

SATURDAY, AUG. LONDON L OF MEX

Mrs. Carr-Harris in Troops Desert Ca Possession---G

tive of an episode
Mexican revolution
the pen of Mrs.
Carr-Harris, daugh
Mr. and Mrs. Dona
Writes from her home, Conoral
Mexico:

Lean, of this city. Mrs. Carr writes from her home, Conora. Mexico:
For some days we had knothe Insurrectos were not far at we had heard this so many the found later that they had for there, that none paid much a to it. On Thursday it was knothey were at the Ojo de Agu or nine miles away, where the ing station is located which us with water. That day my told me he thought we should to fill some tubs with water, Mexicans in town had been we so in case the supply should not be supply shoul

An Interrupted Bridge Pa met at half-past 2, and we we ing for one member who was be were talking revolution and dance at the club, and the topics of more or less imp when the telepione rang. It minutes our hestess appeared nounced that the United Stat sall (whose wife was the tard player for whom we were had telephoned to say that notification had arrived that it get out of danger.

to get out of danger.

I have always enjoyed Byron's "Night Before Waterlointo the midst of all the gap brightness and "sound of reight" in Belgium's capital c bugle call, "To arms!" But I will always mean just a lit from this time. No more Brid We all scrambled home as que possible, and then came the What to take and what to lea I had often wondered will I had often wondered whould do in the case of fire, w should do in the case of fire, we a few minutes to the good, an seemed in a fair way to find swer to the question. First word to my husband, who was, at the mines, away up in the called up the time office of the where I knew he should be, hope of having a man sent ground to find him. No one a I called three offices at the mine; still no answer. I had telephoned the mining engined fice down town.

Finally someone answered for the second sec

fice down town.

Finally someone answered finines, who proved to be the superintendent, and to him lout my tale of woe. He at not understand the situatisaid: "Yes, I've sent a man de will be up after a while."

SUFFOLK' RUBER

Fifteen years ago there live gersoll, Ont., an undertaker, McIntyre, who made coffins f ng and wrote poetry for re Instead of attaching himself graveyard school of poetry, a have been expected, he chose of the joys of a farmer's life. of the output of the dairy, of and lard, of milk pails of cheeked dairy maids. Canad exports of cheese and po and lard, or milk pails at theeked dairy maids. Canad exports of cheese and polimited to what they are moved him to some of his flights. He made some poems on the bee, but the source of his inspiration we noble animal, the hog." Macintyre finished a poem hoff to the Toronto Globe, to which devoured it in section with much rejoicing rehis staff, who also marvelle diction and the rhymes. To morning it delighted the poland lard-eaters of Ontario, ed that a great day when a many large them in the section of the toronto the section of the sectio

I have been reminded of McIntyre by a little volum was presented to me yesterds friend, Mr. Butters, of Ipswich name Butters should ha enough of Itself to suggestyre, but the little book we gave me is a collection of Suffolk's bucolic poet, Rober field, Bloomfield was brough Surfolk, but moved to London he became a "ladies" shoema his heart was back on the farm, where he had spent leaded the supposed at modelled after Thomson's "which he called "The Farme Bloomfield describes the ever which he called "The Farme Bloomfield describes the ever different seasons from the standpoint. With great simple sometimes with praiseworth, he sings the Joys of an againte. In one passage on sipletures Mary and Glies mili cows. Then Mary has to cht Glies, the hired man, has to pigs. These lines would have at the soul of James McInty

And now the dairy claims h And half her household find ment there; Slow rolls the churn, its load At once foregoes its qua

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