

Talk of the Town And of the Country

FIRST BREAK IN FAMILY.

Chas. A. Neill passed away at the home of his mother, Mrs. Charles Neill, sen., at Gore's Landing, having been in poor health since his return from overseas. He left there with a Northumberland county battalion, and his health was impaired while in service. He received treatment at the Military Hospital, Kingston, but returned home six weeks ago, and a short time later suffered a stroke. He was 48 years of age. His wife, two daughters and a son survive, besides his mother, one brother, Thomas, and ten sisters. His death is the first break in a family of twelve children.

CONVICT FOUND DEAD IN CELL.

At 6.50 Monday morning as the keepers in the Portsmouth penitentiary made their rounds awakening the men under their charge one man failed to respond to the summons and when an inspection was made in his cell the convict was found to have passed away during Sunday night. He was found on his cot and there was everything to indicate that his death was from natural causes.

The man was down on the prison record under the name of Albert Laboussier, alias Albert Rousseau, and this fact was all that was given out by the prison authorities. A post mortem was performed Monday afternoon by Dr. F. X. O'Connor of Sydenham Hospital. An inquest has been ordered and it was held before Coroner D. E. Mundell and a jury Monday evening at 8 o'clock at the Penitentiary.

JOINS QUEEN'S STAFF.

W. A. McIntosh, M.A., of Madoc, a graduate of Queen's in 1916, has been appointed assistant professor of Economics at Queen's University. He will succeed Mr. Humphrey Mitchell, who resigned last term to go to McMaster.

Mr. McIntosh has just completed graduate studies at Harvard. Following his graduation from Queen's after a brilliant course he lectured for two years in Brandon College, Manitoba.

SOON TO RAISE KEYSTORM.

If the plans of Captain W. B. Leslie, of Kingston, who is engaged on the raising of the big steel freighter Keystorm, sink in 1913 a short distance this side of the Sister Light-house materialize, all will be ready for the raising of the vessel at the end of this week. Captain Leslie, who was in Brockville with a part of his outfit Monday was quite confident that the feat could be accomplished and has all his pontoons in position. It is planned to raise the boat a certain distance in its present position on its side and then beach her. The pontoons will then be rearranged so that the boat may be righted and brought to the surface. The pontoons, which are of permanent construction, will be employed in similar undertakings which Captain Leslie will handle.

ONLY ONE GAME BEHIND.

By defeating Cobourg on Saturday Oshawa is now one game behind Belleville and Peterboro for the leadership of the league, although each team has only one loss, says Port Hope Guide. Up to the seventh innings the contest was quite interesting, but a batting rally by the boys of the automobile town in the seventh innings placed the game on ice. The final score was 10 to 4. Oshawa probably did not exert themselves to the limit, but it is very apparent that they will have to play much better ball to defeat either Belleville or Peterboro.

QUIT UNION OR QUIT JOB.

Rentfrew County Council has given the employees of the power house a month's notice to resign from any union with other employees or the employees of any other concern. Labor men took on the action of the Rentfrew Council as a direct drive against unionism of civic employees.

UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

Charles McNaughton, who has been visiting his aunt, Mrs. Charles Taylor, Pine street, Port Hope, met with a very unfortunate accident while playing with a number of other boys on Monkey Mountain. Charles tried some acrobatic stunts from one of the trees, when his hand slipped and he fell to the ground a distance of thirty-five feet. The little fellow's left leg was broken above the knee and his left arm was fractured at the

wrist. Charles was taken to the hospital, and although both injuries were very painful, he is making very favorable progress. All hope for his speedy recovery.

NEW TEACHER FOR O.S.D.

We are sorry to lose one of our highly valued teachers, Miss Wilson, principal of our public school, who goes to the Belleville Deaf and Dumb Institute on a good salary, says the Newcastle Independent. She was given a nice farewell at the home of David Moffat by the Presbyterian church choir, of which she was a staunch member. The appreciative expressions of her valued services were only equalled by the best wishes of the community for her future success.

TOURIST TRAFFIC IS GOOD.

Sunday was a record maker in international travel between Kingston and Cape Vincent, the steamer Mississquoi ferrying eighteen autos between international points. The traffic has been improving for the past week, and indications are that it will soon be at its peak. The transfer between Cape Vincent and Kingston is becoming more popular all the time.

LAKE ONTARIO FISH.

The Booth Fisheries company, Cape Vincent, is shipping lots of fish these days. It has hundreds of weekly customers who are supplied with fish that are taken from the waters of Lake Ontario.

AUTOMOBILES STOLEN.

The Brockville police department was requested by communications received Monday morning to assist in searches being made for two stolen automobiles. One from Windsor is a Nash manufacture, 1920 model, five passenger and has a dark blue body. The license number is 152069 and the serial number 163-625. The other car a Baby Grand Chevrolet, was stolen from in front of the Windsor Hotel, Montreal. It is a 1920 model and carried an Ontario license, number 63854. The serial number is 2844, and the engine number is 59816.

WHISKEY IN POTATOES.

At Brockville, on Friday, at a Brockville express office, License Inspector Taber Seized two barrels consigned to a Brockville party as potatoes, but which contained 54 bottles of Kentucky whiskey. Eighteen bottles had been paroled in transit. The whiskey, the first of its kind ever sent through there, was enclosed in potatoes.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT Averted.

The escape of the passengers of the 10.20 train on the Midland Division from serious injury last Saturday night was due to the prompt action of Mr. Samuel Eastcott, who resides at Quay's crossing. Mr. Eastcott's home is close to the track, and when the "moonlight" passed about 9.45 o'clock Mr. Eastcott heard heavy pounding as if the wheels were striking the ties. Mr. Eastcott at once made an examination and found one of the rails was broken. Securing a lantern he flagged the 10.20 passenger train several hundred yards north. The broken rail was at a point where there was considerable down grade and the train would have been travelling at about thirty-five miles per hour, and an accident with serious results could not have been averted. Temporary repairs were made to the track and the train passed over very slowly. Mr. Eastcott is deserving of some recognition from the G.T.R.

REMANDED A WEEK.

Oscar Spafford on a charge of theft, and a man named Grant accused of theft from a Point Anne boarding house, were this morning again remanded to jail.

MONEY TAKEN.

Mr. M. Marakas, the proprietor of the Beacon Cafe, complains that someone got into his place of business and took about \$16.50 in cash.

REMANDED TO JAIL.

Messrs. B. Mallory and T. Naylor, Reeve of Deseronto, held court this morning in place of Magistrate Mason, who is away on a vacation. Three seventeen-year-old youths were brought before them on a charge of vagrancy in the G.T.R. yard in Thurlow, having been arrested last night

by G.T.R. Special Officer Harris. They admitted in police court having beaten their way on a freight train from Cornwall. They were remanded for eight days for judgment and sentence.

GIVEN A CHANCE.

Officers Thompson and Truesch paid a hurried call to the G.T.R. to meet train No. 19 this morning and took off William Ryan, Vincent McGarr and John McGarr, three Prescott boys. The boys were charged with vagrancy and this morning admitted the offence to Reeve Naylor and Ald. Woodley, who occupied the bench in police court. They were let go on account of their youth and the fact that they had apparently been induced to get aboard the train at Prescott by a man who seemed to be a foreman and ride with a party of men in a special car. The conductor paid an unexpected visit to the car and the result was their arrest. The Justices felt that they did not leave Prescott to become vagrants. They were going west for work.

YOUTHS REMANDED.

Ald. Woodley and Reeve Naylor this morning remanded to jail for another week the four French-Canadian boys accused of stealing Mr. B. Mallory's car at Bayside about five weeks ago.

BAPTIST PICNIC TODAY.

The steamer Brockville is running to Presque Ile today, carrying members of the Victoria Avenue Baptist congregation and their friends to that summer resort. Good-sized crowds took in the outing.

VICTORIA.

Church and Sunday School next Sunday in the afternoon, 1.30 p.m. Ice-Cream Social Wednesday evening the 21st inst. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Weese, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Redner, and Ralph called Sunday evening at Mr. E. Brickman's.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Elliott of Madoc, Sundayed at Mr. N. M. Wilson's.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Brickman and S. Wetherall spent the noon hour Sunday at Mr. Everett Brickman's.

Mr. and Mrs. Rae Fox accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Lou Lont, spent Sunday at Mr. Bert Hall's, Sidney.

Mrs. Audra Brickman returned home Sunday evening after a week's visit with relatives at Wellington.

FIFTH LINE SIDNEY.

A large number from this locality attended the celebration at Madoc on the 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bird visited at Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wickett's last Sunday.

We are pleased to note that Mrs. George McCullough is convalescing after an illness of three weeks with pneumonia.

Miss Nettie Bamber and Master Earl spent a few days recently with their grandparents back of Madoc and also visited the huckleberry rocks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Wilson and little son were guests at the home of Sidney Bird on Sunday.

Mr. George Clement was on the sick list a few days last week. The ladies of this line who were present at the Guild meeting held at the home of Mrs. C. Hetherington, report an excellent time, as well as her an ideal hostess.

Mrs. Floyd Thrasher has been spending a couple of weeks with her mother, Mrs. E. Kennedy, who was so seriously ill.

Mrs. and Mrs. J. Wilson visited the former's sister, Mrs. J. Frost, on Sunday.

The farmers here are very busy harvesting their hay and fall grains. The yield is very good.

We congratulate Miss Eleanor Johnson on her splendid success with her music exams.

Mr. McClatchie and daughter Frankie attended Foxboro Methodist Church last Sunday morning.

Miss Daisy Currie called on some of her friends on this line last week.

Mrs. C. Lake has returned home after her visit to Bannockburn.

Mrs. Christie is entertaining friends from near Ottawa.

Mr. Earl Bird purchased a new farm-horse one day last week.

Picking raspberries is a popular occupation at present.

FOURTH OF SIDNEY.

Service next Sunday evening at 7.30. Rev. T. Wallace pastor.

with their hay and also some wheat is being harvested.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Harris and Mrs. H. Langabeer spent Wednesday evening with Mrs. W. Phillips.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. B. Langabeer, Mrs. H. Mott of Belleville, and Mr. and Mrs. A. Vermilyea and son, Mr. G. Grills, Miss V. McPherson and Mr. and Mrs. F. Harris spent Sunday the guests of Mr. Robt. McPherson.

Rev. and Mrs. Wallace attended the lawn social at Thomasburg on Wednesday of last week.

The Sunday school of this appointment and Wallbridge appointment intend having their picnic on Thursday of this week at Twelve o'clock Point. Everybody welcome.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. Gilbert of Wellington, Miss W. Davidson and Mr. and Mrs. Davidson motored to Frankford on Sunday.

Mr. D. Valiseau and Arnold and Mr. Stanley Price took dinner at Mrs. H. G. Huff's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith and family spent the week-end at Hillier and the Sand Banks.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Brown of Peterboro, are spending a couple of weeks at Mr. Fred Juby's.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jose was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hough, Rednersville, Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hillman took dinner at the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hillman, Rednersville on Sunday.

Miss Ward, of Stirling, is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Wm. Wallbridge.

It Rubs Pain Away.—There is no liniment so efficacious in overcoming pain as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The hand that rubs it in rubs the pain away and on this account there is no preparation that stands so high in Public esteem. There is no surer pain-killer procurable, as thousands can attest who have used it successfully in treating many ailments.

About People

Every reader of The Ontario is invited to contribute to this column and assist in making it bright and interesting. If you are going away on a visit, or have guests at your home send or telephone particulars to editorial rooms of The Ontario.

Mrs. Wm. Davidson is visiting friends in Frankford and Stirling.

Mrs. Marion Frost left today for a trip to Montreal, Quebec and Saguenay.

Miss Lily Hart of the C. W. Lindsay staff is spending her vacation camping at Jones' Creek.

Mr. W. G. Grant of the C. W. Lindsay staff is spending his vacation at Twelve o'clock Point.

Mrs. J. A. Jarvis, of Ottawa, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Brown, 281 Sidney Street.

Mr. John McGie is substituting for Mr. Hunt during his absence at the Bridge Street Organ for the next few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Carr, of Toronto, are in the city visiting at the home of his brother, Mr. H. C. Carr, West Bridge Street.

Mr. Bert Alford, of Toronto, is visiting his father and mother, 173 Church street, and will celebrate the Old Boys' Reunion before returning.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wickett and little daughter Dora Kathleen, of Saskatchewan, who have been ill at the home of her sister, Mrs. A. Gordonier, are rapidly improving.

Mr. P. Harrison left last evening for New Liskeard to attend the funeral of his nephew, David H. Church, who sustained a fracture of the skull in an accident on Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Earle Jenner, of Kingsville, Ont., announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Madeline Mary, to Mr. Douglas McKenna, of Winnipeg, son of the late Mr. John McKenna and Mrs. McKenna, of Belleville, Ont., the marriage to take place Sept. 8.

Worms in children work havoc. These pests attack the tender lining of the intestines, and if left to pursue their ravages undisturbed, will ultimately perforate the wall, because these worms are of the hook variety that cling to and feed upon intestinal surfaces. Miller's Worm Powders will not only exterminate these worms, of whatever variety, but will serve to repair the injury they have done.

The Lost Page

By CECILLE LANGDON

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There came a call from mother downstairs, just as Lucy Barton had finished a letter to a friend at the seaside. It was six pages in length and, in gathering up the loose sheets and folding them later, Lucy Barton did not notice that one of them, the last, was missing. The wind had blown it away.

That last page bore the final paragraph of the epistle and read: "I shall not visit Ocean Beach this season, Winnie, dear. I suppose it is because I am a little homelike being and too closely analyze the superficial beaux and belles of idle social life. My dream is a modest one—a sweet little cottage, covered with roses, a cuckoo clock and a daisy. As to the life partner, with all this happy beauty he must simply love me."

A shy, retiring young man passed the place an hour later. As he neared the Barton home he walked slowly and saw to it that his cuffs were adjusted and his necktie smooth and neat. He looked disappointed as he peered past the trees and shrubbery of the garden. Gordon Heath had met Lucy Barton twice and longed earnestly to meet her again. As he reached the edge of the lot a sheet of paper, caught up from the garden by a stiff breeze, almost blew into his face. He caught it in his hand and was about to throw it away when he noticed the words, "Your faithful friend, Lucy Barton."

It made the finger tips of shy Gordon Heath thrill to come in contact with words the adorable Lucy had written. His glance rested on the paragraph preceding the signature. Reverently Gordon folded the rose-colored, violet-scented page, placed it in his pocket and half a mile further on down on a bench in a little park and was lost in deep reflection. That evening he met Lucy at a little social function and was her secret home. As they parted Lucy read his eager, though mute, wishes aright. She invited Gordon to call at the house and he went away blissfully treading on air.

Lucy was amazed at the liking she began to conceive for this casual acquaintance who soon developed into a regular escort. He had not the courage to seek the initial situation that would give him the right to speak out his sentiments, and Lucy did not award it. One day there was a revelation. Arrangements had been made for a tennis party at the Barton place and half a dozen of those invited had arrived. They were chatting animatedly when Neil Brown caused Lucy to flush slightly as he observed, "I am who can solve for me the mystery of Gordon Heath's latest thrift movement?"

"Why, what is it?" propounded his sister.

"Dacre, the real estate man, told me today that he had sold the Morse cottage to Heath."

"Ah! That solves a branch mystery," broke in Roy Belford. "I saw Gordon up at the nursery last week ordering enough rose bushes to cover a farm."

"And a carpenter came into our place this morning and arranged for material to put up a little up-to-date dairy on the place Heath has bought," said Val Endicott. "He's certainly going to get married. Lucy, how is that?"

Lucy was growing as red as a penny. "Why do you ask me?" she countered. "But just then a new arrival was observed at the gate and Gordon Heath approached. Mercy Brown, then that she was, advanced to meet him."

"Oh, Mr. Heath, the secret is out!" she cried.

"Why, what do you mean?" interrogated Heath.

"Cottage—roses—dairy! We are all wild to know who you intend to put in that pretty home you have bought."

"Why—that is I—I purchased it as an investment."

"Nobody believes that, and while we are waiting for the others there is time to run over to the cottage in question."

He looked quite uncomfortable as the impatient group forced him to lead the way. He never addressed so much as a word to Lucy, at his side.

All about his "investment" rose bushes had been set. Behind it was the frame structure that was to be the dairy. Lucy and he stood on the porch. The others scattered about the place as he unlocked the front door.

"There are five rooms—" began Gordon, when Lucy uttered a quick gasp as her eyes fell upon a clock on the mantel.

"You see—I mean—that is, I have started in buying a few things and—"

There was an interrupting snap as a little door in the clock sprung open and a little bird ran out, ran back again and chirped:

"Cuckoo!"

It recalled to Lucy's mind her letter to Winnie. She noticed Gordon groping in his pocket. He brought to light the lost sheet.

"Miss Barton, I found this near your home. You can guess the rest. Has the cuckoo and myself got to lead a lonely life?" he spoke.

"Why, I like cuckoos," replied Lucy, delightedly giggling; and I like you, too."

Her glowing eyes told the rest of the story and between them there passed their first kiss in their future home.

A Supreme Sacrifice

By AMALIES E. COBB

(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

"Dear brother Victor—It's just like him," said Mrs. Eulette as she finished reading a letter that had just arrived. "He is coming on, mamma," eagerly questioned, her daughter, Victoria. "Oh, how glad I shall be to see him!" There was genuine warmth and sincerity in the fresh young tones. Victoria had never seen the uncle she so cherished, but had always treasured the oft repeated tale of how when she was born the confirmed old bachelor after whom they had named her their first-born, had come two thousand miles across the country to view the little mite he was so proud of.

Upon her every birthday, for eighteen years a few days before the natal occasion there arrived regularly some gift or memento. They kept place with the maturing years. It was a silver cup, then a child's ring, then a wonderful doll, a tricycle, a talking machine, and so on until this strongly steadfast Victoria, a weak girl at first, had become for two years, away from home, a woman, a pleasant, loving being and received in return a cruelly fashioned epistle replete with tenderness and love.

She had last written him that she was about to marry Dudley Marsh. The Eulettes were comparatively poor people, and while Uncle Victor had been always profuse in his gifts, Mrs. Eulette had understood that her brother was scarcely even well to do. She was profoundly surprised, therefore, when she read in her brother's letter that he would be on hand by the wedding day and enclosed a draft for two thousand dollars.

"I want every cent of it for my wedding and for starting these young people out right in life," the epistle read. "Dear little mite, I feel that I must see her made happy at my cost."

Dudley Marsh demurred when he was made aware of the munificence of the generous Uncle Victor. He and Victoria had mapped out an ideal modest start in life, he said, and besides the dear old man was doing too much for her.

"You will break brother Victor's heart if you say one word to spoil his pleasure in showing his love for me," declared Mrs. Eulette, and so the matter rested and Uncle Victor arrived, rugged, bronzed, suggesting a man who had known little else than hard work.

"You see, Bertha," he observed to his sister, "this is a wonderful event in the life of a man who never had a child, and whose thoughts just revolve round and round the baby grown to a woman that was named after him," and to the last Uncle Victor smiled, chuckled, laughed, played the extravagant spendthrift to perfection, and as he left on the train for home and Victoria threw her arms about his neck and kissed him, the old man whispered rapturously to himself:

"It was worth it!"

Then the smile faded. His brow furrowed thoughtfully and all the long overland journey Uncle Victor sat grave faced and reflective as though turning over and over in his mind some serious problem. For twenty years he had conducted a restaurant in a little mining town. Making the supreme sacrifice of his life, he had followed an impulse he could not control when he learned of the approaching wedding. As a matter of fact he had cut away the only provision for his old age to give to Victoria comfort and happiness. Now, back home again, he found himself without a dollar in the world and started to work in one of the big mines of the district.

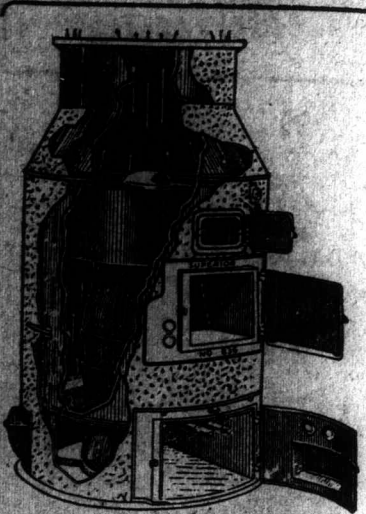
He received a few letters from Victoria bubbling over with the joys of a newly made bride, and these he treasured, for she did not write again after a year. Then suddenly he resigned himself to the arduous labor he had undertaken. One day there was a bad accident in this mine. A giant in strength, fearless, self-sacrificing, he fought his way to the surface four times, and each time carrying back to life an overcome miner, the last rescued one being the son of the wealthy owner of the mine.

For a month tenderly cared for at a hospital, a hero to all, the old man fought death and came off the victor, though a cripple for life. It was morning when his full senses had returned for the first time. Precisely he lay on his cot, gazing out at the green-clad hills in the distance when a fluttering form crossed the room.

"Uncle! dear Uncle Victor!" cried Victoria Marsh, and she was kneeling at his side, her loving arms encircling him. "Oh, you here! and oh! you wicked, wicked—to give up all you had for my happiness! But it is all right now, for Dudley has come into a great fortune, and he made me hurry to your side the moment we learned of all that had happened."

"I'm all right," declared Uncle Victor stanchly, "the mining boys have arranged to furnish me crutches and a home."

"Have they?" fared forth Victoria excitedly. "Well, they'll be disappointed! Right straight you are coming East with me, or Dudley will be on here with a posse to kidnap you. And," continued Victoria in a whisper, "there's a little child waiting for you, our first-born, and we have named him after you—Victor!"



Mr. Farmer

How would you like a PIPE-LESS FURNACE—guaranteed to heat your house, and do away with all that piping and thereby save room and have a cool cellar.

Now a word about that PLUMBING—

We have installed Modern Bathrooms, Etc., all over your district.

If you care to have an estimate, call in and talk it over. We will appreciate a call.

Howe & Hagerman

191 Front St., Belleville, Ont.

MILITARY NEWS

It is the intention for a portion of The Argyll Light Infantry (Belleville's city unit) to take part in the procession of the Old Boys' Reunion.

Two soldiers will be commanded by two Belleville officers, viz: Lieut. W. C. Jack, D.C.M., M.M. and Bar, and Lieut. Lorne Foote Green. Both these officers served with the 2nd Battalion in France and left Belleville for overseas with the 39th Battalion.

All members of the Regiment desirous of taking part in the parade will give in their names to the Armories where the necessary uniforms, etc., will be issued. This will count as a paid parade for all those attending.

One of the most beastly habits of the general public today is this insane desire for argument. It wastes more time and makes more enemies than any other light form of amusement in our present day life. A really constructive argument is a good thing—an education—but mightily few of the arguments we hear every day on the streets have in them one single constructive sentence in them or one constructive thought back of them. This is probably because mighty few people know how to argue constructively. They simply take this attitude: "I am right, you are wrong. Consequently you must proceed to get off the earth." Things might not end so disastrously if the other person agreed with him, but the infallible rule is that the other person never does.

If you must convince a man to your way of thinking, suggestion will get you a lot farther than argument. Don't try to force a man to think as you do, because if you do, no matter if his opinion may have been leaning our way, he will immediately change it. Suggest. Let a man think he is arriving at his own conclusions by his own process of thought. The average human being is just as balky as the balkiest mule that ever breathed—or balked. He won't be driven. It wouldn't be a bad thing to remember this during the coming elections. If you do you will find yourself a lot more popular than if you pursue the other course. You will also find, when the blow is over, that your business is running smoothly and not suffering from a lot of wasted time which you spent trying to beat arguments into heads which were trying just as hard to beat reverse arguments into yours.

Sheeley's Big Shows last evening enjoyed the patronage of a still larger crowd than a Monday evening. The public is beginning to realize the extent of these shows, which cannot be covered in one or two visits. Many grounds again and again during the week. Every feature was put on before large crowds, from the animal show to the Falls, the aerial cars to the ferris wheel, the gladiatorial tent to the ten-in-one, and so on.

A Pill That Is Tried.—There have been many pills put upon the market and pressed upon public attention, but none has endured so long or met with so much favor as Parneide's Vegetable Pills. Widespread use of them has attested their great value, and they need no further advertisement than this. Having firmly established themselves in public esteem, they now rank without a peer in the list of standard vegetable preparations.



The Peterboro results