

**But I May Live.**

I cannot paint, but if I could I'd paint the beauties of the wood, The stream the hill, the sunset's glow; The rainbow's hues, and e'en the snow.

Not one dull picture would I paint, Nor aught that might offend a saint; But beauty is nature, scenes of joy, Would all my time and art employ.

I cannot sing, or I should raise My voice in tuneful, glad songs; No minor chord should rule my song, But melodies the whole day long.

I cannot tell the things I love, All other earthly things above; My tongue is tied my voice is weak, When of these blessings I would speak.

My pen—shall I depend on it, To write in words that shall befit, The joys I know, the things I prize, In earth, and air, and sea and skies?

I cannot paint, I cannot sing My speech is slow and stammering; But to thou, Lord, this surely give, That I may be and work, and live.

—J. H. Lartimore.

**Home of Jean of Arc.**

A VISIT TO THE CITY OF DOMREMY.

There is no character in history whose story is at once so beautiful, so heroic and so tragic as that of the young Lorraine girl who sacrificed her life for France—Jeanne d'Arc.

It appeals alike to the young and to the old, to the learned and the unlearned, to the peasant in the cottage and the prince in the palace, and few there are who have not felt the tears start as they read the life of the young heroine. France sacrificed its saviour, but today no other of its heroes and heroines, save Napoleon, is idolized and revered more than the poor shepherd girl of Domremy. Her name is household word and her statues are found all over France. But nowhere does the maid seem so real, nowhere does she appeal to you as she does in the little village of her birth.

Domremy lies in the north-eastern part of France, in the hilly department of the Vosges. It is off from the main routes of travel, but is visited every year by thousands of tourists who go to spend the day at the birthplace and girlhood of the heroine. The hamlet looks very different from what it may have looked when Jeanne herself walked along its narrow street or tended her father's sheep on the hillside. One marvels that from such a quiet, rural, retired spot one could have gone forth to make so much history.

A little gray hamlet, of perhaps thirty or forty houses, on the side of a low hill, that slopes down to a meadow of the Meuse, with a church tower rising in the midst, an old stone bridge, and the ruins of an old castle, which was perhaps dismantled before Jeanne's time—this is Domremy of the present day. The village is a farming community and the ways of its people are primitive and simple. Every one of the inhabitants, except the priest and a colony of nuns, work in the fields. They wear wooden shoes and know little more about the world than did Jeanne's father and mother. To visit Domremy is like going back into the Middle Ages.

In the middle of the village stands the church, the same church that Jeanne attended, a large barn-like structure, with a square steeple tower surmounted by a cross. The tower has a clock in it, and to the left of the entrance on a high pedestal is a bronze statue of Jeanne. It represents her in a half-kneeling posture, and is not so striking as the statue of the heroic maid at Rouen. Above the main entrance is a great allegorical painting on canvas, tacked against

**All Stuffed Up**

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.

No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.

To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic.

"I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up." Mrs. Eliza Roberts, West Liscomb, N. S.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

the wall. Among its figures is that of Jeanne in her white armor with saints and warriors in various guises, which are somewhat confusing in their significance and meaning.

Close to the church is Jeanne d'Arc's cottage, which looks as much like a big shed as anything. It has a very high front and the roof slopes back all one way to the rear. The interior is used as a museum and is cold and cheerless with no suggestion of its once having been a home. But there is the big fireplace before which Jeanne used to sit and knit in the winter evenings, and overhead is the timbered ceiling, wholly unchanged from her day. Many and many a time the maid must have passed in and out of this door and her childish feet have pattered upon the floor.

At the back of the house is the garden with its narrow paths and little plots of flowers and vegetables, where Jeanne used to wander in the twilight hours and listen to the bells of the nearby church and where the voices first spoke to her. Dear little shepherd maiden, it all comes back—the little life and the humble toil, her innocent and dreamy childhood, her heroism and her triumph and the sad tragic end—as we wander over the little yard; and we can almost see Jeanne sitting there and listening to the voices that called her to her splendor and her fate. The house and grounds are the property of the council general of the department, who purchased it in order that so remarkable a relic of the past might be saved to future generations. An iron fence shuts it in from the thoroughfare, and every means is used to keep it in perfect repair. The house is painted a dull gray and the reddish slate roof has a peculiar charm against the green of the surrounding trees.

On the hill slope overlooking the valley of the Meuse, three-fourths of a mile from the village, stands a basilica with a slender golden spire, marking the spot where, according to tradition, stood the "Fairy Tree," beneath which Jennie and the maidens in the village used to dance and where the maid received the command to go forth and lead the armies of France. It is a quiet beautiful spot. Around are fields where Jeanne watched the sheep, and below by the grayish, red-roofed village and following the winding river are the roadways, one of which Jeanne took that morning as she went to Vaucalers.

Today the fields are green with hay and corn, and men and women are busy caring for the harvests. Two-wheeled carts drawn by oxen, sometimes with a horse in front, come up the hill and are loaded and driven down in the dewy eve. Most of the peasants work bareheaded, and the hours of labor are from six in the morning till eight at night. Very like must have been the toil of the Middle Ages. Little has changed in that retired spot for all these centuries.

And here she lived, that wonderful girl, through all the years of her childhood till her eighteenth year. It does not seem such a long time back—these five hundred years—as we stand by the house that has sheltered her, the church where she worshipped, the garden where she dreamed and the hillside where she heard the voices. We could picture Jeanne looking back, as we did, on the hills, the meadows and the river, the picturesque little hamlet sleeping in the valley, with something of

a regret and something of veneration when she turned for her farewell glance at her home place as she departed on that journey that was to lead her to fame and martyrdom. And because she lived there the place is famous for all time. Without Jeanne d'Arc there would be no Domremy.

**New Antonio Saved the King.**

Of course, you have heard of Frederick the Great, that wise king of Prussia who was born two hundred years ago. Perhaps you know, too, that he greatly admired our own General Washington, and in proof of it sent him a handsome sword, on which was engraved: "From the oldest general to the greatest."

But you may not have read of how he helped a poor little Italian boy, and of how the poor boy was able to repay the great king's kindness.

Frederick, although the ruler of a great kingdom, never dressed very well, and so it is not surprising that when dirty, ragged little Antonio met him walking on the terrace near the river bank in Dersden he thought he was a very ordinary person, and never dreamed of his being a king.

Antonio had a great box filled with dolls which he worked with strings and made act quite like human beings—"marionettes" they were called. When he saw the king he ran up to him and begged him to look at these dolls act. "You will be pleased with them I am sure," he said, "and I do so want to earn some money to pay a man I know to teach me to play the flute."

"Would you like to learn to play the flute?" asked the king. He had longed to do that very thing when he was a boy, but his cruel father had been very angry one day when he had found him playing, and had broken the flute across the back of the young prince.

"Above all things," answered Antonio.

"Come with me," said the kind-hearted old gentleman, as Antonio still thought him, "and you shall have a good teacher and a fine flute of your very own."

The poor lad could hardly speak for joy. But his new friend understood, and patted him on the head as they walked off together. He was put in charge of the court music master, who found he had great talent, and after a while he played so well that he was allowed to play before the king.

The boy felt deepest gratitude towards his kind benefactor, and played constantly that he might at some future time prove his devotion to him.

One morning Antonio, getting up very early and taking a short cut through the kitchen of the castle on his way to the garden, saw one of the cooks drop a white powder in the cup of chocolate meant for the king.

The little flute-player was horrified, and ran to the king crying: "O sire do not drink your chocolate this morning—it is poisoned."

When a few minutes after the breakfast tray was brought in, Frederick the Great received it very calmly, and looked hard at the servant, who immediately began to tremble.

"How pale you are. You must be ill," exclaimed his majesty. "Here drink this cup of chocolate. It may revive you."

"Mercy, sire," pleaded the servant, throwing himself at the king's feet, "I am not to blame, but others"—and he confessed the whole plot.

"Wretched man, you were going to poison me," said the king. He called one of his dogs to his side, and gave him the chocolate to drink. The dog died in a few moments.

Thus it was that Frederick the Great's kindness to a poor little boy saved his own life.

**THIN MILK**

How can the baby grow strong if the nursing mother is pale and delicate?

**Scott's Emulsion** makes the mother strong and well; increases and enriches the baby's food.

**Had a Bad Attack of Diarrhoea and Vomiting**

**Had the Doctor Eleven Times**

**UNTIL DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY FINALLY CURED**

Mrs. Wesley Pringle, Robin, Ont., writes:—"It is with great pleasure that I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. When our little boy was three years old, he had the worst attack of diarrhoea and vomiting I ever saw. We called in our doctor, and he came eleven times from Tuesday morning until Saturday night, but still no change. We expected each moment to be the last of his suffering, as the doctor said he could do nothing more. Mr. Pringle was going up town on Saturday night, and was advised to try your great and wonderful medicine. He got a bottle and about 9 o'clock the first dose was given, and was kept up, as directed, and when the doctor came on Sunday, he said, 'What a wonderful change, why your little boy is going to get better.' Then I told him what we had been giving him, and he said, 'Keep right on, he is doing well.' I often think as I look at my boy, growing to be a man, what great thanks I owe to Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry."

"Dr. Fowler's" has been on the market for close on to seventy years, and has been known from one end of Canada to the other as a certain cure for all bowel complaints.

When you ask for "Dr. Fowler's" be sure you get it, as any substitute is liable to be dangerous to your health. The genuine preparation is manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Price, 35 cents.

**How Antonio Saved the King.**

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**MINARD'S LINIMENT CO LIMITED**

**GENELEMEN**—Last Winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of Lagrippe and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in case of inflammation.

Yours,  
W. A. HUTCHINSON.

All things rejoice in youth, and love,  
The fulness of their first delight!  
And learn from these of the heavens above  
The melting tenderness of night.

—Longfellow.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Many a winter at evening was almost beaten at noon.

Mary Ovington, Jasper Ont. writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days Price 25 cents."

The quickest way for a fool man to acquire chest expansion is to put on a new vest.

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If you don't believe man is just an overgrown boy just note how often the man with his first new, automobile toots the horn.

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Our store has gained the reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1913 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.—R. F. Maddigan.

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**AUGUST Stock Reduction Sale**

**Cotton**

20 Pieces unbleached Cotton, marked 6c. now 4 1-2 cents.

12 Pieces fine long cloth 13c. for 10 1-2 cents.

**Men's Tweed Pants**

100 Pairs men's Pants in nice patterns, offering at 20 p. c. below regular prices.

**Ladies' Rubber Coats**

A lot of ladies' all rubber coats to clear at a price \$4.00 for \$2.49.

**Print Cottons**

15 Pieces Canadian Print 9c. for 7 1-2 cents.

**Ladies Dresses & Waists**

A lot of ladies' summer dresses, also a lot of white waists at Half price.

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good time keepers and consequently comfortable watches to carry. Their efficiency is assured by a guarantee which enables the owner to have any constructional defect remedied free of charge by the nearest agent in any part of the world. They are not made in grades which cannot be fully guaranteed.

**MANY NEW Watches, Rings, Chains, Locketts, Eyeglasses, Clocks and Timepieces**

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Others to arrive.

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The company owns 15 pairs of pedigreed Island Black Foxes and negotiations are under way for the purchase of marten, fisher, mink and skunk.

If you are interested write, call or phone for a prospectus and information.

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**RIVAL AND MASTER MARINE**

Smoking Tobaccos. Cool, sweet and fragrant. Burns cleanly and freely but NOT THE TONGUE. Try our Combination Twist Chewing Tobacco also. It's worth the money every time.

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