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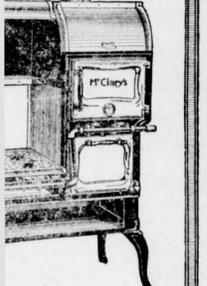
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THE SALVING OF A DERELICT

(Continued from page 8)

twitching muscle nor a shake of his voice was perceived by the dealer, who, knowing him well had hastened personally to serve so highly respected a client.

He had chatted to the man for a while of the prospects of sport in the following autumn had talked of "My son Laurence's holiday expedition to the "Damascus"—the ostensible reason for the purchase of the weapon had been driven to his office in the city; had walked quietly to his own private room, and thence, without as much as a farewell letter to his only son, Herman Averil had gone to his place in eternity.

Inquiry into his affairs showed nothing but confusion—confusion more confounded every where as the search proceeded. Misappropriation of trust funds had supplied most of the material for his final two years of reckless gambling, but he had no more confined himself to one means of raising money than he had limited his methods of scattering it.

He had acted behind the scenes in the flotation of two or three fraudulent companies; one, a barefaced attempt to raise money on a barren patch of useless land in the south of Iceland, as recently as a month before his death.

Even had the name of the dead man appeared on the prospectus, it is more than doubtful if clients would have been found sufficiently confiding to invest in such a wild-cat venture. The company was a mere empty sham, devised with calculating cruelty solely for the purpose of ruining one man, an old retired sea captain, once master of a tea-trading schooner between Scotland and Revkjavik and now living at a tiny Somersetshire seaport. Averil had met him when staying at Minehead two years before and found him obsessed by a single idea.

The old man had seen the sulphur works of Iceland in his earlier days, and the lying prospectus with its bogus list of directors was aimed at his little capital alone. He invested ten thousand pounds in the debentures—mortgages on the most worthless bleak wilderness in that generally unproductive island—and a few hundreds in ordinary stock.

When the crash came, he with hundreds of others, was ruined hopelessly, and after wandering, a plavive, shaking wreck, about the courts during the inquiry, went back to his little home and died, leaving a daughter to seek her own living in a world not over-kind to the talented single woman worker.

Other coups of Herman Averil's had brought him greater gain. It is doubtful if more than half of the ten thousand odd pounds had gone into his pocket. In a hundred other ways he had ruined more victims, executed more brilliantly daring acts of criminality, but nothing more clearly showed his singleness of purpose, his relentless disregard if the ill-fortune of others.

Half a dozen conversations with a chance acquaintance on a holiday, and in his hour of need he could find time amid all the tangled skein of greater affairs to stoop to this little quarry. His memory never failed him. The old sailors jeering at the primitive methods of the Icelandic sulphur miners, his laboriously acquired know-

ledge of the sulphur market—his favorite themes of conversation—were all committed to memory; and when he required the old man's savings he obtained the necessary information, bought the three wretched deserted farms he could find in the syssel or parish, of Langholt-by-Dyrholay, prepared his prospectus, and robbed his victim ruthlessly and with certainty.

Greater frauds, with far-reaching consequences, occupied most of the time during the inquiry, but the memory of the pitiful questionings of the old ruined sailor lingered in Laurence Averil's mind for years.

Probably because it had been schemed towards the end of his life his father had taken but little trouble to disguise the dastardly nature of the affair, and no particulars were lacking. Mainly at the request of the purchaser of the shares, the vendor of the property—himself an intimate friend of the dead man's—was called, and his evidence was conclusive.

"I sold the three farms to the deceased for twenty pounds," he said. "They are called Uthlid, Haukadal, and Sveinardal. No, there is no sulphur on them—never was, and never will be. He told me he wanted them because they lay across the line of a projected road between Langholt and Asaa. He said he was going to give the land to the two parishes on condition that they built the road. Farms? Yes, they were farms once—that's how they come to have names; but now they're covered by a skin of lava from six to six-and-twenty feet deep, that came down in the great 1783 eruption. There are a few patches of the original ground uncovered, but they are surrounded by the lava and are difficult to get at, even if it were worth while to try. They were never good ground, broken black shale with a little summer pasture on them at the best; bad even for Iceland farms—and on the good ones they think nothing of feeding their ponies on fish heads and seaweed in the winter. Sulphur? No, not a speck. Why, the volcanic deposits aren't more than thirty feet deep anywhere, and, as I tell you, they overlie black, porous shaly land. Besides, they're recent—just lava that overflowed about a hundred years ago—no good to man or beast. Do I know Iceland? Yes, well. Lived there fifteen years, and have had business dealings with the place for the last thirty. I live at Leith—am a fish buyer and trawler owner. How did I buy this land? I didn't buy it. I bought some land close to Langholt village, and had this thrown in, because there was some doubt about my actual boundary where a little lava had overflowed the edge of my land. There was a big boulder in the centre of the Uthlid ground which the eruption didn't cover, and I had this achieving desolation thrown into my purchase so that I could have a definite landmark to swear by. That's all. Is the ground worth anything? No, not a farthing a square mile.

The old sailor despairingly left the court and went to his ruined home to die. He was buried almost before the official receiver had elucidated the whole of the facts of the more important affairs entangled in the Averil failure. To officials engaged in examining the keen business men, who despite their acumen, had yet been entrapped by Herman Averil's specious dexterity, this one case seemed unimportant; but it was long before Laurence, though beggared himself, forgot the despairing eyes and shak-

ing hands of his father's unhappy victim.

His own position was hopeless enough. Although of average intelligence and endowed with a receptive mind and a retentive memory, he knew no business, had learned no profession. He had been through Harrow and Merton as many of the sons of our richer men of the middle classes do go. Having no need for application, he had never been a reading man in the several sense of the word. His performances were creditable—nothing more.

Tall and lean, he was as near physically perfect as a man of twenty-four should be, and, thanks perhaps to his taste for simple living and the abhorrence of excess he had inherited from his iron father, he enjoyed the riotously perfect health that is the birthright of clean-lived English youth.

His first offer of employment came from his father's friend, Clement Harper, the vendor of the Iceland property. Fasting his hand through the young man's arm as they left the court, he did his best to comfort him. "It's all no affair of yours at all, man," he said. "Unto the third and fourth generation's a cruel doctrine I'm thinking. Come you and have some dinner with me to-night."

Laurence, lonely and wretched, was moved to the heart by the roughly spoken kindness and gladly accepted the invitation. Over the coffee cups Harper made his offer.

A PERFECT MEDICINE FOR LITTLE ONES

Baby's Own Tablets is the ideal medicine for little ones. They regulate the bowels and stomach; break up colds; cure constipation and indigestion; expel worms and make teething easy. They are guaranteed to be absolutely free from injurious drugs and may be given to the youngest child with perfect safety. Concerning them Mrs. T. M. Forknall, Mission City, B. C., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my three little ones and have found them the best medicine a mother can give her children." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont.

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"I've work for ye, lad, if ye'll take it. Ye can come and learn to keep a fish-buyers books, and be a book-keeper to the end of your life, if ye will. Or I've mair than that for ye. If ye can stand the roughest, cruellest life on airth. Will ye go to sea on a trawler for a couple of years. Laurie, and learn the business from the bottom? Ye'll see how the work's done and where the boats go, and how the trawler skippers work their shares of the catch. Learn it all, lad, until ye can work a trawler vessel, and then come back and help me wi' the business"; and Laurence inclined from childhood to the sea, gladly accepted the offer.

Hymen's torch is always lighted with a match. Experience is a dear teacher, when it comes to you in the form of a pretty school ma'am.

12-YR.-OLD TRIES TO NAVIGATE LAKE ERIE IN A ROW BOAT

Claims he was ill-Treated at Home, Took Row Boat at Grovesend and Started to Cross the Lake to go to Relatives in New York—Was Rescued by Grovesend Men.

Our Lakeview Correspondent tells the story as follows: On Friday last Sam Brackenbury and Arthur Ferris, who own a boat and have been going out fishing together, decided to go for a fish-Towards evening, Mr. Brackenbury, who occupies the Doolittle farm, on glancing out noticed the boat out on the lake and decided his partner had gone without him. Noticing the unsteady progress of the boat he was a little alarmed, thinking Mr. Ferris had lost an oar. He kept watch for sprang rising over the water, he became alarmed and phoned some neighbors. Mr. Frank Brackenbury lighted a beacon on the high bluff on his farm and notified Constable Ney Chute, who called Pt. Burwell and asked to have a tug sent to look for the missing boat. In the meantime, William Burdick, who also owns a boat put out on the lake accompanied by Sam Brackenbury. After rowing out five miles they overtook the missing boat and called out to the occupant, who seemed to have lost all control of the boat. "What's the matter?" "Nothing!" came back the answer in a small piping voice. A second hail brought no sign of the navigator, so Mr. Brackenbury, who thought the voice not that of Mr. Ferris, sprang aboard to find the occupant of the boat a lad of twelve years, who reluctantly owned that his name was Laverne Tassenfeldt, and that he was running away from home, which was in Bright, 16 miles from Woodstock.

He had stolen a ride on the C. P. R. to Pt. Burwell. He left school on Wednesday and had had nothing to eat but two pieces of bread discarded by a school child, since leaving home and had a piece of rhubarb in his pocket, also a not written by himself saying, "I died of starvation—not by R. K. I. Bright." He stated that he had an aunt living across the lake, whom he was trying to reach, but he did not know it was such a wide lake.

On being brought to Constable Chute's house it took a large amount of food to even partially ally his hunger. Mr. Chute took him to St. Thomas on Saturday morning, where Magistrate Hunt sent him to the Children's Shelter. He had been playing about the beach at Pt. Burwell Thursday and Friday and apparently travelled up the shore near Grovesend, where he secured the boat.

During the exciting hunt for the supposed missing man, Mr. Ferris was soundly asleep in his bed and only heard of the missing boat when sympathetic neighbors came to notify his wife of his supposed fate, which owing to the non-return of the searching party, they feared the worst. The boats did not return until after 10 o'clock.

SUMMERS' CORNERS CHURCH HAD A PROSPEROUS YEAR

A congregational meeting was held at Summers Corners appointment, Friday evening, June 1st. After singing and prayer, F. Leeson Sr. gave the report of the S. S., which showed the school to be in a very prosperous condition. The Ladies Aid also had a good year, having raised \$245 with which they made several improvements on the church property.

The League for the year gave \$88 for missions and \$13 for current expenses. The pastor, Maxwell Parr, gave an account of the work for the circuit, including Richmond and Fairview, which showed that 13 had removed from the circuit during the year, and 27 had united with the church, an increase of 44. Also that 22 Methodists had enlisted for overseas. \$101 was raised for Connexional Funds, \$227.73 for Missions, for circuit purposes \$1640; a total of \$2068.84. During the pastorate of two years 100 united with the church and 24 had removed, leaving an increase of 76.

Solos were rendered by Miss Hilda Brown and Mr. Harley Learn, which were greatly enjoyed. Lunch was served by the ladies and a social time spent. After singing the National Anthem all returned home thankful to God for success and blessing.

Lieut. C. E. French, who went overseas as an officer in the 91st Battalion, but who was transferred to the Royal Flying Corps after his arrival in England, is reported as having been missing for ten days, according to word received in St. Thomas. While no particulars are to hand, it is believed he has been making flights over the German lines, in which case he may have been taken prisoner. Lt. French was one of the most popular officers of the Elgin unit. Lt. French is a native of Montreal, but had spent the greater part of his life in Washington, D. C. He was in Switzerland at the time the war broke out, having gone to France to study the French language, and the sights he saw while travelling through Germany were responsible for his decision to come to Canada to enlist.

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CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

NO DISGRACE IN THE DRAFT

(From the Peterborough Review)

Not every man who enters the military service when the draft goes in to effect will be dragged into it. There will be volunteers then just as there are now. There is really no disgrace attached to those who are affected by the system. A gang of men meet on the highway every year to put in their statute labor. They have been drafted for the purpose, but do not feel humiliated on that account. If this line of work was carried on under the voluntary system, some would be public-spirited enough to do their duty but more would shirk it.

There is compulsion in almost everything under the sun, compulsion in the payment of taxes and in education. It does not naturally follow, because of one or the other, that if left to the freedom of their wills all men would dodge their taxes or avoid the trouble and expense of keeping their children at school. The man who serves as a juror or witness in court does not feel humiliated in his own estimation because he has been brought there by legal process which he could not afford to ignore.

The draft is not undemocratic, either. The leading republic of the world resorted to it at the very outset of its entry into the war. In Canada the mistake was made in deferring an obvious national duty until every other plan had failed, besides following the usual custom in this country of attaching political significance to every public measure.

CANADIANS TRIMMED CREAM OF PRUSSIAN GUARDS

Last week Mrs. W. Glenn Campbell received a letter from her brother, Pte. Douglas Goodwin (somewhere in France) with the 5th Canadian Battalion, in which he referred as follows to one of the recent battles: "Say maybe we didn't have some scrap the last time we went over the top after Fritz. We were up against the "lightenest" soldiers the Kaiser has, the very cream of the Prussian Guards, but the old Fifth trimmed them to a peak and then knocked the peak off. We were few in number when it was over, but we who are left are happy and thankful. The Colonel told us he was proud of us, and the general sent us a message of congratulation. I was lucky enough to come through alright, but had some mighty close shaves. I was lying on the ground, when a small shell went into the ground about a foot

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH WEST LAND REGULATIONS

The sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicants must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at the Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency) on certain conditions.

Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

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