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been applied-it's so easy o. You simply dampen a soft brush and draw i ur hair, taking one strand after another application is restored to its natural looks glossy, soft and abun

ONE ATROCITY PH, Ont., Sept. 29.—James York Road, Guelph, reetter to-day from a relative rd Terrace, Leeds, England. graph of the letter states: our house to care for a gian girl aged 8, who had ands chopped off by Ger ers. Her brother, a little was treated the same, so

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THE STORY OF Waitstill Baxter

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1914

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. Copyright, 1913 by Kate Douglas

Wiggin. CHAPTER XXVI.

Sentry Duty. BOYNTON drove home from the woods that same after noon by way of the bridge, in or brick store. When he was still a long distance from the bars that divided the lane from the highroad he espied a dark clad little speck he knew to be Rodman leaning over the fence, waiting and longing as usual for his homecoming, and his heart warmed at the thought of the boyish welcome that

never failed. The sleigh slipped quickly over the hard packed, shining road, and the bells rang merrily in the clear, cold air, giving out a joyous sound that had no echo in Ivory's breast that day. He had just had a vision of happine through another man's eyes. Was he always to stand outside the banqueting table, he wondered, and see others

feasting while he hungered? Now the little speck bounded from the fence, flew down the road to meet the sleigh and jumped in by the driv-

"I knew you'd come tonight," Rodman cried eagerly. "I told Aunt Boyn, on you'd come.

"How is she, well as common?" "No, not a bit well since yesterday morning, but Mrs. Mason says it's nothing worse than a cold. Mrs. Mason has just gone home, and we've had a grand housecleaning today. She's washed and ironed and baked, and we've put Aunt Boynton in clean sheets and pillowcases, and her room's nice and warm, and I carried the cat in and put it on her bed to keep her company while I came to watch for you. Aunt Boynton let Mrs. Mason braid her hair and seemed to like her brushing it. It's been dreadful lonesome, and, oh, I am glad you came back, Ivory. Did you find any more spruce gum where you went this

"Pounds and pounds, Rod; enough to bring me in nearly \$100. I chanced on the greatest place I've found yet. I followed the wake of an old whirlwind that had left long furrows in the forest -I've told you how the thing worksand I tracked its course by the gum that had formed wherever the trees were wounded. It's hard, lonely work,

Rod, but it pays well." "If I could have been there maybe we could have got more. I'm good at shinning up trees."

"Yes, sometime we'll go gum picking together. We'll climb the trees like pathize. a couple of cats and take our knives and scrape off the precious lumps that are worth so much money to the druggists. You've let down the bars, I

"'Cause I knew you'd come tonight," said Rodman. "I felt it in my bones. We're going to have a splendid sup-

"Are we? That's good news." Ivory tried to make his tone bright and in-terested, though his heart was like a lump of lead in his breast. "It's the least I can do for the poor little chap," he thought, "when he stays as caretaker in this lonely spot. I wonder if I hadn't better drive into the barn, Rod, and leave the harness on Nick till I go in and see mother? Guess I will."
"She's hot, Aunt Boynton, hot and restless, but Mrs. Mason thinks that's

Ivory found his mother feverish, and her eyes were unnaturally bright, but she was clear in mind and cheerful, too, sitting up in bed to breathe the better, while the Maltese cat snuggled under her arm and purred peace-

"The cat is Rod's idea," she said smilingly, but in a very weak voice. "He is a great nurse. I should never have thought of the cat myself, but she gives me more comfort than all

the medicine." Ivory and Rodman drew up to the supper table, already set in the kitch-en, but before Ivory took his seat he softly closed the door that led into the living room. They ate their beans and brown bread and the mince ple that had been the "splendid" feature of the meal, as reported by the boy, and when they had finished and Rod man was clearing the table Ivory walked to the window, lighting his pipe the while, and stood soberly looking out on the snowy landscape. One could scarcely tell it was twilight, with

such sweeps of whiteness to catch every gleam of the dying day. "Drop work a minute and come here, Rod," he said at length. "Can you

keep a secret?" "Course I can! I'm chock full of 'em

now, and nobody could dig one of 'em out o' me with a pickax!" "Oh, well, if you're full you naturally couldn't hold another!"

"I could try to squeeze it in if it's a nice one," coaxed the boy. "I don't know whether you'll think it's a nice one, Rod, for it breaks up hear her breathel Besides, I shall be one of your plans. I'm not sure my up and down the hill till I know all's

you think—your favorite, Patty, has gone and got married!"

"Patty! Married!" cried Rod, then hastily putting his hand over his mouth to hush his too loud speaking.

"Yes Shand Village and Delivery County of the barn?" asked "Yes. She and Mark Wilson ran Rodman. away last Monday, drove over to Allentown, N. H., and were married without telling a soul. Deacon Bax. The forces of the Kaiser which have

noon, like the old fox that he is, and turned Patty out of the house."

"Mean old skinflint!" exclaimed Rod excitedly, all the incipient manhood rising in his ten-year-old breast. "Is she gone to live with the Wilsons?"

"The Wilsons don't know yet that Mark is married to her, but I met him driving like jehu, just after I had left Patty, and told him everything that had happened and did my best to cool him down and keep him from murder. It is Reported That There ing his new father-in-law by showing him it would serve no real purpose

"Did he look married and all differ ent?" asked Rod curiously.
"Yes, be did, and more like a man

than ever he looked before in his life. We talked everything over together and he went home at once to break the news to his family without even going to take a peer at Patty. I couldn't bear to have them meet till he had something cheerful to say to the poor little soul. When I met her by Uncle Bart's shop she was trudging along in the snow like a draggled butterfly and crying like a baby."

Sympathetic tears dimmed Rodman's eyes. "I can't bear to see girls cry, Ivory. I just can't bear it, especially Patty."

"Neither can I, Rod. I came pretty near wiping her eyes, but pulled up, remembering she wan't a child, but a married lady. Well, now we come to "Isn't Patty's being married the

point?" "No, only part of it. Patty's being

sent away from home leaves Waitstill alone with the deacon, do you see? And if Patty is your favorite, Waitstill is mine. I might as well own up to

"She's mine, too," cried Rod. "They are both my favorites, but I always thought Patty was the sultablest for me to marry if she'd wait for me. Waitstill is too grand for a boy!" "She's too grand for anybody, Rod

There isn't a man alive that's worthy to strap on her skates." "Well, she's too grand for anybody except"— and here Rod's shy, wistful voice trailed off into discreet silence.

"Now, I had some talk with Patty, and she thinks Waitstill will have no trouble with her father just at present. She says he lavished so much rage upon her that there'll be none left for anybody else for a day or two. And, moreover, that he will never dare to go too far with Waitstill because she's so useful to him. I'm not afraid of his beating or injuring her so long as he keeps his sober senses, if he's ever rightly had any. But I don't like to think of his upbraiding her and breaking her heart with his cruel talk just after she's lost the sister that's been her only companion." And Ivory's hand trembled as he filled his pipe. He had no confident but this quaint, tender hearted, old fashioned little lad, to whom he had grown to speak his mind as if he were a man of his own age, and Rod, in the same way, had grad-

ually learned to understand and sym-"It's dreadful lonesome on Town House hill," said the boy in a hushed

> "Dreadful lonesome," echoed Ivory with a sigh; "and I don't dare leave mother until her fever dies down a bit and she sleeps. Now, do you remember the night that she was taken ill, and we shared the watch?"

> Rodman held his breath, "Do you mean you're going to let me help just as if I was big?" he asked, speaking through a great lump in his throat. "There are only two of us, Rod. You're rather young for this piece of work, but you're trusty - you're trusty!"

"Am I to keep watch on the deacon? "That's it, and this is my plan: Nick will have had his feed. You're to drive to the bridge when it gets a little darker and hitch in Uncle Bart's horse shed, covering Nick well. You're to go into the brick store, and while you're getting some groceries wrapped up, listen to anything the men say, to see if they know what's happened. When you've hung about as long as you dare leave your bundle and say you'll call in again for it. Then see if Baxter's store is open. I don't believe it will be, and if it isn't look for a light in his kitchen window and prowl about till you know that Waitstill and the deacon have gone up to their bedrooms. Then go to Uncle Bart's and

find out if Patty is there." Rod's eyes grew bigger and bigger "Shall I talk to her?" he asked, "and

what'll I say?" "No, just ask if she's there. If she's gone Mark has made it right with his family and taken her home. If she hasn't why, God knows how that matter will be straightened out. Anyhow, she has a husband now, and he seems to value her, and Waitstill is alone on

the top of that wind swept hill?" "I'll go. I'll remember everything," cried Rodman, in the seventh heaven of delight at the responsibilities Ivory

was heaping upon him.
"Don't stay beyond 8 o'clock, but
come back and tell me everything you've learned. Then, if mother grows no worse, I'll walk back to Uncle Bart's shop and spend the night there just-just to be near, that's all."

"You couldn't hear Waitstill, even if she called," Rod said. "Couldn't I? A man's ears are very sharp under certain circumstances. I believe if Waitstill needed help I could self how nice it is, but it's a very big, well, and at sunrise I'll go up and hide well, and at sunrise I'll go up and hide well, and at sunrise I'll go up and hide well, and at sunrise I'll go up and hide behind some of Baxter's buildings till behind some of Baxter's buildings till

(To be Continued).

ter discovered everything this after invaded Russia were defeated in their invaded Russia were defeated in the defeated Russia were defeated Russia were defeated and the defeated Russia were de

Children Give Active Help

Has Been a Lull in the Battle.

PARIS, Sept. 29.—The comparative calm on the French battle line yesterday after Sunday's storm of shot and shell was a surprise. It was supposed that the extreme violence of the German and the street and supposed that the attack meant a determination to finish the campaign on the Aisne by breaking the Allies' lines at all costs, and the pressure, it was expected, would continue, especially on the Allies' left, where the Germans had brought up rein-

The centre, however, was the only point seriously attacked, probably on the supposition that the lines here had been weakened to reinforce the left. One theory is that the armistice of four hours granted by the French for bury-ing the dead was not sufficient, and that the French needed the entire day to get rid of the bodies encumbering the trenches, and another is that a further shifting of troops is in progress preparatory to a violent shock elsewhere, all efforts against the left having

In any case, the opinion is pre-valent here that the Germans are losing valuable time, and that a return of the bad weather will perhaps find them still burrowed in the chalky clay of the Aisne district, and that they will again

be forced to uncover themselves by invading floods.

The military operations in the extreme east of the Vosges and in Alsace have been hindered by bad weather, as there is snow on the heights and floods in the valleys. The Rhine is much swollen, while the Doller, Ill and Thur rivers have overflowed. The plain be-tween Muelhausen and the mountains is under water to a great ex-tent, and it is impossible to move heavy artillery, which gives an ad-vantage to the Allies, who have comparatively light guns. Both sides, however, are handi-capped, and if the bad weather continues it will have the result

of prolonging the campaign on

this side of the Vosges and the

in War Time

[By Special Wire to the Courier] LONDON, Sept. 20.—English children are playing a prominent part in the present war, and manufest greater enthusiasm than many of their elders. Some extreme peace advocates express regrets that youth should display such a militant spirit, but many prominent educators and churchmen rejoice in the interest children are displaying in England's fight, and are taking steps to give all the children in the Sunday schools and churches proper instruction concerning the history and progress of the war.

One prominent bishop recently advised that every child in England should be taught to thank God before every meal for the British navy, which has made it possible for Englishmen to have an uninterrupted food supply.

A general movement has been inaugurated for daily instruction in LONDON, Sept. 29.—English chi

A general movement has been inaugurated for daily instruction in
primary as well as secondary schools
concerning the passage of the war,
and London papers are filled with
letters from prominent educators who
point out the magnificent opportunity
teachers will have for practical lessons in geography and history, because of the various parts of the world
in which the English troops are engaged.

month, most of the boy scouts will be selected for picket duty throughout England. Their work in protecting canals, railways, bridges and public buildings has been of great assistance buildings has been of great assistance to military forces engaged in prepar-ation for foreign service, and the lit-tle chaps who have frequently stood on duty in pairs at night, relieving territorials from such trying work, will doubtless be the heroes of all public and private schools.

DISASTROUS FIRE. The paper factory of Clark Brothers, in King street here, was destroyed by fire early to-day, as well as the dwelling houses of Henry Pinkerton, Leverett Russell and Mrs. J. R. McClure and the blacksmith shop of John Manuel. On the buildings other than the shoe factory the loss is about \$10. the shoe factory the loss is about \$10, 000, partly covered by insurance. The factory loss in building and stock is placed at about \$30,000, with \$28,000 insurance. The fire broke out in the factory, it is believed, from a heater. The firm employed sixty hands and was rapidly building up business.

LONDON, Sept. 29-A letter from an officer described a view rom an aeroplane of the battle eastward of Paris, says:

"Yesterday I was up for re-connaisance over this huge battle. It will be remembered as the big-gest in history. It extends from Complegne right away to Belfort. We flew at five o'clock in the ev-We flew at five o'clock in the evening. At that time the British fire was heavy. From our height of 5,000 feet I saw a sight which I hope it will never be my lot to see again. The woods and hills were literally cut to ribobns all along the south of Laon. It was marvellous watching hundreds of shells bursting below one to the right and the left for miles and then to see the German guns replying.

"I fear there will be a lot more awful fighting before this show ends, bct we are certain it will end with us on top, although we all had our doubts about three weeks ago during that awful re-

Writing again on September 19, the officer says: "The huge battle still is going on. Our machines, after being out all day still bring in the same news. The Germans have got into one of the strongest positions possible. Fortunately reinforcements are arriving and are coming up on the German right, at Soissons.

"I simply crave for cigarettes. They need to be carefully disguised though, or they will be stelen en route."

The officer mentioned that the areoplanes are shot at and shelled by friend and foe everytime they ascend. They hardly ever descend without bullet holes all over the planes, but fortunately, the writer says, the flying corps.

the writer says, the flying corps lest only one pilot and a passenger up to September 4.

France, Like Britain, Will Not be "Enveloped in This Turning Movement."

PARIS, Sept. 29.—The Temps this afternoon in an editorial under the caption, "The Snare of Peace," says the latter is equally as dangerous as war. The Temps expresses fears that the absorption of all minds in the tragic duel now proceeding may blind the people to the work that is being carried on to divide and paralyze the Allies by deceitful prospectives of a so-called honorable arrangement. The paper adds:

"The London and New York papers

he aims of their aggressors.
"President Wilson, before embark-

ng on the mediation which had been ggested to him, asked the Berlin Chancellery to specify its intentions omewhat. The Chancellery replied ubstantially that Germany would rillingly listen to mediation proposals, olutely cannot do so England keeps on declaring that the war must be to the knife and without

"Germany, according to the reply of the Chancellery, is willing to admit that the chances of war are equal at the present moment, but insists that the empire must be kept intact in Europe, and it must remain master of its destinies. If these conditions are not granted Germany will fight while a single man remains.

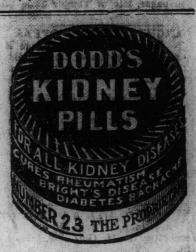
The Temps brands this response a a new manifestation of the unhealthy pride of the Imperial Government which believes itself to be intangible

EXCHANGING LISTS.

"The London and New York papers bring details of the latest effort in this direction, which undoubtedly will not be the last. The English, with clear common sense, refused for a moment to be enveloped by this turning movement, which was tried in America. The French will show the same firmness, and once more the inventors of underhand combinations will have labored in vain.

inventors of underhand combinations will have labored in vain.

"The ingenious means of American mediation, which tended to bring to the front the respected influence of President Wilson, has failed. It was bound to fail now that the United States has been enlightened by the conflagrations in Belgium and France in regard to the type of humanity which imperialist Germany represents. The President has refused to compromise himself in risky mediation, which would only end in dividing and misleading the efforts of those who are defending themselves, while aiding are defending themselves, while aiding of 170,000



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GOD SAVE THE KING!