## THE ATHENS REPORTER, JANUARY 30 1901.

firmly.



A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST ERITAIN.

Harcutt looked at him through half closed eyes—a little cloud of blue to-bacco smoke hung over the table. Den-sham had eaten little, but smoked continually. "Well?" he asked laconically. "After all," Wolfenden said, "I have not very much to tell you fel-lows. Mr. Sabin did not call upon me; I met him by chance in Bond street, and the girl asked me to supper, more I believe in jest than anything. How-ever, of course I took advantage of it, and I have spent the evening since eleven o'clock with them. But as to hining any definite information as to who or what they are, I must con-fess I've failed altogether. I know no more than I did yesterday." "At any rate," Harcutt remarked, "you will soon learn all that you care to know. You have inserted the thin edge of the wedge. You have estab-lished a visiting aconalnance."

"you will soon learn all that you care to know. You have inserted the thin edge of the wedge. You have estab-lished a visiting acquaintance." Wolfenden flicked the end from his cigarette savagely. "Nothing of the sort," he declared. "They have not given me their ad-dress, or asked me to call. On the con-trary, I was given very clearly to understand by Mr. Sabin that they were only travellers, and desired no acquaintances. I know them, that is all; what the next step is to be I have not the faintest idea." Densham leaned over towards them. There was a strange light in his eyes -a peculiar, almost tremulous, carm-estness in his tone. "Why should there be any next step at all?" he said. "Let us all drop this ridiculous business. It has gore far enough. I have a presenti-either, as it is based upon a certain knowledge. It is true that these are not ordinary people, and the girl is beautiful. But they are not of our lives! Let them pass out. Let us for get them." "Harcutt shook his head. "The man is too interesting to gorgotten or ignored," he said. "I must there who has head. "The man is too interesting to forgotten or ignored," he said. "I must the secture, would be madness. I shall

get them." Harcutt shook his head. "The man is too interesting to be forgotten or ignored," he said. "I must know more about him, and before not suggest a move. London for him, at present, would be madness. I shall hope to get a wire from you to-mor-row, and will send to Cromer to meet any train. From your affectionate days have passed.' Densham turned to the younger

mother.

"Constance Minver Deringham. There was not a word of reproach in the letter, but nevertheles Wolfen

to avoid his acquaintance. Yet chance

had favored him once-chance might

a saunterer, and the shop windows had

obtained from him an attention which he had never previously bestowed upon them. The thought that at any

turning, at any moment, they might meet, continually thrilled him. The

by this treatment." Mrs. Margaret Iron, Tower Hill, N.

man. "At least, Wolfenden," he said, "jou will listen to reason. I tell you, as a man of honor, and I think I het you are may add as your friend, that you are only courting disappointment. The girl is not for you, or me, or any of us. If I dared tell you what I know, you would be the first to admit it wourself " yourself.

Wolfenden returned Densham's

"I have gone," he said, falling, "too far to turn back. You fellows both know I am not a woman's man. I've never cared for a girl in all my life, are retrevied to a serious Now that or pretended to, seriously. Now that I do, it is not likely that I shall give You must speak more plainly Den-sham, or mot at all." Densham rose from his chair. "I am very sorry," he said. Wolfenden turned upon him, frown-

tand havored him once-chaines high stand his friend again. At any rate, to feel himself in the same city with her was some consolation. For the last three days he had haunted Picca-dilly and Bond street. He had become "You need not be," he said. "You and Harcutt have both. I believe, head some strange stories concern-ing the man; but as for the girl, no shall dare to speak an unbecom-

meet, continually thrilled him. The idea of a journey which would place such a meeting utterly out of the question was more than distastful—it was hateful. And yet he would have to go. He ing word of her." "No one desired to." Densham ansno one desired to." Densham ans-sham answered quietly. "And yet there may be other and equally grave objections to any intercourse with her."

objections to any intercourse with her." "Nothing in the world worth win-ning," he said, "is won without an effort, or without difficulty. The fruit that is of gold does not drop into your mouth." The band had ceased to play, and the lights went out. Around them was all the bustle of denarture. The theme

lights went out. Around them was all the bustle of departure. The three men rose and left the room. CHAPTER XII.

and had his own belongings promptly removed on to the platform. Then he paid a visit to the refreshment room and provided himself with an exten-sive luncheon basket, and finally, at the bookstall, he bought up every lady's paper and magazine he could lay his hands upon. There was only a min-ute now before the train was due to

ute now before the train was due to leave, and he walked along the plat-form as though looking for a seat, followed by his perplexed servant. When he arrived opposite to her car-riage, he paused, only to find himself confronted by a severe-looking maid dressed in black, and the guard. For the first time he noticed the little strip, "Engaged," pasted across the window. window.

"Plenty of room lower down, sir,"

the guard remarked. "This is an en-gaged carriage." The maid whispered something to the guard, who nodded and locked the door. At the sound of the key, how-ever, the girl looked up and saw Wolfenden. She lifted her eyebrows and smiled faintly, 'Then she came to the window and let it down. "Whatever are you doing here?" she asked. "You-" He interrented her conty. The

she asked. "You—" He interrupted her gently. The train was on the point of departure. "I am going down into Norfolk," he said. "I had not the least idea of seeing you. I do not think that I was

ever so surprised." "May I come in with you?" he Then he he sked. She laughed at him. He had been so

She laughed at him. He had been so afraid of her positive refusal, that his question had been positively tremulous. "I suppose so," she said, slowly, "Is the train quite full, then?" "He looked at her quite keenly. She may laught the source of the source was laughing at him with her eyes—an odd little trick of hers. He was him-

self again at once, and answered mendaclously, but with emphasis: "Not a sent anywhere. I shall be left behind if you don't take me in." left behind if you don't take me in." A word in the guard's car was quite sufficient, but the maid looked at Wolf-enden suspiciously. She leaned into the carriago. "Would mademoiselle prefer that I, too, travelled with her ?" she inquired in French.

ens, and they were both fair to look

in French. The girl answered her in the same "Certainly not, Celeste. You had

"Certainly not, Celeste. You had better go and take your seat at once. We are just going !" The maid reluctantly withdrew, with disapproval very plainly stamped upon her dark face. Wolfenden and his belongings were bundled in, and the whistle blew. The train moved slowly out of the station. They were off ! "I believe," she said, looking with a smile at the pile of magazines and papers littered all over the seat, "that you are an impostor. Or perhaps you

den felt a little conscience stricken. He ought to have gone down to Dering-ham before: most certainly after the receipt of this summons he could not delay his visit any longer. He walked up and down the room impatiently. To leave London just now was detest you are an impostor. Or perhaps you have a peculiar taste in literature!" She pointed towards the "Queen" and the "Gentlewoman," He was in high spirits, and he made open confesable. It was true that he could not call upon them, and he had no idea where else to look for these people, who, for some mysterious reason, seemed to be doing all that they could be seemed by a complete new Yor house

"I saw you ten minutes ago." he declared, "and since then I have been endeavoring to make myself an ac-ceptable traveiling companion. But don't begin to study the fashions yet, please. Tell me how it is that after

looking all over London for three days for you, I find you here." "It is the unexpected," she remarked, "which always happens. But after all there is nothing mysterious about it. I am going down to a little house which my uncle has taken, somewhere

1 Am going down to a little house which my uncle has taken, somewhere near Cromer. You will think it odd, I suppose, considering his deformity, but he is devoted to golf, and someone has been telling him that Norfolk is the proper county to go to." "And you?" he asked. "I am afraid I am not English enough to care much for games," she admitted. "I like riding and archery, and I used to shoot a little, but to go into the country at this time of the year to play any game seems to me positively barbarous. London is quite dull enough—but the country—and the English country, too !-well, I have been engrossed in self-pity ever since my uncle announc... his plans." "I do not imagine," he said, smiling, "that you care very much for Eng-lord"

you, at any rate. You have just ad-mitted, that if he had known that there was any chance of our being fellow passengers you would not have been here." She did not answer him immediate-ly. She was looking finedly out of the window. Her face seemed to him more then ordinate for when she the risk of any more meetings with him. Wolfenden, with a discretion at which he afterwards wondered, did not at once attract her attention. He hurried off to the smoking carriage, before which his servant was stan\_lag.

the window. Her face seemed to hum more than ordinar.ly grave. When she turned her head, her eyes were thoughtful—a little sad.
"You are quite right," she said.
"My uncle does not think it well for me to make any acquaintances in this country. We are not here for very long. No doubt he is right. He has at least reason on his side. Only it is a little dull for me, and it is not what I have been used to. Yet there are sacrifices always. I cannot tell you any more. You must please not ask me. You are here, and I am pleased that you are here, there I will not that content you?"
"It gives me," he answered earnestly, "more than contentment! It is happiness!"
"That is precisely the sort of thing you are not to say. Please understand that!"
He accepted the rebuke lightly. He

He accepted the rebuke lightly. He

(To be Continued.)

A Parable by SENATOR SHANE.

of thy heart, and the man is thine.

The Foolish Maiden

The Wise and

PREFECTERE SISTERESSER the accepted the rebuilt lightly the was far too happy in being with her to be troubled by vague limitations. The present was good enough for him, and he did his best to entertain her. He noticed with pleasure that she did net over a largest the side of arcors The preference of the British people for the name Edward VII. over Albert I. is easily understood, says the New York Journal.

not even glance at the pile of papers at her side. They talked without in-termission. She was interested, even gay. Yet he could not but notice that every now and then, especially at any reference to the future, her tone grew Albert has never been a royal name in England, and not often on the continent. It has no great as-zcia-tions anywhere. The name Edward is bound up with the greatest everts of English history. Even before the Conquest the laws of Edward the Confessor became the standard by which men judged the state of their liberties for the next century and a half. After the Conquest Edward I. be-came the greatest of all English Sov-ereigns. He may be called the father of the English Constitution, with its

drinkers, try Ceylon Green.

SECREDIER FREERERERE CECEPR

WENT BEFORE

**EDWARDS WHO** 

AND

**GREEN OR BLACK** 

purity is unquestioned, the flavor is delicious, the

bouquet is a revelation. If you have never tasted

British grown teas a treat awaits you. Japan tea

There is nothing artificial about these teas. The

reterence to the further, her could grow graver and a shadow passed across her face. Once he said something which suggested the possibility of her living always in England. She had shaken her head at once, gently but

of the English Constitution, with its of the English Constitution, with its distribution of the powers of govern-ment among King, Lords and Com-mons, and he was a great adminis-trator and a great general as well. Edward II. was weak, but Edward III. was a ruler of good character and ability, and the most splendid military triumphs of England, the vic-tories of Greev and Pointers-illum. tories of Crecy and Poletiers-Illum-inated his reign. The credit for them belonged, however, to another Ed-ward, his famous son, the Black In a certain town dwelt two maid-Prince.

upon. And one was wise and the other Edward IV. was a dashing advenwas otherwise. And the wise maiden turer, whose meteoric flights on and off the throne in his struggles with did listen to her mother, who spake thus-'My daughter, if thou would'st wed early and well, see to it that thou dost not flirt with many men,

off the throne in his struggles with Henry VI., Queen Margaret and War-wick give dramatic interest to the Wars of the Roses. The sad fate of the little Edward V., murdered with his brother by his wicked uncle, the ogre Richard III., in the Tower, hus a place in all chil-dren's story books along with the touching tale of the "Babes in the Wood." Finally Edward VI., who died at sixwho will admire thee to thy face, but when then art not there, lot they will despise thee and condemn thee; but listen to my voice, and cast thine eye over all the race of young men, and when thou seest a likely one, draw him to thy side with all maid-

Finally Edward VI., who died at sixeraw him to bry sub with an indu-enly arts and keep him there. Suffer not that he goeth from thee; not for the space of even a minute, lest he fall a prey to brighter eyes and more alluring glances. And it shall be that if thou lookest not upon the other men who may admire the lightly.

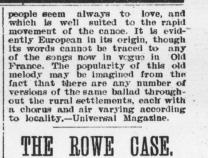
Thanky Edward VI., who died to sak-teen, showed such precocious promise that his people could imagine any-thing possible if he had lived. It is hardly possible that Edward VII., can do as well as the greatest of his predecessors of the name, but he will certainly do better than the worst, and he may esteem himself

men who may admire thee lightly, but dost give all thy mind and all thy heart to the whning of this chosen one, thou shalt have the desire worst, and he may esteem himself fortunate if he measures up to the average. And the maiden did as she was bid-

A SINGING PEOPLE.

The Ballads or Chansons of French

And the following the following with the following and the following matching and the following matching and the following the f Canada. turned a deaf ear and did deem that The chansons, or ballads, which still her mother's advice was had, and she live among the French-Canadian habi-tants, have often been mentioned by travellers, povelists, and essayists, though no English writer that I can did listen, instead thereof, to the counsels of her own vain heart, and did scatter her smiles and divide her company amongst divers men. And no maiden at the balls did have so many recall to mind has ever attempted to cultivate the subject as its inter-est demands, Without pretending to go at any length into this subject different partners as this one. But the summers waxed and waned and none did ask for the maiden's hand. And after many moons she came to go at any length into this subject which would require a large volume, if it should be treated on its mer-its-there are a few, features to which I may cursorily allude. The ballads which have so long been in vogue among the people of the Pro-vince of Quebec and the Northwest are essentially characteristic of a race extremely conservative of old customs and traditions, These ballads see the folly of her ways, and thought with bitterness what a fine estab-lishment the wise mailen had. And she did strive to do likewise, but, alas it was too late. For no man cared to tie himself to such a heartless flirt, and the foolish maiden mourned customs and training in spirit, and often in words, as those which their ancestors brought from Bretagne, Normandy, and Franche-Comte, and which were WIDOWS OF LATEST STYLE. no



TEA

INDIA

A Mail and Empire Representative

Investigates.

THE PARTICULARS IN FULL.

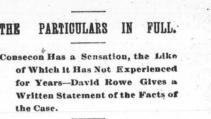
of Which it Has Not Experienced for Years-David Rowe Gives a Written Statement of the Facts of

(From the Mail and Empire.) Consecon, Jan. 23.-For some time this village and neighborhood has Consecon, Jun. 25.-For some of as this village and neighborhood has been ringing with the story of David Rowe, Mr. Rowe is a farmer, who has lived on a farm three miles from here all his lifetime, and is known to every man, woman and child for miles around. Some time ago his friends noticed a great change in his phys-ical appearance, and no little com-ment was made as to the rapidity with which he was failing in health. From a strong, vigorous man he had become a bent and crippled invalid. Recently, however, he has appeared to his friends sturdy and straight. strong and well, and with all his old-time vigor and health. Knowing that such a case would be of great public interest, your correspondent visited Mr. Rowe to get the facts. Mr. Rowe is a modest man of few words, frank. is a modest man of few words, frank, straightforward and truthful. After

straightforward and truthful. After having introduced myself, he said-"You need not apologize for visiting me, to enquire into this matter. I do not consider it an intrusion at all. I have little to say beyond the fact that as everybody round here knows, I was bent nearly double with Kidney Trou-ble, pains in my shoulders, spine and email of my back. The suffering I endured was something flearful. I endured was something fearin. I could not stand up straight to save my life. I could do no work. I con-sulted my physician and took his pre-scribed medicines, but got no better. I read in the newspapers how Dodd's Kidney Pills were curing people of Kidney Disease, Lame Back and Rhen-matism. I bought a box from Min-Garmau, who keeps the errogery here. German, who keeps the grocery here. Before it was all used I began to re-Before it was all used I began to re-cover, and after I had used ten boxes I was entirely cured, and now, as you see, I am in perfect good health. This is my story. You can print it if you like, as I have nothing to hide, and it may satisfy a good many people who knew of my previous condition to know how I was cured."

" Have you any objections to signing a written statement ?" enquired the

reporter. "None whatever," answered Mr. Rowe; "just you go ahead and write down what Isay." At Mr. Rowe's dictation, I prepared the following statement, which he phone will a significant statement.



Wolfenden's Luck. To leave London at all, under ordinary circumstances, was usually a hardship for Wolfenden, but to leave

ary circumstances, was usually a hardship for Wolfenden, but to leave Lonkion at this particular moment of his life was little less than a calam-ity; yet a letter which he received a few mornlags after the supper at the "Milan" left him scarcely any alternative. He read it over for the become plainer. "Deringham Hall, Norfolk. "My Dear Wolfenden,-We have down for a day or two, and I do hope that you will be able to manage it from well, and we have all been much upset lately. He still works for eight ar in he hours a day, and his hallucin-ations as to the value of his papers in-

**Dr. Chase Makes Friends Of Hosts of Women** 

Cross.

By Curing Their Peculiar Ilis-Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a Surprising Restorative for Pale, Weak, Nervous Women.

B., writes

As a result of much confinement within doors and the consequent lack of fresh air and healthful exercise, most women not only lose much in figure and complexion, but also suf-figure and complexion, but also suf-fer more or less from serious bodily fer angements as the result of thin, matery blood and exhausted nervous More than nine-tenths of the cases in the termine tenths of the cases in the termine term More than nine-tenths of the cases of diseases peculiar to women are di-pectly due to a weakened condition of the nerves, and can be cured thor-

and the nerves, and can be cured thor-sughly and permanently by taking mild outdoor exercise, breathing plenty of pure, fresh air, and using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to form new blood and revitalise the depleted nerns system

vous system. It takes time to build up the system anew, to fill the shrivelled arterios with new, rich blood, restore the prasted nerve cells, and renew the activities of the bodily organs, but the persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will accompish these results and bring health and happiness to weak, pervous and suffering women.

B., writes-"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the length of the house. Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Fool I have been com-pletely restored. I can walk a mile without any inconvenience. Though 76 years old, and quite fleshy, I do my own housework and considerable sewing, knitting and reading besides. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proved of insetimable value to me." Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates arrous and suffering women. Mrs. Charles H. Jones, Piercetos, Que., writes-"For many years is have been a great suf-ferer with my bears and nerves,

Cross. He took his ticket in a gloomy frame of mind, and bought the Field and a sporting novel at the bookstall. Then he turned towards the train, and walking idly down the platform, look-ing for Saby and his belongings, he experienced what was very nearly

"We have reason to be patriouc, she said, "or rather, we had," she added, with a curious note of sadness in her tone. "But, come, I do not desire to talk about my country. I admitted you here to be an entertain the made me admitted you here to be an entertain-ing companion, and you have made me speak already of the subject which is to me the most mournful in the world. I do not wish to talk any more about France. Will you please think of another subject ?" "Mr. Sabin is not with you," he re-marked

and it has done me more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fall to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by this tenstreat W

mitted denurely. He saw his opportunity, and swiftly availed himself of it. "Why does your uncle object to me so much?" he asked. "Object to you?" she repeated. "On the contrary, I think that he ra-ther approves of you. You saved his life, or something very much like it. He should be very grateful! I think that he is!" "Yes," he persisted, "he does not seem to desire my acquaintance- for

Crape-Wrapped Women are

Moral-Take aim at one bird.

 woman, you see, and to me there is no city on earth like Paris, and no city on earth like Paris, and no "" The women of your nation," i.e remarked, "are always patriotic. I have never met a Frenchwoman who cared for England." /" "We have reason to be patriotic," she said, "or rather, we had," she in her tone. ""." tent in recent years that in many cases it was positively gay. When modistes began to put chic little crape rosettes and jounty bows of the same gruesome material on the shoulders of the bereaved one, it be-came one of the horribly humorous effects that are indissolubly con-nected with undertakers and their trapping of woe. The hideous crape yell, which was the distinguishing 'cadge of the widow, is rarely seen Sadge of the widew, is rarely seen except at funerals; in fact, crape has lost its fashion as an emblem of sor-

of another subject ?" "Mr. Subject solution is not with you," he re-"Mr. Subject is not with you," he re-"He intended to come. Something important kept him at the last mom-ent. He will follow me, perhaps, by a later train to-day, if not to-morrow." "It is certainly a concidence," he said, "that you should be going to Cromer. My home is quite near "Anl you are going there nowf" she asked. "I am delighted to say that I am." "You did not mention it the other evening," she remarked. "You talk-ed as though you had no intention at all of leaving London." "Neither had I at that time," he said. "I had a letter from home this morning which decided me." "She smiled softly. "Well, it is strange," she said. "On the whole, it is perhaps fortunate that you did not contemplate this journey when we had supper together the caught at her meaning and laughed. "It is more than forturate," he de-elared. "If I had known of it, and "Neil I had known of it, and "Melay the leaving both it, and "It is nore than forturate," he de-elared. "If I had known of it, and "Melay the leaving both it, and "Melay the law here the leaving both it, and "Melay the leaving both it here them sung in French-tanadian homes must confess that there is every truth in this remark;"There is some-thing sad and soft in their voices which imparts a peculiar charm to these monotonous airs, in which their whole existence seems to be reflect-ed! It is with the voices of the pea-"It is more than forturate," he de-clared. "If I had known of it, and told Mr. Sabin, you would not have been travelling by this train alone." "I certainly should not," she ad-mitted demurely. He saw his opportunity, and swiftly condemned to sabel livery as formerly. Children are never put in black nowa-days by those sufficiently educated to know the evil effects on the mind and health that result from keeping a bereavement so constantly in mind. ed it is with the voices of the pen-santry as with their eyes. Their look, accustomed to wide horizons and a uniform scenery, has a quietness, a calm, a monotony, if you like, which is not to be found among the inhabi-tants of the citles."

tants of the citles," Among the numerous ballads sung in Quebec, there is none so popular with all classes, from Gaspe to the Red River, na "En rouhant ma boule." The Rev. Dr. Loren Laertes Knox, one of the oldest pastors of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, is dead. one of those merry jingles which the

their forest haunts, and by the habi-tants at their village gatherings in cheerfully signed-

"I had very severe pain in my old times. Some have been adapted to Canadian scentery and associations; but, on the whole, the most of them are essentially European in spirit and "I had very severe pain in my back, more or less, for upwards of two years. It commenced in my shoulders, and extended down my spine, finally concentrating its full force in what is commonly called the small of my back, or across my kidneys, and there allusion. The French nation sang her babe to sleep by her cottage door, the habitant swung his axe among the pines, the voyageur dipped his paddle in Canadian waters, to the same air that we still can hear on the banks of the St. Lawrence or the St. Maarice. The Celfic and Latin races have always been famous for their ballads, and the French-Canadian of the present day has preserved the poetic instincts of his race. The Canadian lumberer, among the pines of the Ottawa and its tributaries, the metis of the rivers allusion. The French nation sang her called the small of my back, or across my kidneys, and there the pain was almost unendurable. It made me go bent over. I could not straighten up to save my life. When I went to urinate it gave me great pain, and you can just imagine a man, suffer-ing as I did, was not able to do much. I consulted a physician, and he prescribed for me, but to no benefit. I noticed in the pa-pers how that Dodd's Kidney Pills were curing mate cases of Kidits tributaries, the meties of the rivers of the "Lone Land," still sings snatches of the songs which the cour-curs-des-bois who followed Du Lhut were wont to sing as they flew along vere curing mabs cases of Kidney Fills were curing mabs cases of Kid-ney Disease and Rheumatism, and I determined to give them a trial. I purchased a box off Mrs. German, who kept groceries and patent medicines here. I did not feel any benefit at first, but be-fore I had finished the didt here Canadiau rivers, or camped beneath the shade of the pines and the maples the shade of the pines and the maples of the western woods, and which can even now be heard at many a Bre-ton and Norman festival. The words may be disconnected, and seem like nonsense verse, but there is for all a sprightliness in the air and rhythm which is essentially peculiar to the old French hallad. It seems impossible to set the words to the music of the drawing-room. There they seem tame and meaningless, but when they are feel any cenent at inst, but be-fore I had finished the first box I began to feel a change for the better. I took in all ten boxes, and they have entirely cured me. I have no pains in my back or across my kidneys, and I am a well man to-day through taking Dodd's Kidney Pilis." (Signed) DAVID ROWE.

(Witness) W. J. MARSH.

word could always be relied on, and a gentleman well and fa-vorably known in Consecon and vicinity, and, in Tact, all through the county, and any statement he might give you I have no hesi-tation in saying that you need not be afraid to use, as a gen-tleman of Mr. Rowe s standing giving a written statement would be sure to carry weight with it. J. J. WARD, Justice of the Peare in and for Justice of the Peace in and for

the County of Prince Edward,

and meaningless, but when they are sung beneath the forest shade, or amid the roar of rushing waters, the air becomes imbued with the spirit of the surroundings. It has been well-observed by a French Canadian writer, to whom we are indebted for the only collection we are indebted for Those who may read this article, and do not know Mr. Rowe, cannot fully appreciate the position he holds in this community. He is an able farmer, well and favorably known, and as an evidence of his character for truthfulness and honesty I ap-pend the statement of Mr. J. J. Ward, the local justice of the peace-This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Mr. the only collection we at present posare many of these songs which are without beauty, except on the lips of the peasantry." Whoever has heard them sung in French-Canadian homes

personally acquainted with Mr. David Rowe and know him to be a man of truth, a man of sterling-honesty and integrity, whose word could always be relied ou, and a gentleman well and fa-