The Boyless Town

A cross old woman of long ago Declared that she hated noise "The town would be so pleasant

you know, If only there were no boys." She scolded and fretted about it

Her eyes grew heavy as lead And then, of a sudden, the town grew still,

For all the boys had fled. So all through the long and dusty street

There wasn't a boy in view. The baseball lot where they used to meet

Was a sight to make one blue; The grass was growing on every

And the paths that the runners made; For there wasn't a soul in all the place

Who knew how the game was played.

long day-Why should they bark or leap?

And so they could not sleep.

Chirped only a dull refrain.

The cherries softened and went to waste: There was no one to climb the

And nobody had a single taste. Excepting the birds and bees There wasn't a messenger boy-

not one-To speed as messengers can; If the people wanted their errands

They sent for a messenger man. There was little, I ween,

frolic and noise: There was less of laughter and

The sad old town, sirce it lacked its boys, Was the dreariest place on

The poor old

"Dear me!" she cried, "I have

And Oh what a horrible dream !"

Third

(By Florence Gilmore in Rosary Magazine.)

quarter of Paris. He was a greatest pride. most maternal in her solicitude ages. for her father. They wandered aimlessly back and forth, seeming to have no destination, nor any object except to keep away much, if not as palpably as he. said thoughtfully:

After a time the old Count proposed that they rest on one of strange, things happen every day the benches in a nearby public in our armies, and the strangest squars. "I am old and growing are the least widely known; so feeble, Agathe," he said sadly, are the saddest, and the most "A short walk in the city streets heroic. Something that your tires me now. If we feel, some daughter said a few moments day, that we want to go home, ago reminded me of a pitiable what a poor walker I shall find story which no one in the world myself among our hills !"

We have walked for a long time, ment. No one will ever know what his mother had always and it's very hot today. I am tired, too," the girl earnestly con- never will, unless as I am going used to see her letters when we

had crept across it with the help of roughly-made, new crutches dropped into a seat which faced theirs across the gravel walk. Agathe watched him pityingly, and seeing one of his crutches slip and fall as he put it aside, she darted forward and placed it beside the other.

"Thank you. You are very

Get the Most Out of Your Food You don't and can't if your stomact

is weak. A weak stomach does not die gest all that is ordinarily taken into it. t gets tired easily, and what it fails to he began, very, very slowly: Among the signs of a weak stomach are uneasiness after eating, fits of ner-

yous headache, and disagreeable belch-"I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and tried every remedy I heard of, out never got anything that gave me reliei intil I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I cannot oraise this medicine too highly for the good thas done me. I always take it in the spring and fall and would not be without at." W. A. Nugarr, Belleville, Ont. Hood's Sarsaparilla

the whole digestive system.

kind," the young officer said raising his cap, and by voice and manner betraying that he was a

The Count and he then exchanged some commonplace remarks; but after a few moments the old man began to talk to his daughter about their plans for the next day, and the convalescent soldier leaned back wearily The dogs were sleeping the live- and forgot them in the thought of his old mother, alone in her distant chateau, and of a dark-There wasn't a whistle or call to eyed girl whose heart was in his keeping. No more would have passed between him and The pony neighed from his lonely them if an ambulance had not come slowly down the street and And longed for a saddle and stopped before a hospital which faced the square. Agathe watch-And even the bird on the garden ed as three stretchers were carried up the steps and through the broad doorway. Big tears rolled down over her sweet, round little face, and she bit her lips to keep from crying outright. The young officer's heart, made very tender by all the suffering he had een and shared, was touched by her sympathy for the unknown

> "Most of us get well, mad molselle," he said comfortably. "I hope so," she answered, hardly above a whisper, but try-

wounded men.

Then the young officer began to talk to her father, not seeing, or in his loneliness not wishing to see, that the old man had no interest in strangers and would have preferred to be silent. In answer to a perfunctory question | could not forgive himself. described it all so vividly that came to the conclusion that story already was to the ears in a familiar way which proved but the recruiting officer did not A Private of The Ninety that he, too, had seen active ser- speak it at all, so that made no vice. When the young officer difference. He was accepted and said as much, the Count answer- assigned to our regiment."

"I fought in the War of '70." He did not add that he had received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and nothing would have mer, of 1916, the Court de induced him to mention his Maurisseau was walking with name-a name famous in the his daughter Agathe in a quiet annals of France, and once his

stately old gentleman, with the Agathe asked a few questions, carriage of a soldier and a stern, not about military tactics, or sad face which had aged twenty victories, or defeats, but regardyears in the preceding two. She ing the care of the wounded, the was a fair, slender little maid, hardships of trench life and the childlike yet womanly, and al- fate of the poor in ruined vill- in spite of all I could do to show

The Count had fallen into one of his frequent sad reveries and from the crowd.—away from did not heed the young people. every one. Agathe commented Quick to note his change of brightly on all that they saw, mood, Agathe was about to and her father answered gently arouse him by suggesting that but absently. It was evident they had better start towards that he only feigned to be inter- their pension when the stranger, ested in what she said; as for her, apropos of a remark of hers, but probably she was feigning as speaking directly to the Count,

Strange, almost inconceivably knows except myself-and per-"Why, father, you're not old! haps the chaplain of our regi-

to tell you now-mentioning The Count smiled and shook names of neither people nor places. I gave my word to keep

> For 35 years cott's Emulsion has been the standard, world-wide treatment for

the secret, and I will, although I often wonder if-if I did well." Agathe was interested at once and her father tried to be. The officer paused, staring thought fully at the gravel walk, before

"Our regiment—the Ninety third—lost heavily in the Battle of the Marne and along the Aisne, and among the men sent to fill the gaps in our ranks was one whom I had known at college, a brilliant attractive fellow, the son of an old and aristocratic use. I couldn't believe eyes when I first saw him, for he-you see, he had been a lieutenant in the artillery, and-and we who knew him could hardly believe it when we heard thatat the very beginning of the Battle of the Marne he playedcoward—and deserted. he managed to slip away and to keep himself hidden I can't magine. But he did. ecognized him among the new privates in our regiment. course I did, since we had studied

and fought and larked together for years at college! He came straight to me, and said bluntly Well, are you going to give me up? There's a price on my head you know." Not if you behave What do you take me for?' answered gruffly, I am afraid. don't know why I spoke as I did ways been gay and pampered ooked so worn and sad that somehow it was all I could do to keep from making a baby of my

anything like that. by little, how at the prospect of going under fire he had been s terrified that he had lost hi wits-hardly knew what he was doing. Afterwards, heart-sick and disgraced, ashamed to hold up his head, he thought of giving himself up. He had disgraced his people, and knew that the would never forgive him. H of the Count's, he said that he foresaw that as long as he lived had been wounded during the he could never be anything betbombardment of Rheims, and ter than a fugitive. But he the Count became interested, in would be braver to do what he spite of himself, old though the |could for France than weakly to | 25c. a box. take the line of least resistance and heart of every Frenchman. So he offered himself for the He asked a number of intelligent army. Said he was an American. questions, using technical terms He spoke English abominably,

> The old Count was listening now. "A private-to do some thing for France?" he echoed. "Yes and he bore himself like hero-fought with all his might and apparently with no thought of danger. He offered himself for every hazardous bit of work and did it coolly. But he wasn't the boy I had known; he was changed-changed! He had be come quiet and reserved, and eemed to prefer to be alone With me he was always offish how deeply I respected him Our chaplain was his only friend and I imagine that he, too, knew the whole story. Jean liked priests; he was always pious.

It-it was all very strange-and very sad!" The soldier stopped onsidering his story finished out the Count was not satisfied After a thoughtful silence, he asked: "And now? Where is ne now ?" ould get him to a hospital. We uried him in the little military metery at Rheims. and-and

hate to think that I can neve tell. I promised him that] would not. I help to lay him to rest, and I myself marked the little cross above his grave. marked it, 'Our Boy.' That i it. I promised not to tell, and called him. I knew, because I were at college. She died three

years ago, she never knew." He had forgotten Agathe for the moment, but suddenly the little square before a soldier, who

girl hid her face on her father's shoulder and sobbed uncontrollably.

"Little one, your heart is too tender," he said, feeling that he had been tactless to tell so sad a story, and a little uncomfortable lest in doing so, he had been untrue to his promise. Agathe continued to cry as if her heart were breaking, and after a little hesi-

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bowels constipated.
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ation and a word of farewell to her father, he rather sheepishly slipped away.

The Count was patting her enderly on the cheek, and when the soldier was gone she raised her face to his: "Oh, daddy, you'll forgive him now!" she

"God bless our boy!" the old Count said solemnly, by way of

Two days later they knelt be ide a grave in a little cemetery self. We should both have hated in Rheims, and with them knelt the chaplain of the Ninety-third.

"I hope Jean knows that we are here," Agathe whispered. "I feel certain that he does," he chaplain said simply. But the Count said

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Over Rural Mail Route No. 3 from rom the Postmarter General's pleasure Printed notices containing further in

JOHN F. WHEAR, Post Office Inspec June 19, 1918-3i

Change of Time

Duror Jersey Boar (2 years)

(3 yrs,6 mos)

(5 years)

(2 years)

(2 years)

(5 weeks

Commencing Friday. Juna 28th, 1918, and until further notice, the Car Ferry Prince Edward Island will be with drawn from service between Borden and Tormentine, and the S.S. Northumberland will be placed on the Sumerside-Pt. du Chene route. Trains west will therefore be chang

Leave Charlottetown 6.25 a, m, arrive Summerside 8.50 a. m, leave Summerside 12.20 p.m, arrive Tignish 6.05 p.m. Leave Charlottetown 400 p.m, arrive Summerside 7, 20 p, m, leave Summerside 8,50 p. m., arrive Tignish 11.55

ed and run daily, Sunday

excepted, as follows:

Leave Tignish 5.30 a, m. arrive Summerside 8.35 a, m, leave Summerside 9.10 a. m, arrive Charlottetown 11.10

Leave Tignttetown s p. m are competent to exam-leave Summerside 5.35 p. m, leave Summerside 8.45 p. m. ine and fit your eyes with arrive Charlottetown 11.10

Leave Borden 6 20 a. m. arrive Emerald 7.20a. a.m, arrive Charlottetown 10.15 Leave Charlottetowe 12.15 p. m, arrive Summerside 4.10 p. m, leave Summerside 6. 10

p. m, arrive Emerald Jct.

7.20 p, m, leave Emerald Jct. 9 45 p. m, on arrival of night train from Summerside and arrive Borden 10.45 p. m. Trains between Souris Georgetown, Murray Harbor and Charlottetown will continue to run as at present. District Passenger Agent's |Office, Ch'town, P. E. I. July 3, 1918.

Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS, addresed to the

Over Raral Mail route No 1 fro

from the let October next. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Poet Offices of Murray Harbor, Abney, and at the office of the Poet Office Inspector.

JOHN F. WHEAR.

Post Office Inspector's Office, Ob'town, 23nd May, 1918. June 29, 1918—31