

WHEN MYRA FORGAVE

By ROSE RAWSON

Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague

The ice was in splendid condition, and carefully avoiding the people she knew in the crowd about the boat landing Myra struck out with long, powerful strokes for up the river.

She was in no mood for company. She wanted to be alone and think things over. It is a serious thing when a girl gives back her first engagement ring and informs the donor that she never wants to see him again. That experience had come to Myra that afternoon.

It had all been ridiculously foolish. Tom had scoffed at her for having joined the Browning club, declaring Browning to be a prize puzzler and not a poet. She had taken offense, and they had had their first quarrel. She



HE WAS LOOKING STRAIGHT AHEAD, AND IN THE DUSK HE PASSED HER.

had given back his ring and he had gone off in a dudgeon, leaving her with the afternoon on her hands. They had planned to skate to Riverdale, five miles up the river; have supper there and skate back by moonlight. Now it was all spoiled and she must skate alone.

She was fond of the ice, and the swift motion and the bracing air soon put her in a more pleasant frame of mind. Perhaps she had been hasty in giving back the ring, but then it is not every day that one is elected the president of the literary club, and he might at least have congratulated her upon her victory over Nettie Doran.

She had been so engrossed with her thoughts that it was with surprise that she found she had entered the "cut," more than two miles from the landing. Here the river ran between steep bluffs for three-quarters of a mile, and she shuddered a little as she glanced at the cliffs on either side. She never had noticed it before, but now they seemed so black and forbidding.

She was still glancing up as her skate struck a bit of wood frozen into the ice, and with a cry she sank to the glassy surface. She struggled to her feet, but with another little moan she sank to one knee; she had sprained her left ankle.

Several times she essayed to rise, but each time her ankle hurt her more, and finally she desisted and crept on hands and knees to the bank. Perhaps some of the others would take it into their heads to skate up and they would give her help. If no one came she would try to creep back after she had rested.

But after an hour she gave up hope of help coming. She was so numb she could scarcely move. She began to cry softly. If she could not get to the lower end of the cut, where she might attract attention of some one on shore, she might freeze to death.

With infinite labor she crawled a few feet, but she had to give up and sit down again. Perhaps they might miss her at the landing and remember that she had gone up the river. They would send out a searching party for her. It might be an hour or more before she could hope for help, but the idea brought her some comfort, though it did not check the flow of tears.

When her quick ear caught the welcome sound of the ring of steel on the hard ice and she tried to struggle to her feet.

Around the bend above Tom Runyon came with powerful strokes. He was looking straight ahead, and in the dusk he passed her. Before she could gain the courage to call to him he stopped suddenly and turned. In a flash he was at her side, kneeling before her.

"What's the matter, dear?" he asked.

"Are you hurt?"

"I've sprained my ankle," she sobbed, "and I'm tired and cold and hungry, and it hurts an awful lot. I'm so miserable."

"How long have you been here?" he asked.

"Hours," she moaned. "It seems like days, and it's so black and lonesome." "Poor little girl!" he said tenderly. "I'll soon have you out of it. I'll skate down to the landing and borrow a sled."

She grasped his coat in terror. "Don't leave me!" she pleaded. "I think I would go crazy!"

"It would take only ten minutes or so," he argued, but she kept a convulsive hold upon his coat. Presently an idea struck him.

"Can you stand on your other foot?" he asked. "Will it bear your weight?"

For answer she put out her hands, and he helped her to rise. She winced as the lame foot struck the ice, but she smiled bravely.

"I think I can," she said.

Tom dropped on one knee and started to unfasten the skate on the injured foot. The ankle was so swollen that he had to cut the strap through, but presently he rose and grasped her hands.

"Now keep the foot up," he commanded, "and let me tow you."

It was a little awkward at first. They skated together nicely, but now she could not take a stroke, merely sliding along upon the single runner and leaning heavily against him for support. Under his coaching she soon caught the idea, and presently they were swinging along at a good pace.

The injured foot ached with the motion and weight of the boat, but it was comforting to feel Tom's strong hand clasp and to lean against his shoulder as they sped along.

Somehow she had never realized what a strong man he was until she felt herself being carried along almost without an effort. It was less than ten minutes before they came in sight of the town as they turned the last curve.

"Looks kind of good, doesn't it?" he laughed as she gave a cry of delight.

"I thought I never should see it again," she confessed. "I had almost given up hope."

"Lucky thing I had to go to Riverdale," he commented. "I had given up the idea, but Johnson took me up in his rig to look at a horse he wants to sell me, and I took my skates along."

"I'm glad it was you," she murmured.

"Are you?" he asked in surprise. "I thought you would have had almost any one else rescue you."

"I did feel that way for a moment," she confessed. "When I first saw it was you. I wonder why you turned around."

"Something seemed to stop me," he explained. "It was a funny sort of feeling. I just seemed to see you behind me, and I had to turn around to make certain. It seemed almost as if a great hand made me stop."

"I think it was fate," she said softly.

"Maybe I sort of half saw you and was not conscious of it until I had passed you," he suggested.

"I would rather believe it was fate," she persisted.

"So would I," he said soberly. "Here's the landing."

The crowd had left the ice and had gone home to supper. There were no sleds around, so he slipped off his skates and caught her up in his arms.

"It's only a couple of blocks," he said. "We'll get home more quickly this way."

She did not make any comment until he had carried her into the house and had bestowed her comfortably upon the sofa. As he turned to go she spoke his name softly. He turned back.

"Will you be over after tea?" she asked.

"Surely," he answered. "I shall want to know how you are getting along."

"Will you bring the ring," she whispered.

"I have it right here!" he cried out eagerly.

For answer she stretched out her hand, and he slipped it on.

"This makes me think of the only Browning I know," he laughed. "Remember:

"There's a time in the lives of most women and men
When all would go smooth and even
If only the dead knew when
To come back and be forgiven."

"I forgave you long before that," she whispered. "I care more for you than I do for Browning."

Appealing Conscience.

"In my morning walks," remarked a Brooklyn clergyman in referring to his vacation, "I had as a companion an elderly gentleman, whose acquaintance I prized highly. After a cross country ramble of five miles one hot afternoon we stopped at a farmhouse for a drink of milk. I drained my glass, and how refreshing it was! But the old gentleman drank lightly and set his glass down with a goodly portion of the rich milk untouched.

"Very fine drink," he said as we resumed our jaunt.

"Then why didn't you drink all of it?" I asked.

"That's the way I make my contribution to the conscience fund," he explained seriously. "When I was a boy

I worked on a farm and was taught always, after rising, to leave a little water in the milk cans."—New York Times.

Men With Women's Voices.

Generally speaking, races living at high altitudes have weaker and more highly pitched voices than those living in regions where the supply of oxygen is more plentiful. Thus among the Indians living on the plateau between the ranges of the Andes, at an elevation of from ten to fourteen thousand feet, the men have voices like women and the women like children, and their singing is a shrill monotone. The Australian native has a weak voice, but a knack of sending it a long distance, and the lowest tribes of African bushmen also possess weak voices. Of all human beings it would seem that the dwarf race discovered by Stanley in central Africa have, in point of volume and compass, the weakest of human voices, and this is only what one would expect from the feebleness of their physique generally.

Modern Love.

Anxious Father—But do you feel sure that you can make my daughter happy? Calm Youth—I haven't thought about that. But I have finally decided that she can make me happy.—Somerville Journal.

Destroying Money.

Paper money is nothing but a promise to pay so much coin. If you destroy a five dollar note, for instance, you simply release the government or the bank which issued the note from the payment of the \$5 in gold which the note called for. Of course, therefore, you are not punishable in any manner for destroying the note if it is your own. There is no penalty for mutilating gold or silver coin if you keep it in your own possession, but as you have thereby destroyed a considerable part of its value you must not try to pass it at par after the mutilation.

Too Suggestive.

In a small town in California a hospital was erected on Salspuedes street, and the board of directors, in lieu of something better, suggested that the hospital bear the name of the street. One more cautious than the rest suggested that it would be well to know the meaning of such a name before making indiscriminate use of it, and it is to this man that the success of the hospital is due, for on finding that Salspuedes meant "get out if you can," the name was hastily changed to something less suggestive of "who enters here, leaves hope behind."—Argonaut.

Altered in Repairing.

A man in Chicago, says a writer in Judge, found himself in the chair of a strange barber, to whom his features, although unfamiliar, seemed to carry some reminiscent suggestion.

"Have you been here before?" asked the hair cutter.

"Once," said the man.

"Strange I do not recognize your face."

"Not at all," said the man. "It changed a good deal as it healed."

To See Plainly.

The more I think of it I find this conclusion more impressed upon me, that the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy and religion—all in one.—Ruskin.

English Humor.

The English brand of humor is sedate and stately. It is not intended to be laughed at. The man who would laugh at Punch would go into hysterics at a funeral. Punch's notion of humor is altogether too sublime for any place outside of an English drawing room.—Bobcaygeon Independent, Ontario.

Humorists.

Humorists frequently have sad faces, but humorists are not sad because they are humorists. They are humorists because they are sad. Humor is born of acute sympathy.—Keble Howard in Sketch.

The trickster is always proud of his tact.



Wilson's FLY PADS

ONE PACKET HAS ACTUALLY KILLED A BUSH OF FLIES

Sold by all Druggists and General Stores and by mail.

TEN CENTS PER PACKET FROM

ARCHDALE WILSON,

HAMILTON, ONT.

OLD TIME SEA COOKS

THEIR DUTIES AND PERQUISITES IN THE BRITISH NAVY.

Many Sources of Revenue For the Boats of the Gallies—There Were Other Things They Had to Do Besides Preparing the Meals.

Sea cooks were and are very necessary persons in the internal economy of the ship of war, but there were rogues among them as among all classes of men, says the London Globe. There were sea cooks who rose by the aid of influence and knavery to very lucrative positions. Lord Nottingham, when lord high admiral, gave a patent to his own cook to appoint all the cooks in the navy.

Stewards, purveyors, cooks and bakers are classed together by one writer as the chief beneficiaries under the system of speculation and perquisites which at one time made the navy so happy a hunting ground for the rascals of the country. But they were not all permitted to ply their trade with impunity, and one sea cook got seven years' hard labor from Sir John Fielding for a long series of frauds. And in sentencing the man the judge expressed his regret that he could not order him to be hanged at the hospital gates.

Pea soup was generally the best ration the men had and was certainly the most liked. Potatoes were always served in the skins, sometimes two to each man, and a good natured cook was frequently prevailed upon to cook cakes and duffs that the men had made themselves, demanding for his services either a pot of grog or a portion of the dish he cooked.

Sometimes, however, he could only be bribed by money, and in that way increased his pay of 35 shillings a month, in addition to which he was nearly always in receipt of a pension of 11s. 8d. per month. Besides these sources of revenue he also made a good deal of money from the sale of "slush," the fat scraped from the ship's coppers after each meal had been served, and half of which was his perquisite. The other half belonged to the ship for greasing the bottom and running tackle.

The ship's cook was, moreover, honored with a guard of two marines, who stood sentry over the door of the galley during the preparation of meals to prevent unwarranted raids upon the provisions by ship's thieves; he did not wear a uniform nor was he expected to keep watch, being allowed to sleep in comfort and comparative privacy throughout the night on the lower gun deck. But, on the other hand, he had some duties not connected with food, among them the preparation when the ship was in port of a hot poker for firing salutes.

And it was an established custom of the navy that the ship was not properly paid off until the pennant was struck by the cook. This operation he was expected to perform as the last officer of the ship, and until he had done it no officer could consider himself discharged or at liberty to leave the port. This rule held good though every seaman had left the ship, and sometimes the cook himself, in a fit of absentmindedness, went off without carrying out the task, and had to be routed out again before the incensed officers could leave for their homes. There will be seamen alive today who have heard the phrase, "Every man to his station, and the cook to the foresheet," and the landsman who has read Marryat will always connect the man of the galley with the famous phrase, "Son of a sea cook."

In addition to the ship's cook, of course, there were, as now, the mess cooks, men who were appointed by the seamen themselves to be presidents of the messes for the week, and who had to receive the provisions for the mess from the purser at the daily issuing of victuals and who had to hand these on to the ship's cook in good time. As compensation for his trouble the mess cook drew a cook's, or double, portion of grog, and he deserved it, for his duties were arduous and his critics severe.

If he spoiled the duff he was tried by a jury of the mess, and this jury was gathered by hoisting a mess swab or beating a tin dish between decks forward. He was condemned to most painful punishments if found guilty. He was also the carver for the mess, and in order to prevent favoritism a blindfolded member of the mess was required to call out the name of the person who was to receive the portion as it was placed on the plate. Small or large, that portion was given to the man named, and probably no more satisfactory method of dealing with the question could have been found.

Appropriate.

"You in the hotel business?" snorted Dumley's friend. "Why, you were never intended for a hotel man."

"Maybe not," replied Dumley, "but I'm in for it now. I notice all the swell hotels have a motto, and I thought you might suggest—"

"Better make yours, 'Mistakes will happen.'"

County of Lambton.)

Treasurers' Notice as to Lands

Liable for Sale for Taxes

A. D., 1906.

TAKE NOTICE that the list of lands in the County of Lambton liable for sale for taxes by the Treasurer of the County, has been prepared by me, and that copies thereof may be had in the office of the Treasurer of the County of Lambton in the County Buildings on Christina Street in the town of Sarnia.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that the list of lands liable for sale as aforesaid is now being published in the Ontario Gazette in the issue thereof bearing date the 28th day of July and 4th, 11th and 18th days of August, A. D., 1906.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that in default of payment of the taxes in arrear upon the lands specified in said list together with the costs chargeable thereon as set forth in the said list so being published in the Ontario Gazette before the day fixed for the sale of such lands, being the 31st day of October, A. D., 1906, the said lands will be sold for taxes pursuant to the terms of the advertisement in the Ontario Gazette.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that this publication is made pursuant to "The Assessment Act, Edward VII Chap. 22" and amendments.

DATED at Sarnia this 28th day of July, A. D., 1906.

HENRY INGRAM,
Treasurer Lambton County,

at-131

Voters' List--1906.

Municipality of the Village of

Watford, County of Lambton.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in sections 8 and 9 of "The Ontario Voters' List Act," the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised assessment roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections, and that said list was first posted up at my office at Watford on the 31st day of July, 1906, and remains there for inspection.

Elections are called upon to examine said list, and, if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have said errors corrected according to law.

W. S. FULLEA,
Clerk of Watford.

MUSICAL

HEADQUARTERS.

Schlemmer's New Store

PIANOS, ORGANS,

SEWING MACHINES,

THE BELL PIANO,

Made in Canada.

Unsurpassed by any.

Leading Makes in Organs.

We handle the Sewing Machines that satisfy. Reliable, Tested and Substantial.

Everything in the line of sheet music and musical supplies at popular prices. Sole Agent for Berliner and Victor Gramophones—Get the Best.

Agent for CHATHAM INCUBATOR.

H. SCHLEMMER,

OPPOSITE SWIFT BRO.

Delicious Ice Cream

—AND—

Ice Cream Soda.

—AND—

Summer Beverages of All Kinds

— x x —

Choice Confectionery.

Bon Bons,

Fruits and Nuts.

Fresh Crop.

— x x —

CIGARS

The Best Brands, popular with smokers who appreciate something good.

— x x —

Special attention paid to

WEDDING CAKE ORDERS.

— x x —

Everything Fresh and Reliable.

PEARCE BROS.

South End Bakery,

STAGE LINES.

WATFORD AND WARWICK STAGE LEAVES

Warwick Village every morning except Sunday, reaching Watford at 11.30 a. m. Returning to Warwick at 9.45 p. m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms. D. M. Ross, Prop.

WATFORD AND ARKONA STAGE LEAVES

Arkona at 9 a. m. Watford at 10.10 a. m. Returning leaves Watford at 9.45 p. m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms. —THEO—

WILSON Proprietor