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No Free Notices

The Guide-Advocate, in common with other papers in Ontario, now makes a charge for all notices inserted of Coming Events, whether admission fees are charged or not. Under this head comes all notices of Church Functions, except religious services. Lodge and Society Meetings and Entertainments. Women's Institutes. Christmas Trees. Farmers' Clubs. Red Cross meetings. Any Coming Event. Our charge for these notices is five cents per line. Minimum charge 25c. Six words make a line. When sending in notices state who is responsible for payment or send cash with order.

Reports of all meetings inserted free of charge and welcomed. It is the advance notice only that is subject to charge.

THE KISS STEALER

He Was Very Adroit In His Thefts

By F. A. MITCHEL

The railroad, like everything else, is a development. The first rails were strap iron on wooden beams. The first car was a stagecoach, then several stagecoaches together mounted on wheels. Then came the passenger car of the present day, only much smaller. When these cars were pulled through a tunnel the passengers were left in total darkness. Indeed, the lighting of railway cars passing through tunnels is a feature of recent years.

When Tom Arnold was about to return to college for his sophomore year he was asked if he would escort a little girl who was going in the same direction to boarding school. Tom didn't like being burdened with the care of a "little girl," but he couldn't very well decline. When he saw his charge he didn't mind taking care of her so much as he had thought he would. Lucy Atwood was fourteen years old, but tall enough for a girl of sixteen. She was very demure and appeared to be utterly devoid of conversational powers. Her protector, having reached the advanced age (to her) of eighteen, probably filled her with such awe as to prevent conversation with him.

But if Miss Atwood was tongue tied she was very pretty. There is nothing more delicate, to a young man especially, than a pair of pink coral lips. Lucy's complexion was as soft and downy as a peach, and her lips were a combination of beautiful curves. Tom couldn't keep his eyes off them. He was young and a sophomore in college, a combination that can occur but once in a man's life. His thoughts, his arguments, therefore were sophomoric: "I have been burdened with the care of a tongue tied kid without recompense. It behooves me to look out for my own reward. I don't know any payment that would suit me better than just one kiss of those lips. In half an hour we'll get to the tunnel. It requires three minutes for a train to go through it, and one can do a great deal in three minutes."

This was the basis of a plan Tom formed. Before reaching the tunnel he would go into another car, first noting the exact position of his charge. As soon as the train plunged into darkness he would re-enter, make his way to where Lucy sat, take the kiss and retire. Some time after the train had emerged into the light he would go back to his seat, yawn, take up a newspaper and begin to read as if unconscious of anything eventful having happened.

It was a very pretty scheme, but more tempting to a youngster of eighteen than to a full fledged man. There was one thing about it, however, that Tom didn't like. The kid had been placed in his care, and he didn't consider it quite honorable to avail himself of the situation to take what didn't belong to him. But the more criminal the act, the more horror attached to being found out, the more attractive the scheme.

Tom sat looking sideways at those lips, before which every vestige of honor faded. Nevertheless as the train approached the tunnel his courage began to fall him. What an awful thing for him to do! But how nice! Suppose the girl should scream and some one should grab him! The very thought gave him the shivers. But he was at an age when the greater the risk the greater the temptation. He fell, and great was the fall thereof.

He had often been through the tunnel and knew the approaches well. Some ten minutes before the train reached it he told his charge that he would go into the smoking car for a while if she didn't mind sitting alone. She said she didn't, and Tom, having noted that the seat was the third one from the door on the right, left the car. He didn't smoke, fearing that the odor of tobacco would give him away. He sat looking out through a window, a prey to numerous emotions.

When the train entered the tunnel, summoning all his resolution, he hurried into the car he had left and counted the seats on the right by putting a hand on each till he came to the seat required. Folding Lucy in his arms, he took the desired kiss. There was a smothered cry, followed in a few moments by the sound of an opening and closing door, then no other than the rattling of the train.

When daylight came again several passengers who sat near Lucy looked in her direction for an explanation of the cry they had heard. She gave no indication of anything unusual. She

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was wiping the dust from her face with her handkerchief. She would remove a portion of it, look at the smudge it had made on her handkerchief, then rub off some more, scrutinizing it also, especially in one corner.

Some twenty minutes after the train had left the tunnel Tom Arnold came back and sat down beside his charge. Had Lucy looked him in the face she would surely have seen signs of guilt which, despite his efforts, he was unable to conceal, but she was looking out through the window and did not give him a glance.

Tom was delighted with the success of his scheme. It was not the kiss that pleased him, for to have enjoyed that he should have been intent upon it rather than on committing a robbery. It was the fact that he had carried out his scheme without having been detected. He wondered that Lucy made no mention of the stolen kiss, but a very young and delicate miss might feel abashed at communicating such a thing to a young man.

When the journey was ended and Tom left his charge at the door of her school he looked scrutinizingly into her eyes to see if he could detect any evidence of her suspecting him. She returned his gaze with a childlike simplicity that reassured him, and he left her feeling very comfortable.

One June morning, when the trees, the flowers and especially the roses, were in bloom, a young man who had been invited to spend a week end at the country place of a friend sauntered out on the veranda in negligee summer costume, plucked a rose, sniffed it, put it in the buttonhole of his flannel coat, descended the steps and strolled about the grounds. Having examined the tennis court, the stables and other features of the place, he sauntered toward a hedge, which was just the height to enable him to look over it. In the adjoining grounds was a pagoda, in the pagoda a hammock and in the hammock a feminine figure. But whether the lady was old, middle aged or young he could not see. He thought he would like to satisfy himself on this point. Walking back and forth along the hedge, he looked for an opening. At length, finding a place where the hedge was thinner than at others and stooping, he wormed his way through, though when he reached the other side his costume was somewhat disarranged.

Brushing off the dirt and straightening the hang of his clothing, he sauntered toward the pagoda. There was no movement of the figure in the hammock, and the morning being warm, he fancied the occupant might be asleep. He had no business in the grounds, but he was a venturesome fellow, with no end of resource and assurance, and had an excuse ready in case he met any one. Drawing gradually nearer to the pagoda, he finally reached a point near enough for him to see a lady asleep in the hammock.

She was young—about twenty—and fair to look upon. She seemed to be sleeping so soundly that the young man drew nearer, even to the steps of the pagoda. There was something in the face of the sleeper that seemed familiar to him. He thought that he had seen her before, then that he had not, vibrating between these two opinions, at last deciding that he had not. One feature especially charmed him—the lady had a very kissable mouth.

For a young man to stand looking at a young lady asleep with a kissable mouth is dangerous—not so dangerous to the young lady as the young man, for there is certainly no harm in one being kissed who doesn't know of the fact. But the young man taking that which does not belong to him is liable

to the consequences of his rash act. Then suppose the lady is awakened by the process! Such a contingency would naturally strike terror into any sensitive man.

The watcher drew nearer and nearer on tiptoe till he reached the hammock, then, bending over the sleeper, in one of the alternate risings and bendings finally lightly touched the lips with his. The sleeper slumbered on. Not a muscle twitched. The young man was tempted to take another, but suddenly the abyss in which he stood occurred to him, and, turning, he tiptoed away to the opening of the hedge and passed through. Then he began to wonder at the recklessness, the folly, the awfulness of what he had done.

When he untied his scarf at dressing for dinner that same evening he missed a stickpin surmounted with a horseshoe that he had worn during the day. He wondered how and where he had lost it. Then he remembered working his way through the hedge. He must have dropped it there. He was tempted to go out and look for it, but he had barely time to dress for dinner, so he must needs put off the search till morning.

When he went down to dinner whom should he see but the girl he had kissed in the hammock. He was seized with a terrible fright, but on being presented to her she gave no evidence whatever of ever having seen, met or heard of him before. He was assigned to her for a dinner companion, and by the time they were seated at table he had regained enough of his equanimity to remark that it had been a very hot day, that he hoped it would be cooler tomorrow and that he feared the summer would be an oppressive one.

However, the lady made it easy for him by being agreeable, and he gradually forgot that if she knew how he had robbed her she would despise him. After dinner the company strolled out on to the veranda and spent the evening under the moonlight amid the fragrance of roses. The thief of the kiss quite recovered from any qualms of conscience and was glad he had done it, especially since the girl had not awakened.

On Monday the young man took an early train to the city. When the postman arrived during the afternoon he brought a small package addressed to Thomas Arnold, Esq. Opening it, the recipient took out a handkerchief, in one corner of which were his initials and a stickpin with a horseshoe mounting.

Arnold sank down in a chair, with a moan. He saw it all. When he had kissed the girl in the tunnel she had snatched his handkerchief from his pocket. She had since grown to be a young lady, and after he had kissed her a second time she had found his stickpin under the hedge.

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Congratulations made General William Crozier a soldier. He was a boy at the time in Kansas, whither his family had moved from Ohio, and hoped to be a lawyer.

David P. Lowe was the member of congress from his district. Lowe, meeting Judge Robert Crozier in the street, said:

"I have decided to appoint your son, William, to the Military academy at West Point."

The judge, having gone home for dinner, told the news.

"But I don't want to be a soldier," William protested.

Word of Congressman Lowe's intention having spread through the town, all of the inhabitants, including the maidens, hastened to inform William how pleased they were over his good fortune. Old men said they knew that he would be a credit to the community. Physicians, lawyers and ministers praised his manly bearing and studious habits.

And so William Crozier, listening in silence, which was interpreted as modesty, gradually passed from reluctance to eagerness and entered West Point with a high pitch of enthusiasm.

General Crozier is a chemist, engineer, metallurgist and manufacturer, and the disappearing gun carriage he invented is used in the fortifications that guard the coasts of the two oceans.

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ALL AT HOME SHOULD PREPARE FOR WAR

The first test a man is put through for either war or life insurance is an examination of his water. This is most essential because the kidneys play a most important part in causing premature old age and death. The more injurious the poisons passing through the kidneys the sooner comes decay—so says Dr. Pierce of Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., who further advises all people who are past thirty to preserve the vitality of the kidneys and free the blood from poisonous elements, such as uric acid—drink plenty of water—sweat some daily and take Anurie, double strength, before meals.

An-urie is a discovery of Dr. Pierce, and can be obtained at drug stores. For that backache, lumbago, rheumatism, "rusty" joints, swollen feet or hands, due to uric acid in the blood, Anurie quickly dissolves the uric acid as hot water does sugar. Send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce for trial pkg.

Thorold, Ont.—"I think Anurie is the best I have ever taken. My kidneys had given me trouble for some time. I would suffer from backache and also swelling of the limbs. I took Anurie and it has entirely cured me of all my backache and has strengthened my kidneys so I feel safe in recommending it to others who suffer."—Mrs. O. A. Clarke, Box 1179.

Toronto, Ont.—"For the last eight years I have suffered with kidney trouble and rheumatism. It began with pains in my back and feet. I developed into a chronic case. I tried every medicine I could hear of and consulted some good doctors, but still I kept on suffering. About a year ago a friend advised me to give Anurie a trial, and am happy to say I am today a well man—never feel any traces of my ailment no matter what the weather conditions may be. Anurie is a real kidney medicine in every sense."—E. J. Garrison, 5 Matilda Street.

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