

Saved From the Flood...

For an instant Max was almost blinded by the sight; his heart leaped into his throat, his face grew white as the collar about his neck and he began to grow faint and giddy at the thought that this beautiful girl was about to be killed before his eyes.

The next moment, forgetful of himself, of everything, he sprang to her side, bent down and, quick as a flash of light, ripped every button on her bodice from its hole, grasped the girl about the waist and leaped back toward the platform, where a dozen pairs of hands were outstretched to catch him and his half-fainting burden from the jaws of death, just as the panting iron monster steamed slowly over the spot from which they had so narrowly escaped.

Max sank breathless and exhausted upon a box that stood beside the loaded truck, and feeling as if he should never see or hear again, for a terrible roaring was in his ears and a blur over his eyes; but the next moment he felt his mother's arms about him, while he quivering voice, sounding afar off, murmured, brokenly, "Max! Max! my brave, noble boy! Oh, if I had lost you!"

He lifted his face, which was still blanched to the hue of death, and tried to smile; but he could not speak for the moment, for the thought of being separated from her, and of his hair-breadth escape from a shocking death, completely unnerved him.

The girl began to revive almost immediately, but the shock had stricken every bit of strength out of her, and she lay pale and still in the arms of a motherly woman, who had been waiting to take the train and who had rushed forward to help care for the poor unfortunate when she saw her fainting condition.

A crowd had gathered about the spot, and considerable excitement prevailed, for the escape of both children had been little short of miraculous, while the praises of the noble boy, who had risked his own life to save another were on every tongue.

The conductor and engineer were both on the spot, looking pale and unnerved, for nothing strikes terror to these officers of a train like a tragedy on their route.

"Where is she?" Max asked, as soon as he could command himself to speak, and, rising with an effort, for his knees were shaking with weakness, he looked about him for the object of his quest.

"Over there, with that woman in gray," Mrs. Remington replied, pointing her out.

"Was she hurt at all?" the boy in-

quired, anxiously.

"I think not, but I had no thought save for you, dear child," said his mother, brokenly, "though," she added, "I'm afraid that sounds very selfish."

"I am going to find out," Max said, and he moved slowly toward the spot where the girl lay in the arms of the good woman in gray.

The crowd divided to let him pass, gazing admiringly on the brave boy, and his beautiful mother, and the young girl locked up as they approached, a faint smile wreathing her pale lips, tears of gratitude gathering in her eyes - which were as blue as the cloudless sky overhead - as she recognized her preserver.

"Are you hurt?" Max inquired, kneeling beside her and regarding her anxiously.

She shook her head. She did not seem able to speak yet, though her sweet lips quivered and she half put out her hand to Max, as if eager to express, in some way, the pent-up feelings of her thankful heart.

"All aboard!" the conductor shouted at this moment, and the crowd began to scatter.

"I am very glad," Max said, heartily, but thinking how very pretty she was in spite of her extreme pallor. "It would have been dreadful if -"

"A shudder completed the unspoken thought.

"Will you tell me your name?" he continued. "Mine is Maxwell Remington, and I should like to know yours."

"Agnes Walton," the girl answered, in a weak voice, a slight tinge of red suffusing her cheeks as she met his eyes.

"Thank you," Max returned, rising to his feet and politely lifting his cap. "I hope the fright won't make you ill, either; but we'll have to go. Good-by, and bowing again he turned away for the conductor had again shouted "All aboard!"

Mrs. Remington stooped down and softly kissed the girl's white forehead. "God bless you, my dear!" she said, with deep emotion. "I am very grateful to him that your life was spared."

"Tell him - thank him," murmured Agnes, catching her hand and carrying it passionately to her lips, while her eyes turned eagerly toward the retreating form of Max.

"Yes, I will," said Mrs. Remington, understanding her anxiety to express her gratitude. "Now, good-by, for I must go, too."

She gently pressed her hand as she released it, and then followed Max to the train, asking Mr. Knight as she went, -

"Is he safe? Do you know?"

"She is a poor girl who works in the watch factory. Her mother is a widow, who does dressmaking. Her father died very suddenly about three years ago; he was one of our superintendents," he rapidly explained.

"Poor child! she is very young and very delicate to have to work for her living. She cannot be more than twelve, I should think," said Mrs. Remington, sadly.

"She is fourteen," returned Mr. Knight.

"Just Max's age, but that does not make it much better."

There was no time to say any more, for every one else was on board the train. Mr. Knight assisted Mrs. Remington into the car, the conductor gave the signal, and the train moved off, bearing many and leaving many hearts overflowing with thankfulness because a shocking tragedy had been

averted, while no one could say enough in praise of the heroism of Max.

Mr. Knight, who was a thoroughly kind man, took Agnes Walton in his own carriage to her home, and himself related to Mrs. Walton the story of her peril and escape, and telling her also to keep Agnes at home during the remainder of the week, for, he said, she would need the rest to help her recover from the severe shock her nervous system had received, and his wages should go on just the same.

Before the end of the week, however, that gentleman was the recipient of a letter from Mrs. Remington, enclosing a cheque for two hundred dollars, telling him to invest it in the best way his judgment should dictate for Agnes Walton, to be expended upon her education, and when it was gone to apprise her of the fact, and more should be forthcoming.

To be continued.

EMBEDDED IN ROSES

Features of Late Ex-Empress Most Serene in Expression.

THE FUNERAL WILL BE SIMPLE.

Program for the Deceased Six Weeks of National Mourning in Germany - The Order of the Funeral Arrangements - Expected That King Edward Will Be Present - The Pope's Sympathy.

Cronberg, Aug. 7. - The body of the Dowager-Empress lies in the bed chamber overlooking the valley of the Main. It has been embalmed by Prof. Revers, and lies embedded in a mass of tube rose and la France roses. She died in a soft sleep, peacefully, and her features bear the most serene and peaceful expression. The death agony was brief, lasting hardly a quarter of an hour. When Prof. Revers informed Emperor William that his mother's heart had ceased to beat, the chaplain made a brief prayer, and His Majesty placed white lilies in his mother's hands.

An Imperial Cabinet order decrees that there shall be six weeks of national mourning. All public amusements, including circus and theatrical performances, are suspended until after the funeral. The bells of the churches in Germany must be tolled daily for fourteen days from noon to 3 p. m.

In accordance with the expressed wishes of the deceased, the funeral services will be as simple as possible under the circumstances. The body will remain on the bed where she died until ready for the coffin.

The roses in which it is almost buried are from her private garden, many of the blooms being from bushes cultivated by her own hands. No one will be allowed to view it, except the members of the immediate family and household.

Emperor William had a long interview with Count von Dulew yesterday. He drove from Homburg to Friedrichschof, and soon after his arrival there the following announcement regarding the funeral arrangements was made:

"On Thursday the royal family will attend the funeral service in the Castle, at which the Bishop of Ripon, who was summoned by the Emperor, will officiate. Only the immediate family will be present."

"Saturday evening the coffin will be escorted from Friedrichschof to the Protestant Church in Cronberg by a torchlight procession, followed by the royal household."

"Sunday afternoon a funeral service will be held in the presence of the family of the Empress, her household and a few of her friends and other privileged persons."

It is expected here that King Edward will be present.

The royal family will go to Potsdam Sunday evening, and the body will be taken to Berlin Monday evening.

The funeral service in the Mausoleum at Friedrichschof, Potsdam, will be held Tuesday. As it was the Empress' wish that there should be no State ceremony, the service will not be attended by all the German royal personages. It will be as simple as possible.

Emperor William has received a telegram of sympathy from the Pope.

VERSCHOYLE

August 1. - We are pleased to see Mr. Crooks around again after fracturing his ribs.

Miss Nettie Reed went to the hospital in Ingersoll on Monday last for her treatment. The best wishes of the neighborhood extend to her.

Miss Edith Hunter is away on a holiday trip to Woodstock, etc.

The Thayer Brothers are fitting up a new house at Woodstock.

Miss Collins has returned home after visiting Miss G. Bell and other friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Munroe Boyer and daughter, of Pontiac, Michigan, are the guests of Mrs. Boyer's brother, A. Swartout.

Rev. Mr. Stewart and Mrs. Stewart are away on their holidays and will spend a few days at Woodstock and Stratford and Toronto and perhaps Eufaula. During Rev. Stewart's absence his pulpit will be supplied by Rev. Mr. Freeman and others.

Rev. Alex. Stewart exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Harris, of Belmont, on the 21st ult.

Messrs. Frank and Henry Little returned from a short trip to the Pan-American with her.

A very successful and enjoyable meeting of the Y. W. Guild was held last Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Bushell, a large number of ladies being present. The tables were set on the lawn where the ladies spent most of the afternoon among the trees and beautiful flowers.

LOCKWOOD and son, of South Lyon, Michigan, are the guests of her nephew, Mr. F. Little.

Miss Estella Corbett is spending her vacation at her home here. She has been a member of the Collegiate in Ingersoll during the past year.

A number took in the excursion to Pt. Stanley on the 5th inst.

Miss Rebecca Naylor is home from London where she has been spending a couple of months.

Miss Fanny Young is away on a vacation.

During the recent storm the lightning did not pass us by, as during the first storm on Tuesday, the house of Mr. Naylor was struck, the fluid going through the chimney, taking a piece out of it and passing down through the stove pipe into the floor. Fortunately it did not ignite. Then during the next storm, on Sunday night, the barn of Mr. A. Barry was struck and totally destroyed. A number of chickens were killed, together with a threshing separator, a quantity of hay and other things. The loss was partly covered by insurance. On the same night the dwelling of Mrs. Bushell was struck in four or five places, not doing any serious injury and did not ignite.

We are pleased to see Mr. Albert Barry home again from the Northwest.

Mr. Grieve, our cheese maker, is fitting up a room in first class style for a butter plant. He intends to make a butter factory, which will be a boon to the neighborhood. He expects it to be ready in a few days.

We are sorry to hear that Miss Johnston has resigned her position as school teacher here, on account of ill-health.

Mrs. J. Wright, who suffers with cancer, does not improve, we are sorry to hear.

Run Over By Train.

Ottawa, Aug. 7. - James Gallagher, 147 Clarence street, met with fatal injuries at South Indian at 11:15 the Atlantic going east on the Canadian Station, and on pulling out the trainmen heard cries from beneath the wheels. Upon investigation it was found that a man beneath the wheels. He had been run over and one arm was severed. His back was badly crushed, and he was unconscious. No doctor was available at the scene, and a special coach was sent to Ottawa. An ambulance was waiting, and Dr. Powell accompanied Gallagher to St. Luke's Hospital. But, owing to the great loss of blood on the trip up life could not be preserved. Gallagher died at 5 o'clock yesterday morning. James Gallagher is well known in Ottawa, having lived here since his birth, 32 years ago. His occupation was selling patent medicines.

THE PAIN OF SORE FEET.

Just about the most tantalizing of all pains comes from sore feet. To get relief here the feet in warm water and then rub them with Nerville's Nerville. It penetrates through the pores of the skin, takes away the soreness, reduces swellings, invigorates the tired muscles, tones up the circulation, and prevents the feet from becoming sore again. Nerville is a protection and safe-guard against the pains and aches of the entire foot care rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, &c. 25 cents.

GORR.

Mr. Ward, of Ingersoll, spent Sunday of last week with Mr. J. J. Upfold.

Miss Maud Smith, of Banner, is spending her vacation with her sister, Mrs. F. Goff.

Miss Eva Holmes entertained a few of her friends to a party on Friday.

Master Roy Smith, of St. Thomas, has returned home after spending a few days with relatives here.

Miss Myrtle Smith has returned home after spending the week with her grandmother, Mrs. Atwell.

A bright young daughter came to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin on Saturday.

Mrs. Rowe, of London, is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. A. Goff.

QUILLDEN

A lawn social will be held on the church grounds, in aid of the Presbyterian church, on Thursday evening, Aug. 22nd, inst. At the close of the social Lieut.-Col. Hegler will deliver his celebrated humorous monologue or lecture entitled "My Friend Pat," which has been met with such great success where ever delivered. Admission to lecture and social 25c.

Like Father, Like Son.

Holland, Aug. 7. - Edwin Potter, aged 11 years, was drowned at Annapolis yesterday afternoon while bathing. The father of the boy, U. W. Potter, was drowned at almost the same spot ten years ago.

GREAT FINAL DROP IN PRICES

Before Moving to Our New Store.

Are you that antiquated party who does not believe in bargains. Wake up and reap the benefit of

SLASHED PRICES.

- Ribbon Belts—Good Buckles, Good Ribbon, price 50c, 60 and 75c. The give away price, 25c
- And then we will rush some of our Stylish Trimmed Hats in the following order:
- Lot 1 25 cents
 - Lot 2 50 cents
 - Lot 3 \$1.00
 - Lot 4 \$1.50
- 15c fine White Cotton—Lovely Cambric finish. This cotton is absolutely pure, put up in 20 yd. ends. Its a dandy for 10c
- Ribbons
- 5c per yard for Lot 1
 - 10c per yard for Lot 2
 - 15c per yard for Lot 3
- Needless to say these Ribbons are half price and less—500 pieces to pick from
- Bebe Ribbons—All colors, blue, cream, black, white, tuscany, green, cardinal, for 18c yd., price 30c
- Aprons—Made of Lawn and Linen, at 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 75c
- Here's the final call for Millinery—All our Sailor Hats, Ready to wear Hats, Dress Shapes, Leghorn Hats, all choice goods, in black, white and colors. We have divided them into
- Lot 1 25 cents
 - Lot 2 50 cents
 - Lot 3 75 cents
- Fine Piques—Fancy patterns, stripes, dots, etc., 25c and 30c qualities, Won't they go fast at 12 1/2c
- Fine Imported Zephyrs and Gingham—choice styles, good washers, 15c and 20c goods Won't they go at 10c
- A clean sweep of all our Crash, Linen and Pique Skirts.
- Lot 1 Your choice 50c
 - Lot 2 Your choice 75c
 - Lot 3 Your choice \$1.00
 - Lot 4 Your choice \$1.50
- Black Sateen—This Sateen is 33 inches wide, grand for dresses or skirts, We are selling it fast at 12 1-2c
- Moreen Skirting—The 15c quality, 4 patterns to select from. The moving sale price is 10c.

You'll be more than pleased at the Trimmed Hats we are selling so cheap. People wonder why we are selling so cheap; but we must get rid of the goods before we move to our New Store. It's your gain!



Postage

costs the same whether the printed matter be artistic and original or poor and commonplace

WHAT WE DO.

THE Printing and Stationery from this house show the End-of-the-Century style of display type-setting. No composition should be more tasty than newspaper advertisements. We do not want you to think, however, that our business is confined to this particular line.

OUR ESTABLISHMENT is complete in every respect, and we will be pleased to show you examples of our art any time. Everyday office Stationery equal to lithograph work—which we believe you will find to be far better in execution than the general run of printing.

OUR AIM is to do original work—the kind that pays us to do, and you to pay postage on; printing that is admired and goes on the desk for reference, rather than in to the waste-paper basket—and oblivion. Drop in and have a talk with us, or ring us up on the telephone, No. 45.

THE CHRONICLE PRINTING COMPANY

Thames Street.

You Get Results from the one Regrets from the other

To pay postage on cheap printing is like burning up money. Can you afford it?

BANNER

Mr. F. Connor and Mrs. J. Reynolds, of Washington are the guests of Mr. John Spearman.

Mr. Rodenhurst returned from England on Tuesday last.

Messrs. A. and D. Ross, J. Leslie and J. Calver left for the Northwest on Wednesday morning.

A number of the Jannerites took in the picnic at Port Stanley on Monday.

Mr. Chambers of Woodstock, spent Sunday at Pine Grove.

Mrs. J. Connor and Miss A. Connor, of London, are guests at Mr. C. Edwards'.

Miss J. Day returned to Evelyn on Tuesday, after spending a month with friends in this vicinity.

Grace Connor, of London, visited in this vicinity on Monday.

Master Geo. McWain is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. L. McWain.

Miss N. Bartindale entertained her Sunday school class on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. E. Connor, of London, is the guest of Mrs. E. N. Minkler.

Misses M. and A. Caddey are visiting at Belton.

Master C. C. Brown is visiting his grandparents, Mrs. B. Jenkins, of Westminster.

HAY FEVER GERMS ARE NOW FLOATING ABOUT.

They are in the air every where, too minute to see, but just waiting for a chance to get into your lungs. Then they will play havoc with your breathing apparatus, and you'll wonder what to do. The doctor will say you had better inhale Catarrhose, for it kills Hay Fever germs and moreover is dead certain to reach them. Catarrhose cures every time, and absolutely prevents the disease from returning. You inhale Catarrhose with the air breathed; it goes directly to the source of the trouble and cures it by removing the cause. At druggists, or sent with guarantee to cure, to any address for \$1.00 forwarded to Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

MURDER NEAR MONTREAL.

Montreal, Aug. 7. - News of a murder in one of the quiet parishes to the north of Montreal has just reached the city. It appears that a farmer named Fisher, residing at Morin's Place, fired at and killed his brother-in-law, one Blais, who had been drinking and creating a good deal of disturbance.

BLOWN TO ATOMS.

Bowling Green, Aug. 7. - Eight hundred quarts of nitro-glycerine exploded 1 1/2 miles southwest of this city yesterday afternoon and blew the driver of the wagon in which the explosive was stored, and the wagon to atoms.

WE TOOK THE AGENCY FOR

Sherwin-Williams Paints

last winter and in consequence have increased our trade in Mixed Paints three-fold.

Give it a trial and be convinced that S-W-P is the best Mixed Paint in the market.

ROBERTSON & MCKAY

Methodist church at 2:30 p.m.

Quite a number of the citizens here took in the excursion to Port Stanley last Monday.

Mrs. George Shelton and children spent a week at Woodstock and Cainsville.

Quite a few from here attended the Quarterly services at Beachville last Sunday.

Between 50 and 60 applications for land grants were sent in by Oxford Veterans Tuesday.