

A New Start

By Evelyn Sanborn Mayo

"I've turned honest, ma'am, and you've given me a big boost on the way to a decent life by fitting me out so nicely."

"I trust so, I believe so," responded Mrs. Morley. "You have a good face and I should feel very sad if I thought you would think of selling those clothes for drink."

"I'm through with the red stuff, ma'am, believe me. I'll be only too glad to feel dressed like a real man, as I once was. I'll do myself proud and straight as a die, to show that I appreciate your kindness."

With the words, Ben Dorkins went on his way, carrying a neat parcel under his arm. It contained a suit of clothes, a hat, shoes, in fact, a complete outfit. Ben had come to the little Morley home about noon, asking for food, a down-at-the-heel tramp. He had offered to work for a meal and had done so, tidying up the back yard and carrying some ashes to the alley, behind the house.

Mrs. Morley gave Ben Dorkins not only a good meal, but half a dollar. Then, noticing his unclean attire, a sudden impulse swayed her generous spirit.

"Wait," she said, "I just thought of a suit of clothes my husband discarded only two days ago. He is just about your size. Would you like them? They are not much worn, but my husband has a new suit of the same goods."

"Oh, ma'am! that's too much to think of giving an old ragged like me," but as Mrs. Morley after a brief absence reappeared with the outfit entire, Ben's eyes gleamed with pleasure.

"You can step into the next room, if you like, and put them on," suggested Mrs. Morley, but Ben shook his head vigorously.

"Not I," he dissented strenuously. "I'm bound back for the city and work, which those fine rags will help me get. I'll stop at your barber shop here and get a shave and a hair cut. Then it's me for that pretty river running outside of the village. If you'll put in a piece of soap, please, I'll make my first bath for a month a famous one."

"I'll do that," assented Mrs. Morley, "and there's some collars and a couple of neckties. Be good, won't you, now?" she finished persuasively.

"I'll respect my word, ma'am. You've set me on my pegs right and I'll keep right," pledged Ben Dorkins.

He went on his way rejoicing. He got the shave and haircut, he reached a secluded part of the river course outside of the town, where he was free to disport in the water unseen by others and undisturbed.

"I feel new all over!" jubilated he, as he drew himself erect with pride and satisfaction and kicked his discarded rags into the river. "Now for a fifteen-mile tramp and something better than carrying in coal or begging my grub."

The renovation inspired Ben with distinctly new and worthy aspirations. He more than once glanced down at the trim-fitting suit. He began to practice the erect and manly swing, abandoned into careless slouching when he fell from the good-breeding manners of former days. It was after dark when Ben reached Faneville, half the compass of his trip citywards.

He had fifteen cents left of the half dollar Mrs. Morley had given him and he invested ten of it in a cup of coffee and some rolls. Then he went down the street, entered a hotel and sat down in an arm chair in its lobby.

It was a truly agreeable situation to have the entire to respectability once more, for no lynx-eyed porter or officious desk clerk resented his presence. The suit was conspicuous, but tasteful, not loud, but it had a certain independent identity. It had originally cost over forty dollars, so its present wearer passed muster as to personal appearance.

Coincidence or fate, Hal Morley had left that very hotel as Ben entered it. Morley had come to Faneville for his bank at his home town, where he was employed. His mission was to meet a wealthy old invalid against whom the bank had a disputed claim of nearly ten thousand dollars. Morley had seen Mr. John Archer about the middle of the afternoon and had gone over the business he had been commissioned to transact. Mr. Archer was in charge of a male nurse and after he and Morley had agreed upon a compromise, directed him to come to the hotel at eight o'clock that evening, when he would adjust the matter finally.

At about half-past seven Morley entered the hotel, saw that he was too early and decided to take a brief stroll to put in the time. Ben Dorkins, luxuriating in the capacious arm chair, had been seated less than five minutes when a young man came down the stairs, seemed to recognize him at a glance and handed him a manilla envelope.

"Mr. Archer has had one of his bad spells," said the newcomer. "He told me to hand you this and have the bank send back the notes. I can't delay, sir. Mr. Archer may be taken worse at any moment," and away sped

the speaker, leaving Ben in a half stupefied condition.

"Here's a queer go," soliloquized Ben. "Oh, my!" He had removed the band securing the envelope. He stared and thrilled as he noted its contents—bank notes. One of them, he noticed, was of one thousand dollars' denomination. For a flashing instant Ben realized that he had been taken for some one else and entrusted with a small fortune, and a wild temptation crossed his mind. Then, his lips compressed, his chest stood out and he went up to the clerk's desk.

"Is there a Mr. Archer here?" he asked. "I must see him at once."

"Not to be disturbed—he is ill. I'll send for his secretary, if you like."

"Do so, please," replied Ben and he fumbled nervously with one of the hotel cards on a tray, and unconsciously slipped it into his pocket as the same young man who had given the envelope to him appeared.

The latter looked startled and frightened as Ben told his story.

"I mistook you on account of the clothes," stammered Mr. Archer's secretary. "Thank you greatly, sir," and Ben left the hotel in a sort of vague and dissatisfied mood. He had traversed about three squares and had turned into a dark-side street, when three men who had followed him since he left the hotel sprang upon him.

Ben was knocked senseless. He came back to consciousness to find himself lying on a couch in the smoking room of the hotel. He caught the words: "We brought him here because all we found on him was one of the hotel cards," and, staring about him, Ben noticed a man wearing a suit that was a prototype of his own—Hal Morley.

"He's the man I gave the envelope to, and who returned it," spoke Mr. Archer's secretary.

"I hope he is not hurt seriously," spoke Morley, in a solicitous tone. "Why, there is only one solution to this mystery. Someone must have been watching out for me to get that money and followed and attacked him, making him for myself."

The mystery was wholly solved when Ben learned the identity of Hal Morley.

"Blessed little woman!" exclaimed Hal. "But for her generous gift of that suit the bank might have been eight thousand dollars short."

So Ben had to go back with him, and the bank made up the difference to him, and when he resumed his journey to the city—riding in a first-class railway coach with the best of them—Nina Morley's pensioner was more fully equipped than ever for his new start in life.

Porterhouse Steak.

The name porterhouse steak originated from a public eating establishment. In the old stagecoach days there was a New York tavern kept by a man named Porter. This place was famous on account of the quality of steaks served to its guests. On one occasion the innkeeper, to satisfy the demand of a certain traveler, produced a piece of sirloin and served it to his guest—his supply of regular steaks being exhausted. When cooked and served, the traveler found it remarkably good eating, and in a short time its fame spread and it was named for the tavern and its proprietor, "Porterhouse" steak. Prior to that time, this cut, which comes from between the sirloin and the tenderloin, had been used only for roasting.

The Dividing Line.

Hardly an impression, opinion, or action is possible to us that is not influenced and directed by fixed conditions within ourselves—habits. We should all strive to get the habit of making the most of our every-day tasks, and it would soon become second nature to do everything so well that in the end we would be sure to win prominence through it. The dividing line between efficiency and inefficiency is largely right here, and none of these habits too small to be worth attention. It seems that we cannot escape being controlled by them, but we have free choice between the habits that are good and helpful and habits that are bad and harmful.—Exchange.

Both Die for Love.

A sad sequel followed a thwarted love affair at Tarumi, Japan. A young man suffered from heart trouble, and went to a home to undergo treatment. Here he met, fell in love with, and became engaged to a girl, but without the knowledge of either his or her parents. When the young people's relations were discovered by the parents, both families strongly opposed the proposed marriage, and made every effort to prevent further meetings. The attitude of the parents so upset the young people that the girl became ill and died. On learning of this the young man became deeply depressed, and finally left his home and committed suicide.

Original Anyhow.

Macaulay said of Horace Walpole: "His mind was a bundle of inconsistent whims and affectations; his features were covered by masks within masks. When the outer disguise of obvious affectation was removed you were still as far as ever from seeing the real man." Thackeray observed of the letters: "Fiddles sing all through them; wax lights, fine dresses, fine jokes, fine plate, fine equipages glitter and sparkle there." But there is much in the great correspondent of Strawberry Hill besides whim and gimcrackery, as a few sentences chosen almost at random from his letters will show. His views are distinctly his own.

Junetown

Miss Orma Fortune spent last week visiting friends in Athens.

Miss Cassie Tennant was in Brockville last week visiting her sister, Mrs. Sanderson Ferguson.

Miss Mildred Ferguson, of Brockville, who has been spending the past month with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Eli Tennant, returned home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Booth, of Lyn, have sold their farm and are coming to spend some time with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Bigford.

Mr. Wm. McKenzie, of Brockville, was a recent visitor at Mr. Joel Bigford's.

Misses Arley and Myrtle Purvis have returned home from a two-weeks visit with friends in Brockville.

Misses Fern Warren and Beatrice Avery, of Brockville, spent the weekend at their homes here.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen N. Earl, of Warburton, were visitors at Mr. Walter Purvis' on Thursday last.

Messrs. Ross and Claude Purvis and Vincent Hughes, made a trip to Brockville on Friday.

Mr. Wm. Tennant has returned from a two-weeks visit with relatives in Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. McCrea, of Lansdowne were week-end visitors at Mr. Jacob Warren's.

Mrs. Bernard T. McGhie, of Cobourg, is here for a weeks visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Avery.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Herbison, Purvis Street, spent one day last week with the latter's aunts, Mrs. A. B. and Mrs. R. K. Ferguson.

Mr. Duncan Warren and family of Lillies, have moved to this vicinity, and have taken possession of the farm which they recently purchased from Mr. Chas. Baile.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Truesdell, Malorytown, were visitors at Mr. James Purvis' on Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Card, and children, of Alberta, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Herbison.

Mr. and Mrs. John Herbison, Mr. and Mrs. C. Card, and children, and Miss Laura Ferguson spent one day last week at Mr. Adam Herbison's, at Fairfield East.

Miss Laura Ferguson, Yonge Mills, is here visiting her Aunt, Mrs. James Herbison.

A very enjoyable time was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Baile on Monday evening when their neighbors gathered to spend an evening with them before they left for their new home on Purvis Street. A very pleasant time was spent in social intercourse and games of various kinds, and after refreshments were served, the Rev. W. W. Purvis, on behalf of the citizens of Junetown, presented Mr. and Mrs. Baile with two fancy rockers. Mr. Baile made a very suitable reply, thanking their friends for their kindness. Mr. and Mrs. Baile have made many warm friends during their residence here, by whom they will both be greatly missed, and all join in wishing them much happiness in their new home.

Miss Agnes Price spent the weekend at Grahamton, visiting Mrs. Robert Edgley.

Miss Gertrude Scott, Rockport, spent the week-end at her home here. Mr. and Mrs. Elmer White, Grahamton, have moved into Mr. Eli Tennant's house.

Gnr. Vincent G. Hughes, who has been spending the past two weeks at Mr. Walter Purvis', left on Monday for Kingston to await his discharge. He left here in November, 1915 with the C.F.A., and spent two and a half years overseas, of which nine months were spent in France and in the Ypres salient in Belgium. He was slightly wounded on the 15th of September 1916, at the battle of Courcellette, but remained on duty and continued through the rest of the fighting till the 15th of November, when he was buried in a dugout by a high explosive shell and suffered internal injuries which have since incapacitated him for further duty. After spending some time in an English hospital, he was allowed to return to Canada. He took part in the battles of Thiepval, Poyeres, Moquet Farm, Martinquich. Gunner Hughes came to Junetown from England seven years ago. During the time he lived in this section, he made many friends from whom he is receiving a warm welcome, and all wish him a speedy recovery.

Becomes Aviator.

The London Gazette announces that Lieut. H. Rae Kincaid, of the Canadian Infantry, son of the late H. W. Kincaid, of Athens and Brockville, has been gazetted flying officer observer in the Royal Flying Corps. Lieut. Kincaid went overseas in 1916 with an advance draft of officers from the 156th battalion, and was later absorbed in the 21st battalion at the front. While serving with this unit, he was wounded. He is a former member of the editorial staff of the Brockville Times.

Outlet

The nice weather of the past few days is causing the farmers to hustle and many are beginning to talk about tapping sugar bushes in the near future.

Wood is bringing a good price at Lansdowne and a large amount is being hauled there. One of our neighbors took an ordinary load to Gananoque one day last week, and was paid the sum of seven dollars. He said he could easily have had more, but would ask it.

On Monday Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hall moved to Woodvale on the farm which he recently bought from his brother, Herbert. The farm is, by the way, Mr. Hall's birth place.

Miss Aggie Marshall is spending a few weeks with Mrs. James Fodey. Mr. Gerald Bradley made a visit to his uncle, Mr. George Bradley and family, at Seely's Bay, last week.

Miss Inez Slack, Sand Bay, spent Sunday with Miss Leone Landon, at W. Cook's.

Mr. Everett Reed, Athens, accompanied by a friend, made a flying visit here on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwell Slack, Sand Bay, and children, spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vanderburg.

Miss Merla Crozier and Miss Eva Bradley were at Mr. Clarence Cross' on Saturday.

Mrs. J. Pring was a guest at Geo. Reed's on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Humphrey and children visited at the home of W. G. Vanderburg Saturday afternoon.

Mr. T. G. Kendrick of Kingston, has been in this vicinity during the past week.

Mr. Clifford Bradley and sister Hazel, of Lyn, visited their many friends in this vicinity for a few days last week.

Mr. Clarence Cross and family were guests of Mr. George Reed.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

TIME TABLE TO AND FROM BROCKVILLE.

Departures—
No. 560, 5.50 a.m. for Ottawa.
No. 564, 6.20 p. m. for Smith's Falls.

Arrivals—
No. 561, 1.20 p.m. from Ottawa.
No. 565, 10.15 p.m. from Ottawa.
Daily except Sunday.

GEO. E. McGLADE
City Passenger Agent
Brockville City Ticket and Telegraph Office, 52 King St.

Health and Money.
There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money: Money is the most envied, but least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but least envied, and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but the richest man would gladly part with all his money for health.

Marks of a Great Man.
A really great man is known by three signs—generosity in the design, humanity in the execution and moderation in success.

Greatest Inland Sea.
The greatest inland sea is the Caspian sea, which is 700 miles long and 270 miles wide.

An indiscreet man is an unscaled lot. Every one can read it.

Not Run Down Yet.
"Your husband looks run down."
"Well, he's not. There have been ten bill collectors here today, and not one of 'em found him in."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Evasion is unworthy of us and is always the intimate of equivocation.—Palmer.

Oleomargarine

Sold in pound packages, 37c.

WE ARE AGENTS FOR THE
BROCKVILLE STEAM LAUNDRY. Basket is packed here each Monday night.

E. C. TRIBUTE

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

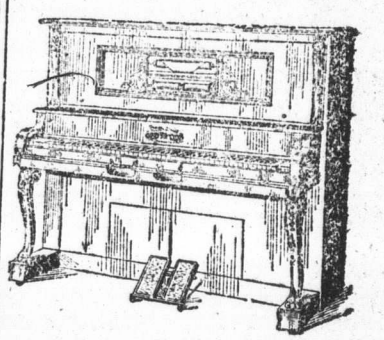
In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR ADVISER, which will be sent free.

MARION & MARION.

Friends Tell Friends ZUTOO Stops Headache

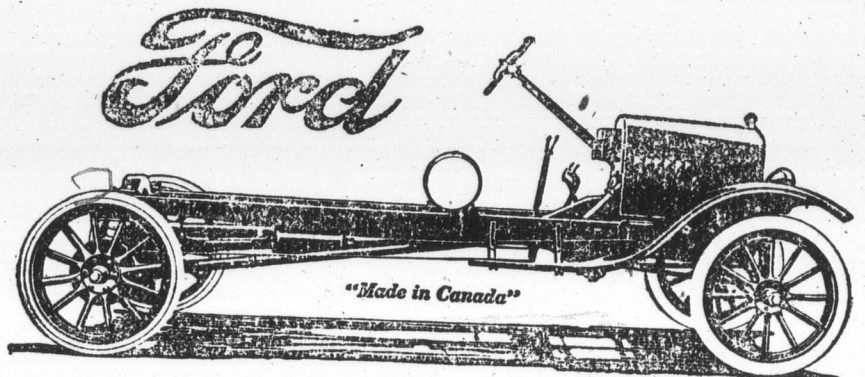
Five years ago ZUTOO was practically unknown in Canada. To-day, thousands and thousands of men and women depend on these little harmless tablets for quick relief from Headaches. Their fame has gone from friend to friend—from town to town—from coast to coast. Wherever there are headaches, there should be ZUTOO Tablets—they cure in 20 minutes. 25c a box—at all dealers or by mail postpaid, B. N. Robinson & Co. Regd., Coaticook, Que.

Pianos.



We carry a first-class line of pianos. There is no more popular instrument in Canada; and we should like to have the opportunity of calling to your attention the advantages and pleasures that enter your home with a piano.

A. Taylor & Son



A Truck for the Farmer

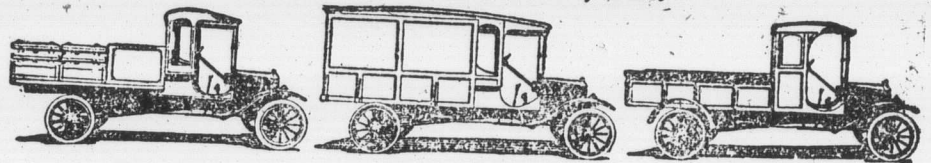
FARM equipment which will effect a time and labor-saving, and therefore a money-saving, must be carefully considered by every good farmer now-a-days.

The farm wagon, which for years was the most useful of all farm equipment, is now being replaced on the best farms by a sturdy, dependable motor truck. The truck will haul any farm product—fruit, grain, vegetables, stock, fertilizer, or wood—around the farm, or to the town or city many miles distant, in half the time, and at a much lower cost.

The Ford One-Ton truck is a rapid, economical and very serviceable means of transport. One of these on your farm will save you weeks of time in a single season and will enable you to pass through a crisis of labor shortage with less difficulty.

The Ford truck is supplied as a chassis only. This permits you to select any of the many body styles especially designed for the Ford truck and already on the market. Thus you can mount the one which suits your individual requirements.

Price \$750 f.o.b. Ford, Ont.



Three of the many body styles that may be mounted on the Ford truck chassis

W. B. Newsome, Dealer, Plum Hollow