interest.

A vital British interest is therefore at stake. This interest takes two forms—the general interest of European equilibrium, which has been explained, and the more direct interest of preserving the independence of Holland, and particularly Belgium. The Franco-German frontier along the Vosges has been so formidably fortified on both sides that a German or a French advance across it seems improbable. The point of contact between the German and French armies would probably lie in or near Belgium. But a German advance through Belgium into the north of France might enable Germany to acquire possession of Antwerp, Flushing, and even of Dunkirk and Calais, which might then become German naval bases against England. This is a contingency which no Englishman can look upon with indifference.

The German Menace.

But if it be merely a contingency, why should England not wait until it is realized before acting or preparing to act? Because, in these days of swift decisions and swifter action, it would be too late for England to act with any chance of success after France had been defeated in the north. This is why the shots fired by the Austro-Hungarian guns at Belgrade reverberate across the English Channel. The safety of the narrow seas is a vital, the most vital, British national and Imperial interest. It is an axiom of British self-preservation. France does not threaten our security. A German victory over France would threaten it immediately. Even should the German navy remain inactive, the occupation of Belgium and Northern France by German troops would strike a crushing blow at British security. We should then be obliged, alone and without allies, to bear the burden of keeping up a fleet superior to that of Germany and of an army proportionately strong. This burden would be ruinous.

The instinct of self-preservation, which is the strongest factor in national life, therefore compels us to be ready to strike with all our force for our own safety and for that of our friends.

Auto Truske Used in Mobilizing the Russian Army.

To facilitate the hurried mobilization of the 1,280,000 men in answer to the Czar's ukase, automobile trucks of the latest type are being used to transport the Czar's troops to the various points of mobilization. The photo shows a number of these high-powered auto trucks and the officers in charge of this department of the Czar's forces.

LARGEST COIN IN THE WORLD

Swedish Copper Weighs Thirty-one Pounds.

Weighing 31 pounds, a single copper coin bearing the imprint of the Swedish crown and the name of the monarch, Charles X. Gustavus, during whose reign it was issued, has been acquired by the American Numismatic Society. The piece represents eight "daler," equivalent to 85.20 in American money. It measures 23⅛ by 13 inches, and in form is a rectangular ingot, bearing five large stamps punched in the centre and four corners. These impressions were made in order to prevent a reduction in value by clipping. The coin was struck at Avesta, Sweden, in 1659, and is a type which was minted continuously for 110 years, although the eight-daler plates were issued only a short time and are now quite rare. This specimen was dredged out of the harbor at Riga, Russia. Large-sized coins of this type were first brought out in 1649 during the reign of Christina, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus. The object was to form an outlet for the products of the country's copper mines without depreciating the value of the metal.

BRITAIN'S GREAT SOLDIER

FOUGHT AGAINST THE GERMANS ONCE BEFORE.

The Remarkable Career of Lord Kitchener, the Silent Man.

If military tradition be true, the present is not the first time that Lord Kitchener, who has been appointed Secretary of State for War in the war against Germany and Austria, has fought on the side of the French against the Germans. The story goes that when he was a cadet at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 broke out, and the young soldier, anxious to get an insight into real war, rushed across the channel and joined the forces of General Charzy at the Loire. Some doubt the authenticity of this statement, and the great soldier himself has apparently not taken either the trouble to affirm or deny it.

Be that as it may, Britishers the world over feel confident in having such an experienced general as Lord Kitchener at the head of the army. He stands head and shoulders, not only physically, but mentally, above all the world's great soldiers.

Lord Kitchener is no talker. He is one of the strong, silent men who do the work of the world and leave the talking to others. The whole of the sixty-three years of his life has been devoted to duty. He is unmarried, and has not half a dozen intimate friends in the world. He comes of an old East Anglian family, but was born in County Kerry. His father was Henry Horatio Kitchener, who had seen service in the Indian army, and then bought an estate in Ireland, upon which he settled. Young Kitchener chose his father's profession, and was sent to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. He was a tireless worker and showed a great taste for mathematics, which stood him in good stead in his preperations for the Royal Engineers, for which corps he was destined.

Longed For a Chance.

When Lord Kitchener received his commission in the Royal Engineers there did not seem to be much prospect of employment for the energetic young subaltern. He was thoroughly saturated in his profession, and longed ardently for a chance of doing something more than mere routine work. The chance soon came. He was offered a post under the Palestine Exploration Fund, and spent some years in that country, and when Cyprus came into the hands of Britain under the Anglo-Turkish Convention he was employed to make a survey of the island. There he worked under Lord Wolseley, and when the troubles with Arabi broke out in 1882 he followed his commanding officer to the country which he was destined subsequently to see so much of, and to do so much in. He went all through the campaign of Tel-el-Kebir. On the termination of the war, Britain was faced by the problem of how to protect Egypt against the wild tribes of the Sudan. The Egyptian army had been destroyed; another had to be built up. And ready to hand was a young English officer, a glutton for work, and having the requisite knowledge of Arabic. He was chosen by Sir Evelyn Wood to make an army out of the fellaheen. How he succeeded—how he put heart into Pharaoh, with the aid of "Sergeant What's-his-name"—is shown by the history of the next ten years, which culminated in the red slaughter of Omdurman, and the final dissipation of the dark cloud that had hung over the Sudan for centuries.

South Africa, India, Egypt.

But there was another and greater work for Kitchener in another quarter of the same great continent. In October, 1899, we were talking about the British army eating its Christmas dinner in Pretoria. Some of it did—but as prisoners of war. The Black Week came two months afterwards, and Kitchener was sent out as chief of the staff with Lord Roberts. How he finished the war, how he arranged the Peace of Vereeniging, and how he came home to be made a Viscount and to receive the thanks of a grateful country—are all matters of recent history. The same may be said of his appointment to India, where he took up the post of Commander-in-Chief, had his celebrated quarrel with Lord Curzon, and left the Indian Army infinitely stronger and better than he found it. The last three years he has spent as head of the British administration in Egypt, where his rule as a benevolent autocrat has been a distinct success.

Such is a brief and summary account of the services of this man of iron to the Empire. It cannot be said that K. of K. is popular in the army. No man is popular who suffers fools and shirkers with no patience or gladness whatever. He is strong and masterful and consequently he has little forbearance with those who cannot keep up with his tireless activity and his infinity of resource. Yet he has revealed qualities on occasions which may prove of the greatest value in the new post which he is to take up.

He won the profound respect and regard of his adversaries in the Boer War, and when the negotiations for peace trembled in the balance it was his straightforward and honest manliness which conquered the most determined of those who had been fighting against him. There was a day when the men who wanted to pursue the struggle to the bitter end seemed about to get their way. Kitchener took De Wet aside, and talked to him as one soldier would talk to another, and the great guerilla chief was pacified.

Extraordinary Personal Force.

Among those who really love their profession, Kitchener is, however, admired and respected. Indeed, it is impossible to work with him for long without coming to admire him. His enormous power and his dominating personality force themselves upon one. And with admiration comes regard. He is just to the point of severity. When commander-in-chief in South Africa, it will be remembered, he refused to appoint his brother, General Walter Kitchener, to an important staff billet for which he had been strongly recommended, simply because he was his brother, and he would incur no suspicion of favoritism.

In his speech he is laconic to a degree. Indeed, in this direction he almost rivals another well-known living soldier, Sir Ian Hamilton. Every word tells, however. Six words from him can reduce the most cock-sure young officer who ever strutted down Bond Street or along the Simla Mall to a state of limp dejection.

"Now, Johnny," said the mother of the young hostess to the little boy guest. "I want you to feel perfectly at home." "H'm!" growled Johnny. "I don't want to feel at home. I want to have a good time."

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GREAT SIMILARITY IN DATES

GERMANY REPEATS TACTICS OF LAST WAR.

August Second Famous in History —Trivial Incident Precipitated Hostilities.

Born in the blaze of battle 44 years ago, two great nations, France and Germany, are to-day repeating with uncanny similarity even in date and site, the conflicts of the last great European war.

The war of 1870 began on August 2, with a fierce fight between German and French troops at Saarbrueck—not eighty miles from Longwy, where the first Franco-German battle of this present and most frightful of European conflicts has just been waged, on the same day, August 2.

In 1870, just as to-day, there were three chief points where the big German armies crossed the French border. The Germans, in fact, are now repeating the tactics of their last war. But at that time German victory followed German victory with terrible rapidity, and as a result came the formation of the German Empire, with King William of Prussia as Emperor. And the successive defeats of Napoleon III. of France culminated in his capture and downfall, and the establishment of the French republic.

France Wants Revenge.

The two nations thus formed are to-day flying at each other's throats once more, with all the vengeful hostility engendered in that former conflict. To really understand the whole meaning of this European crisis of 1914, it is necessary to call to mind the dramatic history of the struggle of 1870.

It was caused by Prince Bismarck's determination to place Prussia at the head of a united Germany, and by France's jealousy of her hereditary enemy's threatening growth. But hostilities were actually precipitated by a very trivial incident, just as in the present war.

The French Ambassador, Benedetti, demanded of King William of Prussia that no prince of his line should ever accept the throne of Spain. The king refused to listen, and made public excerpts from Benedetti's demand. A few days later, July 19, 1870, France formally declared war.

"Mailed Fist" Struck.

Germany's "mailed fist" struck before France had half a chance to prepare herself. Germany had a fighting force of over 520,000 men in the field at once. The French had confidently expected to be able to mobilize 500,000 men instantly, but found that only 250,000 were available for the military movements during August.

After the first conflict at Saarbrueck, on August 2, in which the French were victorious, there occurred a fierce attack on the German advance guard near Weissburg, in Alsace. The French troops retired with heavy loss. The German invasion progressed rapidly.

In battle after battle the French inflicted losses much heavier than their own upon the enemy, but were each time defeated. Finally, on September 2, the French Emperor, and all the army under his command was captured at the battle of Sedan. There was one army left to France, but it was bottled up in the fortified city of Metz, under the command of Marshal Bazaine, who, after a daring attempt at a sortie, was forced to capitulate on October 27.

Invested Capital.

The German troops now had an open road to Paris, and they invested the capital at once. The Parisians had proclaimed a republic after Napoleon's downfall at Sedan, and organized a government for national defence, of which Leon Gambetta, the great French statesman, was one of the chiefs.

Gambetta put aeronautics, which are playing so striking a part in the present strife, to the first successful use in war.

He escaped from beleaguered Paris in a balloon, and attempted to raise more troops in the south of France. But this dramatic deed was vain, and by the last of January, 1871, Paris was at the point of starvation, and was forced to capitulate.

The amazing exactions of the victorious Germans, in the huge indemnity they required, and their annexation of Alsace-Lorraine have never been forgotten by France.

BRITAIN'S MOTOR ARTILLERY

Covered 116.5 Miles in Nine and a Half Hours.

Acting on the assumption that a hostile force had raided the East Coast at the mouth of the Humber, a Territorial battery of the Royal Horse Artillery one morning a few days before a general European war threatened, hitched its guns and ammunition wagons behind powerful touring cars and made a dash for the coast. Without a single casualty the battery accomplished in nine and one-half hours what with horse draught would have required from three to four days, and thereby established the world's record for the movement of heavy guns.

The nature of the feat may be gauged by the fact that the ammunition wagons had to make a detour of over 3 miles in order to pick up ammunition. When they reached their destination they had travelled 116.5 miles of country. The start is thus described by an eye-witness:

"It was an eery sight when shortly before 1 o'clock the West Riding battery romped onto the [illegible] ground in front of the [illegible] mansion at Wentworth [illegible]dhouse. Their advent was heralded by a roar like an approaching express. The position of each gun and wagon in the darkness was marked by the powerful electric headlights on the cars that were acting as tractors. These lights were 100 candle-power per pair, and were all operated by the electric starting appliances with which the cars were fitted. At 2 a.m., shortly before daybreak, the wagons left Wentworth for Selby."

There are many details of the feat which the War Office will not give out, but it may interest motorists to know that the gun and limber behind each car weighed 28 cwt., and that 99 miles of the journey were accomplished on just eight gallons of petrol. The guns, which were of the 15-pounder rapid-fire type, were attached to the chassis of the touring cars by special hauling brackets made in the Sheffield-Simplex works. These brackets were fitted with stout rope washers to save "chattering." Three spare chassis accompanied the column, to assist, if necessary, on the hills or in case of breakdown, and each of the guns carried spare wheels, but neither precaution was availed of.

GO TO JERUSALEM TO DIE.

Aged Jews Flock There to Spend Their Last Days.

That Jewish immigrants have so well adapted themselves to local conditions in Jerusalem as to "practically monopolize a greater part of such trade as exists" is stated in a consular report on Jerusalem. It is impossible to give an exact estimate of the population of Jerusalem, and although it is believed that it figures at 110,000, 95,000 might perhaps be a more correct estimate. It is, roughly speaking, composed of 13,000 Christians, 12,000 Mohammedans and 70,000 Jews, many of whom are immigrants from Russia.

It is remarked that in spite of the emigration of many Jews to escape military service, there has still been a marked increase in this section of the population on account of the continuous influx of aged Jews, who come with the intention of ending their days in Palestine.

Some men do not think they are being treated right unless you say to them: "What are you going to have?"

Many a man who knows just what he would do in the other fellow's place never succeeds in doing the right thing in his own place.

The Grey Car

"What's the matter?" demanded Henry Barnet jerkily.

His wife, pale and agitated, had met him in the cottage doorway. She rested her hands on his shoulders.

"It isn't—isn't anything wrong with the boy, Emily?"

She bent her head.

"If only I could say 'No'! But Jack's been hurt—knocked down in the road, poor little chap!"

"Emily!"

He gripped her wrist.

"I sent for the doctor. He's here now."

Henry Barnet drew a quick breath.

"And what does he say?"

"The cut on the head's the worst part. That's—dangerous!"

"How did it happen?"

"It seems they were walking along past Carrick's farm, Jack and little Rosie Webber, and a big motor-car came round the bend all of a sudden on the wrong side of the road. Rosie was by the hedge; she wasn't touched. But our Jack——"

Her voice broke.

"Ah, a motor-car! Did they bring him back in it?"

"You'll hardly believe this, Henry; but—they just went straight on!"

A spot of red showed on his cheeks.

"Never even stopped to see what they'd done?" he demanded incredulously.

"No, I do think it's shameful!"

"People like that ought to go to prison! If only I could lay my hands on 'em——"

"H'sh, Henry! You might disturb the boy!"

"Rich folks can fly about in their motors," he continued bitterly, "but we—we're not supposed to complain! Any idea whose car it was?"

"Rosie Webber says it was a grey color."

"The Welmonts'!"

"Now, don't you get that idea into your head, Henry, before there's any proper proof."

"I bet it was the Welmonts'! You know yourself that they're always rushing somewhere or other through the village. Besides, who else has got a grey car about here?" He choked. "That's another debt I've got against Welmont, then!"

"One can't be sure, Henry, re—"

"[illegible]ntent with trying to turn [illegible] of house and home, a month [illegible] for a bit of rent that was owing, he must needs run over Jack, my little son! I'll settle accounts soon, though, I promise you!"

His wife silenced him with uplifted finger. They heard footsteps descending the stairs, and hurried out.

"His condition's very grave, I won't deny; but you mustn't give up hope, by any means. He has a lot in his favor, a healthy lad like yours. He's asleep now—that's excellent! Just do exactly what I've told you, Mrs. Barnet, and expect me early to-morrow morning."

When the doctor had gone, Henry Barnet sat down by the fireplace, elbows on knees. Refusing supper, he continued to rail against the Welmont family, who lived in a mansion on their estate, half a mile from the village.

"Said the money must be paid, his agent did, or out I should go—me, that's never been behind-hand with my rent before! But I raised the money just in time, didn't I, and paid up in full? So Mr. Welmont very kindly let us stay!"

"Forget all about it, dear. It seemed hard, I know; but, still—"

"That's the sort of treatment we have to expect from our betters! Oh, yes; and we must touch our hats when they go by in their motor-cars; and, if there's any accident, it's all our fault for not keeping our children off the road!"

Suddenly he rose.

"I'm off—straight up to the house to talk to Welmont! That was his grey car! No; and I won't keep quiet, Emily! Nothing'll make me! I'll stand up to him, never fear! I'm not afraid. He's got to prove that he wasn't driving over in this direction. I'll tell him——"

"You're angry, Henry," pleaded Mrs. Barnet anxiously. "You'd say things that perhaps you'd be sorry for later on. Let me go. You stop and watch the boy."

It was difficult to persuade her husband, but at last he agreed. In half an hour she came back again.

"Well?" he queried thickly.

"Mr. Welmont was out. I saw the man who drives the motor—Crickner, his name is. He vows and declares it didn't come this way."

"Did you ask him that before you told him about Jack or afterwards?"

"Before. He answered a bit confused, though. At first he made out the motor hadn't been used at all."

Henry Barnet gave an exclamation of angry triumph.

"That shows you can't believe a word he said. It was their car did it—I'm dead sure now! Move out of the way! I'll go up there myself, and I won't be put off with any excuses either! If Welmont's not back, I'll wait!"

His face was flushed, and his eyes bloodshot. His wife trembled a little as she regarded him.

"Henry," she pleaded desperately, "you won't leave me alone? I'm not myself. I'm nervous. Stop with me, Henry. I want you here."

He muttered below his breath, but finally swung round again.

"To-morrow, then!" he declared gruffly. "I'll wait till to-morrow!"

Next morning the child's condition was unchanged. Henry Barnet would not have gone to his work, but his wife reminded him that he could not afford to lose a day's pay. She promised to send for him, if necessary.

By the evening they were both worn out with anxiety.

"There's nothing to be done, Henry. Sit down and smoke your pipe, won't you?"

"I can't!" he flashed.

"Better stay quiet than walk up and down like that."

"How should I rest a minute when I'm out of my mind almost about the boy? Talk sense, Emily!"

She drew back, with quivering lips.

"There, there! I didn't mean to speak so sharp. But, what with thinking about Jack upstairs, while those Welmonts have got off scot-free——"

"I know, dear—I know," returned his wife brokenly. "Doctor says there'll have to be an operation, maybe."

"How are we to pay, then?"

"There's things we can sell, perhaps, if the worst comes to the worst."

Presently he sank into a chair, watching his wife ironing at the table; but even then he stirred apprehensively at frequent intervals. Finally, he covered his face with his hands, thinking.

The boy was in serious danger. Welmont, who was responsible, should be punished. Always there recurred to Henry Barnet a vision of the grey car knocking the child to the ground, and then disappearing swiftly into the distance.

Yes; he must get his revenge on Welmont.

"Where are you going, Henry?"

"Not far," he answered, evasively. "Out in the air for a bit. My head's bad. I won't be long."

Without a backward look he left the cottage. This new scheme made him forget all his troubles for the time. He gave a short, exultant laugh as he hurried in the direction of the Welmont's big house, crossing fields whenever possible, so that he should not meet anyone he knew.

What he intended to do must be done in secret.

The garage where the grey car was kept stood apart from the main building nearer to the hedge which circled the grounds. Henry Barnet climbed the railing unobserved, and tiptoed stealthily forward. He wondered whether he would be able to force an entrance.

The padlock, however, to his surprise and delight, proved to be unfastened. Softly he opened the door, and, closing it behind him, paused in the darkness.

Here for the first time he hesitated, deliberating whether, after all, he should carry out his plan.

Minutes passed, and he still stood motionless, half inclined to return. Then he remembered his little son, now no longer able to run and welcome him home, lying in bed with bandaged forehead.

With an abrupt movement he felt in his pocket, struck a match, and held it before him.

But the garage was empty. The grey car was not there.

He stifled a cry of disappointment, staring forward until the flame burnt his fingers. At the same instant he heard the sound of a motor-horn.

Before he could escape, however, the door of the motor-house was pushed open. Flaring headlights showed up his figure plainly. The chauffeur seized him. In a dazed fashion he realized that he was facing Welmont and his wife, who were seated in the grey car.

"Who is it, Crickner?"

"A fellow named Barnet, I believe, sir."

"Oh, yes, of course! I recognize him now." Mr. Welmont turned. "What are you doing here?"

Henry Barnet, taken at a disadvantage, struggled for speech, wrenching himself free.

"I came to—to see if anyone was about, sir, because——"

He broke off. The glowing match, falling on some oily cotton-waste, had ignited the rags, which were smouldering. He stamped upon them.

"Not quite out yet! I happened to be walking along th eroad, sir, a few minutes ago, and I thought I smelt something burning, so I—I got over the rails——"

Mr. Welmont was regarding him with a disconcerting stare.

"Well, never mind about that just now. I should get off home if I were you. Your wife wants you. She has some news."

Henry Barnet strove to put a question, but the words would not come.

"Good news. Your boy will recover. It's only a matter of time. We've just called there, my wife and I. Yesterday we heard about his accident."

"Emily came here——"

"Exactly. It wasn't this car of mine that injured the lad, I'm pleased to say, although my man, Crickner——"

"Why, wouldn't he give a straight answer, then?"

Mr. Welmont paused. The chauffeur was busy in the garage.

"Crickner, we found, had been using it while we were away to give some of his own friends a ride; so he leaves my service at the end of the week."

"Wasn't—your—car, sir?" Henry Barnet blurted.

"No, no, not mine. It must have been one belonging to some strangers. I intend to offer a reward to anyone who can trace it. However, I was going to speak of another matter: We'd engaged one of the cleverest doctors to visit our youngest daughter. She's very ill—away at a hospital."

In embarrassment Barnet waited.

"We've come from there to-night. Before Dr. Woodbridge left, my wife remembered about your boy; so we stopped at your cottage on the way to the railway-station."

Henry Barnet breathed fast.

"He and Dr. Trape—they examined your son. Don't worry any more, Barnet. He'll get well."

Huskily Henry Barnet echoed the words.

"You see, our child was ill, too, so we sympathized with you. Besides, I wanted to do you a good turn if I could. A while ago you were told you'd have to leave your cottage."

"I owed rent——"

"But you'd have paid later on. I knew that. My agent ought never to have bothered such a good tenant as you. A few weeks back I tried to stop you to say I was sorry, but you passed right by. Felt sore about it, eh?"

"That's true, sir."

"Well, let bygones be bygones; and I'm going to pay all expenses till your son's quite well again. Our children are spared to us both, thank heaven!"

He held out his hand, but Henry Barnet drew back.

"No, sir; I can't take it. I've told you a lie. I came here on purpose to set light to your car, sir—to burn it up! I'd made sure—made sure that this was the one—"

"The one that had injured your boy?"

"I've done you a wrong, sir. I've thought badly of you, when all the time you were feeling sorry for me! And now——"

A lump rose in his throat. Mr. Welmont patted him on the shoulder.

"That's all right. I'll forget I saw you here this evening. Now, hurry off."

"But I'd like to try and thank you, sir, for——"

"That's not necessary. Good-night! I see my wife wants me; and yours is waiting for you."—London Answers.

HOME

Pickling Time.

Utensils for Pickles.—Do not use cheap earthen crocks for cucumber pickles. The vinegar eats into the enamel, in the manufacture of which lead and other poisonous minerals are used. The wooden cask or the glass jar should be used. A recent test with the best of vinegar combined with the cellulose of raspberries so as to form a thick blanket of "mother" showed that it would eat through very heavy white enamel on iron. After the blanket was much reduced in thickness it dried into a thick and tough paper. Vinegar is strong stuff.

Pickled Horseradish.—Grate the horseradish, put in bottles, and cover with vinegar to each pint of which has been added one teaspoon of salt and one tablespoon of sugar.

Easy Cucumber Pickles.—To one gallon of vinegar add one cup of salt, one of mustard, and one of sugar. Wash medium sized cucumbers, never the small gherkins, and throw into this mixture. No cooking is required, and the pickles will keep without sealing for a year; but the addition of a horseradish root will improve them and add to their keeping qualities. This pickle has various names. It is sometimes called "lazy wife pickle." Leaving out the sugar and horseradish, it is called "mustard pickle" by humble people who have not porcelain kettles for cooking nor sealed containers for keeping pickles.

Pickled Celery. — The Orientals pour cold vinegar over a great number of single things, or combinations of fruits or vegetables to make a pickle or "tourshon." The following recipe from this source has been tried: Wash and cut stalks of celery into two inch long pieces and salt or other seasoning to taste with a crushed clove or two, if you choose, of garlic. Cover with vinegar and then with a tight cover. In two or three days this is ready to use. Green peppers, pierced, seasoned with salt, are treated the same way and ready as soon or they may be stuffed. Green tomatoes are treated the same as green peppers. Onions, garlic, cooked vegetables like carrot, etc., are treated in the same way.

Uncooked Chili Sauce.—Twelve ripe tomatoes, six onions, six small peppers, one-third of a cup of salt or less may do, and be better for the eaters, especially if the sauce is not to be kept for months, one cup of sugar, two cups of the best genuine cider vinegar. Peel and chop fine the tomatoes, onions and peppers, and add to them the seasonings, mixing well. Sterilize the bottles and fill them when cold. This will keep well in a cold place in bottles with tight stoppers. It is a very agreeable sauce, or even a relish, and will do nicely to mix with mayonnaise dressing for the Thousand Island salad dressing, or what is sometimes called cardinal mayonnaise or Portugaise, etc.

Selected Recipes.

Walnuts.—Mix one-half of a cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one-third of a cupful of melted butter, one egg well beaten, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one-half of a teaspoonful each of ginger cloves, and salt. Add one teaspoonful of soda mixed with one teaspoonful of boiling water, and three and one-half cupfuls of flour. Pinch off small pieces, the size of an English walnut, roll them in sugar, and bake them in a quick oven. They will keep a long time—if locked up.

Carrots Creamed in a New Way.—Take eight carrots, scrape and boil them for ten minutes in salted water, a dessertspoonful of salt to every quart of water, and strain them. Cut the carrots in rather thin slices, put them in a stewpan with two ounces of butter, half a gill of water, pepper and salt. Put the cover on the pan, and let the mixture simmer for twenty minutes, shaking the pan occasionally to insure even cooking. When the carrots are tender, add the yolk of one egg and half a gill of cream, beaten together; also half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Stir the mixture over the fire until it is thick, but do not boil it after the cream is added.

Date Pudding.—Six slices of buttered stale bread, two eggs, 1-3 teaspoonful of salt, two cups of stoned chopped dates, 1½ cup of milk, grated rind of ½ lemon, lemon sauce. Remove the crusts of bread, and cut the slices into dice; place a layer of these in a greased pudding dish, then a layer of dates, then more bread and so on until all are used, having bread for the last layer and putting a little of the grated lemon rind between each layer. Make a custard with the eggs and milk, add the salt and pour over the bread and fruit. Let the pudding stand half an hour, then bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot with a lemon sauce.

Two New Conserves to go With Meat.—Green tomatoes and Limes.—Take an equal number of green tomatoes and pickled limes. Grind them together, and cook them until the mass is thick. Add half as many cupfuls of sugar as the number of tomatoes; that is, if there are twelve tomatoes and twelve limes, and six cupfuls of sugar. Boil the mixture ten minutes, or until it is very thick.

Ripe Tomatoes and Ginger.—Pare and slice four pounds of ripe tomatoes. Let them stand until the water has run from the fruit. Add three ounces of preserved ginger cut into fine pieces and the juice of one lemon with the grated peel, grated well into the white inner skin. Cook the mixture until it begins to thicken, and add four pounds of granulated sugar. Continue boiling the mass until it is very thick, stirring it continually to keep it from burning. Pour it into glasses, and when cool, cover the glasses with paraffin.

Household Hints.

Meats should not be pierced while cooking.

A dash of salt added to the whites of eggs makes them whip better.

Never slam the oven door, or jar any rising material while it is baking.

When watering a garden remember that a thorough soaking is better than frequent sprinklings.

Crumbs grated directly from the loaf give a more delicate color than dried crumbs to fried articles.

In a special section of the book dealing with dinner-giving, the hostess will find many valuable suggestions.

When washing neckwear the addition of ammonia or borax to the water will make the articles white.

A diet of oranges will clear muddy complexions and reduce fat. Eat half a dozen a day, if you like them.

Milk and butter should be kept in closely-covered vessels, as they readily absorb flavor and odor from other articles.

A frying basket should be warmed in the oven before being put into hot fat. It will thus not reduce the temperature of the fat.

Fish will be crisp and brown if it is thoroughly dried on both sides, then dipped in fine cornmeal and plunged into boiling fat.

A teaspoonful of dry mustard rubbed into the hands, after preparing onions or fish, will remove the odor completely. It should be rubbed in as if it were soap.

A piece of art gum will clean white leather girdles. A gentle rubbing will remove all spots that come from rubbing against objects in the hand or on the outside.

A thin coat of potash left on the sink over night once a week will remove the ugly stains that will not yield to kerosene. It should be applied with care, as it is poisonous.

Soiled and finger-marked birds-eye maple can be cleaned by washing with a soft rag and lukewarm water to which a little kerosene has been added. Rub dry quickly and polish with a soft cloth.

Most people do not realize that a stocking that is too tight is almost as bad for the foot as a shoe too small. Its most common effects are ingrowing toe-nails and enlargement of the big toe joint. Care should be taken that stockings be long enough. A foot 10 2-3 inches long and 3 3-4 inches wide cannot wear a stocking under size 11 without inducing a tendency to the above-mentioned complaints and to crumpling of the toes.

"Don'ts" For Wives.

Don't forget that cookery is not subject to the law of experiment—on husbands.

Don't forget that fine dresses can only come from a fine salary.

Don't let your tidiness become a tyrant.

Don't forget that a man who has tasted kisses does not appreciate pecks.

Don't set out to prove that a woman's tongue is length without depth.

Don't forget that, when he took you for his wife, he didn't promise to give up his friends.

Don't forget that the first sign of love ending is missed mending. See to his socks.

Don't forget that a man whose slippers are always warm and ready finds it difficult to refuse a new hat.

Don't try to stop a man's smoke and continue your own chocolates.

Don't forget that if you make his house his home he'll stay there. The spotlessly-clean house is not always the sweetest of sweet homes.

Never forget that where one won't quarrel, two can't. Compete to be the one.

ROYAL LETTER FOR SALE.

How Did This Royal Communication Come Into the Market?

Some curious literary relics come into the hands of second-hand book-dealers. For instance, one well-known English dealer in autographs is offering for sale a letter from Queen Victoria to her uncle, in which she speaks in high praise of her married life, and hopes that her son (Albert Edward, born the previous year) might grow up in his father's image. The letter reads:

"My Dear Uncle: I have to return you my best thanks in Albert's name, as well as mine, for your good wishes of the 10th. That day ever must be one of joy and gratitude to me, as being the commencement of the greatest possible happenings to me. Few, if any, possess such a treasure as I do in my beloved Albert, whose only object is the happiness and well-being of others.

"May his bright example of virtue and excellence be followed by our son, and may he be the image of his father, is my most fervent prayer."

What some people would like to know is how confidential royal communications of this character ever come into the market. And what a thing to know that this fervent note of Queen Victoria can be bought for the small sum of $65.

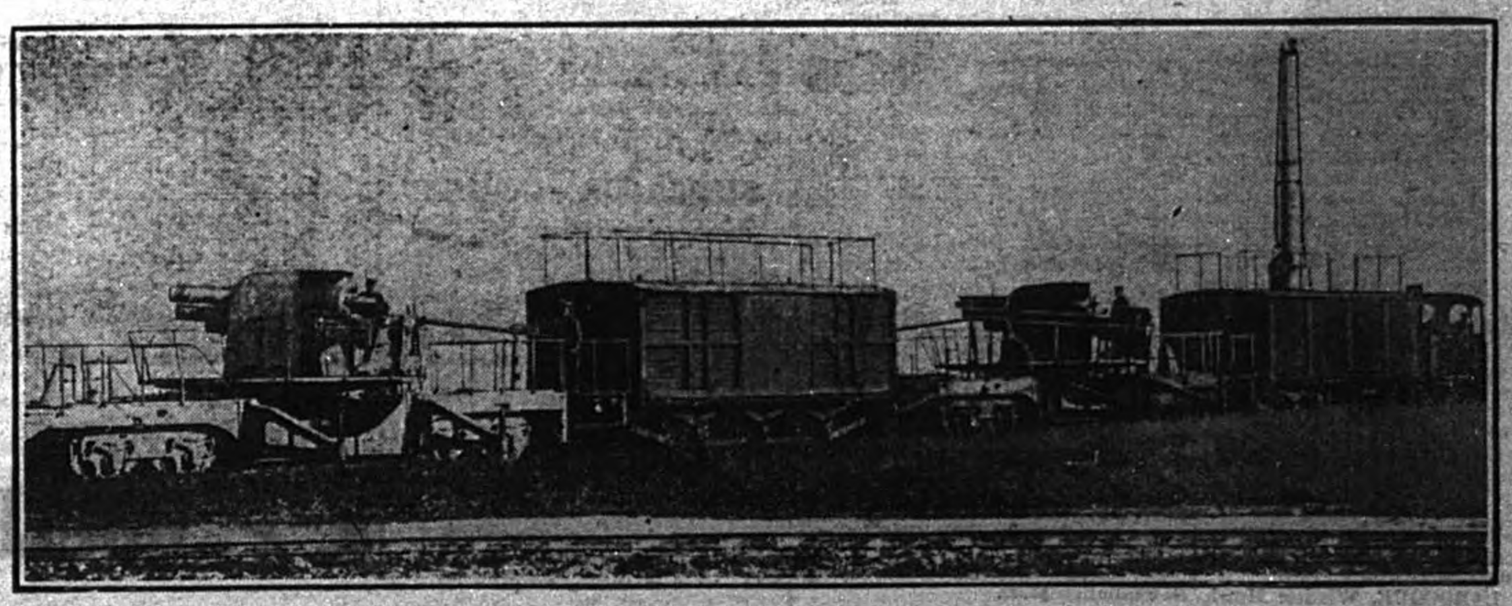
Innocent Old Age.

"Youthful innocence" is one of those expressions which is untrue so far as criminals are concerned. It is a remarkable fact that a criminal is at his worst when he is young, and the older he becomes the better the life he leads. Criminal statistics show, as a matter of fact that the most virtuous age of the average wrong-doer is between fifty and sixty. It is in the very earliest part of their careers, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, that men and women criminals are at their worst. From twenty-one to old age they gradually improve. This also goes to prove another remarkable fact about criminals, and that is, that marriage helps to reform a man or woman. At the average age at which most people marry there is a remarkable drop in criminal statistics. Between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, the time when a man is at his worst, criminally speaking, are just those years when a child is breaking away from its parents and is allowed to go free.

For the man with a chip on his shoulder—get an axe.

The Dentist (getting even with his photographer)—Look pleasant, please!

A French Armored Train—A Modern Battle "Ship" on Wheels to Protect Railway



Modern Armored Train—Latest War Equipment to be Used by the French Army.

France has just added to its equipment the most modern of fighting devices. It is a train of armored cars and rapid-fire guns, and coning towers and fighting tops. As a death-dealing war apparatus it is the most modern of anything used by any of the nations. The battleship on wheels consists of an armored locomotive, two rapid-fire gun carriages, and two armored cars for transporting troops. The rapid-fire guns are mounted in such a manner that they can be swung and directed at any point of the compass. Rising from the car behind the locomotive is a coning tower, from which an officer takes observations and directs the fire of the rapid-fire guns. Rails running on top of the cars permit troopers firing from the roof of the cars. For opening railway communications this battleship on wheels is unexcelled.

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, SEPT. 11, 1914.

The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

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LACHUTE. - QUE

The Allies Solidly Harmonious.

By getting the French and Russian Governments to join Great Britain in a covenant to conclude terms of peace only in conjunction with and agreeably to each other, Sir Edward Grey has performed a master stroke. The harmony of the Entante is to be carried through to the dictation of terms at Berlin. In the later stages of the war, when she is exhausted and slowly being crushed, Germany will not be able to save herself by dividing the allies. The Kaiser will not, if Russia adheres to the covenant her Ambassador in London has signed, be able to procure the retirement of the Czar's troops from the fight by offering Austria-Hungary as a sacrifice. Neither will France, even if ground beneath the heel of the German invader, be able to make a separate surrender. Britain is in the fight to the bitter end, and by means of the agreement now negotiated, will be in a position to maintain a satisfactory balance of power in Europe when the map is being re-made.

There has been no indication that any of the allies contemplates now, or at any future time, leaving the others in the lurch in order to make separate terms of peace. The existence of a definite agreement calling for co operation and harmony during all stages of the war, and particularly at the end, was, however, vital to the security and confidence of the allies. When his forces are at last beaten, and the Fatherland is being subjugated, the Kaiser is sure to endeavor to detach one of the allies from the others. The government that could infamously try to seduce Britain from her treaty obligations to little Belgium is capable of sacrificing Austria-Hungary or throwing out any other enticing bait to one of the allies in order to break the Entente.

To preserve the Ottoman Empire from dismemberment Turkey for years played the powers of Europe against each other. Giving a little concession here, a little concession there, the "Sick Man" fended off real settlement of many grave and aggravating questions that would speedily have been put out of the way had not the jealousy and cupidity of the powers set each other at naught. When German power lies crushed under the arms of the victorious allies the Kaiser will not hesitate to take a leaf out of the Ottoman book.

In the first Balkan War the Serbs, Bulgars and Greeks fought in a common cause against Turkey. Then the Serbs and Bulgars turned on each other, and Roumania, which had stayed out of the first war, stepped in on exhausted Bulgaria, and took territory. The compact signed by Great Britain, France and Russia ought to make impossible the repetition of this phase of Balkan history. The danger of a second mighty conflict over the division of the now disintegrating Austro-Hungarian Empire is minimized. If Britain is determined upon it, the integrity of the main part of the German Empire can be assured, and a Teuton bulwark against the uniting Slavdom of the East remain. The world will breathe easier in the confidence that when the present great struggle is over there will not be conflicts to follow as an aftermath, and in the knowledge that a fair and satisfactory settlement of peace terms among the allies is aimed at.

Special prize list of Agricultural Society.

By HON. GEO. H. PERLEY, M.P.—on best pure bred Ayrshire Bull, on Exhibition, $5.00 on Ayrshire Herds, (2 premiums) 1st $5.00, 2nd. $3.00, on Grade Herds with pure bred Bull (2 premiums) 1st $3.00, 2nd $2.00. On best Shorpshire Ram of any age on exhibition $2.00. On Holstein Herds (2 premiums) 1st $5.00 2nd $3.00. On best pure bred Percheron Stallion on exhibition $5.00. On best Thoroughbred Stallion on exhibition $5.00. Best collection of fruit (2 premiums) 1st $5.00 2nd $3.00. Best Collection of Begonias in pot (2 premiums) 1st $2 50, 2nd $1.50.

By H SLATER, Esq., M.P.P.—For the largest and best exhibit of dairy cattle owned by one exhibitor, shown on parade, 3 premiums, 1st, a silver medal, 2nd, $3.00, 3rd, $2.00. For best pair of Yorkshire pigs under 9 months $2.50. For the best pair of Berkshire pigs under 9 months, $2.00.

By HON. JUSTICE W. A. WEIR—For the Best Canadian Bred Registered Draught Stallion of any age.

By JOHN HAY Esq., M. P. P.—For Best Dairy Cow of any Breed, pure or grade, (2 premiums) 1st $3.00, 2nd $2.00. To the Lady, taking largest No of premiums in Exhibition Building, (2 premiums) 1st $3.00 2nd $2.00.

By MRS. G. H. PERLEY—For best collection of Fancy Work $5.00. Best collection of Home Made knitted Work, (2 premiums) 1st $3.00 2nd $2.00.

By MRS. H. SLATER—Best exhibit of Home Made Bread, (2 premiums) 1st $1.50 2nd $1.00. For greatest variety in Home Made Quilts, (2 premiums) 1st $1.50 2nd $1.00.

By GEORGE CALDER Esq.—For best Pumpkin Pie, (2 premiums) 1st $1.25 2nd 75 cts.

By J. T. AYERS Esq.,—For best Lady Drivers, single, (2 premiums) 1st $5.00 and for a 3rd Premium $2.00.

By GRIMM EVAPORATOR,—Best exhibit of Maple Syrup, (2 premiums) 1st $1.50 2nd $1.00. Best exhibit of Maple Sugar, (2 premiums) 1st $1.00 2nd 50 cents.

By G. Y. DEACON Esq.,—For best Pumpkin, on Exhibit $1.00 Pumpkin to be given to Mr. Deacon.

By J. C. WILSON & CO.,—On neatest single driving turn out, (3 premiums) 1st $5.00, 2nd $3.00, 3rd $1.00. On Saddle Horses Ridden 50 per cent to count for the horse, and 50 per cent for appearance of rider and outfit, (2 premiums) 1st $5.00 2nd $3.00. For best collection of Flowers in pot, (3 premiums) 1st $5.00, 2nd $2.00 3rd $1.00.

By DOMINION CARTRIDGE CO., Brownsburg,—For best Boy Rider on horse back under 15 years of age, (2 premiums) 1st $3.00, 2nd $2.00. To the gentleman who harness his horse to carriage in Exhibition Ring and goes around exhibition ring the quickest no snaps allowed, (2 premiums) 1st $3.00, 2nd $2.00 2nd day.

By J. S. GILES, Esq, Watchman Office—Best exhibit of drawing done by pupils attending the schools in the County (3 premiums) 1st $2.50, 2nd $1.50, 3rd $1.00.

By WM. EWING & CO. Seed Merchants, Montreal,—For the best collection of Field Roots grown from Wm. Ewing and Co. Seed, (2 premiums) 1st $3.00 2nd $2.00.

For the best collection of flowers including cut flowers and flowering plants in pots, (2 premiums) 1st $3.00 2nd $2.00.

The amount of each of these prizes will be given in Vegetable farm root seeds, flower seeds, or bulbs selected by winner from Wm. Ewing & Co. Seed Catalogue of 1914, or Bulb Catalogue of 1914 winners making their own choice. Variety quality and taste in arrangement to be taken into account.

By WM. RENNIE CO. Limited Seed Merchants, Montreal—For the best supply of Vegetables grown from a home garden one leader No. 1 Hand Cultivator and Garden Hoe value $6.00. This display should consist of Beans, Beets, Carrots, Corn, Celery, Cucumbers, Lettuce, Musk Melon, Onions, Peas, Pumpkins, Parsnips, Squash, Tomatoes, and Winter Radish.

By DOCTOR G. A. CLUNIE,—For best Judging of Horses by young men under 25 years of age, (2 premiums) 1st $3.00, 2nd $2.00.

By W. G. STANIFORTH Esq.—For best Judging of Horned Cattle by young men under 25 years of age, (2 premiums) 1st 1 pair of boots, valued $3.00, 2nd 1 pair of boots, valued $2.00.

By DOCTOR J. M. DREW,—For the best judging of Sheep by young men under 25 years of age, (2 premiums) 1st $3.00, 2nd $2.00. No young man can enter this competition who in the three foregoing specials who has attended an Agricultural College over 2 years.

By A. LAROCQUE, Windsor Hotel, Lachute—For the best pure or grade Draught Mare of any age, (3 premiums) 1st $5.00, 2nd $3.00, 3rd $2.00.

By DESCHENEAU BROS., Lachute Hotel—For Carriage Horses Pair, (2 premiums) 1st $3.00, 2nd $2.00.

By ALEX. BERNIQUER Esq., Argenteuil Hotel Lachute—For the best General Purpose Team $3.00.

By GEORGE PAUL Esq.,—For 2nd premium on general purpose team $2.00.

By L. L. LEGAULT, Esq —For gentlemens single carriage horse 2 premiums 1st $3 00, 2nd $2.00.

By R. P. DELARONDE Esq.,—For best pure bred Clydesdale Stallion on exhibition grounds $5.00.

By COL. RILEY.—For best standard bred stallion on exhibition grounds $5.00. For foals of year 1914 sired by thoroughbred stallion 3 premiums, 1st $3.00, 2nd $2 00, 3rd $1.00. For a 2nd premium on hurdle jumping $3.00,

By DR. H. McCONNELL,—For the best gentleman's horse harnessed, 2 premiums,—1st, $3.00, 2nd, $2.00.

By DR. MASON,—For a 2nd premium on garden Vegetables $2.00.

By E R. SMITH & SON, St. Johns' News,—As an additional premium to the winners of the most premiums in Ducks, Geese and Turkeys a years subscription to the News.

By FRED HOOPER, Esq.,—For best collection of grain in bag $2.00.

By W. M. SCOTT Esq.,—For best cart horse on exhibition, 2 premiums, 1st $3. 2nd $2.00.

By G. J. WALKER Esq.,—Best copy book written in school by any pupil, 15 years and under, attending any of the schools of the county, 3 premiums, 1st $1.25, 2nd $1.00, 3rd 50c. For a second premium on best collection of fancy work $3.00. For best dozen of hens eggs (brown shelled) two premiums, 1st 75c., 2nd 50c. Best dozen hens eggs, white shelled 2 premiums, 1st 75c. 2nd 50c. Eggs to be judged for evenness of size and regular uniform shape. Members of the society competing for county an entrance fee of 25c. will be charged.

By C. McBURNEY Esq.,—For largest collection of weed seeds found on a Canadian farm correctly named.

By J. A. McKAY Esq.,—Special on colt of 1914 bred from his stallion, 1st $8.00, 2nd $4.00, 3rd $3.00.

By JOHN FRASER Esq.,—For best beef animal two premiums, 1st $2.50, 2nd $1.50.

By GEORGE FRASER Esq.,—For best pair fatted lambs $3.00, not to be exhibited in any other class.

By ANDREW ELLIOT Esq. -On foals of year 1914 sired by his stallion Allan Water, 2 premiums, 1st $300, 2nd $2.00, from grade mares. For foals of year 1914 sired by Allan Water from thoroughbred or grade mares 2 premiums, 1st $3.00, 2nd $2.00. For best pair of foals of 1914 owned by exhibitor, sired by Allan Water, 2 premiums, 1st $3.00, 2nd $2.00.

By J. A. RICE Esq.,—For a second premium on Lady Drivers, single $3.00. Nn best collection of honey, 2 premiums, 1st $1.25, 2nd 75c.

By Commodore Horace Davis, St. Andrews East,—A silver cup to be awarded annually to the owner of the best team of draught horses exhibited at the annual exhibition.

By T. McOUAT & SON.—To the exhibit or feature in the consideration of the Judges that has done most to the success of the Exhibition; (2 premiums) 1st $2.50 2nd $1.50

By MRS. WM. TODD—For best Bouquet Cut Flower, (3 premiums) 1st $1.50, 2nd $1.25, 3rd 75 cents.

By A. J. DAWES, Esq.—As additional to first prize on Ayrshire bull calves, senior, $3.00, and as additional to first prize on Ayrshire bull calves, junior, $2.

By BANK OF OTTAWA, J. R. Parris, Esq., Manager.—For best draught team, pure or grade, 2 premiums, 1st, $3.00, 2nd, $2.00, and as an additional to first prize on Holstein bull calves, senior, $3.00 and as an additional to first prize on Holstein bull calves, junior, $2.00.

By J. R. PARRIS, Esq.—For best collection of paintings, 2 premiums, 1st, $3, 2nd, $2.00, for the best and most tastefully arranged basket of Canadian fruit, (not restricted that the exhibitor shall have grown the same), 2 premiums, 1st, $3.00, 2nd, $2.00.

By THE PROVINCIAL BANK, J. R. McOuat, Esq., Manager.—For Factory cheese, uncolored, made by County manufacturers, 2 premiums, 1st, $3.00, 2nd, $2.00. For best collection of home made pickles, (6 samples), 2 premiums, 1st, $1.50, 2nd, $1.00. On best collection of canned fruits, 2 premiums, 1st, $1.50, 2nd, $1.00.

By M. MOODY & CO., Terrebonne, per J. Simon, Esq. Agent.—For best display of horses owned by one exhibitor, a No. 3 special plow, value $12.00.

By O. B. LAFLEUR & SON.—For best agricultural team, 2 premiums, 1st, $3.00, 2nd, $2.00.

By W. J. BOYD, Esq.—For home made bread and buns, made from Ogilvy's Royal Household Flour, 2 premiums, 1st, half hundred R. H. flour, 2nd, quarter hundred R. H. flour.

By A. McFAUL BROS., Lumberers.—For best collection garden vegetables, $5.

By THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY—For hurdle jumping, 3 premiums, 1st, $4.00, 2nd, $2.00, 3rd, $1.00.

For best delivery outfit (the whole to be judged), 3 premiums, 1st, $5.00, 2nd, $3.00, 3rd, $1.00.

For the best general purpose mare or gelding of any age, 3 premiums, 1st, $3, 2nd, $2.00, 3rd, $1.00.

For best agricultural mare or gelding of any age, 3 premiums, 1st, $3.00, 2nd, $2.00, 3rd, $1.00.

For best pure bred Holstein bull on exhibition, $5.00.

For the best Leicester ram of any age on exhibition $2.00.

For best Oxford ram of any age on exhibition, $3.00.

For a potato race, 3 premiums, 1st, $3.00, 2nd, $2.00, 3rd, $1.00.

On sow and litter, 2 premiums, 1st, $3.00, 2nd, $2.00.

For collection maple products, 2 premiums, 1st, $2.00, 2nd, $1.00.

DALESVILLE.

Miss Ruby Silverson has gone to Cushing to teach.

Misses J. Prosser and R. Vowels visited Miss H. Aiken last week.

Miss J. Earle and D. Conlin were guests of Mrs. M. Graham on Saturday.

Messrs. G. and T. Davis spent the holiday with their families at Mrs. D. Dale's.

Mr. Daniel King has returned to Dalesville after an absence of a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Watchorn, of Montreal, visited Mrs. H. Dixon a few days this week.

Mrs. J. Graves and Miss M. MacArthur of Brownsburg visited Mrs. J. MacArthur on Saturday last.

Mr. D. Dale who has been travelling in the West for the past three weeks spent the week-end here.

Mrs. T. R. Cregeen and Miss Elizabeth returned to Montreal on Thursday, they were accompanied by Mrs. T. Morrow and little son who will spend a few days in the city.

LOUISA.

Mr. Henry Neill, Jr. spent Tuesday last in Lachute.

Mr. Robert Brown spent Tuesday in Lachute, visiting his friends.

Mr. and Mrs Joseph Creswell spent Friday in Lachute visiting their friends.

Mr. Wm. Hammond, of Mille Isle, spent Saturday with Mr. Joseph Creswell.

Quite a few attended the Council that was held in the Orange Hall, on Tuesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. George Neill, of Lachute, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Neill on Tuesday.

CALUMET

Mrs. E. Whinfield has returned from a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. R. McIntyre, Lachute.

A meeting of the Council was held on Monday, at which a municipal tax of 1½ cts on the $1 00 was levied on the municipality to pay off the existing debt.

On Tuesday, the 8th inst. George Leno was arrested at Calumet for stealing a sum of money from Moise Danis, of Point-au-chene. He was brought before magistrate E. Whinfield and pleaded guilty to the charge afterwards being committed to jail at St. Scholastique to stand his trial at the next session of the criminal court.

THE LATE J. B. BROWN.

By the death of Mr. J. B. Brown which occurred on Monday the 7th instant. The Township of Grenville loses one of its oldest public servants. He had been in failing health for about a year and his death was not unexpected. The late James Barron Brown, was born March 5th, 1830 and was therefore in his 85th year. When a young man he went to the Australia Gold Fields and spent a number of years returning to take up his residence upon the home farm where he resided until his death.

In 1866 he married Miss E. Cummings who survives him, his funeral taking place upon her 77th birthday, he leaves also two daughters and two sons. Miss Bertha, who tenderly nursed him till the end came. Mrs. Samuel Filoon. Edgar at home and Sidney in B.C. He was Mayor of Grenville Township for 31 years, only giving up the position owing to an accident by which he was unable to do any active work, in religion he was a Methodist, and was also a Free Mason. By his industry and honesty and fearlessness by which he endeavored to give justice to all regardless of the consequences he has won a reputation that will live long in the memories of the inhabitants of this municipality of Grenville. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Riley, of Grenville Methodist Church, assisted by the Presbyterian minister of the same place. The pall bearers were Messrs. John and James Gill, D. McIntyre, T. Laughren, S. A. Filion and James Garland.

Any one having accounts against the late Thomas McFaul, or those who are indebeted to him, will call and settle same with,
9-11 JOHN McFAUL, Executor,
Lachute Mills, September 5th 1914.

SUPERIOR COURT

District of Montcalm, Province of Quebec, No. 80.

In the Superior Court. Martin Tassé, farmer of Rockway Valley, in the parish of St-Rémi d'Amherst, district of Montcalm, plaintiff vs Henry Sheppard Woodcock, financial agent, of Montreal, district of Montreal.

The defendant is ordered to appear within a month.

MONT-LAURIER, August 13, 1914.
RODOLPHE ROBERT,
Protonotary.
CAMILLE-L. DE MARTIGNY.
9-11 Attorney for plaintiff.

Desjardins' Footwear.

Do you understand what comfort means?

If so, you will come to us to have your feet shod, for we are boot specialists, having lasts to fit all kinds.

TRY and be convinced.

Opposite Post-Office

THE PROVINCIAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated by Act of Parliament, July 1900.

Capital authorized : - - - $2,000,000.00
Capital paid up and Surplus : - - $1,637,873.49

It is the aim of this Bank to give courteous as well as efficient service in connection with all business entrusted to its care. The most careful attention is given to all enquiries.

JOINT Savings Accounts may be opened in this Bank, the money in which may be withdrawn by EITHER of TWO PERSONS.

Accounts opened and operated by mail.

Special attention given to Sale Notes.

General Banking Business Transacted.

J. R. McOUAT - MANAGER.

Offices Lachute and Brownsburg.

Lachute Grist & Flour Mills.

Wholesale and Retail.

Flour, Bran, Shorts, Middlings, Cornmeal, Oatmeal, Rolled Oats, Graham and Buckwheat Flour, Oil Cake and Gluten Meals, and Grain of all kinds, at lowest market prices.

FINE GROUND FEED OUR SPECIALTY.

All grinding guaranteed. Grinding Tuesday's and Saturday's a ro

J. D. CAMPBELL

Main Street. Lachute.

MIXED PAINTS

Elephant Brand of Mixed Paints, Stains, Varnishes, etc.

BOOTS AND SHOES

We are gradually increasing our stock of reliable Boots and Shoes for Ladies, Men and Children from the best makers.

GROCERIES

Are all as good and reliable as we can possibly buy.

GILES BROS.

Main St. Lachute.

New Tailor Shop!

ATTENTION!

We take this opportunity of inviting you to call and inspect our large stock of the very latest goods on the market. They are good goods and you find our prices right. Call and leave your order for a Nobby Spring Suit.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

R. P. GOULET, Merchant Tailor, West End, Lachute

Professional & Commercial.

DR. JOHN McO. DREW, B.A.
Physician and Surgeon,
Office of late Dr. Christie
LACHUTE, QUE.
Day Phone. No. 20.
Night Phone. No. 47.

DR. G. A. CLUNIE, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Office over Banford's Store.
Absent Tuesday only.

L. L. LEGAULT B.C.L.,
ADVOCATE,
Roby's Block.
Main St., LACHUTE.

DR. HUGH McCONNELL,
SURGEON DENTIST
Will be in his officce every day except Tuesday.
Opposite T. Christie's Drug Store.

DR. HUGH. B. FRASER, B.A.
Physicin & Surgeon.
Brownsburg, Que.
Graduate of McGill Medical College.

R. JOLY,
UNDERTAKER,
First-class herse. Embalming a specialty at lowest prices.
Agent for Mable and Granite Monuments. Telephone No. 42
BETHANY ST. LACHUTE.

We would like to visit every home and invite the people to our salesrooms to hear the Gram-o-phone. That's hardly possible, so we want everybody to consider this a personal invitation to come and hear the

Victor and Berliner Gram-o-phones

the wonderful musical instruments that play all kinds of music and entertainment so true to life that it is just like hearing the artists themselves.

The proof is the hearing. Come in any time—no obligation to buy.

Always a large stock of records on hand at

Omer Paquette's,

Main Street, Lachute.

E.

—:o:—

Mr. Jos. Moncrieff is spending the week-end in Montreal.

Edina in the afternoon and at Belt's school House in the evening.

Divine service will be held in Brown's school on Sunday morning.

The rainy season is making it hard for the farmers who still have their crops out.

Miss Sadie Moncrieff is spending a short visit in Montreal, the guest of her sister Mrs. G. M. Porteous.

The Misses Lily and Bertha Cousins returned to town after a pleasant visit with their mother at Edina.

Miss Dorothy Eaton has returned home to Montreal, where she intends going to school for the winter. She has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Jno. Gauley for the past few months.

Mrs. David Kennedy had a very successful Turkey shooting match on Saturday last. The firing however was not up to the standard, due perhaps to the strong wind and wet state of the ground.

Edina Picnic, a great success.

A better day than last Thursday could not have been chosen for the first Picnic at Edina. Fully 300 people gathered in the grounds of Mr J. Moncrieff, the genial Master of the Orange Lodge at Dalesville. The inhabitants were honored by having ing in their midst, Rev. Dean Saunders, of Montreal, the G. M. of the Orange Association and H. Slater, M. P. P.

The dining hall, in charge of Mrs. G. M. Porteous was so well managed that all who partook of the dainty repast were loud in their praises of the promotors of the scheme.

Mr. Robt. McArthur had charge of the refreshment booth, where he ably supplied the needs of all thirsty ones.

The programme commenced at 2 p.m. sharp when Mr. Moncrieff in a few well chosen words of welcome, gave all a hearty invitation to return on any future occasion. The next item on the programme was a thrilling address by the Rev. Dean Saunders, one old veteran standing near the platform, stating that it was simply grand. Mr. R. Kennedy one of McGill's Arts Undergraduates then favored the audience with his patriotic rendering of "Waterloo." Miss D. Eaton then sang "Silver Threads among the gold," followed by a recitation by Miss V. Gauley, entitled "Our Baby." Miss Rhodda Dixon, of Dalesville, then recited, "Carson's Yellow Cat" and Miss E. Grey gave "Our Dolly from France" Mr. Henry Trinear, of Calumet, Que. and Mr Richard McCormick also addressed the audience in a few appropriate words.

The feelings of the entire group of people were intense as Mr. Slater, Argenteail's honored member reminded each one of his individual responsibility, that our nation was at war and that it was for each one of us to do our duty for those left behind and the wounded ones who would need our care.

As the honorable gentleman spoke the audience felt that they listened to a man whose heart was aflame with loyalty for the Empire; a true Britisher in every sense of the word. He showed that each one of his hearers could help and that it was as much our duty and our privilege to do our little in whatever capacity we might be.

To get the ladies to enter the lists for a tug-of-war contest, was not quite so easy and it seemed once or twice that the ladies would not be persuaded. Finally a few married ladies threw out the challenge and of course the single ones had then to accept. Fate however decreed against our married friends and no matter how they tried, they could make no impression upon their immoveable sisters, so the result of the struggle belonged the Spinsters.

Mr. Slater, who had taken an animated interest in the contests, just as the crowds began to disperse, again came forward with a huge lot of chocolates that he wished to be presented to every child on the grounds.

When the people learned who was the donor of his splendid treat, their enthusiasm knew no bounds and the vociferous cheering that followed the one who had done so much to make a pleasant day for the Edina folk could be heard for miles around.

Even Mr. Moore our worthy friend from Lachute who had the honor of driving the honorable gentleman looked more dignified than ever, as he proudly carried Argenteuil's worthy representative back to his home.

Superior Court.

Canada
Province of Quebec
District of Terrebonne

Dame MALVINA CLOUTHIER, wife of ALBERT CHARTRAND, merchant, of Ste-Monique, district of Terrebonne, duly authorized to "ester en justice,"

Plaintiff,

vs.

The said ALBERT CHARTRAND, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this case, on the twenty-seventh of August, 1914.

DONAT LALANDE,
9-25 Attorney for Plaintiff.
Ste. Scholastique, August 27th, 1914.

And those linen lines one yard wide at 12½ cents were never equalled in Lachute.

W. BANFORD & SON.

WOMAN'S BEST MEDICINE

Mrs. Kelly Advises all Women to Take "Fruit-a-Tives"

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., AUG. 26th. 1913.

"I can highly recommend "Fruit-a-tives" because they did me an awful lot of good and I cannot speak too highly about them. About four years ago, I commenced taking "Fruit-a-tives" for a general break-down and they did me a world of good. We bought a good many dollar's worth, but it was money well spent because they did all that you claim for them. Their action is so pleasant, compared with other laxatives, that I found only pleasure, as well as health, in taking them. They seemed to me to be particularly suited to women, on account of their mild and gentle action, and I trust that some other women may start taking "Fruit-a-tives" after reading my letter, and if they do, I am satisfied the results will be the same as in my own case".

MRS. W. N. KELLY

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

AUCTION SALE.

—o—

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

WARD McALLISTER,
Lachute Road,
Thursday, September 17th, 1914

Farm Stock and Implements as follows:—Two work horses 4 and 8 years old, 1 brood mare in foal, 1 two and a half year old colt, 1 one and a half year old colt, 1 foal, 12 milch cows, due to freshen from November 1st and on, 2 heifers two and a half years old, 6 heifers one and a half years old, 1 bull one and a half years old, 5 spring calves, a few pairs of hens, 1 gasoline engine, 1 feed grinder, 1 root cutter, 1 cream separator, 1 disc drill seeder, 1 binder, 2 lumber waggons, 2 waggon racks, 1 spring tooth cultivator, 1 scuffler, 1 set of smoothing harrows, 1 Oliver gang plow, 2 walking plows, 1 mower (new), 1 steel rake, 1 manure spreader, 1 buggy, 2 express, 2 sets of bob sleighs, 1 milk sleigh, 1 cutter (new), 1 cutter, 2 buffalo robes, 1 buggy pole, 1 set of truck scales, 1 pump jack and pulleys, 1 hay fork car and rope, 2 sets of heavy double harness, 1 set of light single harness, 32 eight gallon milk cans, 1 milk cooler, 1 tank, forks, shovels, picks, chains, hoes, and about 25 tons of hay, 20 tons of straw, 11 loads of oats on straw, a quantity of oats, and many other articles unmentioned.

All to be sold without reserve, as proprietor has solk his farm.

Sale to commence at 10 a.m. sharp.

TERMS: $10. and under cash, over that amount 9 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes.

W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.

Those striped and Polka dot Navy, Blue, Mill Ducks, are yard wide, are a great bargain at 12½ cents.

W. BANFORD & SON.

ALLAN LINE
ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

TO LIVERPOOL

From Montreal	Victorian	Aug.	4
From Quebec	Calgarian	Aug.	13
From Montreal	Tunisian	Aug.	18
From Quebec	Alsatian	Aug.	27

TO GLASGOW

From Montreal	Grampian	Aug.	1
From Montreal	Scandinavian	Aug.	8
From Montreal	Hesperian	Aug.	15
From Montreal	Corsican	Aug.	22

TO HAVRE & LONDON

From Montreal	Sicilian	Aug.	2
From Montreal	Ionian	Aug.	16
From Montreal	Corinthian	Aug.	23
From Montreal	Sicilian	Sept.	6

Unsurpassed Accommodation for 1st, 2nd and 3rd Class Passengers. Excellent Cuisine.

For rates, tickets and full particulars apply to J. S. GILES, Lachute.
or H. & A. ALLAN, Gen. Agents,
2 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

DEATHS.

—:o:—

DESJARDIN.—At Lachute, on Monday, Sept. 7th, beloved wife of Marcien Desjardins, aged 75 years.

MARRIAGES.

—o—

McOUAT—RODGER — On September 3rd, 1914, at the residence of the bride's sister, 316 Grosvenor Avenue, Westmount, Montreal, by the Rev. J. A. Mackenzie, B.A., B.D., Alice Josephine, daughter of the late Joseph Rodger, Brownsburg, Que., to Campbell John, son of the late James McOuat, Maple Grove, Brownsburg, Que.

Now is the time for a cheap Wash Dress at one third off.

W. BANFORD & SON.

Gentlemen!

As there are always a large number of my customers, who desire to know when I have received my Spring Suits, in order that they may place their order early, I therefore take advantage of this Adv't. to let them and anyone else, who desires a good-fitting suit, know that I have received my Spring and Summer stock of Suitings, Panting and Overcoating.

I also keep as usual the largest and best assortment of Gent's Furnishings, Hats and Caps, and Ready-to-Wear Clothing, of the very latest styles and designs.

Geoffroy Bedard
THE TAILOR,
Main Street, - Lachute.

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!
DOING WHAT?
Buying KITCHEN UTENSILS at
DEACON'S
Gasoline and Oil Stoves, Refrigerators, Kitchen Cabinets.
Everything in Tinware and Enamelware.
We have just received another Car Load of Corrogated Galvanized Iron.

G. Y. Deacon, - West End. Lachute.
Tinsmith and Roofer.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.

Paid Up Capital	$4,000,000
Rest	4,750,000

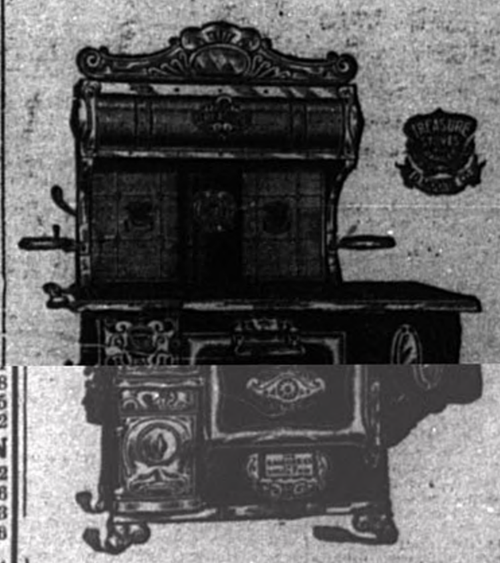
OVER 95 OFFICES THROUGHOUT CANADA.

Farmers' Banking

receives careful, courteous attention. Savings Bank Department at every Branch.

SALE NOTES DISCOUNTED.

Lachute and St. Andrews Branch, - J. R. Parris, Manager.
Grenville Branch, - W. H. Lamb, Manager.



RANGES AND COMFORT

The two go together and if you want them we are able to supply you. We confidently tell you that this is the best that money can buy and you will do well to call and see them. We can fix you up in household, furniture. Call and secure our prices. Better than elsewhere.

O. B. LAFLEUR & Sons, Limited.

HARNESS and HARNESS SUPPLIES, BUGGIES,
Dusters, Rope and all kinds of Binder Twine, Oils, Soaps, etc., etc.

Also Agent for MASSEY HARRIS MACHINERY and LEE RANGES and STOVES.

A Full Line of the BEST STOCK Always on Hand.

W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.

The Wanderer's Return;

Or, A Change of Fortune.

CHAPTER XLVI.—(Continued).

A rather shabby little close carriage, which Mrs. Grey recognized as being the one "hack" of the "Reindeer" at Wendover, drew up before the house. The door opened, and a tall, gray-haired, most venerable-looking man, clothed in clerical black, whom Mrs. Grey immediately recognized as the officiating minister at the Wendover church on the day before, alighted and came up the steps.

Apparently he was expected, and seen by some one in the hall, for he was immediately admitted without knocking.

"It is the clergyman who preached yesterday," said Mrs. Grey, turning to Emma Cavendish and volunteering the information.

"The Rev. Dr. Jones. Yes; we both heard grandma say that she expected him. I suppose they were old acquaintances," calmly replied Miss Cavendish.

"She was very much disturbed when she heard of his being in this neighborhood, don't you think so?" inquired Mrs. Grey, taking courage to chatter.

"My grandmother is very infirm. It does not take much to upset her," answered Miss Cavendish, coldly.

"Yes; but I think she was more agitated by the arrival of this stranger at Wendover than she was by the death of her only son," persisted Mary Grey.

Emma Cavendish made no reply.

"And oh—by the way—the Rev. Dr. Jones! Why, that is the very same name of the old gentleman who brought Electra—Electra Nobody—to Mount Ascension in such a strange, sudden manner! I did not see him then myself, so I cannot tell if this is the same man, but I know that he bears the very same name."

"A very common name," observed Miss Cavendish.

"My dear, Jones is a very common name; but is the Rev. Dr. Jones so very common? And Mrs. St. John described her strange visitor as a tall, gray-haired, venerable-lookin' man. And this gentleman answers the description. And bears the same name. I think he must be the same man. What do you think?"

To this direct question Emma Cavendish answered quietly and coldly:

"He is the same man. I saw him at Mount Ascension, and recognized him in the pulpit yesterday."

"Oh, indeed! And he is an old friend of Mrs. Cavendish. But old as he is, he is young enough to be her son. I wonder if the old lady knows anything about his strange ward, Electra—Electra Nobody?" inquired Mary Grey, with intense curiosity.

"I do not know. And Mrs. Grey, I think we had better drop my grandmother's name out of this discussion," said Miss Cavendish, pointedly, as she touched the bell and arose from her seat.

Mary Grey shrugged her shoulders and picked up a book, which she opened and pretended to read.

After a little she withdrew from the room.

Emma Cavendish went through her morning's domestic duties; but after that she did not, according to her usual custom, order either her saddle horse or her pony chaise for her morning ride or drive.

Her grandmother had a visitor, and her own presence might possibly be required, she thought.

So she remained indoors, waiting for the visitor to depart.

She waited a long time.

The forenoon passed slowly away, and still the strange guest remained shut up in the old lady's room.

Emma looked out to see if the carriage that had brought him was still waiting. And as she looked she saw old Jerome come out of the house and speak to the coachman, and the coachman gather his reins and drive around in the direction of the stables.

The carriage and horses were to be put up then, she perceived. The visitor was going to stay to dinner. Now she certainly expected a summons to her grandmother's room. But no summons came.

At noon the old lady's bell rang. Jerome answered it. Emma met him as he came down the stairs, confidently expecting a message from her grandmother.

"Well, Jerome," she said, "am I wanted?"

"No, miss. The old madam have ordered luncheon to be carried up to her room for herself and the old parson."

"Well, erome, I will go and see that a nice one is prepared," said Miss Cavendish.

And she went in search of the housekeeper, and soon sent up a repast fit for a bishop.

The afternoon waned, and still the visitor lingered.

The sun went down. Twilight deepened into darkness. Jerome came in and closed the shutters and lighted the lamps.

And just as he lighted the last one and filled the room with a glare of light, the sound of wheels was heard again approaching the house.

"See who that is, Jerome," said Miss Cavendish, nervously.

"I know what it is, miss. It is the carriage coming around for the parson, miss," said the man.

"Oh," breathed Miss Cavendish, with a sigh of relief. Somehow she was glad he was going.

Meanwhile where was Mary Grey all this time?

I will tell you.

Adjoining the old lady's room was a wainscoted parlor, that was sometimes used for a breakfast-room. A half-glazed sash door or window door communicated between the two rooms. But this door was usually closed and locked, and a thin white muslin curtain was drawn before its half-window.

Mary Grey, with cat-like stealthiness, had been prowling about the halls and passages around the old lady's room, seeking to find out the secret of the parson's strange visit, and stealing away whenever she heard the bell ring or a footstep approach.

At dusk she heard the bell ring for the third time since the door had closed upon the visitor. And she slipped into the wainscoted parlor to avoid detection. The room was now pitch dark.

She waited with a palpitating heart until she heard the approach of old Jerome.

He entered the old lady's room. And in a moment after that room was lighted up. And the light shone through the thin muslin curtained window of the communicating door into the dark room where Mary Grey had hidden herself to watch and listen.

This was the chance she had waited for all day. She crept to the door leading into the passage, and softly turned the key to prevent intrusion. Then she slipped off her shoes, and crept to the window in the communicating door.

And there, hidden in darkness herself, she peered into the lighted room, and saw and heard all that passed in the few more minutes that the strange visitor remained. It was the leave-taking but such a strange one!—

The old man knelt at the aged lady's feet. And her venerable hands were extended over his bowed head in solemn benediction.

"Forgiven at last, my mother!" he said, in a voice shaking with intense emotion.

"Forgiven and blessed, my son! my son!" she answered, while her tears fell fast upon him.

"I have lived beyond the natural term of human life to give you this," she sighed.

And then she put out her aged and trembling hand and drew him to her heart.

And the next moment he was gone.

Mary Grey remained rooted to the spot with amazement.

Breathless with surprise at having scented a mystery, and baffled in curiosity by having heard just so much and no more, Mary Grey stood yet a few moments longer in the dark room, listening intently.

Then, when she thought the mysterious visitor quite gone, she cautiously felt her way to the door leading into the passage, and softly unlocked and opened it.

The instant she did so, she stood in the full light of the hall, confronted with the Rev. Dr. Jones.

"So you have been eavesdropping!" he said, sternly.

She stood as one petrified. She could not even scream.

He took her hand, and led her back into the dark room, and closed the door. Then he drew her away to the end of the room the most distant from the old lady's apartment, and repeated his charge:

"So you have been abusing the confidence of the family that protect and trust you by playing the spy to discover their secrets."

"I—I thought you were gone!" she stammered incoherently.

"No. I am here. I heard a suppressed or half suppressed breathing and moving close to the door between this and the other room as I passed to go out. I knew then that there was an eavesdropper lurking there, whom it was my duty to discover. I tried the passage door of this room, and found it locked. Then I went down stairs noisily and came back silently. I waited at the door until the eavesdropper should come forth. But I certainly did not expect to see you."

"I—I don't know you at all!" she gasped in terror, for she had far less courage than duplicity.

"No, you don't know me at all; or at least you don't know anything more of me than that I am called the Rev. Dr. Jones. but, mark me! I know you!" he said, with emphasis.

She could scarcely suppress a scream.

"Yes, notwithstanding the changed color of your hair, I know you well. Your hair was golden when I saw it first, and made a strange contrast with your deep dark eyes. Now, it is raven black."

"You—you are mistaken. You take me for some one else!" she faltered, trembling all over.

He laughed slightly, and shook his head.

"Whom do you take me for?" she now ventured to ask.

He stooped and whispered a word, at which she started and recoiled.

"So you see that I know you quite well," he said, composedly.

"You do not!" she burst forth, in eager yet suppressed tones. "I am not the girl for whom you take me. And that is not my name."

"No? Then your name, like the color of your hair, has been changed, that is all."

"I never bore the name you called me by. My maiden name was Ross. I changed it legitimately when I married Mr. Grey," she answered, in a tone of suppressed fury.

"So—so—so," slowly muttered the minister. "You are that widow Grey who was to marry my—to marry Governor Cavendish when his death put an end to your plans!"

"I was engaged to Mr. Cavendish. He knew me well. He loved and esteemed me. And he had every reason to do so."

"Had he? And so you successfully imposed yourself upon an honorable household under an assumed name and character, and with a design upon the hand and fortune of the widowed master of the house?"

"You are a wretch to talk to me so! I don't know who you are. But I know you want to injure me, yes, to ruin me!" she burst forth, in passionate, yet half-suppressed tones.

"Do not be alarmed. I shall not expose you to this family. Death frustrated your designs upon the governor. And really I think it was infinitely better for all concerned that he should have died, than that he should have married you. But that misfortune having been prevented, I do not see that you can do any more mischief here. There are no more men here to be drawn down to their destruction. So, as your being here in this pure home may really keep you out of sin, I shall leave you here in peace, at least for the present. But do not let me find you out in eavesdropping again," he said.

And then he turned and left her so suddenly that he was gone before she knew that he was going.

Then she doubled and shook both her little fists after him as she ground her teeth with impotent rage. And then she slipped out and flew up into her own room, where she relieved her feelings with a burst of hysterical weeping.

CHAPTER XLVII.

At this same hour old Mrs. Cavendish sat meditating in her armchair by the fireside of her chamber. She had sat thus since her strange visitor had left the room. She heard nothing of the singular scene going on in the extremity of the adjoining room. Neither did she hear him, when he went softly down the stairs the second time.

But she heard his carriage wheels roll away on the hard gravel of the drive, and then she put her hand to the bell rope and pulled it.

Jerome answered the summons.

"Go and ask Miss Cavendish to come to me," said the old lady.

The servant bowed and went out.

In a few minutes Emma Cavendish came into the room. She came up to the old lady and kissed her, and then she sat down on a stool beside the armchair, and slipped her hand in that of her grandmother.

"You know that I have had a visitor with me all day, Emma?" the old lady commenced.

"Yes, grandmother."

"Do you know who he was?"

"The Rev. Dr. Jones, grandma."

"And who is he besides being Dr. Jones? Do you know, dear?"

"No, ma'am."

"Emma, he is my eldest son."

The girl looked up at the old lady in blank amazement.

"You look astonished. But did you not know, my child—had you never heard that I was a widow when I married your grandfather, General Cameron Cavendish, inquired the old lady.

"Yes, ma'am, I had heard it; but it seemed so very very long ago, I never thought about it at all. It always seemed to me as if you had never been any other than I had always known you, my grandmother, Mrs. Cavendish," said the young lady.

"And you never heard, perhaps, that I had a son by the first marriage?"

"Never!" exclaimed Emma, with no abatement of her surprise.

"Yes, my child. I had not only been a wife, but a mother, as well as a widow, for years before I ever saw your grandfather."

"Will you tell me all about it, dear grandma?"

"I sent for you for that purpose, my child. So now you must hear a little bit of strange family history."

"It will interest me, dear grandma."

"It is a tale of old times, child."

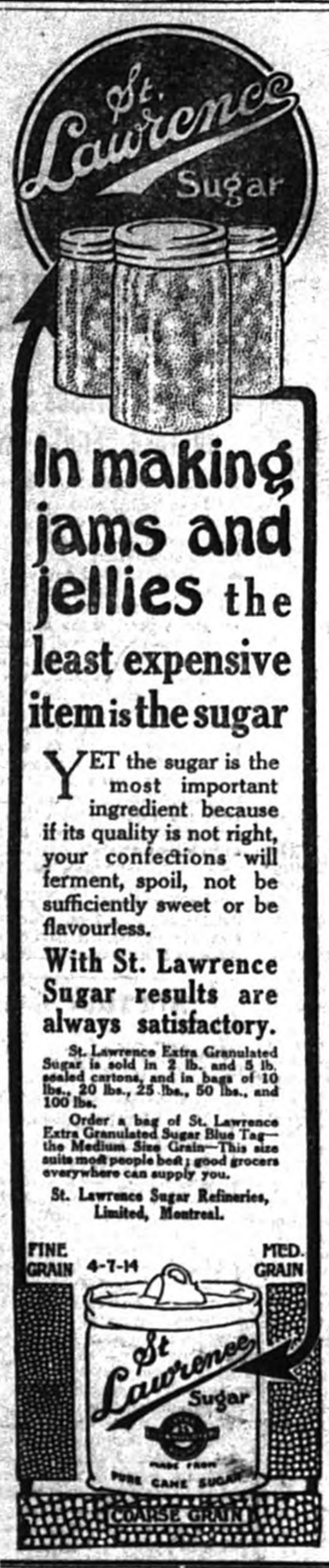
"Well, dear, you know I was born a Lorimer, of Loudoun county; and that, like you, I was an only daughter, though not, like you, an heiress."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I had several brothers. My portion would be but small. It was for that reason my parents wished me to make a wealthy marriage. I was young; I had no preferences, and therefore I obeyed them and accepted the offer of Mr. Beresford Jones, of the Beresford Manors. He was old enough to have been my own grandfather. He was sixty. I was just only seventeen."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Emma.

"Yes, my child. But he made me a right good husband. And I honored him for his wisdom and loved him for his goodness. And our marriage was a right down comfortable and happy one. That is one reason, my dear, why I so easily understood the attachment between your dear father and pretty little Mary Grey, you know."



"Yes, grandma."

"Well, Emma, the happy marriage did not last very long. Four years afterward Mr. Beresford Jones died, leaving me a young widow, with an only child, a son of three years old. He had made a will bequeathing the whole of his property to me and my son, share and share alike, unconditionally, and making me the trustee of the estate and the guardian of the heir."

"That was a great responsibility for one so young, grandma."

"Yes, my dear, it was. But I remained at Beresford Manors, taking care of the estate and looking after the education of my boy, for whom I had engaged a competent tutor. All my social pleasures then consisted in visiting and receiving visits from my country neighbors, occasionally shopping in the village, and weekly attendance at church."

"A quiet life, grandma."

"A very quiet life, my dear; and so it might have continued to be for many years, and perhaps up to this very time, had I not, one day at a dinner party, met Cameron Cavendish, then a very handsome young colonel of cavalry. My dear, I think we took a liking to each other at first sight; I do, indeed. Well, my darling, I will not dwell upon that old love story, but tell you at once, that, after an acquaintance of only five weeks, we were married. Our marriage was certainly a very hasty one."

"But if family traditions are true, it was a very happy one," said Emma.

"A very happy one, my dear child. In the twenty-five years we lived together, there was never a cloud over-shadowed our heaven of love. He even took my son into his heart, and loved him as his own child. One year after our marriage I was so happy as to place in his arms a boy of his own, my second son, Charles Cavendish, your father. We had several other children, dear Emma, but all except Charles and Susan—your aunt Wesley—were taken to heaven."

"And therefore you have not lost them, but they are waiting for you there!" said Emma, sweetly and solemnly.

"Yes, waiting for me there!' echoed the old lady. And she fell into a reverie, which continued until Emma said:

"Go on and tell me more, dear grandma."

"Ah, yes. Well, the girl was ten years younger than the youngest boy, you know, and so they had nothing to do with her. They, the boys, were nearer of an age. Beresford was four years older than Charles, but Charles was the brighter of the two. So they studied under the same tutor at home, and afterward entered college together."

The old lady paused for breath.

And Emma already suspected a preference in the mother's heart for the son of the second and the love marriage over the son of the first and conventional union. But of course she gave no expression to this thought.

Mrs. Cavendish resumed:

"Beresford had very early displayed much self-will and insubordination. I had hopes that college discipline would have corrected that; but, bless you, child, that was because I knew nothing about college life, and the wide latitude it affords young men. He grew worse at college, and spent no end of money. And then at last came the heaviest blow that ever fell upon my head."

The old lady paused, dropped her face upon her hands, and even after this great length of time wept over these early sorrows.

Emma tenderly caressed her.

At length she continued:

"My child, he, my son Beresford, fell in love with the daughter of his washerwoman! He did, indeed, my dear."

The old lady paused, and looked at Emma for sympathy. But the young girl only pressed her hand in silence.

"And he even wrote to me and told me all about her, and asked my leave to marry her! What do you think of that?"

"I think he was frank and straightforward and honorable in what he did, my dear grandma," said the young lady, bravely and truly.

"You do! You, the daughter of an old and noble house! I am astonished—yes, amazed—yes, and shocked at you, Emma Cavendish! But as for me, I think, nay, I know that he was very foolish, reckless, and even impudent in proposing to me a low-born girl as a daughter-in-law," said the old lady, bridling.

"Is not this the son of Joseph the carpenter?" murmured Emma, reverently, to herself.

"What are you muttering about?" querulously inquired the old lady.

"Only quoting a text of Scripture, dear grandma."

"What's that to do with what we are talking about?—not but what I have the greatest respect for the Scripture. And I am very glad that you can quote it, Emma. But, as I was saying, my dear, I considered it very foolish, reckless and impudent in my son to propose to me the daughter of his washerwoman as my daughter-in-law! I wrote to him and told him just that much."

"And then, dear grandma?"

"Then he wrote back to me, saying that he loved the girl—really loved her, you know—and had won her love, and that he was in honor bound to her. That he should await my consent with prayers for it, and with patience, until he should be twenty-one. The inference was that then he should marry her. What do you think of that?"

"I think, dear grandma, that he might have been really bound to her in honor."

"Bound to her in honor? I would like to know how he, my own minor son, could have been bound to her in honor, while he was still bound to me in obedience?"

"I can conceive that he might have been, though I cannot explain how," answered Emma frankly.

"No, I don't suppose you can. Well, I wrote and told him that after he should have married the washerwoman's daughter, whether that should be in his twentieth, twenty-first, or a hundred and twenty-first year, he must never think of presenting himself to me again; that I gave him his choice now between me and the low-born girl he dreamed of marrying; that his choice, once made, must be irrevocable."

"And then, dear grandma?"

"He wrote to me saying that he could never choose between two whom he loved—'two' whom he loved! coupling me, a gentlewoman born, with that low creature!—and that he should always love both—both,' and he should never desert either—'either,' putting me again on the level with her. Now, what do you think of that, my dear?"

Emma was silent.

"I ask you what you think of that?" persisted the old lady, fixing her eyes firmly upon the face of the young girl.

"Dear grandma, was her humble origin the only fault you had to find with my uncle's love?"

"The only fault? Why, that fault included all others—poverty, ignorance, vulgarity. Don't tell me!"

"Dear grandma——"

"Hold your tongue, Emma! It was quite objection enough that she was the daughter of the college laundress."

"Dear grandma, the God-Man, the Divine-Human was the son of a carpenter, and the companion of poor fishermen," said Emma, with feeling.

"What's that got to do with it? Order ought to be observed in this world, and the boundaries of rank kept unbroken! King Cœphatua marrying the beggar maid is all very well in rhyme, but it never would do in reason, that I can tell you!" said the unconverted old aristocrat.

Emma smiled, and then said:

"Go on, dear grandma, and tell me what happened next."

"What happened next, dear child, was that he continued to write to me as if there had been no dispute between us, until his birthday came, the day he was twenty-one years old, and would enter into possession of his estate. I had written to him to be home on that day, so that certain forms might be properly observed in transferring the trust of the estate from the guardian to the heir; and also that we should fitly celebrate the coming of age of my eldest son."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, he came; but not alone. I received word that morning that my son was in the drawing-room, waiting to see me. I went down, impatient to embrace him, and also to reason with him on his improper engagement, which I half hoped he had forgotten. Now, Emma, just fancy my astonishment when, after he had kissed me, and expressed all sorts of kind hopes about my being in good health, and so forth, he turned around and brought out of a shady corner, where she had sat concealed, a little, insignificant-looking creature, and presented her to me, saying:

"'Dear mother, will you not speak to my wife, and welcome her as your daughter?'"

"He was married then?" said Emma, in surprise.

"He was married! And he had actually brought his wife home to me, with the insane idea that if I once beheld her, I should fall down and worship her, as he had done."

"Was she pretty?"

"Oh, yes, she was pretty—very pretty, but not at all ladylike! In the one minute that I stood there, petrified with amazement, I saw that. She was very small and very dark, with the blackest eyes and reddest cheeks and whitest teeth I had ever seen. She was quite foreign looking, and I afterward heard that both her parents were Italians, though she was native born. Well, my dear, as I said before, I stood there rooted to the ground with astonishment for a minute. And then, when I recovered my senses, I just waved my hand to them, and turned and left the room without one word."

"Oh, grandma!"

"Yes, I did, for I felt insulted in my own house and by my own son! Even now that all is forgiven, I cannot think of this without indignation. I went to my room and sent word down to my son that I could not receive his wife. Upon which he took her away in the 'Reindeer' hack in which they had come to the house. And they returned to Wendover, and staid at the 'Reindeer' until all the legal formalities attending his majority were gone through. Then he took her to Beresford Manors. And I never saw my son again until to-day."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"Oh, Heaven, grandma!" said Emma, bowing her head upon her hands in sorrow and almost in shame at the hardness of this ancient lady.

"No, my dear, I never saw his face again until to-day. He was twenty-one when he left me. He is sixty-two now. A period of more than forty years have elapsed."

Emma's head sank lower. She had no answer in words for all this.

"But I heard flying rumors of his fortunes and misfortunes all the time. I heard that he lived unhappily with his gypsy-looking wife; that all his children died in childhood, one after the other, except his eldest child, a girl, who grew up to be the image of her mother, and to torment him, as his plebian wife had done, and as he had also tormented me. When she was fifteen years of age, she ran off and married her own Italian music master."

"Shocking!" muttered Emma.

"The fellow was a vulgar fortune-hunter. He met her at the city boarding-school, where she was receiving her education. He expected to get some of her father's money. Of course he was disappointed. Beresford Jones would have nothing to say either to the undutiful daughter or to the unworthy son-in-law. He renounced both."

"And yet he himself had erred in the very same way," exclaimed Emma.

"Yes, and he had received the very same punishment. The only difference, or, rather, the greatest difference, was this: he had a large fortune of his own to fall back upon, and so could defy his parents. His daughter had nothing at all of her own but a few jewels, which her worthless husband soon converted into money, and squandered at the gambling houses.

"All this is very painful, dear grandma," murmured the old lady's young listener.

"Yes, but not so terrible as what followed. The abandoned fellow sunk from bad to worse, and brought his young wife to the bitterest poverty. They both died of cholera in extreme destitution, in the city of New York, leaving one child, an infant daughter."

Emma started slightly, and bent nearer to listen more intently.

"For many years this poor child lived among the most wretched of the city paupers, and in total ignorance of her parentage."

"Oh, how unspeakably sorrowful!" muttered Emma Cavendish.

"In the meantime," continued the old lady, "many vicissitudes had attended Beresford Jones and his family. His children, as I said, had all gone. His wife died. His heart was almost broken. He left Beresford Manors, and traveled all over the world in search of the peace he could never find.

"Did he ever find his grandchild?" inquired Emma, in breathless impatience.

"You shall hear. At length he took holy orders, and entered the ministry. Suffering had prepared him for the work. He became a city missionary in New York. Soon after that, gold was accidentally discovered in the mountains of Beresford Manors, and he became fabulously wealthy."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes, my dear; but what was wealth to him, who had neither son nor daughter to inherit it?"

"To him, a missionary among the poor, I should think wealth would be a great deal, for good uses," said Emma, brightening.

"Well, in that respect it was much. He used it freely among the poor, until at length accident discovered to him the existence of his granddaughter."

"Ah!" exclaimed the young listener, drawing nearer.

"He had searched for his lost daughter through all the principal cities of the Union, and he had advertised for her in all the principal newspapers, but all in vain. Of the existence of his granddaughter he had not even the faintest suspicion until, in his capacity of city missionary, he one day attended a school examination on Randall's Island."

"Oh!" gasped Emma, clasping her hands in breathless eagerness. "Oh, do go on! He saw her there?"

"The brightest pupil in the highest class struck him at first sight with an electric thrill. It seemed to him, as he told me today, that the love of his youth stood resuscitated before him. Yet he knew that this child could not even be his lost daughter, who was, or had been, the facsimile of her mother. Who was she then? That remarkable face, so unique, so piquant, so sparkling and electric, could not belong to any other race than that of his gypsy wife."

"Electra, Electra!" murmured Emma to herself.

"Well, my dear child, to make a long story short, he instituted cautious inquiries, which resulted in undoubted conviction that this girl was the child of his lost daughter. Within a week he removed her from Randall's Island and placed her at Mount Ascension, where you were then at school, Emma. Do you remember her—Electra?"

"Of course I do, dear grandma. She was one of my greatest favorites. She was with me last Christmas, at the government house!" exclaimed Emma, eagerly.

"Ah, was she? One of your Christmas circle of schoolmates that I heard you talking about?"

"Yes, dear grandma, she was there with Laura Lytton and Mrs. Grey?"

"Indeed, dear. Well, to go on: Beresford, after putting the child to school, went immediately to Europe on business connected with the Philanthropic Emigration Society. He has just returned. A fancy to visit the scenes of his boyhood brought him to Wendover for a few days. Being there on Sunday, he was invited to fill the pulpit of the parish church. You saw him there, and told me. The same evening I sent him a note by old Jerome, asking him to come and see me. He has been with me all day, as you know. Now he has gone to Wendover. To-morrow he will set out for Mount Ascension. And, Emma, I have invited him to come back, and bring Electra to spend the Easter holidays with us here. I hope the plan will be agreeable to you."

"Entirely so, my dear grandma. You know I expected Laura Lytton, also."

"Then, my dear, write to Mrs. St. John for me, and ask her to send Electra and Laura Lytton here under the protection of Rev. Dr. Jones. When he comes again, dear child, you shall be introduced to your uncle. I should like to have called you in and presented you to him to-day, but this was scarcely the proper time or occasion to do so; and, besides, we had so much to say to each other."

"Of course you must have had, dear grandmother; and besides, it was much better to have told me this family history first, so as to prepare me to meet him."

"So I thought," agreed the old lady.

"But, grandma, there was one eccentric circumstance about his introduction of Electra into the school. He gave her no other name but Electra—no surname whatever. It was very odd. And it was very awkward for us to introduce her to any one as 'Miss Electra.' 'Electra whom?' would be the natural inquiry, whether it were spoken or not. I hope my uncle will change all that."

"Her father's name was Paolo [illegible]. But he does not like to call her by it, and he will not call her by any other. However, we must give her her full name now."

"How came she by her heathenish name, Electra?" inquired Miss Cavendish.

"It was her mother's name before her. Beresford called his own daughter Electra, because the name was so characteristic of the girl's peculiar personality; and he chose to call his granddaughter the same."

"You will like Electra when you see her, grandmother."

"Yes. Now, go, my dear; I want to take a nap in my chair."

Miss Cavendish kissed the old lady, and left the room.

In the parlor below she found Mrs. Grey, who had in some measure recovered her equanimity.

But the young lady entirely upset the widow's nervous system by pleasantly exclaiming:

"We are to have Laura Lytton and Electra here at Easter, Mrs. Grey. And as the Rev. Dr. Jones is also coming, I think grandma may be induced to invite Alden Lytton here to meet his sister. It will make a very pleasant party. I hope you will enjoy it."

CHAPTER XLIX.

But not long did Mary Grey give way to despondency. Most probably, she reasoned, Alden Lytton in the true nobility of his soul, had forborne to expose her turpitude to his sister Laura, whom he had stated to be ignorant even of the relations between himself and the widow.

So Mary Grey said to herself that she would not borrow trouble. She would stay and enjoy herself in the comfortable country seat of the Cavendishes, and accumulate money from the liberal allowance made her by the heiress.

And if Laura Lytton and Emma Cavendish remained in ignorance of the fatal treachery that had caused the death of Charles Cavendish, she might remain as long as she pleased in her luxurious quarters, accumulating a fortune, and running also her chance of effecting an advantageous marriage.

And even if, on the other hand, Alden Lytton should have told his sister, and Laura should tell Emma the fatal secret, and the "worse" should come to the "worst," it would not be so very bad.

True, she would have to leave Blue Cliffs, but then, Blue Cliffs, comfortable, and even luxurious, as it was, was at its best but a lonely, dreary, dismal old country house, shut in on all sides by mountains and half buried in woods, having no society and affording no opportunity of flirtation.

And it would be a great deal gayer to live in some city.

Of course she would lose her allowance.

But then, she had already accumulated a considerable sum of money; her diamonds were in themselves worth a small fortune; and her rich wardrobe would last for years.

Upon the whole, she was "perplexed, yet not in despair."

She did not believe that Alden Lytton would accept the invitation to Blue Cliffs. Indeed, she felt sure that he would not, if he knew of her presence in the house, as he probably did from his sister's letters.

She dreaded to meet Dr. Jones as much or more than she dreaded to meet Laura Lytton; but she comforted herself with the reflection that Dr. Jones had promised that he would not expose her, and the hope that Laura Lytton could not.

And so the last days of Lent passed away.

In these last days of Lent, Craven Kyte became a frequent visitor at Blue Cliffs.

Old Mrs. Cavendish, who, confined as she was to her room, yet heard all the news of the neighborhood, and all the gossip of the house, through her granddaughter or her servants, became very uneasy at hearing of Mr. Kyte's frequent visits.

"What does the presuming young fellow come here for? I hope not for you, Emma," she said, one morning, to the young heiress.

Miss Cavendish laughed.

"Oh, no, grandma. He does not honor me with his attentions," she answered.

"Whom then does he 'honor,' as you call it, with his attentions? or 'affront,' as I call it, with his impertinences?" demanded the old lady, raising her gold spectacles to the top of her head and glaring at her granddaughter through her still bright eyes.

"He comes after Mrs. Grey, I think."

"After Mrs. Grey! After my son's young widow—I mean my son's betrothed, who came so near being his wife, and, of course, his widow! The impertinent young puppy!" said the old lady indignantly. "I must have a talk with Mary, and tell her to send the foolish, presumptuous fellow about his business," she added, bridling.

Emma smiled and begged her grandma not to be disturbed, for that Mrs. Grey could certainly take care of herself.

And so the interview ended.

(To be continued.)

Miscalculation.

Mrs. Williams objected strongly to the late hours her husband frequently kept. One night he came home even later than usual, and when he went to the sleeping room he heard his wife astir. Quickly sitting down at the baby's cradle he began to rock it vigorously. Mrs. William's awoke, and said—"Charles, it's very late, isn't it? What are you doing there?" "I've been more than an hour trying to get the baby to sleep," said Charles calmly, but rocking the cradle vigorously. "Oh, have you?" inquired his wife. "Why, I've got him here in bed with me."

Queen's Treasures.

Among the specially treasured personal belongings which always go with the Queen from one Royal residence to another, are a Bible and a shawl, both wedding presents from the late Mrs. Gladstone. Altogether there are some thirty articles on the list, including ten photographs of different members of the Royal family.

He Refused Chicken Gravy.

Johnny, out to dinner, twice refused chicken gravy, of which he was very fond. His hostess, who had added macaroni to the gravy, finally said:

"Why, I thought you liked chicken gravy?"

"I do sometimes," replied Johnny, "but my mamma never puts the windpipes in."

It Has To.

She—It must be great to be a man! One dress suit lasts you for years and years, and a woman must have a new dress for every party.

He—That's why one dress suit lasts a man for years and years.

Redpath Sugar
does make the bread and butter taste good!"
IT is when you spread it out on bread or pancakes, fruit or porridge, that you notice most the sweetness and perfect purity of REDPATH Extra Granulated Sugar. Buy it in the 2 and 5-lb. Sealed Cartons, or in the 10, 20, 50 or 100-lb. Cloth Bags, and you'll get the genuine Redpath, absolutely clean, just as it left the refinery. 83
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When the food you take fails to nourish, when it causes you pain and often a feeling of extreme nausea, the cause is indigestion. Your stomach is too feeble to do its work and you will continue to suffer until you strengthen your digestive powers. Your digestion has failed because your stomach is not receiving the pure, red blood of health to give it strength for its work.

The tonic treatment of indigestion by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People succeeds by building up and enriching the blood supply, so that the feeble digestive organs are strengthened, appetite is restored and tone given the whole system. Thousands have proved this by personal experience, as is shown by the following typical instance. Mrs. James Boyle, Dartmouth, N.S., says: "For years I was a sufferer from indigestion. I could not take food without feeling terrible distress afterwards, and in consequence I was badly run down. Sometimes after eating I would take spells of dizziness with a feeling of numbness throughout my body, and at other times my heart would palpitate so violently that I feared I would die. Naturally I was doctoring continually, but without getting better. Then my husband got me a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before long I found they were helping me, and I continued to take them until I was restored to health. I was never in better health than I am now, and I owe it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CORSETS OF TELEGRAPH WIRE

"Ladies" in Half Civilized Countries Use the Material.

The telegraph, pioneer of electrical invention in all new countries, has had many remarkable experiences in linking up the outposts of civilization ,and nowhere more than in the still half-savage islands of Malaysia, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine. In Sumatra, for instance, the rebellious Achines took the wires to hammer into slugs for their muskets; in Celebes unprotected lengths of the early lines were torn down and improvised into fish traps, while in Dutch Borneo the white porcelain insulators gave such a striking effect as necklace beads for the dusky jungle belles that the natives still steal them whenever opportunity offers.

But it has remained for the Dyaks of Sarawak—Rajah Brooke's remarkable little state in North Borneo—to cap the climax by stripping many miles of telegraph poles of their wire in order to turn the latter over to their tribal "modistes" to manufacture into "clothes" for their ladies. Long before the telegraph wire came, the principal article of trade with the Dyaks of Borneo was house wire, some of which was used for the making of bracelets and anklets, but the bulk was worked up into a remarkable corset for the women folk. The "garment," beginning a little below the waist—where it taxes the bedang, a strip of cotton cloth falling to the knees—ascends in broadening spirals to the shoulders. The spirals are connected with other pieces of wire, which have the effect of depriving them of all elasticity, and rendering the contrivance quite as rigid as its modern prototype of the enlightened Occident.

Under foreign influence it is becoming the custom to make these "cages," so that they may be removed at will, for bathing and even for sleeping, but in the remote Dyak villages this reform has not yet begun to make itself felt. There a girl, on reaching maidenhood, has a loose wire corset or fashionable shape built upon her, and to this her figure must grow, whether it chances to be along its natural lines of expansion or not. Only extreme illness—usually only the shadow of death itself—gives warrant for the removal of the galling grill, though it is also occasionally done in other cases.

Wire is wire in Borneo, and though brass trade wire was more refulgent and "dressy" than telegraph wire, as long as the former cost a picul of damar or five piculs of copra for the requisite number of spirals, while a dress length of the latter could often be had at the expense of a little climbing, there was no question which was going to be the more in demand. The flexibility of the telegraph strand admitted of a great variety of treatment, and very chic effects in weaves and twists were obtained with it that could never have been approached with the stiff brass trade wire.

WHY THE CZAR MOBILIZED.

And Gave Germany an Excuse for Bringing on the War.

Why did Czar Nicholas of Russia mobilize his troops when Austria declared war on Servia, and thus give Germany the excuse for precipitating the general European war?

Nicholas II. remembered with bitterness the long succession of defeats which Russian diplomacy, directed chiefly by him, has sustained at the hands of the Austrian Foreign Office. The Czar, in accordance with the traditional tinge of Russian opinion, was convinced that a struggle for life or death was impending between Russia, as representing the Slavic race, and Germany, as representing the Teutonic peoples. Austria-Hungary he regarded as the advance post of the German invasion of Slavic lands.

It is recalled distinctly at the Imperial palace at Tsarskoe-Seo that in 1909, when Russia sought to intervene in the Austrian annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, it was the appearance of the German Kaiser, "In shining armor," beside the Austrian Kaiser that frustrated the attempt to prevent the consummation of the act of annexation.

For the past century Russian statesmen have regarded Austria-Hungary as the chief obstacle to the success of the Russian design to obtain an open port on a southern sea, such as the port of Salonika or Constantinople.

In their attempt to reach the goal the Russians have been convinced by experience that it is inconceivable that Europe will permit the direct extension of Russia to the warm waters of the Adriatic or the Aegean. Therefore, Russian statescraft has contented itself with indirect method of approach—that is, by helping some other Slavic nation, such as Servia, to acquire the port for which Russia has been hankering.

The desirability of such an acquisition from the Russian point of view is based upon the assumption that in the ripeness of time the small Slavic nation, so enriched, will turn over its possession, willy-nilly, to the colossus of the north. Therefore, when in the first Balkan war Austria compelled the relinquishment of the Adriatic coast of Servia and Montenegro, the Czar regarded the act as a blow, not so much at Servia as at Russia.

When the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, whom Russian statesmen regarded as the author of this reputed plot against Russia, was assassinated recently, the comments of the Russian press, authorized by official sanction, breathed an unmistakable sense of satisfaction at the tragic outcome of events. When Austria demanded an abject apology from Servia for the crime of Sarajevo, Czar Nicholas, who has every reason to abhor attempts upon the lives of royal and Imperial personages, backed Servia in its unwillingness to grant full satisfaction to its powerful neighbor.

The Czar was determined to avoid the fiasco of 1909, when Austria seized the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina without so much as consulting Russia in advance, and the disaster of 1912, when Vienna prevented the placing of the Adriatic ports in escrow for Russia by Servian occupation.

DISAPPEARED

Tea and Coffee Ails Vanish Before Postum.

It seems almost too good to be true, the way headache, nervousness, insomnia, and many other obscure troubles vanish when tea and coffee are dismissed and Postum used as the regular table beverage.

The rea on is clear. Tea and coffee contain a poisonous drug—caffeine—which causes the trouble, but Postum contains only the food elements in choice hard wheat with a little molasses.

An Eastern man grew enthusiastic and wrote as follows:

"Until 18 months ago I used coffee regularly every day and suffered from headache, bitter taste in my mouth, and indigestion; was gloomy and irritable, had variable or absent appetite, loss of flesh, depressed in spirits, etc.

"I attribute these things to coffee, because, since I quit it and have drank Postum I feel better than I had for 20 years, am less susceptible to cold, have gained 20 lbs. and the symptoms have disappeared—vanished before Postum." (Tea is just as harmful as coffee, because they both contain the drug, caffeine.)

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

Magical Effect on Neuralgia Throbbing Pain Goes Quickly

A YEAR'S SUFFERER CURED BY "NERVILINE."

No person reading this need ever again suffer long from Neuralgia.

Nerviline will quickly cure the worst Neuralgia, and Mrs. G. Evans, in her strong letter written from Russel post office, says: "One long year, the longest of my life, was almost entirely given up to treating dreadful attacks of Neuralgia. The agony I experienced during some of the bad attacks was simply unmentionable. To use remedies by the score without permanent relief was mighty discouraging. At last I put my faith in Nerviline; I read of the wonderful pain-subduing power it possessed and made up my mind to prove it valuable or useless. Nerviline at once eased the pain and cured the headache. Continuous treatment cured me entirely, and I have ever since stayed well."

Mrs. Evan's case is but one of hundreds that might be quoted. Nerviline is a specific for all nerve, muscular or joint pain. It quickly cures neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, lame back, neuritis and rheumatism. Forty years in use, and to-day the most widely used liniment in the Dominion. Don't take anything but "Nerviline," which any dealer anywhere can supply in large 50c. family size bottles, or in a small 25c. trial size.

KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM.

His Stand Against Germany Forced Britain to Intervene.

King Albert of Belgium, whose determination to fight Germany, rather than allow his country to be used as a base of operations against France, and whose appeal to Great Britain to help him preserve Belgian neutrality and independence was the concluding factor which determined Great Britain to plunge into the European war, is intensely popular with his own subjects.

He has none of the vices of his late uncle, King Leopold, and, in fact, is in almost every respect the direct opposite of the late monarch.

King Albert is the second son of the Count of Flanders, who was the younger brother of Leopold. Albert's elder brother died, and as Leopold had no son, he became the heir to the throne, as women are debarred under the Belgian laws. On the death of his father, several years ago, Albert inherited a large fortune.

The King's full name is Albert Leopold Clement Maria Mainrad. His mother was the Princess Maria of Hohenzollern, and he was born April 8, 1875. His paternal grandmother was a daughter of Louis

King Albert of Belgium.

Philippe, King of France. He is finely educated, and is thoroughly unostentatious. Stubbornness of purpose is the chief characteristic he inherited from his Hohenzollern mother.

He is fond of athletics, and because of this has changed a naturally delicate constitution into one much more robust.

At the time of his elder brother's tragic and mysterious death a few years ago his delicate health gave rise to universal fears that he would not live to grow to manhood. He is tall and soldierly looking, well set up, and always had the reputation of being of a far more studious temperament than his brother, Prince Baudouin.

A Mysterious Death.

The latter met his death under circumstances still shrouded with mystery, in a house situated in one of the most fashionable thoroughfares of the Belgian capital, which has remained untenanted ever since, and is pointed out to strangers as the scene of a tragedy which, according to popular rumor, bore many striking analogies to that at Meyerling, which cost the Crown Prince of Austria his life.

The King has been an extensive traveller, He has visited every country in Europe, and visited the United States in 1898. A devotee of the bicycle, he has always preferred that to horseback riding.

Queen Elizabeth became the wife of King Albert fourteen years ago, their wedding having been celebrated in royal state on Oct. 1, 1900. Their union was described at the time as a genuine love match, and it was said they had similar and congenial tastes. Both are highly educated and fond of literature, music and art.

Queen Elizabeth, who was a Bavarian princess, is a strikingly handsome woman. She has a long, oval face, with fine features, and boasts of hair of a pale golden tint that surrounds her head like an aureole. She has travelled extensively with her father and mother, one of her trips extending into the interior of Siberia. Music is a passion with her, and she is an accomplished violinist. As a horsewoman she is without fear, and is said to ride as well and gracefully as her aunt, the late Empress of Austria. A few years ago she developed talent as a dramatist and wrote a play entitled "Romunda," which was produced in Brussels in March, 1908, causing a stir in the Belgian capital.

HEAD GOT BALD IN PLACES

Very Itchy. When Brushed, Dandruff All Over. Hair Came Out In Great Bunches. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Cured Head in Three Weeks.

15 Hallam St., Toronto, Ont.—"About two years ago the dandruff began. My head got worse and scabs formed on it which made it bald in places. It was very itchy and gave me a tendency to scratch it which made it worse. I always had to wear my hat whether in the house at work or out. Whenever I brushed my hair it sent the dandruff all over. The hair came out in great bunches until I was nearly bald and when it was at its worst it came out roots and all.

"I tried —— which made it worse than before. I tried several things after that but they were no good. After nine months like this I had hardly any hair left when one day I happened to see the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment in the paper. I straightway sent for a sample. After first washing with the Cuticura Soap I applied some Cuticura Ointment and I could feel a great relief. After finishing the sample I went and got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. In three weeks they had cured my head." (Signed) B. Horn, May 16, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for poor complexions, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little, that it is almost criminal not to use them. A single set is often sufficient. Sold everywhere. For liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post-card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A.

How She Won.

"Why are you so pensive?" he asked. "I'm not pensive," she replied. "But you haven't said a word for twenty minutes." "Well, I hadn't anything to say." "Don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?" "No." "Will you be my wife?"

Stopped There.

"Did you have your salary raised last year"

"No, but my hopes were raised several times."

HOW TO POP CORN

It is done in different ways, but the most approved method is to pop your corns with Putnam's Corn Extractor—corns pop out for fair, and stay out, too, when removed by "Putnam's." Try this painless remedy yourself, 25c. at all dealers.

Out West.

Western Official—"Do you take this woman, whose hand you're a-squeezin', to be your lawful wife in flush times and skimp?" "I reckon that's about the size of it, squire." "Do you take this man you've j'ined fists with to be your pard through thick an' thin?" "Well, you're about right for once, old man." "All right, then. Kiss in court, an' I reckon you're married about as tight as the law can j'ine you. I guess four bits 'ill do, Bill, if I don't have to kiss the bride. If I do it's six bits extra."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

She Gave Her Answer.

A widow posted in her front yard a rudely-painted sign, "For Sail." A party of students from a near-by college strolled past, and laughed uproariously at the little sign. One boldly called out to the widow working in her garden—"Hello, old woman, when does this house sail?" "Whenever the feller comes along that can raise the wind," calmly replied the old lady, and went on with her work.

PROVIDING A WATER SUPPLY

Natives of the Soudan Utilize a Hollow Tree.

Surely the strangest use to which a growing tree can be put is to turn it into a reservoir. Yet this is what the people of Korodofan, in the Soudan, do with the trees which the botanists call "Adansonia Digitata."

The tree, which is known to the natives by the name of "Home," groups being called "Tebeldi," attains a considerable height. The trunk, which measures from 20 to 30 feet in circumference is, like so many of the bamboo family, hollow, and the natives have discovered that it makes an excellent cistern for storing water, for the arid season. Should the cavity not be large enough the natives scoop it out still further.

The Soudanese have also a method of cutting the opening for the reception of the water just at the top of the trunk, where the branches begin, so that during the rainfall the great off-shoots of the tree act as gutters and guide the water into the trunk. At the same time pools are dug at the foot of the tree to collect the rain, and from these the water is transferred to the trunk by buckets.

Sometimes, though rarely, the tree cracks under the weight of the water, after which the trunk is of little use. However, the natives have found that cracks can be successfully stopped with cement, and recently a number of broken-down trees have been thus repaired.

Curiously enough, the presence of large quantities of water in the trunks in no way impairs the growth of the trees, whose use in this way is undoubtedly an ingenious solution of the water supply problem.

A Nova Scotia Case of Interest to All Women

Halifax Sends Out a Message of Help to Many People.

Halifax, N.S., Dec. 15.—When interviewed at her home at 194 Argyle St., Mrs. Haverstock was quite willing to talk of her peculiarly unfortunate case. "I was always 'blue' and depressed, felt weak, languid and utterly unfit for any work. My stomach was so disordered that I had no appetite. What I did eat disagreed. I suffered greatly from dizziness and sick headache and feared a nervous breakdown. Upon my druggist's recommendation I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"I felt better at once. Every day I improved. In six weeks I was a well woman, cured completely after different physicians had failed to help me. It is for this reason that I strongly urge sufferers with stomach or digestive troubles to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

Dr. Hamilton's Pills strengthen the stomach, improve digestion, strengthen the nerves and restore debilitated systems to health. By cleansing the blood of long-standing impurities, by bringing the system to a high point of vigor, they effectually chase away weariness, depression and disease. Good for young or old, for men, for women, for children. All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut.

Brilliant Idea.

Customer—I want something for fleas.

Drug Clerk—Why don't you get a dog?

This is to certify that I have used MINARD'S Liniment in my family for years, and consider it the best liniment on the market. I have found it excellent for horse flesh.

(Signed) W. S. PINEO.

"Woodlands," Middleton, N.S.

"So you want to marry my daughter? What are your expectations?" "We expect to elope if you refuse your consent to our marriage, and we expect forgiveness when we get back. Then we expect you to make us an allowance."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Two Meanings.

The different meanings that a simple turn of expression can give a word are often curious and sometimes amusing. An anecdote of Charles Lamb, the famous English author, illustrates this very pleasantly.

On a wet, miserable, foggy day, in London, he was accosted by a beggar with:

"Please, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor, destitute woman. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days."

"So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling, "so have I. It's a miserable day, even for London."

A similar illustration is of the man who saw some mischievous boys carrying off his fruit from his orchard.

"What are you about?" he called lustily.

"About going!" called one of them, as the marauders disappeared over the fence.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

CLAMS

POTTED MEATS—

Full flavored and perfectly cooked make delicious sandwiches.

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

Take Good Care Of The Colts

It's cheaper to *raise colts* than to *buy horses*. But it's *costly* if you *lose* the colts. Keep a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure handy. For thirty-five years has proved it the safe, reliable remedy for spavin, splint, curb, ringbone, bony growths and lameness from many causes.

Kendall's Spavin Cure

is sold by druggists everywhere at $1 a bottle, 6 bottles for $5. Get a free copy of our book "A Treatise on the Horse" at your druggist's or write us. 85

Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

FARMS FOR SALE.

E. 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.

E. 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.

FOR SALE.—TEN PAIRS BREEDING Foxes. Correspondence solicited. Reid Bros. Bothwell, Ont.

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.

FACTORY CLEARANCE SALE

ROOFING

98c Per Roll 108 Square Feet Regular $2.00 Quality.

ASPHALT FELT ROOFING

100 per cent. Saturation

Contains no Tar or Paper

Lowest price for Government Standard Roofing ever offered in Canada. Sale necessitated by business conditions.

Send for Free Sample

THE HALLIDAY CO., LTD.

Formerly Stanley Mills & Co.

HAMILTON, CANADA

Forgot the Details.

"What's the matter now?"

"My wife told me to be sure and bring home some powder."

"Well, you haven't forgotten."

"No; but was it tooth, talcum, baking, insect or face?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Queer.

"They say the people who are married get to look alike."

"Yes; but it's a queer thing that they rarely get to think alike."

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.

Very Precise.

Boston is noted in America as the place where everybody is very, very "cultured" and very precise in their use of words. The latest Boston story is about a small child who fell out of a window. A kind-hearted lady came hurrying up with the anxious question, "Dear, dear! How did you fall?" The child looked up at the questioner and replied in a voice choked with sobs, "Ventically, ma'am."

PILES.

You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? *All Druggists and Stores.—50c box.*

Zam-Buk FOR ALL SUMMER SORES.

G. L. Meikle & Co.

Our New Stock of Men's Fall Hats and Caps are now in, all Colors and Shapes.

PRICES RIGHT.

--also--

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fall and Winter Coat Sweaters.

THE VERY LATEST.

NOTICE.

Next week we are starting a Bargain Day every week, FRIDAY.

We will put on sale different Lines of Goods from week to week and will guarantee them to be First Class and to be sold at a reduced price.

Terms and conditions of sale will be found in ad. each week.

Look for our ad. next week.

G. L. Meikle & Co.
White Front

Footwear for School boys & School Girls

Give me a call and we will be pleased to show you them and prove to you that there are no better values in town.

Also a large assortment in Mens and Boys Ready-made Clothing.

Gents Furnishings, Shirts, Sweaters, Raincoats, Hats and Caps, Socks and Gloves, Etc.

Your inspection invited.

Boots repaired, Tel. 65

W. G. Staniforth.

LACHUTE MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS

We deal in Foreign & Domestic Marble and Granite, first class work and best material in all the latest designs, always on hand.

Satisfaction guaranteed in all kinds of cemetery work, Monuments, Headstones, Posts, Fencing, etc.

Terms to suit Purchasers.

W. M. SCOTT, Prop.

The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of It and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Ring and the Man," "The Island of Regeneration," "The Better Man," "Hearts and the Highway," "As the Sparks Fly Upward."

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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CHAPTER XV

could not give way. He wanted to, every time he was in her presence he longed to sweep her to his heart and crush her in his arms and bend her head back and press lips of fire on her lips.

But honor and pride, held him back. How long would they continue to exercise dominion over him? Would the time come when his passion rising like a sea would thunder upon these artificial embankments of his soul, beat them down and sweep them away?

At first the disparity between their situations, not so much upon account of family or of property—the treasures of the mountains, hidden since creation he had discovered and let lie—but because of the youth and position of the woman compared to his own maturer years, his desperate experience, and his social withdrawal had reinforced his determination to live and love without a sign. But he had long since got beyond this. Had he been free he would have taken her like a viking of old, if he had to pluck her from amid a thousand swords and carry her to a beggar's hut which love would have turned to a palace. And she would have come with him on the same conditions.

He did not know that. Women have learned through centuries of weakness that fine art of concealment which man has never mastered. She never let him see what she thought of him. Yet he was not without suspicion; if that suspicion grew to certainty, would he control himself then?

At first he had sought to keep out of her way, but she had compelled him to come in. The room that was kitchen and bed room and store room for him was cheerless and somewhat cold. Save at night or when he was busy with other tasks outside they lived togethed in the great room. It was always warm, it was always bright, it was always cheerful, there.

The little piles of manuscript she had noted were books that he had written. He made no effort to conceal such things from her. He talked frankly enough about his life in the hills, indeed there was no possibility of avoiding the discussion of such topics. On but two subjects was he inexorably silent. One was the present state of his affections and the other was the why and wherefore of his lonely life. She knew beyond peradventure that he loved her, but she had no faint suspicion even as to the reason why he had become a recluse! He had never given her the slightest clew to his past save that admission that he had known Kirkby which was in itself nothing definitive and which she never connected with that package of letters which she still kept with her.

The man's mind was too active and fertile to be satisfied with manual labor alone, the books that he had written were scientific treatises in the main. One was a learned discussion of the fauna and flora of the mountains. Another was an exhaustive account of the mineral resources and geological formations of the range. He had only to allow a whisper, a suspicion of his discovery of gold and silver in the mountains to escape him, and the canons and crests alike would be filled with eager prospectors. Still a third work was a scientific analysis of the water powers in the canons.

He had willingly allowed her to read them all. Much of them she found technical and, aside from the fact that he had written them, uninteresting. But there was one book remaining in which he simply discussed the mountains in the various seasons of the year; when the snows covered them, when the grass and the moss came again, when the flowers bloomed, when autumn touched the trees. There was the soul of the man, poetry expressed in prose, manlike but none the less poetry for that. This book pored over, she questioned him about it; they discussed it as they discussed Keats and the other poets.

Those were happy evenings. She on one side of the fire sewing, her finger wound with cloth to hold his giant thimble, fashioning for herself some winter garments out of the colored, red flannel and blue and exquisite cloth Navy flannel, soft and almost satin—fashioned satin—she had brought—

at her disposal. While on the other side of the same homely blaze he made for her out of the skins of some of the animals that he had killed, a shapeless foot covering, half moccasin and wholly leggin, which she could wear over her shoes in her short excursions around the plateau and which would keep her feet warm and comfortable.

By her permission he smoked as he worked, enjoying the hour, putting aside the past and the future and for a few moments blissfully content. Sometimes he laid aside his pipe and whatever work he was engaged upon and read to her from some immortal noble number. Sometimes the entertainment fell to her and she sang to him in her glorious contralto voice music that made him sad. Once he could stand it no longer. At the end of a burst of song which filled the little room—he had risen to his feet while she sang, compelled to the erect position by the magnificent melody—as the last notes died away and she smiled at him triumphant and expectant of his praise and his approval, he hurled himself out of the room and into the night, wrestling for hours with the storm which after all was but a trifle to that which raged in his bosom. While she, left alone and deserted, quailed within the silent room till she heard him come back.

Often and often when she slept quietly on one side the thin partition, he lay awake on the other, and sometimes his passion drove him forth to cool the fever, the fire in his soul in the icy, wintry air. The struggle within him preyed upon him, the keen loving eye of the woman searched his face, scrutinized him, looked into his heart, saw what was there.

She determined to end it, deciding that he, must confess his affections. She had no premonition of the truth and no consideration of any evil consequences held her back. She could give free range to her love and her devotion. She had the ordering of their lives and she had the power to end the situation growing more and more impossible. She fancied the matter easily terminable. She thought she had only to let him see her heart in such ways as a maiden may, to bring joy to his own to make him speak. She did not dream of the reality.

One night, therefore, a month or more after she had come, she resolved to end the uncertainty. She believed the easiest and the quickest way would be to get him to tell her why he was there. She naturally surmised that the woman of the picture, which she had never seen since the first day of her arrival, was in some measure the cause of it; and the only pain she had in the situation was the keen jealousy that would obtrude itself at the thought of that woman. She remembered everything that he had said to her, and she recalled that he had once made the remark that he would treat her as he would have his wife treated if he had one, therefore whoever and whatever the picture of this woman was, she was not his wife. She might have been some one he had loved, but who had not loved him. She might have died. She was jealous of her, but she did not fear her.

After a long and painful effort the woman had completed the winter suit she had made for herself. He had advised her and had helped her. It was a belted tunic that fell to her knees; the red and black stripes ran around it, edged the broad collar, cuffed the warm sleeves and marked the graceful waist line. It was excessively becoming to her. He had been down into the valley, or the pocket, for a final inspection of the burros before the night, which promised to be severe, fell, and she had taken advantage of the opportunity to put it on.

She knew that she was beautiful; her determination to make this evening count had brought an unusual color to her cheeks, an unwonted sparkle to her eye. She stood up as she heard him enter the other room, she was standing erect as he came through the door and faced her. He had only seen her in the now somewhat shabby blue of her ordinary camp dress before, and her beauty fairly smote him in his face. He stood before her, wrapped in his fur great coat, snow and ice clinging to it, entranced. The woman smiled at the effect she produced.

"Take off your coat," she said gently approaching him. "Here, let me help you. Do you realize that I have been here over a month now? I want to have a little talk with you, I want you to tell me something.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Kiss on the Hand.

"Did it ever occur to you," began Enid Maitland gravely enough, for she quite realized the serious nature of the impending conversation, "did it ever occur to you that you know practically all about me, while I know practically nothing about you?"

The man bowed his head.

"You may have fancied that I was not aware of it, but in one way or another you have possessed yourself of pretty all of my short and, until I met you, most uneventful life," she continued.

(To be continued.)

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The Grimm Sugar Outfit, the Pedlar Shingles, Sidings etc.

"Always to the Front."

With a nice assortment of Bananas, Lemons, Oranges, Pine Apples, Candies, Ganong's Chocolates and Ice Cream in Bricks or Bulk (3 colours.)

Try our Cherry and Pine Apple Sundaes.

Wedding Cakes a Specialty.

Flour and Feed always on hand.

Orders delivered anywhere in town by calling up Telephone No. 80.

ROBERT HAMILTON,
Baker & Confectioner, - LACHUTE

WOOL! WOOL! WOOL!

Bring along your wool and get the big price we are now paying.

And at the same time secure some of the many bargains we have to offer at our July Sale.

McFAUL BROS., - West End.

: Headquarters :

FOR

Carpenters & Machinists Tools.

Dry Cell Batteries
Spark Plugs
Cylinder Oil
Gasoline
Belting
Packing
Tungsten Lights
Saws and Axes
Ammunition
Roofing and Building Paper

Pumps
Pipe
Pipe Fittings
Stoves
Sinks
Enamel Ware
Fencing
Guns and Rifles
Paints and Glass
Horse Blankets and Halters.

T. McOuat & Son,
West End - - Lachute

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXIX — LACHUTE, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1914. — NO. 385

.. Preserving Time ..

Remember that I go to the expense and trouble of going to the market every week to select my fruits.

I am better prepared than ever to sell you the right kind of goods, the best quality and lowest prices.

Don't forget the following are on the market only a short while.

Plums, Pears, Peaches, Grapes
.. Blueberries, Melons, Etc. ..

PHONE No. 105.

P. PAQUIN, - Lachute

C. N. R. to Ottawa.

The Canadian Northern Railway are now operating through passenger service, Quebec to Ottawa and Toronto, running into Central Station, Ottawa, and Union Station, Toronto. This train leaves Lachute Westbound at 7.26 a m. daily arriving at Ottawa 10 a.m. Leaves Ottawa 7.15 p.m. arriving Lachute 9.56 p.m. Train Ottawa to Toronto does not run on Sundays.

For further particulars, apply

10-30 M. ROBY, Agent, Lachute.

New Dress Goods, New Shades and Weaves. Very choice lines.

W. BANFORD & SON.

Do you want any skins tanned or animals or birds stuffed? If so, just drop me a line and I will execute your order at very low price.

9-18. G. A. MALETTE, Lachute Mills.

FOR SALE — Good motor cycle (Indian), 2 cylinder, 8½ h p. Bargain for quick purchaser. Apply,

WATCHMAN OFFICE.

Come in and have a look at the Fall Styles in Ladies' and Children's Hats. All the newest styles and prices to suit everyone. MISS HAMPTON

Our new Fall Costumes are also in stock. Very choice goods.

W. BANFORD & SON.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

WILLIAM McVICAR,
Township of Grenville,
McVicar's Corner,
Thursday, October 1st, 1914

The following effects:—12 milch cows, 2 work horses, 2 mares, 1 two year old colt, 1 year old colt, 2 suckling colts, 1 mower, 1 rake, 1 waggon, 1 tumbril cart, 2 buggies, 1 disc harrow, 1 set lever harrows, 1 threshing mill, 1 roller, 1 disc drill, 1 gang plow, 1 cutter, 1 single sleigh, 1 set double harness, 1 set single harness, 1 set cart harness, 1 new buggy pole, whiffletrees, neckyokes, milk cans, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 10 a m. sharp.

TERMS: $5.00 and under cash, over that amount 12 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes. 6 per cent off for cash.

FRED McVICAR, Proprietor.
E. Cursolle, Licensed Auctioneer.

LAMARCHE BROS.,
Ste. Philippe.

GROCERIES. DRY GOODS.
HARDWARE. MILLINERY.
BOOTS AND SHOES.

Supplies of the cheapest and best.
Hay, Oats and Feed always on hand.

Don't Miss It!

Don't fail to take in the Concert at the Town Hall next Thursday evening. It will be one of the best treats you have listened to for many a day and will be a fine finish up to a pleasant day at the Exhibition. A program of singing, playlets, sketches, etc., by Miss Lucy Webling, the original "Little Lord Fauntleroy" of the English stage, and Mr. Walter McRaye, noted entertainer, will appear before a Lachute audience for the first time. Admission 35cts.

WEDDING BELLS.

COOKE—ARMSTRONG.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Beattie, St. Faustin, Que., a quiet, but pretty wedding took place, when Mrs. Beattie's sister Miss Mildred W. Armstrong, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Armstrong, of Mont Laurier, Que., was married to Mr. G. Roy Cooke, of Bancroft, Ont., son of Mr. James Cooke, of Arundel, Que. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Rondeau, assisted by the Rev. C. W. Topping. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a white satin gown, trimmed with pearls and shadow lace; she also wore a pearl and peridot necklace, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lillies of the valley. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. T. Murray, Miss Hilda Armstrong, Miss M. Cottingham and Mr. H. R. Cottingham of Montreal. After the wedding supper Mr. and Mrs. Cooke left for a trip to New York and other points. The bride travelled in a costume of Alice blue moire silk and a white hat with wings.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MISS JEAN DOBBIE.

The death occurred on Saturday last of Miss Jean Dobbie at her residence, Main Street, after a long illness at the advanced age of 77. Deceased lady had lived in Lachute during the past 5 years, coming from the Dobbie Home Farm, Chatham, where she had lived 62 years. The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon from the Presbyterian Church, the service being conducted by the Rev. Mr. George. She leaves to mourn her loss one sister, Mrs. Patton of Ste. Philippe, and one brother, Mr. Robt. Dobbie, of Cushing, eight nieces and five nephews, also an adopted sister, Miss Ellen McNaughton, who by her untiring love and devotion did much to make the late Miss Dobbie's last years happy.

BIRTHS.

McVICAR—At Calumet, on Sept. 8th, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. D. McVicar.

BOYD—At Lachute, on Monday, Sept. 14th, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Boyd.

McOUAT,—At Betnany, Que., on Saturday, September 12, 1914, to Mr. and Mrs. Murray McOuat a son.

ROWE,—At Louisa, Que., on Friday, September 11th, 1914, to Mr. and Mrs. David Rowe a daughter.

Boots and Shoes, many kinds, and all sizes, Men's, Women's, Boys' and Girls'.

W. BANFORD & SON.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

Miss Ruby Todd was visiting friends in Ottawa this week.

Miss Cote, of Montreal, is spending a short visit with her uncle, Mr. T. Jousse.

Miss Alice Morell, of Montreal, was the guest of her parents for the week-end.

Mrs. Wm. Robinson and son Rupert are visiting at Smith Falls for a few days.

Miss Christina Drennan left on Monday last to take up teaching in Montreal.

Mrs. M. Demerse and Master Lindsay and E. Barker spent Sunday at Clear Lake.

The Misses Margaret Hills and Mima Morrison are spending the week with friends in Ottawa.

Mr. Stewart McFaul returned on Wednesday from a pleasant visit with friends in Kinburn, Ont.

Miss Eva Robinson and Mrs. M. Matthews, of Louisa, are visiting with friends in Ottawa.

Miss Anna Battell, of Cobourg, Ont., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Forsythe, for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Crabb, of North Bay, Ont., are guests of their daughter, Mrs. Geo. Cresswell this week.

Mrs. James McFaul returned from a visit to her parents, Col. and Mrs. Barr, of Montreal, on Tuesday.

Miss A. Richardson, of Montreal, is spending a short visit in town as the guest of Mrs. John McFaul.

The Misses A. Marsil, E. Dallaire and D. Desjardins were in Oka attending the pilgrimage on Monday last.

Quite a large number of our citizens took advantage of the Excursion to the Ottawa Exhibition this week.

Mr. W. J. Rodgers has received the honored appointment to the Presidency of the Milk Shippers Association.

Mrs. and Miss Buchanan, of Newark, N.J., are spending a few weeks in town the guests of the Misses Wilson.

Have you anything to sell and do you want to buy something special. If so, try a want "Ad" in the Watchman.

Miss Hampton announces her Fall Millinery Opening for Tuesday, Sept. 22nd, and following day. All are invited.

Mr. A. A. McGibbon, of Brownsburg, accompanied by his niece, Miss Alice Smith, of Ottawa, returned to her home on Tuesday.

Mrs. L. Robinson and son George, of Louisa, returned on Monday after a pleasant visit with friends in Montreal and Rosemere.

The Misses Marjorie and Winsome Christie, of Chicago, have been spending a weeks visit in town as the guest of Mrs. T. Christie.

Miss B. Laland, of Beech Ridge, has received a bonus of $25.00 from the Council of Public Instruction for her marked success in teaching.

Miss A. A. Lavigne, Foundry Street, takes pleasure in announcing her Millinery Opening on Monday, Sept. 21st, and following days. A visit is solicited.

Miss V. Marcil wishes to announce her Millinery Opening on Wednesday, the 23rd Sept. and the follwing days. All the ladies of the County are cordially invited.

Mrs. H. W. Neil and daughter Eleanor of Everett, Mass., and Mrs. W. MacKay, of Montreal, were the guests of Mrs. A. A. McGibbon, of Brownsburg, during the past week.

The many friends of Mrs. R. Hamilton while grieved to learn that she was removed to the Montreal General Hospital on Saturday for appendicitis, will be pleased to learn that the operation has been successful.

When out to the exhibition next week don't miss taking home some gold fish. Mr. E. Darlington has secured a supply and will have them ready for you. They make a nice present.

Cameron Hay has just received from the Royal Victoria College McGill, an intimation that she has been awarded the residental scholarship of $200.00, as a result of her matriculation examination at McGill in June last.

Under the auspices of the Baptist Church the evening of the 24th, of September has been set aside for a special engagement of Miss Lucy Webling and Mr. Walter McRaye, two of England's well known entertainers. They are recently from Europe and are on another of their extensive tours. A splendid programme of Playlets, Sketches, Comediettas, and scenes from great plays will be laid before the people of this county and you are advised to keep this evening apart.

Our New Jackets are worth seeing Come and see them.

W. BANFORD & SON.

WHY PAY MORE.

Winchester Rifles 1894 Model 38-55 Calibre 26 inch round barrel 9 shots 7½lbs. Price $15.75 delivered at your nearest R. R Station. Shot guns and other rifles at low prices. Remit by P. O. Money order, Postal Note or Express order to

R S. MACARTHUR,
10-9 Dalesville, Que.

Miss L. Moore is visiting with friends in Ottawa this week.

Miss Mary Lambton returned home on Thursday to the city.

Miss Frutier, of Montreal, is visiting in town, the guest of Mrs. Mathieu.

Mr. Harold Small, of Montreal, is spending his holidays with Mr. Thos. McGregor.

Mr. Thos. McGregor and daughter Margaret, spent Wednesday in Ottawa, attending the fair.

Miss E. P. F. Patterson spent the week-end with her sisters Mrs. S. E. Smith and Mrs. W. J. Hammond.

Miss Mary Smith was hostess at an afternoon tea in honor of the Misses Chambers, of Brandon, Man., and Miss Mary Lambton of Montreal.

Red Cross Society.

The local branch of the above society had a busy afternoon on Monday and cut out a large quantity of flannel shirts, pneumonia jackets, etc., and on Tuesday these were distributed, together with a quantity of wool for helmets and wristlets which the willing workers are rushing through for shipment on Saturday.

The finance committee of the Patriotic fund have hecided upon a **"Tag"** Day for the last day of the Exhibition (Thursday next) when the visitors to the fair will be met by a dozen each of our French and English young ladies and a dozen of our boy scouts, who will be on hand with boxes and flags, awaiting the contributions of the people of the county who will, we feel sure, readily respond to the appeal for help.

We are pleased to know that the Patriotic spirit is being so well evidenced and that responses to appeals are coming in with such splendid promptitude. The County Council have contributed $250, Laurentian Lodge of Oddfellows $25, and now we learn that the J. C. Wilson Co'y, employees have unitedly agreed to give a days pay to the Patriotic Fund. Who will be the next?

EDINA.

Mr. Joseph Moncrieff returned home with Miss Sadie last Monday having spent a few days in the busy metropolis.

Grenville Orange Lodge was out in full force last Monday evening. Worshipful Master Henry Trinear had his hands full doing degree work, ably assisted by Mr. James Stewart our worthy Grenville Orange friend.

Preaching Service will be as follows Sunday next, Sept. 20th. In the morning at Belts' School House, afternoon Edina and in the evening at Brown's School House. We trust that a good number be present at each occasion.

A great treat is in store for the people of Edina on Sept. 27th, when the Rev. Clark J. Reilly, B. A., B. D. will conduct the service in the afternoon. All those desiring an intellectual feast will do well by leaving that day open on that occasion.

Mr. Homer Brady, of Freleighburg, who visited Edina and Dalesville has recently returned to Ste. Agathe des Monts, where he ably fills the position of Principal of the School there. A very successful session is apparently before him and his many friends trust that the favorable auspices under which he commenced will continue.

Mr. Thomas Burke, of Pine Hill, who pins great faith in the "Watchman" has been more than successful in his oats harvest. Some of this crop that he has recently gathered in goes at least 45 lbs. to the bushel we have no hesitation in saying that if an opportunity were given to him to exhibit his products that he would be in the front row when the prizes were awarded, it is a great pity we have no agricultural exhibition in this vicinity.

DALESVILLE.

Miss Alma Dixon spent a few days in Lachute last week.

Mrs. R. McCormick, sr., returned from Mille Isles last week.

Miss M. Chambers, of Ste. Philippe, visited Mrs. McCormick on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Campbell attended the Ottawa Exhibition on Wednesday.

Miss M. McLeod who has been visiting Miss C. Graham returned to the city last week.

Mr. D. Dale and the Messrs. G. and T. Davis spent the week-end with Mrs. D. Dale.

Quite a number of young folk took advantage of the excursion to Ottawa on Wednesday.

Pastor W. G. White will preach morning and evening in Dalesville Church, Sunday, Sept. 20th.

The week-night service at Brownsburg will be held Tuesday evening at 7.30, at the home of Mrs. John Graves.

Mrs. G. Davis and Master Cecil who visited Mrs. Dale for the past two weeks returned to Montreal on Sunday.

Mrs. R. S. MacArthur, Master Robert and Miss Jeannette are spending this week in Ottawa attending the Exhibition.

Mr. K. R. Beaton accompanied by his sisters, Mrs. C. Mountain and Miss M. Beaton, of Weir, visited Mrs. Tasse this week.

Dalesville Baptist Church will hold their Annual Tea Meeting on Wednesday Evening, Oct. 7th. Watch for further notice regarding program, tickets, etc.

LADIES' COATS.

We have received a large assortment of Ladies' Coats All the Newest Styles.

There are One Hundred of them and no two of them are alike.

Come in at once and get your size and colour.

W. Banford & Son,
Main Street, Lachute

THE ELITE

Spring Millinery comprising the latest novelties from Chicago and Montreal on view during this coming month. Unmatchable low prices.

Elegant New Blouses, Wash Skirts and Dresses, Underwear, Hosiery, Neckwear, Frilling, Smallware of every description. Make yourself comfortable with Bias Filled Corsets to suit every figure. A pleasure to show them.

H. E. Burwash, Rg'd.

Albert Hall

Telephone 83.

Moving Pictures on Saturdays only, Starting at 8.30 p.m.

A. E. Bishop

Plumber & Electrician

Gasoline, Engine Oils, & Automobile Repairs.

Main St. Phone 83 Lachute.

When you Require Anything

In Watches, Jewelry, Cut Glass, Silver Deposit Ware, Silverware, Etc.,

You will find a large and reliable selection at our store. While we make a specialty of testing eyes, and selling the right kind of glasses, we have enough other things here to share the expense of doing business and make it possible to be more than reasonable in our charges.

The precise advantage of coming here for your glasses is that you know us and we know you. We are equipped with modern facilities for examining eyes and relieving eye strain. Every element of risk has been entirely eliminated. We do the best that can be done by each and every customer.

T. JOUSSE, Main St., Lachute.

Watchmaker, Jeweller and Optician

Agent for the Edison Phonograhp.

HOME

With the Watermelon.

Perhaps the watermelon is never better than when it is served, perfectly ripe, in a perfectly natural state. If it were not for the trouble of eating it, we probably should enjoy a huge wedge of it, eaten out of hand, in true pickaninny fashion. But next best to this ideal way of eating it comes the generous slice or wedge served on a plate.

To be good, a watermelon must be thoroughly ripe and thoroughly chilled. Then it can be cut in inch-thick slices and served on plates with the rind removed, or it can be sent whole to the table and then cut in wedge-shaped pieces.

Like any plentiful summer fruit, watermelon could be served far oftener than it usually is if the home cook would but master more ways of serving it. Watermelon au natural, no matter how good it may be, palls after many servings; but watermelon ice, watermelon cherries, watermelon hearts, watermelon with spun sugar and watermelon in half a dozen other different forms could be served every day for a week.

Watermelon in Small Forms.—A sound, ripe watermelon can be cut into many different little shapes to make dainty and appetizing desserts. It can be cut into balls with a ball potato cutter, chilled on the ice, and served sprinkled with sugar in sherbet cups. It can be cut into balls and served under the name of watermelon cherries, soaked in maraschino cherry juice, in sherbet cups. It can be cut in diamonds, three inches long and an inch long and an inch thick and two of them with a little rum poured over them, can be served on each plate. It can be cut in cubes or blocks, chilled and served without flavoring for an appetizer at luncheon. It can be cut in any shape at all, piled in a pyramid and served with a little spun sugar ornament on top.

Watermelon Sherbet. — Frozen watermelon is a surprising delicacy to many persons. One way of making it is very simple. It is this: Crush the pulp of very ripe watermelon with a silver fork and pack it into a freezer. Let it stand for two or three hours packed in salt and ice and then serve it in sherbet cups.

Another watermelon sherbet calls for two quarts of watermelon juice and pulp and a cupful of sugar with the juice of half a lemon. Freeze until it is thick and then remove the dasher and add the beaten whites of two eggs. Pack for a couple of hours.

Watermelons for the Future. — Watermelon catsup is an easily made and good winter appetizer. To prepare the watermelon for it, remove the rind, leaving a little of the white. Cut the melon in convenient pieces and cook it gently until it is soft. Do not add any water. You can cook it in a double boiler or carefully over a low heat in a saucepan, as the water in the melon soon forms moisture enough to keep it from burning. When it is soft, rub it through a colander which, of course, retains the seeds. Measure it and to seven pints allow three scant cups of sugar and a cupful and a half of vinegar, boiled with the sugar ten minutes and skimmed. Then add the following spices and simmer for twenty minutes: Three quarters of an ounce each of ground cloves, cinnamon and mace. Bottle while hot.

Watermelon Pickles.—For watermelon pickles cut off the green rind of a watermelon and cut it into cubes about three quarters of an inch square. Cover with water and add alum about the size of a hazel nut. Soak over night and in the morning rinse in fresh water two or three times. Boil in water until you can pierce the rind with a broom corn and then drain. Make a syrup of equal parts of vinegar and brown sugar. Slice lemons very thin and remove the skins and slice some ginger root thin. Use a quart of vinegar and four cupfuls of sugar to four quarts of the rind, four lemons, an ounce of stick cinnamon and about a teaspoonful of ginger root. Cook slowly until the rind is clear and the syrup is thick and bottle.

As a Garnish.—Watermelon pulp, red and ripe, can be cut into shapes of all sorts and used as a garnish. Cubes of watermelon ranged around a slice of pineapple on white lettuce leaves, dressed with French dressing, make an attractive color scheme. Balls of watermelon can be used to top off orange water ice in sherbet cups or can be served with vanilla ice cream.

Household Hints.

Raw potato juice is a valuable cleanser. It will remove stains from the hands and also from woollen fabrics.

Before cleaning knives on a knife-board damp them slightly. They clean more quickly, and gain a better polish.

To strengthen shirt-buttonholes stitch round and round with the machine after the buttonholes have been worked over.

Articles infested with moths or fleas should be saturated in benzine. The benzine injures nothing and it kills the pests.

To stiffen sheer fabrics, such as dimities or chiffons and veilings, put three tablespoonfuls of sugar in the last rinsing water you wash them.

In dusty districts cleaning should be done regularly and thoroughly once a week, and the windows sills and furniture lightly dusted each morning.

Take the fat from a fowl, put it in a jar, and place it in the oven to melt, and you have one of the best preparations for keeping boots and shoes in good condition.

The person who does not pay as he goes seldom succeeds in accumulating anything. It is better to deny oneself at times than to run in debt for unnecessary things.

To prevent corks sticking in mucilage and paste bottles, grease them with lard immediately after drawing them the first time. A thorough greasing prevents their sticking.

A teacher of cooking says that for every quart of cooked vegetables four even tablespoonsfuls of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and an eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper should be used for seasoning.

To utilize a large old sponge, place in the bottom of your umbrella stand. This will prevent the metal ferules breaking the bottom by striking it with too much force, and it will also absorb the water from the umbrellas and may be wrung out and replaced.

To prevent shoes from creaking put a small quantity of linseed oil on a plate or shallow pan, and stand the sole of the shoe in it for a few hours. The creak will disappear and the shoe will also last longer on account of this treatment.

Potatoes should be peeled thinly and not exposed to the air after peeling or they will discolor. They should be boiled slowly; if cooked too fast they will break. After cooking drain off all water and stand the saucepan on the stove for a few minutes. This makes them dry and floury.

Chamois leather gloves of white and light shades can be perfectly washed as follows:—Make a lather with pure Castile soap and water, using one spoonful of ammonia to each quart. When the water is tepid put in the gloves, and let them soak for fifteen minutes, then press them with the hands, but do not wring them. Rinse in fresh cold water with a little ammonia added, and press the gloves in a towel. Dry them in the open air, first blowing in them to put them out.

Plenty of sunshine and fresh air are the most effective helps the housewife has in her fight against the insect pests in our homes. Clothes moths infest closets and drawers where unused garments are stored, and while the moths themselves are harmless, they should be killed whenever seen, because they lay eggs from which caterpillars develop. These feed mostly on woolens and carpets, fur and feathers. Fortunately, they are short lived, but articles that are stored away should be taken out in the sunshine and air occasionally, and carefully examined and brushed to prevent serious damage. Moth balls and various other repellents may keep moths out of an article, but have no effect on those already there.

An Aid to Memory.

"And when you were abroad on your honeymoon trip did you visit the Palace of Peace at The Hague?" asked the girl friend of the bride just home from abroad.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "We had our first quarrel there."

It's an ill tongue that tells no good.

"BOBS" TO HEAD DOMINION TROOPS

APPOINTED COLONEL-IN-CHIEF.

Lord Roberts, aged 82, who offered his services in any capacity, and has been appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the overseas forces which will include the Canadian contingent of 25,000 men.

$117,000,000 FOR AIRSHIPS

WILL ADD THEIR QUOTA TO WAR'S HORRORS.

Germany Hopes to Use Dirigibles Effectively Against British Battleships.

The part which aircraft will play in the great war in progress is a feature of the struggle which will be keenly watched. Only the other day Admiral Sir Percy Scott, the inventor of the most destructive of British Artillery, stated that he had exhausted his engineering skill in devising resistance for dreadnoughts that were rendered obsolete by the forces in the air and under the sea, the airship and the submarine.

European nations have during the past six years spent $117,000,000 in aeroplanes and dirigibles.

France has twenty aircraft factories, all grinding away for dear life. Germany's twelve plants are working night and day. The two great Zeppelin works—the one at Friedrichshafen, the other at Berlin, employing 2,000 skilled artisans—are capable of turning out six Zeppelins a month.

In England six factories are engaged not only in producing aeroplanes, but at Farnborough the British navy is constructing a great rigid dirigible of the Zeppelin type. Russian and Austrian factories are inadequate to keep them supplied.

The organization and work of the respective air fleets of Germany and France are wonderfully perfect. The German air dreadnought fleet is strictly homogeneous and forms one collective striking force. The airship fleet consists of four squadrons of four airships each, with two in reserve. The army and navy dirigibles are operated on a separate basis. The Prussian army possesses six airship battalions of twenty companies, Bavaria three companies, and Saxony and Wurtemburg two companies each.

Have Huge Motors.

Each airship is commanded by a military or naval officer, assisted by two lieutenants. Four helmsmen work in relays; two helmsmen attend to naught but rudders for horizontal steering. An assistant engineer and four engineers handle the motors, of which on latest Zeppelins there are five of 1,000 horsepower. Two wireless operators furnish relief. Three machines and three to six gunners complete the crew, according to the size and armament of the ship.

The latest marine Zeppelins, of which there are three, the L.3, reinforced by the L.4, and L.5, new ships that were finished two weeks ago, are the giants of the entire Zeppelin fleet. They scale 30,000 cubic metres and judging by the voyage of the L.3 in May, when it covered a journey of 2,000 miles around Germany and made it in thirty-four hours, running at the rate of sixty miles an hour, these great ships should have no trouble about remaining continuously in the air for two days and nights with their full war complement and guns, which are probably of greater range than any preceding ship of this type.

These ships are intended by the German Admiralty for attacking the British fleet, possibly at night, since the manoeuvring of Zeppelin airships in conjunction with the sea fleet over the North Sea and the Baltic during both day and night the last two years should have given much experience.

The French organization is equally effective. Each aviation section is divided into aviation flotillas. The entire nation is divided into aviation centres. Observation from the French aeroplanes has proved very successful, and the airmen have returned with accurate estimates of the number, kind, and disposition of troops and artillery. The French count upon the aeroplane to increase the power of their artillery a hundredfold, and their aviators have been able practically to find the target and direct the fire of artillery; but this has never been attempted under real conditions. Each artillery command has a section of aeroplanes attached to it for this purpose.

Bomb Dropping.

They are carried along with the artillery, mounted on wheeled transports, and all the impedimenta necessary to maintain the aeroplanes in the field, such as automobile trucks and traction engines for wheeled transports, have proven to be a cumbersome escort, which may be subjected to the deadly work of the Zeppelins.

It has been developed by actual military experience in France that the observer becomes seasick and nervous, so that the greatest accuracy has not yet been obtained in machines directed by a pilot. The pilot does not fear gusts. Thanks to his piloting he holds in his hands the means for preventing pitching and rolling.

Hudson Maxim, the powder expert, has insisted that bombs dropped from aircraft will do little damage, and the experience of the Italians in Tripoli tends to show that the moral and material effect on troops is very small. In many cases the bombs did not explode. Projectiles have been experimented with by France, but the results have been kept secret. Projectiles for use against aeroplanes and airships have been devised. They release peculiar bullets, which fly out in all directions. The bullets themselves release knives and hooks which tear and rend.

Bomb dropping by the Zeppelins is counted upon by the Germans to produce havoc. The dirigible has the advantage of well regulated speed which allows taking sharp photographs, an adequate working crew, and long range wireless, which permits its commander to give instant information. It has the ability to slacken its speed and hover at night over a supply depot. The bombs which have been dropped from Zeppelins in experimental work have fairly struck circles of fifteen feet in diameter, even when the bombs were sent from five thousand feet. Each of the great German air dreadnoughts carries at least four to five tons of explosives, and the marine Zeppelines transport as much as eight tons.

IS THE END OF ALL MONARCHIES AT HAND?

Perched upon a throne as Emperor, sits the old man of Austria, whose few remaining years are numbered, yet he has a lively interest in Earth's affairs, and, fearing that his passing might be followed by a division of his empire, be determined to act quickly.

A frenzied fanatic slew a princeling and his consort, and the old man thought he could see behind the wanton act a plot against his dynasty; bitterness filled his soul.

Around him lay Europe, another name for a vast magazine of explosives awaiting only the spark to release its disrupting and destroying forces, yet this old man, with trembling hand, flung the lighted torch into its midst, and to-day the roar of cannon, the scream of shell, and the rattle of rifles, tell the sad story of the old man's insane deed. The crimson stream, already broadening into a river, is staining the soil of every old world country, and civilization is pushed back towards mediaeval darkness.

Two other rulers, fearing the stability of their thrones, have joined issue, and have dragged into the seething strife Europe's only great republic, who, though desiring peace, finds war forced upon her and her territory actually invaded by menacing hordes.

And in England, where democracy has made of monarchy but a symbol, calmest of all the great powers, striving to the very last to avert the threatened cataclysm, has been forced into the maelstrom and has joined her allies to swell the crimson stream to a devastating flood.

Into this whirlpool of bellum lethale have been drawn the little nations, to whom peace is the only desideratum, but whose territory unfortunately lies in the pathway of the mighty contending armies; but as seemingly intent that none shall escape the general devastation, neutrality treaties count as nothing to thwart the ambitions of the maddened rulers who have plunged Europe into this unholy war.

Thus three men,—Emperor, Czar and Kaiser,—have kindled a fire under the fabric of civilization that in a short time will consume what generations of men cannot restore. The men who are marching to-day under their respective banners, and who are paying the last drop of patriotic blood for the upkeep of useless dynasties, had no voice in the issue. They heard their country's call to arms and nobly responded; but the die was cast by the jewelled hands of rulers who are far from the dangers of the great struggle, and the peaceful citizens lay down the tools of their employment and took up the weapons of war against their brothers.

Beneath it all is heard the mutterings of popular interest and protest, except in Russia, which is still semi-barbaric and eager for war. There, democracy has made small headway, and those who have agitated in its favor have been hunted out and sent to Siberia.

In Italy the working classes brought such pressure to bear on her rulers that they proclaimed her neutrality, and even in Germany thousands of men and women paraded the streets shouting "Down with war."

In France, a like protest has gone up, and the "Internationale," the song of labor's brotherhood, was heard on the streets of Paris above the "Marseillaise."

In England, Lloyd George, the great defender of democracy, is said to have split the Cabinet by his opposition to war, and the miners of Wales and others have urged the calling of a convention of the laborers of Europe, to force upon the governments their protest and condemnation of this unholy and unjustifiable war. They probably will accomplish but little at this late date, but their numbers, and the intensity of their protest, is full of meaning to the autocrats who have been instrumental in deluging Europe in innocent blood. When the great struggle is ended, and these monarchs withdraw their armies and count the cost, monarchy in Europe of the outocratic kind will face its day of judgement.

What all Europe is fighting about is not worth the life of a single soldier already killed; no wrong has been committed against any nation that the war can alleviate, and, so far as known, only England, and Belgium, whose territory has been invaded, have the slightest cause for war. Even the lives of the Archduke of Austria and his consort did not call for the sacrifice of the lives of the thousands of his own people. Thus the war assumes the aspect of fratricial horror.

It thrusts its brutal fist into the face of a civilization from which the spirit of modern culture and of working class fraternity was fast smoothing the lines of hate, and back of the fist are the jealousies of thrones none too secure.

Can America watch the struggle unaffected? It is impossible. As chaos strikes a continent and consumes the achievements of a century, our sympathy is quickened, and we must feel in time the terrible strain of Europe's loss. We are brothers, and war must cease. Man has girt the world around with cables—with steam he has cut distance to a fraction,—he has made the atmosphere the bearer of his messages,—in short he has fraternalized the human race, and this fratricidal war will go down in history as the most unjust and inexcusable of all wars known to man.

In the enormous issues at stake, it is not merely France and Russia, or England, we have to contemplate, but the destiny of European civilization, which will now be decided by the force of arms.

CHAS. M. BICE.

Denver, Colo., Aug. 10, 1914.

On Turkish Inns.

To the traveller accustomed to the luxury of up-to-date hotels, a Turkish "khan" (inn) comes as a rude surprise. One finds oneself suddenly whisked from the twentieth to the tenth century. Beneath a central archway one passes into a quadrangle, which, with its fountain, suggests University precincts. The ground floor of the building forms the stables. Above are the guest-rooms. The principal guest-room—the one above the entrance gateway—is allotted to travellers of note. It is innocent of the appointments proper to a European bedchamber, its furniture consisting merely of a roll of matting to spread on a low, wooden platform, and an earthenware pipkin for water.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

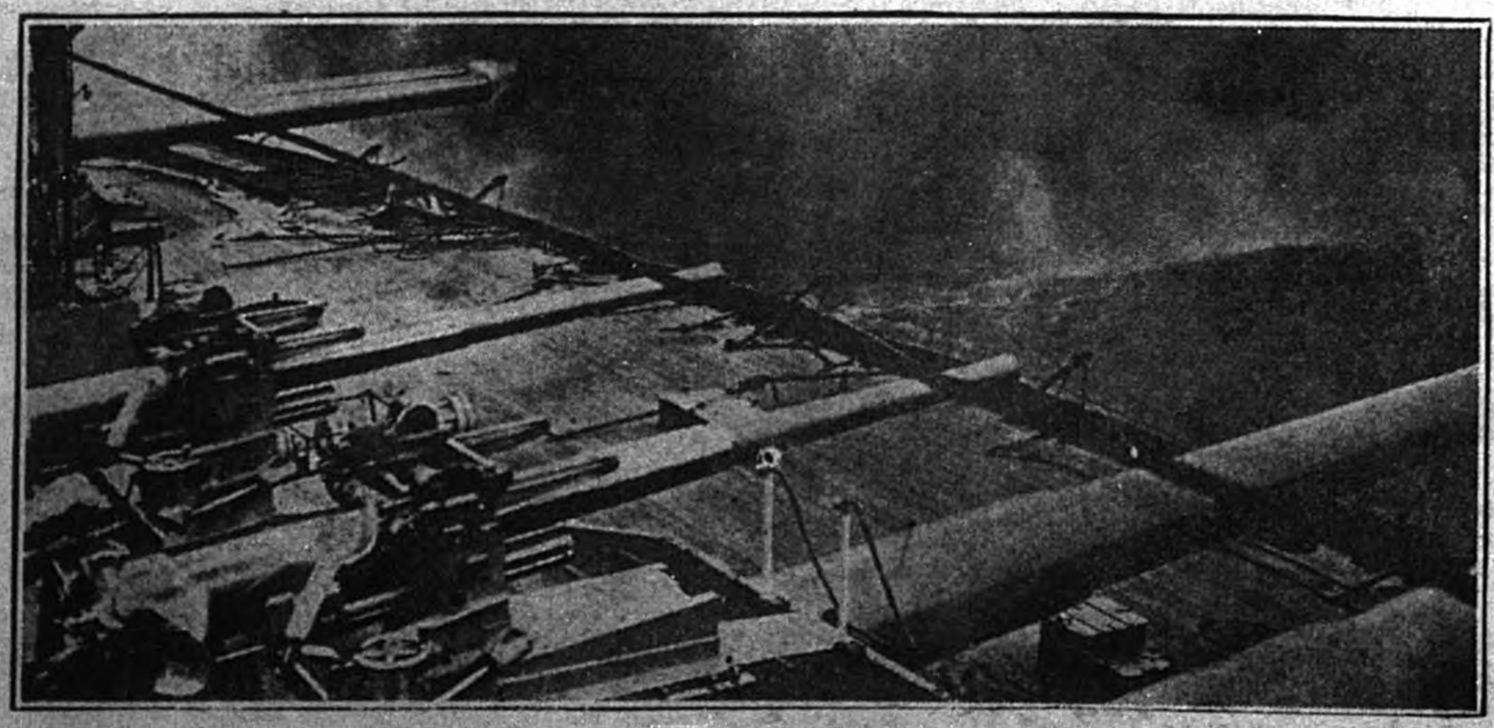
"Let me have some money, dear; I want to take a little trip."

"Can't you afford it."

"Isn't that too provoking? I was thinking of visiting mamma to keep her from coming here."

"Why didn't you say so at first?"

But when a woman puts her foot down, the size of her shoe cuts no figure.



His Majesty's Battleship "Dreadnought" Firing Her Aft Turret Guns

CARVING UP GERMAN AFRICA

RICH PRIZES FOR FRANCE AND BRITAIN.

Great Warring Nations Have Large Possessions in the Dark Continent.

Not only the map of Europe but also the map of Africa is apt to be changed considerably in the near future, for the three great powers, now engaged in the titanic European struggle, all hold extensive stretches of territory on the Dark Continent.

The French Empire in the northern part of Africa alone is very large. In acquiring this France has had many differences with the Kaiser.

Then again the German activities have clashed with those of Great Britain. England has control over Egypt and the country about the southern point of Africa extending northward, but this is broken in its continuity by the German possessions on the eastern coast (German East Africa).

Good Picking.

Present probabilities are that whatever map making, if any, is done in Africa, will be done in spite of Germany and at Germany's expense. The German possessions in Africa have a total area of nearly a million square miles, or, to be exact, 931,420 square miles. The African possessions are 4½ times as large as Germany itself, which is about 209,000 square miles in extent. The African possessions have a population of 12,700,000, as against 65,000,000 in Germany. Apart from its African possessions, Germany has only a few small islands in the Pacific.

Undoubtedly the French are the better colonizers and the most loved of the three great European nations in Africa. If the worst comes to the worst, it is said, France could raise a black army of 250,000 to fight for her, while the Germans would have to fight with European soldiers only. The blacks living under French government have been made French subjects and the equal of Frenchmen, and love their masters, while the black man of the German possession both fears and detests the ruler who wears the spiked helmet. The Egyptian fellah respects his British master, but he doesn't love him.

Took Part of Morocco.

Colonization methods of the three nations are widely different. Indeed it is said "when the English occupy a country the first thing they build is a custom house, the Germans a barracks and the French a railway.

Every foot of German territory in Africa has been gained at the expense of friction. One clash of the German and French resulted in the former taking a good portion of the rich Moroccan country in the northwest corner of Africa. If the war extends to Africa and the French are victorious they would undoubtedly demand this portion of Morocco back and the Cameroons another German possession on the west coast, would in all probability go to France in addition to Alsace and Lorraine.

One Obstacle.

Were it not for Germany the "all red" railway, from the Cape to Cairo on the east coast, would be possible for the British. A glance at the map will show this broken bit of possession. It will show the present territory held by the Germans in two sections on the west, adjacent to the Belgian Congo in the centre of the continent. Germany might in the next few years to come, if she survives this war without losing her African possessions, purchase Portuguese East Africa.

The Kaiser may possibly, ere this war is over, lose his foothold in Africa and at the same time the French and the British possessions would be enlarged. Just what this means may be gleaned from the fact that German capital expenditures in Africa have reached a total of $400,000,000.

Wonders Done.

Going into the desert country of the British you come to Timbuctoo, which 20 years ago was nothing but a name, and is now the junction of an Atlantic-Mediterranean railway, part of which has been constructed and part of which is under construction.

The French empire in Africa is not all desert. Two years ago the government announced that a tract many square miles in area in the heart of the Sahara had been reclaimed and was ready for grain planting. On the basis of past work, in 50 years one half of the desert will be reclaimed.

The affairs at home have kept Germany busy of late years and her colonial enterprises have been a flat failure. In Africa the German possessions have more soldiers than traders, and more barracks than schools. The natives have been so reduced in number that it has been found necessary to import white labor to do a good part of the heavy work in railroad building.

Possessions Scattered.

The German territory in Africa is divided into four scattered chunks. On the east coast is German East Africa, on the west is German South-west Africa, while farther north is Cameroons. Togoland is a little strip sandwiched in between French Dahomey and the British Gold Coast.

Togoland has an area of 33,660 square miles, while the population is 1,580,000, of whom only 363 are Europeans. German South-west Africa has an area of about 322,450 square miles and a population of 200,000, of which but 14,000 are white people, and of these 12,000 are Germans. German East Africa has an area of 384,180 square miles with a population of 7,500,000, of which about 6,000 are Europeans. Cameroons, having a coast line of 200 miles, has an area of 191,130 square miles, and a 3,500,000 population, of whom but 1,400 are Europeans.

GERMANY'S POPULATION.

Was 67,812,000 at End of First Half of 1914.

Fears that the time is rapidly approaching when the population of Germany, like that of France, will become stationary, or even go back, have been dissipated for the present by an estimate in the latest year book of the Imperial German Statistical Office, putting the population of the Empire at the end of the first half of 1914 at 67,812,000. This compares with 66,981,000 in the previous year and shows an increase practically the same size as was recorded from 1912 to 1913, and exceeding the gain from 1911 to 1912 by 44,000.

Comparisons with the growth of the population in France give striking figures. In 1872, following the Franco-German War, France had a population of about 36,000,000, only 5,000,000 less than Germany. In 1911 she had less than 40,000,000, and the number has declined since then. Thus her increase in 42 years has been less than 3,000,000, against an increase for Germany of 26,000,000.

The tremendous increase of Russia saves the Triple Entente from being overwhelmed by numbers by the Triple Alliance. Germany alone has three-fourths as many inhabitants as Great Britain and France together, and Austria and Italy add roundly 86,000,000 to this number. The great population of Russia, however, brings the total strength of the Triple Entente to 253,000,000, against 152,000,000 for the Triple Alliance.

Germany's growing population is illustrated by a great statistical chart at the Stuttgart Hygienic Exhibition. This chart shows that in Germany:

One child is born every 16 seconds.

Two sets of twins are born every hour.

One person dies every 28 seconds.

Thirty-five infants die every hour.

One victim of tuberculosis dies every 4½ minutes.

One victim of infectious tumors dies every ten minutes.

Three fatal accidents occur every hour.

One suicide occurs each hour.

The net result is that Germany's population increases by 100 every hour.

LESS MEAT

Advice of Family Physician.

Formerly people thought meat necessary for strength and muscular vigor.

The man who worked hard was supposed to require meat two or three times a day. Science has found out differently.

It is now a common thing for the family physician to order less meat, as in the following letter from an Eastern man:

"I had suffered for years with dyspepsia and nervousness. My physician advised me to eat less meat and greasy foods generally. I tried several things to take the place of my usual breakfast of chops, fried potatoes, etc., but got no relief until I tried Grape-Nuts food.

"After using Grape-Nuts for the cereal part of my meals for two years, I am now a well man. Grape-Nuts benefited my health far more than the medicine I had taken before.

"My wife and children are healthier than they had been for years, and we are a very happy family, largely due to Grape-Nuts.

"We have been so much benefited by Grape-Nuts that it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge it."

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.

Children of the Late Crown Prince Ferdinand.

These are the little orphans, the assassination of whose parents, Crown Prince Ferdinand of Austria and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, was the excuse for Austria's declaration of war against Servia. In the midst of the world's anger against those who precipitated this cruel war, these innocent victims of international politics will receive sympathy.

WEAPONS OF MODERN ARMY

NO REVOLUTION IN SCIENCE OF WARFARE.

Three Branches of the Army, Cavalry, Artillery and Infantry.

Caesar said that Gaul was divided into three parts, and this applies also to the modern army, which is divided into horse, foot and artillery. Our general knowledge on this point is not likely to be greatly increased as a result of the present war, since the censorship is so strict, and is likely to be more so. However, in the Franco-Prussian War, as General Sherman said, he saw nothing new in the matter of grand tactics, and in the present war there is not likely to be any revolution as regards the science of warfare. The big battles will still be decided by the infantry, and they have their definite functions to perform. There is no chance of a military genius appearing who will have infantry do what has hitherto been accomplished by cavalry nor cavalry that will serve the purposes of artillery. We know now as well as we shall know in another six months, what is expected of the three branches of the army, and it may be interesting to mention their duties.

New Cavalry Tactics.

Taking them in the order in which they get into action, first place must be given to the cavalry. Until comparatively recent times the function of cavalry was to advance a slight distance in front of the infantry, spy out the land, and generally clear the way for the main body of the army. Nowadays the cavalry is almost as detached from the army as are the flying machines. It was Col. George T. Denison, of Toronto, who had the honor of first discovering a new method of employing the horsemen, and the principles laid down in his textbook on the subject have since been adopted by all modern countries. Col. Denison suggested that the cavalry might advance with safety and advantage forty or fifty miles in front of the infantry and artillery and already the reports from Belgium indicate that the German cavalry has been at least this far in front of the other troops. Indeed, some of the Uhlans have gone so far that they have become lost, and have fallen an easy prey to the Belgian scouts.

Cavalry's Two Functions.

Modern cavalry has two functions, the first and most important being to penetrate the enemy's country and discover the strength and disposition of the hostile forces. It is a screen for the advance, and does scouting duty. In the present war the cavalry is often accompanied by small detachments of infantry and artillery conveyed upon motor trucks, so as to be able to follow the horsemen. Being challenged by considerable bodies of troops, the cavalry retires and returns to the army headquarters with the information it has been able to gather. The second duty of the cavalry is to hold itself in readiness to serve as a sort of forlorn hope when the battle is joined. It is held in readiness to be sacrificed at any moment when the enemy prepare for a sudden onrush. Practically all the notable cavalry engagements of modern times, such as the charge at Balaclava, tragic blunder though it was; the advance of the Austrian cavalry at Custozza in 1886, Bredow's charge at Mars-la-Tours, and others, were undertaken with the idea of stopping or postponing a general advance of artillery or infantry that threatened the main body of the army.

The Duty of the Artillery.

In recent years, however, it is the artillery that has made the most important strides as a death-dealing agency, and on this account it is not likely that the cavalry in the present war will be effective for charging purposes. It will still do scout duty, but it will do little charging against quick-firing guns. The real battle is fought by the infantry. The cavalry provides the infantry with the map; the artillery clears the way for it. The artillery, however, comes first into action, and its function is, primarily, to silence other artillery that might destroy the infantry. Incidentally, it will put out of action the opposing infantry if possible, but since modern infantry no longer advances in close formation, despite the blunders of the Germans in this respect, the artillery cannot do the execution it was capable of under the old system of warfare.

The Real Fighting.

As the main army advances, the artillery goes into action, and begins shelling the enemy's guns. In the meantime, the infantry creeps nearer in an attenuated line, each man taking advantage of any natural breastwork, or even digging himself a shallow trench with the little spade that is part of his equipment. Lying thus, the shells of the artillery hurtle overhead, the infantry probably, being so far away from the enemy that it is useless to fire. Closer and closer the infantry advances in irregular lines. If the artillery fire has been successful, the men on foot are able to reach within a quarter of a mile of the position to be carried. Then the infantry opens fire. The shells from the artillery burst over their heads, and the fire from the rear is redoubled. The infantry rises from the ground and rushes forward. At 200 yards' distance there is another halt, then another charge. When the infantry is within 100 yards of the enemy the artillery fire ceases, and the rest is left to the bayonet, and the final charge home. Should the cavalry be a failure, the artillery covers the retreat and the cavalry again appears.

Willie Wants to Know.

Mother (cooking)—Phew! That's a bad egg.

Willie—Why don't you make it good?

Mother—I can't make a bad egg good, my son.

Willie—Why, I heard the grocer tell you if you found any bad ones he'd make 'em good, and if he can, why can't you?

"I'm afraid you may think we're giving you a lot of fish this week, old man," said the genial host, as they sat down to dinner. "The fact is my wife has got hold of what sounds like a really capital device for removing a fishbone stuck in the throat, and we want to see if it works."

WAR DEATH RATE LOWER

WILL BE LESS AMONG THE WOUNDED MEN.

The Modern Bullet Makes Work of Army Surgeons Easier.

In spite of the magnitude of the European war the death rate will be the lowest of any war in history, according to surgeons, who say that the rigid enforcement of sanitary regulations and the high velocity of the small-calibre bullets of modern rifles will not only reduce the mortality, but will make the work of the army surgeon far more easy and efficient than ever before.

The needle-pointed, steel-covered bullets will either go clear through a man, making a wound that is easily cared for, or they will kill almost instantly and practically painlessly on striking a vital organ, in direct contrast to the wounds caused by the old, lower-powered guns as were used in the Civil War in the United States or the Franco-Prussian War. One surgeon said:

"Modern warfare has produced many deadly agencies to kill and wound, such as cannon balls, which either kill instantly or may tear off a limb; hand grenades, explosive missiles which are deadly at close range; bursting shells, which produce fearful wounds which always suppurate and menace life, and rifle bullet wounds. It is with the latter that my hope for a lessened mortality rests. The modern bullet is an immense improvement over the old-fashioned, large-calibre, soft-lead bullet. The old bullet was fired at low velocity, made a big hole on entering the body, was often deflected in the tissues, flattened out, and became larger, and either lodged in the body or came out by tearing a larger hole. The new bullet is rarely more than one-third of an inch in diameter, is covered with steel and pointed, and rotates on its own axis about 2,500 times a second. It has such power that it can inflict a fatal wound at 5,000 yards.

Drills a Neat Hole.

"When such a bullet strikes a man it usually makes a small hole through the body, drilling a neat hole even through a bone, it is not deflected, and will not flatten out and tear a large hole on leaving the body. The wound usually heals quickly. The modern bullet is a merciful weapon; it either kills quickly or puts a man out of the battle and yet without making him a cripple the rest of his days. When the old soft bullet struck a bone it flattened out and made a terrible fracture of the bone, which usually meant amputation, and under unsanitary conditions, the death of the soldier.

"It is extraordinary how quickly a wound made by the modern bullet will heal. This is due to, not only the small, neat hole, but to the fact that infection with germs is becoming rare in these wounds. The heat of the explosion, the scraping of the bullet by the rifling of the gun, the tremendous scrubbing the rapidly-rotating and forward moving bullet receives from the air, all tend to make the bullet almost sterile when it penetrates the body. The few bacteria which may remain are widely scattered in the tissues and are easily overcome by the tissue resistance found in a healthy man.

Sanitary Regulations.

"Sanitary regulations are becoming more and more scientific in all armies. Personal cleanliness is insisted upon, and water supply, disposal of waste, and all activities are carried on in a hygienic manner. The Japanese were the first nation to perceive the importance of personal cleanliness. They are the cleanest people, physically, in the world, to-day. Every Japanese while at home takes several baths a day. When Japan was at war with Russia every soldier had to follow strict bathing rules. Just before every battle he had to take a bath with some disinfectant and don clean, freshly boiled clothing. They obeyed with patriotic fidelity, and the result was that when the Japanese soldier met his less clean Russian enemy he had on a new kind of armor—a carbolized skin covered by a clean shirt. The Russian usually was unbathed and clad in garments which certainly were not sterilized. When the bullet struck the Russian it penetrated a germ-laden garment, passed through a germ-covered skin, and carried many bacteria on bits of clothing into his body, seriously infecting him. The Japanese soldier received his bullet through a clean skin, and only clean fragments of clothing came in with the bullet. It was an aseptic operation, and the Jap quickly recovered."

How It Was.

"Did you have a fine auto trip?"

"I must say it was mostly fine."

ORIGIN OF THE ENTENTE

THE FRIENDSHIP OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

Alliance of France and Russia Began Through Hostility to England.

Great Britain's stand from the very beginning of the present European situation has been so aggressively pro-French largely because during the closing years of the last century there resided in Paris a Scotchman with an idea. The man was Thomas Barclay, and the idea was the desirability of an entente between the monarchy and the republic.

If any individual (outside of cabinet or ex-cabinet ministers) can tell the world of this momentous entente, Barclay is the man. England gave him his knighthood—he has been Sir Thomas for ten years—because of his services in the bringing about of the understanding, while France made him an officer of the legion of Honor for the same reason. After the signing of the Anglo-French treaty of arbitration in October, 1903, Lord Lansdowne, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Lord Alverstone, Chief Justice of England, gave to Barclay chief credit for the bringing together of the nations, while Paul Cambon, French Ambassador to London, did so at a later date. Lord Alverstone wrote that "no one knows better than I that the signing of the Anglo-French treaty is entirely due to you."

Sir Thomas, who used to be President of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, achieved his result in consequence of years of molding of public opinion on both sides of the English Channel through speeches, through the newspapers, through letters, through personal interviews with men in the highest official places, through a set campaign carried forward month after month with profound determination.

It is thus an author who knows his subject in utmost detail who discusses the entente in a new book entitled "Thirty Years; Anglo-French Reminiscences."

No German Hostility.

In view of the present alignment of the European powers, two facts brought out by Sir Thomas are of peculiar interest. The first is that the alliance between France and Russia antedating the Anglo-French rapprochement, was entered into largely as a result of hostility to England; the lands of the President and the Czar were both unfriendly to Great Britain at that time, therefore they had in this a common ground of sympathy on which they met and embraced. The second odd point, when Europe's situation of to-day is viewed, is that there was in the beginning no intention on the part of France or England that their friendship should be in the least either a means of defence from Germany or a means of offense against that power; Germany was not considered, the entente being solely to straighten misunderstandings and banish hostility between the Briton and the Gaul. But the entente has changed with age, undergoing evolution with the growing power of Germany.

Sir Thomas shows that in the first place, approximately from 1880 to 1900, there was suspicion, then dislike, then hatred, finally almost war (over Fashoda) between France and England. Then came less hatred, less dislike, less suspicion, at last toleration, followed by a carefully nurtured liking. Then the arbitration treaty was signed, and from the drawing together of the nations which made that treaty possible there has sprung the warm friendship which both English and French term the entente cordiale.

On the Chute.

Gabe—He says he is a descendant of a great family.

Steven—Yes, and he is still descending.

The Watchman
AND
OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

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The WATCHMAN will be published every Friday.

J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

The WATCHMAN will be mailed to subscribers in Canada for $1.00 in advance or $1.50 at the end of the year and the United States $1.50 in advance.

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The WATCHMAN
LACHUTE. - - QUE

A SPLENDID VICTORY.

—:o:—

General Joffre's announcement that the Allies have won a decisive victory, and the corroborative statements by the French War office respecting the retirement of the various German forces make glorious news. Fear is dispelled that the German retirement was a ruse to lure the Allies out of their strong positions, and bring about a battle upon conditions more favorable to the invaders. General Joffre's description of the German retreat, in which arms, ammuniteon, prisoners and wounded have been left behind, seems to give assurance that the retreat is little less than a rout. The siege of Paris is now only a remote possibility, instead of a proqability. Indeed the Belgian forces, which have remained comparatively inactive since they retired from Antwerp, are now aggressively attacking the German lines of communication through Belgium. It is possible that the German retreat may have to be conducted through the Meuse valley and Luxemburg. The speed with which the invading hosts are evacuating positions which a week ago far behind their lines of battle seem to indicate a determination on their part to get well back on the Belgian or German front, in order to re-organize their campaign, which the strategy of the Allies so rudely upset. The Allies decisive victory may not at once clear France of the enemy, but it has undoubtedly shortened the war by many months. The German bolt, so far as the subjugation of France is concerned, has been spent. Not again can the Germans organize such a masterly march upon Paris as that which proved their undoing. The Allies are now too strongly knit for the weakened German hosts to recover their power. The invincibleness of Prussian militarism has been knocked into a cocked hat, and the proud assurance of the Germans that they would speedily crush the troops opposed to them has been given a demolishing blow. It is not wise, of course, to look for uninterrupted successes and advances by the Allies. The German resistance is sure to be sternly determined. The big fact is that the tide seems to have turned decisively, and the disorderly retirement of the Kaiser's troops promises the speedy hurling back of the invaders into their territory.

SOUTH AFRICA.

—:o:—

Premier Botha has announced in the South African Parliament that an invading force of Germans is occupying Union soil. The South African government is undertaking military operations against the invading forces, and against German south-west Africa. Though they have racial affinity with their German neighbors now in arms, the Boers join with the British of Natal and Cape Colony in giving whole-hearted support to the Imperial government, and in burying the hatchet of race.

In his announcement to Parliament, Premier Botha, himself one of the Boer generals, made this declaration of unflinching loyalty to Brriain:—"This Assembly "must realize that South Africa's "future is being decided on the "battlefields of Europe, and al- "though there may be many here "who in the past have been hos- "tile to the British flag, they "to-day ten times rather be under "the British than the German "flag." If German diplomacy calculated upon a Boer revolt in South Africa as it counted upon trouble in India and Egypt, it is sorely mistaken The massing of German forces in German South-west Africa upon the borders of the Union is an invitation to the Germrn and Dutch population to join them against the British. But the South African Government arranges a loan of $35,000,000 with the Imperial Government, and prepares to capture German South-west Africa for the British flag! The war which was thought by the Germans to be a rock upon which the Empire would split is the cement that binds the various parts indissolubly together.

RIVINGTON.

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The "Riverside House" has been unusually crowded this summer.

Miss Helen McFarlane, of Montreal, visited friends at Mr. S. G. Bains last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gates and family, of Montreal, are the guests of Mr. S. J. Young this week.

Mrs. A. Lucas and family has returned to Montreal after spending a month at Mr. R. W. Stewarts.

Misses F. and D. and Mrs. Walter Morrison, of Arundel, visited friends here last week.

Mr. Fraser preached his farewell sermon in the Baptist Church on Sunday last to a large congregation. We hope to see him back again next year.

Messrs. George and Duncan McVicar started their Camp at Lake Commandent last week.

We are glad to see the leaves falling as it is a sign of early hunting, and deer seem quite plentiful.

Miss Mary McCutcheon has returned from the hospital and is doing well after undergoing an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. James Arnold is recovering after being confined in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, for two months, suffering for dropsy and heart trouble.

MABEL.

—o—

Miss Hazel Warwick has gone to spend a week with friends in Montreal.

Our school has opened with Miss Gamble, of Franklin Centre, as teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Murdoch and Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McKenzie spent Sunday in Dalesville.

Miss K. Yule, of Ottawa, is spending her holidays with her many friends in this vicinity.

The farmers are busily engaged in cutting their corn and filling silos and report a good yield.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Clarke and daughter Bella were welcome guests at Mrs. Geo. A. Clarkes recently.

Mrs. J. Brown of Montreal, is spending some time the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Jno. McAdam.

Miss Helene Jolley of Mount Maple, spent the week end the guest of her sister Mrs. W. D. Warwick.

A social will be held at the home of Mr. John Mason, Mabel, on Friday evening the 18th. All are welcome. Admission 25c. Children 10c.

Death has again cast a gloom over this vicinity in the death of Edwin Hebson Murdock, who passed away Sept. 1st, 1914, at the early age of 24 years. Hebson will be greatly missed by his many friends whom he won by his agreeable and cheerful disposition. We deeply sympathize with his father, mother and five sisters who are left to mourn his loss.

LOUISA.

Mr. Reuben Creswell and his sister Miss A. Creswell were in Lachute on Saturday last.

Mrs. A. Hall spent Friday afternoon in Brownsburg.

Mr. Joseph Creswell spent Monday last in Lachute.

Are you Insured?

If not, why not! You owe it to yourselves and those who are near and dear to you. A policy in the London and Lancashire Life, Assurance Co., will mean a small outlay now and a big return by and bye. Think it over and then have a talk with R. A. GILES, Agent,
Watchman Office,
Lachute, Que.

PUTTING CLASS AGAINST CLASS

Attempts to Make Western Farmers Regard Canadian Manufacturer as an Enemy

The Vancouver, B.C. News-Advertiser observes editorially:

"Out in Saskatoon the editor of The Grain Growers' Guide has been telling the organized Grain Growers how the farmers of the West are robbed by the railways, the banks, the manufacturers, the ship owners, and most other interests. This orator, who is himself a manufacturer of newspapers, and not a farmer, has been diligently trying to persuade the Western grain growers that they are the most injured men on earth. Writers and speakers who address a single class in this spirit have a great opportunity. No people live who cannot be made to believe that they do not get their share of the world's gains, and the man who goes about to show a class that they are chronically injured can always get a hearing.

The Western farmer is thus constantly taught to regard the Canadian manufacturer as an enemy. It is an easy lesson, because there are few factories in the prairie country. Nor are there many people who, out of their savings, buy a few bank or railway or industrial shares. The Western man is not satisfied with the modest return that the Eastern farmer obtains from his savings. He buys land and makes much larger profits on the unearned increment. His first homestead cost him nothing. On his subsequent land purchases he has made large gains, whether he tilled the soil or not. The manufacturers of Eastern Canada have not made nearly such large returns on their investments as the class of Western farmers whom The Grain Growers' Guide represents. The stockholders in the banks and the railways have not received so many melons in the shape of profits from unearned increment. The manufacturer and the shareholder are on the average as fair and honest as the prairie farmer, who is neither better nor worse than other people. It is no more moral to work a harvester than to build one, to buy a quarter section for profit than to purchase a workshop.

"This special business of stirring up the hatred and jealousy of a worthy class of landowners against all other classes, and of the people in one part of Canada against those of other provinces, will fail and disappear. It has no constructive value. In time the West will have its own manufacturers, banks and transportation interests. When investments in land cease to pay the present large annual profits the trades and investments that are now denounced will be received with favor. In place of reviling the whole manufacturing interests the Prairie Provinces will seek to establish industries. This has happened in the Western Middle States, where there are now a great variety of interests, with corresponding opportunities for young men who do not choose to stay on the land.

"A quarter of a century ago a semi-political organisation was formed in Ontario. It was intended to range the farmers as a class against other classes of the community, and for a time was quite successful, obtaining a considerable representation in Parliament and the Legislature. That sectional organization went to pieces, but not until some of its chief orators, organizers and writers had obtained public offices. No doubt there is political and other capital to be made by the same process in the prairie country. But the farmers themselves are not after this, and doubtless the same may be said of many of the leaders. The habit of appealing as members of an injured class to the class generally is easy to acquire and pleasant to follow. It involves no sacrifice. It is more popular than any other exhortation or any helpful teaching. No one who wishes to follow the lines of least resistance will tell his fellow-men that they are wrong when he can get more applause by telling them that they are wronged."

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRIES

The Daily Gleaner, Fredericton, N. B., advising its readers to "buy Canadian-made goods," gives the following concise and convincing reasons for patronizing home industries:

"It will mean the employment of many additional thousands of men and women in the factories of Canada.

"It will mean greater activity and more independence in the industrial life of the country.

"It will mean new factories for the cities and towns of Canada.

"It will mean a more profitable home market than the present one for the farmers of Canada.

"It will result in further inspiring the confidence of British investors in the stability of the business of Canada."

CALUMET

Harvesting is about finished and farmers are taking advantage of the fine weather to get their threshing done, and reports received from those who are finished oats are a good crop.

At a meeting of school commissioners held on Monday last, George McIntosh and Thomas McMichael were appointed to fill the vacancies caused by no election having been held in July. Although notices were posted calling for elections of different dates not one elector turned out, showing that little interest is taken over educational matters in this municipality.

Amongst those who attended the Ottawa fair on Wednesday were F. Dakin, L. Whinfield, H. Brannan, Wm. and W. Morrow of Calumet and Grenville, Messrs. R. Dobbin, J. Milway, M. and J. McRae, H. Bates of Harrington.

Through an error in last weeks Watchman the age of Mr. Brown was given as 77 which should have been 79.

In the township of Grenville the following residents are over 80 years of age. Mr. and Mrs. H Labelle, Mr S. Brannan, F. Larocque, Antoine Dube, James Welden, Archie Skelly, Isidore Larose, Mr. Augustin Lemay, Mrs. James Goodland, Mrs. Joseph Bates sr. and Joseph Lanthier, and Wm. Cooke sr., in Grenville village, also David Ogilvie, and Mrs. Christopher Reeves and Mrs. Sweeney, both over 90 years, and with exception of Mr. Ogilvie and Mr. Goodland are active for their years.

News of Brownsburg

Mrs. E. T. Spidy who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Davies has returned to Winnipeg, Man.

Several of the Quarry employees have been laid off through slackness of work and tightness of money, which will be felt by the merchants of Brownsburg this coming winter.

The employees of the Dominion Cartridge Co. have taken up the cause of the lads gone to the front. This week they have all contributed handsomely to the Patriotic Fund, and when the lists are closed they will be found to net a good round sum.

We regret to hear that Mrs. Sam Wilson and her little daughter have been stricken with typhoid fever. Mrs. Wilson has been nursing her brother these last two weeks, who is convalescent from the Montreal General Hospital with the fever, and has unfortunately contracted the same complaint.

The D. C. C. Gun Club had an excellent afternoon's sport last Saturday when some very fine scoring was made by most of the members. Mr. T. G. Pasco making 9 out of a possible 10 in a practice and 10 out of 10 in the Spoon Contest, and 23 out of 25 for the Boa Trophy. Mr. H. Butler made 22 out of 25 for the Boa Trophy, which included a long run of 19 to follow on for the next meeting. Mr. M. C. Fletcher made 23 out of 25 in a practice, and 18 in the Boa Trophy. Miss Mona Pasco made a very good showing by breaking 8 out of 10 in a practice shoot and tied with 7 out of 10 for the spoon, and the 17 out of 25 for the Boa Trophy. In the shoot off for the Spoon between Mr. F. Kettyle, Miss Mona Pasco, Mrs. E. J. Johnson and Mrs. T. C. Pasco, the honors fell to the latter. Mr. E. J. Johnson scored 20 in the Boa Trophy and 22 in a practice shoot. The meeting closed about 5 p.m., which was considered one of the most interesting that the Club has held this season.

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LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
For the District of Terrebonne.
Sales conducted in both French and English.
Geneva Post office
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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY — CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

HOMESEEKER'S
Excursions every Tuesday
New Service to CHICAGO
MAY 31
For tickets and full particulars apply to J. S. GILES, Agent.

Desjardins' Footwear.

Do you understand what comfort means?

If so, you will come to us to have your feet shod, for we are boot specialists, having lasts to fit all kinds.

TRY and be convinced.

Opposite Post-Office

THE PROVINCIAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated by Act of Parliament, July 1900.

Capital authorized: - - - $2,000,000.00
Capital paid up and Surplus: - - $1,637,873.49

It is the aim of this Bank to give courteous as well as efficient service in connection with all business entrusted to its care. The most careful attention is given to all enquiries.

JOINT Savings Accounts may be opened in this Bank, the money in which may be withdrawn by EITHER of TWO PERSONS.

Accounts opened and operated by mail.

Special attention given to Sale Notes.

General Banking Business Transacted.

J. R. McOUAT - MANAGER.

Offices Lachute and Brownsburg.

Lachute Grist & Flour Mills.

Wholesale and Retail.

Flour, Bran, Snorts, Middlings, Cornmeal, Oatmeal, Rolled Oats, Graham and Buckwheat Flour, Oil Cake and Gluten Meals, and Grain of all kinds, at lowest market prices.

FINE GROUND FEED OUR SPECIALTY.
All grinding guaranteed. Grinding Tuesday's and Saturday's.

J. D. CAMPBELL

Main Street. Lachute.

MIXED PAINTS

Elephant Brand of Mixed Paints, Stains, Varnishes, etc.

BOOTS AND SHOES

We are gradually increasing our stock of reliable Boots and Shoes for Ladies, Men and Children from the best makers.

GROCERIES

Are all as good and reliable as we can possibly buy.

GILES BROS.

Main St. Lachute

New Tailor Shop!

ATTENTION!

We take this opportunity of inviting you to call and inspect our large stock of the very latest goods on the market. They are good goods and you find our prices right. Call and leave your order for a Nobby Spring Suit.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

R. P. GOULET, Merchant Tailor, West End, Lachute

Professional & Commercial.

DR JOHN McO. DREW, B.A.
Physician and Surgeon,
Office of late Dr. Christie
LACHUTE, QUE.
Day Phone. No. 20.
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DR. G. A. CLUNIE, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Office over Banford's Store.
Absent Tuesday only.

L. L. LEGAULT B.C.L.,
ADVOCATE,
Roby's Block.
Main St., LACHUTE.

DR. HUGH McCONNELL,
SURGEON DENTIST
Will be in his office every day except Tuesday.
Opposite T. Christie's Drug Store.

DR. HUGH. B. FRASER, B.A.
Physicin & Surgeon.
Brownsburg, Que.
Graduate of McGill Medical College.

R. JOLY,
UNDERTAKER,
First-class hearse. Embalming a specialty at lowest prices.
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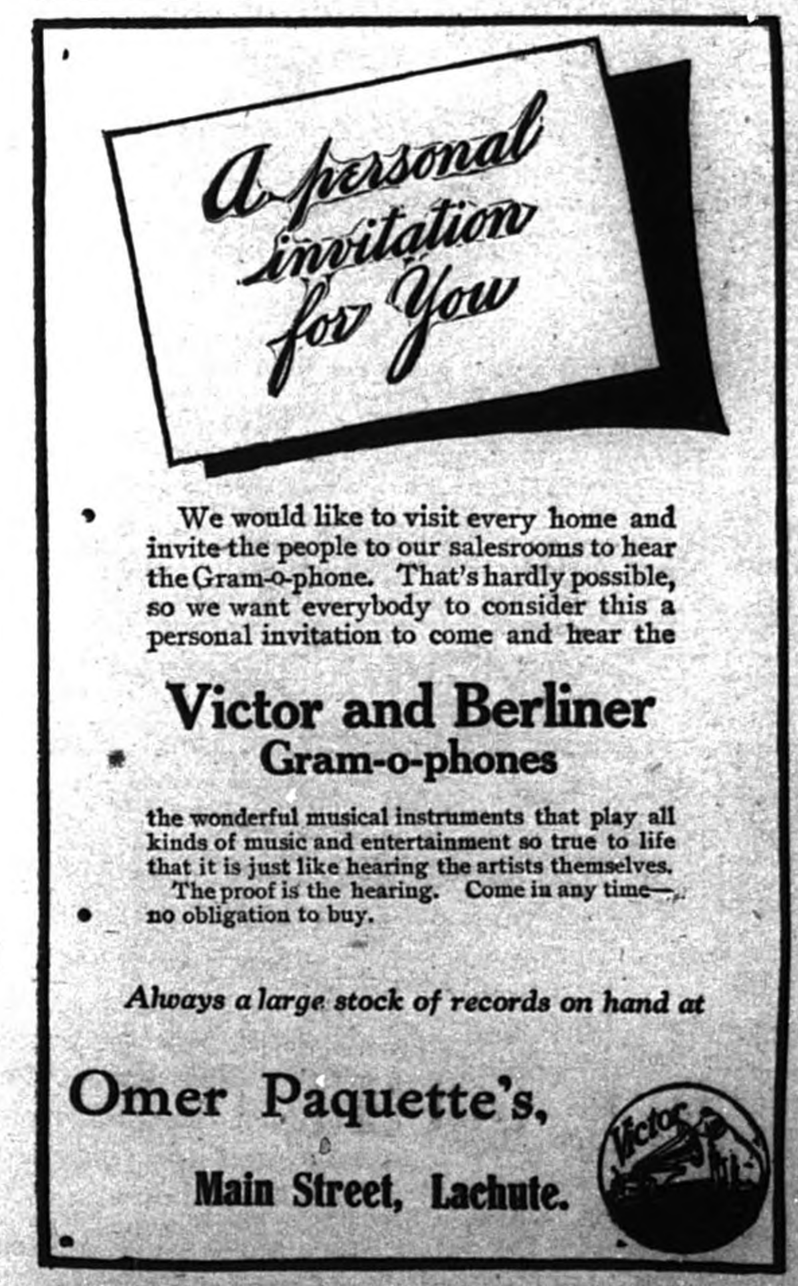
BETHANY ST. LACHUTE.



We would like to visit every home and invite the people to our salesrooms to hear the Gram-o-phone. That's hardly possible, so we want everybody to consider this a personal invitation to come and hear the

Victor and Berliner Gram-o-phones

the wonderful musical instruments that play all kinds of music and entertainment so true to life that it is just like hearing the artists themselves.
The proof is the hearing. Come in any time—no obligation to buy.

Always a large stock of records on hand at

Omer Paquette's,
Main Street, Lachute.

WHERE WORKMEN ARE INTERESTED

Statistics of Implement Industry—Where the Factories Are—Many Canadians Find Work in Them

In view of the general discussion of the agricultural implement industry, which has gone on all over Canada in the past few years, the following facts, as presented in the course of the budget debate in Ottawa recently, will be of great interest to all Canadians, particularly those who live in the West.

According to the census of 1911 there are in Canada seventy-seven implement factories, with a capital of $45,000,000. The number of employes at factories and head offices, nearly all men, is 9,500 and the amount of salaries and wages paid is $5,550,000. Materials used amount to $10,400,000, and the value of products is $20,700,000. There are fifty-four of these establishments in Ontario, located at forty-three different places and in 35 electoral districts. The capital invested in Ontario alone is $44,000,000. The other establishments are located in the province of Quebec, and at Winnipeg and Brandon in the province of Manitoba. I have a complete list of the places in which there are manufactories of agricultural implements. I shall not go through it in detail, but for the information of the House—because it was a surprise to me—I propose to mention to-night the names of the places in Canada in which agricultural implements of one kind or another are manufactured. This is the list: Hamilton, Brockville, Toronto, Peterborough, Preston, St. Mary's, Smith's Falls, Teeswater, Welland, Terrebonne, Guelph, Ingersoll, St. George, Woodstock, Brantford, Cowansville, Aurora, Ayr, Bolton, Goderich, Merrickville, Orillia, Paris, La Prairie, Montmagny, Tillsonburg, Brandon, Chatham, Waterloo, New Hamburg, St. Hyacinthe, Winnipeg, Ottawa, Ridgetown, St. Andre, Warwick, Summerside, P.E.I., Calgary, Iberville, Joliette, Halifax, New Glasgow, Waterloo, Walkerville, Sorel, Waterville. So far as the record goes, there are agricultural implement establishments in every province except British Columbia. In these places there is invested $45,000,000 of capital, supporting directly, in operatives and their families, probably 50,000 people—the mainstay industrially of many of the towns that I have mentioned which afford a market for the surrounding country; these are the establishments which the policy of the abolition, root and branch, of duties on agricultural implements, would destroy.

It is commonly supposed that Ontario and Quebec alone have shared in the advantages resulting from the extensive manufacture of implements in Canada. It should not be overlooked, however, that Winnipeg and Brandon now number among their industries several good sized successful implement factories, while smaller factories are located in Virden, Halbrite and one or two other Western towns. It is perhaps not surprising that the host of employes of the implement factories view with some dismay the vigorous attacks that have been made on the industry from which they obtain their livelihood, particularly as these attacks seem to be gathering strength in the past few years.

Mr. James A. Brook of Montreal who petitioned the Dominion Government to aid in the establishment of the flax fibre industry in Canada, requesting the granting of a bounty of a satisfactory spinnable fibre produced from Canadian flax straw, estimates that a capital of $750,000 is necessary to inauguurate such a business without prospect of financial returns on capital invested for three years.

Superior Court.

Canada
Province of Quebec
District of Terrebonne

Dame MALVINA CLOUTHIER, wife of ALBERT CHARTRAND, merchant, of Ste-Monique, district of Terrebonne, duly authorized to "ester en justice,"

Plaintiff,

vs.

The said ALBERT CHARTRAND, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this case, on the twenty-seventh of August, 1914.

DONAT LALANDE,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
9-25
Ste. Scholastique, August 27th, 1914.

THE BLOOD IS THE STREAM OF LIFE

Pure Blood Is Absolutely Necessary To Health

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" PURIFIES

These Wonderful Tablets, Made of Fruit Juices, Are The Best Of All Tonics To Purify And Enrich The Blood.

Pure, rich blood can flow only in a clean body. Now, a clean body is one in which the waste matter is regularly and naturally eliminated from the system. The blood cannot be pure when the skin action is weak, when the stomach does not digest the food properly, when the bowels do not move regularly, when the kidneys are strained or overworked.

Pure blood is the result of perfect health and harmony of stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys and skin.

"Fruit-a-tives", by their wonderful action on all these organs, keeps the whole system as clean as Nature intended our bodies to be clean.

"Fruit-a-tives" tones up, invigorates, strengthens, purifies, cleans and gives pure, rich, clean blood that is, in truth, the stream of life.

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

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for the passing of a law incorporating in town, for municipal purposes, the territory actually incorporated by Letters Patents in virtue of Municipal Code under the name of The Corporation of the Village of Sainte-Agathe-des-Monts, and to annex the following lots of land: in the fifth range of the Township of Beresford, Nos. 10 and 11; in the fourth range of the said Township of Beresford, Nos. 20c, 20d, and 21; in the third range of the said Township of Beresford, Nos. 21a, 22a, 23a, 23b, 24a, 24b, 24c; in the second range of the said Township of Beresford, Nos. 9a, 9b, 9c, 10a, 10b, 10c, 11a, 11b, 11c, 12a, 12b, 13a, 13b, 14a, 14b, 15a, 15b, 15c, 16b, 17a, 17b, 18a, 18b, 19 and 20; being actually a part of the parish of Sainte-Agathe-des-Monts including all the subdivisions of the said original lots which may exist, the whole according to the official cadastral plan and book of reference for the said Township of Beresford, in the County of Terrebonne, under the name of "VILLE SAINTE-AGATHE-DES-MONTS" and to place the said Town under the dispositions of the law of cities and towns, with some special modifications relating to the time and mode of the election of the mayor and aldermen, of the votation, of the taxation, of the qualifications of electors, mayor and aldermen of the borrowing power, of the construction of Public Works and other dispositions as may be incidental, necessary, or accessory to the above purposes.

CHAS. ED. MARCHAND,
Attorney for the petition.
10 23
Saint-Jerome 14th September, 1914.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

We have some of those Mill Ends still Ducks and Linens at 12½, one yard wide.

W. BANFORD & SON.

ALLAN LINE
ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

TO LIVERPOOL

From Montreal	Victorian	Aug. 4
From Quebec	Calgarian	Aug. 13
From Montreal	Tunisian	Aug. 18
From Quebec	Alsatian	Aug. 27

TO GLASGOW

From Montreal	Grampian	Aug. 1
From Montreal	Scan'vian	Aug. 8
From Montreal	Hesperian	Aug. 15
From Montreal	Corsican	Aug. 22

TO HAVRE & LONDON

From Montreal	Sicilian	Aug. 2
From Montreal	Ionian	Aug. 16
From Montreal	Corinthian	Aug. 23
From Montreal	Sicilian	Sept. 6

Unsurpassed Accommodation for 1st, 2nd and 3rd Class Passengers. Excellent Cuisine.

For rates, tickets and full particulars apply to J. S. GILES, Lachute. or H. & A. ALLAN, Gen. Agents, 2 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

Gentlemen!

As there are always a large number of my customers, who desire to know when I have received my Spring Suits, in order that they may place their order early, I therefore take advantage of this Adv't. to let them and anyone else, who desires a good-fitting suit, know that I have received my Spring and Summer stock of Suitings, Panting and Overcoating.

I also keep as usual the largest and best assortment of Gent's Furnishings, Hats and Caps, and Ready-to-Wear Clothing, of the very latest styles and designs.

Geoffroy Bedard
THE TAILOR,
Main Street, - Lachute.

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!
DOING WHAT?
Buying KITCHEN UTENSILS at
DEACON'S
Gasoline and Oil Stoves, Refrigerators, Kitchen Cabinets.
Everything in Tinware and Enamelware.
We have just received another Car Load of Corrogated Galvanized Iron.

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ESTABLISHED 1874.
Capital Paid Up, Rest & Undivided Profits $9,962,769

A decided convenience, in many cases, is a
Joint Account
in the Savings Bank Department. It may be opened in the names of two or more persons, either of whom may deposit or withdraw money.

Lachute and St. Andrews Branch, - J. R. Parris, Manager.
Grenville Branch, - W. H. Lamb, Manager.

RANGES AND COMFORT

The two go together and if you want them we are able to supply you. We confidently tell you that this is the best that money can buy and you will do well to call and see them. We can fix you up in household, furniture. Call and secure our prices. Better than elsewhere.

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HARNESS and HARNESS SUPPLIES, BUGGIES,
Dusters, Rope and all kinds of Binder Twine, Oils, Soaps, etc., etc.

Also Agent for MASSEY HARRIS MACHINERY and LEE RANGES and STOVES.
A Full Line of the BEST STOCK Always on Hand.
W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.
MAIN STREET. LACHUTE.

The Wanderer's Return;

Or, A Change of Fortune.

CHAPTER XLIX.—(Continued).

Yes, Mrs. Grey could take care of herself. She was in no sort of danger.

But as for the poor young man, Craven Kyte?

Day after day he found some excuse to drop in at Blue Cliffs. Evening after evening he spent in the flirt's fatal company.

Like the three professors at Mount Ascension, like poor young Parson Lyle, like Governor Cavendish and Alden Lytton, he in his turn, fell a victim to the baleful beauty of Mary Grey.

Forgotten was his fair betrothed, the brave maiden of the lighthouse; forgotten were all his vows, his faith, his honor. Beloved only was the fascinating siren who was luring him on to his destruction.

One fatal evening in the last week in Lent he broke through all the barriers of reserve, and with awkward earnestness declared his passion for her, and besought her to be his wife.

And she?

Why, she laid her little white hand on his head, and wept over him and sympathized with him, and told him that her heart was buried in the grave of her—betrothed, this time; but that, if ever she could rally from her present despair so as to take any interest in the affairs of this life, she might possibly think of his proposal; and that if ever she should consent to marry any one, it should certainly be him and no other; but that he must not press her now. He must forget for the present the proposal he had made, and continue to visit her and be her friend as heretofore.

And he sighed and thanked her, and blessed her, and promised to try to school his heart to moderation and forbearance.

And still, after this he visited her every day, while she played with him as a cat plays with a mouse, gratifying her inordinate, cruel and selfish vanity with the sight of his agonies.

And this lasted until the arrival of the Easter party to break up this daily tete-a-tete in the drawing-room.

They came on the Saturday evening preceding Easter Sunday.

On the morning of that day Emma Cavendish, with an open letter in her hand, entered the parlor where Mary Grey sat reading, and said:

"Our visitors will be here to-night. I have a letter from Laura Lytton. She and Electra will travel under the escort of Dr. Jones. Grandma has also a letter from Alden Lytton. He declines, with thanks, her invitation to join his sister here," she added.

"Ah!" said Mary Grey. And she thought: "He knows that I am here, and he does not care to meet me. I wonder if he has told Laura anything about me?"

Emma Cavendish, having gayly told her news, now danced out of the room, saying that she had yet some preparations to make for the reception of her visitors.

And Mary Grey sat and anxiously awaited the coming of the evening and the arrival of the visitors that were to decide her destiny.

"Does Laura know, or does she not know?" was the question that continually repeated itself to her.

CHAPTER L.

Evening came at length, and fine fires were lighted in the long drawing-room, and in the dining-room, and in the guests' chambers, that were prepared for the visitors.

And an elegant supper service was laid in the dining-room, ready for the luxurious supper that was being prepared in the kitchen. And Emma Cavendish had sent Jerome with the capacious family traveling carriage to the Wendover station to meet the travelers and bring them to Blue Cliffs.

And Emma herself, with Mrs. Grey, sat in the parlor awaiting their arrival.

But as the hours of waiting passed heavily on, Mary Grey's courage ebbed. She dreaded to meet Laura Lytton, lest that young lady should have heard of her murderous treachery, and should, in the presence of all her companions, give her "the cut direct."

She felt that she could not risk meeting such an affront.

So when at length she heard the sound of distant carriage wheels, she arose, saying:

"I think I will leave you to receive your young friends alone, my dear Emma. Doubtless you would prefer to do so."

And she slipped out of the room before Miss Cavendish could put in any reply.

Mary Grey tripped upstairs and concealed herself in an empty closet, situated between the chamber occupied by Emma Cavendish and the one assigned for the use of the two girls, Laura and Electra.

Here, hidden from view, she knew she should pass unsuspected, hear all that should pass between the young hostess and her guests, whether they should talk together in the one room or the other.

She had not remained long in her hiding-place before she heard the carriage roll up to the front door, the door quickly thrown open ad the merry entrance of the Easter party, attended by the joyous greetings, as hostess and visitors embraced.

And soon they all came upstairs together. And soon they were all gathered in Laura and Electra's room, where, the door being closed, they thought themselves alone and secure from outside intrusion and observation. And then followed the senseless, sweet chatter of young girls meeting after absence.

And then at length Mary Grey's name was mentioned, and the listener pricked up her ears and listened more intently.

It was the voice of Emma Cavendish that she heard speaking.

"Yes, she is here still, and is to stay here always. I know, Laura, dear, that you never liked Mrs. Grey. And even I, who liked her at first, began to dislike her very much when I thought she was going to be my step-mother. And I fear I might have been unjust to her then. But, Laura, listen! My father loved her—loved her tenderly. And since his death, I have taken her to my heart for his sake. Why, Laura, dear, I would cherish a dog that papa had loved. And shall I not much more cherish the woman that he adored? But perhaps I should not have felt so if he had lived. But death makes a great difference, Laura, love. Now, try to like her for my sake, and for my dear father's."

"Emma, dear, I shall be very good to Mrs. Grey, since you wish it. And I shall try to believe in her also, since I really have no substantial reason for doubting her," answered Laura Lytton, pleasantly.

Mary Grey's heart bounded with joy. She gave a great sigh of relief.

So Laura Lytton had "no substantial reasons for doubting her"—Mary Grey. Laura had said it. Therefore it was true. And, therefore, also, Laura had never heard of that horrid scene between herself and Alden which had ended in the fatal stroke that caused the death of Charles Cavendish.

With the "sigh of a great deliverance," she arose and stole forth from the closet by the door leading through Emma Cavendish's room, which was then empty.

She hurried to her room, which was now well warmed and well lighted, and she stood before the mirror to put a few finishing touches to her toilet—for, was there not a gentleman in the Easter party? Was there not the Rev. Dr. Jones there to be fascinated? True, he was over sixty years old; true, he seemed to have detested her, and to be her enemy. But what of that? He was the only available man to flirt with for that evening, and she knew the power of her beauty to win him over; and therefore he must be victimized. So with her dress perfectly arranged, and her face in smiles, she descended to the drawing-room, where the young people were already gathered.

CHAPTER LI.

A sharp glance sent around the room showed her that the Rev. Dr. Jones was not present. And a quick intuition told her truly that he was in his mother's room.

As soon as she crossed the threshold, Miss Cavendish kindly came forward to meet her, and took her hand, saying:

"Come in, Mrs. Grey. We are waiting for you. Here is Laura and Electra, both looking so well and happy."

Reassured by these pleasant words, Mary Grey went smilingly forward and greeted the two young ladies, each with a kiss.

And she even commanded herself sufficiently well to say to Laura:

"We had hoped to have your brother here also, Miss Lytton."

"Yes, I had hoped so, too. It was so very kind and thoughtful in Mrs. Cavendish to think of asking him. Was it not?" said Laura.

"It was like her dear self," smiled Mary Grey.

"And after all he wouldn't come; said he couldn't; that he had to read hard all the holidays, so as to make up for lost time, and to be prepared to pass his examination in July. It is a very great nuisance, is it not?"

"It is perfectly abominable!" put in Electra.

At this moment old Aunt Moll, the oldest and most esteemed female servant in the family, entered the room, and, courtesying with old-fashioned deference, said:

"Miss Emmy, honey, de ole madam 'sires for to see you in her own room, and likewise Miss Mary and the young ladies."

Miss Cavendish immediately arose, requesting her companions to accompany her, left the drawing-room, and conducted them to her grandmother's chamber.

Although it was rather later than the old lady's usual hour of retiring to rest, they found Mrs. Cavendish still sitting in her fireside easy-chair, dressed with unusual care and taste, and looking better and brighter than Emma had seen her for years.

The Rev. Dr. Jones stood near her on the rug, with his back to the fire.

"Come in, my dears. Emma introduce your friend," said the old lady, kindly.

Miss Cavendish took Laura's hand and presented her by name.

"I am glad to see you, Miss Lytton. Your family and Emma's have been friends for centuries," said Mrs. Cevendish, offering her hand.

Laura Lytton courtesied very low, and kissed the offered hand of this ancient grande dame, as 'if it had been the hand of a queen.

But the old lady drew the young girl to her bosom and embraced her with much tenderness.

Then Emma took Electra's hand to present her.

But the old lady forestalled the action.

"No, my darling Emma. It is I who must introduce this young lady to your young friends, aye, and to herself, too, in a character in which she has not hitherto been known to any, not even to herself."

Mrs. Cavendish paused for a moment and looked from the curious and expectant faces of her young listeners to the astonished face of the girl who stood before her.

Then, taking the hand of Electra, she drew her to her bosom, and embraced her fondly, saying:

"Come to me, my dear child. This is your home for evermore."

And then releasing her, and turning her around to the others, she said:

"Young ladies, I am over eighty years of age, and have lived to see my great-granddaughter a young woman. This is she—Electra Coroni. She is the granddaughter of my good, long-absent son here, Dr. Beresford Jones."

At these words the youthful party turned their eyes on the Rev. Dr. Jones, who smiled and bowed gravely.

Electra's face grew white and red again, and she sank upon the foot-cushion at the old lady's feet, dropped her head upon her hands, burst into tears, and sobbed softly.

The old lady laid her hand upon the girl's shining hair, and kept it there for a little while, during which no one spoke, and no sound was heard but the soft sobbing of Electra.

The announcement that had been made was totally unexpected by Laura Lytton and Mary Grey, and their faces expressed the utmost astonishment. Truly, Mary Grey had, by eavesdropping, overheard Mrs. Cavendish call Dr. Jones her son, and had thought that she had discovered a mighty family secret, which would be of use to herself some day. But this had given no clue to the secret of Electra's parentage, and thus she was as much taken by surprise as was Laura Lytton and Electra herself.

Mrs. Cavendish was the first to break the silence.

"I deemed it right, young ladies, to call you here and communicate this piece of intelligence at once, so as to put all matters upon a right base to begin with. And now, my dears, as my health is but feeble, and I need to retire early to bed, I will dismiss you to your evening amusements, with the hope that you will find your visit here as pleasant to yourselves as it is welcome to us. Good-night."

And the old lady held out her hand with a blending of friendliness and old-fashioned formality.

Emma, Laura and Mrs. Grey, in turn, took and kissed the kindly hand, and turned to leave the room.

But Electra still sat on the cushion at her grandmother's feet with her face buried in her hands, sobbing softly, until the old lady stooped over her and whispered:

"My dear child, does it affect you so much as this to have found your family and friends?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" sobbed Electra.

"Come, try to calm yourself. Rise and go with the young companions to whose society you are accustomed. You will all have a great deal to say to each other after this. And you will recover calmness in their company sooner than anywhere else."

And with these words, the ancient dame raised her youthful descendant to her feet, and, turning to her granddaughter, said:

"Come, Emma, take your cousin here away with you, and be good to her."

Miss Cavendish took Electra's hand, and said, pleasantly:

"Come, my little cousin. We have always been friends, and now I am very glad to find that we are such near relatives."

And the weeping girl, weeping for joy rather than grief, suffered herself to be led away by Emma Cavendish.

Mrs. Grey and Laura Lytton were following, when the old lady uttered a low exclamation that stopped them.

"Come here, Mrs. Grey, my dear. I beg your pardon. And yours, also, my son," she said, turning to Dr. Jones. "The absorbing interest of receiving the child Electra made me forget the common courtesy due to others. Mrs. Grey, permit me to present to you my eldest son, Dr. Beresford Jones. He has been an absentee and a traveler for many years. And his return now fills my heart with joy. My son, this is Mrs. Grey, once the dear friend and betrothed bride of your late brother. Their marriage was prevented only by his death. Receive her, therefore, as a sister."

And the old lady took the hand of Mary Grey and placed it in that of Beresford Jones.

What Dr. Jones was about to say or do, under the circumstances, I do not know; probably something rather unpleasant to the young widow; but Mary Grey, as she gave him her hand, lifted her beautiful dark eyes, her pleading, subduing eyes, to his face, and he simply released her hand, and said, gently:

"I have met this lady before."

"Ah! to be sure. At the school where you went to place Electra. She was a teacher there at the time, as I have heard," murmured Mrs. Cavendish to herself.

"Ah!" thought Mary Grey, "he was going to sneer when I was introduced to him. But I only looked at him, and he could not do it. I shall have him at my feet yet, for all his gray hairs."

"There, my children, old and young, an old lady's invalid chamber cannot be the most cheerful place in the house for you to spend your evening in. And, besides, doubtless you are tired and hungry, and your supper has been ready this half-hour past. Take them down, Emma, my dear. Good-night, my loves," said Mrs. Cavendish, sinking wearily back in her chair.

So at length they all left the room. Emma Cavendish drew Electra's hand within her arm and pressed it affectionately.

The strange girl returned the caress, but then slipped away from the side of her cousin, and went and put her hand through the arm of Dr. Jones and walked down with him.

"Grandpa," she inquired, "why was it that you put me to school without any other name than Electra?"

"Because, my child, you must remember that I very much disliked your father's name, and would not call you by it. That dislike has only now been reasoned away by my good mother. You are Electra Coroni."

"My father was a foreigner, then?"

"An Italian dancing-master, whose acquaintance your mother formed at her boarding-school. But your mother was my daughter, a lady. Both your parents died in your early infancy, leaving you in much destitution. That accounts for your having been lost in New York, and having 'fallen among thieves,' while you were yet too young to bear your parentage in memory. I had lost trace of my unhappy daughter for many years; so that when at length I sought her, I could not find her. She had, in fact, been dead for a long time, though I did not know it then—did not know it, in fact, until accident revealed to me the fact of your existence, and gave me the clue that I followed backward for years into the history of your mother's married life. And, Electra, let us drop the subject for the present," said Dr. Jones, as he led the young lady into the supper-room, where their companions had already preceded them.

The supper was a triumph of Aunt Moll's housekeeping and culinary skill. And the hungry travelers enjoyed it much.

And after supper they adjourned to the drawing-room, where Emma Cavendish soon found herself sitting beside Dr. Jones.

"Uncle," she said, slipping her hand in his, "I hope that you will confirm grandma's words to Electra."

"What words, my dear?" inquired the doctor.

"She told Electra that this was to be her 'home forevermore.' I hope it is to be, dear uncle. I have no sister. I should be so happy to have Electra always here. Shall she not stay?"

"She shall stay until after Easter week, my dear, and then she must return to school, for her education is very backward for a young lady. She shall spend all her holidays here, however, if your grandmother and yourself wish it."

"Certainly we wish it, uncle. And when she leaves school finally she shall come here to stay permanently, shall she not?"

"No, my dear. Once more I am anxious to make a home of my own. While my granddaughter is completing her education, shall be improving and beautifying our old family mansion and estate of Beresford Manors. When she finally leaves school, I shall take her there to be the mistress of the place of which she will be the sole heiress. But, my dear, you can exchange as many and as long visits as you please."

"In that case, dear uncle, I cannot be so selfish as to urge my own earnest desire to have my cousin make her permanent home with me," said Emma, with a smile, as she arose and went to join Laura and Electra, who were chattering away in a corner like a couple of magpies.

"I hope, dear cousin, that you feel quite at home here," said Emma, approaching her new-found relative.

"No, I don't. I feel like a cat in a strange garret," answered the girl; for she seemed quite to have recovered her cheerfulness. And truly, Dr. Jones was right. Her education had been sadly neglected.

Meantime, Mrs. Grey, seeing Dr. Jones left alone, went and took her seat by his side, and with an appealing look up into his face, she said, with childlike humility:

"Oh, Dr. Jones, do not be my foe! If you——" She stopped and sobbed a little, and then recovered herself and continued: "You cannot condemn me more than I condemn myself. But I was so young, so young! And if you knew all you would not condemn me so much."

"My girl," he answered, "if I had chanced to come upon the scene before my brother's death, and had found him on the verge of marriage with you, I should certainly have interfered and prevented that misfortune by telling him precisely who and what you were. But death prevented that intended marriage. And now, as I said before, that, seeing you can do no harm to others here, and may do good to your own soul, I shall not interfere unless I see grave occasion for doing so. Therefore be circumspect."

She took his hand and kissed it, and poured the light of her soul-subduing eyes into his face, until he had to turn away from their lustre.

THE END.

CHIEF OF VALIANT BELGIANS

KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM AND HIS STAFF.

ARMY CORPS.

Number Composing the Various European Armies.

The German army is divided into 23 army corps, with Saxony furnishing one corps, Wurtemburg one, Alsace-Lorraine two, Bavaria three, and Prussia the remainder. Each corps has two divisions; each division two brigades, and each brigade two regiments of three battalions. The war strength of a corps is about 30,000 men. The 23 corps, the cavalry and the reserve, make a war strength of about 1,160,000 fighting men.

The French field army is divided into 19 corps, organized on the German basis. The corps have a fighting strength about 33,000 men. The total strength of the active army is 740,000; with the reserves it is 1,230,000 combatants.

The Austro-Hungarian army is divided into 16 army corps of about 34,000 combatants, organized on the German plan. The active army has 570,000 combatants making, with the reserves, a total of 820,000.

The Russian army has 30 corps, organized on the German model, with a fighting strength of 36,000. With the reserves this makes a total of about 1,250,000. There are in addition vast numbers of nondescript troops in Asia, which would be of little consequence in a European war.

The Italian arm has 12 corps of the German model, with about 30,000 combatants. The field strength of the army is about 400,000 combatants, with reserves, etc., swelling the strength to probably 600,000.

"Why do people speak of the human race!" "Because men and women are always running after each other."

GOLD RESERVES.

Enormous Sums Held by the Countries at War.

The financial aspect of the war and the extent to which each country may be able to finance its operations is extremely difficult to estimate. On July 30 the principal countries engaged held in the vaults enormous sums. The Bank of England alone showed about the same reserves as for the last eighteen weeks, and there was a slight decrease from the corresponding week of the last two years. The gold and silver holdings in France, however, showed an increase of about $160,000,000 over the corresponding week for the previous two years, and the reserves have been steadily mounting week by week for the last eighteen weeks. Germany shows an increase of about $67,500,000 over the week ending July 30, 1913, and an increase of about $100,000,000 over the same period for 1912. For the week ending July 30, 1914, Germany shows a sudden increase of about $70,000,000, about the same increase as is shown over the corresponding period for last year. Austria-Hungary, on the other hand, does not appear to have increased her holdings very much. Russia only increased her holdings by about $15,000,000 in the last eighteen weeks, but the increase over the similar period in 1913 is about $88,000,000, and over the same period in 1912 about $150,000,000.

The actual reserves in gold at the end of July amounted to:

Bank of England, $195,073,140.
Russia, $799,875,000.
France, $958,331,400.
Germany, $430,689,500.
Austria, $305,846,400.

Thus Great Britain, France and Russia had $1,953,279,540 in reserve and Germany and Austria had $756,535,900.

Germany, however, has a war chest at Spandau which amounts to many millions and was said to be made up largely of the indemnity extracted from France at the close of the war of 1870-71. Russia also has an enormous sum put away for a rainy day. The reserve at the Bank of England is not to be taken as the only stock of gold in Great Britain. The Bank of England has an arrangement with the various joint stock banks by which that reserve is enormously increased.

But in trying to estimate how long any of these countries can carry on war would tax the energies of an expert, and then he would probably waste his time. It was thought at the time of the Balkan wars that the little nations would be unable to finance their undertakings for very long. They were terribly exhausted at the finish, but money has been found for the purposes of recuperation. By royal decree it is high treason for any British house to lend money to Germany, and it is, of course, interesting to speculate on how Germany, even with an enormous war chest in reserve, can carry on for very long without financial disaster—if the British fleet does its work thoroughly.

For in such a case Germany alone of the continental powers can not draw on any outside sources for supplies. She can sell nothing, buy nothing, manufacture nothing. A complete victory for the British navy means that Germany is absolutely cut off from all her colonies and her trade. Her merchant vessels can not leave port, even her fishermen can not venture out to sea. What this may mean to such cities as Hamburg and Bremen may be imagined. They exist by trade, and Germany's whole trade then must be internal. That her mines and agricultural wealth may support her for some time to come is likely. But the irretrievable ruin that stares her in the face—if her navy is rendered helpless—whether she conquers Russia and France or not, must surely make her business men pause and ask whether smashing the mailed fist in the face of Europe is quite as profitable a pastime as the military party has imagined.

ABOUT SUBMARINE MINES

THEY ARE DIVIDED INTO TWO CLASSES.

One Kind Is Controlled From the Shore and Fired by Electricity.

Submarine mines are divided into two main classes, "controllable" and "uncontrollable," or, as they are often termed, "electrical" and "mechanical." In the first class the method of firing is by electricity. The source of the power, whether from battery or dynamo, is contained in a firing station on shore, which is connected up to the mines by insulated cables. By simply switching off the electric power such mines are rendered inert and powerless. The power which fires mechanical mines comes either from a self-contained small electric battery or from a pistol, spring, or suspended weight. In all mines of this class the impulse which starts the firing gear comes from a ship or floating object bumping against the mine. Mechanical mines thus set for firing are dangerous to friend and foe alike, and it was one of this class presumably which sent the Amphion to the bottom. The principal advantages of uncontrollable mines are their cheapness and the rapidity with which they can be laid.

Electrical Mines Go In Twos.

Electrical mines take longer to prepare and lay out. They are usually arranged on two systems—"observation" and "circuit-closer." The first depends on two careful observations made by the shore operator, one of the exact mine positions, the other of the track of hostile ships passing over the field. The position is then charted on a map, and the track of ships crossing the mine field is also plotted. When the track is seen to be crossing the mines the switch is closed, and the mines sprung.

These mines are arranged in lines of two, all mines in a line being fired together. They are either moored on the bottom or at sufficient depth to be harmless to friendly traffic.

In the "circuit-closer" or "C.C." system, each mine contains a small piece of apparatus which is set in motion by a blow from a vessel. Such an impact completes an electrical circuit through which the mine can be fired. If it is not wished to fire, the "C.C." is automatically restored to its ordinary condition, by a spring. These mines are near the surface, and are used in side-channels, which it is intended to close entirely. They are also used to reduce the width of navigable channels.

They are effective in foggy or misty weather. The powder charge is small and they are easy to lay.

Wet Gun Cotton Used.

Any explosive can be used in submarine mines, but the explosive which is in general use is wet gun-cotton with a small dry primer, and a detonator to start ignition.

Cases for "observation" mines are cylindrical in shape to rest on the bottom and spherical for buoyant mines. The weight of the charge is 500 lbs., and the size of a buoyant case for such, is four feet in diameter. Contact cases are spherical and about 39 inches in diameter. They hold 100 lbs. of gun-cotton.

The most interesting example of mine warfare was in the attack and defence of Port Arthur during the Russo-Japanese war, 1904-5.

Mines and torpedoes were first introduced into the British service in 1863.

Proof Of It.

She—Men aren't any brainier than women; they have only fooled us into believing that they are.

He—Well, doesn't that show that they are?

If your jars are well cleaned and scalded and the right proportions of St. Lawrence Sugar and fruits are used, your confections will not ferment or spoil but will remain pure, fresh and sweet for years.

St. Lawrence Extra Granulated Sugar is the ideal preserving sugar, as it is made from the finest selected, fully matured cane sugar and is 99.99% pure.

St. Lawrence Extra Granulated Sugar is sold in 2 lb. and 5 lb. cartons, also in bags of 10 lbs., 20 lbs., 25 lbs., 50 lbs., and 100 lbs. in three sized grains — fine, medium and coarse.

Order a bag of St. Lawrence Ex. Granulated—the blue tag, or medium grain, suits most people best.

St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries, Limited, Montreal.

5-7-14

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Extra Granulated Sugar

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10 Pound,
20 Pound,
50 Pound
and
100 Pound
Cloth Bags,
and in
2 Pound
and 5 Pound
Sealed Cartons

When you buy Redpath Extra Granulated Sugar in any of these original packages you are sure of getting the genuine Redpath, Canada's finest sugar, pure and clean as when it left the Refinery.

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80

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, - - MONTREAL

KEEP CHILDREN WELL DURING HOT WEATHER

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

GENERAL JOFFRE.

A Silent Man, Kind, Quiet, and Unaffected.

The generalissimo of the French army has considerably over 3,000,000 officers and men under his command, obedient to his slightest word. Gen. Joffre is the youngest officer of his rank in the French service.

Like so many great military leaders, Gen. Joffre is a very silent man, rather retiring in his demeanor, yet of the kindest, quietest, most unaffected, and easy-going manners, which do not at first convey the impression of his rigid will and steel-like determination that constitute his chief characteristics. Burly in figure, with heavy flaxen moustache plentifully tinged with silver, thickly tufted eyebrows, shading a pair of very clear blue eyes that often twinkle with merriment, are usually genial and but seldom hard, he suggests when in civilian clothes one of those courtly country gentlemen that are to be found in rural France. Yet he can be very grim, and there are some who regard him as harsh, notably those officers of high rank, comprising a dozen colonels and no less than five generals, who last year at the close of the annual manoeuvres were by one sweeping and sudden stroke of discipline relieved by him of their commands and placed on the retired list for inefficiency.

Unbounded Confidence.

During the three years that he has been in the supreme command of the army the latter has had time to take his measure, with the result that it has accorded to him its unbounded confidence and believes in him as a leader who can be trusted to lead it to victory. He is liked and respected by the officers, and above all by the rank and file, the soldiers describing him as the finest of "chiens de garde (watch dogs), calm, but always ready to bite. He in his turn has had during these years of command in time of peace the opportunity of forming a correct estimate of the officers and men upon whom he now has to depend for the execution of his carefully matured plans against the enemy, and if they are enthusiastic about him, he is equally enthusiastic about them.

Although the cleverest mathematician in the army and a scientific soldier in the best sense of the word, Gen. Joffre is the most determined supporter of the policy of attack in war. The only tactics that he has any use for are those of the offensive, and it is these that are best suited in his opinion for troops of the temperament of the French soldier of to-day.

Hailing from the Pyrenees, a graduate of the Ecole Polytechnique at Paris, from which all the engineer and artillery officers of the French army obtained the rudiments of the scientific branches of their profession, he at the age of 18 commanded a battery of artillery throughout the siege of Paris, and on the restoration of peace was appointed to a first lieutenancy in the engineer corps. He took part in the Formosa and Tonkin campaigns, and later was engaged in West Africa, directing the construction of railroads there, heading the relief column which went to the assistance of the Bonnier expedition, and finally penetrating as far as Timbuctoo, and seizing that mysterious city, which for centuries had been the headquarters of the native trade of Central Africa.

He likewise had a large share in the conquest of the Island of Madagascar, of which he was governor

General Joffre.

for three years. Then he became commander of the Second Army Corps with headquarters at Amiens, and just before his appointment as Generalissimo of the army was Director-General of Military Education.

Summer Days

Call for a dainty, wholesome food — such as

Post Toasties

with cream.

There's little work, and much satisfaction in every package of these crisp bits of perfectly cooked and toasted Indian Corn.

Appetizing flavour, substantial nourishment and convenience of serving are all found in Post Toasties.

Sold by Grocers

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

UHLANS ALWAYS IN FRONT.

Twenty-Six Regiments in the German Army.

Just who and what the Uhlan is at the present time occupies the minds of many persons. An erroneous impression seems to exist in some quarters that the world "Uhlan" indicates a tribe or nationality, similar to the word "Cossack." This is not so.

The Cossack is born a Cossack. He is of Tartar origin, whose able-bodied men are enrolled in the armies of the Tsar. The word "Uhland" simply denotes a certain type of cavalryman in the German army. The Uhlan is a lancer. There are 26 regiments of Uhlans in the German army—19 from Prussia, three from Saxony, two from Bavaria, and two from Wurtemburg—with a total strength on a peace footing of approximately 25,000. These regiments are ranked as heavy cavalry, and are used principally as independent cavalry, forming the cavalry screen. This was their employment in the Franco-Prussian War, and from the reports coming from Belgium, it would seem that the Uhlans are still being used as the vanguard of the German army.

The Uhlan is armed with lance, sabre, carbine and pistol. He is well mounted and his equipment is especially designed for the purpose for which he is employed—ready to fight or run, ride down outposts or scouting parties of the enemy, harrass his flanks and screen the movements of his own main body.

The word "Uhlan" itself is of Polish origin and denotes a lancer. The Uhlans in the German army wear the czapka, the peculiar flat topped headdress which was worn by the Polish Uhlans, and which to this day is the distinguishing mark in the uniforms of the lancer regiments of Great Britain and other European countries.

The Uhlans during the Franco-Prussian War made a name for themselves for their quick dashes and raiding expeditions and the ruthless manner in which they ravaged the country through which they went. The patrol of Uhlans who tried to gallop into Liege, according to reports from Brussels, and capture the Belgian General Staff, was acting true to the Uhlan reputation for daring work.

Was a Poor Girl.

"Does your wife ever tell you that she might have married a millionaire if she hadn't thrown herself away on you?"

"No, I escape that. My wife's folks were poor people. She never saw a millionaire until we had been married nine years."

How a Sick Woman Can Regain Health

READ THIS VERY CAREFULLY.

"For years I was thin and delicate. I lost color and was easily tired; a yellow pallor, pimples and blotches on my face were not only mortifying to my feelings, but because I thought my skin would never look nice again I grew despondent. Then my appetite failed. I grew very weak. Various remedies, pills, tonics and tablets I tried without permanent benefit. A visit to my sister put into my hands a box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. She placed reliance upon them and now that they have made me a well woman I would not be without them whatever they might cost. I found Dr. Hamilton's Pills by their mild yet searching action very suitable to the delicate character of a woman's nature. They never once griped me, yet they established regularity. My appetite grew keen—my blood red and pure—heavy rings under my eyes disappeared and to-day my skin is as clear and unwrinkled as when I was a girl. Dr. Hamilton's Pills did it all."

The above straightforward letter from Mrs. J. Y. Todd, wife of a well-known miller in Rogersville, is proof sufficient that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a wonderful woman's medicine. Use no other pill but Dr. Hamilton's, 25c. per box. All dealers or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ontario.

THE MEN OF THE NORTHERN ZONE.

Oh, we are the men of the Northern Zone.
Shall a bit be placed in our mouth?
If ever a Northerner lost his throne,
Did the conqueror come from the South?
Nay, nay—and the answer blent
In chorus is southward sent.
Since when has a Southerner's conquering steel
Hewed out in the North a throne?
Since when has the Southerner placed his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone?

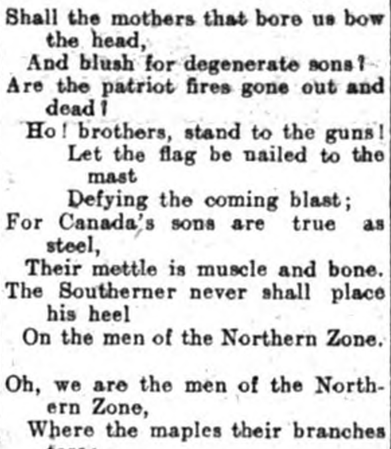
Our hearts are as free as the rivers that flow
To the sea where the North Star shines;
Our lives are as free as the breezes that blow
Through the crests of our native pines.
We never will bend the knee
We'll always and aye be free;
For liberty reigns in the land of the leal;
Our brothers are 'round her throne;
Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

Or, shall we shatter our ancient name,
And lower our patriot crest;
And leave a heritage dark with shame
To the infant upon the breast?
Nay, nay—and the answer blent
In chorus is southward sent:
"Ye claim to be free—and so are we—
Let your fellow freemen alone;
For the Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

Shall the mothers that bore us bow the head,
And blush for degenerate sons?
Are the patriot fires gone out and dead?
Ho! brothers, stand to the guns!
Let the flag be nailed to the mast
Defying the coming blast;
For Canada's sons are true as steel,
Their mettle is muscle and bone.
The Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

Oh, we are the men of the Northern Zone,
Where the maples their branches toss;
The Great Bear rides in his state alone,
Afar from the Southern Cross.
Our people shall aye be free,
They never shall bend the knee;
For this is the land of the true and the leal,
Where freedom is bred in the bone,
The Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

—The Khan.



BIG CRACKS ON HAND AND FINGERS

Eczema for Three Years. Broke Out on Head In Scales. Itched and Burned Badly. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured.

Lyons Brook, N. S.—"I suffered with eczema for three years. It started on my hands first in sores between my fingers and all over the palms of my hand and fingers were big cracks. Then it broke out on my head in scales. It itched and burned so badly I could not sleep. It was so itching and burning that I scratched and made sores and my hair came out awfully bad. I did not know what it was.

"I was treated for a long time and it did not do any good. I gave up my work for a month but as soon as I started doing my house-work again my hands got just as bad as ever. I used two bottles of ——— and it did not do any good. One day I read about Cuticura Soap and Ointment and decided to try them. I sent for a sample and I used them till I saw it stopped the itching and burning, so I got three cakes of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment and that cured me." (Signed) Mrs. P. J. McKearney, May 27, 1913.

Not only are Cuticura Soap and Ointment most valuable in the treatment of eczemas and other distressing eruptions of skin and scalp, but no other emollients do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough skins, itching, scaly scalps, dandruff, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and shapeless nails, nor do it so economically. 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.

AN 1866 LESSON.

How Germany Had Planned a Sedan for Great Britain.

Lord Cromer, in a letter which appears in a late issue of the London "Spectator" says:

"A septuagenarian may perhaps profitably remind his countrymen of events which happened some fifty years ago, and of which the present generation may possibly be unmindful.

"In 1866 Napoleon III. allowed himself to be lulled into security by Prussian assurances and stood aside whilst Austria was crushed at Sadowa. He paid dearly for his neglect four years later at Sedan.

"Had we declined to stand by the gallant French nation in the present emergency, not only should we have rightly incurred the scorn and derision of the civilized world, but infallibly, should the Germans have succeeded in crushing the French and the Russians, they would have endeavored to prepare a Sedan for us before the lapse of many years. The analogy appears to me to be striking."

Guilty of Assassination

A man, razor in hand, was caught by his wife assassinating not an enemy, but a corn—what he needed was Putnam's Corn Extractor; it's safe, painless and sure. Try "Putnam's"—cures so fast, 25c. at all dealers.

DIGEST FOOD BEFORE EATING

But How Trees Feed Is Difficult to Explain.

Every gardener knows that a tree can be fed and made to grow with increased vigor. If proper nourishment in the form of humus, nitrogen, phosphate, etc., be placed about its roots the tree will absorb this food and grow rapidly.

But how the tree feeds is somewhat more difficult to explain. In all probability the tree digests its food first and consumes it afterwards. Certain it is that the average tree has no means of consuming food as a whole, as members of the animal kingdom absorb it. It is well known that the larvae of certain insects digest their food first and consume it afterward. Observation would indicate that this is exactly what the tree does. The tiny rootlets act on the substances in the earth, dissolving and breaking them up so they can be absorbed through the root pores. In order so to be taken up the chemicals must be in liquid form and devoid of all waste.

The end of each root is armed with a horny substance with which it can burrow through the hard soil in search of food. When food is found it is dissolved into a liquid and absorbed by the root fibres. From the root the food is carried by the sap to all parts of the tree.

The Prodigal Calf.

The wicked, witty prodigal returned and in his old manner accosted his father:

"Well, guv'nor, I've come back. Are you going to kill the fatted calf?"

But the old gentleman was a match for him and said:

"No, my son, I think I'll let you live."

Everything of His.

"Maud declares that since she's been married she has been through everything."

"Yes, her husband says she has, too."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

THE FRESHEST FISH.

Still Dripping With Water Dropped in the Frying Pan.

"Positively the freshest caught fish I ever ate," said an ardent fisherman, "was one I caught in the wilds of Canada. A friend of mine and I were out with a canoe and a light outfit for two weeks' trout-fishing. Along late one afternoon we struck a likely looking stream, made camp for the night and went to fishing. In half an hour we had our pockets full of trout.

"Then we rolled a couple of stones together, started a fire and put on the frying pan. While my friend was busy with that I said to him I guessed I'd catch a fish or two more while he was cooking.

"In half a minute I had a half-pound trout. I swung this fish out and over him, where he stood by the fire, for him to look at.

"'Hold him so for a minute,' my friend said to me, and I did, just over his head.

"You know there's a way of cleaning a fish by which you remove its head and viscera practically at a touch, and my friend knew how. He reached up with his knife to that fish dangling over his head and nicked it in the right spot at the back of its head and then in front at the gills, and then he just drew the head and interior fittings away all at once, leaving the fish perfectly cleaned, and then, while it was still dripping with the water from which I had caught it, he dropped this trout in the frying pan.

"You couldn't have fish much fresher than that, do you think?"

Dangerous Throat Troubles Prevented by Nerviline

IT ENDS MISERY OF COLDS QUICKLY.

Don't wait till night.

Get after your cold now,—this very minute, before it grows dangerous you should apply old-time "Nerviline."

Rub your chest and throat, rub them thoroughly with Nerviline. Relief will be immediate.

Nerviline will save you from lying awake to-night, coughing, choking and suffering from congestion in the chest and acute pain in the throat.

Nerviline will break up that dull neuralgic headache—will kill the cold and chill at its very beginning—will save you from perhaps a serious illness.

To take away hoarseness, to break up a grippy cold, to cure a sore throat or bad cold in the chest, you can use nothing so speedy and effective as Nerviline. For forty years it has been the most largely used family remedy in the Dominion. Time has proved its merit, so can you by keeping handy on the shelf the large 50c. family size bottle; small trial size 25c., sold by any dealer anywhere.

On The Go.

Madge—She says she hasn't any time to sleep or go to the theatre. She must be a very busy woman.

Marjorie—She certainly is. She's dancing all the time.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Spoiled Her Argument.

"She had almost proved that woman is in every way the equal of man."

"Well, what happened?"

"Just then a mouse ran across the stage and it was all off."

This is to certify that I have used MINARD'S Liniment in my family for years, and consider it the best liniment on the market. I have found it excellent for horse flesh.

(Signed) W. S. PINEO.
"Woodlands," Middleton, N.S.

And An Appetite.

Townley—So you have a garden. What do you expect to raise?

Subbubs—Muscle, my boy.

Highest grade beans kept whole and mealy by perfect baking, retaining their full strength. Flavored with delicious sauces. They have no equal.

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, 78 West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED.

WAR ATLAS!

Up to date, of Europe and World; Tabulated History Present Crisis; War Strength of nations involved; size, twenty pages, twelve by fourteen. Big Money-Maker! Veritable Gold Mine for Agents. Send thirty cents for complete sample. Nichols Limited, Publishers, Toronto.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE.—TEN PAIRS BREEDING Boxer. Correspondence solicited. Bell Bros. Bothwell, Ont.

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.

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE

Under the control of the Department of Agriculture of Ontario
Established 1862.
Affiliated with the University of Toronto.

N.B.—College will re-open on Thursday, the 1st of October, 1914, in the new College Building, 110 University Ave., Toronto, Canada.

CALENDAR ON APPLICATION.

E. A. A. GRANGE, V.S., M.S.
Principal.

The Dear Girls.

"Here comes Nerissa. Let's all kiss her complexion off. Who'll kiss her first?"

"I will," volunteered Vanessa.

"No, let me do it," urged Pacosta. "I know where her freckles are."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Which She Kneaded.

"Did you read in the paper where a woman stabbed her husband with a bread knife?"

"No. Probably he was crusty to her when she asked him for some of his dough."

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.

Divided Opinion.

"Are you really going to marry Harold?"

"I don't know what to say. All the girls in my class read his letters."

"Well?"

"Eighteen of them think him a dear, and nineteen say he's a dub."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

An Even Break.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—Your recommendations are rather poor, I must say.

Maid—Well, mum, yez weren't recommended very highly to me, ayther."

WAR MAP OF EUROPE

First class up-to-date in five colors and beautifully illustrated. Size 21 x 28.

Gives complete summary of countries engaged in the present European war,—Fighting strength,—Naval and military,—Population,—Resources,—Revenue,—Expenditure,—National debt and other interesting information. Also gives conditions that brought about this terrific conflict. Price 50 cents postpaid to any part of Canada. Remit it by postal or express order or postage stamps to

H. R. MORRISON
Room 115 St. Nicholas Bldg., Montreal. Agents Wanted.

CANADIAN NORTHERN

OPENING OF THROUGH PASSENGER SERVICE
BETWEEN
Toronto & Ottawa

UNION STATION CENTRAL (Grand Trunk) STATION
EFFECTIVE AUG. 16, 1914. AND THEREAFTER—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

Eastbound	Stations	Westbound	Eastbound	Stations	Westbound
A.M.		P.M.	P.M.		P.M.
			1.00	Lv. BELLEVILLE Ar.	5.15
9.20	Lv. TORONTO Ar.	9.15	1.45	NAPANEE	4.30
10.42	OSHAWA	7.52	4.55	Ar. Ar.	1.30
11.35	PORT HOPE	6.55		KINGSTON	
11.45	COBOURG	6.45	1.30	Lv. Lv.	4.55
P.M.			6.40	SMITH'S FALLS	1.45
12.30	Ar. TRENTON Lv.	5.50	8.20	Ar. OTTAWA Lv.	12.15
			P.M.	Central Station	Noon

Electric-Lighted Coaches and Cafe Parlor Cars on Through Trains.
For tickets and all information apply to nearest C.N.R. Agent or General Passenger Dept., Toronto and Montreal.

G. L. Meikle & Co.

On TUESDAY, September 22nd, we are putting the following Groceries on sale at Bargain Prices.

	Regular	Special
Pure Cream Tartar	50c	39c
Salada Tea, Black	35c	30c
Salada Tea, Green	35c	30c
Salada Tea, Black	45c	40c
Red Salmon	18c	15c
Loose Raisins	10c	8c
Heinz Sweet Pickles	30c	25c
White Beans	6c	5c
Crisco	30c	27c
Canned Apples, gallons	30c	20c
Canned Apples, 2 lbs.	12c	10c
Corn	10c	3 for 25c
Tomatoes	12c	3 for 30c
Peas	10c	3 for 25c
French Peas	15c	2 for 25c
French Peas	20c	2 for 35c
Pork and Beans	10c	3 for 25c
Pork and Beans, large	13c	2 for 20c
Fray Bentos Corn Beef	35c	30c
Fray Bentos Corn Beef (large)	60c	55c
Pumpkins	12c	10c
Granulated Sugar (Redpath's) per 100 lbs.		$6.75

All goods sold for spot cash.
No Telephone Orders taken.

G. L. Meikle & Co.
White Front

Footwear for School boys & School Girls

Give me a call and we will be pleased to show you them and prove to you that there are no better values in town.

Also a large assortment in Mens and Boys Ready-made Clothing.

Gents Furnishings, Shirts, Sweaters, Raincoats, Hats and Caps, Socks and Gloves, Etc.

Your inspection invited.

Boots repaired, Tel. 65

W. G. Staniforth

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We deal in Foreign & Domestic Marble and Granite, first class work and best material in all the latest designs, always on hand.

Satisfaction guaranteed in all kinds of cemetery work, Monuments, Headstones, Posts, Fencing, etc.

Terms to suit Purchasers.

W. M. SCOTT, Prop.

The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of It and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Ring and the Man," "The Island of Regeneration," "The Better Man," "Hearts and the Highway," "As the Sparks Fly Upward."

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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CHAPTER XVI

Newbold might have answered that there was one subject which had been casually introduced by her upon one occasion and to which she had never again referred, but which was to him the most important of all subjects connected with her; and that was the nature of her relationship to one James Armstrong whose name, although he had heard it but once, he had not forgotten. The girl had been frankness itself in following his deft leads when he talked with her about herself, but she had shown the same reticence in recurring to Armstrong that he had displayed in questioning her about him. The statement she had just made as to his acquaintance with her history was therefore sufficiently near the truth to pass unchallenged, and once again he gravely bowed in acquiescence.

"I have withheld nothing from you," went on the girl, "whatever you wanted to know, I have told you. I had nothing to conceal, as you have found out. Why you wanted to know about me, I am not quite sure."

"It was because—" burst out the man impetuously, and then he stopped abruptly and just in time.

Enid Maitland smiled at him in a way that indicated she knew what was behind the sudden check he had imposed upon himself.

"Whatever your reason, your curiosity—"

"Don't call it that, please."

"Your desire then has been gratified. Now it is my turn. I am not even sure about your name. I have seen it in these books and naturally I have imagined that it is yours."

"It is mine."

"Well, that is really all that I know about you. And now I shall be quite frank. I want to know more. You evidently have something to conceal or you would not be living here in this way. I have never asked you about yourself, or manifested the least curiosity to solve the problem you present, to find the solution of the mystery of your life."

"Perhaps," said the man, "you didn't care enough about it to take the trouble to inquire."

"You know," answered the girl, "that is not true. I have been consumed with desire to know."

"A woman's curiosity?"

"Not that," was the soft answer that turned away his wrath.

She was indeed frank. There was that in her way of uttering those two simple words that set his pulses bounding. He was not altogether and absolutely blind.

"Come," said the girl, extending her hand to him, "we are alone here together. We must help each other. You have helped me, you have been of the greatest service to me. I can't begin to count all that you have done for me; my gratitude—"

"Only that?"

"But that is all that you have ever asked or expected," answered the young woman in a low voice whose

He Stood—Entranced.

gentle tones did not at all accord with the boldness and courage of the speech.

"You mean?" asked the man, staring at her, his face aflame.

"I mean," answered the girl swiftly, wilfully misinterpreting and turning his half spoken question another way, "I mean that I am sure that trouble has brought you here. I do not wish to force your confidence, I have no right to do so, yet I should like to enjoy it; can't you give it to me? I want to help you, I want to do my best to make some return for what you have been to me and have done for me."

"I ask but one thing," he said quickly.

"And what is that?"

But again he checked himself.

"No," he said, "I am not free to ask anything of you."

And that answer to Enid Maitland was like a knife thrust in the heart. The two had been standing confronting each other. Her heart grew faint within her. She stretched out her hand vaguely as if for support. He stepped toward her, but before he reached her, she caught the back of the chair and sank down weakly. That he should be bound and not free had never once occurred to her; she had quite misinterpreted the meaning of his remark.

The man did not help her, he could not help her. He just stood and looked at her. She fought valiantly for self-control a moment or two and then, utterly oblivious to the betrayal of her feelings involved in the question—the moments were too great for consideration of such trivial matters—she faltered.

"You mean there is some other woman?"

He shook his head in negation.

"I don't understand. There was some other woman?"

"Yes."

"Where is she now?"

"Dead."

"But you said you were not free."

He nodded.

"Did you care so much for her that now—that now—"

"Enid," he cried desperately. "Believe me, I never knew what love was until I met you."

The secret was out now; it had been known to her long since, but now it was publicly proclaimed. Even a man as blind, as obsessed, as he could not mistake the joy that illuminated her face at this announcement. That very joy and satisfaction produced upon him, however, a very different effect than might have been anticipated. Had he been free, indeed, he would have swept her to his breast and covered her sweet face with kisses broken by whispered words of passionate endearment. Instead of that he shrank back from her and it was she who was forced to take up the burden of the conversation.

"You say that she is dead," she began in sweet appealing bewilderment, "and that you care so much for me and yet you—"

"I am a murderer," he broke out harshly. "There is blood upon my hands, the blood of a woman who loved me and whom, boy as I was, I thought that I loved. She was my wife, I killed her."

"Great God," cried the girl amazed beyond measure or expectation by this sudden avowal which she had once suspected, and her hand instinctively went to the bosom of her dress where she kept that soiled, water stained packet of letters, "are you that man?"

"I am the man that did that thing, but what do you know?" he asked quickly, amazed in his turn.

"Old Kirkby, my uncle Robert Maitland, told me your story; they said that you had disappeared from the haunts of men—"

"And they were right. What else was there for me to do? Although innocent of crime, I was blood guilty. I was mad. No punishment could be visited upon me like that imposed by the stern, awful, appalling fact. I swore to prison myself, to have nothing more forever to do with mankind or womankind with whom I was unworthy to so associate, to live alone until God took me. To cherish my memories, to make such expiation as I could, to pray daily for forgiveness, I came here to the wildest, the most inaccessible, the loneliest, spot in the range. No one ever would come here I fancied, no one ever did come but you. I was happy after a fashion, or at least content. I had chosen the better part. I had work, I could read, write, remember and dream. But you came and since that time life has been heaven and hell. Heaven because I love you, hell because to love you means disloyalty to the past, to a woman who loved me. Heaven because you are here; I can hear your voice, I can see you, your soul is spread out before me in its sweetness, in its purity; hell because I am false to my determination, to my vow, to the love of the past."

"And did you love her so much, then?" asked the girl, now fiercely jealous and forgetful of other things for the moment.

(To be continued.)

HOW DID SHE KNOW?

Wife: Billy, dear, I stitched up the hole in your trousers' pocket last night after you had gone to bed. Now, am I not a thoughtful little wife?

Husband: H'm! How did you know there was a hole in my pocket?

Wm. Berry, Main St. LACHUTE

Offers the best and most complete stock of Buggies, Expresses, Rugs, Harness, and Harness Parts, Ranges, Thrashers, Wringers, Field & Lawn Wire, Fencing, Gates, etc.

A carload of Buggies to choose from. Call and get prices.

Also Agent for McCormick & Deering Machinery, Engines, Chatham Waggons and Carts, Beatty Bros, Stalls and Stanchions, Litter Carriers, etc.

The Grimm Sugar Outfit, the Pedlar Shingles, Sidings etc.

"Always to the Front."

With a nice assortment of Bananas, Lemons, Oranges, Pine Apples, Candies, Ganong's Chocolates and Ice Cream in Bricks or Bulk (3 colours.)

Try our Cherry and Pine Apple Sundaes.

Wedding Cakes a Specialty.

Flour and Feed always on hand.

Orders delivered anywhere in town by calling up Telephone No. 80.

ROBERT HAMILTON,
Baker & Confectioner, - LACHUTE

WOOL! WOOL! WOOL!

Bring along your wool and get the big price we are now paying.

And at the same time secure some of the many bargains we have to offer at our July Sale.

McFAUL BROS., - West End.

: Headquarters :

FOR

Carpenters & Machinists Tools.

Dry Cell Batteries	Pumps
Spark Plugs	Pipe
Cylinder Oil	Pipe Fittings
Gasoline	Stoves
Belting	Sinks
Packing	Enamel Ware
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Saws and Axes	Guns and Rifles
Ammunition	Paints and Glass
Roofing and Building Paper	Horse Blankets and Halters.

T. McOuat & Son,

West End - - Lachute

The Watchman,

And Ottawa Valley Advocate.

VOL. XXXIX — LACHUTE, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1914. — NO. 36

.. Preserving Time ..

Remember that I go to the expense and trouble of going to the market every week to select my fruits.

I am better prepared than ever to sell you the right kind of goods, the best quality and lowest prices.

Don't forget the following are on the market only a short while.

Plums, Pears, Peaches, Grapes
.. Blueberries, Melons, Etc. ..

PHONE No. 105.

P. PAQUIN, - Lachute

CALUMET & GRENVILLE.

The services in the Methodist Churches in Calumet and Grenville on Sunday, September 27th, will be in charge of Rev. B. A. Pitt, of Trinidad, B W I. Mr. Pitt supplied on this Circuit some years ago, while a student, and since graduation has been preaching in his native land. He possesses marked oratorical ability, and the friends of his student days will doubtless be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of hearing him again.

EXHIBITION JERSEYS FOR SALE.

1st. Prize Milch Cow (milking), Vankleek Hill Exhibition Sept. 21st. 1914, $125.00. 1st. prize two year old heifer Vankleek Hill Exhibition Sept. 21st. 1914 $75.00. Both will be early winter milkers.

1st. prize year old heifer Vankleek Hill Exhibition Sept. 21st. 1914 $40.00.

I will sell the Three for $225 00.

FRED A. WHITE
10-2 Calumet, Que.

The Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian Church will hold their annual New England Supper on Friday Oct. 30th. Further particulars will be given later. 9-25

Come in and have a look at the Fall Styles in Ladies' and Children's Hats. All the newest styles and prices to suit everyone. MISS HAMPTON

C. N. R. to Ottawa.

The Canadian Northern Railway are now operating through passenger service, Quebec to Ottawa and Toronto, running into Central Station, Ottawa, and Union Station, Toronto. This train leaves Lachute Westbound at 6.55 a m. daily arriving at Ottawa 10 a.m. Leaves Ottawa 7.15 p.m. arriving Lachute 10.05 p.m. Train Ottawa to Toronto does not run on Sundays. Office closed for 10 05 p m train

For further particulars, apply

10-30 M. ROBY, Agent, Lachute.

Our new Fall Costumes are also in stock. Very choice goods.

W. BANFORD & SON.

WHY PAY MORE.

Winchester Rifles 1894 Model 38-55 Calibre 26 inch round barrel 9 shots 7¾lbs. Price $15.75 delivered at your nearest R. R Station. Shot guns and other rifles at low prices. Remit by P. O. Money order, Postal Note or Express order to

R S. MACARTHUR,
10-9 Dalesville, Que.

We have some of those Mill Ends still Ducks and Linens at 12½, one yard wide.

W. BANFORD & SON.

LAMARCHE BROS.,
Ste. Philippe.

GROCERIES. DRY GOODS.
HARDWARE. MILLINERY.
BOOTS AND SHOES.

Supplies of the cheapest and best.
Hay, Oats and Feed always on hand.

CUSHING.

Miss Alberta Nicholls is spending the week with friends in Lachute.

Miss Bessie Dewar of Ottawa, is a guest of Miss Grace B. Fraser at the Manse

Miss A. Whelehan of Lachine, spent last week with her friends in this vicinity.

Miss Ella Watson and Mrs. Fleming are spending the week with friends in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Cushing, of Montreal, were week-end guests of the Misses Ross at Inglenide.

Miss Grace Hartley nurse-graduate of New York is spending a few weeks vacation at her home here.

Miss M. Saltmarsh and Miss Whelehan and the Misses Nicholls with a party of friends from Hawkesbury spent a day last week in Ottawa viewing the wonders of the Exhibition.

A meeting of the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church was held at the residence of Mrs. C. L. Cooke on Thursday of last week when it was decided to hold a social and fancy sale at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Davidson, St. Philippe, on the evening of Thursday, October 1st.

Owing to some miscalculation on the part of those who have control of such matters a discrepancy of nearly two weeks has occurred between the conclusion of the former mail service and the beginning of the rural service and consequently the going and coming of mail in this section is at present in a somewhat uncertain state.

EDINA.

Mr. George Moncrieff, with Miss Mary were visiting relatives at Edina. They hail from Arundel.

Mrs. David Kennedy, with Miss Sadie were at Ottawa to the Fair last week and had a splendid time.

Mrs. C. L. Kennedy has now returned to her home at Brownsburg after a most pleasant trip at Edina.

Farmers are taking a little respite after the heavy work of the past summer. It has been a strenuous season and they deserve a little rest.

Miss Alma Dixon, daughter of the highly esteemed Mr. John Dixon of Dalesville, is to teach school at Rawcliffe commencing October 1st. We all wish Miss Alma much success and extend to her our heartiest congratulations.

Many of the people of Edina are speaking of going to Dalesville Tea meeting which takes place on October 7th in connection with the Baptist Church there. The Dalesville people have a unique and kind way of making visitors so welcome, that they always desire to return.

The fine weather attracted an enormous number of people to Lachute, among the number we noticed quite a lot of our Edina friends. We were glad to see our old friend H. Slater, Esq., M. P. P. who is so highly esteemed in the vicinity of Edina.

It is hoped that a big turn out will greet Rev. Clark Reilly on Sunday next, when it is expected he will preach to Edina people. Mr. Reilly needs no introduction, as a preacher he has won fame in Montreal, and is looked upon as one of the coming men. In Grenville he is most highly esteemed. Don't forget the hour 3.30 in the afternoon. Brown's School House at 10.30 a.m. and at Rawcliffe at 7.30 p.m.

CRESWELL'S

Canada Cement

Prices Right

R. Creswell, Regist'd.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Percy Huett, of Vankleek, spent Wednesday in town.

Miss Katie Giles is spending a couple of weeks in Montreal.

Mrs. Thompson of Ottawa, is the guest of Mr. Parris this week.

Miss Dixon, of Winchester, is the guest of Mrs. Hugh Fraser, jr.

Mr. Marcus Hackwell, of Boscobel, spent Wednesday in town.

Miss Jones, of Montreal, is the guest of Mrs Potter for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Lalanne, of St. Lambert, spent a few days in town.

Mrs. Thos Wilson returned home from a trip to Sault Ste Marie on Wednesday.

Miss Gladys Davis, of Montreal, is the guest of Mrs. Robt. McArthur this week.

Mr. L. Hall also, the Misses V and D. Hall, of Louisa, spent part of this week in town.

Miss O'Hara and Mr. Harlow Giles were guests of Mrs. Henry Giles for the week-end.

The Misses Florence and Gladys McGillivray, of Montreal, are in town for a short visit.

Mr. H. Curran and daughter, of Ormstown, were the guests of Mrs J. A. Rice this week.

Mr. Horace Ryan, of Rensselaer Falls, N. Y., is the guest of his mother, for a few weeks.

Mrs. P. Lafleur and Mrs. F. Rowe, of Montreal, were the guests of Mrs J. C Hutchins this week.

Messrs. Wm. and George Wheatly, and Miss Pearl, of Lakeside, are the guests of Mrs. M. Jones.

Miss Myrtle Rice and Mr. and Mrs. Wiley, of Montreal, were guests of Mrs. J. W. Rice for the week-end.

Mrs. Paul Doig and son Irwin, of Turbolton, Ont., are spending a months visit, visiting their many friends.

Miss Small, of Montreal, is the guest of Mrs. Hampton this week. Messrs. Summerville, McMillan and Small, of Montreal, were week-end guests.

Following our appeal in last issne, we beg to announce that the firm of Ayers Limited have donated $150 to the Patriotic Fund, in addition to the $230.30 subscribed by the employees.

Rev. A. E. White of Quebec, will occupy the pulpit at Dalesville Baptist Church on Sunday, Sept 27th, both morning and evening. Will aslo preach at Mount Maple at 3 p.m.

Dalesville Church will hold their fall Tea-meeting on Wednesday Oct. 7th. Some very choice numbers will be given, including solos quartettes and addresses.

The entertainment held last night in the Victoria Hall, in aid of the Manse Fund, of the Baptist Church, was largely attended and the various numbers on the lengthy programme much enjoyed by all present.

Miss Lucy Webling and Mr. Walter McRaye effectively played the parts in "The Anonymous Letter, Fashionable Intelligence, and The Silent System," various phrases in these sketches bringing forth roars of applause.

Mr. McRaye's rendering of Dr. Drummond's "Little Baptiste" and "The Old Time" also "The Ballad of the Camperdown" and "The Spartain Mother" were greatly appreciated.

A Tableau entitled "Tenting Tonight" was rendered by local talent, and presented a picturesque appearance.

The evening closed with the National Anthem.

WEDDING BELLS.

FLOYD—SIMON.

The home of Mr and Mrs. John Simon was the scene of a pretty event on Wednesday last, when their eldest daughter Ida, was united in marriage to Mr. Geo. S. Floyd, of Verdun, the ceremony being performed by Rev J. L. George. The bride who looked charming in a gown of cream crepe de chene with embroidered net, and carried a boquet of roses and lillies of the valley, was attended by Miss Ethel Winters, while Mr Douglas Simon supported the groom The grooms gift to the bride was a sunburst of pearls and diamonds, to the brides maid, pearl brooch, and to best man, gold cuff links. The presents were both numerous and costly. Mr. and Mrs. Floyd left on evening train amid the well wishes of their many friends.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MRS. JOHN RODGER.

The East Settlement community has sustained another severe loss by the death of Mrs. John Rodger, which occurred at two o'clock on Thursday, September 17th, after an illness lasting since last February. She was born in the Seigniory in 1854, and was pre-deceased by her loving husband some five years ago. The funeral, which was very largely attended, was held on Saturday, and conducted by the Rev. J. L. George. Deceased leaves to mourn her loss one son, David John, also three sisters, Jean and Mary, of Burlington, Vt. and Mrs. J. R. Cleland. There were many floral tributes betokening the love and respect in which she was held.

News of Brownsburg

At the D. C. Co. Gun club meeting held at their grounds last Saturday, some good shooting was performed by the ladies. In the first shoot for the spoon Miss Noma Paso, Miss Cherry, and Mr. Wyman McGibbon tied for honors, Miss Noma Pasco breaking 9 out of 10.

In the shoot off Miss Pasco again performing the same feat was declared the winner.

Mr. Harold Butler finished his long run for the J. S. Boa trophy by tieing with Mr. E. J. Johnson making 24. The General scoring of the members was not up to the usual standard, but a very pleasant afternoon's sport was spent by all present.

Mr. and Mrs E. Secker and family wish to declare their utmost gratitude to the populace of Brownsburg for the kind sympathy shown to them by all kind friends in their present sorrow.

On behalf of Mr. and Mrs. E Secker, and family we beg to extend their heartfelt sympathy towards Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Campbell and family in their present bereavement.

YOUTH SHOT DEAD WHILE HUNTING.

Archibald Campbell, 17 years of age, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Campbell, of Brownsburg, was accidentally shot and killed at Mud Lake, four miles north of Brownsburg, on Sunday, September 20th, by Walter Secker, a companion, while the two boys were out gunning for partridge. The two young fellows were in a thick part of the woods at the time, where the ground is rough and uneven. They both saw a partridge fly up from the ground a short distance ahead of them while Campbell was a few yards in front of Secker, at which they became rather excited. Secker was not able to say whether the trigger of his gun caught in a twig or whether he cocked it with his finger, but in some manner or other the weapon was discharged and the charge of shot, which did not scatter, struck Campbell in the back and embedded itself in his left lung. Secker shouted for help when he saw his companion fall to the ground, realizing what had happened. Two guards of the Dominion Cartridge Company, who were hunting in the woods heard the cries of the young fellow and went to his assistance. They carried the unconscious Campbell out of the woods to a farm house near Mud Lake, while Secker drove in to Brownsburg to get Dr. Fraser. But when the physician reached the victim he found that life was extinct, the boy dying a few minutes after he had been brought to the house by the two guards and Secker. Dr. Fraser, when he examined the boy, found that the load of shot had penetrated the boy's left lung, making a hole into which it was almost possible to put his fist.

Dr. Wales, of St. Andrew's East, who is coroner of the district, gave instructions for the body of the young Campbell to be brought to Brownsburg, where he opened the inquest Sunday afternoon. When the cause of death had been explained to the jury by Dr. Fraser, the boy who had been with the deceased was called Walter Secker, whose gun was the cause of his companion's death is sixteen years of age. Both boys had been fast friends and playmates for a long time. Young Secker explained to the jury the positions of himself and his companion, as they were walking through the woods, when the partridge appeared in front of them. He said that Campbell was not more than two or three yards in front of him. When they both saw the partridge, at about the same instant, they stood still. Secker was unable to say, he was so excited at the time, whether he touched the trigger of his gun or whether it was caught in a twig as he went to raise it up. Bnt he did not aim at the partridge, as he was only in the act of raising his gun when it went off and he was startled to see his companion tumble forward and fall to the ground. He dropped his gun and rushed to his side to find him unconscious and blood flowing from a hole in his back below the left shoulder. Secker said that he shouted for help and two of the magazine guards of the Dominion Cartridge Company's factory came to his assistance.

The jury came to the conclusion that young Secker was not criminally responsible for his companion's death, as there had been no culpable negligence on his part.

Young Campbell was employed in the office of the Dominion Cartridge Company at Brownsburg. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Campbell, of Brownsburg. His mother is on her way here from the Old Country and is expected to arrive home on Saturday.

The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon two o'clock at the Presbyterian Church and was attended by a large concourse of sorrowful friends and sympathizers. The Rev. Mr. George preached a very appropriate sermon. The Rev. Mr. Lackey saying the prayers and Rev. Mr. McConnell reading the lessons. The pall bearers were six of the deceased close and intimate friends. The floral offerings were very numerous and consisted of some very handsome pieces coming from the employees of several Depts. of the D. C. Co. Factory. After the funeral service the mortal remains of the deceased were conveyed to Lachute Cemetary followed by many carriages.

The late Mr. Archie Campbell was a Corporal in the local Hussar Troop, and a very prominent member of the young peoples Societies in Brownsburg.

"Weep not for me my parents dear
I am not dead but sleeping here,
I was not yours but Christ alone
He loved me best and took me home."

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CHAPTER I.

"Miss Leslie! Miss Leslie! will you please step downstairs a minute?"

The intense sunshine of a cloudless August morning was streaming through the murky window-panes of a scantily furnished garret room, in a second-rate Brighton lodging-house, whose front faced the sea. But this poor little apartment was not situated in the front. On the contrary, it was the smallest and least desirable of the garret rooms at the back, where the sun came glaringly in, with no pretense of a curtain or blind to resist its broiling influence; where the floor was carpetless, the dressing-bureau braced untidily up with two bricks, in place of its missing claw-legs, and the tiny mirror cracked half-way across. Moreover, there was not a single chair upon which it would have been safe for the unwary stranger to deposit his weight. The room was a very hospital for invalided furniture—a "Home," so to speak, for "Wooden Incurables!" From the slit-like casement the view was most unpromising, consisting chiefly of back yards, with dismembered bedsteads sunning against their fences, ash heaps, broken bottles, and battered tins piled indiscriminately here and there, and not a blade of grass or vegetation to be seen.

And this was the sole boudoir alloted by Fate to our heroine.

Leslie Ford, the aforesaid heroine, was sitting on the floor, close to the window, her elbow supported on its casing, her hand unconsciously buried in her luxuriant light-brown hair, while a dog's eared novel lay in her lap—a novel in which, for the moment, all her troubles and cares were blissfully merged! For Leslie Ford was only sixteen, and she had never read "Rob Roy!"

What was she like? It is difficult to describe a face without falling into the hackneyed groove of simile which may serve equally well to depict half a dozen others. And yet, any one who had once seen Leslie Ford would scarcely be likely to forget her. And as she sat there, in an attitude of careless, unstudied grace, the brown tresses falling about her temples, and "Roy Roy" in her lap, she would have formed a study for an artist.

A lovely, oval-faced girl, with large, liquid eyes of the softest hazel, whose long, thick fringes, a shade or so darker than her hair, added an almost pensive expression to her small, straight features, and a complexion whose purity and dazzling clearness instinctively reminded one of a rose in June. Leslie would have been indisputably beautiful, had she been robed, like the privileged ones in the world, in purple and fine linen. And even as it was, not all her dingy surroundings could detract from her sweet, girlish charm. She was lovely, even in the cheap print dress she wore—a dress selected, not for its beauty of color, but for its ability to stand the fiery ordeals of the laundry; the ill-fitting boots, that had been "half-soled," and received more than one patch into the bargain, and the thrice-washed and ironed ribbons that were tied at her throat. For, as there is a time for dandelions to bloom, and roses to put forth their buds, there is also a spring-tide for humanity. And Leslie Ford's footsteps were just poised upon the golden portal of Youth!

Out of the heather-plains of Scotland, out of the rocky-fortresses where lurked the robber chieftain of the Highlands, and Helen McGregor's prophetess-tones rang across the blue waters of the loch, Leslie Ford came unwillingly back to the prosaic present, becoming disagreeably conscious all at once of the sultry August sunshine, the buzz of flies against the window-panes, and the quarreling of bad, noisy boys in the yard below over a dislocated wheelbarrow.

"Yes, Mrs. Tennanter," she said, closing her book with a sigh, "I'm coming!"

"It's the butcher, miss," said Mrs. Tennanter, lowering her voice to a husky whisper, not entirely devoid of the aroma of beer; "and he's in a dreadful taking, Miss Leslie."

"In a taking? About what?"

Leslie Ford slightly contracted her brows—a scintillation of dangerous light glittered in the irises of her dark eyes.

"It's the bill, miss. And of all the uncivil people—"

"The bill?" repeated Leslie. "Did I not tell him it would be settled when we received our New York remittances?"

And, slipping past the portly figure of the woman, Leslie Ford ran lightly downstairs, and confronted the belligerent tradesman—a sullen, thickset man, with a bristling red beard, and a hat set sideways on his shock head.

"Now, then," said Miss Ford, resolutely, "what is all this about?"

"It's just this, miss," the man answered, sullenly, "I ain't a-goin' to stand this 'ere no longer!"

"Take off your hat," said Leslie, brusquely.

The tradesman sullenly obeyed.

"I have told you before," went on the girl, with the peerless dignity of a young Diana, "that it will be inconvenient to settle with you until we receive remittances, which are already overdue. When they arrive, your bill will be paid. And not until then."

"Promises butter no parsnips," grumbled the old man, turning his battered hat around and around. "I've waited just about long enough, and I don't mean to wait no longer. And if so be, as you ain't a-goin' to pay me, miss, I'll make bold to step upstairs to the old gentleman."

"Stop!" cried Leslie Ford, placing herself in his way, as he advanced a step or two. "My father is very ill. No one is allowed to see him. Have I not told you that you shall be paid in due time?"

"Oh, yes!" insolently retorted the knight of the block and cleaver. "It's to-morrow, and it's next week, and it's next month, but it ain't never now! And for folks as calls themselves gentlefolks to be takin' the bread out of a poor man's mouth this sort o' way, I don't call it no better than swindlin'. That I don't. And so I shall let the old gentleman know afore he's an hour older."

So saying, he pushed resolutely toward the upper hall.

Leslie Ford's hazel eyes lightened ominously. Mrs. Tennanter wrung her hands.

"Lawk-a-mercy! lawk-a-mercy!" she cried out, "he'll be the death of Mr. Ford, as can't never bear no excitement. Come back, Mr. Zell! come back! It'll be right, if only you'll have a little patience. Do consider, Mr. Zell."

But Leslie Ford stooped to no such entreaty. She uttered a low, clear whistle.

"Jack!" she cried. "Here Jack!"

At the same second an immense bloodhound sprung from his couch on the mat in an inner room, and was at his mistress's side, his large, almost human eyes fixed wistfully on her face, his pendulous ears pricked up in an attitude of the intensest vigilance.

"Watch him, Jack. Mind him, good dog," Leslie cried out. "Don't let him stir a step."

And as she spoke, she pointed one slender finger toward the tradesman, who, terrified half out of his senses at the sudden appartition of the immense animal, had retreated into a corner.

And Jack, advancing slowly, with his white teeth half displayed, and his tail moving to and fro like the pendulum of a clock, planted himself full in front of the man whom he instinctively perceived was obnoxious to his young mistress.

"Take him off, miss!" cried the butcher, with chattering jaws, and face blanched by terror. "For goodness sake, call him off!"

Leslie laughed a clear, low laugh of defiance.

"Ah!" she said, "so you have at last found a bigger brute than yourself, have you? But spare yourself these terrors. Jack has more sense than half the men now. Jack will not hurt you, unless you attempt to stir. And the first movement you make, he will spring at your throat. Well, why don't you go up to my father's sick-room? Why don't you disturb the rare slumbers of an invalid with your insolent demands?"

Mrs. Tennanter chuckled aloud—the charwoman who stood in the kitchen door, with her dress pinned up around her, and an odor of soapsuds steaming out from her parboiled red arms, muttered: "Good enough for him," and Mr. Simon Zell, the butcher, felt himself to be the right man in the wrong place.

"I didn't want to make no disturbance," miss," said he, abjectly. "I didn't mean no harm. And," instinctively receding a quarter of an inch or so toward the wall, as Jack shook himself, rattling a chain collar around his neck, like the discharge of a miniature park of artillery, "I'm perfectly willin' to wait Mr. Ford's convenience."

"Indeed?" said Leslie, still speaking with contemptuous sarcasm. "It strikes me that your views and ideas have changed with miraculous suddenness. Where is your bill?"

"Here, miss."

He extended it, still keeping his eyes apprehensively fixed on the immense bloodhound.

"Have you a pencil, Mrs. Tennanter?" asked Leslie.

And from some secret recess in the kitchen dresser the landlady produced a stumpy black lead pencil, with a greasy string tied around it. Miss Ford gave them both to the man.

"Now, receipt that bill, if you please."

"But, miss—"

"Jack!"

The hound started up, once more beginning to agitate his huge tail back and forth, and uttered a muffled growl.

"For God's sake! miss, don't let him come near me," gasped the tradesman, turning a tallowy white. "I'll receipt it! I'll do anything."

And scrawling his signature in a shaking hand at the bottom of the long list of items he tossed the bill back to Miss Ford. Leslie scrutinised it keenly.

"That will do," said she. "Now, sir," fixing her eyes upon him with a scornful dignity, "I want you distinctly to comprehend that I shall not use this document in any way to your detriment. I have obtained it from you simply as a safeguard to myself—a protection from the incessant annoyances to which we have been of late subjected. You shall most assuredly be paid, as soon as our money arrives. In the meantime I will trouble you to call for further orders. Jack," laying her hand on his collar, "come here. Mr. Zell, there is the door."

The discomfited tradesman slunk out of the area door followed by the half-suppressed tittering of Mrs. Tennanter and the charwoman, and banging the gate behind him with an emphasis that spoke volumes.

"Well, I never, miss!" said Mrs. Tennanter, "Who but you would have thought of such a thing?"

"It was as good as a play," added the charwoman, retreating once more into the kitchen.

"It wasn't right," said Leslie Ford, with a sigh; "but what else could I do? Could I allow papa to be disturbed?"

"Of course you couldn't, miss," said Mrs. Tennanter, with energy; "and him that delicate and nervous, as a mouse creepin' across the floor sets him all in a quiver."

"And necessity makes one acquainted with strange expedients," added our sixteen-year-old heroine, with another sigh. "Come, Jack! Good Jack, dear old Jack, what should I do without you?"

And, wreathing her fingers in his long, soft hair, she ran upstairs again, Jack keeping close at her side, and riveting his great, intelligent eyes on her face, as if he would fain proffer his mute sympathy; for Jack saw that her face was troubled, and that there were tears shining in the depths of her dark hazel eyes.

"Oh!" murmured Leslie Ford to herself, "it is so humiliating to be poor!"

CHAPTER II.

"Papa, may I come in?"

Leslie Ford tapped softly at the door of a room on the second story front—one of the privileged apartments, which commanded a view of the sea, and were furnished in ingrain carpets and horse-hair chairs and softs. Leslie herself was willing to burrow in the garret, and live on the least and cheapest of everything; but she could not endure the thought that her father, who had been a gentleman all his days, should be less than a gentleman now.

"Come in, my daughter—certainly. I am not asleep."

The voice was soft and graciously modulated—the voice of one who was well educated, and had known the elegance and refinements of the world. And, noiselessly opening the door, Leslie glided in, Jack pattering after her, like a shadow.

It was a large, cheerful room, with a bay-window, hung with Turkey-red draperies and muslin curtains, a carpet whose pattern, albeit somewhat staring, was at least new and clean, and chairs of the inevitable dark mahogany, shining and well rubbed, with slippery hair seats, and crochet tidies pinned on the back, to the confusion of whoever might chance to sit down on them. Colored lithographs of the King and Queen hung on the walls, their gilt frames carefully shrouded in yellow tarletan, and a china lamb, flanked on either side by stiff china vases, made the mantel-piece—in Mrs. Tennanter's opinion, at least—splendid beyond the average. But the commonplace vulgarity of the cheap lodging-house apartment was redeemed by the little walnut book-rest of well-thumbed English poets that stood on the table at the invalid's bedside, and the one exquisite moss rose, in a slender-stemmed crystal vase, that stood side by side with his medicine vials. And Merriam Ford, propped up among his pillows, with a pair of tortoise-shell eyeglasses perched on his aquiline nose, and an open volume of Chaucer lying before him, was not unhappy, in his quiet fashion.

He had been a very handsome man once, with Leslie's own dark eyes, and short, high-bred upper lip, but the settled pallor of ill health was on his countenance, the eyes were sunken, and the cheek-bones stood out in ominous distinctness, while the hands, that idly fluttered the leaves of his book, were painfully wasted and transparent. He looked up with a pleasant smile, as Leslie came to his bed-side, and stood before him.

"I thought I heard voices down-stairs, my dear," said he.

"Yes, papa, I was there."

"My dear," said the invalid, turning the leaves back and forth with nervous touch, "I am the last person in the world to find fault with my faithful little nurse, but I don't think it is well for you to spend too much of your time down in the kitchen, Mrs. Tennanter, although she is most faithful and attentive—an excellent creature, I am sure—is not exactly a proper and fitting associate for my daughter."

"No, papa," assented Leslie, submissively.

"I know we are exceptionally situated," he went on, "but still a gentleman is a gentleman, and a lady is a lady, and we must be true to our caste. Noblesse oblige, you know, my love."

"Yes, papa," said Leslie, once again.

"You will be sure to remember my hints? With a motherless child, I feel that I can not be too careful," added Mr. Ford, with a troubled air.

"Oh, I'll remember, papa," cheerily answered Leslie. "Is there anything I can get you now?"

"Nothing, my dear, nothing," answered the invalid. "I am quite comfortable at present. I suppose," inquiringly, "the postman has not been here this morning?"

"No, papa," Leslie responded, soothingly. "It's early yet, you know—not nine."

"Oh, very well." The invalid spoke resignedly, but there was a perceptible shade of disappointment in his face. "I dare say it will be all right. I dare say he'll bring those American letters when he does come. But it is strange that there should be so much delay."

Leslie said nothing, but busied herself with adjusting the rosebud in the slender-necked vase, and clipping away the one or two dead leaves that clung to its stem. To say truth, she had heard so much about the aforesaid American letters that her interest had somehow become calloused on the subjects. That she had relatives in the United States, she firmly believed; that they would write in due time, she entertained no reasonable doubt—but but there certainly seemed no immediate probability of it.

"Do you know, my dear," said Mr. Ford, "I am half disposed to believe that my cousins, the Lancasters, are coming over themselves? And that, of course, would explain this otherwise unaccountable procrastination in writing! I think, Leslie," he added, wistfully, "that I could die quite happy, if I could once see you safely consigned to Emily Lancaster's charge!"

"Papa! oh, papa! don't talk about dying!"

Leslie Ford threw herself on the floor, at her father's bedside, and laid her fresh young cheek caressingly against his wasted hand; while Jack, faithfully observant of his mistress's moods, nestled up close to her, and uttered a low, remonstrating howl of sympathy.

"My darling!" said Merriam Ford, with a faint smole glimmering over his disease-sharpened features, "we can none of us escape fate! What must be, must be—and I am not one to shrink abjectly from death, if—if only it were not for my little girl; to leave you alone, Leslie—that's where the pull is!"

"But, papa," wailed poor Leslie, doing her best to choke back the tears, lest they should excite the sick man, "I have only you; I can't live without you, papa!"

"Young people soon find friends," said Mr. Ford, stroking down the glossy abundance of shining chestnut-brown hair that veiled Leslie's flushed face. "But we won't discuss the matter now. I am fatigued and feel that I need rest, and it full time you were off for your music lessons. I hope, by the way," he added, "that you are improving, my dear; I shouldn't like Mrs. Lancaster to find you destitute of all the feminine accomplishments, even if you have been brought up by an old ex-soldier, who knows more about countermarches and hollow squares than he does about the piano and worsted-work."

Leslie hesitated a little, as she rose to her feet, and put back her hair.

"Yes, papa," she said, slowly, "I think I am improving."

"Yes, my dear, yes; that is well; and if Monsieur Riparti mentions anything about the bills—"

"He will not, papa!"

"But if he does—you may tell him that we are expecting letters and remittances every day. You understand, Leslie?"

"Yes, papa. You're quite sure that you are feeling as well as usual this morning?" the girl added, wistfully.

"I am quite comfortable, to-day," Mr. Ford answered, with a reassuring nod and smile. "Just hand me that volume of Montaigne's Essays, will you? And now I am all right. That is well, my dear; take old Jack with you. It isn't quite the thing for Merriam Ford's daughter to be trudging alone the streets of Brighton without either maid or attendant; but old Jack is a host in himself," caressingly touching the dog's silky head. "With Jack at your side, I hardly think any one will venture to molest you!"

Leslie laughed.

"They would scarcely repeat the experiment, papa," she said. "Come, Jack; come, brave old giant!"

And stooping down, she pressed one last, loving kiss on her father's brow, ere she withdrew, saying cheerfully:

"I'll be sure to be back at three o'clock, and tying a simple straw hat of the papa! Without fail!"

Hastening up to her own room, she fastened on a plain, circular garment of brown linen, which shrouded the whole of her slender person like a nun's robe, coarsest brand, and decorated only by a brown ribbon, under her chin, she came down again with light, flying footsteps, which scarcely touched the edge of the stairs.

Mrs. Tennanter stood at the front door, polishing the knob, with a dingy chamois-leather in one hand, and a pan of whiting in the other. She courtesied herself aside as Miss Ford came down.

"Mrs. Tennanter," said Leslie, pausing on the threshold, "is there any of that bottle of Maderia left?"

"Not a drop, Miss Leslie. It's lasted five days, now, miss."

"Nor any fruit?"

"No, miss."

"Here is half a sovereign. Will you get another bottle of wine and some grapes?"

"There's early peaches, miss, at Wrightall's, but there're a shilling apiece!" suggested Mrs. Tennanter.

Leslie's eyes sparkled.

"You may get three, Mrs. Tennanter," said she. "Papa is so fond of fresh fruit, and he must be tired of grapes—grapes, nothing but grapes. And be sure you select nice ones."

Mrs. Tennanter wagged her head knowingly.

"Trust me for that, Miss Leslie," she said. "Old Wrightall never yet got the better of me in a bargain, half-way Jew though he is. And I'll go out directly I've got these door-knobs to look a little more decent. It'll be a handy time to leave the house while Bridget, the charwoman, is here to tend the bell, and keep an eye to things, which she's as honest as the daylight, Bridget is, though such a one on meat and beer as I never see. The way she do eat, that woman—"

And Leslie Ford tripped away down the street, leaving Mrs. Tennanter yet discoursing on the merits of Bridget, the charwoman.

"Ah!" muttered the lodging-house keeper as she looked after the receding figure, "there's a lady. Though to be sure, she's as poor as poverty, and ain't that set off by dress as she ought to be. God bless her sweet face! But blood will show, and I'd rather keep Mr. Ford and Miss Leslie for nothing, than some lodgers as I've had as wouldn't stick at paying two pound a week!"

Either the door-knobs required an extra amount of polishing this morning, or Mrs. Tennanter was not as expeditious as usual in her movements, for it was past eleven when at last she found time to "clean herself up," as she expressed it, "and speed away down the street on Miss Ford's errand." The pitched battle with Simeon Wrightall, the fruiterer, on the subject of peaches and Maderia, occupied some time, for Mrs. Tennanter made it a point of honor never to pay old Wrightall exactly what he asked, for any article of merchandise whatsoever. So that in consequence of these various delays it was nearly noon when the good woman knocked at Mr. Ford's door, with the tray containing his midday refreshments—refreshments which Leslie's filial solicitude and forethought took care should never be wanting.

She knocked with her elbow at first, having both hands full; but as no answer came, she concluded that that novel method of signifying her presence was not effectual.

And depositing her burden on the floor, she knocked again.

(To be continued.)

A Foraging Squad Returning to Camp With a Drove of Steers to Feed One o the French Brigades

FRENCH AIRMEN MAKE VOW

WILLING TO FACE DEATH FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

Swear to Charge German Dirigibles If Occasion Call For It.

One of the strangest and bravest bands of men fighting in Europe today consists of twelve or fifteen French airmen, all army aviators, who are bound together by a weird oath of patriotism to sacrifice their lives in a battle of the air if the occasion requires it to destroy a German army dirigible and kill its crew, according to Capt. Horace B. Wild, the Chicago aeronaut, in the Chicago Sunday Herald. Their plan is for the aviator to take his air craft—the monoplane is most popular with the Frenchmen—high above the enemy's great balloon and then suddenly drive his machine down into the big gas bag, wrecking it and sending the entire crew of from ten to twenty-six men to their deaths.

Can't Fire Aloft.

The German Zeppelins in war times are equipped with rapid-fire guns, but the gunners cannot aim at any target in the air above the balloon, and consequently the French aviators believe that their programme to destroy the enemy, with its attendant destruction of themselves, can be carried out, provided they so manoeuvre as to get their monoplanes above the dirigibles before the guns can be aimed at them.

Capt. Wild, who has an international reputation as a pioneer and expert in aeronautics, was inspired to tell his story of the band of French aviators and their oath by the report several days ago that Roland Garros, the French aeronaut, had sacrifieced his life in a successful attack on a German dirigible such as has been described.

"Whether or not the report is true," said Captain Wild, "just such a sensational incident of self-sacrifice may be looked for at any time if the present war on the Continent continues."

Value of Sacrifice.

A Zeppelin machine costs a million of francs and requires four months to construct. It has on board from ten to twenty men, whom it has cost the German Government thousands of dollars to train at great risk over a long period of time, for these Zeppelin pilots cannot become efficient in the scientific manoeuvring of these machines until after years of continuous practice.

Germany's "Monsters."

Germany's sky navy is believed to consist of fifty Zeppelin dirigibles.

There are five dirigible centres at strategic points, besides a marvellous station at Heligoland, about which absolutely nothing is known. None but officials are allowed within 1,000 feet of it.

The latest "air monsters," 700 feet long, carry a crew of twenty-four, six quick-fire guns, seven tons of explosives, searchlights, wireless apparatus, and a secret non-inflammable gas in liquid form.

One could sail over the French border, dynamite fortifications around Paris and return to Germany without landing. They have a speed of thirty-five to sixty miles an hour.

The crew's quarters are heated. Dirigibles going up 6,000 to 8,000 feet to drop a new explosive having the property of setting on fire anything it hits would look from the ground no bigger than a football.

He Blazed Away.

An Irishman who wasn't much of a hunter went out to hunt one day, and the first thing he saw to shoot at was a bird sitting saucily on the top of a fence. He blazed away, and then walked over to pick up the victim. What he happened to find was a dead frog, which he raised carefully at arm's length, looking at it with a puzzled air. Finally he remarked: "Well, but ye was a deuce of a fine-looking burd befur Oi blew the fithers off o' ye!"

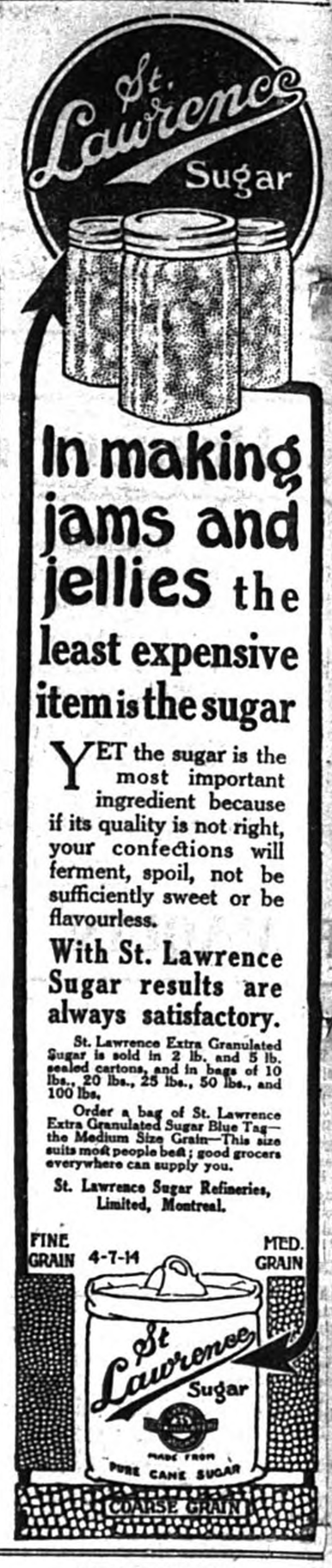
The Beggar's Retort.

She—I shan't give you anything because I suspect you aren't blind at all.

He—That may be, but I can assure you there are moments when I wish I were.

Memory's Tricks.

Professor—Too bad! One of my pupils, to whom I have given two courses of instruction in the cultivation of the memory, has forgotten to pay me, and the worst of it is I can't remember his name.



Sudden Warning.

Patsy and Tom were working near where there was a beehive and a bed of onions, when the following incident occurred: A bee stung Tom on the wrist, when Pat exclaimed—"I always told you when you'd get a sting of a bee to suck it and then rub in onion juice." After a very short time a bee lodged on Patsy's neck, when he shouted—"Oh, Tom, there's one on my neck. Oh, 'tis gone down between my shoulders. Oh, I'm stung!" "Suck it, Peter," ordered Tom; "suck it and I'll rub on the onion juice."

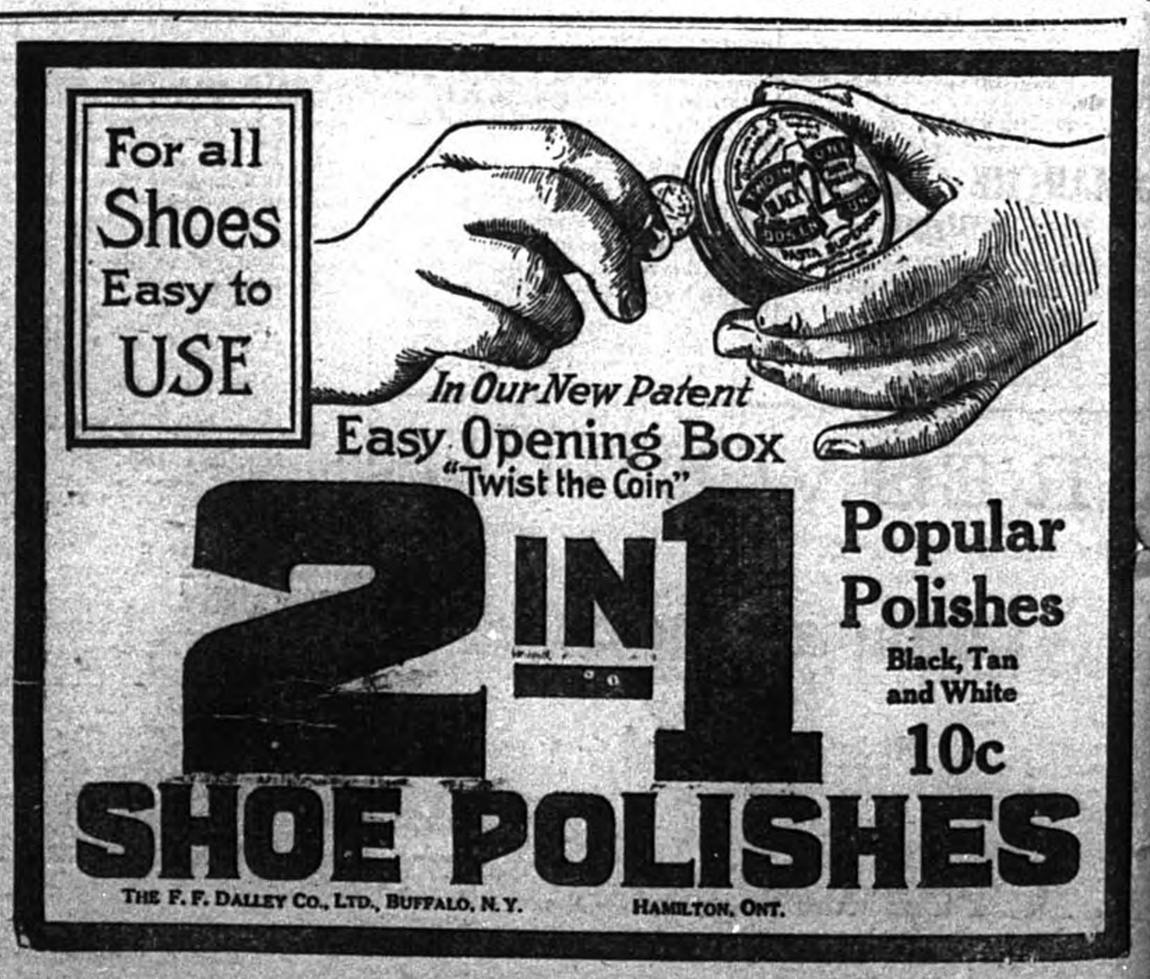
Improvement.

"Your wife used to like to sing, and she played the piano a lot. Now we don't hear her at all. How's that?"

"She hasn't the time. We have two children."

"Well, well, after all, children are a blessing!"

Few men get far enough up the ladder of fame to make them dizzy.



HOME

Hints on Canning.

The corks of the catsup and grape juice bottles pop, the catsup grows dark almost as soon as made, the pickles soften at this season of the year, which is most favorable to the growth of microscopical and invisible forms of life. The housekeepers write asking the reasons for all this, little realizing that they are asking questions which have puzzled and occupied the minds of the greatest scientists of the last fifty years.

The harm is done before many housewives begin to think about it. There are many imperceptible forms of decomposition which she cannot see until the food is wholly spoiled, but she can learn what conditions produce these and beware. She sees her pickles grow soft, her bread and cold vegetables mold. Exactly the same causes give her family cramps or worse troubles after meals. The same agents that spoil her food because they have been swallowed often bring her to play nurse during the summer season, since most of them work with enormous rapidity at the body temperature, whether they happen to be in the alimentary tract or standing exposed to summer air.

Cold ham, sausages, and fresh meat may look all right and act all wrong, when eaten, just as unclean milk does, causing all sorts of gastric troubles. It is not safe to cut out bad spots. The whole must be thrown away. It is more serious to have food decompose in the stomach than in the can. The same agent accomplishes both.

Only the most scrupulous cleanliness prevents these agents from beginning work, and when they have once begun there is no saving food. This means being clean in different and more ways than housewives yet realize. It means that all who handle food must be cleaner than any, but a few are. It means that it is useless to make pickles and preserves of raw materials that have been much handled and subjected to dirty air with any ordinary care.

The kitchen itself, in which preserving or pickling is done, may be spotless, but if there is a dirty garbage pail just outside, or perhaps some blocks away, breeding tiny things which throw their spores (the seeds of the lowest forms of plant life) into the light and dry summer air for the breezes to carry where they will, then the raw material to be pickled or preserved will have dirt on its surface which cannot be seen and can only be destroyed by high temperature, or what we call sterilization.

Any one can sterilize foods, to be preserved in some way by using enough temperature, and for long enough time, but both flavor and color are often destroyed by high temperature. A temperature high enough to destroy a spore in one cooking that is sometimes on peas, for instance, would cook the peas to a mush.

Sterilization means "to apply heat to destroy micro-organisms or to hinder their vegetating power," in other words to prevent this tiny vegetable form from growing and eating up our foods. Bacteria which do not produce spores can be destroyed at temperatures below the boiling point, but this point is the safest. Steam heat is better than dry heat of the same temperature because it destroys these low forms much quicker.

Different foods require different times and the same food may require a different treatment at one time from what it does another. Manufacturers have learned this to their sorrow. The same fruit grown in different localities also requires different treatment. It is harder to sterilize foods in glass than in tin; a high temperature is required and this must reach the centre and be held there.

Though not always so regarded, cleanliness and proper disposition of waste materials are great factors in sterilization.

Some processes which are good for perfect vegetables or fruit without bruises are not good for imperfect and bruised food. Bruised materials must be carefully sterilized.

The weather often has an influence on the chemical composition of raw materials just as it does on the finest vegetables in the fields, the best corn spoiling and the best tomatoes cracking open to be mold infested shortly, in the sunshine following rain.

All fruits and vegetables should be canned as soon as possible after being picked and not allowed to stand exposed. Raw materials piled too closely soon will grow slimy as will parboiled vegetables.

It may be necessary to parboil vegetables, but if they stand exposed afterward even for twenty minutes bacteria may cause them to be bitter. Green tomato pickle sometimes is bitter on this account. Scalded and peeled tomatoes should be put in the cans as soon as possible, doing only small lots at a time.

Things Worth Knowing.

To renew the lustre to leather, apply the white of an egg with a sponge.

If a chicken or duck is tough, steam it for an hour before roasting.

If the outsides of wire screens are given a coat of white paint the outside world cannot see in.

Apply a few drops of paraffin to a cut and it will give instant relief and assist in the healing.

Do not throw away one drop of sour milk. Many things can be made with it if one knows how.

Instead of putting the sugar on top of the fruit in pies try putting it on the bottom crust mixed with a small portion of flour, according to the juciness of the fruit.

Straw sleeve protectors, similar to those worn by butchers, are very inexpensive and answer their purpose admirably, as they are light and cool.

To remove the leaves of a head of lettuce easily, cut out the stalk and plunge the head downward into cold water, and after five or ten minutes the water will fill in between the leaves so that they will readily fall apart.

To remove red ink stains from table linen, spread freshly-made mustard over the stain and leave for about half an hour; then sponge it off and all trace of the ink will have disappeared.

When rust is stubborn, it may be removed from steel by covering with olive oil for a day, then rubbing with a lump of fresh lime and polishing in the ordinary way.

At this season of the year it is a good idea to instantly preserve any bit of fruit that is left over from the table, even if it only fills a glass; you will find it acceptable in the winter season.

The leftovers of chicken can be made into delicious shortcake. Make the biscuit crust the same as for old-fashioned shortcake. Spread the chicken between and pour gravy on the whole.

If you have light-colored blankets which are too worn to use on your beds, you can make lovely comforts by placing between sateen or pretty silkoline and tacking them together with worsted.

CHANCES FOR CANADIANS.

War May Prove a Bonanza for the Manufacturers.

Because of the war and the consequential suppression of all trade with Germany there should be a stimulus to Canadian manufacturing industry in those lines which we are accustomed to import from that country. In the last fiscal year the aggregate of our imports was $14,473,833. Practically all of this was made up of manufactured articles, which, with a few exceptions, Canadian industries are capable of turning out.

It therefore follows that to a large extent our importations from Germany, now absolutely prohibited because of the war, may be replaced by the increased output or new manufactures of the home-made article, thus increasing the scope of Canadian industrial activity and giving employment to artisans at a time when such is most needed.

To begin with, Canada, with heavy zinc deposits, imported last year $350,435 worth of zinc manufactures from Germany. No country is better equipped with raw material for the manufacture of paper than is this, but we bought $259,376 worth from Germany last year. Local mills may supply this.

In woollen manufactures, dress fabrics and the like the total import from Germany was $1,060,594. To that extent our Canadian woollen industry might reasonably benefit.

In hosiery, in which there is a well equipped Canadian industry, we bought last year from Germany $441,898. In porcelain ware, also a Canadian output, there were German imports of $300,566, and in electrical apparatus $109,071.

Fur manufacturers imported from Germany approximately $1,107,000, glass manufacturers $380,057, and jewellery $175,296.

There is a well developed Canadian iron and steel industry which might very well supply the $715,589 worth of agate ware, wire rods, locomotive tires, and tubery bought from Germany last year.

These are some of the main lines of our German imports. From Austria the trade is comparatively small and made up mainly of articles that we do not duplicate.

There is every reason in consequence to look for a material stimulus in Canadian manufactures in these lines heretofore imported from Germany and which we are well able to duplicate at home.

"I took a long walk yesterday," said Boreman, as he collapsed into a seat at Busyman's desk. "Take another, old man," suggested Busyman; "it'll do us both good."

INNOCENT VICTIMS OF THE GREAT ARMED CONFLICT

THE QUEEN OF BELGIUM AND HER CHILDREN, NOW AT ANTWERP.

KITCHENER NOT HEARTLESS

AN INCIDENT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

A Reservist Tells How Famous Soldier Cut Short His Imprisonment.

"Kitchener a hard man? Well, I suppose he is. But his is such a peculiar type of hardness, that unless you have been mixed up in close relations with the man you don't 'get 'him," an old country reservist was speaking.

"I know something about Kitchener," he continued, "and if you have a minute to spare I'll tell you about him. To begin with, a Tommy doesn't fear Kitchener; it's the officers he keeps hustling. If two men appear before Kitchener, both wearing his Majesty's uniform, they both look alike to him, even if one of them has got stars on his shoulders. Kitchener of Khartoum doesn't look at the stars, he just looks at the men, and before they have spoken, he's got them weighed off.

"I'll tell you a little story about Kitchener, and I can tell it to you right, because it so happens that I was one of the principal characters in it. It was one of those times when the field marshal and the 'Tommy' divides the honors.

"In South Africa there were hundreds of men raised in rank, without possessing the qualifications which King's regulations insist on in time of peace. As soon as the war was over, they started to send all the non-commissioned officers who had been raised in the field, to school, to qualify for the ranks they already held. I was among them, but possessing a good education when I enlisted as a raw recruit I qualified from details for any rank I might get before I joined the regiment.

Clash with Sergt.-Major.

"Our sergeant-major was one of the finest that ever lived. He could take one of Gale and Polden's drill books and give you every word in it from the preface to the appendix. It had been the figures that had fooled him, and he had been struck off all regimental duties before the war for six months so that he could qualify.

"School started as soon as the war was over, and at the end of the first school parade the orderly sergeants were paraded at the orderly room tent to give their school reports. I, of course, was absent for the reason that I didn't have to go. He didn't know that, and on looking over 'A' Company's reports found that I, who had been jumped from lance corporal in the field to staff sergeant, was missing.

"A bellowing voice from the orderly tent called me up.

"Why was I not at school? Did I not realize that I had committed a C.O.'s crime in absenting myself? These were some of the questions that were flung at me by the pompous sergeant-major. I answered, 'Why, sir, before the war broke out I passed for the necessary qualifications to take me up to the best of warrant ranks.'

"The orderly sergeants, conscious of the story that lay behind the sergeant-major's elevation to warrant rank, gave a quiet snigger.

Injudicious Prank.

"A few nights later I went out with 'some of the boys.' I must confess that I absorbed more liquid refreshment that night than I would have done had I been going to prayer-meeting later on.

"It was fully an hour after 'lights out' had sounded that I fumbled my way back over the sand to camp. On the way back we passed the Naauport station of the Cape Government Railway. Outside were piled up some barrels of Almeira grapes. The temptation was too strong. It was but a moment's work to hoist one of them up on my shoulder and the march back to camp began. I with the barrel of grapes on my shoulder taking the lead.

"It was so soon after the war that many of the barbed wire barricades had not been removed and into one of these I stumbled the wire just catching across the face below the eyes. My comments were vehement enough to awaken the sergeant-major.

Under Arrest.

"I presented a sorry spectacle when he emerged from his tent in his pyjamas. The grapes had fallen from my shoulder and my face was badly torn and bleeding. I was put under close arrest for the charge of felony, which permits of a non-commissioned officer being placed in the guard tent. I appeared before the Commanding Officer on the double charge of drunkenness and theft, pretty bad from a military standpoint.

"I was tried, and four days later, just as the Commanding Officer's parade opened out on the sand, with the sun pouring down, the guard of the day paraded at the entrance of the tent, and I was peremptorily commanded to stand to attention, and march to the middle of the parade ground, where the regiment had assembled, forming three sides of a square. I was marched into the hollow of the three sides, the adjutant and officers filling the fourth side.

Court Martialled.

"'The proceedings of a district court marial,' commenced the adjutant as the companies were commanded to stand to attention, and the officers drew the swords, 'for the purpose of trying 6— Sergeant E—— C—— on the charge of drunkenness and theft.'

"As my name was mentioned, I felt my cap taken from my head from behind by the sergeant major, who was being particularly regimental on this occasion. I had seen other prisoners 'read out' on the square, and mechanically I stepped out bareheaded, two paces ahead of my guards. You know, if you are a good soldier, that even supposing you are hearing your own sentence read out, you wouldn't think for one moment of doing anything that would cause a hitch in the proceedings. It was for this reason that I had made a special study of how to do the right thing at the right moment, and particularly I wanted to do it without the necessity of the sergeant major telling me what to do.

Heavy Sentence.

"To cut a long story short, the adjutant finished up by stating 'and the sentence of this court is that the said —— —— be confined in the military prison at Middleburg, Cape Colony, for the period of 112 days.' This of course meant that I lost my rank, too.

"The next day I was taken over to the canvas jail at Middleburg, and was put to work on the rock pile. I omitted to say that when the proceedings went before General Lyttelton, then commanding all the troops in Cape Colony, he remitted 56 days of my sentence. I had just put in two days on the rock pile, when the Provost Marshal came to me, and, commanding me to stand to attention, said, 'Left turn, to your quarters, quick march.' I could not understand this at all, and my wonderment increased the next morning when a Cape cart arrived to convey me across the veldt to my old regiment—with permission to smoke.

Enter Kitchener.

"Again I found myself in the guard tent, and the next morning the regiment was drawn up in the same formation in which it had been three mornings previously when I was sentenced. And here is where Kitchener comes in. The officers drew their swords, the companies stood to attention, again my hat was lifted from my head as I stepped forward. Then the adjutant started to talk. The same old proceedings were read over, and then: 'Field Marshal Lord Kitchener, commanding all his Majesty's troops in South Africa, has been pleased to remit the entire sentence on Sergeant E—— C——, and adds as minute 5, If railroad companies with eatables in their charge are so foolish as to store goods in the open within a few hundred yards of an infantry regiment, the members of which are not getting any too much to eat, I can only say that they deserve to lose the said eatables. This non-commissioned officer must be released immediately. — Kitchener, F.M.'

Will Fight for Him.

"And then you tell me that Kitchener is a heartless man. Well, so he might be in some cases, but if Kitchener wants me, all he's got to do is to say so. I'll follow any man who's a hundred per cent. a man, like he showed me he was."

British Soldiers Answering England's Mobilization Call

ENGLISH soldiers en route to Victoria Station, London, passing ancient Westminster Abbey. The clock of the House of Parliament is seen in the background.

The Apple Star.

"There's a little star in my apple," said Betty.

"Let me find it," said Bobby quickly, and he was just going to cut Betty's apple, when she said:

"No, Bobby, that's my apple, and you can't find the star unless you cut it this way."

Betty cut the apple round and round through the middle, and laid the two halves on the table.

"You see, Bobby," said Betty, "there is a little star in an apple, if only you know how to find it."

"What's the use of a little star in there out of sight, where no one ever sees it?" asked Bobby.

"Every one of these star points holds a little seed, and it is possible for every little seed to make a great tree."

"I can't believe it," said Bobby.

"It's so," said Betty. "We'll soak these ripe seeds in water, and plant them, and then we shall see what happens.

One day Betty called Bobby to see a tiny little green shoot that was making its way up out of the little box where the apple seeds had been planted.

Bobby looked at it in wonder, and then he said, "Well, then, Jack and the beanstalk must be true!"

Betty laughed at him, and then she said, "Mother Nature's fairy tales are often harder to believe than all the story books in the world, but I think they are always more interesting."—Youth's Companion.

An Hilarious Announcement.

Mrs. Noowed—"Oh, John, our cook is going to leave us in the morning!"

Mr. Noowed—"What makes you think so?"

"Why, she's been sitting on the kitchen floor with a bottle in her hand, singing. And when I asked her what was the matter, she threw the bottle at me and said, 'We won't go home until morning.'"

Riches have wings — otherwise there would be but few high flyers.

The Watchman

AND

OTTAWA VALLEY ADVOCATE

FRIDAY, SEPT. 25, 1914.

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J. S. GILES, Proprietor.

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Address all communications to

The WATCHMAN

LACHUTE. - . QUE

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

In point of general excellence, the exhibition this year would be very hard to beat. Every department was well represented and keen competition everywhere in evidence. The opening day of the exhibition was exceptionally bright and very hot, while Wednesday clouded up about noon and the drizzly rain had the effect of dropping the gate receipts some sixty dollars below that of last year for the same day. Thursday also proved a miserable day and spoiled the pleasures to a large extent.

Lachute Academy had a very fine art exhibit that was greatly admired, and shewed marked ability among the younger element. Thos. McOuat & Son had as usual a very tasty and splendid array of hardware, stoves, ranges, pumps, etc., as also did Mr. Geo. Deacon, whose space being limited in the building was obliged to erect a showroom of his own on the grounds where his much talked of corrugated roofing was put to good advantage. W. Lefebvre enlivened the crowds by the popular songs and music played on his Columbia Gramophones, and the vegetable exhibit of Mr. L. Hammond proved very entertaining. His "vegetable man" was a source of much merriment. There he was, sitting in most natural pose, with sunflower as head covering, squash as face, using a couple of beans for eyes, corn for teeth, marrows for body, arms and thighs, cucumbers for legs and potatoes for feet, and all of good proportion, being grown from Rennie's seeds, of which firm Mr. Sam. Robinson, an old Argenteuil boy, is their esteemed agent.

Mr. Wm. Berry upheld the interests of the Grimm Manufacturing Co., and International Machinery, and Mr. Laurin, of Ottawa, was solicitous of orders for Monumental Work, having a splendid exhibit, from which by the many Samples and Books designs of all kinds could be chosen.

The young ladies and the boy scouts with their boxes were in great evidence and the money thus contributed as follows :—

Miss Ruby Hampton	$36 10
" M McKimmie	21 72
" Inez Giles	21 65
" Gladys McOuat	21 27
" Alice Fortier	21 21
" Edith Fraser	19 40
" Marian Slater	19 10
" E. Valois	18 06
" A. Nadon	16 29
" Mary Palliser	14 30
" A. Charlebois	13 12
" C. Johnston	12 50
" A. McClure	12 05
" M. Conlin	12 02
" C. Desjardins	10 46
" C. Legault	8 73
" LIllian Kerr	8 25
" D. Larocque	7 06
" E. Lafleur	6 67
" B. Ladouceur	6 15
" B. Larocque	5 55
" R. Mainville	2 49
Boy Scouts	34 87
Total	$349 02

Domestic Manufacturers and Flowers.

Judges—W. H. Ayers & Mrs. J. Fraser.

Etoffe, home-made, fulled and pressed,—B. Bertrand, Mrs. Thibodeau.

Plain Flannel,—B. Bertrand, B. Legault.

Fancy Flannel,—B. Bertraud, Mrs. Thibodeau.

Twilled fancy flannel,—W. D. McOuat.

Blankets, all wool home-made,—Wm. Nicholls, Geo. Morrison, W. D. McOuat.

Horse blankets, home-made,—B. Bertrand, Felix Sauve.

Woolen Shawls,—W. D McOuat, Mrs. H. McCrea.

Home-made yarn 1 lb.,—B. Legault, W. D. McOuat.

Rag carpet, wool warp,—G. Morrison.

Rag carpet cotton warp,—Miss Patterson, W. D. McOuat.

Home-made hard soap,—John Pollock, Mrs. Thibodeau.

Pair woolen mitts, home-made yarn,—Mrs McCrea, W. D. McOuat.

Woolen gloves, h. m. y.,—W. D. McOuat.

Woolen Stockings, home-made yarn,—Miss Patterson, W. D. McOuat.

Woolen socks, home-made yarn,—Miss Patterson, W. D. McOuat.

Woolen gloves, fine yarn,—Mrs. Staniforth, Miss Paterson, W. D. McOuat.

Woolen stockings, fine yarn,—Miss Patterson, Mrs. McRae, Mrs. Staniforth.

Woolen socks, fine yarn,—Mrs. Staniforth, Mrs. McRae, Miss Patterson.

Woolen mitts, bought fine yarn, gentlemen,—Miss Patterson, W. D. McOuat, Mrs. McRae.

Woolen mitts, bought fine yarn, ladies, Miss Patterson, Mrs. McRae, W. D. McOuat.

Suit knitted underclothing,—Miss Patterson, Mrs. McRae.

Mats,—Mrs. John McGibbon, Gorge Morrison.

Mats, other than rags,—Mrs. John McGibbon.

Bed spreds,—Mrs. Staniforth, Miss Patterson.

Patch work quilt, cotton—Mrs. McRae, John Pollock.

Patch work quilt, woolen—Mrs. McRae, Miss Paterson.

Patchwork quilt, satin or plush—A. McFaul Bros., Miss Paterson, John Pollock.

Fancy quilt, tufted—W. D. McOuat, Miss Paterson.

Fancy quilt, crochet—Miss Paterson, Mrs. Staniforth.

Wool stuffed comforter—W. D McOuat

Down stuffed comforter—Mrs. McGibbon, Geo. Morrison.

Carriage afghan—Miss Paterson, Felix Sauve.

Special on home made knitted work—Miss Paterson, Mrs. McRae.

FLOWERS.

Hanging basket—W. A. Ball, Mrs. McRae.

Primrose, one pot—W. A. Gordon, Mrs. McRae.

Trained fuschia—Mrs. McGibbon, S. Clarke.

Pot begonia, Mrs. McRae, Jas. Drew,

Pot geranium—Mrs. Ingols, Jas. Drew.

Pot foliage—Mrs. Ingols, J. P. Scott.

Ferns—W. A. Ball, Miss A. Riddell.

Anyother variety ferns—Miss Alice Riddell.

Greatest variety pansies in bloom—Salter Clarke, Mrs. H. McRae.

Asters in bloom—W. D. McOuat, Miss A. Riddell.

Dahlias in bloom—W. D. McOuat, T. Pollock.

Sweet peas in bloom—Mrs. McRae, H. W. McOuat.

Gladiolas—Thos. Pollock.

Cut flowers of any variety—W. D. McOuat, Mrs. McGibbon.

Special on best collection of begonias in pot—Jas. Drew.

Best collection of flowers in pot—Jas. A. Drew, Mrs. H. McRae.

Special on best collection of flowers, including cut flowers—Jas. Drew, Mrs. H. McRae.

Best boquet cut flowers—R. Todd, Mrs. McGibbon, W. D. McOuat.

Roots, Vegetables and grain.

Judges ; Geo. Barclay, H. Earle

Sugar beets—T. Sauve. Jas. Leishman.

Table beets—Sam Rogers, Jas. Drew.

Long mangles—Jas. Drew, Stephen Centre, David Morrin.

Field Turnips—Jas. Drew, Stephen Centre, Salter Clarke.

Table turnips—Lem. Hammond, Jas. Drew, Stephen Centre.

Half long white carrots—Stephen Centre Jas. Drew, David Morin.

Mangolds intermediate—Jas. Drew.

Half long red carrots—Lem. Hammond, John Pollock, Jas. Drew.

Pumpkin — Wm. Davidson, John Heatlie.

Squash—John Heatlie, Robt. Morin.

Cabbage, five heads—David Todd, Wm. Davidson.

Tomatoes, five on plate—Lem. Hammond, Mr. G. M. Walker.

Onions, five on plate—J. P. Scott, Stephen Centre.

Trace of onions—L. Hammond, Mrs. Staniforth.

Celery. Lem Hammond, M. Smith.

Melons — Wm. Davidson, Stephen Centre.

Potatoes early rose—Wm. Hume jr.,

White carman — W. D. McOuat A. Warwick.

Early Jem—Geo. Morrison.

Green Mountain A. Doig.

Irish Cobbler—F. Sauve.

Any other named variety—Sam Rogers J. P. Scott, Hugh Pollock.

Trace of corn in ear—Wm. Heatlie, Mrs. Thibeau, Lem Hammond.

Wheat in bag — Robt. Morin, Mrs. Thibeau, W. Bradley.

Oats in bag—R. Bradley, W. A. Bradley

Barley in bag, two rows—W. A. Bradley.

Barley in bag, four or six rows—T. Sauve, Mrs. Thibeau.

Peas in bag—Mrs. Thibeau, M. Smith.

Timothy seed—Alex. Doig.

Fodder corn in sheaf—Hugh Pollock, D. V. Cameron, Wm. Wilson.

White beans—T. Sauve, Mrs. Thibeau.

P. ranips—L. Hammond, J P. Scott.

Collection of fine roots by Ewing & Co. Jas. Drew.

Supply of vegetables from home garden—L. Hammond.

Collection of garden vegetables—L. Hammond. Jas. Drew.

Special by A McFaul Bros. for collection of garden vegetables—Wm. Davidson.

Largest collection of weed seeds—Mrs. G. M. Walker, Miss Patterson.

Pumpkin special by Deacon —Mrs. Thibeau.

Collection of grain in sheaf special mention—Leon St. Pierre.

FRUIT AND HONEY

Judges: Wm. McColl and Dan McMartin

Collection of Maple Products—Robt Morrin, Wm. Hay.

Collection of Honey—V. Benoit.

Best arranged basket of Canadian fruit—Malcolm Smith.

Collection of Fruit—M. Smith, James Drew.

Honey—V. Benoit, H. McOuat, John Pollock.

Honey in Comb—V. Benoit, Wm. Heatlie.

Maple Sugar—John Pollock, W. D. McOuat, Mrs. Thibeaudeau.

Maple Syrup—Wm. Hay, Geo. Morrison, Felix Sauve.

Apples, St. Lawrence—Jas. Drew, Wm. Heatlie, R. Morin.

Fameuse—Jas. Drew, M. Smith, R. Boa.

Wealthy—M. Smith, L. Hammond, Wm. Davidson.

Duchess,—James Drew, J. P. Scott, R. Morin.

Kings,—M. Smith.

McIntosh Red,—Mrs. H. McRae, M. Smith.

Alexander,—M. Smith, L. Hammond, Hugh Polloc.

Russets,—M. Smith, Hugh Pollock, L. Hammond.

Plate of any good variety,—L. Hammond, M. Smith.

White grapes,—Robert Boa, L. Hammond.

Black grapes,—James Drew.

Red grapes,—Robert Boa, W. Heatlie.

North-west Plums,—M. Smith.

Blue Plums,—James Drew, M. Smith.

Yellow Plum,—M. Smith.

Special exhibit Maple Syrup, given by Grimm Manufacturing Co.,—Robt. Boa, Wm. Hume jr.

Butter, Bread, Buns, Cheese and Eggs.

Judges : Messrs. John Johnson and Wm. Staniforth.

Butter 1 lb. blocks and six prints,—Sam. Rogers, Thos. Drysdale.

Butter in tinnet,—T. Drysdale, J. P. Scott, Samuel Rogers.

Factory butter,—M. Desjardins.

Factory cheese, uncolored, 75 lbs.,—A. G. Rogers, Lloyd Tomalty, G. Dixon.

Factory cheese, colored,—A. G. Rogers G. Dixon.

Special Factory Cheese, uncolored—M. Desjardins, G. H. Day.

Hens Eggs, brown shelled—R. Todd, J. P. Scott.

Hens Eggs, white shelled — G. M. Walker, Alex. Doig.

Home-made Bread—Sam Rogers, Robt. Doig, Geo. Clark, Alex. Doig, Mrs. Thibeau.

Home-made Buns—Geo. Clarke, Robt. Doig, Alice Riddell, Sam Rogers, Alex. Doig.

Home-made Rolls—Alex. Doig, Sam. Rogers, Robt. Doig, Alice Riddell, Robt. Boa.

Home-made Bread, special by Mrs. Slater—R. Doig, A. Doig.

Home-made Bread and Buns, by W. J. Boyd, Esq.—A. Doig, Sam Rogers.

Preserved and Canned Fruits.

Judges: Mrs. (Dr.) G. A. Clunie and Mrs. J. P. McKimmie

Canned Apples—L. Hammond, And. Boa.

Canned Cherries—Jas. Drew, Mrs. G. M. Walker.

Canned Gooseberries—Jas. Drew, S. B. Center.

Canned Plums—W. D. McOuat, Mrs. G. M. Walker.

Canned Strawberries — Mrs. G. M. Walker, Jas. Drew.

Red Currant Jam—Jes. Drew, Miss Paterson.

Black Currant Jam—S. Center, Mrs. Staniforth.

Gooseberry Jam—Mrs. H. McCrea, Jas. Drew.

Plum Jam—John Pollock, W. D. McOuat.

Apple Jelly—W. D. McOuat, W. A. Gordon.

Red Currant Jelly—Stephen Center, Mrs. J. Fortier.

Crab Apple Jelly—W. D. McOuat, Mrs. G. M. Walker.

Preserved Citron — Stephen Center, James Drew.

Pumpkin Pie — W. D. McOuat, E. Kettyle.

Collection Canned Fruits—Mrs. G. M. Walker.

Collection of Home-made Pickles, 6 samples — Miss Alice Riddell, John Heatlie.

PAINTINGS

Judges: Miss Smart, Miss Marketis

Hand painting on china—Mrs. G. H. Staniforth, Mrs. J. A McGibbon.

Figure Painting—Mrs. Staniforth, R. Todd.

Stencil Work—R. Todd.

Collection of Photos by Amateurs—W. A. Ball, Miss Patterson.

Best map of County by pupils, not over 15 attending County school—J. P. Scott.

Best written copy book by any pupils 15 years and under attending County school—Jas. Armstrong, H. W. McOuat, W. D. McOuat.

Collection of Paintings—Miss Paterson Mrs. G. H. Staniforth

Landscape in Oil—Mrs. Daigneault, Miss Patterson, Mrs. G. H. Staniforth.

Flowers and Fruits in Oil—Miss Patterson.

Crayon Drawing by Amateurs—Mrs. J. McGibbon, Mrs. G. H. Staniforth, W. Ball.

Water Color Landscapes—Mrs. G. M. Walker, Mrs. John McGibbon.

Freehand Drawing—Mrs. G. H. Staniforth, J. P. Scott, H. W. McOuat.

Flowers and Fruits in Water Colors—Mrs. G. M. Walker.

Burnt Work in Wood and Leather—R. Todd, Mrs. G. H. Staniforth.

Carved Wood—Salter Clarke. Worthy of special mention as being the best exhibit of work ever shown.

Stuffed Birds and Tanned Skins—G. A. Mallette.

Exhibit of Furniture—R. Charlebois, W. A. Ball.

Exhibit of Blacksmith Work—W. J. Pollock, A. Elliott.

FANCY WORK

Judges: Mrs. Dr. Alexander, Mrs. F. Hooper, Mrs. J. Gregoire.

Slippers, worked and completed, Miss Paterson, Mrs. McGibbon.

Ladies' Crochet Shawl—Mrs. Digault, Mrs. McRae.

Ladies' Knitted Shawl—Miss Patterson, Mrs. G. M. Walker.

Infants' Jacket, crochet or knitted—Mrs. H. McRae, Mrs. Digeault

Patched Old Garment—Mrs McGibbon Miss C. L. Patterson.

Specimen of darning of old socks or darning—Mrs. Routhliffe, Mrs. Staniforth.

Hand-made button holes—Mrs. H. McRae, Miss Patterson.

Ladies' Shirt Waist, hand-made—Mrs. Routhliffe, W. A. Gordon.

Ladies' Shirt Waist, machine made—Mrs Routhliffe, W. A. Gordon.

Netting—Miss Patterson, Robt. Todd.

Tatting—Mrs. McRae, Mrs. McGibbon.

Knitted Lace, cotton or linen—Mrs. McCrea, Miss Patterson.

Crochet Lace, crochet or linen—Mrs. Staniforth, Mrs. McCrea.

Specimen of Braiding—Mrs. G. M. Walker.

Bedroom Slippers—W.D. McOuat, Mrs. G. M. Walker.

Knitted Table Mats or Doilies— Miss Patterson, Mrs. H. McRae.

Set Crochet Table Mats—Mrs. H. McRae, Miss Patterson.

Fancy Toilet Set—Mrs. Routhliffe, Mrs. McRae.

Teneriffe Lace—Mrs. Fortier, Mrs. McRae.

Point Lace—Mrs. Routhliffe, Mrs. McRae.

Battenburg Lace—Mrs. Geo. Routhliffe, Mrs. Fortier, Mrs. Staniforth.

Pillow Shams, 1 pair, drawn work—Mrs. McGibbon, Mrs. G. M. Walker.

Pillow Shams, embroidered — Miss Alice Riddell, Mrs. B. Guay.

Photo Frame, embroidered—Mrs. Geo. Routhliffe, Mrs. G. M. Walker.

Photo Frame, not embroidered—Mrs. H. McRae, Miss Patterson.

Tea Cosey, embroidered—Mrs. G. M. Walker, Mrs. G. H. Staniforth.

Embroidered Table Centre, fine—Mrs. Staniforth, Miss Riddell, Mrs. G. M. Walker.

Embroidered Bureau Scarf — Miss Patterson, Miss Riddell.

French Knit Work — Mrs. G. M. Walker, Alice Riddell.

Kitchen Apron—Mrs. Fortier, Robert Todd.

Fancy Apron—Mrs. Staniforth, Mrs. McRae.

Suit Ladies' Underwear—Mrs. Fortier.

Embroidered Table Centre, coarse—Mrs. Staniforth, Mrs. G. M. Walker, Miss Patterson.

Punch Work—Mrs. Staniforth, Mrs. G. M. Walker.

Eyelet Embroidery — Miss Riddell, Mrs G. M. Walker.

Shadow Embroidery—Mrs. Routhliffe, Miss Patterson.

Hemstitching and Drawn Work—Mrs. G. M. Walker, Mrs. Dageault.

Bead Work—Mrs. Staniforth, Miss Patterson.

Embroidered Table Doilies — Miss Riddle, Mrs. G. M. Walker.

Embroidered Table Cover, white—Mrs. G. M. Walker, Miss Riddle.

Embroidered Tray Cloth—Mrs. Routhliffe, Mrs. G. M. Walker.

Ladies' Shirt Waist, embroidered—Miss Riddell, Mrs. Fortier.

Sofa Pillow, embroidered with silk—Mrs. Routhliffe, Mrs. G. M. Walker.

Embroidered Table Cover, colored—Mrs. G. M. Walker

Fancy Sofa Pillow—Mrs. Routhliffe, Mrs. G. M. Walker.

Embroidery on silk—Mrs. Jos. Fortier, Mrs. G. M. Walker.

Embroidery in cotton or linen.—Mrs. G. M. Walker, Mrs. Staniforth.

Fancy foot stool—Mrs. Staniforth, Mrs. McGibbon.

Useful pincushion—Mrs. G. M. Walker, Mrs. Routhliffe.

Fancy laundry bag—Mrs. Staniforth.

Collection knitted work Mrs. McCrea.

Wallachan embroidery—Mrs. Staniforth Mrs. G. M. Walker.

Pierced brass—W. Ball, Mrs. Daignault.

Hardinger embroidery — Mrs. Routhliffe, Mrs. Staniforth.

Cut Work—Mrs. Staniforth.

Irish Crochet,—Mrs. Daigeault, And. Boa.

Fancy Infants Cap—Mrs. Routhliffe, Mrs. Daigeault.

Infant's Jacket, embroidered — Mrs. Daigeault, Mrs. Routhliffe.

Infant's Booties—Mrs. Fortier, Mrs. Routhliffe.

Towels, embroidered—Mrs. G. M. Walker, Miss Riddell.

Collection of crochet work—Mrs. Staniforth, Miss Hazel McGibbon.

Special on collection of Fancy Work—Mrs. G. M. Walker, Mrs. Routhliffe, Miss Riddell, Miss Patterson.

Greatest Novelty in Home-made Quilts —Miss Patterson.

HORNED CATTLE

Judge: W. T. Stephens.

Pure Ayrshire Bulls, aged—Charles Rodger.

Bulls, 2 years—J. H. Black, Alex. Doig, Wm. Todd.

(Continued on page 3)

Desjardins' Footwear.

The Best in Town

Special atttention is given to persons hard to fit and who suffer with bonions or corns.

Our long experience is to your advantage.

Opposite Post-Office

THE PROVINCIAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated by Act of Parliament, July 1900.

Capital authorized : - - - $2,000,000.00

Capital paid up and Surplus : - - $1,637,873.49

It is the aim of this Bank to give courteous as well as efficient service in connection with all business entrusted to its care. The most careful attention is given to all enquiries.

JOINT Savings Accounts may be opened in this Bank, the money in which may be withdrawn by EITHER of TWO PERSONS.

Accounts opened and operated by mail.

Special attention given to Sale Notes.

General Banking Business Transacted.

J. R. McOUAT - MANAGER.

Offices Lachute and Brownsburg.

Lachute Grist & Flour Mills.

Wholesale and Retail.

Flour, Bran, Snorts, Middlings, Cornmeal, Oatmeal, Rolled Oats, Graham and Buckwheat Flour, Oil Cake and Gluten Meals, and Grain of all kinds, at lowest market prices.

FINE GROUND FEED OUR SPECIALTY.

All grinding guaranteed. Grinding Tuesday's and Saturday's.

J. D. CAMPBELL

Main Street. Lachute.

MIXED PAINTS

Elephant Brand of Mixed Paints, Stains, Varnishes, etc.

BOOTS AND SHOES

We are gradually increasing our stock of reliable Boots and Shoes for Ladies, Men and Children from the best makers.

GROCERIES

Are all as good and reliable as we can possibly buy.

GILES BROS.

Main St. Lachute

New Tailor Shop!

ATTENTION!

We take this opportunity of inviting you to call and inspect our large stock of the very latest goods on the market. They are good goods and you find our prices right. Call and leave your order for a Nobby Spring Suit.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

R. P. GOULET, Merchant Tailor, West End, Lachute

Professional & Commercial.

DR. JOHN McO. DREW, B.A.
Physician and Surgeon,
Office of late Dr. Christie
LACHUTE, QUE.
Day Phone. No. 20.
Night Phone. No. 47.

DR. G. A. CLUNIE, L.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST
Office over Banford's Store.
Absent Tuesday only.

L. L. LEGAULT B.C.L.,
ADVOCATE,
Roby's Block.
Main St., LACHUTE.

DR. HUGH McCONNELL,
SURGEON DENTIST
Will be in his officce every day except Tuesday.
Opposite T. Christie's Drug Store.

DR. HUGH. B. FRASER, B.A.
Physicin & Surgeon.
Brownsburg, Que.
Graduate of McGill Medical College.

R. JOLY,
UNDERTAKER,
First-class hearse. Embalming a specialty at lowest prices
Agent for Marble and Granite Monuments. Telephone No. 42
BETHANY ST. LACHUTE.

We would like to visit every home and invite the people to our salesrooms to hear the Gram-o-phone. That's hardly possible, so we want everybody to consider this a personal invitation to come and hear the
Victor and Berliner Gram-o-phones
the wonderful musical instruments that play all kinds of music and entertainment so true to life that it is just like hearing the artists themselves.
The proof is the hearing. Come in any time—no obligation to buy.
Always a large stock of records on hand at
Omer Paquette's,
Main Street, Lachute.

(Continued from Page 2)

Bulls, 1 year—Robert Doig, 1st and 2nd, Dav. Morin.
Bull Calves, sr, Sept. 1913 — Dav. Morin, Eddie Ketty.e, Wm. Hay.
Bull Calves, jr., March 1914—Robert Leishman, John Mackie.
Milch Cows—Robert Boa, J H. Black, Robert Leishman, John Mackie.
Milch Cows—Robt. Boa, J. H. Black, Robt Leishman, J. H. Black.
Dry Cows—3 years and upwards, J. H. Black, Robt. Doig, Wm. Todd
Dry Cows, 3 years—J. H. Black, Robt. Leishman, R. Doig.
Heifers, 2 years—J. H. Black, R. Doig R. Leishman, Chas. Rodger.
Heifers, 1 year—R. Doig, R. Kettyle, J. H. Black, C. Rodger.
Heifer Calves, sr., Sept. 1913 — W. Todd, E. Kettyle, 2nd and 3rd.
Heifer Calves, jr., March 1914—Alex. Doig, R. Leishman, Alex. Doig.
Pure Holstein Bull—And. Boa.
Bulls, 1 year—James Paul, Wm. Wilson.
Bull Calves, sr., Sept. 1st—W. J. Warwick.
Bull Calves, March 1st—And. Boa, 1st and 2nd.
Milch Cows—And. Poa, 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th.
Dry Cows, 3 years and upwards—And. Boa.
Milch Cows, 3 years—And. Boa.
Heifers, 3 years—And. Boa, 1st, 2nd and 3rd.
Heifers, 1 year—And. Boa, 1st and 2nd.
Heifer Calves, jr., March 1st,—And. Boa, 1st and 2nd.
Pure Bred Short Horn—J. McKenzie.
Pure Bred Guernsey, 3 yr. old bull—Thos. Pollock.
Pure Bred Guernsey, 1 year—Leslie Hooker.
Pure Bred Jersey Cow—Andrew Walker
Pure Bred Canadian, aged—Leon St. Pierre, 2nd.
Two Year Old Bull—L. St. Pierre
One Year Old Bull— " "
Bull Calf—L. St. Pierre.
Cow—L. St. Pierre.
Three Year Old Cow, L. St. Pierre.
Two " " " "
One " " " "
One Year Old Cow—Robt. Todd.
Heifer Calf—L. St. Pierre.

GRADE CATTLE

Milch Cows—J. H. Black, R. Doig, J. H. Black, 3rd and 4th.
Dry Cows, 3 years and upwards—J. H. Black, R. Doig.
Milch Cows, 3 years—J. H. Black, R. Doig, W. Todd.
Heifers, 2 years—C. Rodger, R. Doig, J. H. Black.
Heifers, 1 year—R. Doig.
Dav. Morin—R. Doig.
Heifer Calves, sr., Sept. 1913 — C. Roger, J. H. Black, 2nd and 3rd.
Heifer Calves, jr., March 1914—R. Leishman, W. Todd, D. V. Cameron.
Specials Best pure bred Ayrshire bull—J. H. Black.
Ayrshire herds—J. H. Black, R. Doig.
Holstein herds—Andrew Boa.
Grade Herd—J. H. Black, R. Doig.
Largest and best exhibit of dairy cattle owned by one exhibitor shown on parade—J. H. Black, R. Doig And. Boa.
Best dairy cow of any breed, pure or grade—R. Doig, J. H. Black.
Best beef animal—Mrs D. Morin, J. McKenzie.
Best Ayrshire bull calves sr.—David Morin.
Ayrshire bull calves jr.—R. Leishman.
Holstein bull calves sr—W. J. Warwick.
Holstein bull calves jr. Andrew Boa
Best pure bred holstein bull—James Paul.
Best judging of horned cattle by young men under 25 years—George C. Hay, Wm. D. Hay, Douglas Todd, Cecil Bradford.

SHEEP

Judge:—C. E. Bain.

Long wool grade,—Ewes aged,—B. Legault, Felix Sauve, R. Morrin, D. T. Morrion.
Ewes 1 shear,—Felix Sauve, Robert Morrin 2nd, and 3rd.
Ewe lambs,—F. Sauve, B. Legault, D. T. Morrin, James Drew.
Short wool grade. Ewes aged,—Wm. Nicholls, James Bradley, Wm. Hay, E. McOuat.
Ewes 1 shear,—R. Rradley, E. McOuat, James Bradley 2nd and 3rd, E. McOuat.
Ewe lambs,—R, Bradley, E. McOuat, Alex. Doig, James Bradley.
Pure Shropshire with pedigree Rams aged,—Wm. Nicholls.
Rams 1 shear B. Bertrard, L. St. Pierre, Robert Bradley, W. A. Bradley.
Ram lambs,—B, Bertrand, William Nicholls 2nd and 3rd, James Bradley.
Ewes aged,—B. Bertrand, William Nicholls 2nd, 3rd and 4th.
Ewe 1 shear.—B. Bertrand, William Nicholls 2nd and 3rd, W. A. Bradley.
Ewe lambs,—B. Bertrand, William Nicholls 2nd, 3rd and 4th.
Pure Leicester, Rams aged,—R. Legault.
Rams 1 shear,—J. R. Cleland, James Drew.
Ram lambs,—B. Legault, J. R. Cleland, James Drew 3rd and 4th.
Ewes aged,—J. R Cleland, B. Legault, J. R. Cleland 3rd and 4th.
Ewes, 1 shear.—B. Legault, J. R. Cleland, James Drew 3rd and 4th.
Ewe lambs,—B. Legault, James Drew 2nd and 3rd, J. R. Cleland.
Pure Oxford, Rams aged,—E. McOuat.
Rams, 1 shear,—D. Todd, Wm. Hay, Alex. Doig
Ram lambs,—Alex. Doig, James Bain, Alex. Doig
Ewes aged,—James Bain, Alex. Doig.
Ewes, 1 shear,—Wm. Hay, Alex. Doig.
Ewe lambs,—James Bain 1st and 2nd, Alex. Doig 3rd and 4th.
Best Shropshire Ram, of any age,—B. Bertrand.
Best Leicester ram,—B. Legault.
Best Oxford ram,—A. Doig.
Best judging of sheep by young men under 25 years, Douglas Todd, G. C. Hay.
Best pair fatted lambs,—Wm. Nicholls.

SWINE

Judge: C. E. Bain.

Pure Yorkshire—Boars over 9 mos.—Wm. Hume, jr.
Boars, 9 months and over 5—Jas. Drew, W. D. McOuat.
Boars under 5 months,—Jas. Drew.
Sows, 9 months and over 5—Wm. Hume, jr., R. Todd, Jas. Drew.

(Continued on Page 4)

ANY DYSPEPTIC CAN GET WELL

By Taking "Fruit-a-tives" Says Capt. Swan

Life is very miserable to those who suffer with Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach and Biliousness. This letter from Captain Swan (one of the best known skippers on the Great Lakes) tells how to get quick relief from Stomach Trouble.

PORT BURWELL, ONT., May 8th, 1913.

"A man has a poor chance of living and enjoying life when he cannot eat. That was what was wrong with me. Loss of appetite and indigestion was brought on by Constipation. I have had trouble with these diseases for years. I lost a great deal of flesh and suffered constantly. For the last couple of years, I have taken "Fruit-a-tives" and have been so pleased with the results that I have recommended them on many occasions to friends and acquaintances. I am sure that "Fruit-a-tives" have helped me greatly. By following the diet rules and taking "Fruit-a-tives" according to directions, any person with Dyspepsia will get benefit".

H. SWAN

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

AUCTION SALE.

—:o:—

I have received instructions from
THOMAS DERRICK, Stonefield
To sell the following effects at his residence
Wednesday, Oct, 14th, 1914.

Two work horses, 1 driving horse, 15 milch cows, 3 beef cows, 4 Spring calves, 8 Spring pigs, 20 hens, 1 set of double harness, 1 set light single harness, 1 Chatham waggon, waggon box, waggon rack, 1 set heavy sleighs, 1 cutter, 1 buggy, 1 express, Moody threshing machine, seeder, set spring tooth harrows, horse rake, Massey Harris mowing machine [No. 7], 1 cultivator reaper, 1,000 pound scale, DeLaval separator [12], 1 eight gallon milk can, 2 five gallon milk cans, 2 thirty gallon milk cans, large feed boiler capacity 60 gallons, root pulper [Massey Harris) 2 coal heaters, cooking stove, large churn, 15 tons of hay, 300 bushels of oats, ice cream freezer, a lot of straw, 50 bags of potatoes, a lot of turnips, mangles and sugar beets, 1 Willis piano three years in use, also all household effects consisting of parlor, dining room, 4 bedroom furnishings, and kitchen. Many articles unmentioned.

Sale to commence at 9 a.m. sharp.

TERMS:—$10.00 and under cash, over that amount 9 months credit will be given by furnishing approved joint notes, 4 p.c. off for cash.

M. SMITH, Licensed Auctioneer.

Superior Court.

—:o:—

Canada
Province of Quebec
District of Terrebonne

Dame MALVINA CLOUTHIER, wife of ALBERT CHARTRAND, merchant, of Ste-Monique, district of Terrebonne, duly authorized to "ester en justice,"

Plaintiff,

vs.

The said ALBERT CHARTRAND,

Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this case, on the twenty-seventh of August, 1914.

DONAT LALANDE,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
9-25
Ste. Scholastique, August 27th, 1914.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for the passing of a law incorporating in town, for municipal purposes, the territory actually incorporated by Letters Patents in virtue of Municipal Code under the name of The Corporation of the Village of Sainte-Agathe-des-Monts, and to annex the following lots of land: in the fifth range of the Township of Beresford, Nos. 10 and 11; in the fourth range of the said Township of Beresford, Nos. 20c. 20d, and 21; in the third range of the said Township of Beresford, Nos. 21a, 22a, 23a, 23b, 24a, 24b, 24c; in the second range of the said Township of Beresford, Nos. 9a, 9b, 9c, 10a, 10b, 10c, 11a, 11b, 11c, 12a, 12b, 13a, 13b, 14a, 14b, 15a, 15b, 16a, 16b, 17a, 17b, 18a, 18b, 19 and 20; being actually a part of the parish of Sainte-Agathe-des-Monts including all the subdivisions of the said original lots which may exist, the whole according to the official cadastral plan and book of reference for the said Township of Beresford, in the County of Terrebonne, under the name of "VILLE SAINTE-AGATHE-DES-MONTS" and to place the said Town under the dispositions of the law of cities and towns, with some special modifications relating to the time and mode of the election of the mayor and aldermen, of the votation, of the taxation, of the qualifications of electors, mayor and aldermen of the borrowing power, of the construction of Public Works and other dispositions as may be incidental, necessary, or accessory to the above purposes.

CHAS. ED. MARCHAND,
Attorney for the petition.
10 23
Saint-Jerome 14th September, 1914

GEOFFROY BEDARD

What I want is Customers who know and can appreciate a good job. And what you want is a tailor who will give you good Suits at reasonable Prices. I am the tailor you are looking for.

In spite of the heavy increase in all lines of goods, I have not raised my prices, for I had all my goods bought before the raise and I am giving my customers the benefit of the low prices in all Suits, Pants, Overcoats, Hats, Caps and Furnishings of all Sorts.

Geoffroy Bedard
THE TAILOR,
Main Street, - Lachute.

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT
DOING WHAT?
Buying KITCHEN UTENSILS at
DEACON'S
Gasoline and Oil Stoves, Refrigerators, Kitchen Cabinets.
Everything in Tinware and Enamelware.
We have just received another Car Load of Corrogated Galvanized Iron.
G. Y. Deacon, - West End. Lachute
Tinsmith and Roofer.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.

Deposits	29th November 1913	-	$40,807,499
Assets	29th November 1913 over		$54,000,000

Special attention given to the
Accounts of Cheese Factories and Their Patrons.
Cheese Cheques Cashed.

Lachute and St. Andrews Branch, - J. R. Parris, Manager.
Grenville Branch, - W. H. Lamb, Manager.

RANGES AND COMFORT
The two go together and if you want them we are able to supply you. We confidently tell you that this is the best that money can buy and you will do well to call and see them. We can fit you up in household, furniture. Call and secure our prices. Better than elsewhere.
O. B. LAFLEUR & Sons, Limited.

HARNESS and HARNESS SUPPLIES, BUGGIES,
Dusters, Rope and all kinds of Binder Twine, Oils, Soaps, etc., etc.
Also Agent for MASSEY HARRIS MACHINERY and LEE RANGES and STOVES.
A Full Line of the BEST STOCK Always on Hand.
W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.
MAIN STREET, LACHUTE.

FIRING SALUTE FOR FIRST VICTIMS OF T HE WAR.

200 GERMAN PRISONERS AT FOLKSTONE.

BURIAL OF AMPHION VICTIMS

Burial of British and Germans in Common Grave.

The top scene shows the burial of the first English victims of the war. The men are in the act of firing a salute over the graves of four German and four English soldiers who perished when the Amphion and the mine-laying Koenigin Luise were destroyed. The other photograph is from Folkestone, England, and shows 200 German reservists who were taken prisoners as they were about to leave England for the Continent.

GERMAN ESPIONAGE CRAFTY

20,000 SPIES SCATTERED OVER FRANCE.

Secret Agents Masquerade as Professional Men and Artisans.

In view of reported cases of German espionage in Canada and of the excitement produced in various centres throughout the Dominion by the movement of supposed spies, it is illuminating to learn something of the scale upon which the German system of espionage is known to be organized in the theatre of the war in Europe.

At the conclusion of the 1866 campaign against Austria, Stieber, the Prussian Minister of Police, was sent on an organization mission to France. Between 1866 and 1869 he made four journeys to France, traversed the length and breadth of the country, and strewed 20,000 paid German spies throughout the land. These spies were organized territorially, under four inspectors, having headquarters at Brussels, Lausanne, Geneva, and Berlin.

Stieber instituted the peculiar system of "fixed posts," which is still maintained.

The Spy in the Fixed Post

attracts no attention, since he lives as an inhabitant and usually plies a trade or profession.

Under cover of his trade he can make inquiries without incurring suspicion, and has opportunities of getting in touch with anyone capable of giving valuable information.

German spies in France included farmers, market gardeners, railway porters, shopkeepers, commercial travellers, waiters, waitresses, newspaper reporters, telegraph operators, domestics, etc.

Among other duties assigned to the director of the German spy service during the War of 1870 were the following:

1. Information in regard to the situation, strength and movements of each group of the hostile army.

2. In regard to the age, character and reputation of all hostile commanders.

3. State of public feeling in the districts about to be traversed by the German army and their resources.

4. To procure persons in each of these regions capable of furnishing useful information.

In spite of French vigilance, it is known that Germany elaborated her espionage system. Stieber further established a

Branch of "Secret Police"

to deal with "political actions." This term included the destruction of strategical railways. In his book on the German spy system in France, Mr. Paul Sanoir points out that German espionage interests itself in everything and everybody possessing in any capacity a particle of authority or celebrity. Information as to telegraphs, telephones, railways, bridges, culverts, forges, provisions and supplies, shipping, hospitals, water supplies, discontented people, and citizens susceptible to monetary temptation.

How perfect a spy system has been introduced by Germans in Canada is not stated, but it is known there have been German spies in the country within the past five years, and that some of them have been identified and tracked by the authorities. That there are agents of hostile powers in Canada is admitted. Owing to the strictness of cable censorship it is difficult for them to get their reports across the ocean promptly, but in the absence of a censorship over land wires and mails, communication of a sort is open through the mails to neutral countries.

HALF WORLD AT WAR.

435,000,000 People in British Empire Alone.

The total area of the warring countries, including their colonies and dependencies, is more than 27½ million square miles, or a full half of the land surface of the globe, including five million square miles of uninhabitable wastes in the polar regions.

The proportion of the population of earth involved more or less directly in the tremendous struggle raging in Europe is equally great. More than half of the people of the entire globe live under the flags of the belligerent powers.

The British Empire alone contains 435 million human beings, of whom 320 million live in India. The population of the Russian Empire is at least 175 million. France, with her densely populated possessions in Indo-China has more than 92 millions subject. Germany, with its African possessions, contributes about 82 million to the war's total. Holland and the Dutch possessions, chiefly in the East Indies, contain over 41 million inhabitants. Belgium, with the Congo State, counts for 28 million more. The population of Austro-Hungary exceeds 52 million. Little Servia has about four million inhabitants.

The Difference.

"My, but isn't fishing just contagious this time of the year?"

"Yes, it's contagious, but it isn't catching."

THE BLACK SIDE OF WAR

MEN MURDERED AND WOMEN ILL-TREATED.

Belgian People Who Got to Paris Are Living on What They Can Pick Up.

The Cirque de Paris, where the crowd of Belgian refugees has grown to 20,500, has taken on the aspect of a human stable.

The floors of the wide foyers are all covered with straw, and the homeless and poverty-stricken people may be seen lying about, many in attitudes of sad dejection. Trained nurses of the Red Cross, priests, soldiers and doctors are constantly moving among the crowd, ministering to their wants.

Inside the amphitheatre were children of all ages, sizes and descriptions. The scarcity of baggage was noticeable, everyone apparently having taken only the few things that could be easily carried in their hasty flight. The evening meal consisted of a huge slice of bread, with a piece of beef on top, and afterwards coffee was served.

German Rapacity.

An old man sitting in a corner on a sack of straw, told the following story:

"People call me Jean Beaujon. I have a little wine shop just across the river from Liege in the town of Grivegne. When the mobilization order was announced my two sons, both fine fellows, went off to join their regiment. My daughters, I have two, this one here and another, remained with their old father."

The girl he motioned to was a bright-eyed girl of about 16, but only her eyes were visible, as the rest of her face was swathed in bandages.

He continued: "You see her poor dear face? Well, a German was the cause of that. When they came they demanded wine, which I gave them, and one man tried to insult her. When she resented this he struck her and she fell against the counter and broke her jaw."

The old man then told of their flight and the hardships they endured.

Widow with Five Children.

Another refugee, Mme. Agnes Bourssault, of Walkenraedt, in telling her story of the flight from Belgium, said:

"Please don't ask me to tell the horrible things I saw while coming here. I have lost my husband and brother, who died in the noble cause, and now you see me alone with my five children. The greatest suffering I underwent was from hunger. We could get hardly anything to eat for three days except a little stale bread. The thing that hurt me most was my inability to satisfy the wants of my little ones."

Georges Just, a restaurant-keeper of Chenee, told the story:

"When we heard the Germans approach, my wife and I fled across the river into Liege. It seems now much like a dream. Just before they entered there we left along with many others.

"Never shall I forget the sights we saw along the roadside where mutilated corpses and wounded and dying strewed our pathway."

Many other refugees continued to arrive during the night. The Government is doing everything possible to aid them.

No Ailments to Discuss.

It is nice to be perfectly healthy, but it doesn't leave you much to talk about.

MODERN WAR MORE HUMANE

DISEASE WILL NOT LEVY A HEAVY TOLL.

Fate of Nations Depends on Sanitation Is Lesson Taught by History.

United States army surgeons agree that the present war will be settled in much shorter order than most persons believe possible, and that it will be the most humane ever waged. There will be no lengthy mortality list from disease and no army of cripples will result, they are convinced.

Recent advances in surgery and sanitation will be the cause. The high power, quick-firing military rifle and the development in artillery will, however, tend to make the mortality list greater than in any previous war. Those who die will die quickly. Deaths will be due to accuracy, long range and rapid firing, and not to disease of infected wounds.

"Gangrene and infection," declares an army surgeon who is recognized as an authority, "will be practically unknown quantities in the wars of the future."

Until the Russo-Japanese War black powder and a large calibre bullet comprised the ammunition of the armies of the world. The bullets were of unsheathed lead, greased to overcome friction in the barrel. Their muzzle velocity was less than one-half than of the missiles in arms now employed.

Up to that time bayonet and sabre charges, prolific of hideous and dangerous wounds, were common. Such charges are now considered mediaeval. The bullets now used are of less diameter than the ordinary lead pencil and are jacketed with steel or nickel. They have a tremendous velocity and low trajectory.

Wounds Now Clean Cut.

Beyond 350 yards the wounds inflicted by such bullets are clean cut, frequently passing throne bone tissue without splintering. The arteries are seldom injured by such wounds, as the bullet going through the flesh, pushes the blood vessels to one side.

The advance in surgery, moreover, has been such that wounds which were formerly fatal, or at least necessitated amputation, are now healed without such an operation. Formerly a bullet wound through a joint, such as the knee or elbow, necessitated the amputation of the limb. Now such a wound is opened and dressed and heals without amputation.

Every army division is supplied with four field hospitals, each capable of caring for 108 patients. There are also two evacuation hospitals, with a capacity of 700 each, for each division. These may be from twenty-five to fifty miles in the rear of the army, and it is from them that the more seriously wounded are shipped back to the hospitals at home.

Besides the hospital corps, which has bearers on the field of battle ready to rush the wounded back to the field hospitals, each officer in the European and American armies is instructed in first aid treatment, so that there need be no delay in caring for the wounded and no excuse for allowing infection to set in, even in the heat of battle.

Disease Main Factor.

The prevention methods and improved sanitary arrangements which have developed within the last generation in the armies of the world are generally regarded as even more important than the treatment of the wounded. In the Civil War eight soldiers died of disease to every one who succumbed to wounds. Experts have figured that in the present European war not more than three will die of disease to one killed in battle.

Neglect of proper sanitary precautions is now regarded by every world power as suicidal. History shows that the fate of nations and dynasties may hang upon sanitation. In 1792, when the disciplined Prussian troops marched to the relief of Louis XVI., they were met and repulsed by the raw levies of the young republic. The report of General Du Mouriez, the commander of the French troops, shows beyond a doubt that owing to neglect of ordinary sanitary precautions pestilential dysentery had attacked the Prussian army and rendered it unfit for service.

The camp pestilences have always been typhoid and dysentery. Until about fifteen years ago the causes of these diseases and the prevention were not known. Now both have been ascertained and are eectively fought. The typhoid germ is attacked by vaccination and the dysentery parasite by sterilizing drinking water.

Pat—"Do you believe in dreams, Mike?" Mike—"Faith and I do! Last night I dreamt that I was awake, an' in the morning my dream came thrue!"

ROYAL Yeast Cakes

BEST YEAST IN THE WORLD.
DECLINE THE NUMEROUS INFERIOR IMITATIONS THAT ARE BEING OFFERED
AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL EXPOSITIONS
E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED.
WINNIPEG TORONTO ONT. MONTREAL

ARTILLERY MAY DECIDE WAR

EUROPE'S RACE FOR SUPREMACY IN GUNS.

France Has Made Great Strides in Improving Her Armament.

The seat of war in Belgium is described in the Iron Age by one who signs himself "An Occasional Contributor." The article deals largely with the artillery in use in the present campaign.

"The determined defence of Liege," he says, "was made doubly necessary by reason of the important artillery and small arms works located there. The Belgian Government is almost entirely dependent upon the Liege district for arms and armament.

"The great Cockerill Works are located close to Liege at the suburban town of Seraing. Ordinarily the Cockerill Works give employment to more than 10,000 men. The principal output consists of military and coast defence material. The standard Belgian field artillery gun is of Cockerill design and is known as the Cockerill gun. In addition to field pieces, Cockerill turns out large calibre guns for coast defence positions. The plant is easily the most important in size and output in Belgium.

"The Fabrique Nationale d'Armes de Guerre is located at Herstal, a suburb of Liege, and gives employment to more than 3,000 persons. The rifles, carbines and revolvers used in the Belgian army come for the most part from the Liege district. In and about Liege are about thirty-five firms engaged in the production of sporting arms, the largest being probably the Pieper Works.

Liege Is Armory Centre.

"Liege boasts of two important machine tool works, namely, De Longdoz and Fetue-Defize. The great machinery works, known as the Meuse Works, are just outside the city of Liege, while within the city proper is the St. Leonard Locomotive Works, one of the oldest and best known in Europe.

"The greatest importance is ascribed by military men to the part which field artillery will play in the present struggle. In 1870 France was clearly outclassed by Krupp wedge block field guns. The French pinned great hopes on the mitrailleuse, a form of machine gun but the weapon failed miserably at the very outset of the war. Private firms in Europe, like Krupp, Skoda, Schneider and Co., and Cockerill, have carried forward the development of field artillery year by year.

"Some idea of the advances made was first gleaned by the work of the French guns in the Boer War. These pieces easily outranged the standard English field pieces. The French guns in the hands of the Boers were Schneider pieces manufactured at Creusot, France. In the late Balkan war the Servians did remarkable work with still later makes of Schneider guns.

"There is a popular impression that the French army is equipped with field guns of the type made familiar by the Servians and the Boers. This is erroneous. The French government gun is manufactured at the Government arsenals and under no circumstances can it be purchased. The greatest secrecy surrounds the manufacture of this weapon, and it is a rule to keep the guns well covered with tarpaulins when on parade.

Use Long Recoil System.

"Field guns in use throughout the European services to-day all employ the long recoil system; that is to say, the gun carriage is immovable. The effective development of the long recoil field carriage only began after 1897, when France had adopted her model of that year.

"When the long recoil was first attempted hydraulic transmission was tried, but the complications proved to be too great and spiral springs were tried. These springs were applied in the recoil cylinders in layers, with telescopic tubes. Ehrhardt, a German artillery manufacturer, tried to do without the tubes by winding the springs in the opposite direction, but this system has not been followed to any great extent. In the late Krupp guns the action of the recoil is transmitted directly on a single spring.

"The object to be obtained in modern field artillery is effective shrapnel fire. The majority of the European field pieces have a calibre of 2.95 inches and throw a shrapnel projectile weighing about 14½ pounds. This shrapnel shell is fitted with 260 bullets and experience shows that these bullets to do effective work against men and horses must have a striking energy of 700 foot pounds. It is understood that the new French guns have an effective shrapnel range of 6,000 yards.

"Instead of the caissons being in the rear, the French and Belgians place the gun caissons alongside the guns and not more than two or three feet away. The guns are provided with shields, and after the first shot the gun is rightly planted in the ground. Two men operate the piece, one to train and fire and a second to load and eject the empty cartridge case.

"In the Belgian and French plan of placing the caissons when in action alongside of the guns there is gained great rapidity of service, and a rate of fourteen to fifteen aimed shots a minute is readily obtainable. By keeping the caisson close to the guns there is avoided any exposure of men in running with ammunition to the guns.

"It was Gen. Langlois of the French army who is regarded as the father of the present day French field practice. This officer for several years urged upon the government the developing of a gun which would be superior in range and rapidity of fire to any field gun in the world. His arguments and claims that the thing could be done resulted finally in the War Minister taking the matter up in earnest.

"Gen. Langlois, as a practical artillerist, indicated what was required, and Col. Dupont, a renounced ordnance engineer, was assigned to work in conjunction with him. These two officers have evolved the field piece which France now possesses and on which France depends for her armies to win in the field."

The Aims of Germany.

The London Times in a leader regarding British efforts for peace says:—"Germany could have ensured the peace of the world had such been her desire. But it was not her desire. She wishes to dominate the world, and for that end she desired to separate the Powers of the Entente and to defeat them and abuse their weaker neighbors until England, alone, discredited and disgraced, was left for her to deal with. She wished to treat France and then treat us as a great Austrian statesman once wished to treat her—to rob us of our own credit and our friends, and then to wrest the trident from our grasp. The plot was as transparent as it was cynical. The honesty and straightforward common-sense of Sir Edward Grey have defeated it. All nations of the Empire are ready to spend their last shilling and the last man in supporting the consequences, be they what they will."

Bread-Making Ants.

Some remarkable stories are told of a species of ant common in Dalmatia. According to Dr. Neger, of the Dresden Forestry School, this ant not only cuts leaves and gathers seeds, but actually makes bread or biscuit. It seems that the seeds are first sprouted, carried into the sun and dried, then taken back to the underground chambers, where they are chewed into a dough. The dough is then finally made into tiny cakes, which are baked in the sun, then carefully placed in storage for future use.

Mrs. Fischer, widow of Professor Fischer, has the honor of being the only woman art director of a museum in the world, having succeeded her husband as director of the East Asiatic Art in Cologne, Germany.

AN INVITATION TO SICKNESS

Impure Blood Means a Breakdown in Your Health

Impure blood is an invitation to sickness. The blood is at work day and night to maintain the health, and any lack of strength or purity in the blood is a weakness in the defence against disease. Anaemia is the doctor's name for lack of blood. There may be an actual loss in the quantity of the blood, or one or more of its constituents may be lacking. Its truest symptom is pallor. Anaemia is particularly common in young girls. It is not, however, confined to them alone, for it is this same lack of blood that prevents full recovery after la grippe, fevers, malaria and operations. It is also present in old age and in persons who have been under unusual mental or physical strain. If you are suffering from this trouble take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They make pure, new blood with every dose, and this new blood means health and strength. Thousands have proved the truth of these statements, among them Mrs. Minnie Barteaux, Annapolis, N.S., who says: "Following the birth of my third child I was a complete wreck. I felt and looked as if I did not have a drop of blood in my body. My heart would palpitate so violently that I could not walk upstairs without being completely exhausted. Night after night I would have to sit up in bed to get my breath. I had no appetite and suffered from severe headaches. I was taking doctor's medicine all the time, and naturally felt very much discouraged. While in this deplorable condition my husband brought me home a couple of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before they were gone I could feel some improvement. I gladly continued their use until I had taken, I think, ten boxes, when I was completely cured, and I never was so well in my life as I have been since."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Tell-Tale Sentry.

The new recruit was on sentry-go. Up came the officer and demanded his orders.

"Orders!" said the lad from the country. "Give up my orders?"

"Yes, certainly. What are you here for?" demanded the officer, sharply.

"Oh, I'm here to walk up and down, stand at attention, wink at the girls, look after Sergt. Murphy's bit of garden, and see that nobody steals his spades; to see you ain't about when they fetch the beer for the guard-room prisoners, and——"

"But that was as far as he got.

Don't Need Ice in Ireland.

The entire ice supply of the south and west of Ireland is manufactured by a single establishment in Cork, and amounts to only six tons per day. There are two breweries, a chilled-meat concern and a butter factory, with perhaps one or two other individual firms, which have their own ice-making plants. The use of ice for household purposes, and even in connection with the very extensive dairy industry, is rendered almost unnecessary by the low temperatures which prevail naturally throughout the summer months.

Joint and Muscle Pains Banished by Nerviline

IT CURES RHEUMATISM.

Thousands of people, chuck full of the joy of living—happy, glad, bright people, that Nerviline has cured of their pains, all tell the same wonderful story of its power to drive out the aches and tortures of rheumatism and kindred ills.

"My goodness, but Nerviline is a miracle-worker," writes Mrs. Charlotte Chipman, mother of a well-known family residing at Mount Pleasant. "Last month I was so crippled up with sciatica and muscular rheumatism as to be almost unable to do a bit of housework. My joints were so stiff and the muscles so frightfully sore that I even cried at times with the pain. For years we have used Nerviline in our family and I just got busy with this wonderful, good old liniment. Lots of rubbing with Nerviline soon relieved my misery and I was in a real short time about my work as usual."

No matter where the ache is, no matter how distressing the pain you can rub it away with Nerviline. For forty years it has been curing lumbago, sciatica, back-ache, colds, chest trouble and all sorts of winter ills. Keep a large 50c. family size bottle handy and you'll be saved lots of trouble and have smaller doctor bills. Small trial size 25c. at dealers everywhere.

"Well, Bobbie," asked the fond mother, "did you get a good place in the exam.?" "Yes, mother, I got right next to the stove."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

NOBLE RED CROSS NURSE.

Duchess of Sutherland Doing Hospital Work in Belgium.

English and Belgian doctors and nurses are co-operating in hospital work in the theatre of hostilities. The active superintendent of trained nurses is Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, who wears the white blouse, pinafore, and capote with the little red cross in front that makes up the workmanlike uniform of the French "secour aux Blesses."

She is very appreciative of the way she has been welcomed, with Miss Gavin, when she travelled from Paris to Brussels as a member

The Duchess of Sutherland.

of a party of French nurses. They found a special train waiting at the frontier, and the Belgians cheered whenever they caught sight of the travellers. When they arrived at Brussels the travellers found that the Belgians had evolved a remarkable ambulance organization.

The Duchess wants the English wounded treated in Brussels instead of being sent home. "They would be better off here," she said, "for it is a healthy city, and they could be sent home or back to the front so easily when fit again. Money would be well spent on having these men looked after here."

"How much do you propose?"

The Duchess said that she proposed to raise $25,000 for her work.

St. Isidore, P.Q., Aug. 18, 1904.
Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.
Gentlemen,—I have frequently used MINARD'S LINIMENT and also prescribe it for my patients always with the most gratifying results, and I consider it the best all-round Liniment extant.
Yours truly,
DR. JOS. AUG. SIROIS.

MACHINE THAT PLAYS CHESS.

Wonderful Product of Spanish Scientist's Laboratory.

Is the day near at hand when science will be able to create a human being? This question may well be asked when one considers the latest invention of that king of automatic inventors, Senor Torres y Quevedo, member of the Spanish Academy of Sciences. Senor Torres caused a sensation some thirty years ago by inventing a machine which would solve algebraic equations. Then he invented a balloon which would direct itself and could attain a speed as great as the fastest Zeppelins.

The latest product of this wonderful laboratory is a machine which plays chess and which seems actually to accomplish the work of a human brain. Senor Torres thus describes his own invention:—

"It is true that the game which the automat plays is not very complicated, but, nevertheless, for its opponent to win he must know how to play. The automat uses the white king against the castle and the black king. It's game is won in advance, but it must follow a certain course which leads it up to the finish.

"When the automat's opponent moves the black king the automat begins by examining if the movement conforms with the rules of the game. If not, it protests by lighting a lamp. If the move is according to the rules the automat, taking into account the position of the three pieces, decides what is the best move and then makes it. Thus the game continues until the automat has checkmated the black king.

"If the automat's opponent should make a mistake, as I said before, the automat protests by lighting a lamp. But it will tolerate only three mistakes. Then all its lights go out and you may move your pieces as much as you want—the automat has finished. If you wish to begin a new game you invite the automat by a special movement to play another game. If it accepts it will turn out all its lights, place its pieces on the board in their original positions, then wait for you to make the first move.

"The old automats, the most celebrated of which were those of Vaucanson, imitated the appearance and the movements of man. To-day this idea has been abandoned, and intricate machines which look like nothing but machines, have taken their places. The self-directing torpedo is a good example of an automat. The difficulty does not lie in the work of its helmsman, but in the determination of the movement to be executed. The machine deduces this movement from indicators by purely mechanical means. This, as in the calculating machines, is the brain work of the man that the machine accomplishes.

"It is not to be denied that automats can have sensitive organs (monometers, thermometers, compasses, etc.) permitting them to recognize the circumstances which determine their movements, but science refuses to admit that they can possess the analogue of a brain. But I believe I have shown that the possibility theoretically does not offer the least doubt. Automats can be made as complicated as any one may wish.

"The general adoption of automatic processes the substitution, which is increasing every day, of machines for manual labor, constitutes one of the essential forms of progress in modern industry. I believe that there is no limit in this domain, and that, theoretically at least, the time will come when all factory operations, even those which demand the intervention of engineers, can be executed automatically."

HAIR AND SKIN BEAUTY

PRESERVED BY CUTICURA SOAP

Assisted by occasional use of Cuticura Ointment.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 32-page Skin Book, sent post-free. Address Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 2K, Boston, U. S. A.

SISTER'S TRICK

But It All Came Out Right.

How a sister played a trick that brought rosy health is an interesting tale:

"I was a coffee fiend—a trembling, nervous, physical wreck, yet clinging to the poison that stole away my strength. I mocked at Postum and would have none of it." (Tea, also, is injurious, because it contains caffeine, the same poisonous drug found in coffee.)

"One day my sister substituted a cup of piping hot Postum for my morning cup of coffee but did not tell me what it was. I noticed the richness of it, and remarked that the 'coffee' tasted fine, but my sister did not tell me I was drinking Postum for fear I might not take any more.

"She kept the secret and kept giving me Postum instead of coffee, until I grew stronger, more tireless, got a better color in my sallow cheeks and a clearness to my eyes, then she told me of the health-giving, nerve-strengthening life-saver she had given me in the place of my morning coffee.

"From that time I became a disciple of Postum, and no words can do justice in telling the good this cereal drink did me. I will not try to tell it, for only after having used it can one be convinced of its merits."

Ten days' trial shows Postum's power to rebuild what tea or coffee has destroyed.

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum — must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.
—sold by Grocers.

Surprise.

"Why are you so surprised to see me? Did not the maid tell you who it was that had called?"

"No, she only said: 'A gentleman.'"

INFORMATION FOR INVENTORS

Messrs. Pigeon Pigeon & Davis, Patent Solicitors, Montreal, report that 111 Canadian Patents were issued for the week ending August 11th, 1914, 71 of which were granted to Americans, 25 to Canadians, 10 to residents of Great Britain and Colonies and 5 to residents of foreign countries.

Of the Canadians, 14 were residents of Ontario, 4 of Quebec, 3 of Manitoba, 2 of Saskatchewan and 2 of Nova Scotia.

In the United States for the same week 869 Patents were issued, of which 12 were granted to Canadians.

TWILIGHT.

Evening shades descending lower
Tint the clouds a darker gloom
And the ghostly shadows flutter
Slowly to my room.

Far off in purple distance
A robin cheeps "Good-night";
And slowly from the western sunset
Fades the greying light.

Along the road winding dimly
The sheep—a drowsy white—
Wander slowly to their shelter,
Tinkling sweet "Good-night."

A glow of grey in yonder meadow,
Dandelions' ghosts,
Sway in stately dance together,
Frail and dying hosts.

And from the dark blue shadows,
A rooster crows shrill;
And soon the morning, fresh and sweet,
Will come o'er eastern hill.

—M.M.M.

The Sum Total.

"What's to be gained by a hunger strike?"

"A good appetite."

50,000 Men Wanted

Before next month this number are wanted to step up and have their corns removed with Putnam's Corn Extractor—it's painless—safe—sure. Use only "Putnam's," it's the best, 25c. at all dealers.

Hard Times.

"We're having a hard time getting a jury."

"How's that?"

"The defense won't accept single men and the prosecution bars all married chaps."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Told the Truth.

"That salesman prevaricated."

"As to how?"

"Said this color was fast."

"Well, did you ever see a color go more rapidly when it once started to run?"

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Changed All Around.

"Jack asked me to marry him last week, and I refused. Yesterday I telephoned him that I had changed my mind."

"What was the result?"

"He said that he had changed his."

Little Denis had been to the party, and returned radiant. "Now I hope my sonny was a good little boy," remarked mother, "and remembered to say 'please'?" "Oh, yes, mummie," answered the little fellow, with a smile of delighted reminiscence. "I said 'Yes, please,' every time. I didn't say 'No, thank you,' once!"

SUMMER TOURIST RATES TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

Via Chicago and North Western Ry. Special low rate round trip tickets on sale from all points in Canada to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, Victoria, Edmonton, Calgary, Banff, Yellowstone Park, etc., during August and September. Excellent train service. For rates, illustrated folders, time tables and full particulars, address, B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 46 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

The Dissemblers.

Gibbs—I'd really like to know the secret of social success.

Dibbs—My boy, there are many secrets of social success, but one of the most important is to be able to pretend you are having a good time when you're not.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Intelligence is the mother of brevity.

Success is the one sin some people refuse to forgive in their friends.

A man isn't necessarily attached to a baby carriage because he follows it.

Only a woman can entertain unwelcome visitors and make them feel welcome.

After a man has turned down two or three opportunities they begin to dodge him.

Some people never have any respect for grey hairs until they have acquired a few of their own.

Yes, Cordelia, the drum major belongs to the band—even if he does give one the impression the band belongs to him.

His Better Job.

A boy who had been well worked and badly paid for two years, succeeded in getting a better job. His last day with the old firm he was sent out with a load of valuable china. He returned in an hour or so, and the china, instead of being delivered, lay in the bottom of the hand-cart, smashed to smithereens. "What does this mean?" roared the proprietor!" The boy, as he stepped out of the shafts, answered calmly:—"It means, boss, that you've worked me like a horse and treated me like a horse for two years now. So this morning I shied at a steam-roller, ran away, and had a smash up." So saying the boy turned and set off, blithely whistling for his new and better job.

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 fulness, 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.

Wildly in Love.

"Percival," murmured the heiress, "do you really love your little wifie?"

"Yaas," responded the duke, "I adore you, you know, and all that sort of silly rot."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Meeting Her Match.

"Does your wife always get the last word?"

"Not when she has a dispute with the cook."

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.

Humor in the Counting House.

A merchant in the city suddenly entered his counting-house and found one of his clerks rearing a large book in the air, with the end resting on his chin. "Why, aren't you at work, John?" he inquired. "I am, sir," replied the clerk. "You are! At what work?" "Balancing the ledger, sir!"

Constipation

is an enemy within the camp. It will undermine the strongest constitution and ruin the most vigorous health. It leads to indigestion, biliousness, impure blood, bad complexion, sick headaches, and is one of the most frequent causes of appendicitis. To neglect it is slow suicide. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills positively cure Constipation. They are entirely vegetable in composition and do not sicken, weaken or gripe. Preserve your health by taking

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CLARK'S SOUPS

Delicately flavoured—Highly concentrated.

WHY WORRY! Choose your variety and ask your grocer for "Clark's".

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Don't take too many chances with spavin, splint, curb, ringbone, bony growths, swellings and of lameness. Use the old reliable remedy—

KENDALL'S Spavin Cure

It has been used by horsemen, veterinarians and farmers for 35 years—and it has proved its worth in hundreds of thousands of cases.

Bickerdike, Alta., Jan. 20, 1913.

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$1 a bottle—6 for $5, at druggists—or write for copy of our book "Treatise on the Horse" free.

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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.

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EFFECTIVE AUG. 16, 1914, AND THEREAFTER—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

East-bound	Stations	West-bound	East-bound	Stations	West-bound
A.M.		P.M.	P.M.		P.M.
			1.00	Lv. BELLEVILLE Ar.	5.15
			1.45	NAPANEE	4.30
9.20	Lv. TORONTO Ar.	9.15	4.55	Ar. Ar.	1.30
10.42	OSHAWA	7.52			
11.35	PORT HOPE	6.55			
12.45	COBOURG	5.45	1.30	Lv. Lv.	4.55
			4.40	SMITH'S FALLS	1.45
			5.20	Ar. OTTAWA Lv.	12.15
P.M.			P.M.	Central Station	Noon
12.35	Ar. TRENTON Lv.	5.50			

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For tickets and all information apply to nearest C.N.R. Agent or General Passenger Dept., Toronto and Montreal.

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Bargains to be had on TUESDAY, September the 29th.

200 Boxes of Dutch Linen Paper and Envelopes. Regular 25c per box, on sale Tuesday at 17c.

	Regular	Special
Sunlight Soap	5c	6 for 25c
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Naptha Soap	7c	5c
Infant's Delight Soap	10c	3 for 25c
Baby's Own Soap	10c	3 for 25c
Creamery Butter	35c	33c
Olives	15c	10c
Tomatoes	12c	3 for 30c
Peas	10c	3 for 25c
Corn	10c	3 for 25c
Red Salmon	18c	15c

—:o:—

Every TUESDAY is Bargain Day at the White Front.

—:o:—

All Sale Goods sold for spot cash.

No Telephone Orders taken for above Sale.

G. L. Meikle & Co.
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Footwear for School boys & School Girls

Give me a call and we will be pleased to show you them and prove to you that there are no better values in town.

Also a large assortment in Mens and Boys Ready-made Clothing.

Gents Furnishings, Shirts, Sweaters, Raincoats, Hats and Caps, Socks and Gloves, Etc.

Your inspection invited.

Boots repaired, Tel. 65

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We deal in Foreign & Domestic Marble and Granite, first class work and best material in all the latest designs, always on hand.

Satisfaction guaranteed in all kinds of cemetery work, Monuments, Headstones, Posts, Fencing, etc.

Terms to suit Purchasers.

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(Continued from Page 3)

Sows, under 5 months—Jas. Drew.
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Boars under 5 months—James Bradley.
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Sows under 5 months—Jas. Bradley
Sows over 9 month—Jas. Bradley.
Grade Sows, 5 months and over—Wm. Todd.
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Sow and litter—Wm. Hume, jr., Jas. Bradley.

HORSES

Stallions, 4 years and upwards, Clydesdale—And. Elliott.
Mares and Foals, General Purpose, grade mares only judged—Andrew Walker, Roy McPhail, Jas. Bradley.
Fillies and Geldings, 2 yrs, heavy draught grad—B. Bertrand, W. A. Bradley, Jas Bradley.
Stud Colts, 2 years, Clydesdale—M. Smith.
Fillies and Geldings, 3 years, General purpose, grade—I. McKenzie. James Murdock, W. A. Bradley.
Fillies and Geldings, 1 year, heavy draught grade—Jas. Bradley 1st and 2nd, W. A. Bradley.
Stud Colts, 1 year, Clydesdale.—Robt. Todd.
Fillies and Geldings, 2 years, General purpose, grade—O. Foucault, Stephen Center, R. Bradley.
Mares and Foal, Clydesdale, mares only judged.—R. Todd, W. J. Burke.
Fillies and Geldings, 1 year, general purpose grade.—Jas. Leishman, Roy McPhail, Jas. Bradley.
Fillies and Geldings, 3 years, heavy draught grade, E Robillard, Jno. Heatlie, Jas Bradley.
Best Mare or Gelding, Single, Clydesdale.—J. McKenzie, R. Todd.
Foals of year 1914, General Purpose Grade.—W. G Heatlie, Jas. Bradley, Roy McPhail.
Fillies or Geldings, 3 years, Clydesdale, J Hay, 1st & 2nd. Jos. Sauve.
Foals of year 1914, heavy draught grade.—Chas. Rodger, Jas. Bradley
Fillies or Geldings, 2 years Clydesdale, R. Todd,
Foals of year 1914, Clydesdale, R. Todd, W. J. Burke.
Mares and Foal, heavy draught grade, mares only judged,—J. Heatlie Chas. Rodger. Jas. Bradley.
Fillies and Geldings, one year Clydesdale,—R. Morrison
Mares and Foal, agricultural mares only judged,—Jos. Sauve, W. J. Burke, Arch Warwick.
Fillies and Geldings, one year Clydesdale,—R. Morrison
Mares and foal, agricultural mares only judged,—J. Sauve, W. J. Burke, Archie Warwick
Fillies or Geldings, 3 years, agricultural.—John Mason, Arthur Tomalty, Jos. Sauve
Fillies or Geldings, 2 years agricultural,—J. Bradley, J. Sauve, J. Drew
Fillies or Geldings 1 year agricultural, A. Warwick, W. Bradley, Jas Drew.
Foals of year 1914, agricultural,—J. Sauve, J Heatlie, W. J. Burke.
Mares & Foal, carriage,—L. Hooker R. Bradley, J. Drew.
Fillies or Geldings, 3 years carriage John Innis jr. Wm. Hay.
Fillies or Geldings, 2 years carriage W. G. Heatlie.
Fillies or Geldings, 1 year carriage Felix Sauve, Roy McPhail.
Foals of year 1914, carriage,—Leslie Hooker, And Walker R Bradley.
Single agricultural horse harness to vehicle—Jas. Bradley, H. Bradford, Wm. Nichols.
Pair of agricultural horses—Jas. R. Cleland, J. C. McOuat, Arthur Tomalty.
Single general purpose horse—E. McGibbon, Jas Drew, W. G. Heatlie
Pair general purpose horses—W A Bradley, J M Armstaong, Wm Murray
Thoroughbred Stallions—J D Campbell
Canadian registered, mare or gelding—Wm Murray
Belgian stallion—J E Arnold
Standard bred stallion—J McKay,
Three year old filly—J E Arnold
Percheron stallion—J E Arnold 1st 2nd and 3rd
Two year old filly—J E Arnold
Three year old percheron stallion—J E Arnold 1st 2nd and 3rd
Shires 3 year old—J E arnold
Hackneys, Mares and foal—R Morin
Foals—R Morin
Three year old fillies—Geo Hay
Two year old fillies—R Morin
One year old fillies—R Morin
Hackney Teams—G Hay
Mare or gelding, single in harness J McKay
Pure Bred Percheron Stallion—J E Arnold
Best Thoroughbred Stallion—Col Reilly
Best Canadian Bred Registered Draught Stallion of any age—Malcolm Smith
Foals of Year 1914, sired by a thoroughbred stallion—Leslie Hooker
Foals of Year 1914, sired by Elliott's stallion from thoroughbred or grade mare—Robt Todd, W J Burke
Best Pair of Foals of Year 1914, sired by Elliott's Stallion, owned by one Exhibitor—W J Burke
Best Foal of Year 1914, sired by J A MacKay's Stallion—Wm Hay, W E Brown
General Purpose Mare or Gelding of any age—Everett McGibbon, Jas Drew, Wm Murray
Best Pure or Grade Draught Mare of any age—Robt Todd, J McKenzie, Robt Morrison
Best Clydesdale Stallion on Exhibition—Andrew Elliott
Best Standard Bred Stallion on Exhibition—J A MacKay
Matched Team in harness, Clydesdale—John Hay
Single Draught Horses in Harness, Grad—A McFaul Bros, W A Bradley
Pair Draught Horses, grade—A McFaul Bros, Jas Bradley
Gentleman's Single Carriage Horse—T B McCauly, J A MacKay
Pair Carriage Horses—Alexander McAdam, Martin Burwash, W A Bradley
Gentleman's Horse, harnessed—T B McCauly, J A McKay
Draught Team, pure or grade—John Hay, A McFaul Bros
Best Team of Draught Horses to be competed for annually—John Hay
Best Agricultural Team—J R Cleland, Jas C McOuat
Pair Carriage Horses—Alex McAdam, Martin Burwash
Lady Driver, single—Miss Aggie Hay, Mrs E Watson, Miss Bradley
Lady Driver, single, with Munro & McIntosh buggy—Miss Bradley
General Purpose Team—W A Bradley, Wm Murray
Neatest Single Driving Turnout—J A McKay, Jas McKimmie, T B McCauley
Boy Rider on Horseback, under 15 years—Geo Staniforth, James Paul
Agricultural Mare or Gelding of any age—Robt Todd, J R Cleland, Jas C McOuat
Best delivery outfit, the whole to be judged—James Drew
Best cart horse on Exhibition—A McFaul Bros, Wm Todd,
Saddle horse—Martin Burwash Angus Judd
Gentleman harnessing horse to carriage and go around ring the quickest—John Heatlie, Percy Nichols
Potato race—Percy Nichols, Wm Hay, D Todd
Hurdle jumping—John Heatlie, Percy Nichols, Wm Hay
Roadsters—Angus Judd, James McKimmie, James Warwick
Single carriage horse—John Innes James Drew, Percy Nichols.
Display of Horses owned by one exhibitor—J E Arnold
Young men under 25 years, judging of horses—Wm Hay, Gilbert Arnold

POULTRY

Judge; Andrew Mason.
Emden Geese—Wm. Hay, Jas. Bradley.
Geese of other standard variety—Robt. Morin.
Pekin Ducks—Wm. Hay, Jno. Hay.
Ducks of other standard variety—W. D. McOuat.
Turkeys, H.—Jas. Bradley, M—John Hay, Wm. Hay, H—John Hay, M.
Turkeys, 1914, H. & M.—Jas. Bradley. H. & M. W. E. Brown.
Leghorns, brown—V. Benoil.
Leghorns, brown of 1914—W. A. Gordon, V. Benoil.
Leghorn white, H—G. H. Staniforth, M. V. Benoil, H. V. Benoil, M. G. H. Staniforth.
Leghorn white, 1914—G. H. Staniforth V. Benoil.
Plymouth rock, barred—N. Robinson, M. Robt. Morin, H. R. Morin c.
Plymouth rock, barred, of 1914—Robt. Todd, H Jas. Bradley c. Jas. Bradley, H. Robt. Todd, c.
Dorkins—Mrs. Staniforth.
Wyandottes—J. S. Giles, H. & c. Wm. Todd, c. Robt. Morin.
Wyandottes of 1914—Jas. Drew, E. Kettyle.
Minorcas—Robt. Doig.
Buff orphington—N. Robinson.
White orphington—W. A. Gordon.
White orphington year 1914—W. A. Gordon.
Rhode Island red—R. Morin c. V. Benoil, H. V. Benoil c. R. Morin H.
Rhode Island red of 1914—V. Benoil, R. Morin, c J. McKenzie.
Other variety of poultry—Jule Gauthier, N. Robinson c.
Other variety poultry of 1914—Jule Gauthier, N. Robinson.

ARGENTEUILS SUCCESS AT THE EASTERN FAIRS.

Mr. J. E. Arnolds fine string of stock horses were exhibited at Three Rivers, Quebec City, and Sherbrooke, where he won the following prizes,—15 firsts; 5 seconds, 3 thirds, 2 fourths, 3 diplomas, 7 championships 3 silver cups. He also had splendid success at Ottawa.

Our New Jackets are worth seeing Come and see them.

W. BANFORD & SON.

DEATHS.

SOMERVILLE—At his late residence, St. Philippe, Que., Monday, Sept. 21st, 1914, John Somerville, sr., aged 69 years, 1 month and 14 days.

BIRTHS.

HUME,—At Hillhead, on Friday, Sept. 18th, a son to Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Hume.

AUCTION SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at the residence of

JOSEPH ROBERT

Midway between St. Philippe four corners and the Ottawa river on Tuesday, October 6th, 1914, the following farm stock and implements:—

Heavy draught horse 8 years old, general purpose mare 8 yrs. old, brood mare in foal 8 yrs. old, 1 1½ year old colt, 2 filly colts 6 9 milch cows due to freshen from Jan 15th, and on, 1 2½ year old grade Holstein bull, 1 2½ year old heifers, 2 1½ year old heifers, 3 Spring calves, 2 Spring pigs, 7 geese, 30 pairs of hens, 4 boxes bees, some bee boxes and frames complete, about 15 tons of hay, 500 bushel oats, some peas, barley and potatoes, 6 acres fodder corn, 1 hay loader new, 6 foot mowing machine, 1 Moody threshing mill, Chatham fanner, root cutter disc harrow, set steel harrows, gang plow, walking plow, 2 row cultivator, scuffler, lumber wagon, set truck wagon wheels, 2 pr. shanty sleighs, set single bob sleighs, cutter, 2 top buggies, light express, cream separator, daisy churn, wheelbarrow, buggy pole, heavy double harness with breechings, single harness, cart harness, 2 cross-cut saws, chains, forks, shovels etc., standard range cook stove, feather bed, 2 sofas, tables, chairs, pictures and bedsteads, and many articles too numerous to mention.

All to be sold without reserve as proprietor has sold his farm.

Sale to commence at 10 a.m sharp.

Terms:—$10 00 and under cash, over that amount 9 months credit on furnishing approved joint notes. 6 p.c. discount per per annum for cash.

W. J. BOYD, Licensed Auctioneer.

Wm. Berry, Main St. LACHUTE

Offers the best and most complete stock of Buggies, Expresses, Rugs, Harness, and Harness Parts, Ranges, Thrashers, Wringers, Field & Lawn Wire, Fencing, Gates, etc.

A carload of Buggies to choose from. Call and get prices.

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The Grimm Sugar Outfit, the Pedlar Shingles, Sidings etc.

"Always to the Front."

With a nice assortment of Bananas, Lemons, Oranges, Pine Apples, Candies, Ganong's Chocolates and Ice Cream in Bricks or Bulk (3 colours.)

Try our Cherry and Pine Apple Sundaes.

Wedding Cakes a Specialty.

Flour and Feed always on hand.

Orders delivered anywhere in town by calling up Telephone No. 80.

ROBERT HAMILTON,
Baker & Confetioner, - LACHUTE

WOOL! WOOL! WOOL!

Bring along your wool and get the big price we are now paying.

And at the same time secure some of the many bargains we have to offer at our July Sale.

McFAUL BROS., - West End.

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Carpenters & Machinists Tools.

Dry Cell Batteries	Pumps
Spark Plugs	Pipe
Cylinder Oil	Pipe Fittings
Gasoline	Stoves
Belting	Sinks
Packing	Enamel Ware
Tungsten Lights	Fencing
Saws and Axes	Guns and Rifles
Ammunition	Paints and Glass
Roofing and Building Paper	Horse Blankets and Halters.

T. McOuat & Son,
West End - - Lachute