es in British Empire

or beds. The woman is Mrs mes. She has many relatives ont. Her voice breaks into a e pleads for beds, beds, beds o out, a lady exquisitely cloth-s a plate. The plate is heaped

dub of drums is heard. A inneret is seen—a church and ambulance brigade is col-noney. About thirty young sed in a queer military cosrch along. Some of them are brazen instruments. Others ting kettle drums. One stal-l is thumping a big drum, irls in the same garb are rat-llecting poxes. A silent crowd ving this strange, bizarre, pa-

tle group of girls. the Bayswater road. It is t eleven. On the benches on ement along the railing that lyde Park forlorn, huddled re seen asleep in queer, un-ble attitudes, leaning on each ninepins. Two solitary fig-by. They are two soldiers One of them has lost his is staggering. His comrade n up and leads him to the

S EXCITE YOUR KIDNEYS, USE SALTS

r Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers, Drink Lots of Water

your kidneys hurt and your els sore, don't get scared and to load your stomach with a lrugs that excite the kidneys tate the entire urinary tract. ur kidneys clean like you keep owels clean, by flushing them mild, harmless salts which rethe body's urinos waste and tes them to theirnormal activhe function of the kidneys is the blood. In 24 hours they rom it 500 grains of acid and so we can readily understand al importance of keeping the

lots of water-you can't drink ch; also get from any pharma-out four ounces of Jad Salts; blespoonful in a glass of water breakfast each morning for a ys and your kidneys will act his famous salts is made from d of grape and lemon juice, ed with lithia, and has been or generations to clean and clogged kidneys; also to neuacids in urine so it no longer ure of irritation, thus ending

salts is inexpensive; ;cannot inakes a delightful effervesent ater drink which everyone take now and then to keep dneys clean and active. so keep up the water drinking you will wonder what your kidney trouble and back-

PS TAKE RAILWAYS. .

ING, Sept. 28-The Chinese nent has received an official n from Wei-Hsien stating that anese cavalrymen have started rd along the railway. It is bethe Japanese intend to capture

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THE STORY OF Waitstill Baxter

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1914

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

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Deacon Foxwell Baxter was completely nonplused for the first time in his life. He had never allowed "argyfyin'" in his household, and there had never been a clash of wills before this when he had not come off swiftly and brutally triumphant. This situation was complicated by the fact that he did not dare to apply the brakes as usual since there were more issues involved than ever before. He felt too stunned to deal properly with this daughter, having emptied all the vials of his wrath upon the other one and being, in consequence, somewhat enfeebled. It was always easy enough to cope with Patty, for her impertinence evoked such rage that the argument took care of itself, but this grave young woman was a different matter. There she sat composedly on the edge of her wooden chair, her head lifted high, her color coming and going, her eyes shining steadily like fixed stars; there she sat, calmly announcing her intention of leaving her father to shift for himself. Yet the skies seemed to have no thought of falling! He felt that he must make another effort to assert his authority.

'Now, you take off your coat," he said, the pipe in his hand trembling as he stirred nervously in his chair. "You take your coat right off an' set down to the supper table same as usual, do you hear? Eat your victuals an' then go to your bed an' git over this crazy at that Patience has started workin' in you. No more nonsense now! Do

as I 'tell you!" "I have made up my mind, father, and it's no use arguing. All who try to live with you fail sooner or later. You have had four children, father. One boy ran away; the other did not mind being drowned, I fear, since life was so hard at home. You have just turned the third child out for a sin of deceit and disobedience she would never have committed—for her nature is as clear as crystal-if you had ever loved her or considered her happiness. So I have done with you, unless in your old age God should bring you to such a pass that no one else will come to your assistance; then I'd see somehow that you were cared for and nursed and made comfortable. You are not an old man; you are strong and healthy, and you have plenty of money to get a good housekeeper. I should decide differently perhaps if all this were not

"You lie! I haven't got plenty of money!" And the deacon struck the an' actin'. Mebbe he won't take you, table a sudden blow that made the an' then where'll you be? You won't china in the cupboard rattle. "You've git under my roof again when you've no notion what this house costs me, an' the food for the stock, an' you two girls, an' labor at the store, an' the hayfield, an' the taxes an' insurance! I've slaved from sunrise to sunset, but I ain't hardly been able to lay up a cent. I s'pose the neighbors have been fillin' you full o' tales about my mis'able little savin's an' makin' 'em into fortune. Well, you won't git any of to do. If she laid aside her usual re-

em, I promise you that!" "You have plenty laid away. Everyit was not in the hope of convincing
her father, but for the bliss of putting body knows, so what's the use of denying it? Anyway, I don't want a penny of your money, father, so goodby. There's enough cooked to keep you for a couple of days," and Waitstill rose from her chair and drew on Oh, I have no fear of being turned out

Father and daughter confronted each to give him the joy I shall be bringing other, the secret fury of the man met | It's selfish to rob him of the chance to by the steady determination of the girl. The deacon was baffled, almost awed, by Waitstill's quiet self control, but at the very moment that he was half uncomprehendingly glaring at her, it dawned upon him that he was beaten, and that she was mistress of the

Where would she go? What were her plans? For definite plans she had, or she could not meet his eye with so resolute a gaze. If she did leave him how could he contrive to get her back again and so escape the scorn of the village, the averted look, the lessened

'Where are you goin' now?" he asked, and though he tried his best, he could not for the life of him keep back one final taunt. "I s'pose, like your sister, you've got a man in your eye?" He chose this, to him, impossible suggestion as being the most insulting one

that he could invent at the moment. "I have," replied Waitstill, "a man in my eye and in my heart. We should have been husband and wife before this had we not been kept apart by obstacles too stubborn for us to overcome. My way has chanced to open first, though it was none of my con-

Had the roof fallen in upon him the deacon could not have been more dumfounded. His tongue literally clove to the roof of his mouth. His face fell, and his mean, piercing eyes blinked under his shaggy brows as if seeking

Waitstill stirred the fire, closed the brick oven and put the teapot on the back of the stove, hung up the long handled dipper on its accustomed nail

over the sink and went to the door. Her father collected his scattered wits and pulled himself to his feet by the arms of the high backed rocker. "You shan't step outside this room till

you tell me where you're goin'," he said when he found his voice. "I have no wish to keep it secret. I am going to see if Mrs. Mason will keep me tonight. Tomorrow I shall walk down the river and get work at



[By Special Wire to the Courier] LONDON, Sept. 29 .- A picture of the sufferings of the German troops, cramped in miles of underground trenches and galleries along the Aisne river, is given by the Paris correspondent of the Daily Mail. He says that the autumn weather with its warm sunshine in the day time, damp nights and bitterly cold dawn, is extremely trying to the men who are compelled to spend every minute in the same section of the

minute in the same section of the camp, depressing trenches.

If the men step from their trenches to the level ground around, they do so at the risk of their lives. At night the chance of an unexpected attack from the allies' infantry are so great that every German soldier must be at his post in the narrowed ditch, which is home and defence, sleeping as best he may with his rifle. ing as best he may with his rifle at his side, ready to spring up at any moment at the alarms which

the mills, but on my way I shall stop at

the Boyntons' to tell Ivory I am ready

to marry him as soon as he's ready to

This was enough to stir the blood of

been blind as a bat an' deaf as an ad-

der!" And he gave the table another

ringing blow before he leaned on it to

gather strength. "Of course it would

be one o' that crazy Boynton crew

you'd take up with!" he roared. "Noth-

my duty is done here and I am ready

"Goin' to throw yourself at his head,

be you?" sneered the deacon. "By the

Lord, I don't know where you two

girls got these loose ways o' thinkin'

once left it, you can make up your

"If you have any doubts about Ivo-

Waitstill's tone had an exultant thrill

of certainty in it. She threw up her

head, glorying in what she was about

serve and voiced her thoughts openly

them into words and intoxicating her-

and watch the welcome I shall get.

by Ivory Boynton. I can hardly wait

speak first, but I'll do it!" And before

Deacon Baxter could cross the room

Waitstill was out of the kitchen door

House hill like an arrow shot free

into the shed and flying down Town

The deacon followed close behind, hardly knowing why, but he was no

match for the girl, and at last he stood

helpless on the steps of the shed, shak-

ing his fist and hurling terrible words

after her, words that it was fortunate

for her peace of mind she could not

"A curse upon you both!" he cried savagely. "Not satisfied with disobey-

in' an' defyin' me, you've put me to

shame, an' now you'll be settin' the neighbors ag'in me an' ruinin' my

trade. If you was freezin' in the snow

I wouldn't heave a blanket to you!

If you was starvin' I wouldn't fling

either of you a crust! Never shall you darken my doors again, an' never shall

you git a penny o' my money, not if

I have to throw it into the river to

Here his breath failed, and he stum-

bled out into the barn whimpering

between his broken sentences like a

"Here I am with nobody to milk, nor

feed the hens; nobody to churn tomor-

row, nor do the chores; a poor, mis'-

able creeter, deserted by my children, with nobody to do a hand's turn' 'thout

bein' paid for every step they take! I'll give 'em what they deserve. I

don' know what, but I'll be even with

'em yet." And the deacon set his Baxter jaw in a way that meant his deter-

(To be Continued).

mination to stop at nothing.

spite you!"

whipped child.

self by the sound of them.

ry's being willing to take me you'd

to help him."

mind to that!"

while I ask him.'

the deacon into one last fury.

and they are very wearing on the The trench system is most ela-borate. It constitutes a whole subterranean town with and thoroughfares, side streets and telephone wires running all along. There hundreds of thousands of men eat, live and sleep, so well concealed that from a little way down the hill in front, nothing is to be seen revealing the existence of the trenches event the hardly

he dencon into one last fury.
"I inight have guessed it if I hadn't HOW CIVILIZED NATIONS SHOULD PLAY WAR GAME

Some of the Rules of War Which

Two incidents of the Battle of Mons, mentioned in letters receive cloudy nights.

The nerves of the sentries are sorely tried. They mistake the most innocent sounds for French infantry creeping up. When a sentry, tricked by his nerves, firsh his rifle, he brings the whole advanced post up at double quick and they find that there has been a false alarm. Such alarms come half a dozen times on some rights and they are very wearing on the from the front, describe vivid inc dents of the battle. The firs tale is from a Gordon Highlander, he with a few others, became separated from the Germans, and in the dark ness nearly bayoneted two figure which blundered into them. A quick which blundered into them. A quick interchange in burning oaths revealed the fact the "Rubbert" and the two supposed enemies were life long school chums, who, since boyhood had rarely met. "Rubbert" had joined the Gordons, and his friends the Scots Greys. Their little party, augmented from time to time by other executives was treated with hospitalmented from time to time by other stragglers, was treated with hospital-ity by the French peasants, and after a weeks' chasing caught up with their main bodies and rejoined their regi-

concealed that from a little way down the hill in front, nothing is to be seen revealing the existence of the trenches except the hardly noticeable little bank of earth which is slightly raised above the level.

gain information concerning the strategical positions of the enemy, and in the interests of art and posterity there must be no reckless destruction of valuable property, such as churches or ancient buildings, whether public or private.

The laws of war also declare, among other things that only fortified cities shall be besieged. Open cities, towns or villages are not to be subjected to siege or bombardment.

SIR EDWARD CARSON OUT-

in the whole village?"

"You've never taken pains to make anything but enemiles, so what could we do?"

"You might as well go to live on the poor farm! Aaron Boyuton was a disreptable hound. Lois Boynton is as crazy as a loon, the boy is a nobody* child, an' Ivory's no better than a common pauper!"

"You've, strong, honorable man and a scholar too. I can work for him and help him earn and save, as I have you."

"How long's this been goin' on?"
The deacon was choking, but he meant to get to the bottom of things while he and the chance.

"It hasn't goue on at all. He has ever said a word to me, and I have ways obeyed your will in these mates, but you can hide hate. I know Ivoy' tes me, so I'm going to tell him that duty is done here and I am read's duty is done here and I am read

South Africa Can Never be a Training Ground for the Kaiser.

LONDON. Sept. 29—A despatch to the Reuter's Telegram Company from Capetown says that in the course of a speech addressed to five thousand people at the town of Bank. in the Transvaal. General Louis Botha, Premier of South Africa. emphasized the necessity of loyalty to the British Empire.

Declaring that the policy of neutrality was absolute nonsense, he pointed out that if a German warship came to Durban and imposed a levy of five million pounds sterling on them, it would help the people very little to say that they were neutral.

General Botha said that he was animated by a sincere love of his people and wished to put the position truly before them. There were only two courses open:

First. loyalty and help; second, disloyalty and treason. There was no middle course.

The German tortoise General Potha went on to say, had for once stuck its head too far out and was in grave danger of being trodden upon.

He justified the exportation of South Africans to support the Imperial government. He said he had information regarding German ambitions concerning South Africa which would make the hair of his hearers stand on end. The fact of the matter was that the German Emperor wanted to go

fact of the matter was that the German Emperor wanted to go down to posteriy as a second Napoleon. Incidentally, he also wanted a place to send Germany's surplus population and South Africa appealed to him as a suit-

The speech was received by the Boers with vociferous cheers and a resolution of confidence in Gneral Botha was carried by ac-

The Toronto Bureau of Municipal Research has recommended a shake-

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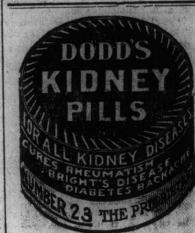
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RUSSIANS IN HUNGARY. RUSSIANS IN HUNGARY.

LONDON, Sept. 29.—An official communication issued at Budapest, according to a Rome despatch to the Exchange Telegram Company, admits that the Russians have succeeded in crossing the Hungarian frontier at several points in the Ung district, despite the fact that reinforcements have been sent against them. Ung is a country in the northeastern part of Hungary.



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GOD SAVE THE KING!