

DISTRICT

at which H. S. Clements, M. T., that preside.

Miss Louise Simpson, of Chatham, has been spending a few days in the village the guest of Mrs. Ab. Shaw.

Ed. Worth, Jr., of Toronto, is home for a brief vacation.

Browning Wallace was taken to the public hospital on Friday, stricken with typhoid.

The men engaged in cutting theor on the Coltart place have secured three honey-bee trees.

Physicians

prescribe it.

Abbey's Salt is regularly ordered

agnesia, Seidlitz Powders, Epsom

The medical profession at large

by physicians in place of Citrate of

Salts, Liver Pills and Mineral Waters.

recognizes the fact that Abbey's Salt

Conviction is an idea on fire.

UP-THE-CREEK.

KENT BRIDGE.

Mrs. McKelvie has returned from an extended holiday trip.

Miss Ila Aubrey, of Windsor, is spending her vacation at her home here.

Dr. Seighon was in Ridgetown on Wednesday.

Mrs. Wim. Huff and Miss Lulu have returned after a short visit in Detroit.

F. L. Arnoid left for Toronto Monday morning.

Mrs. B. Gregory spent the week end in Chatham.

Anniversary services will be held in Knox church Sept. 9. The speaker will be Rev. Nichols, B. A., of Wallaceburg. Monday evening a teameeting and concert will be given at which H. S. Clements, M. P., will preside.

Miss Louise Simpson, of Chatham,

Browning Wallace was taken to Browning Wallace was taken to

Nothing succeeds like success

The Girl and the Davenport By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

In the twilight of a secondhand shop on Royal street Van Holden saw. her first. She came toward him down an aisle of shadow between old mahogany sideboards and dusty armoires and laid her gray gloved hand upon one end of a quaint davenport en whose other end reposed the hand of Van Holden.

"This davenport," she said to the shopkeeper, "is the one you reserved for me, is it not?"
"Pardon me," said Van Holden firm-

ly—the davenport was genuine mahog-any and of a good shape—"I have just bought it."

The shopkeeper, a little creole with voluble eyes and a fierce mustache, looked from one to the other.
"Mais oui," he murmured politely,

"it is vair good davenpo't"—
"You promised yesterday afternoon," she said with icy dignity, "to reserve it for me. I must have it. I wish it upholstered in the green rep you showed me, and I want it by Thursday

She ignored his existence and drew a card from her case of snakeskin.
"Here is my address," she said,

scribbling something thereon, "and I will give you a check on delivery of the davenport. Eighty dollars I think you said?" Van Holden's sense of humor, as-

sisted by the pleasing picture of pale hair and gray eyes in a cool pale face against a background of cobwebbed walls, began to rise.
"I was to have had it for fifty," he

suggested plaintively.
"I will give you eighty for it," she said to the shopkeeper. And her face was noticeably less pale. "It ees vair good davenport," said

the shopkeeper, twisting his fierce mustache. "I pay hun'erd dollar fo' it.

but I take eighty. Yas, I take eighty."
"Oh, you do?" said Van Holden sar-castically. "What about the fifty I'm giving you? I suppose you take that too? Now, see here, my man." He smoothed out the check between his fingers.
"If you have paid for it," said the

lady icily, "I shall of course not take it. I had not understood"—

"Pray do not consider me in the matter," said Van Holden, with equal promptness. "I shall not take it now." He thrust the check into his vest pocket as the shopkeeper's dirty fingers closed clawlike over the lady's card. "Upholster in green rep? Varnish? Me, I lose \$20, yes-but-you take it-

I keep my word."
"No," said the l " said the lady; "I shall not take it. My card." She slipped it back in-to, the case. "I do not care for the davenport." She walked to the door, holding her skirts away from con-tamination, and turned into the hot,

narrow street, a slender figure in a gray gown and a gray hat with pale roses on the wide brim, Van Holden lit a cigarette in the interval of regarding the shopkeeper with a piercing interest. "Overreached yourself that time, Mr. Montague," he

remarked pleasantly. "Dose Yankees," said Mr. Montague

"I dare say," said Van Holden. He walked to the front of the shop, the creole at his heels, and a humorous smile twitched the corners of his mouth. That was a dirty trick of yours. And, by the way, you needn't send up that chair I looked at. I don't care to deal with you in future."

Mr. Montague shrugged his shoulders and lifted up his eyes. Van Holden turned on his heel and walked leisurely down the street, his annoyance lost in a sense of amusement. 'Dose Yankees,' " he echoed to him-

Then his meditation took the form of manifest approval. "She would have been a picture on that davenport after it was done in green, with her lo, Berden! Anything doing? Come over and have lunch at the Cosmopoli-

"That's where I'm going now." said Berden. "You are just the man I want. I'm taking the girls to lunch to-Molly has a girl visiting her, you know. You'll just round out the party and make us happy foursome. Oh, come on. And see here, Van-what about that deal you made in cotton

They sauntered down the street, deep suddenly. "Jove! I've got to go over to some blamed store and meet those girls. You go on and engage a table; that's a good fellow. Order the lunch, I do anyhow. I shan't be long."

darted off, like a distracted water bug in linen clothes and a panama, and Van Holden set forth his quest of a table. He found one in a cool corner of the dining room and consumed some time in the ordering of a luncheon that should combine deli-cacy and a good deal of ice.

When the waiter had left him, he thinking of the davenport girl, as no the travelers, constantinople, and the mused, "and self possessed—and, Lord, resemblance seems to have struck other travelers besides myself. Certain the morning mists are

about "the beauty of a blush to him who has caused it" and smiled to think that he had made her blush for

"Heigh-ho." he sighed, entirely with- more?-London Tatler.

den's voice was in his ears. "Wake up, boy! Look as if you were seeing ghosts, doesn't he, Molly? Miss Mc-Collough, Mr. Van Holden. Did you order lunch, old chap?"

"I did," said Van Holden steadily.
"It ought to be here in a moment.
Mrs. Berden, sit here; then the light
won't be in your eyes." He changed seats with her deftly

and faced across the white tablecloth, accusing gray eyes under a wide brimmed gray hat with pale roses. There was a hint of color in the face. "Say, Van," cried the irrepressible Berden, "you ought to hear Miss Mc-Collough's story of the way she was 'done' by an antique dealer today—promised to hold a desk or something

"Don't tell on me," pleaded Miss Mc-Collough nervously, "please, Mr. Ber-

"Oh, the joke's not on you," said Berden consolingly. "And when she went there she found a chap engaged in buying her piece—a very decent looking chap, she says."

"Do make him hush, Molly." Miss McCollough's glass of water answered a despairing and surreptitious push by flowing across the tablecloth on to Berden's knees.

Miss McCollough gasped. "Oh, that's all right," said Berden, jumping up. He beckoned a waiter and presently resumed his seat and his

"Chap was awfully good looking," he "Pardon me"— Van Holden began rattled on, "well dressed—manner-gain." what was his manner, Molly? Oh, yes, 'the perfection of indifference and the dearest smile.'"

The quick crimson swept up to the gray hat brim, but Berden was merci-

"She insisted on having the thing; so did he. She spoke of paying \$80 for it. He let out that he was getting it for \$50. I tell you those dealers are regular sharks. So she didn't take it, andlisten to this, Van Holden—she says she's willing to lose the furniture for the sake of the adventure-says she's found her affinity." "For pity's sake, Bobbie, hush!" cried

his wife. "Can't you see you're worrying Nora? Do eat your lunch." "Did the man get the desk, Miss Mc-Collough?" inquired Van Holden, with

courteous interest.

"Probably so. I left him there," she answered vindictively. "Mr. Berden, is the old Hotel Royal open to visitors?" "Why don't you go back and see?"

asked the man across the table insist-"The hotel?", she inquired, surprised.

"No; the antique store" "Because I am not sufficiently interested." Van Holden smiled confidently and applied himself to the salad.

With the arrival of the finger bowls the conversation by easy stages, in which Berden's new motor, the last regatta and a projected house party across the lake were discussed, came back to Miss McCollough's adventure.
"So you think the man bought your—

desk?" said Van Holden. "If he didn't -I'll wager he will." Mrs. Berden arose, shaking out her with a nose that is a wee bit puggy "If he saw his affinity as she and with a few freckles and an annoy

saw her," she laughed, "he may have bought it for her sake."

"I was thinking of that," said Van

saw her," she laughed, "he may have ing habit of blurting out your thoughts."

She married the third wooer. Being Holden

"And some day," said Mrs. Berden teasingly, "she may sit on it before his library fire—in a soft gray gown the davenport was to be upholstered

in dull green, you know."
"Don't be silly, Molly. We shall be late if you talk so long," Miss Mc-Collough insisted feverishly. "Well, you never can tell," said Ber-

"Anything might happen, eh, Van?"

"I should think that was quite possible," said Van Holden.

"Of course," said Berden. "Come up and see us, old chap." "We're going to motor out to west end for dinner tomorrow night. Don't you want to come?" echoed his wife. "I do," said Van Holden earnestly.
"But Miss McCollough hasn't asked

me yet."
"Will you come?" asked Miss Mc-Collough, with level defiance and something else in her gray eyes. That day Mr. Montague sold the

Greeley's Affectation

Merchant Shipping Act, 1894, which required that the offence must be committed on a British ship to bring the case under the court's jurisdiction, and he said the vessel was a Canadian. The plaintiff's counsel argued that the ship was British, the court concurred and the canain was fined for the assault There was a great deal of innocence in Horace Greeley as well as not a little affectation. He was rarely seen without one trousers leg carelessly the captain was fined for the assault, An Indiana mail carrier has patented caught in the upper part of his boot, and a necktie with a bow under his ear. Once in the public room of a an electric device which it is claimed an electric device which it is claimed will revolutionize the present system of reporting and dispatching trains. It is automatic. Each engine on the road equipped with this device is to carry a register which through the electrical transmission of information will show hotel a friend of Greeley's kindly pulled down the disarranged trousers leg and straightened the necktie. Greeley thanked him and soon after left the room. When in the course of half an hour he appeared in the street the trousers leg and the necktie had been carefully disarranged, and the man looked as negligent of things earthly straightened the necktie. Greeley regard to others and how his switches as he always looked. It was part of hat's a good fellow. Order the lunch, is pose as a man of genius to wear his trousers leg and his necktie as if he had put them on in a hurry while able to the greatest railroading safety device ever invented. sorbed in meditation. It was a harmless eccentricity.

Reads Like a Story.

A Clark Russell story in real life is reported from New Zealand. The Ta-viuni, a Pacific trading steamer, recent-The Romance of Lisbon.
Of Lisbon itself and beautiful Cintra viuni, a Pacific trading steamer, recently arrived at Auckland with two members of the crew of the Lord Templeton, a ship voyaging from Newcastle to Honolulu. They were Englishmen, and the rest of the crew were foreigners. Fights and quarrels among the latter were so frequent and violent that the Englishmen found life on board intolerable. So one night, in mid-Pacific, they seized a small boat and quietly left. They visited various islands and were kindly treated by the natives. After many adventures they reached Pater many adventures they reached Pater it is scarce necessary to write. Com-mander Shore in his book, "The Pleasant Springs in Portugal," says: "I be-lieve there is only one other European capital that can compare with Lisbon Vaguely he remembered something clinging to the shores, partly screening ter many adventures they reached Pa-peete, the principal French trading centre in the Pacific. There they were their beauties and lending to the scene the charm of mystery that Turner loved, Lisbon does seem like an en-chanted city." What could one say picked up by the Taviuni and taken to Auckland.

RED ROSE

what would the world to without tea? How the idea? How the it exist? I am glad I was not born before tea."

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I wish you could pay a visit to the Red Rose Tea warehouse—the largest in Canada—and see for yourself the great skill and care that is given to the blending and packing of this famous Tea. The testing room and the packing room (where automatic electric machines, which seem almost human, are used) would interest you greatly.

would interest you greatly.

If you ever visit St. John, it will be a pleasure to show you through; and after you see the care and cleanliness with which it is prepared, Red Rose Tea will taste even better than before.

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DISTRICT It is an interesting fact in the history of literary genres that two of the great examples of biographical writing occur

almost side by side. Less than a decade separates the completion of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" from the publica-

tion of his own life by Boswell. Yet with the latter book a new type of

biography came into being. Johnson, in the main, had, like most of his pred-

ecessors, followed a simple narrative and expository method, prefixing a plain story of the poet's life to a sys-

tematic account of his character and a

critical estimate of his works. He

gathered his facts and impressions to-

gether and spoke for the author and for himself. Boswell, on the other hand,

making use of a more dramatic meth-

od, succeeded in his attempt to let the

author reveal himself, and, instead of

an exposition of character, painted a picture of personality to which his own

comments were subordinate. What we see as a type of mind and character in

Johnson's work we see as a living man in Boswell.—William T. Brewster in

Now, there was a certain girl, and

she had three wooers. The first wooer said she was the whole world to him, but she frowned upon his suit. The

second wooer said she was the sun, moon and stars to him, but she bade

"To me," said the third, "you are a young woman of agreeable manners,

with eyes that might be a little bluer

pressed for an explanation of her con-

courage enough to tell me of my faults

throw them up to me afterward."-

Canadian Shin le British

nection with a case in which J. M. Rice.

Oakey, who appeared for the defendant, wished to discuss the subject of jurisdiction before entering into the merits

Safety Device For Railroads

him be on his way.

duct, she said:

NORTHWOOD.

Miss Vera Tompkins, of Huffman's

Miss Vera Tompkins, of Huffman's Corners, is visiting her aunt, Miss. J. G. Osterhout.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Osterhout visited friends in Louisville last Sunday.

Mr. Ben. Lenover leaves Wednesday for the Northwest.

Mrs. Chas. Ashman returned to her home in Thamesville last week, after spending a few weeks visiting friends and relatives here.

Mr. Peter Best is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Winters, in Louisville End prop ty

cupied the pulpit in St. Paul's, Sun-

J. D. McRitchie, Scotland, spent Sunday with friends here. Pearl Everitt and Kate Stuart are Spending the week in the Queen City. Geo. Smyth is the proud parent of

EAST DAWN.

UP-THE CREEK.

Lulu Toll, Blenheim, was the guest of Effic Burroughs Sunday.

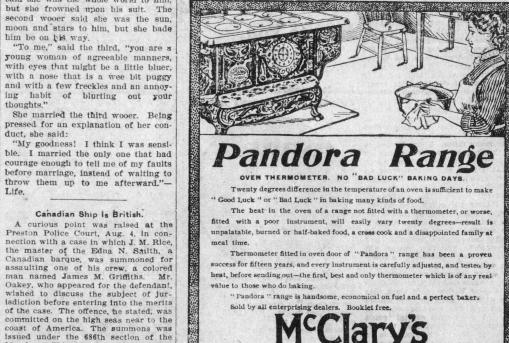
Will Ferguson, who has been very ill for some time, is now recovering.

R. McKillop and wife, of West Superior, are the guests of Mrs. J. M.

Houston.

John Downie, St. Louis, is visiting relatives on the creek.

The Rev. Mr. Rennie, Sanday (oc.



London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B.

H. MAUAULAY, Sole Agent

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READER Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you intending to marry? Has your blood been diseased? Have you are weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others will do for you. CONSULTATION FREE. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. BOOKS FREE—"The Golde Monitor" (illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Sealed Book on "Diseases of Woman". Free

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