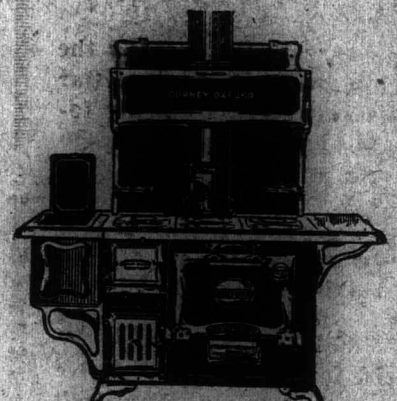


"THE ROYAL OXFORD"  
(FOUR HOLE)  
Price \$116.50



GURNEY-OXFORD "PRINCE"  
Price \$55.00

## All the Year Round Gurney Oxford Ranges

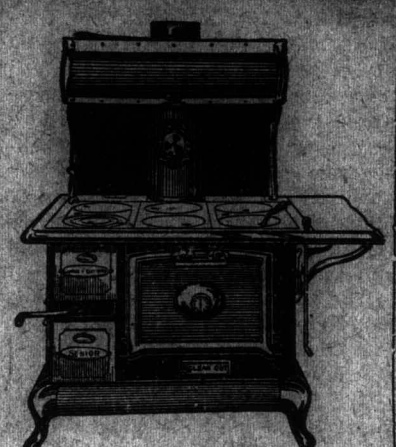
carry on, always ready to do your work in the quickest time with the least fuel. They require less cleaning, owing to the smooth polish finish.

The Gurney-Oxford Range is an all-season stove. Summer or Winter it is your servant, always ready and dependable.

Somewhere said "do not put off until tomorrow that which you can do today."

Why should you wait until Winter to buy your new range? Why not look them over now. Make your selection and we will put your name on it for Fall delivery. You can save money as we will protect you against an advance in price.

Just as sure as Winter is coming you will need a new stove, be prepared, take advantage of our offer—come in. We keep a full line of ranges on our floor all the time.



"SENIOR"  
Price \$110.00



"CHANCELLOR"  
Price \$142.00

**The John Lewis Co., Limited**  
Sanitary and Heating Engineers.  
Boilers, Pipe Fittings, Warm Air Furnaces, Ranges, Gas Ranges, Electrical Appliances, Tin-smithing, Pumping, Fittings, etc.  
265 Front Street.  
Belleville

### TWEED

Master Borden Rollins is holidaying at Ivanhoe this week.

Miss Amy Newton is spending a couple of weeks in Toronto.

Mrs. F. Dettlor has taken a position as saleslady with Hall Bros.

Mrs. Russell Frost, who has been ill for some time is convalescing at Miss Annie Frost's.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Harrison, of Havelock, spent a few days last week with her uncle, Mr. Wm. Hardy.

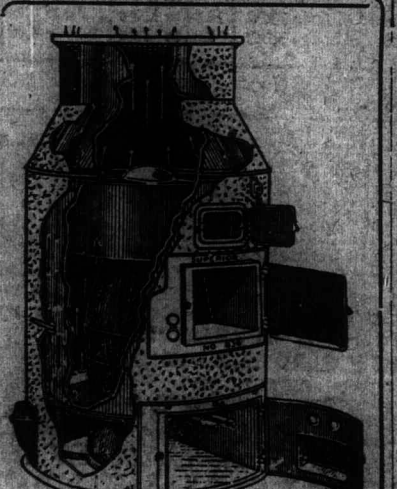
Miss R. Purvis, of Marlbank, has returned home after spending the past two months with friends in Belleville.

Mrs. (Rev.) A. E. Smart, accompanied by her two children, is spending a week with her mother at Newmarket.

Miss Ida Mains, of The News staff, is attending the Summer School at Albert College, Belleville, this week.

Mrs. R. E. Roy and children, of Trenton, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Fisher, of Lodgemoor.

Mr. Jas. Miller and family, of Sulphide, have moved to Tweed, and are occupying Mr. W. T. Hind's residence on Metcalfe St.



Mr. Farmer

How would you like a PIPELESS 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.

### CENTRE

Mrs. A. H. McCord and Mrs. B. McCoy, Belleville, are visiting their uncle, Mr. J. A. Howell, a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Redner and family motored to Picton on Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Lont and Mrs. K. Graham, Ameliasburg, spent Thursday with Mrs. D. T. Stafford.

Mrs. Wesley Coulter is visiting her brother, Albert Vandewater, Hamilton, for a few days.

Mrs. Richards, Oshawa, Miss Minnie Howell and Miss Annie Hancock, spent Friday afternoon with Mrs. D. T. Stafford.

### CARNEL

Sunday school was the only service at this appointment on Sunday. Several of the members of the

Orange Lodge attended church at Plainfield on Sunday.

Miss M. Jones and Master John Homan have returned home from attending summer school at Albert College.

Miss Wanda Reed is spending a few days at Hastings and Peterboro.

The ladies of the W.M.S. entertained the sister auxiliaries on Thursday last. Mrs. Empson gave a splendid report.

Mr. Milton Ross, of Saskatchewan, is spending a few weeks with his parents.

Mrs. A. Ross, who sustained a severe fall some days ago, is slowly improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Hess, also Mr. and Mrs. Prentice, Hastings, spent Sunday in this locality.

Miss M. Fairman, who has been visiting friends and relatives in this district, has returned to Rochester.

The annual S.S. picnic was held at Twelve o'clock Point on Tuesday last. All report a good time.

### MELROSE

Farmers are commencing to hope for fair weather during August.

Miss Chalmers, of Adolphustown, visited the home of her aunt, Mrs. Pringle, for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Baynes, of Thurlow, visited Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McKinney on Thursday last.

Miss Pearl Morden is visiting her sister, Mrs. Main prize, at Bowmanville.

Mrs. E. Simpkins and Mrs. Clem Haight were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sils on Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. V. Wager and Miss Blanche Stafford were guests of the latter's sister on Sunday last.

Mrs. George English and Mrs. Thomas Smith were guests of Mrs. E. Simpkins one day last week.

Mrs. Pringle is spending the week at Peterboro as guest of her brother, Mr. Davis.

Mrs. Buck and family have returned to their home in Norwood after spending a few weeks with Mr. Buck in Melrose.

Mrs. Corby, of Norwood, is stopping in Melrose for a time with her husband, who is employed in the box factory.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Mordau visited the latter's parents on Sunday last.

### SALEM

Mr. Jacob Clark, of Warkworth, visited at C. L. Carrick's on Sunday.

Mr. Walter Wannamaker had the misfortune to have a horse break his leg one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hennessy spent Sunday the guests of Bruce Hennessy, of Victoria.

Miss Irene Jackson visited at D.

tripped on Monday of this week.

The Rev. Mr. Campbell took dinner with C. M. Kemp's on Sunday.

Quite a number from this community enjoyed the social at Burr's on Friday. All report a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Neville Gooding and Mrs. Claude Gooding spent Sunday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Nightingale, of Roblin's Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Fox, of Picton, have returned home after spending a few days the guests of their daughter, Mrs. Claude Wannamaker.

## An Appeal to Your Heart and Brain

Editor Ontario—

The war is over, and its aftermath has left the people of Europe crushed—it is almost impossible to rejoice in our own victory when we think not only of the thousands of men left in physical and mental conditions sometimes worse than death, but of the hundreds of thousands in Europe who are near starvation, of the sick and despairing women, and the multitudes of wasted and joyless little children, all slowly perishing from famine and disease—and in this respect Allies and enemies suffer alike.

It is true there are those who say that the suffering, especially in Central Europe, is only fitting punishment for the evil done, but we must remember that these people knew nothing of their rulers' diplomacy—they shared the common ignorance as to the underlying causes of war.

besides, our own interests, our own futures are in danger; we know that disease and plagues are being added to the miseries of these wretched war victims, and disease and plagues know no national boundaries, they cross rivers and oceans, they strike rich and poor.

The war's "heritage of horror for little children"—to quote from a recent speech by Lord Robert Cecil—is indeed a terrible one, but we have another and a more fatal heritage from the war—a heritage of hatred, a hideous thing which is breeding intolerance and brutality, handicapping human progress in many and varied ways and steadily preparing the way for future wars.

It has always been the privilege and the natural vocation of women to comfort and to care for humanity—therefore it would seem that the efforts to change this spirit of hatred into a spirit of humanness, must surely be our immediate duty.

It is a task as urgent at the present time, as was the great work we carried on for the sick and wounded during the war, and if we do not at once undertake the lessons of the war will be lost and civilization itself may decay and fall.

Perhaps you ask: What can I do? Where shall we begin? May we suggest that as our men have already opened commercial relations with our former enemies for the sake of gain, we, as women, should stand on a higher plane and banish hatred from our hearts for the sake of humanity—only so will it be possible for us to understand and intelligently deal with the grave conditions of today.

Then let us help in the work of true reconstruction by seeing to it that the children of Canada are trained first of all to respect human life, and to this end we should protest against military drill in our schools, because it places emphasis on might and not on right. We should urge instead a system of physical training which will benefit girls as well as boys; also we should discourage the teaching of anything which tends to rouse hatred or scorn for other peoples.

The action of the women of Central Europe who have asked their governments to prohibit the making of military toys, such as tin soldiers, submarines, etc. might well be followed by us, and a campaign against the purchasing of such toys, in the meantime, would be of educational value.

In short, it should be our business to strip war of all its tinsel and its false glory, and instead of talking about "victories," we may show the world that war, itself, is the great atrocity.

Women of Canada, will you take up this civilizing work? Much can be done as individuals, more may be done through your organizations. Will you not at least try to achieve what men never can accomplish alone, the establishment of universal peace and freedom.

The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, Canadian Section (Toronto Branch) 92 Westminster Ave., Toronto.

STUDENTSHIP FOR QUEEN'S MAN  
C. H. Berkeley, of Belleville, a graduate in Arts of Queen's University, gets one of the studentships just awarded by the Honorary Advisory Council for Scientific and Industrial Research for 1920-21.

## WOODEN SPOIL

By VICTOR  
ROUSSEAU

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
IRWIN MYERS

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"Well, why should she not come here, Monsieur Tessier?" demanded Marie Dupont. "Have I so many friends in St. Boniface that I should turn from these few I have? In St. Boniface they are glad to see me. Is it so wrong that I should go there with my friend to dance sometimes, when the doors of St. Boniface are closed to me?"

The ringing seem in her voice was characteristic of some latest strength; she seemed to Hilary like one who has been hammered late strength upon the anvil of life.

Father Lucien released Nanette. "There, run along," he said, with pity in his voice. "Do not come here again, Nanette." He made a swift sign over her. "God be with thee, Nanette," he said gently.

The girl fled from him, sobbing, and Hilary could hear her sobs after she had been hidden by the pines.

"Where is thy father?" asked the girl.

"He has gone to the store," faltered the girl. "Monsieur Tessier."

"I shall say nothing," answered Father Lucien. "But do not let this happen again. Marie," he continued, "thou hast won the love of a good man."

Her face hardened, and she looked sternly at the priest.

"A girl should think long before refusing a good man who loves her," she cast her eyes down; and there was the incarnation of rebellious stubbornness in the rigid frown.

The captain's steps were heard, crushing the wood chips into the shingle. The old man came quickly forward into the arc of lamplight; quickly, as if he feared the realization of some terror emanating at his heart. For a moment Hilary saw the pale gray eyes with the same menace upon his own. Then Dupont knew him.

"Bonsieur, Monsieur Askew," he said, extending his hand.

He opened the cottage door, but the girl did not enter.

"Captain Dupont," he said, "there has been trouble between Monsieur Askew here and Monsieur Morris."

"I have heard of it," replied the captain.

"Ask him if he is willing to accept his orders from me," said Hilary.

The man translated, and the captain answered him, stroking his gray beard and speaking with slow emphasis.

"It is all right," said Father Lucien finally. "Captain Dupont takes his freight where he finds it. He takes from your company in accordance with his contract. He will not break it. If Monsieur Askew refuses his freight he can pick up all he needs on the south shore. You can rely on him."

Hilary felt deeply satisfied. If the captain was staunch, not Morris nor Brouseau nor all his men should prevent him from getting out a record setting before navigation closed.

"Tell Dupont we'll keep him busy," Hilary said.

When he was with Father Lucien upon their homeward way he asked him a question about a matter that had puzzled him.

"Why does Dupont look at me as if I were his mortal enemy?" he asked.

"Ah, Monsieur Askew," said the priest, "there is a story there. So he looks at every man when first he meets him. He fears for the girl Marie—and unfortunately he is right in his fears. For she has her mother's nature."

"It was many years ago, nearly twenty, I think, and before I came here, when Capt. Jules Dupont was a fisherman in St. Boniface. He was married to Marie Letailleur, who was much younger than he, and gay and thoughtless. People said it was an ill-made match; but she loved him, and they were happy."

"When he left his young bride to go sailing off Newfoundland the tongue wagged, but he trusted her, and when he returned there was the child Marie, and a warm welcome. So three years passed."

"When Jules Dupont returned the fourth year his wife was gone. With whom? Nobody knew. I know now that anyone in St. Boniface, but I never knew. Some wonder from the south shore; and six months later she was back with the child, pleading for forgiveness. He sheltered her until her death soon afterward. Since then his life has been that Marie will make her mother's nature."

He never makes a voyage but he returns in fear and haste. And he wishes her to marry Jean-Marie Baptiste, who loves her—but who have seen tonight to what her mind is turning."

"The woman eyes her mother's face, and their doubts have made her secretive and solitary. And it is lonely here, and St. Marie's—near Monsieur Askew, you saw the girl Nanette. Is it from St. Joseph, of decent parents, who mourn for her. She was lured from her home to St. Marie."

and I have years that some one is using her as a tool to get the girl Marie Dupont into his clutches. But what can I do save watch and wait?"

"Therefore, Monsieur Askew," continued Father Lucien, much agitated, "I implore you to prevent this evil from spreading to St. Boniface. It is Brouseau who debauches these poor people there. It is he who is responsible for all this evil. He cares nothing for the people, so long as he yields their votes for his creature in the parliament at Quebec. And this, monsieur, was chiefly the cause of my wait to you tonight, to urge you to keep the brandy and the dance halls out of St. Boniface, for I hear it being said that one of the Duvals boasts he will open a dance hall there."

"No brandy shall be sold on the St. Boniface property, Father Lucien."

"I am glad, monsieur," answered the priest. "But Simon, Duval and his brother Louis boast of Brouseau's protection, and they are dangerous men."

"You have my promise," said Hilary, "that they shall not sell liquor in St. Boniface. And by heaven I'll smash any man who tries to corrupt my people!" he added, with a vehemence that surprised himself.

Hilary slept poorly that night. Trouble seemed to be thickening about him. Had he, indeed, the power to handle these wild people whose very tongue he could hardly understand?

Then, out of the darkness, these faces in vivid portrayal, the face of Madeleine Romy. He admitted now how much they meant to him, enough to make any venture worth the while. He thought of their last meeting; and in spite of it he dared to dream of a happier one to come.

Before he fell asleep he had decided to go to Quebec and try to secure some jobber to take over Leblanc's lease. At the same time he would look up the land records and get an accurate idea of the extent of the Romy seignior.

Characteristically, he put his plan into practice two days later, when the down boat arrived, instructing Lefe to hold up the dynamiting till his return. Lefe saw him off, and he had hardly arrived on board before discovering that Morris had embarked at St. Marie.

Hilary suspected him of having learned of his plan and spying on him. The two men eyed each other, but did not speak.

Hilary put up at the Frontenac and, having business with the customs office with reference to a shipment of machinery, a small matter requiring a receipt, he called there, and was disgusted to see Morris coming out and spying on him. The two men eyed each other, but did not speak.

He failed entirely in his attempts to get a jobber to replace Leblanc's tract. There were plenty of small men willing to do so, on the installment system, but none willing to risk an immediate investment on a territory with such a reputation as St. Boniface had unjustly acquired.

Hilary knew he had to thank Morris for that. He returned to St. Boniface next day with only one thing accomplished. He had seen the land map and ascertained that the upper reaches of Rocky river had been surveyed and that the creek was wholly on his own land. He found, too, with some surprise, that a large island out in the Gulf was part of the Romy domain. It had not appeared on Morris' rough map.

Lefe, who met him at the wharf, looked worried.

"I'm glad you've come," he said, as they drove to the mill together. "Things were pretty bad on Saturday night."

"They're striking?"

"No, Mr. Askew. That's the brightest point in the situation. MacPherson, the foreman, tells me that it's called off. Brouseau's dropped that maneuver, for some reason of his own."

"What's the trouble, then?"

"I guess Brouseau's off on another tack," Mr. Askew. All the hands were over to St. Marie, on Saturday night by special invitation from Simon Duval, who owns the biggest dance hall there. There was free drinks for everybody, and the whole place was in an uproar till Sunday morning. Not a stroke of work has been done here till yesterday, which means a four-day week. The men are only just sobering up now."

"However, that ain't the worst, by a long sight. It's a sort of open secret that they're going to open up St. Boniface wide, and Simon's—"

"You mean Simon has dared to start?" cried Hilary angrily.

"Not yet," said Lefe. "There ain't no more liquor being sold here than usual—yet. But they're going to open up if they can. Simon's brother Louis has rented that house by the old stable that Jean Baptiste used to occupy last year before it began to go to pieces, and he's going to have a dance hall there and sell brandy—"

"Not if I have anything to say," he answered. "No me," said Lefe. "The trouble is, where do we start in? We can't fight the whole town single-handed. I was wondering whether we couldn't wire the revenue people—"

"No!" said Hilary sharply. "We'll fight our own battles, Lefe."

Lefe subsided in a hurt sort of way. The evidence of demoralization was obvious in St. Boniface. The men were slow and surly, the women sullen, utterly and hopelessly-looking. It was clear that they had little hope Hilary could counter this new project. Hilary was aware of a feeling in the air, as if he were being tested. He saw as if he were being tested. He saw as if he were being tested. He saw as if he were being tested.

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## THE MARKETS

TORONTO, July 13.—Quotations on the Board of Trade yesterday were as follows:

Manitoba Wheat (in Store, Ft. William). No. 1 northern, \$1.15. No. 2 northern, \$1.12. No. 3 northern, \$1.10. No. 4 northern, \$1.08. No. 5 northern, \$1.06. No. 6 northern, \$1.04. No. 7 northern, \$1.02. No. 8 northern, \$1.00. No. 9 northern, \$0.98. No. 10 northern, \$0.96. No. 11 northern, \$0.94. No. 12 northern, \$0.92. No. 13 northern, \$0.90. No. 14 northern, \$0.88. No. 15 northern, \$0.86. No. 16 northern, \$0.84. No. 17 northern, \$0.82. No. 18 northern, \$0.80. No. 19 northern, \$0.78. No. 20 northern, \$0.76. No. 21 northern, \$0.74. No. 22 northern, \$0.72. No. 23 northern, \$0.70. No. 24 northern, \$0.68. No. 25 northern, \$0.66. No. 26 northern, \$0.64. No. 27 northern, \$0.62. No. 28 northern, \$0.