ou've all undoubtedly heare ous Dr. Pierce and his well-licines. Well, this prescripthat, has been successfully my years by the physicians sts at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' surgical Institute, of Buffalo, kidney complaints, and disg from disorders of the kid-ladder, such as backacha, rheumatism, dropsy, congeskidneys, inflammation of the liding urine, and urinary alding urine, and urinary

is time, "Anuric" has not e to the public, but by the of many patients and the emand for this wonderful let, Doctor Pierce has finally ut it into the stores, or send large trial package or 50 l treatment.

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SE PUNISHMENTS.

Common, and Rank Does Protect an Offender. wgivers are not troubled ntimental scruples on the logging. Even a criminal o death is given a preliming instead of, as with us,

1 with sympathy and conitil the hour of doom. And of Chinese justice, so far is concerned, is its strict ffenders are flogged as re-

criminals of the lower orck of many a silken robed s been scored with the s of the whips wielded by se officials, whose duty is ay on the lash heavily, rehe rank of the victim, on

flogged themselves. e legal code prescribes the y offenses so trivial that in would be quite outside the law. Not all of the enachforced nowadays, but we wo of them as quaint exy lashes were ordered to for sale goods not of the are represented to be

lorification is discouraged at any military man who onument to himself for oism which he has never to receive 100 lashes.

e Gaelic A B C. r in the Gaelic alphabell I by a tree. The alphabel sists of eighteen letters elic seventeen-and now the letters with the ext and u, which stand for

l heather, are called after

ekly.

A B C of today runst coll, dur, eagh, fearn iogh, luis, muin, nuin, s, suil, teine, ur, which is saying elm, birch, hazel, der, ivy, whitethorn, lew. icken, vine, ash, spindle er, willow, furze, heath. ent Gaelic alphabet the eath or whitethorn) does e alphabet is called the because b l n and not rst three letters.

ig For an Old House. house has been allowed state of disrepair and en torn down to make more modern building the owner has not been the old building a possittainment of attractive by means of a new setest gem in a battered dly show its value. Put ind gold, modern in cut, gem is a glory to its e the old house with nan the form of judicious er with tasteful garden and a pergola, and is given a new lease of

th which corns and warts by Holloway's Corn Cure t recommendation. It

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CASTORIA

ANGELA'S **HERO**

He Turned Out to Be What She Wanted

By CLARISSA MACKIE OFFERER FERENCE OF THE STATE OF

Sunderland was one of those places that are very nice for young persons to live in until the time comes for the boys to choose careers and the girls to get married or-in these days of woman's independence-to choose careers too. There was one period when

half a dozen or more youngsters formed a set that was voted the most attractive the town had ever contained. Two decades passed after the set had been all together at Sunderland when Angela Thornton visited her old friend Edna Wolcott, now Edna Blake. After the greetings the two friends sat together over their work talking of old times. Some of those who had been

old associates. Presently Mrs. Blake "Angela. I wonder if you realize that you are the only one of our old set who has never married." She smiled affectionately at Angela Thornton.

happy together had gone to their long

home. Others had been lost to their

"Yes," said Angela calmly, "I do realize it, Edna. I suppose the rest of you, wives and mothers all, wonder why I am so contented."

"Tell me the secret, dear, and I'll ot breathe it to another soul," coaxed Mrs. Blake.

Angela's charming face flushed, and she looked only half of her forty years. Her hair was so fair and golden, untouched by time, and her skin so fresh and unlined and her sweetness so unmarred by long years of sorrow and loss of loved ones that her friends declared she had discovered the secret of perennial youth.

"There was Alexander Finlay." began Edna Blake mischievously, "the first of a long line of suitors. Why, Angela, why did you refuse them all?" "Because." said Angela quite simply, "I was waiting for a hero, a real hero, to arrive. Edna, I am a hero worshiper. All my life I have longed for some romantic adventure, thirsted for a lovr who would bravely ride up to our gate and carry me off on a brave black

horse. I know you are shocked," she ended with a whimsical smile. Mrs. Blake's dark face was aglow with amusement and some inward ex-

"So you have been waiting for a hero, you romantic goose!" she said at last. "In this twentieth century there are no bold lovers who carry their sweethearts off on brave black horses They usually elope by motorcar. And Alexander Finlay is still unmarried,

and they say he has six motorcars."

"Not if he had sixteen motorcars!" declared Angela: then, with an effort to turn the conversation to a less personal topic, she went on, "How is Nathan getting on with his invention?" "Wonderfully, if one may judge by his complete absorption in his work," returned Nathan's sister ruefully. 'Actually, Angela, he hasn't poked his nose outside of that workshop for three weeks except to take a short walk around the fields. He sleeps there, and I have his meals sent out to him. He says he doesn't dare leave the shop moment. I asked him why he built it in the center of the ten acre field,

and he said"-Mrs. Blake giggled-"it was going to be a fine season for turkeys. "The idea!" gasped Angela. "You don't suppose he is raising turkeys and is going to corner the turkey mar-

ket?" "It's something with wings any-

way," admitted Mrs. Blake. "I heard him talking to Mr. Fellowes about it." "What does Mr. Blake think about

"Oh, Jim? He declares Nathan is building an aeroplane; said he saw one hovering over the field one night last week. But I tell him it's all nonsense. Nathan isn't the sort of man to invent an aeroplane or anything half so romantic. You know, Angela, what a plodding, practical sort of boy my brother was. Well, he has grown up to be the most matter of fact man in some respects. He might invent a new sort of washing machine or some household necessity, but an aeroplane-

never!" That evening Mrs. Blake repeated the conversation to her highly edified husband, and that gentleman, strolling out to the ten acre field to enjoy an after dinner smoke with his brotherin-law, retold the story to Nathan.

Nathan listened, his dark head bent attentively. When he lifted it at last his expression was noncommittal. The afternoon sun shining on the lenses of his spectacles concealed his gray eyes

from Jim's quizzient glance.

Jim Blake was rather disappointed at Nathan's silence. He had always suspected Nathan of having a tender ness for Angela Thornton, and, now that Angela had arrived from her New England home to make an extended visit with the Blakes, Jim had craft ily planned to do a little matchmaking on his own account. And here was Angela, most unreasonable of women demanding a romantic escapade, with real hero in the bargain. Why, the woman might die an old maid after all he argued as he went back to the house, for Nathan was anything but heroic figure, with his tall, stooping form, his nearsighted gray eyes and

his straight black hair and stlent "Hero, indeed!" he was muttering in his sleep, and Mrs. Blake, hearing him, smiled secretly.

"I wonder why he was telling Angela that the rose garden is haunted." she thought. "He knows she is quite fearless at night and might take to wandering around the garden to run our ghost to earth! Strange, Jim never spoke to me about the ghost; but, of course, I am not looking for adven-

Angela was thinking about the ghost f the rose garden, and she decided that the very next moonlight night she vould watch for it. "Not from the window," she told herself courageous "but in the garden itself. likely it is only Edna's cook getting a breath of fresh air after a hard day's work, or it might be her sweetheart.

It rained the next night and the next, and it was not until the third night that a pale moon showed through the Nathan appeared at dinner that evening, and Angela showed such charming embarrassment at meeting him and Nathan blinked so rapidly behind his glasses that Jim Blake came to the conclusion that Angela's plea of waiting for a "hero" to come into

Nathan only remained a few minutes after the meal was concluded. Jim followed him into the porch for a quiet word.

her life was only an excuse.

"If you should be skimming around after dark, old man," he warned his brother-in-law, "just keep your eye on Miss Angela. She will be searching the rose garden for a ghost. It's sort of a fad of hers, you know, that and expecting bold lovers to ride up on black horses and elope with her

Just see that no one does it, eh?" "Im-ah!" said Nathan rather vague ly as he wandered off toward the fields. "Done, by Jove!" chuckled Jim Blake as he lighted a cigar.

It was verging on midnight when Angela Thornton slipped cautiously down the front stairs and let herself into the garden.

The Blakes prided themselves on their lovely gardens, especially the rose garden, which was inclosed in a high hedge of Cherokee roses.

The rose garden lay on the other side of an expanse of rolling lawns. Angela, wearing her white frock, with a pale blue shawl wrapped around her slender shoulders, went slowly down the path and stepped on to the springy turf. The moon, drifting in and out of the scudding clouds, made alternate light and shadow on

the grass. It was a pleasant night for ghost hunting. Presently there came a throbbing sound overhead and a deeper shadow

on the lawn, though now the clouds had parted to let the moon shine through quite clearly.

Angela, startled, looked up and saw great object bearing down upon her

out of the night sky, a great black winged thing. No; it was white where the moonlight touched it! Then it came down, down, reached the ground, rocked over the turf and

came to a pause within half a dozen feet of Angela Thornton. "Why, it's an aeroplane!" she thought

and clasped her hands in delighted wonder, for she had never seen one except in the illustrated papers. "The

poor man has lost his way!" The aviator had climbed out of his eat and was coming toward Angela. His was a tall, thin, stooping figure dressed in leather garments and wearing close fitting cap and goggles. Over his arm he carried a big leather coat.

"Angela," he said deliberately, "I've

always wanted to marry you. You remember I asked you once years ago, and you called me a simpleton and"—
"Nathan," she quavered, for she had penetrated his disguise, "I sent you away because I was the simpleton. I oved you and I wanted to marry you, but you were not romantic enough for So I have waited"-

"Waited for me?" he put in eagerly. "Of course!" He turned and waved a hand at the aeroplane. "Come with me, then, dear, and never dare to say that you have not had an adventure. Slip into this coat. There! The minister at Woburn is waiting for us. Oh. I'm a hero—quite

an up to date one, sweetheart. And my motor will take us to Woburn and our wedding in a manner never dreamed of by you." So he plucked a handful of white

roses for a bridal bouquet and then

he lifted Angela into the passenger's seat and strapped her in. Then he took the pilot's place, started the motor

of his own inventing and presently they were soaring at a safe height above the treetops. The moonlight shone on the cross of the steeple of the Woburn church and guided them straight to the minister and future happiness. The moonlight shone on the Blakes' rose garden and the deserted lawn. And Edna Blake and her husband,

> "You saw it?" asked Edna at last. "Wouldn't have missed it for anything," declared Jim brazenly.
> "Matchmaker!" she taunted.

thrusting their heads from the win-

dows of their adjoining rooms, stared

into each other's surprised faces.

"Why didn't you tell Nathan your-self?" asked Jim chuckling. "He might have suspected me of matchmaking," she confessed. "As it is, they have revived their old love, married and I wonder if an elopement by aeroplane is romantic enough for Angela?

"I guess that excuse of Angela's was made to cover up her tenderness for Nathan" said Jim eagerly "Oh, you mean that there would be

no romance for Angela unless Nathan "Yes, and I mean that, no matter in what guise Nathan came, he alone

could be Angela's hero!"

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FOR THE COOK.

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Prepare in the usual way for frying; have fat one-eighth inch deep in pan smoking hot; place the chicken in the pan and cover; reduce gas flame until the chicken fries very slowly, turning each piece until rich brown. Pour one supful of het weter. brown. Pour one cupful of hot water into the pan and let the chicken continue to cook with cover on until all the water has cooked out. Lift the chicken on to a dish and make a brown gravy. This is intended for grown chicken, but not old fowl.

An Up-to-Date Garden

To make the garden livable it must be furnished. Nature may provide the setting and the color scheme, but man's ingenuity is required to supply the seats and summer houses, the bird baths and pools, the persolas and sun dials, or as many of these things as it may seem expedient and wise to have. Garden furniture is less expensive than it used to be—less expensive and better. Moreover, there is a great variety. Good rustic pieces may be made at home, or, time and skill being lacking, they may be bought. So ing lacking, they may be bought. So also may delightful old English seats also may delightful old English seats and tables, while pergolas and arbors of artistic design and good workman-ship may be obtained ready made and set up in the garden with but very little labor. In fact, every sort of garden furniture from summer house down to bird houses is now on the market. There are even artistic

bird baths and pedestals made of wood and much cheaper than those of marble or even of composition. Of course cement has come to take a prominent place in the garden and is used in making pedestals for sun dials, bird baths, and pools, as well as for benches and seats. To many minds no garden has really been brought to date until it has been equipped with a pool in which water lilies may be grown, with the glisten-ing sides of goldfish flashing among them. Such pools need not be at all expensive and are not difficult to construct when good Portland coment is the material used.

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27TH REGT.—1ST BATTALION Thos. L Swift, reported missing since June 15th, Rich. H Staple-ford, Bury c Binks, L Gunn Newell, killed in action, Arthur Owens, F C N Newell, T Ward, Sid Welsh, Alf Woodward, killed in action, M. Cunningham, M. Blondel, W. Blunt, R W Bailey, A L Johnston, R A Johnston, G Mathews, C Manning, W G Nichol, F Phelps, H F Small, E W Smith, C Toop, C Ward, J Ward, killed in action, F Wakelin, D C M, killed in action, T Wakelin, wounded-missing, H Whitsitt, B Hardy.

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S C.L.I.

Gerald H Brown

18TH BATTALION

C W Barnes, Geo. Ferris, Edmund Watson, G Shanks, C Jamieson, J Burns, F Burns, C Blunt, Wm. Autterson, SP Shanks.

2ND DIVISIONAL CAVALRY

Lorne Lucas, Frank Yerks, Chas. Potter, Rus. G Clark.

33RD BATTALION

Percy Mitchell, Lloyd Howden Geo. Fountain, Gordon H Patterson, died in Victoria Hospital, Lon-

34TH BATTALION

E c Crohn, S Newell, Stanley Rogers, Macklin Hagle, Henry Holmes," Wm. Manning, Lees.

70TH BATTALION

Ernest Lawrence, — Emmerson. H Loveday, A Banks, S R Wholton, Thos. Meyers, Jos M Wardman, Vern Brown, Sid Brown, Alf. Bull-

71ST BATTALION

R H Trenouth. 28TH BATTALION

Thomas Lamb.

MOUNTED RIFLES

Fred A Taylor.

29TH BATTERY Mitchell, John Ho

ANTI-AIRCRAFT Gunner Woolvet.

PIONEERS

Wm. McNally, W F Goodman.

ENGINEERS

J. Tomlin

ARMY MEDICAL CORPS T A Brandon, M. D., Capt. W J

McKenzie, M.D., Norman McKenzie

135TH BATTALION

N. McLachlan. 3RD RESERVE BATTERY, C.F.A. Alfred Levi

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New York Express, 6.... 11 16 a.m.
New York Express, 2.... 3 05 p.m.
Accommodation, 112..... 5 16 p.m.

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Petrolea	Sept. 21, 22
Forest	Sept. 26, 27
Sarnia	Sept. 27, 28, 29
Brigden	Oct. 5
Alvinston	Oct. 2, 3
WATFORD	Oct. 10, 11
Wyoming	Sept. 29, 30
Wilkesport	
Glencoe	

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