

## Testing Prudence

.....By M. J. PHILLIPS

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Berkeley Marshall leaned luxuriously back in the shady chair, hoisted his feet to the bed and blew a ring of smoke ceilingward from his cigar. "To recapitulate," he began, directing his remarks to the calendar which hung on the wall and from which stared back at him the face of a supposedly beautiful young woman with a fixed and sugary smile, "your left ear is soundly out of drawing. I beg your pardon, I'm not an artist. I'm a civil engineer—or will be next June. And that isn't what I started out to remark."

"To recapitulate, I have peddled maps over three states, and the net profits of these adventures are \$531.62. I have a steady job during the college year waiting on table at three per cent and found. Furthermore, I have a dress suit and clothes and ties and things. Further yet, I have an invitation from my cousin, Torrence Marshall, to spend a week with him at Sylvan Cove, the swellest resort on this little old ocean. It is now Saturday night, Sept. 15, and college opens up the 25th."

"The question seems to be shall I go on peddling maps and accumulating more filthy lucre, which I may possibly need; shall I go home, which is 300 miles away; to college, which is 450, or to Sylvan Cove, which is under a hundred and where pretty young women, it is presumed, abound?"

In due parliamentary form the Sylvan Cove question was put and carried unanimously, whereupon the boy—he was little more than a boy—went to the calendar and thanked her for her kindness in voting with him. Then he ran down the stairs of the country hotel to consult the time table, for he was in a hurry to be off.

Marshall found Sylvan Cove in the elaborate simplicity stage of summer resort development. Everything was costly, but very plain, for the Cove was inhabited each season mainly by wealthy people who had become accustomed to their money.

On the first day of his stay Marshall halfly confided to his cousin that he believed Prudence Fairchild to be the prettiest girl at the Cove, whereupon Torrence grinned and replied, "Stung, are you?" On the second day he learned that she could swim like a seal and golf like a Scot. That evening, by virtue of four dances which she generously gave him at the pavilion party, his stock of knowledge was augmented by the fact that Miss Prudence danced like a fairy.

His approval of the tanned, red-lipped and wholesome young woman deepened during a long sail the next morning, when he discovered that her taste in books and tennis rackets was identical with his own. When Torrence informed him later, however, that her father, Rufus Fairchild, was credited with more millions than there were letters to his name the young man experienced a novel and entirely unpleasant sinking of the heart.

His own financial situation did not trouble Marshall—in fact, he found humor in his poverty. Marshall's father had been rich until an industrial flurry had left him broken and penniless. Berkeley himself, a natural engineer and in love with the profession he had chosen, felt the present stir of genius within him, vague but real. His teachers predicted great things of him, and with the knowledge of his own powers and his burning desire to achieve, fame and wealth were merely around the next corner.

Yet the fact of Miss Fairchild's wealth depressed him. "I've almost monopolized her since I've been here," he told himself, "and she'll think it's the blooming money. I suppose half this bunch that's hanging around her would marry a Digger Indian for the old man's pile. I wish she were poor!" The latter aggrieved and sincere remark revealed to Marshall that he was dangerously near being in love.

A certain sensitive pride, for he had a morbid fear that his attitude might be misconstrued, kept Marshall out of the girl's presence most of the time thereafter. Maybe she understood, for the possession of much money often brings a woman bitter wisdom; maybe it was a feminine desire to repay him for his aloofness; at any rate, Miss Fairchild contrived to give Marshall a glance at parting, as he held her cool little hand, that thrilled his every pulse. It was like the song of a nightingale or the scent of June roses. And the memory moved him again and again that winter as he built theoretical bridges in the class room or delivered vegetable soup in the hotel dining room.

Now, a look such as that from a girl who is not a flirt dwells in her memory too. Miss Fairchild's cheeks were hot sometimes when she thought of it and of the answering glance of bewildered boy that flashed from Marshall's blue



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eyes. "He might take advantage of it," she said to herself in brief, delicious panic when the invitation of a chum, Nell Burrows, to come for the January hop of the seniors at Marshall's college reached her. But she went nevertheless.

The assurance with which he confiscated five of the dances on her card at the ball showed that Marshall remembered. They sat out two, which was delightful, but dangerous. There was little said, and the silence between them was intimate and significant.

Removed from the glamour of the lights and the music, from the half shielded promise of her eyes and the intoxication of her beauty, Marshall was not satisfied. "If she were only poor!" he repeated to himself. "How can she know that it's she I want and not the money? Suppose that she thinks I'm a fortune hunter? And if the money makes any difference with her, then she doesn't care for me. I wish I knew. If you only could give me a sign, sweetheart, that you had faith in my love!"

It was lunchtime, and Marshall was at his accustomed table in the hotel. His musings were broken by the opening of the door. Miss Fairchild and Miss Burrows came in. They were accompanied by Bronson and Carrick, wealthy frat men of his own class.

Out of the corner of his eye Marshall

saw Miss Fairchild start a trifle when she recognized him. When the party had been seated two tables away by young Condon, another student waiter, the girl's back was toward him. He had given her no opportunity for a greeting.

For it had flashed over the young man that the sign, either of favor or of contempt for his poverty and his menial occupation, must be given. The girl would show whether her nature were gold or dross. If she were ashamed of him, if she left the room without a word, he resolved to tear the love he felt from his heart and trample it under foot.

Marshall never knew what he did before the crucial time came, the moment of the party's rising from the table after lunch, but no detail of what followed escaped him. He saw the amused lift of Bronson's eyebrows, the scowl on Carrick's forehead and Miss Burrows' undisguised interest as Prudence Fairchild, eyes softly shining, came back to where he stood.

"If the mountain will not go to Mohammed," she said smilingly, "then of course Mohammed must come to the mountain. And I mean to quarrel with you some time for turning your back when I came in. But I shan't scold now; I'm leaving for home tomorrow, and I wondered if I'll see you again."

"I will call tonight to say goodbye," he replied eagerly, "and I have something important to say, if I may see you alone. I think I've been waiting all my life to say it."

Her glance thrilled him as it had that September day at the seashore.

"You may see me alone," she whispered.

### The Florentine Epicure.

Your typical Florentine is epicurean to the top tips. His enthusiasms and yearnings are quite other than those of the northerner. Give him 2 francs a day for life, and he will toil no more. He may be a marquis and seventh or eighth in direct descent, but he will be content to forego the assertion of his rank so he may thenceforward enjoy the priceless boon of leisure and independence. His leisure he will dissipate at the cafe with perhaps two three-halfpenny sweet fluids per diem, and you may study the effect of his independence in his courtly manners even though his hat be worn at the brim and his coat back be deplorably shiny. He is a pellucid brook, shallow as you please, yet engaging for his pellucidity. As he sits on the red velvet cushions and looks forth at the carriages and gowns of fashion in the Via Tornabuoni he shows no trace of envy on his open countenance. What, in effect, have these rich ones more than he save the ennui of modishness and the indigestion of high feeding? The monuments and blue skies of Florence, not to mention the glorious or stirring memories of its history, are rather more his than theirs.—Cornhill Magazine.

### Disraeli's Retirement.

In 1876 Mr. Disraeli was raised by the queen to the peerage under the title of Lord Beaconsfield, and he left the house of commons before the news of his elevation to the house of lords had been made public. His withdrawal from the stage where he had played so long the leading part in a manner obviously devised to avoid any sort of ovation was in accordance with the dignity which characterized the remaining years of his life after the defeat of the Conservatives, when the general election of 1880, in consequence of the Midlothian campaign, had terminated his public career. No applicant for his opinions on any subject ever received a postal card from Lord Beaconsfield. No speech was ever made by him at railway stations. He died in 1881 as he had lived—alone, a stranger amid a strange people. After his death his memory became to English Conservatives an object of almost sentimental affection; to English Radicals it remained an object of never failing animosity. But to Englishmen of all politics, to Conservatives and Liberals alike, his life continues to be a constant puzzle, an unsolved enigma.—London Standard.

### An African Sea Serpent Story.

Here is a sea serpent story from one of the great fresh water lakes of central Africa. The Globe Trotter of Nairobi, British East Africa, tells it: "According to natives on the shore and islands of Lake Victoria the real simon pure water python is a reality. Officers on board the Sfoyl and the Winifred have time and again been unable to account for the unrest shown at times in the most tranquil waters. Sir Clement Hill in crossing the lake some years ago in a launch with one Macgregor, the engineer, saw this monster and described it as having a head resembling the hippopotamus, only three times broader, but much more flat and wedge shaped. The opinion of the natives regarding its length, etc., differs very much, but all agree that the reptile is amphibious and declare they have seen forty feet or more lying dormant on the bank, while the supposed tall, sixty or seventy feet from shore, created a commotion in the water resembling the wash of an ocean steamer."

### Ancestral Memory.

As I walk along a dark, lonely road my ears are on the alert. I glance to right and left. I look over my shoulder. Where did I learn this habit? May it not be the memory disk giving off its record? My savage ancestor learned by long years of experience to be specially on his guard in a lonely place and in the dark. When my indignation is thoroughly roused I find my hands clinch, there is a tightening of the lips, the teeth are more plainly visible, and the whole attitude is suggestive of making a spring. Here is a trait of early man, who gathered himself together and sprang upon his enemy to rend him with tooth and claw. I have often noticed that when people use the word "offensive" it is accompanied by a quiver of the nostrils and an involuntary movement of the nose. The imagination is still haunted by that piece of very offensive carillon which my primitive ancestor with a prejudice for raw meat found too strong for him, so strong that his nose rejected it at once.—Nineteenth Century.

### How to Learn a Foreign Language.

One may begin the attempts of free expression, and thus an independent use of the language, with a comparatively small vocabulary. Conscientious reading and well conducted conversations will then quickly enlarge the vocabulary and develop the facility of expression. But I cannot lay too much stress upon the fact that the free and exact rendering of one's own thought in writing is the most efficient exercise in acquiring a language. In mere conversation we are apt to slip over difficulties by permitting ourselves vagueness and inaccuracies of expression which would sternly demand correction—and correction, too, easily kept in mind—when the written words look us in the face. To quicken the efficacy of this exercise requires, of course, a teacher able not only to pound grammatical rules into the head of the pupil, but also to stir up in the study of the language a mentally active interest in the subjects spoken or written about.—Carl Schurz's Reminiscences in McClure's.

### Sailors on Strike.

That English soldiers or sailors should strike for more pay in a way such as we are accustomed to in trades sounds impossible, but such things have occurred, the last time being in April, 1797, when the sailors demanded higher wages and literally struck, otherwise mutinying. The admiralty agreed to meet their demands, but not doing so at once, the sailors aboard the London struck or mutinied again, and for ordering the marines to fire, thereby killing some men, Admiral Colpoys and his captain were made prisoners by the sailors. On May 10 a special act was passed granting the increased pay, and the king pardoned the mutineers.—London Telegraph.

### Natural Spectacles.

Many birds are provided with natural spectacles, a transparent membrane called the third eyelid. This third eyelid when not in use lies folded in the inner corner of the eye. Two muscles work it, spreading it over the cornea or folding it up again more cleverly than a man can put on or take off his spectacles. But for its third eyelid the eagle could not look at the sun. The spectacled bear belongs to Chile. Its Latin name is Ursus ornatus. It is black, and around its eyes pale rings are drawn which have exactly the appearance of a pair of goggles.

### Wind Velocity.

The average velocity of the wind is low, in most places between five and ten miles an hour, corresponding respectively to wind pressure of from two ounces to eight ounces a square foot. During portions of nearly every day, however, somewhat higher velocities are recorded, since the averages contain considerable periods of very light breezes occurring often within a few hours before and after sunrise and sunset. There are few days without periods of brisk breezes of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour.

### Rather Cautious.

"Did you tell your father I was a humorist?" asked the tall young man with long hair. "I did," replied the pretty girl, "and he laughed." "Laughed? Why, I thought he used to say writing jokes was hard on the brain." "So he did; but he says he never heard of your writing any jokes."

### The Very Thing.

"Yes, ma'am," said the salesman, "an establishment like ours has its own literary staff. Here, for example, is an 'Ode to Our Furniture Polish,' written by our own poet and set to music by our own musician."

"An ode to furniture polish!" exclaimed Miss Peekay-Booth. "Why, that would be just the thing to take home and try on the piano!"

Mrs. A. Campbell, postmistress at Robson, is spending three months with her daughter in Calgary.

## Voters' List--1906.

Municipality of the Township of Warwick, 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 Warwick on the 20th day of July, 1906, and remains therefor 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.

NATHANIEL HERBERT,  
Clerk of Warwick.

## NOTICE

TO LANDOWNERS AND OCCUPANTS IN WARD NO. 3 IN THE TOWNSHIP OF WARWICK.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the act to prevent the spread of Noxious Weeds, that every owner or occupant of lands in the said ward is required to forthwith cut down and destroy all noxious weeds growing on any highway adjoining such lands, from the boundary of such lands to the centre line of such road and in case of default, the Council of the Township of Warwick will cause such work to be done and will add the cost thereof to the taxes against the land in the Collector's roll and collect such cost in the same manner as other taxes.

Dated the 15th day of July, 1906.  
JOSEPH CRONE, Inspector.

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WATFORD AND ARKONA STAGE LEAVES Watford at 9 a.m. Reaching Arkona at 10.10 a.m. Returning leaves Watford at 3.45 p.m. Passengers conveyed on a reasonable terms. —TUBS

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