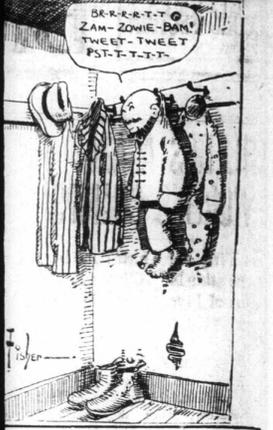


"Bud" Fisher



An Essay on Man.
(London Opinion.)

A little girl wrote the following composition on men:

Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women and also more zoological. Both men and women sprang from monkeys, but the women sprang farther than the men."

SAGE TEA DARKENS HAIR TO ANY SHADE

Don't Stay Gray! Here's an Old-Time Recipe That Anybody Can Apply.

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grand-mother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautifully dark, glossy and abundant. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

But brewing at home is messy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for a 50 cent bottle of "Wyer's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy" you will get this famous old recipe which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, feverish, itchy scalp and falling hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application of two, it becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and abundant. Agent T. George Bowles.

ARMY SERGEANT BECOMES BARON

New Lord De Freyne an American Soldier in the Philippines.

Lord de Freyne, whose death was announced by mistake about a fortnight ago in a number of newspapers, died at French Park, Co. Roscommon, on Monday, at the age of fifty-eight. He is succeeded by his eldest son, now a sergeant in the American Army serving in the Philippines.

Arthur French Baron de Freyne was the peerage of the United Kingdom of Coolavin, Co. Sligo, succeeded his father as fourth baron in 1888. Three brothers were deposed from succession on the ground of the marriage of their mother and legal according to the law at that time.

The third baron, a Roman Catholic, married a Protestant lady, the ceremony being performed by a Protestant Catholic priest. After this marriage had been pronounced invalid, the Protestant Church in Dublin, late Lord De Freyne, the fourth baron was born subsequently to that ceremony.

Located at Downside and Beaumont Colleges, Lord De Freyne was formerly honorary colonel of the 10th Battalion of the Connaught Rangers. He owned some 40,000 acres in Co. Roscommon, and spent nearly his whole life on his estates. A good landlord, he supervised the interests of his tenants and was generous in the matter of rents.

When, however, he was compelled to evict certain tenants owing to their absolute refusal to pay rent, the United Irish League organized a tenantry against him, police were sitting inside the district, and the fugitive's campaign collapsed.

Lord De Freyne married first, in 1877, Lady Laura Octavia Dundas, sister of the First Marquis of Zetland. She died in 1887, leaving one son, Arthur Reginald, who, now to the age of thirty-four, succeeds to the title. In 1881 Lord De Freyne married secondly Marie Georgiana, daughter of Mr. Richard Westbrooke, of West Denton, Northumberland. Of this marriage there were eleven children.

The new peer is now stationed in the Philippine Island as a sergeant in the 8th Infantry Regiment of the United States Army.

In 1905 a stir was caused by his sudden disappearance during a visit to New York. The police and a number of private detectives searched for him in all directions, but it was not until several weeks had elapsed that he was found at Fort Sloam, serving as a private in the United States Army.

He had enlisted for three years, and told an interviewer he liked it as a private. He drew a salary of £2 12s a month. He was greatly surprised to hear that his disappearance had caused anxiety, saying he had readily taken measures to inform his relations of his whereabouts. He said he had to do something for a living, his private income being insufficient to be a sergeant.

He is now serving his fourth term of enlistment, and is endorsed on the rolls of the War Department as a "cool soldier." He can purchase his discharge for £16.

Lord de Freyne was married in 1902 to Miss Angela Angus, and was formerly a member in the City of London Regiment.

With Edged Tools

By Henry Seton Merriman,
Copyright, 1894, by Harper & Bro.

Jack drew forward his chair and put his feet out toward the fire. It was marvelous how thoroughly at home he seemed to be.

"Then," continued Sir John, "where is your luggage?"

"Send along for it. Your room is—quite ready for you. I shall be glad if you will make use of it as long as you like. You will be free to come and go as if you were in your own house."

Jack nodded with a strange twisted smile, as if he were suffering from cramp in the legs. It was cramp—at the heart.

"Thanks," he said. "I should like nothing better. Shall I ring?"

"If you please."

Jack rang and they waited in the fading daylight without speaking. At last—

"Will you oblige me?" he asked.

Jack moved in his chair, but he made no answer. Sir John did not indeed expect it. He knew his son too well. "Will you," he continued, "go out to Africa and take your lame story to Jocelyn—just as it is?"

There was a long silence. The old woman checked on the mantelpiece wheezed and struck G.

"Yes," answered Jack at length, "I will go."

Sir John nodded his head with a sigh of relief. All indeed, comes to him who waits.

"I have seen a good deal of life," he said suddenly, arousing himself and sitting upright in the stiff-backed chair, "here and there in the world, and I have found that the happiest people are those who begin by thinking that it was too late. The romance of youth is only fit to write about in books. It is too delicate a fabric for everyday use. It soon wears out or gets torn."

Jack did not seem to be listening.

"But," continued Sir John, "you must not waste time. If I may suggest it, you will do well to get on at once."

"Yes," answered Jack. "I will go by a month or so. I should like to see you in a better state of health before I leave you."

Sir John pulled himself together. He threw back his shoulders and stiffened his neck.

"My health is excellent," he replied sturdily. "Of course I am beginning to feel my age a little, but one must accept the facts as they are."

He made a little movement of the hands.

"No," he went on, "the sooner you go the better."

"I do not like leaving you," persisted Jack.

Sir John laughed rather testily. "That is rather absurd," he said. "I am accustomed to being left. I have always lived alone. You will do me a favor if you will go now and take your passage out of this house."

"Now this evening?"

"Yes," at once. "The offices close about half past 6, I believe. You will just have time to do it before dinner."

Jack rose and went toward the door. He went slowly, as if he were dragging every moment. The old man sitting there made no attempt to add fresh fuel.

"I am accustomed to being left," he repeated it when the door had closed behind his son.

The life was low again. It was almost dying. The night was being every moment. The old man fell together with a crumbling sound, and a grayness crept into their glowing depths. The old man sitting there made no attempt to add fresh fuel.

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"Shall I put some coals on?" asked Jack.

Three times Sir John moved his limbs, his hand on the arm of the chair and his feet on the hearth rug, with the jerky, half restless energy of the aged which is not pleasant to see.

When the servant came it was Jack who gave the orders, and the butler listened to them with a sort of enthusiasm. When he had closed the door behind him he pulled down his waistcoat with a jerk, and as he walked downstairs he muttered "Thank 'eavens, twine, and wiped away a tear from his bluish eyes."

"What have you been doing with yourself since you got back?" inquired Sir John crossly.

"I have been out to India, mainly for the voyage. I went with Oscar, who is out there still after big game."

Sir John Meredith nodded.

"He is like that man," he said. "He is tough, I like tough men. He wrote me a letter before he went away. It was the letter of one gentleman to another. Is he going to spend the rest of his life after big game?"

Jack laughed.

"It seems rather like it. He is cut out for that sort of life. He is big for narrow streets and cramped houses."

"And matrimony?"

"Yes, and matrimony."

Sir John was leaning forward in his chair, his two withered hands clasped on his knees.

"You know," he said slowly, blinking at the fire, "he cared for that girl more than you did, my boy."

"Yes," answered Jack softly.

Sir John looked toward him, but he said nothing. His attitude was interrogatory. There were a thousand questions in the turn of his head; questions which one gentleman could not ask another.

Jack met his gaze. They were still wonderfully alike, these two men, though one was in his prime while the other was infirm. On each face there was the stamp of a long drawn silent pride. Each was a type of those haughty conquerors who stepped, mill on mill, on England's shores 800 years ago. Form and feature, mind and heart, had been handed down from father to son, as great types are.

"One may have the right feeling and know it by mistaking on the wrong person," said Jack.

Sir John's fingers were at his lips.

"Yes," he said, rather indistinctly, "while the right person is waiting for it."

Jack looked up sharply, as if he either had not heard or did not understand.

"The right person?"

"Jocelyn," said Sir John.

"Is the right person?"

Jack shrugged his shoulders and leaned back so that the sunlight did not shine upon his face. "So I found out eighteen months ago," he said, "when it was too late."

"There is no such thing as too late for that," said Sir John in his great wisdom. "Even if you were both quite old, it would not be too late. I have known it longer than you. I found it out five years ago."

Jack looked across the room into the keen, world-wise old face.

"How?" he inquired.

"From her. I found it out the moment she mentioned your name. I conducted the conversation in such a manner that she had frequently to say it, and whenever you came crossed her lips she gave herself away."

Jack shook his head with an incredulous smile.

"Moreover," continued Sir John, "I maintain it is not too late."

There followed a silence. Both men seemed to be wrapped in thought, the same thoughts. It is a difference of forty years of life in the method of thinking them.

"I could not go to her with a lame story like that," said Jack. "I told her all about Millie."

"It is just a lame story like that that women understand," answered Sir John. "When I was younger I thought as you do. I thought that a man must needs bring a clean slate to the woman he asks to be his wife. It is only his hands that must be clean. Women see deeper into these mistakes of ours than we do. They see the good of them where we only see the wound to our vanity. Sometimes one would almost be inclined to think that they prefer a few mistakes in the past because it makes the present surer. Their romance is a different thing from ours. It is a better thing, deeper and less selfish. They can wipe the slate clean and never look at it again. And the best of them rather like the cast."

Jack made no reply. Sir John Meredith's chin was resting on his vast necktie. He was looking with falling eyes, into the fire. He spoke like one who was sure of his ground, but he was slowly accumulated stores of knowledge which is not written in books.

"Will you oblige me?" he asked.

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"Yes, sir, it is. She deserves it, if that goes for anything in the heavenly reckoning. She's a fine woman; a good woman that, sir."

"Yes."

Joseph was folding a shirt very carefully.

"A bit dusky," he said, smoothing out the linen folds reflectively, "but I shouldn't have minded that if I had been a marryin' man, but I'm not."

He laid the shirt in the portmanteau and looked up. Jack Meredith had gone on deck.

While Maurice and Jocelyn Gordon were still at dinner that same evening a messenger came, announcing the arrival of the Bogamayo in the roads. This news had the effect of curtailing the dinner. Maurice Gordon was liable to be called away at any moment thus by the arrival of a steamer. It was not long before he rose from the table and lighted a cigar preparatory to going down to his office, where the captain of the steamer, was by this time probably awaiting him. It was a full moon, and the glorious golden light of the equatorial night shone through the high trees like a new dawn. Hardly a star was visible; even those of the southern hemisphere, pale beside the southern moon.

(To be continued)

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Public Building, Kingsville, Ont.," will be received at this office until 4:00 P.M. on Monday, October 27, 1913, for the construction of a Public Building at Kingsville, Ont. Plans and specifications and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at the office of Mr. T. A. Hastings, Clerk of Works, post office "P.O." Cor. Yonge and Charles Sts., Toronto, Ont., and at this department.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupation and place of residence. In the case of firms or partnerships, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 per cent.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fails to complete the work contracted for if the tender is not accepted. The cheque will be returned to the tenderer if the tender is not accepted.

By order,
R. G. DESROCHERS,
Department of Public Works, Secretary,
Ottawa, October 1st, 1913.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.—6540.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS

ANY PERSON who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Land Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made if any agency on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Prize—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of the first years. A homesteader may live within five miles of the land, or on a farm of at least 80 acres, homesteaded on a farm of at least 40 acres, or on a farm of at least 20 acres, homesteaded on a farm of at least 10 acres. In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may live on the section homesteaded. Prizes—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of the first years from date of homestead entry. Prizes—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of the first years from date of homestead entry. Prizes—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of the first years from date of homestead entry.

A homesteader who has exhausted his conditions may enter for a purchased or pre-emptive right in certain districts, price \$100 per acre. Prizes—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of the first years from date of homestead entry. Prizes—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of the first years from date of homestead entry.

Deputy Minister W. W. COY,
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this department will not be paid.

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