

Use only three level tea-spoonfuls for five cups

## RED ROSE TEA

Sold only in sealed packages

### Wicklow Brevities

Edwin Estey and Alice Gibson have returned to normal school after spending their Easter vacation at their homes.

The farmers are moving their spuds to town and all seem to feel well satisfied with the price which at present ranges around \$3.50.

Pte. Woodburn McIsaac who has recently returned from overseas spent a few days last week with friends in this place.

Mrs. Joe Pearson spent Easter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Estey.

Andrew Shaw made a trip to St. John last week.

Hazen Kilpatrick spent a few days in Perth last week.

Miss Hazel Fulton spent a few days last week with her sister, Mrs. Wilbur Lunn of Summerfield.

### Wicklow School

Those making 50 % and upwards on their Easter examination are as follows:

Grade V—Grace Gibson 92.6, Bernice Fulton 89, Mac Olmstead 82.3, Myrtle Fulton 80, Hilton Tweedie 54.6.

Grade IV—Leslie White 86.5, Norman Estey 85.5, Harleh Estey 75.1, Kenneth Tweedie 72, Geo. Barker 69.6, Rattie Sparks 69.5, Lynn Fulton 66.3, Beecher Smith 59.1, Evelyn McCain.

Grade III—Bertha Kearney 94, Henry Estey 85.3, Garnet Sparks 55.

Grade II—Charles McCain 98, Ada Kearney 90, Marion White 75, Eugene Fulton 73.

Grade I—Charles Gormely 96, Lucy Sparks 93, Hazel Barker 92, Wavel Smith 75, Marion Estey 66, John McCain 63, Jean Estey 53.

J. E. Tweedie  
Teacher.

Roddy Lemieux a Real Nationalist. There are French-Canadians and French-Canadians. While we grow exasperated at the perversities of Bourassa and Lavergne, to whom sedition and falsehood are the ready means of self-advertisement, let us forget them as we read of the last moments of another French-Canadian—a mere lad, "Roddy" Lemieux—the son of that gifted man, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, former Postmaster-General of Canada. The letter of Capt. J. J. Desjardins describing the boy's taking off says in part, as

FOR YOUR  
Bread, Cakes and Pies  
you will find

# PURITY FLOUR

(Government Standard)  
thoroughly dependable

"MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD AND BETTER PASTRY"

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"Purity Oats makes Better Porridge"

### A Week's Leave

By ROBERT FORD TRESHAM

"It is Mr. Lyle Bartram," spoke the sweetest voice the owner of that name had ever heard, as he entered the office of his nearest relative, and he nodded blunderingly, for the sight of a lovely face in full accord with the musical tones for the moment held him spellbound.

"You are to wait for your uncle, Mr. Edson, if you please," continued Edna Worrell, flushing under the ardent glance of the visitor. "He expects you and he will be here soon, I am sure."

Lyle sank into the chair nearest to this rare vision of loveliness. She had, it appeared, succeeded to Mr. Robert Worrell, for ten years the secretary of the law office. Most heartily Lyle approved of the change, admired his uncle's good taste and was engaged in a most pleasing casual conversation with the young lady when Mr. Edson appeared.

"You got me a week's leave from the encampment—thanks," spoke Lyle at the start, as Mr. Edson led him into his private office. "I see you have made a change in your assistant."

"Yes," nodded his uncle. "Worrell was fairly superannuated." He anticipated it, I fancy, and schooled this treasure of a daughter to take his place when he got ready to retire. She fills the bill completely—more than fills it, I should say, for she has all Worrell's knowledge of detail and is more speedy in her work."

"A pleasant surprise, uncle," spoke Lyle warmly. "It will seem good, after a month of hard training, to have seven days of complete leisure."

"Ahem—just so," murmured Mr. Edson, with a keen glance at his nephew. "Only, I imagine your time will be pretty well occupied, Paul. I, and Mr. Edson smiled wistfully. "This war business has set my wife all fussy-turvy."

"I don't know a better patriot," enthused Lyle.

"That may be, and I wouldn't shirk a duty under any circumstances, only it's not going to be the same when you have gone away for good. It breaks a pleasant life from me, my boy. You have been like an own son and I am going to miss you greatly. The old home will be pretty lonesome."

There was a pathos in the old man's tones that touched Lyle deeply.

"There is nothing I would not do to prove my appreciation of all your kindnesses," spoke Lyle fervently.

"I realized that, I knew I could count on you," replied Mr. Bartram, in a tone of conviction. "There are two more months of training for you, then will come the hard tug at my heart strings. When the ocean divides us, you will seem little in life worth living for to me. Lyle, I have thought it all out, I want you to devote your week's leave to getting married."

"Uncle!"

Lyle nearly jumped from his seat. Of such conjuncture he had never dreamed. He stared wonderingly at the serious, yet emotionally working face in surprise.

"There are any number of your young lady acquaintances who will be glad to welcome your attentions as 'warrior' Edson. "With a wife thinking of you, caring for you back here, you will have something to hold you and I would have someone to cheer and comfort you in my lonely hours."

Much more in a similar strain John Edson imparted to his nephew. "A choice of any good, lovable girl will please me," he said, in conclusion. "I do not dictate to you, Lyle, I only express the wish that lies next to my heart."

"I shall try to meet your wishes, uncle," spoke Lyle, and thought of Miss Edna Worrell.

John Edson was called away on professional business the next day. The week's leave was nearing an end when he returned. He was disappointed as he made some casual inquiries of friends before he met Lyle.

"He looks like a deep shadow as Lyle came rushing into the office all activity and ardor."

"You do not seem to have employed your time very diligently during my absence, Lyle," spoke the old man gravely. "I do not hear of your having visited one of our old friends."

"No, uncle," answered Lyle, with a quizzical smile upon his face. "I was too much occupied at the office, waiting the wife you ordered me to find."

"At the office? Are you making sport of me, Lyle?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Lyle. "Uncle, I hope you approve, for the first minute I saw Edna Worrell I fell in love with your lovely secretary."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Edson, and the start of a bright smile showed on his relieved face.

"And the fourth day after you left I told her so," chuckled Mr. Edson, delighted. "A girl among a thousand!"

"You approve?"

"Decidedly Lyle, I congratulate you sincerely."

"Edna, dear," spoke Lyle, going to the door and opening it. "Your dear uncle wishes to give us both his blessing. For you see, uncle," continued Lyle, earnestly, "you need never be lonely while I am gone, for Edna will keep you company at home, and of course you can't spare her from your office where she is so essential to you, so you will have her with you practically all of the time."

### "Goldie"

By ADA PAGE MARSHALL

Mort Allen put down the street, running like a whitehead. Two boy friends tried to stop the rushing whirlwind, but Mort sent them spinning and dashed on.

"Can't stop!" he yelled.

"What's the row—fire? Burglars?"

"Worse than that! Aunt Nettie's Goldie is gone! Then Mort spurred up afresh. Rounding a corner, he ran squarely into Lawyer Barnes, his employer, toppled him sideways against a fence, but halted not for apology or explanation.

"Goldie" was a pet hen of Aunt Nettie Gale, with whom Mort and his sister Juttie lived. Goldie was almost one of the family. In the estimation of Miss Gale, who had raised the plump hen, Goldie was almost human. She laid an egg every day of the year. She ducked to the minute at seven in the morning, at high noon, and at six in the evening. She never allowed a stray dog or cat to come near the place, and when her mistress appeared in the garden Goldie followed her every step.

Mort worked in the law office of Lawyer Barnes. He had just reached home when he found his sister, flushed, breathless and excited.

"Oh, Mort!" she panted. "Goldie is gone! I've been hunting for her everywhere. Just now, though, Ned Dayton told me that the Moores had sold all their chickens. The men who bought them had a wagon with a coop on it. By mistake they must have got Goldie with the lot, for she goes over there often, and Ned says he is sure he saw one of the men chasing her with a hooked wire. He told me they went in the direction of the freight yards."

"I'll soon have Goldie back!" vaunted Mort.

Just as Mort neared the freight yard he met an empty wagon with two men on the seat. He halted, and questioned them, and they proved to be the supposed abductors of Goldie.

"Remember the hen," said one of the men. "Say, you must. She's on the Chicago freight, just made up. We topped the coop in a box car about the middle of the train. The yardmaster is there."

Mort made a new dash. He reached the train, going with increasing momentum, and seized the iron rungs of a ladder, swung to the bumpers and clung to the brake rod.

The weather was quite cold, and Mort's hand, clinging to the brake rod, was numb and chilled. His position, too, was one of cramped discomfort. Right above him was an open end window of a box car. He pulled himself up and crowded through the aperture. It was to land on a shifting heap.

"Potatoes," he discovered, let go, and rolled down the shifting mass.

"What's doing?" he yelled upon his seat. "Who is it?" It was dark in the car, and the owner of the voice, seizing a lantern, lit it, and Mort confronted an unkempt, but pleasing, freckled young man. The potatoes formed slanting hills at the end of the car, but in the center was a clear space where a stove was in place.

Very soon Mort understood the situation. The car in transit was in the charge of the man, who was supposed to accompany the freight to terminus, building a fire if the temperature fell below freezing. Then Mort's story came out. His companion laughed heartily.

"You've got pluck, lad," he commented, "but you'll have to take quite a journey to get back that pat of yours, for this train don't stop until we reach the city. Then I'll see that you get the chicken."

Mort liked his strange host the more he saw of him. The young man was an acknowledged rover, wandering about the country striking all kinds of work and adventure. For the sake of a free pass he acted as warden of the potatoes. When they reached the city he induced the train hands, whom he knew, to hunt up the shipped coop and Mort got Goldie, put her in a bag, and began to cast about for a way to get back home, so miles away.

"Here's something you dropped," he spoke, picking up a card on the car floor.

"Oh, yes," nodded his companion. "It's my pass. What's the matter?" as he noted Mort staring at the name it bore—"Robert Wood."

"Oh, say!" exclaimed Mort. "Is that your name?"

"Sure, it is."

"Oh, then," shouted Mort in wild excitement, "you're a rich man!" and proceeded to inform his astonished host that his employer, Mr. Barnes, had been advertising for a month for one Robert Wood, wanted in a neighboring county as one of the heirs to a large estate.

"And I got one hundred dollars for information," boasted C., pleased Mort, "and say I'll get to Mr. Barnes soon as we can."

It was the real Robert Wood, as was discovered later. The back trip was arranged. Goldie restored to the home nest and Robert Wood interviewed the lawyer.

And because Mort had been the means of lifting him from poverty to opulence, and because Robert Wood met pretty Juttie Allen, the young man lingered in the town and the day he received his part of a very substantial estate he asked Juttie to become his wife.

### Simple Herbs Cure Serious Troubles

MANY of the diseases of womanhood may be prevented with care. Unusual excitement—mental or physical—disturbs the delicate balance of woman's sensitive nerves, and upsets her whole system. At the first indication of nervousness or any irregularity, take

### Dr. Wilson's HERBINE BITTERS

It's safe and certain—purely vegetable—regulates kidneys and bowels—overcomes headaches, indigestion, stomach trouble—purifies the blood—tones up and invigorates mind and body.

At most stores. 50c a bottle. Family size, five times as large, \$1.

The Bradley Drug Company, Limited  
St. John, N.B.

### Lower Windsor School

Following are the names of pupils of Lower Windsor school making averages of 60 and over on the Easter examinations.

Grade V.—Myrtle Foster 81.  
Grade V.b.—Eldon Foster 78.2, Arthur Foster 78, John Albright 67.5, Merrill Foster 64.7, Elmo Hallett 65.  
Grade IV.a.—Albert Foster 80.6, Pauline Belyea 80.1, Burnin Glass 78, Lanson Belyea 77.1, John Craig 75.5.  
Grade IV.b.—Miles Crouse 78.2, Stella Crouse 76, Lowell Laskey 65, Foye Page 62.

Grade III.—Mabel Foster 96.8, George Foster 94.8, Annie Glass 90, Vera Shaw 84, Emma Ellis 75.6, Ober Ellis 75, George Page 73, Bela Page 70.4, Pauline Crouse 69.2.

Grade II.—Hilda Vidito 70, M. Leod Ellis 72.  
Grade I.—Cyril Shaw 88, Saunders Shaw 84.3, Julius Shaw 84.

B. Faye Hallett  
Teacher.

"Save the surface and you save all"

# YOU PAY

If you buy an inferior paint you pay twice, once when you buy the paint, and again when you are obliged either to repaint or to suffer the loss of deterioration in your house.

If your paint blisters, scales off, cracks or checks, you pay twice.

If your varnish or floor finish turns white, "blooms," is brittle, if it shows heel marks and scratches white, you pay twice.

If your paint turns dark and muddy, you pay twice. If your shingle stain does not have a creosote base, and the shingles consequently soon warp and the roof leaks, you pay twice.

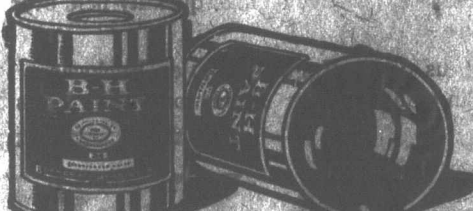
# TWICE!

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C. R. DeWitt, Hartland

### BRANDRAM-HENDERSON



Economical—Because It Covers More

EVEN if this paint were sold at a price half as high as any other, it would still be the economical paint to use on your house. In sheer covering capacity it has no equal. A gallon of it goes so far that you'll buy less of it and yet do more with it.

## B-H PAINT

This paint is guaranteed to possess all the important basic the above formula which we insist on every can. The result of such a formula is a paint which could ask in brilliancy of color and in power "hold"—a paint which gives a fine lasting finish, excellent all others in "covering capacity" and in durability. Paint with B-H "Barn" paint—and your house is protected for years, where a coat of ordinary paint will last but a few months.

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