THE STORY OF Waitstill

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. Copyright, 1913 by Kate Douglas

Wiggin.

CHAPTER XX. Phoebe Triumphs.

RS. ABEL DAY had come to spend the afternoon with Aunt Abby Cole, and they were seated at the two sitting room windows, sweeping the landscape with eagle eyes in the intervals of making patchwork.

"The foliage has been a little mite too rich this season," remarked Aunt Abby. "I b'lieve I'm glad to see it thinnin' out some, so 't we can have some kind of an idee of what's goin' on in the village."

"There's plenty goin' on," Mrs. Day answered unctuously, "some of it above board an' some underneath it." "An' that's jest where it's aggravatin' to have the leaves so thick and the trees so high between you and other folks' houses. Trees are good for shade, it's true, but there's a limit to all things. There was a time when I could see 'bout everything that went on up to Baxters' and down to Bart's shop and, by goin' up attic, consid'able many things that happened on the bridge. Bart vows he never planted that plum tree at the back door of his shop-says the children must have hove out plum stones when they was settin' on the steps and the tree come up of its own accord."

"Men are an awful trial," admitted Mrs. Day. "Abel never sympathizes with my headaches. I told him a-Sunday I didn't believe he'd mind if I died the next day, an' all he said was, 'Why don't you try it an' see, Lyddy?'

He thinks that's humorous." "I know. That's the way Bartholomew talks. I guess they all do. You can see the bridge better'n I can, Lyddy. Has Mark Wilson drove over sence you've been settin' there? He's like one o' them ostriches that hides their heads in the sand when the bird catchers are comin' along, thinkin' 'cause they can't see anything they'll never be seen. He knows folks would never tell tales to Deacon Baxter, whatever the girls done. They hate him too bad. Lawyer Wilson lives so far away he can't keep any watch o' Mark, an' Mis' Wilson's so cityfied an' purse proud nobody ever goes to her with any news, bad or good; so them that's the most concerned is as blind as bats. Mark's consid'able stid-

fainment; but, of course, the deacon ever allows his girls to go anywheres

Baxter Bart's shop, or anywhere they can, when the deacon's back's turned. If you tied a handkerchief over Waitstill's eyes she could find her way blindfold to Ivory Boynton's house, out she's good as gold, Waitstill is. She'll stay where her duty calls her every time. If any misfortune or scandal should come near them two girls the deacon will have nobody but himself to thank for it, that's one sure

"Young folks can't be young but once," sighed Mrs. Day. "How'd you like that Boston singer that the Wilsons brought here, Abby? Wait a minute, is Cephas, or the deacon tendin' store this afternoon?"

"The deacon; Cephas is paintin' up to the Mills."

"Well,-Mark Wilson's horse an' buggy is meanderin' slowly down Aunt Betty Jack's hill, an' Mark is studyin' the road as if he was lookin' for a four leafed clover."

"He'll hitch at the tavern, or the Edgewood store, an' wait his chance to get a word with Patience," said Aunt Abby. "He knows when she takes milk to the Morrills', or butter to the parsonage; also when she eats an' drinks an' winks her eye an' ketches her breath an' lifts her foot. Now, he's disappeared an' we'll wait * * * Why, as to that Boston singer, I don't know how high she went, but I guess there wa'n't no higher to go!"

"It made me kind o' nervous," allowed Mrs. Day. "Folks said she sung runs and trills better'n any woman up to Boston."

"Runs an' trills," ejaculated 'Abby scornfully. "I was talkin' bout singin', not runnin'. My niece, Ella, up to Parsonfield has taken three terms on the pianner, an' I've heerd her prac-Scales has got to be done no doubt, but they'd ought to be done to home, where they belong. A concert ain't no place for 'em. There! What did I tell yer? Patience Baxter's crossin' the bridge with a pail in her hand. She's got that everlastin' yeller brown, linsey-woolsey on an' a white 'cloud' wrapped around her head, with consid'able red hair showin', as usual. You can always see her fur's you can a sunrise. And there goes Rod Boynton chasin' behind, as usual. Those Baxter girls make a perfect fool o' that boy, but I don't s'pose Lois Boynton's got wit enough to make much

fuss over the poor little creeter!" Mark Wilson could certainly see Patty Baxter as far as he could see a sunrise, although he was not intimately acquainted with that natural phenome non. He took a circuitous route from his watch tower and, knowing well the point from which there could be no espionage from Deacon Baxter's store windows, joined Patty in the road, took

the pall from her hand and walked in the hill beside her. Of course the village could see them; but, as Aunt A.b. "Not in public; so they meet 'em side of the river or round the corner of Bart's shop, or anywhere they can,

Meantime Feeble Phoebe Day was driving her father's horse up to the Mills to bring Cephas Cole home. It was a thrilling moment, a sort of outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual tie, for their banns were to be published the next day.

refusal of even more than common decision and energy, Cephas turned about face and employed the entire month of September in a determined assault upon the affections of Miss Lucy Morrill, but with no better avail. Cephas' belief in the holy state of atrimony as being the only one proper for a man really ought to have com-

mended him to the opposite (and ungrateful) sex more than it did, and pinion of the institution and its manifold advantages as Cephas himself but she was in a very unsettled frame of mind and not at all susceptible to wooing. She had a strong preference for Philip Perry and held an opinica, not altogether unfounded in human experience, that in course of time, when quite deserted by Patty Baxter. his heart might possibly be caught on, the rebound. It was only a chance, but Lucy would almost have preferred remaining unmarried even to the with-

not be at liberty to accept Philip Perry in case she should be asked. Cephas, therefore, by the middle lef October could be picturesquely and alliteratively described as being raw from repeated rejections. His brui sed heart and his despised ell literally cried out for the appreciation so long and blindly withheld. Now all at cince Phoebe disclosed a second virtue./her first and only one hitherto in the leyes of Cephas having been an antity to gat on with his mother-a tent is which many had made an effort and destruction of wealth. few indeed had succeeded. Phoebe, it seems, had always secretly admired, espected and loved Cephas Cole.

Never since her pale and somewhat glassy blue eye had opened on life had she beheld a being she could so adore if encouraged in the attitude. The moment this unusual and unexpected poultice was really applied to Cephas' wounds they began to heat. In the course of a month the most ordinary observer could have perceived a physical change in him. He cringed no more, but held his head higher; his pack straightened; his voice developed a gruff, assertive note like that of a

stern Roman father; he let his mus-

War Machines

Writing in the Monetary Times, Mr. R. D. Bell of Montreal says: V/hy should a war in Europe affect us iness in Canada? The money that is, used in warfare is not destroyed; What has that to do with our business? From such a viewpoint it is It had been an eventful autumn for Cephas. After a third request for the hand of Miss Patience Baxter and a that the bankers are deliberately withholding funds for their own profit.
This, attitude is so common that, at the risk of covering well-known round, we will discuss a moment te facts:

Money, which means gold and redit built thereon, is the moving bree, the fuel which drives the machinery of production. One can conceive of money as oil which is burned to generate power. This is stored Lucy Morrill held as respectful an all the money centres of the world and has a central reservoir in Lor Paris, Berlin, New York, Montreal and other cities maintain thei eservoirs connected, just as by pipe, with the London reservoir. Turnithe tap loose in Vienna and the Park eservoir is drained. This drains, i the supply diminishes there, the fluid uns automatically from all the other eservoirs, just as water seeks it

uel available in the world to supply he machinery of production. ering age of twenty-five rather than he fuel and all the population are used to keep the machines going at and destroyers into the fight of Helicapacity turning out food, clothes and the necessary amount of luxurical liant exploit. The naval correspond-Mere will be just enough produced ent of the London Telegraph writes to supply all hands and maintain what of them as follows:

we are pleased to call prosperity. If the supply of fuel is diverted to man shells which made hits did not supply the enormous demands of the war machines, the productive mach the comparative lightnes of our case ines at once suffer. And the jugger nauts, manned by thousands of meu are driven by millions of dollars, all diverted from the production of troper. wealth, proceed to the work of the the ship. It may be objected that money is

burns up and is gone while mone remains in circulation. There are actually burnt up and destroyed just in proportion to the amount of wealth it into the sea—a plucky act, but just that is destroyed. As for the actual what a sailor would do. gold, as it cannot be in two places given period, as if it were burned. ever again stories of how

A Real Empire Lord Lansdowne's phrase, "not a

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SAYS GERMAN SHELLS

FAILED TO BURST. Stories of the raid of the cruisers

Sailors say that many of the

burst, and to that fact they attribute the boiler of the -" said one them, mentioning the name of a des -well it would have been all up with

"What did you do with them?" he was asked. "Oh! we just shied them not analogous to oil, because of overboard; we've no room for such rubbish aboard our yacht.' In anther instant it is related that two answers to that: one is that a shell fell on the deck of a British credit, the greater part of money, is ship. There was no immediate ex plosion. Sailors rushed at it, pushed

On some of the enemy's ships al at once, it is just as effectively lost solute panic appears to have seized to the productive machines, in any the crew. I have heard over and with revolvers. There is a wounder man at Shotley. I am told, who ha paper Empire," which he used when no fewer than seven wounds caused alluding to the magnificent offers of by revolver bullets, and he could tache grow and sometimes, in his most troops made by Australia and Canada, have come by these only on his own ship.

stroyer commander said to his men the ther day, "Now, lads, we are going into the thick of it. We are all men together, and while we are on this job there need be no salut-

Men have not seen their hammocks for three days. A gunlayer has had to stand by his gun for seven hours at a stretch, facing deadly peril. But you never hear a complaint from any one of them. They are just splendid.

READY FOR SIEGE ROME, Sept. 18.—Despatches rethe effect that everything is in readi-ness for the proclamation of a state of siege. Even the Alpine refuges, it is deciared, have been transformed into forts, in which cannon has been mounted. All males from 17 to 60 years of age, are practising at the rifle ranges, but insufficient arms are available despite the arrival of rifles from Germany.

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was Mrs. Day's response.

dier'n he used to be, but you needn't tell me he has any notion of bringin' one o' that Baxter tribe into his family. He's only amusin' himself." "Patty 'll be Mrs. Wilson or nothin'," was Mrs. Day's response. "Both o' them girls is silk purses, an' you can't make sows' ears of 'em. We

ain't neither of us hardly fair to Pat-

ty, an' I s'pose it's because she didn't

set any proper value on Cephas." "Oh, she's good enough for Mark, I guess, though I ain't so sure of his intentions as you be. She's nobody's fool, Patty ain't; I allow that, though she did treat Cephas like the dirt in the road. I'm thankful he's come to his senses an' found out the diff'rence

between dross an' gold." "It's very good of you to put it that way, 'Abby," Mrs. Day responded gratefully, for it was Phoebe, her own offspring, who was alluded to as the most precious metals. "I suppose we'd better have the publishing notice put up in the frame before Sunday? There'll be a great crowd out that day. and at Thanksgiving service the next Thursday too."

"Cephas says he don't care how soon folks hears the news, now all's set-tled," said his mother. "I guess he's kind of anxious that the village should know jest how little truth there is in the gossip 'bout him bein' all upset over Patience Baxter. He said they took consid'able notice of him an' Phoebe settin' together at the harvest festival last evenin'. He thought the Baxter girls would be there for certain, but I s'pose Old Foxy wouldn't let 'em go up to the Mills in the even-In' nor spend a guarter on their tick-

"Mark could have invited Patty and paid for her ticket, I should think, or ssed her in free, for that matter, when the Wilsons got up the enter-

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To Have, To Hold, To Love Harry Macdonough He'd Have To Get Under-Get Out and Get Under Billy Murray 17491 Wilhelm, the Grocer (Lewis Meyer) Ada Jones Oh, Promise Me (From "Robin Hood") Alan Turner 17189 Little Grey Home in the West There Are Birds in the Valley

Reed Miller

NEWS SECTION

FORTY-FOURTH Y

A thre money is t war during doing their

Immense Strain Both Armies-Line of Comm mans--The Sit

LONDON, Sept. 19.-10.28 a. -The battle of the Aisne, now its sixth day, and beginning rear guard action, has devo into the supreme conflict of

struggle may be marked by a to-da struggle may be marked by a to mendous advance of infant such as made the battlefield the Marne a scene of indescrible horror and desolation.

A French officer who has justice to the to-day and the

Petrograd reports that Gen Rennenkampf has definitely rested the German advance. effort to save remnants of the army and re-establish it as fighting force, have, according reports received here from View fortified their extended new tensive front from Drohoby southwest of Lemberg, to Gra with the center on Przemysl attack on the Przemysl fortre

TREMENDO ALLIES **GERMA**

PARIS, Sept. 19, 3.20 a.1 ed thus far have neglected question of losses, which, fight such as the battle Marne, covering a front of miles, are almost impossible Some unofficial reports placed the allies losses at and those of the Germans at ooo in the series of engagem comprised in the great class arms. How near these figures the truth no one will know the official figures are com However, the impression de from individual accounts wounded soldiers and from oners, the only unofficial so of information at present w

The losses certainly are greatest on record and, per the proportion for the Gen is greater than two to one in at least.

If the press bureau comm tions are silent on this subjections are silent on this subjection order of the day for the gives eloquent hints of sacranade to gain advantage shows how murderous is warfare and how regard