

WEEKLY NEWS RECORD

THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

BERLIN, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 22nd, 1911.

PRESENTATION TO MRS. STEELE

Vice-President of the Women's Auxiliary Was Given a Life Membership.

A pleasing little episode in the social life of St. John's Church—Anglican— took place yesterday afternoon, when the members of the Women's Auxiliary and a number of friends in the congregation assembled together to do honor to one about to leave Berlin—Mrs. Steele, 1st Vice-president of the W. A., and for some time teacher of the infant class in the Sunday school. During the Rev. Mr. Steele's lifetime, Mrs. Steele had been President of the parish branch, and since coming to Berlin, had acted as Vice-president of St. John's Auxiliary.

As a parting remembrance and as a reward for faithful service, the Berlin Branch decided to confer the degree of "Life Membership" upon her.

In the basement Chapel of the church the friends met, and, after a few introductory words by the Rev. Mr. Andrew, an address was read by Mrs. Suddaby.

The Life Membership fee of \$24.00 in gold, together with certificate of membership was presented to Mrs. Steele by Mrs. Garden.

The badge-pin of the Association was pinned on by Mrs. Andrew, Hon. President of the Auxiliary. Mrs. Steele, to whom the whole matter was a genuine surprise, was deeply affected.

She, in a few sincere words, expressed her appreciation of the honor and kindness shown to her by the Auxiliary and her friends in the Church.

A generous supply of refreshments had been provided, and, after an hour spent in social chat and kindly expressed farewells, the gathering dispersed with a satisfied feeling that honor had been done to whom it was due.

The following is a copy of the address read:

Dear Mrs. Steele,

Your friends and co-workers of St. John's Branch of the W. A. are pleased to have you with us as our guest of honor.

We are most sincere in expressing our deep regret at your departure from our parish and we assure you that the loss of your valuable assistance in different branches of our work will be felt by us all.

We have appreciated your services as 1st Vice-Pres. of our Branch. Owing to our President's frequent absence, you have had to frequently take her place, and you have, at all times, presided over our meetings with tact and kindly courtesy.

The interest and zeal you have shown in our work and your devotion to duty will long live in our memories. We would ask you to accept this certificate, this gold, this badge—constituting you a "Life-member" of the Diocese of Huron.

We also ask you to accept our heartfelt wish that wherever your new lines of life may lead—health, happiness and prosperity may attend your steps, and when the Goal of Life's Journey shall have been reached, may it be yours to hear the glad welcome—"Well done, Thou good and faithful servant," pronounced by the Master you so conscientiously serve.

E. H. Suddaby, on behalf of the W. A. Hon. President—Mrs. Andrew. President—Mrs. S. D. Bowlby.

2nd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. G. Brown. Rec. Secretary—Mrs. E. H. Suddaby. Cor. Sec.—Mrs. L. M. Woeffe. Treasurer—Mrs. G. F. S. Garden.

**NEW SECRETARY
WAS APPOINTED**

Secretary Zimmer of T. & L. Council Resigns and Mr. L. Albright is Appointed His Successor.

At the regular meeting of the T. & L. Council last evening, the resignation of Mr. Otto Zimmer, who has been the secretary for the past eight years, was accepted, with regret. Mr. Zimmer found it necessary to resign, owing to ill-health. Mr. L. Albright was appointed secretary and Mr. F. Ackerknecht, treasurer. Mr. J. Wellheuser succeeds Mr. Ackerknecht as sergeant-at-arms.

The Co-operative Society committee reported that the stock subscription lists are now in circulation. \$2,000 is the capital aimed at.

The Labor Day celebration committee reported that an effort was being made to secure the Canadian league ball teams as an attraction.

Guelph June 22—(Special)—The Euler, Moyer and Snider rinks of Berlin and Waterloo won the preliminary games to-day. Leeson and Wettlaufer were defeated.

LEAGUE LEADERS AND LONDON BREAK EVEN IN DOUBLE HEADER

Tracey Scores a Shut-Out in First Game 2-0--But Cockney's get after Him in Second Game Score 7-4

The London Cockneys, whose escapades of late have kept them in the time light in the league, and incidentally landed them in third place, made their debut to the Berlin fans on Monday afternoon in a double header attraction. And they managed to break even. In the first game the Green Sox treated Keenan's men to a shut-out, 2-0, with Tracey doing the handwork. The results were reversed in the second performance, leaving the Green Sox 7-4 on the debit side. Both games were gingery exhibitions, especially so the first. Between 500 and 600 saw the second game. Ladie's Day brought the fannettes out in large numbers.

Keenan's artists made a good impression. No small amount of interest was taken in their action because of the drubbing they administered to the Green Sox in the Forest City on Victoria Day. Sammy Smith who did the administering, was looked to do the twirling yesterday, but Sammy just got back from a jaunt to Cleveland, reaching the grounds just before the initial game commenced, consequently all the fans saw of Sammy in action was when he batted for Silcox in the ninth.

The Forest City brigade is a stocky lot—perhaps a trifle too much so. They lack agility on bases, contrasted with the Green Sox manoeuvres. Their position in the league however, is no idle misnomer.

The First Game. Tracey pitched masterly ball, as did the London curveologist, Silcox. The flinger were given classy backing resulting in a tight, snappy game. Although the visitors garnered nine hits off of Tracey, the majority of them were of the scratchy variety, and the best they could do was to fill the bases. The six hits secured by Deneau's men were of some effect. They included a smashing three bagger, by Joe Cambria, who smarting from his week's suspension, which had just been lifted did the trick the first time he faced Silcox. This same Silcox himself got away with two bingles. Neither of the twirlers worked for strike-outs, depending on the article of ball the teams behind them were playing.

The big feature of this game was Deneau's daring steal home in the fourth, annexing the first tally. In the fourth Cameron beat out a bunt, but died at second on Deneau's single.

Rule Deneau stole second and went to third on Reske's wild hit, a past to second. With Templin at the willow and Silcox winding up, Rubie dashed safely for the plate, much to the surprise of the natives from London town. The only other tally came from Scotty Cameron's make-up. In the sixth the gathered a corking single between right and centre and by fleetfooted sprinting made the third sack on Pankratz's poor handling of the ball, and scoring on Deneau's sacrifice fly to right garden.

The only really dangerous and threatening period for Tracey was the seventh Reske, Silcox and Pankratz secured singles filling the bags. Andrews, however, forced Reske out at the plate, and Nichols forced Andrews out at second, relieving the situation for the Green Sox in London's last, the side was retired in one two three order.

London. A. B. R. H. P. O. A. E.
Bullock, 3b. 4 0 0 0 1 0
Cameron, ss. 4 1 2 0 6 0
Deneau, lb. 3 1 1 13 0 1
Templin, lf. 4 0 1 2 1 0
Miller, 2b. 2 0 0 2 2 0
Cambria, cf. 3 0 1 1 0 0
Bramble, rf. 2 0 0 1 0 0
Dunn, c. 2 0 0 8 1 0
Tracey, p. 3 0 1 0 4 0
Total. 27 2 6 27 15 1

London. A. B. R. H. P. O. A. E.
Pankratz, cf. 5 0 2 4 0 1
Andrews, 3b. 4 0 0 2 1 0
Nichols, 2b. 4 0 1 2 4 0
Brant, ss. 3 0 0 5 0 0
Kyer, lf. 3 0 1 2 0 0
Keenan, rf. 4 0 0 0 0 0
Berbauer, lb. 4 0 1 15 0 0
Reske, c. 3 0 1 1 1 1
Silcox, p. 3 0 2 0 3 0
Smith, 1b. 1 0 1 0 0 0
Total. 34 0 9 24 9 2

Summary.—Three base hits, Cambria. First on balls—Off Silcox 2; Struck out—by Tracey 5; by Silcox 4; left on bases, London 9; Berlin 5; First base on errors, London 1; Hit by pitcher Kyle, Sacrifice hits—Reske; sacrifice fly, Deneau; stolen bases, Deneau 2; Umpire, Strouger.

Second Game The second game was lost when Manager Deneau put Tracey in the box, after he had worked so effectively in the first. The big pitcher was quite willing and even anxious to take on the second game. He was not equal to the task, however, and in the first two innings the visitors got to him for six hits and five runs. He was then replaced by Chaput who held the Cockneys to three hits and two runs. One of these runs was a homer and the other was due to Bullock's hard throw to the plate in the eighth when Brant was stealing home. Chaput pitched one of the prettiest games of the

season, striking out no less than nine men, three in succession in the fourth. He always had the game well in hand, and had he started in the first the result might have been different. The six hits in the first two innings won the game for the victors.

McIntyre did the twirling for the Cockneys and he was touched up quite freely, 12 hits being secured off his delivery, although hits with men on bases were few and far between.

Pankratz, the first man up in the first inning, singled, Andrews followed with a double, scoring Pankratz, Nichols singled and Andrews's scored, Brant flied out to Bullock and Nichols was caught off first. Kyle went out pitcher to first. In the second Keenan flew out to Bramble, Berbauer, singled as did also Reske. With these two on bases. (Continued on page 8.)

EXCURSION TO NIAGARA FALLS. The 4th annual excursion to Niagara Falls, under the auspices of St. Peter's Y. P. S., will be run on the 8th of July, from the following places:—

Leave	Fare.
New Hamburg	6.15 a. m. \$1.90
Baden	6.25 a. m. 1.80
Petersburg	6.35 a. m. 1.80
Berlin	6.50 a. m. 1.60
Breslau	7.00 a. m. 1.60
Mosboro	7.10 a. m. 1.60
Guelph	7.25 a. m. 1.60
Gurock	7.40 l. m. 1.6
Hesper	7.50 a. m. 1.55
Preston	7.57 a. m. 1.55

Excursionists have the privilege of staying over until Monday, July 11th. Children, under 12 years of age, half fare. Come along and enjoy an outing at Canada's wonderful cataract. There will be no cheaper excursion to the Falls from Berlin this season.

**COUNCIL PICNIC
ON JULY 11TH**

Committee Went to Conestogo Yesterday and Made All Arrangements.

The big picnic will be on July 11th. All arrangements have been made and everything is being gotten in readiness for the big event. On that date the Mayor Aldermen, Town Officials and other invited guests will forget all about business and for one day will become boys again.

As on previous years the event will take place at Conestogo. A deputation journeyed to the village yesterday to ascertain the feeling of the residents in the vicinity, and they were assured that a glorious welcome awaited the Town Fathers and their friends.

During the visit a number of details were arranged. The commissariat will be in capable hands, and the transportation of the party will be carefully looked after.

**BRIDE OF A
JUNE DAY**

Englert—Mattell.

A pretty wedding was that which took place at St. Mary's Church this morning, with Mr. George Englert, fourth son of Mr. Andrew Englert, 162 Wellington street, and Miss Laura Mat-tell, second daughter of Mrs. Catharine Mattell, Toronto, formerly of Berlin, as the principals. The marriage ceremony was solemnized by Rev. Joseph Englert, of Hamilton, at nine o'clock.

The bride looked charming in a gown of cream silk crepe-de-chene with pearl trimmings. She wore the conventional veil of silk chiffon and myrtle wreath and carried a bouquet of bridal roses and lilies-of-the-valley. Her sister, Miss Mary was the bridesmaid, attired in pink silk. She wore a large white picture hat and carried pink roses. Mr. Henry Englert of Toronto a brother of the groom was the best-man. The wedding march was played very sweetly by the organist Miss Amelia Mueller.

Mr. Harry Lang was the usher. A reception was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hause, 75 Victoria street, brother-in-law and sister of the bride. Among the guests present from Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton and other points were: Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Trask of Rostren, Sask., uncle and aunt of the bride. The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful pearl necklace and pendant.

Mr. and Mrs. Englert left on the 3.30 train on a honeymoon trip to Detroit, Mich., Erie, Pa. and Norwalk, Ohio. On their return they will reside on Theresa street. The groom is well known in town. He was connected with the local baseball teams in the earlier days and also promoted very successfully the St. Mary's dramatic society.

15,000

Berlin's population is 15,000 — and over.

Just exactly how much over is not known.

Despite the fact that the enumerators are sworn to secrecy the information has leaked out, and while the exact figures are not available, it is known that they will exceed the 15,000 mark.

It was reported this morning that the exact figures were 15,147. The Record learns, however, from a prominent Liberal, who is more or less concerned with the census taking, that these figures are not correct.

"It is an assured fact, however," he concluded, that the population will be more than 15,000.

The showing is indeed a remarkable one. The assessment returns at the close of 1910 showed a population of 14,600. Thus in just six months the town increased in population more than 100.

This rapid influx of residents points to the growth and expansion of the town both industrially and commercially and there is every reason to believe that the growth will be continuous.

Should the population continue to increase at the present rate the close of the year should see us close to the 16,000 mark.

With the rate of increase in past years it does not seem unreasonable to predict that 1915 will see Berlin a city of 20,000 inhabitants.

Having passed the 15,000 mark Berlin is now in a position to declare itself a city without a special act of parliament.

It is not likely, however, that such a course will be taken this year. The suggestion was made some time ago that a formal celebration in the shape of an Old Boys' Reunion should be held in 1912. In case such suggestion were adopted an appropriate program could be arranged and the old town could don its city clothes in the presence of the old boys, many of whom are responsible for a good share of its growth and prosperity.

You and Your Old Friends Are Invited to Attend The Waterloo County Old Settlers' Re-Union and Saengerfest

**Week Commencing Monday, August 14, '11
Berlin and Waterloo, Ont.**

Honorary Presidents:—E. W. B. Snider, Ex-M. P. P.; Jos. E. Seagram, Ex-M. P. P.; Hon. James Young; James Livingston, Ex-M. P. P. President for the County, L. J. Brethaupt, Ex-M. P. P.; Chairman for Berlin, Dr. F. H. Kalblich; Waterloo, C. W. Schiedel, Esq.; Secretary Treasurer and Promotee, Allen Huber, Berlin, Ont.

**A Historical and Musical Event,
Old Relic Exhibition**

Grand Cavalcade and Pageant, Old Time Costumes, Pow-wow around Camp-fire, Ground Hog Festival with Potato Pancakes, Waffles, Flap Jack, Haggis, Pretzel, Etc. United Choirs of County with Band Accompaniment, Patriotic Addresses.

LADIES' DAY—Quilting and Spinning Bee. Bands and Singing Societies of County. Prize for the "BEST GIRL" Horse and Buggy, decorated with tibbons and natural flowers. Bring your Lunch Basket, Cups, Saucers, Tea and Coffee Pots. GOD SAVE THE KING.

Australia Getting Bigger

(Canadian Press.)
MELBOURNE, June 27.—The new census gives Australia a population of 4,449,495, an increase in ten years of 675,694 or nearly eighteen per cent.

\$6. PRIZE OFFERS

**FOR BEST REASONS FOR
Home Buying**

The News Record believes in "Home Buying." Also it believes there are many of its readers who do so. To bring out the points in favor of this wise course, we hereby offer a series of prizes

**FOR THE MOST CONVINCING REASONS
WHY HOME PEOPLE SHOULD BUY AT
HOME STORES.**

Set down your reasons on a sheet of paper. On a separate sheet sign your name and address and mail to "Home Buying Contest Editor," News Record, Berlin.

Three prizes will be given as follows:

1st Prize - \$3.00
2nd Prize - \$2.00
3rd Prize - \$1.00

A committee of prominent citizens will act as judges and make the awards.

This contest opens now and will close at 6 p. m. on July 8th, 1911.

Any reader of the News Record may compete. The more the better.

**FATHER HALM
GOES TO AYTON**

Parish Priest of St. Clements R. C. Church For Past Nine Years—Congregation and Societies Bids Him Farewell.

Rev. Father Halm who has been the beloved parish priest at St. Clements R. C. Church, St. Clements, for the past nine years, has been transferred to Ayton. On Sunday the congregation, St. Aloysius society and Young Ladies Sodality each presented the reverend father with a purse of gold, accompanied by addresses, expressing regret at his departure.

The address of the St. Aloysius Y. M. S. was as follows: Rev. and Dear Father Halm,—

Having learned that you are soon to depart from our midst, we the members of the St. Aloysius Young Men's Sodality of St. Clements Parish, desire to convey to you our sincere regret, that such is the case, and to express, however, fully our deep appreciation of the many kindly favors, spiritual and otherwise we have received at your hands. As a slight token of our esteem and affection dear Father, we beg of you to accept this small purse of money. Though you will be gone from a home, we the members of this Sodality will long cherish a loving memory of your sojourn here, and will ever continue to remember you, particularly in all our spiritual works.

The Young Ladies made the following address:—

Dear Rev. Father Halm,—

We the undersigned Young Ladies' Sodality have collected a small sum of money for our dear Rev. Father who has for many years, been our good and faithful parish priest and our sympathy of our Dear Rev. Father Halm, of leaving our midst can never be forgotten, and will ever continue to remember you in our prayers.

Young Ladies Sodality.

Respectfully Submitted

To take an automobile ride had only in a bathing suit as our one ambition to-day.

Who gave away the census figures?

Central Prison at Toronto is to be sold. Since no offer is "barred" it should "sell" at a good price.

We hardly expected to take more than two from London, anyway.

No, Florida, it is not true that the Father people are sending a corps of experts to get moving pictures of the municipal picnic.

The bowlers are undoubtedly having a hot time in Guelph to-day, both on the greens and otherwise.

The numerous police Court cases are but another indication of our growing population.

Let's go swimmin'.

AMENDMENT DEFEATED

Senator Root's Additions to Reciprocity Bill Fail to Pass.

So Little Support is Given to Pulp and Paper Clauses That Supporters of the Change Do Not Ask For a Roll Call—Senator LaFollette is Unalterably Opposed to Whole Idea, But is Against Amendments.

Washington, June 27.—The Canadian reciprocity bill emerged from its first ordeal in the Senate last night unscathed. The Root amendment, proposing a modification of the wood pulp and print paper section of the agreement, was defeated after seven hours of debate, by an overwhelming vote. The friends of the amendment were so satisfied of its defeat that a roll call on the vote was not demanded.

This leaves the reciprocity measure open to the general light that is to follow amendment of important provisions of the Payne tariff law. Senator LaFollette announced, in a speech opposing the Root amendment, that he would give to the Senate a chance to pass on general tariff amendments for free paper, free lumber and lumber products, and for reductions in many other schedules.

Senator Clapp also announced his intention of offering a free paper amendment later; and other Senators gave evidence of their purpose to force, from now on, consideration of the tariff revision on the widest plane.

Attack on the Root amendment was interspersed with attack on the whole reciprocity measure in the debate that ran throughout the afternoon, and which resulted in the defeat of Senator Root's proposal to change the House bill by requiring that all Canadian provinces should remove their export restrictions on pulp wood and its products before the reciprocity features applied to the wood pulp and print paper item.

"I am opposed to this so-called reciprocity legislation as a whole, because I believe it is wrong, harmful and unjustifiable," said Senator LaFollette. "If it must pass, I want to see it made as nearly perfect as possible. I shall vote against the Root amendment because I believe it will defeat the very purpose of the wood pulp and print paper paragraph of the agreement."

Senator LaFollette declared there was no justification for any duty on print paper. He analyzed the figures of the tariff board to show that the best mills in the United States actually produce paper cheaper than the best mills in Canada. To continue a high tariff on paper, he said, was to put a premium on "inefficiency and sloth," and to make the protective tariff "deadend all constructive force" for the development of efficient management.

Senator LaFollette criticized the newspapers for having urged the reciprocity measure as a means of getting relief from the oppressive charges of the print paper manufacturers. He said they had joined with the "packers, the railroads, the flour millers" and others who would secure advantages through the passage of the reciprocity bill.

Senator LaFollette declared that in the testimony taken by the finance committee it would be shown that the newspapers had suppressed the news of the reciprocity proceedings, but on this point Senator Stone, who also is a member of the finance committee, declared the Wisconsin Senator was mistaken.

Los Angeles, June 26.—Dr. H. S. Tanner, original 40-day faster and 82 years old, has offered himself as a substitute for Mrs. Angelina Neapolitano, who is under sentence to be hanged at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., on August 9.

Dr. Tanner's offer follows close upon that of Alexander Aalto, of Ashabula, Ohio, whose self-sacrificing spirit was proclaimed on Saturday. The second zealot makes his proposition in the following message:

"To Hon. Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada: Dear Sir,—On August there is scheduled to be hanged in Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Mrs. Angelina Neapolitano, sentenced to die because she killed her husband to protect her honor. Her death will leave four children motherless. It will also orphan a month old babe, yet to be born.

"Her execution will be nothing short of murder—the foulest blot on the criminal annals of your or any other country. Permit me to offer myself as a substitute for Mrs. Neapolitano, may my life be taken that the law may be appeased without robbing five young children, one a month-old babe, of a mother.

Original Faster, in Letter to Earl Grey, Declares Execution of Soo Woman Would Be Foulest Blot on Criminal Annals of Any Country.

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And incidentally won Friday's Canadian League Game by a Score of 7-1.

"Everybody hits today" yelled the few Brantford fans at Victoria Park yesterday, when their team went to bat in the first inning. And with one exception everybody did hit. Burke was the only man on the Brantford team who did not connect at least once with the ball. In all they fell on Turner for 15 drives, and these included corking singles, two baggers, a triple and a home run. Barry had the home run. Kane the triple and the two baggers were hammered out by Burrill and Lamond, the latter having two.

It was a bad day for Turner, and the Brantford team won the game by clean hitting with a 7 to 1 score.

It might be well to say just a word with reference to Umpire Prickett, who gave the locals the worst of several decisions in a recent game in London. Prickett umpires to the best of his ability. He shows no favoritism and evidently tries to be impartial. His only failure is that he can't umpire. His judgment of strikes and balls is very poor and his base decisions were away off color. Statements have been made to the effect that he is short-sighted, but this cannot be verified, al-

though certain decisions yesterday would lead one to believe the report true.

The Green Sox got their one tally in the fourth it being the result of a triple by Bramble and a single by Dunn. Brantford got one run in the first when Burrill and Kane connected with two baggers. Five clean hits in the fourth resulted in four runs. Barry's home run with one on base in the seventh got them another.

The score:

Brantford.	A.B.	R.	H.	O.	A.E.
Burrill, c.	5	1	2	1	0
Shea, 2b.	5	0	2	2	2
Kane, 1b.	5	2	3	2	0
Berry, 1b.	5	2	2	13	1
Orcutt, 3b.	5	1	2	2	4
Clark, rf.	4	0	1	0	0
Burke, s.	4	0	0	2	3
Lamond, c.	4	1	2	4	2
Jerger, p.	3	0	1	1	4
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Large proportion of the Students take Honors—Many pass into Form III A—School closed for the Holidays.

The B. C. T. I. is closed for the summer holidays, and only those students of the higher forms who have to write examination, will return before the cool September weather.

The list of promotions is as follows: Form I. Commercial.

Honors: (75 per cent. and over): Wilfrid Fischer, Calvin Snyder, Fred Luft and Norma Welsh.

Passed: (65 per cent. and over): Irene Bain, Maude Brann, Percy Bowden, Ada Jacques, Florence Kaufman, Walter Michael, Elton Witmer, George Stewart.

Form I. C. General.

The following have been promoted to form II: Honors: (70 per cent. and over): Venona Amussen, Ruth Stewart.

Passed: (60 per cent. and over): Leta Heveron, Arthur Kimmel, Hulda Sauder, Mabel Stewart.

Form I.

The following have been promoted to Form II: Honors: (70 per cent. and over): Herbert Boehmer, William Dengis, Grant Harper, Harold Lang, Alex. Potter, Cecil Ruby, Gilbert Reid, Harold Smith, Hilbert Weichel, Egbert Zarnke, Ruth Bornhold, Irene Heldman, Amy Ratz, Ada Weseloh.

Passed: (60 per cent. and over): Carl Betz, Clayton Foster, David Litwiler, Reginald Ratz, Emile Beck, Mary Bowman, Mildred Bradley, Lois Hallman.

Form I. A.

The following have been promoted to form II: Honors: (70 per cent. and over): Henry Becker, Russel Halstead, Wilfrid Hill, Edna Kaufman, Minnie Shaw, Amy Snyder, Gladys Uffelman, Povida Wachlich.

Passed: (60 per cent. and over): Harold Bowman, Bertram Hallman, Rutherford McBride, Lester Wing.

CANADIAN LOCOMOTIVE COMPANY TO ENLARGE PLANT.

Company Will Issue Million and a Half Bonds and Three Million and a Half Stock.

The remarkable railway development of Canadian Railways has enormously increased the demand for locomotives of ever-increasing size, power and cost. The demand is one of the most certain in any line of manufacture.

There is a big field for a larger and up-to-date locomotive building plant in Canada at the present time of the Canadian Locomotive Company of Kingston is entirely inadequate to handle its orders and just now there are contracts in sight which would keep the plant busy until the end of 1913. The owners of the plant—a powerful syndicate of English and Canadian capitalists—intend to enlarge the works so as to cope with the increasing demand for locomotives.

The present output is not much over 75 engines a year—depending on the type required—and many valuable contracts have to be declined owing to the company's inability to deliver. It is now intended to double the capacity of the plant, and perhaps triple it.

To enable them to make this expansion the Company are issuing one million and one half of first mortgage 6 per cent. gold bonds, one million and one half 7 per cent. cumulative preferred and two million common stocks. There will remain in the treasury half a million of bonds to be used for future extensions.

Being exempt from taxation, and with little danger from labor troubles, as explained in Pres. Hart's letter, it is an exceptionally favorable position to manufacture most profitably.

The Company's premises occupy three blocks in the City of Kingston, having a street frontage of about 86½ feet by a depth of about 35½ feet—a frontage on Lake Ontario of about 117½ feet—the area enclosed being 333,000 square feet. There are about a dozen buildings including one of the finest power plants in the country, a magnificent erecting shop with huge travelling cranes, boiler shops, riveting shops, machine shops, tank shops, tender shops, blacksmith shops, foundry & pattern room, paint shops and carpenter shop. In all, the works occupy an area of 100 acres. The Company has its own branch railway line in Kingston and its own wharves and docking facilities on Lake Ontario.

The Engines it turns out are the most up-to-date possible and that they are satisfactory in service is proved by repeated orders from all previous buyers. The C. P. R., the G. T. R., the I. C. R., the NATIONAL TRANSCONTINENTAL, the CANADIAN NORTHERN and the Government owned TEMISCAMING AND NORTHERN ONTARIO RAILROAD—all are patrons of the Canadian Locomotive Company of Kingston. Six engines recently turned out for the T. & N. O. are said to be the largest ever built in Canada. Chairman Englehart of the T. & N. O. speaking of these engines declared them to be the finest he had ever had ever seen, and were giving the greatest satisfaction. At present the Company has contracts for some 50 engines with the C. P. R., the G. T. R., the I. C. R. and the Algoma Central and it is becoming increasingly difficult to keep up with the orders.

The working staff is about 800 strong and a big proportion of the employees have grown up with the works and own their own homes in the neighborhood. This fact is a pretty strong safeguard against labor troubles common in other centres.

The men who are to control the new Company are recognized powers in the financial world. The Banking Firm in charge of the business is Aenilius Jarvis and Co., Toronto, and associated with them are the well known firm of Brown, Shipley & Company, Bankers of London, England. Mr. Fryer, President of the Sun Life Assurance Co.,

Olivia Doring, Ida Kuntz. The following Have Passed From Forms II and III A to III B:

Honors: (70 per cent. and over): Homer Brubacher, Melvin Connor, John Dengis, George Hemmerich, Stanton Lautenschlager, Emile McFarland, Elmer Meyer, Elias Playford, Russell Ratz, Gordon Schaefer, Melville Snyder, Hugh Veitch, Albert Wright.

Passed: (60 per cent. and over): Wilfrid Bitzer, Nelson Bowman, Paul Hoffman, Bessie Lee, Mildred Ruby, Irvin Shepherd.

The following must complete work in subjects indicated after their names: Nelson Bowman in Science and Bookkeeping, Elias Playford in Science, Grammar and Bookkeeping, Bessie Lee in Bookkeeping and Science.

The Following Have Passed From Forms II and III A to III B:

Laurine Augustine, Grace Augustine, Warren Bevan, William Brethaupt, Hilda Bowman, Martha Buckelman, Jeanette Clarke, Donald Davis, Leroy Devitt, Vera Edin, Clifford Eby, Max Euler, Finlay Forbes, Lloyd Hilliard, Irene Hofstetter, Herbert Kachin, Howard Meyers, Lily Ratz, Delford Snider, Lorne Snyder, Wilfrid Schiedel, Percy Schellley, Sheldon Uffelman, William Ward, Roy Winn, Gertrude Wing, Marshall Taylor and Louise Breithaupt passed on subjects on which they wrote.

The Following Have Been Promoted From Form II C to III C:

Honors: (75 per cent. and over): Clara Conrad, Edna Cullen, Louise Treusch, Mamie Zarnke.

Honors without stenography: Geo. Brann, Wesley Braun.

Passed: (65 per cent. and over): Irvin Eby.

Passed without stenography: Harry Wolfhard.

Passed without diploma: Clara Albert, Mabel Brown, Nettie Melrose, Albert Schmitt, Wilbur Rumball.

of London, Lord Glenconner, better known as Sir Edward Tennant, a brother-in-law of Premier Asquith and Mr. E. Balfour, first cousin of the latter, the amount for which firm subscriptions have been received, and which will be allowed in full, it is worthy of note that Paris (France) and London (England), have taken a substantial sum.

KNOTTY LEE SIGNS UP BUNCH FOR HAMILTON.

Hamilton, June 25.—Knotty Lee arrived here today after a scouting expedition around New York State and New England towns. He signed Tommy Liss, a veteran catcher, who has been in the New York State League for four years, and Shilling, a second baseman, owned by the Albany club. Lee is also dickering for O'Brien, a State League twirler, and if he is secured, his "Babe" Koistek will likely be turned loose. Lee believes in an old catcher to direct the youngsters in the infield, and the removal of Murphy from second to left field, the Kolts will show a big improvement. Hess and Shilling leave on Tuesday.

Mme. Valerli approves the sport, especially when it is of the out-door variety. She describes the game and tells how it benefits the player.

(By Mme. Lina Valerli.)

I am glad to see among my summer invitations requests to join amusement-seeking parties at games of bowls, especially of bowling on greens at this season. For bowls has the immense advantage of being a cheerful indoor sport in winter and an invigorating outdoor sport in summer.

The fascinating out-door sport with which the lovely Mary Queen of Scots regaled herself, as much for her health and beauty's sake as for amusement, and in which Charles I. while a prisoner, engaged himself to the exclusion of his sorrows, is becoming more popular and is what may be termed one of the most useful of the sports. James I. licensed it and recommended it to be taken of moderately to his son, Prince Henry, so absorbing is the centuries-old game, that the story is told that Admiral Drake, being warned that the Spanish Armada was approaching, insisted upon finishing his game of bowls before setting forth to meet the mighty enemy. Friends took me to a famous Revolutionary tavern in New York on the lawn of which General Washington and his staff forgot their eight years of battles in engagements at bowls.

But it is no mere man's sport. Never was woman more feminine than Mary Queen of Scots, and she was by her own words "devoted to bowls." So, also, were beautiful queens, and many famous beauties who were not queens in history. If you were invited to bowl on any green do so twice as willingly as you accepted the invitation to such a game in winter, for it will be of twice as great value to you, for exercise out of doors always has double the value of gymnastics within enclosing walls and beneath a roof.

Bowls and singing are alike, in that every one can learn to play bowls, as every one can learn to sing. Though not every one can excel in either one can derive enjoyment from their practice.

The game has the power of "taking one out of oneself" as effectively as do the "forty winks" in which we "lose ourselves." The player forgets everything except the ball, the floor or the green and the "alleys." Any game which prevents the mind treading consciously or unconsciously its worn paths, lifts the man or woman out of daily thought, environment, is a public benefit, and bowls belong in this class.

The principle is easily mastered. Expertness depends upon practice and the most enthusiastic players are those of

in their experience of it.

The most important principle is that the player give the ball a long swing backward, behind him, before delivery. This is an excellent developing exercise for the chest, increasing the lung expansion and making the muscles of the forearm firm.

Bowling is excellent practice for the eyes. While the course of the ball is not always straight. The eye must be kept on the pins, the success depends largely upon sure-sightedness.

It develops, as does no other sport, the always becomes as reliable and as necessary as the pendulum of a clock. The elbow joint is trained to become absolutely straight. The arm hangs from the shoulder as though it possessed but one joint and that the one on the the shoulder.

Bowling teaches the body the art, at most lost to persons who spend much time in the sedentary work of the shops, the schoolrooms or offices, of stooping. The ball must be lowered to the alley by bending the body far forward from the hips.

It teaches swift adjustment and fine control of the body. Expert bowlers take two to four short quick steps before delivering a ball. The first position consists of: standing the left with both hands raised and measuring the distance it has to run with the eye. Place the left foot well forward. Turn the side enough to permit the right arm to swing free of the body.

Then swing the ball downward and back with a long sweep of the arm. Take one step forward as a balance to the weight of the ball. Swing the arm backward so that the ball approaches the shoulder of the player. This is the important second position. The third position is that in which the ball is started. The body darts forward with the two to four steps I have described and that adds to the force of the ball's flight. The arm flashes powerfully forward, the elbow remaining straight.

The ball is started on its way by a last lunge or thrust, with all its force, or the body bending so that the ball just grazes the alley as it starts on its flight. Do not drop the ball a few inches to the alley, and be sure when you drop it you do so with an arm, the elbow of which is perfectly straight. Either of these is an error that would rob the ball of its force or that would make its course a crooked one. The fourth position that of following the ball, has been described as "watching the ball," so engrossingly attentive is the player to his task of following the ball he has sent. One of the most famous English bowlers is watched by crowds with joyous hilarity because he always runs up the green following the ball and coaxing it as though it were some obstinate maiden.

Some times he even leaps ahead of it, twisting his body into strange contortions, and eyeing the ball as though he were trying to hypnotize it in the course he had intended it should take.

Don't fall into such mannerisms. Neither fall into the even worse habit of self-consciousness. Play naturally and you will be rewarded by hardened muscles, reduced flesh, a freer gait, a clearer, a clearer expression and richer color and the high spirits that give a fine poise to the head and light to the eye.

Hamilton, 7; St. Thomas, 2.

Hamilton, June 25.—Campeau, the Saints' twirler, who held the Kolts to two hits at St. Thomas on the holiday, was douted freely in the game between the Kolts and Saints in Saturday. The Kolts fell on him for four bingles and as many runs in the first inning; and the batted out a 7 to 2 victory.

Crippled through the absence of Lee and Carey and Kolts, who were on the sick list, the Hams played a surprising game with utility outfielders, not having an error in the gardens. The Saints could not solve Rose's benders, with men on bases, and the nine hits they secured, were scattered. Both teams played snappy ball, despite the errors chalked up against them, and the features were a steal play by the Saints and Killie's double home in the fourth while Campeau was winding up.

DRAWN UP AT MEETING OF CANADIAN LEAGUE UMPIRE TRIBUNAL DISCUSSED.

Brantford, June 25.—Representatives of the Canadian League held a warm session here on Saturday night when umpire troubles were threshed out. Prickett, who was refused admission at the Berlin grounds on Saturday, was let out, and Smith, of St. Thomas, reappointed. It was contended by Brantford, Berlin and Hamilton that umpire troubles had nearly all arisen in London. Instructions will be issued by bulletin by the secretary.

The delegates present were as follows: Berlin: W. J. Williams, W. J. Rhodes; Hamilton: Geo. Lee; St. Thomas: Chaucer Elliott, E. Gurney; Brantford: H. L. Walsh, R. J. Eachrett; Guelph: W. J. Sheridan; London: J. R. Minnick; also M. M. Robinson, secretary and D. Bergman, president.

The league was reported by all the clubs in excellent condition. The schedule for July was drafted satisfactorily, and the season is a promising one. Following are the dates arranged: July 26 and 27—Hamilton at Guelph; St. Thomas at Brantford; London at Berlin.

June 28 and 29—Guelph at Hamilton; Brantford at London; Berlin at St. Thomas.

June 30 and July 1—St. Thomas at London; Guelph at Brantford; Berlin at Hamilton.

July 3 and 4—Hamilton at Berlin; London at Brantford; Guelph at St. Thomas.

July 5 and 6—London at Hamilton; Brantford at St. Thomas; Berlin at Guelph.

July 7 and 8—Brantford at London; St. Thomas at Berlin; Guelph at Hamilton.

July 10—London at St. Thomas;

Guelph at Berlin; Brantford at Hamilton.

July 11—St. Thomas at London; Berlin at Guelph; Hamilton at Brantford.

July 12 and 13—St. Thomas at Hamilton; Guelph at London; Brantford at Berlin.

July 14 and 15—Guelph at Hamilton; Berlin at London; St. Thomas at Brantford.

July 17 and 18—Brantford at Guelph; Hamilton at Berlin; London at St. Thomas.

July 19 and 20—Berlin at Brantford; Guelph at St. Thomas; Hamilton at London.

July 21 and 22—Brantford at Hamilton; St. Thomas at London; Guelph at Berlin.

July 23 and 24—St. Thomas at Hamilton; London at Brantford; Berlin at Guelph.

July 26 and 27—Hamilton at Brantford; Guelph at London; Berlin at St. Thomas.

July 28 and 29—Berlin at Hamilton; St. Thomas at London; Guelph at Brantford.

July 31 and Aug. 1—Hamilton at Brantford; London at Guelph; St. Thomas at Berlin.

BIG BERRIES.

Messrs. W. Metcalfe & Co. received a shipment of strawberries today, consisting of 155 baskets, which for large size and fine flavor it would be difficult to find impossible to excel. They were grown by Mr. H. Walters on his fruit farm, one and a half miles below Berlin. They would win a red ticket at any exhibition. They are worth seeing and tasting.

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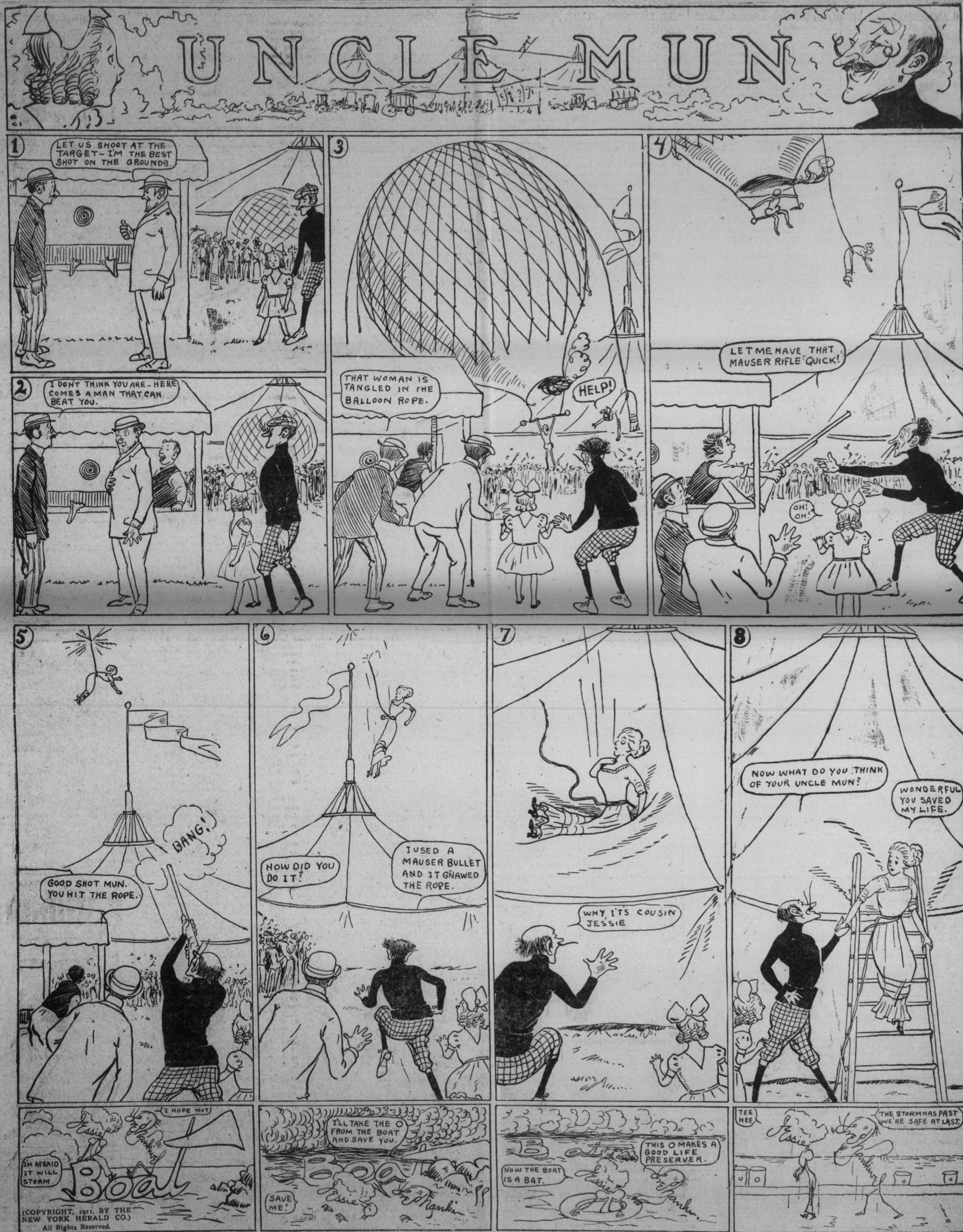
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him almost beyond his self-control. "But you can't really know, you know! It is so soon. And—and—I am not sure that I—ah, yes, I can't say it—for I do love you! But I won't promise to be your wife—not yet."

"And how long is this to last, Di?"

"A month," she answered; "it is not long. If at the end of the month you still—still care for me, then I will promise to be your wife, and a nice fuss there will be!"

"Very well, Di; you shall have your way. You see, I give it to you at once: I own myself your servant and your slave! A month—it is not long! And yet I would give a great deal to take you on my arm and go into the breakfast-room and say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, behold my future wife!'"

As they reached the terrace, the stable clock chimed the half hours after nine.

"Good gracious!" said Di; "and I have to change my dress and do my hair. Look at it; how you have tumbled it and dragged it down!"

Just then she saw Giffard Lisle. He stood aside for her pass, and his white hand wandered to his thin lips to hide the sinister smile.

"How pleasant to see you!" he welcomed her after so short an absence! "I was coming to see you."

"I beg your pardon. I thought it was one of the statues," she called back, coolly.

"Well, Rom, it is the early fly that catches the fish. Had a good time of it, eh?" he asked, smiling very significantly, at Lord Romney.

Lord Romney threw the baskets to a footman and told him to take him to the cook and ask him to send some of the trout up for breakfast; then, answering, he said, quietly:

"When did you come back?"

"Last train last night, quite tired out. Do you generally hold conversations with young ladies through their bedroom doors, Rom?"

Lord Romney colored, and then, with that dignity which struck awe into the hearts of those to whom it was displayed, said coldly:

"Not when I think there are listeners."

"Listeners! You forget my rooms are opposite Miss Leslie's."

"No air! I did not forget—I did not know it," said Lord Romney; and he passed into the house.

They were all seated at breakfast when Di came down.

"My dear Di, said Lady Alice, "we have been awfully alarmed. We thought you had gone out in the park, and had been attacked by a bull, until they told us you had gone fishing with Rom. Your clever girl! I dare say you can hit the most fish!"

The countess looked up, with an icy stare.

"Did I hear a ring Diana?" she said, frigidly.

"Have you been out alone this morning, fishing with Lord Romney?"

"Lord Romney has been fishing with me," she said.

The earl chuckled.

"And so you're back, eh Giffard?" said the earl, blinking at the pale face next him. "Where the mischief—where on earth have you been, eh?"

"To London," said Mr. Giffard, slowly. "By the way, Plant—the earl's Christian name was Plantagenet—"

"Is the Priory still to let?"

"Why do you want to know? Think of taking it yourself, Giff!" chuckled the earl.

"I want to take the Priory—if the rent isn't too much—for a lady and her daughter."

"If he had said for the king of the Canibals Islands, he could not have created a greater sensation."

"I always thought you were married, Giff," said the earl, triumphantly. "You might have taken us into your confidence, eh?"

"So I will, if I ever commit the almost universal folly," said the honorable Giffard, "but this isn't my wife and child, I am sorry to say, especially as regards the latter, for she is a charming girl."

"Perhaps you will tell us who they are?" said the countess, sternly.

"They are the wid' and the daughter of a very old and dear friend of mine, my lady," he said. "He used to be my partner in many an adventure in America. This friend of mine was my constant companion for many years, and I corresponded with him for some time, say two years ago; then the correspond-ence ceased, and I was thinking that he had forgotten me, when I received a letter from some London lawyers, telling me that my friend was dead, and that he had left a wife and child. I also learned that I have been named sole executor and trustee for his beloved ones, and I started for London at once, and found that the lady and her daughter had arrived."

"Without letting you know, Giff?" said the earl, who seemed particularly acute and intelligent this morning.

"Without letting me know," he said, coldly. "Poor things, they did not know my address."

"They ought to have got it from the lawyers who seem to have known it," said the earl.

Mr. Giffard shrugged his shoulders. "Women never think of these things. Of course, I called upon them, and found that, as usual, they had relied entirely upon me to plan out their lives."

"How are they left off, Giff?" said the earl.

"Oh, very well. The girl will have a large fortune. I understand," replied Mr. Giffard, carelessly.

"I see, I see," said the earl, drumming the table with a fork. "Good idea. P—can have the Priory—eh, Rom? Rom's the business man, you know, Giff."

Mr. Giffard Lisle smiled.

"And the rent, Rom?"

"Two-and-sixpence a year," said Lord Romney, promptly. "What is

his name, sir?"

Mr. Giffard Lisle had got his coffee cup in his hand, and stopped. It half-way to his mouth, then took a drink before answering.

Then he put the cup gently down, and said:

"Delorme. The daughter's name is Eve."

CHAPTER XII.

The Heart's Bitterness.

Miss Eve Delorme, impersonating the Sleeping Beauty at the Priory, was effective enough in all conscience, but Miss Eve Delorme in evening dress was a vision of beauty which startled and enthralled the beholder.

"Gad, Giffard!" exclaimed the earl, when the gentlemen were alone, "that's a wonderfully fine creature; that ward of yours! And clever, too! Talks like an encyclopaedia! Didn't you say that she was very rich?"

Mr. Giffard shrugged his broad shoulders.

"There is a large sum of money, one way and another, he answered in a very careless way."

"The earl chuckled.

"Fine chance for some young fellow eh, Rom?" and he nodded over his glass at Romney.

When they went into the drawing-room, "the good girl" was sitting demurely beside the countess, looking over the portrait-album and admiring all the Fayre relations with subdued enthusiasm.

Di, as usual, had fled into the open park, and Lord Romney was making for the window. Then the countess said:

"Will you ask Miss Delorme to sing for us, Romney?"

He went back, of course, and opened the piano, but even as he did so his eyes wandered to the open window.

"I have no music, Lord Romney, and I am afraid to sing before you."

It was charmingly said, and the flattery was rendered delicate by the soft tones in which it was worded.

Then the player struck a soft chord, and without further prelude, began a simple little ballad, which a school-girl might have attempted; but in the first notes Lord Romney turned toward her, with his eyes fixed on her face, listening intently.

With a movement that was almost a start, he said, as she finished:

"Thanks. You have a magnificent voice, and you sing like a musician, Miss Delorme."

"That is very kind of you, Lord Romney, and now you will sing, will you not?"

He meant to refuse, but he could not in decency.

Slowly, deliberately she picked out the shepherd and shepherdess ditty from "La Mascotte," and, with an apologetic smile, held it out to him.

"Do you know this?" she asked.

"I have not," said Lord Romney, but he nodded, almost brusquely.

"Will you sing it with me?"

For a moment—a moment only—he hesitated.

"I will try," he said, and in another moment they had commenced.

The instant the song began, he, musician-like forgot all else but it; and presently the two voices, her soprano and his tenor, were rising in exquisite harmony, filling the room and floating out into the night air.

As she sang, her eyes strayed from the music, and fell softly, pleadingly upon his; and at the last tender, wailing note, her voice sank into a soft, cooing plainness that thrilled through the hearts of all.

For a moment Lord Romney remained spellbound; then, with a start, he sprang to his feet, and with an uneasy laugh, he said:

"I must have a cigarette after that, Miss Delorme," and scarcely knowing what he was doing, strode through the window.

A figure stood leaning against the balustrade, a figure he knew at a glance and he strode up to it.

"Di!" he whispered, and he put his arm round her waist, but with a start she shrank back, and held him at arm's length, and as she did so, the light fell on her face, and he saw that it was wet with tears. "Di!" he exclaimed; "what is the matter? You are not crying, dearest, anxiously."

"Crying? No!" she retorted, indignantly; and then, before he could prevent her, she evaded his grasp, and disappeared.

Certainly Miss Delorme had not been long upon the scene before she made her presence felt. As if she knew the result of her evening's skirmish, she leaned back in the carriage on her way home with a faint smile of mischievous satisfaction, on her beautiful face, and once or twice laughed softly.

"You seem pleased, Eve," said Mrs. Delorme. "Everything has gone to your satisfaction, I suppose."

"Yes, I am perfectly satisfied."

"My dear Eve, I don't want to discourage you, but I must say that any one can see he is madly in love with Miss Leslie!"

"I know that," retorted the beauty, scornfully. "But I don't care. Wait a while! If I can have such an effect upon him on this first evening, I think I can count upon the future. And I shall have that proud old woman and the simper of a daughter on my side, too!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Playing The Part.

If Di had not forgotten the scene of the preceding night, she believed the next morning as if she had. She had lain awake nearly all night, thinking of Lord Romney and Miss Eve Delorme, and she came to the conclusion that she made rather a fuss over nothing.

But in the mornings she felt so full of self-reproach, and so penitent, that she determined to beg Lord Romney's pardon in udmb show.

Accordingly, she waited, with her door ajar, until she heard Lord Romney go down, and then stole after him, so noiselessly that he did not hear her until she was close behind him, and put her hand timidly upon his shoulder.

"How late you are, sir," she whispered her lips nearly touching his hair.

"Yes, I am darling. I sat up until the small hours in the billiard-room, smok-

ing and thinking. Di, you made me be, even when surrounded by friends and relatives."

"I think I understand," he said. "You think you do, but—forgive me—you do not. You cannot! Lord Romney, my father was a man, immersed in business; all his heart and soul was given to the making of money. He had his reward, you will say. Ah, yes! he amassed and left behind him, so I am told, an immense fortune, but through so lavish with his gold, he had no heart to give to his child—his daughter."

She turned her face aside, and her voice trembled.

If there were no tears in her eyes, Lord Romney thought there were, which amounted to the same.

"My mother," she continued, "is, so far as duty is concerned, perfect; but, alas! she has no sympathy with me. The books I read, the songs I sing, are utterly foreign to her. She does not understand me, as she calls it, and when I utter the craving which my heart feels for such sympathy, she puts me off with a light laugh or a stern rebuke. Last night, in the midst of your home, my heart ached for the tender harmony which prevailed there. When we were singing, I thought, 'If I had such a home as this, such sisters, such a brother—'"

She stopped, and her voice trembled. "How many hours of bitter and hopeless longing would have been spared me, and the pleasure of being with you all mingled with so keen a pain as I at this moment resolve never to come again to you again."

"Made a what of?" demanded Di, open-eyed.

"Made a toast; drank her health after every dinner, all the men standing by, dear. Very pretty custom—"

"Plantagenet!" exclaimed the countess, tragically. "I beg that this unseemly conversation may not be continued in the presence of your wife and daughter."

"Eh, what? Oh, very well! Where's the paper? What are you going to do today, my dear, eh?" and he almost winked at Di.

"I think it would be a suitable day for a ride," said the countess.

"Really, my lady, that is a splendid suggestion. What do you say, Di—Diana, I mean?" catching an awful glare from the countess.

"If Alice likes," she said.

"Oh, Alice will do anything you do," said Lady Alice, smiling very affectionately.

"En that's us!" said the countess, with unmettle promptness. "I am glad you have decided, for I have sent off a note to Miss Delorme to ask her to accompany you."

"That's intended for me, my dear," remarked the earl to Di, with a chuckle.

Lord Romney finished his breakfast almost in silence, and then went down to the stable to select a horse for Miss Delorme, while the girls put their habits on.

Di was ready in ten minutes, and ran down to wait Lark being saddled, and was almost instantly surrounded by the grooms, each being particularly anxious to lend a hand, and gain a word from her.

"This is so kind of you, Lord Romney," she said, giving him her hand, and turning her large eyes rest on his, with a soft gleam of gratitude. "It was what I was longing for an hour ago, but I have little thought you had guessed my wish! I hope you have sent a very quiet horse; I am not much of a rider."

"Come and see!" he said. "Oh, yes, it is a very quiet animal, and I think you will be able to manage her very easily."

Di rode on ahead with Lady Alice, and Lord Romney and Miss Delorme followed.

Di tried to talk and laugh carelessly, but somehow the clear musical voice of Miss Delorme floated on to her from behind, and she could not get rid of it.

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Lord Romney looked after her wistfully, but could not leave his charge.

"Can you venture a gallop?" he said.

"I am afraid not," she answered sweetly. "How beautiful Miss Leslie rides! And how well she looks on a horse! I don't think I ever saw a lovelier picture!"

"Yes, isn't she? I—I am glad you admire her—"

"Oh, who could fail to do so?" she responded, warmly. "I would give the world to own her as a friend—a real friend I mean!"

"I understand; and I can quite believe it," he said, eagerly. "Di—Miss Leslie—is a girl who would take anybody's heart by storm!"

"Ah, yes," she said; then she sighed, and turned her head away. "I envy her! Why?" he asked. "I cannot comprehend you envying anyone, Miss Delorme."

"Can you not?" she said, and her voice dropped to a tone so low that he had to bend to catch it. "How I wish I could tell you! But I am afraid that you would only laugh at me, or, at best, think me full of myself."

"I need, I should not," he said, touched, in spite of himself, by the sad melancholy that shone in her downcast eyes.

"Are you sure? I am so tempted to confide in you!"

"If I can be of any service to you, if it will be of any relief to you, pray, do!" he said, but as he spoke an uneasy feeling smote him.

"I will," she said, after a pause.

"Lord Romney, did you ever hear of the man who was doomed to spend his days shut up in a tower and wear an iron mask?"

"Yes," he said.

"Well, then, I am a woman who has been shut up in a tower, and been doomed to wear an iron mask. All my life has been a solitary one—ah, I know what you would say! That I have had, until lately, a father; that I have still a mother. Ah, Lord Romney, if you only knew, if you could only guess, how utterly and entirely solitary a girl can be, even when surrounded by friends and relatives!"

"I think I understand," he said. "You think you do, but—forgive me—you do not. You cannot! Lord Romney, my father was a man, immersed in business; all his heart and soul was given to the making of money. He had his reward, you will say. Ah, yes! he amassed and left behind him, so I am told, an immense fortune, but through so lavish with his gold, he had no heart to give to his child—his daughter."

She turned her face aside, and her voice trembled.

If there were no tears in her eyes, Lord Romney thought there were, which amounted to the same.

"My mother," she continued, "is, so far as duty is concerned, perfect; but, alas! she has no sympathy with me. The books I read, the songs I sing, are utterly foreign to her. She does not understand me, as she calls it, and when I utter the craving which my heart feels for such sympathy, she puts me off with a light laugh or a stern rebuke. Last night, in the midst of your home, my heart ached for the tender harmony which prevailed there. When we were singing, I thought, 'If I had such a home as this, such sisters, such a brother—'"

She stopped, and her voice trembled. "How many hours of bitter and hopeless longing would have been spared me, and the pleasure of being with you all mingled with so keen a pain as I at this moment resolve never to come again to you again."

"Made a what of?" demanded Di, open-eyed.

"Made a toast; drank her health after every dinner, all the men standing by, dear. Very pretty custom—"

"Plantagenet!" exclaimed the countess, tragically. "I beg that this unseemly conversation may not be continued in the presence of your wife and daughter."

"Eh, what? Oh, very well! Where's the paper? What are you going to do today, my dear, eh?" and he almost winked at Di.

"I think it would be a suitable day for a ride," said the countess.

"Really, my lady, that is a splendid suggestion. What do you say, Di—Diana, I mean?" catching an awful glare from the countess.

"If Alice likes," she said.

"Oh, Alice will do anything you do," said Lady Alice, smiling very affectionately.

"En that's us!" said the countess, with unmettle promptness. "I am glad you have decided, for I have sent off a note to Miss Delorme to ask her to accompany you."

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CHAPTER XIV.

"I Cannot Be Your Wife."

Never had the Honorable Giffard Lisle been more pleasantly amused and insinuating than he was on this evening.

The party was somewhat silent at dinner; Lord Romney, feeling that, once again, Miss Delorme had succeeded in creating a coolness between Di and him.

He tried to catch her eye, and engage her in conversation, but Di, smarting with a vague unrest and jealousy, either kept her eyes fixed on her plate or stared straight in front of her.

"Alice tried to get her to talk, but for once Di was steered against even her gentle blandishment, and it was left to Mr. Giffard to come to the rescue.

So the dinner dragged its weary course, and the gentlemen were left to their wine."

"Are you tired tonight, Di, dear?" asked Lady Alice, putting her arm round Di's waist, timidly.

"No," said Di, almost roughly, "but I am fearfully hot—there doesn't seem a breath of air in the place. Let us go out on the terrace; I always fly to that, as a bird flies to the woods when it escapes from its cage."

"I'll go with you," said Alice; but at that moment Lady Fayre called to her to play, and Di, to whom the sound of music, excepting it was produced by Lord Romney, was a direct irritant made for the open door.

"The night air blew, cool and refreshing, across the lawn and Di, throwing her head back, drank a long breath as a bird flies to the woods when it escapes from its cage."

"If I could only blow that fair woman with the large eyes out of my brain," she murmured, restlessly, "I should be all right!"

But the fair woman with the large eyes seemed to haunt her, and hover before her in the darkness; and half mad with herself, she walked to the end of the terrace, and, descending to the lawn, seated herself, regardless of the dew, on a very grassy slope.

A minute afterward she heard a step sounding on the stone walk above her, and, recognizing it as Mr. Giffard Lisle's, almost held her breath, in her desire to escape his notice.

But, to her discomfiture, he stopped at the top of the steps by which she had come down the next minute was by her side.

Only 3 More Days

Of this extra Early Clothing Sale, so you will have to hurry if you want T. & D. Goods at these prices.

CLOTHING

\$ 6.50 Suits, lined or unlined **\$1.75**
\$ 8.50 Suits, lined or unlined **\$2.75**
\$10.00 Suits, lined or unlined **\$3.90**
\$12.50 Suits, 3 pieces, lined **\$12.75**
\$18.00 Suits, 3 pieces, lined **\$14.75**
\$22.50 Suits, 3 pieces, lined **\$16.75**
\$25.00 Suits, 3 pieces, lined **\$18.75**

FURNISHINGS

\$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50 fancy vests **\$1.55**
\$200 Negligee shirts **\$1.38**
\$1.50 Negligee shirts **98c**
\$1.00 Negligee shirts **69c**
All 7c. fancy silk ties **35c**
All 2c. fancy cotton hose **15c**
One lot boys' wool jerseys 75c and \$1.00 **25c**

One lot boys' blouses 50c and 75c for **25c**
Many lines of underwear, braces etc., at reduced prices.

HATS

One line \$2.00 Clip Straw Hats, young men's shape with the new pencil brim for **\$1.25**
One line \$2.50 Mackinaw Straw hats same as above to clear at **\$1.75**
4 lines Black Stiff Hats this Spring's latest shapes, regular \$3.00 to clear at **\$1.85**

Many other lines reduced.
Every person buying a dollar straw hat gets a fancy band free. Come before the last few days and get a better selection and better service than at the last moment.
Store open Friday night, closed all day Saturday, Dominion Day.

Store open Friday Night,
Closed All Day Saturday

Thornton & Douglas, Ltd



"SWEET DREAMS"

REAL REST FOR THE WEARY

The
Kellaric Mattress

has the laced opening at the end, enabling the purchaser to see just what is inside. Each mattress is equipped with STRAP HANDLES which prove very handy in turning or moving it. The Kellaric is absolutely guaranteed not to sag or become uneven or lumpy.
Largest Exclusive Specialists of High Grade Mattresses and Box Springs in Canada.
If your dealer does not carry it please phone 656.

Berlin Bedding Co., Limited
BERLIN ONTARIO

The Upkeep of an Outfit

Talks like money. Our wide experience enables us to safely guide you in selecting and equipping a plumbing and heating outfit. Ask our prices.

J. HAINSWORTH

WHENEVER AND WHEREVER THE WIND BLOWS
You need matches that won't go out.

MR. SPORTSMAN!

Before you go on that fishing trip be sure you get some "Eddystone Torches," the matches that don't go out.

There's a windy day and a rainy day match for your vest pocket.

Always, Everywhere in Canada, Ask for Eddy's Matches.

The Eddystone Torch

defies wind or water—can't be blown out—is a sure light in rain. Can be dipped in water and will relight instantly on being withdrawn.

The Match for The Sportsman, The Soldier, The Engineer, The Sailor, The Camper. The Man who owns a Motor Car or Boat.

Everyone who lives much in the open
Uses
EDDY'S TORCHES
and
EDDY'S FLAMERS.

Try a Want Ad.

MISERABLE WITH STOMACH TROUBLE

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" BRINGS THE HAPPINESS OF HEALTH

"Fruit-a-tives" cures Stomach Troubles because it cures the Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and Skin. Indigestion etc. is not usually the fault of the stomach itself. The bowels are irregular—the kidneys are weak or strained—the skin is inactive—and consequently the blood is impure. It is the impure blood that really makes bad digestion.

"Fruit-a-tives" purifies the blood by making all the vital organs active and healthy—which in turn relieves the stomach. Take "Fruit-a-tives" if you want to get rid of all Stomach Troubles and faults of Digestion. See a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers, or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

ST. JACOBS.

June 26, 1911.

Miss Maud Smith of Berlin was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. T. M. Robinson over Sunday.

Mr. Leo Berges spent Sunday at his home here.

Mr. Frank E. Welker and bride arrived home Thursday evening. Congratulations.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. A. Y. Haist and Miss Bowers of Berlin, spent Thursday with friends here.

Rev. Mr. W. O. Hehn attended camp meeting at Midway over Sunday.

Women's Institute Meeting. The Annual June Meeting will be held on the lawn of Mrs. Flisinger, on June 30th, at 3 o'clock, p. m. A full attendance is requested.

Congratulations.—We are pleased to congratulate our young friend, Miss Editha Ross, formerly of this place, on her success as a nurse. Miss Ross was presented with the gold medal, having obtained the highest marks in her class at the nurses' graduation exercises held at the B. & W. Hospital last Thursday evening.

Died.—On June 16th, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lipphardt, Heinrich Lein, aged 91 years. The late Mrs. Lein had been a resident of this neighborhood for over 50 years. The funeral, which took place from the residence of his daughter to the Lutheran Cemetery on Monday afternoon, was very largely attended by friends from the village and surrounding neighborhood, showing the high esteem in which our late citizen was held, who was well and favorably known. The Rev. O. Linke officiated at the burial and church.

NATURE SPARES

The Stricken Rose From Grief.

What a fortunate provision of nature it is, that deprives the rose of mental suffering; for how poignant would be its grief to discover, in the height of its blooming glory, that a canker fed at its heart, and that its beauty and fragrance were doomed forever. Nature always spares the suffering; she is a veritable store-house of pleasing rewards, for those who seek her aid. In the years gone by falling hair and grayness have cast a gloom over the lives of thousands of young women, but thanks to the investigations of scientists the true cause of hair destruction is now known to be a germ or parasite that burrows into the hair follicles. Newbro's Herpicide absolutely destroys this germ, thus permitting the hair to grow, as nature intended. Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

Send 10c in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich. If not at your drug store, we deliver it prepaid at your home upon receipt of \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address The Herpicide Co., Windsor, Ont. Clarke Bros., Special Agents.

NEW HAMBURG.

Mrs. J. Hartwell, and son of Galt, were the guests of friends in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fleming Fraser, of New York City, are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Fraser, Waterloo St.

Mrs. J. Campbell, of Guelph, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Millar. Miss Viola Brown, of Shakespeare, spent Saturday with Miss Hilda Corrie.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Hueglin and Miss Adele Hueglin, left this week for Detroit, where they will reside in the future.

Mr. Frank Feild, who has been on sick leave for some time, returned this week to resume his duties in the Standard Bank.

Mrs. McIntyre has returned to her home in Rainham, after a visit of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Laschinger.

Mr. John Giering and daughter, Miss Agnes, returned to their home in Chatham, Ill., after a visit of several months with friends in New Hamburg and vicinity.

Miss Clara Buckel has returned to Guelph to resume her duties at St. Joseph's Hospital after a visit to her parents here.

Miss D. McNay spent a couple of days last week at her home in Mitchell.

Miss E. Pentland, of Toronto, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Smith, of Innisfail, Alberta, are renewing acquaintances in New Hamburg and vicinity.

Mr. H. C. Livingston, of Chatham, spent a couple of days this week, with friends in town.

The Misses Sophia and Elena Betzner spent last Sunday with friends at Berlin.

lin. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson Merner spent a few days last week with Mrs. Robert Adhert, in Detroit.

We are pleased to note that Mrs. Ephraim Smith, who underwent an operation for appendicitis on Thursday last, is doing nicely.

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. McCrea, of Trowbridge, were the guests of Mrs. Thomas A. Smith here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Tilley, of Crosshill, spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bender, of Goshen, Indiana, arrived here this week, to spend a month visiting friends and relatives.

A service of intercession for King and nation, was held in St. George's Church, on Wednesday evening, to which the pastors, and congregations, of the people of New Hamburg, were all invited. Those who joined the rector in this service were Rev. P. McLaren, of Shakespeare, and Rev. J. C. Morlock and A. C. Wilson, of New Hamburg. The gathering was in accordance with the circular issued by the Evangelical Alliance, of the Old Land, with a written consent and approval of the Bishop of the Diocese.

Rev. and Mrs. Prest, of Rochester, N. Y., arrived in town last week. Rev. Prest will take charge of the Baptist Church here.

Miss Clara Hollinger, of Berlin, spent last Sunday with friends in town.

Rev. P. Voelker, the new pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, who arrived here from Wilkesbarre, Pa., with his family, on Wednesday evening, was tendered a reception in the church upon his arrival. A very large congregation was present, and the address of welcome was read by Rev. Mr. Klauen, of Stratford. Lunch was served in the basement, and an enjoyable time was spent.

A quiet wedding took place in St. Francis R. C. Church, Toronto, on Monday morning at 8 o'clock, when Miss Elizabeth Arnold was married to Mr. Jack Reid of this town. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father McCann. Miss Lavina Arnold, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Alfred Reid supported the groom. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Reid left on a short trip to Niagara Falls, and arrived in New Hamburg last Wednesday evening, where they will reside. Their many friends wish them a long and happy wedded life.

Mr. J. P. Ernst and Miss Evelyn Ernst visited friends in Doon, over the week-end.

JOHNSON RESIGNS AS GUELPH CHIEF.

Abby Claims He Has Been the Manager of Team in Name Only.

Guelph, June 26.—Abbie Johnson, manager of the Guelph Maple Leafs, to-day mailed a letter to Secretary Dulmage, of the Guelph Baseball Club, requesting his release as manager and player.

The reason assigned by Johnson is interference of directors in management of the team.

He claims he has not signed or released a man since the opening of season. He also has been obliged to take instructions of directors as to who should pitch games, and also arrangement of batting order. He says he has been manager in name only.

Shake-up Coming.

A shake-up of the Maple Leafs, especially strengthening the infield and the pitchers, is being made by the management. A new infielder has been secured in the person of Isaacs, whom the Guelph team has been after for some time, and the hurling staff has been added to by signing Sterling, of Adrian, Mich. Sterling will be remembered as a pitcher for the Maple Leafs in the days of the ill-fated International League, and his work was of a high calibre then. Burton has been ordered to report for July and August, and a new outfielder is being secured, as it is felt that the pitchers have enough work to do in the box. Isaacs reported in Hamilton today, and Sterling reported in Guelph.

Secretary Dulmage, of the Maple Leafs, returned to-night from a short scouting trip to Rochester in search of players. He succeeded in landing Pitcher Dunn, of the University of Rochester, and Kehoe and Bell, of the Liberty team, of that city. The former is a left hand twirler, and the latter an outfielder. Both men are highly recommended.

Where servants are kept a dinner served in separate courses is a smart occasion, and a pretty table arrangement adds much to the success of the meal. For the luncheon, if the table is polished oak or mahogany, a charming effect is obtained by placing a piece of nary lace in the center of the board and doliies to match under every plate and water glass. In this way the hostess shows off her fine table and yet protects it from heat and water stains. Upon the centerpiece is placed the vase of summer flowers, which may be flanked by two candles or two small lamps, the latter exactly alike, with crimped paper for shades.

The service at each plate consists of two forks, two knives, a broth spoon and a butter knife, the latter laid across the small side plate; supplied for bread and butter. The knife and spoon are placed at the right hand of the plates and the two forks, one slightly larger than the other, at the left. At the right hand is set the crystal, one water glass, and one wine glass if wine is served.

The attractive luncheon tables also bear several small silver or glass dishes filled with bonbons, candied

fruits and salted almonds and two water bottles, set upon individual doliies or in silver stands supplied for the purpose. Large hemmed napkins are often used, done up without starch and laid in a well-folded square across the plate, which is put on the table turned up. A dinner table is arranged as for luncheon, except that a snowy damask cloth covers the entire table and there is a larger silver service, especially of spoons. An ordinary dinner, to which a guest may be invited, consists of soup, fish, one or two vegetables, salad, dessert and coffee. One o'clock is the usual hour for luncheon and between half-past six and half-past seven the smart time for dinner. Afternoon tea is invariably announced for four o'clock, and all invitations state the hour for the function.

Where the newly wedded couple have no servant a table needs to be very completely set in the beginning, as every moment of rising to get a thing creates a certain amount of disturbance. There are a number of ways to arrange for convenience when serving a dinner without the aid of a servant. If there is soup no other dishes can be put on the table until this course has been dispatched. But after this, with the ordinary dinner, all the other dishes may go on at the same time, with the exception of the coffee and dessert. Salad is generally served as a separate course, but if it involves a material which does not wilt with the dressing it may well be served with the other things.

It is quite a problem to remove the soiled dishes without awkwardness, but there is one woman who has solved this matter. She uses a species of low cabinet with boards which slide out easily. The soiled plates are passed from the guests to the host, and when these are placed on the lower shelf of the cabinet she takes from the upper shelves and passes along the fresh plates. On top of the pretty cabinet is placed the coffee urn, and after the work of the table has been disposed of, without removing from his chair, the host makes the coffee and serves it in the little cups alongside in the same way.

WILMOT COUNCIL.

The 735th session of Wilmot Twp. Council was held at the Tp. Hall, Baden, on Monday the 19th day of June 1911. Members all present, the Reeve presiding. Minutes of previous session were read and confirmed.

A letter from Mr. Herbert J. Bowman, enclosing a copy of County By-law No. 632, "To Equalize the Assessments" was received and read and ordered to be Filed. Moved by Wesley Erb, seconded by J. P. Livingston that notice is hereby given, that at next meeting of Council (June 26th) a resolution will be moved of a By-law to be passed, raising the per diem rate of pay to Councillors from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per diem.

Mr. Espenschied, Assistant Engineer of the Hydro Electric Commission of Ontario, as well as The Police Trustees of the Police village of Baden, were present at this meeting and the said Engineer presented estimates of the probable cost of installing The Hydro Electric Power and Light in the Police village of Baden, and after duly considering the Estimates submitted, The Council decided to comply with the request of said Trustees, and submit By-laws to the electors of the Police village of Baden.

A special meeting of Council to be held at the Tp. Hall, Baden on the 25th day of June 1911, at 2 o'clock p.m. to complete arrangements for the submission of the said By-law.

Moved by Moses Schultz, seconded by A. C. Hallman that the following accounts be passed and that the Reeve issue his orders on the Treasurer in payment of the same, viz:

To H.C. Schumm for book for Bd. of Health.....\$ 25
" Sawyer Massey Co., Belstar 8.51
" Can. Ex. Co., Ex. Charges.....35
" Dr. W. Gillespie acc. of the Bd. of Health for supplies 66.45
" H. C. Schumm acc. of the Bd. of Health for supplies.....6.75
" J. J. Berger for Lumber.....2.68
" Ig. B. Dittner for putting.....

Where everything in the lunch basket is wrapped separately in waxed paper there will be no mixing of flavors, and the daintiness will coax a weak appetite. This does away with the necessity of carrying the box right side up, supposing, of course, that there are no glasses or cups holding liquids—and it is better to eliminate them where possible. The skin can be removed from oranges and the sections separated without breaking. Then they can be put into shape and wrapped in waxed paper. There should be a supply of paper napkins, waxed and parchment paper, fresh wrapping paper and strong twine when the lunch basket is packed.

LATE IDEAS FROM PARIS.

The latest and probably the oddest rage is the summer nuffs. It may be made of any material that is light and pretty.

The plain top sleeves in mannish type or the kimono or peasant cut is still a dominant characteristic in the French capital.

Octagon mesh veiling in clusters or chenille dots is worn to a great extent, as also file mesh veiling sprinkled with the chenille dots.

AFTER THE JUNE WEDDING.

The season is of June weddings all but over. Pretty little homes, prepared many weeks in advance, are now occupied by the principal actors of the Mune ceremonies and peace reigns in the paternal homestead where only a short time ago there was a bustle to get everything ready.

Woman's Column

PACKING LUNCH BASKETS.

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The young wife should never apologize for her new home, whether it be of the best or not. To her it should be the most beautiful place in the world, the place where all interests are centered. If she criticizes her new home her husband's dignity is belittled, and since his wife has taken him for better or for worse, she must carry off the situation by displaying an added delicacy not only toward her friends, but toward the one whose fortunes she has made her own.

The husband and wife, no matter if they have only been married a short time, should take a hand in the various household duties when guests appear. They should never appear embarrassed at the lack of any luxury, such as a servant or a fancy dish. In the mere matter of general breeding it is really vulgar to apologize to guests for any omission which fortune necessitates, and especially for plain food or the lack of servants. To offer the hospitality of one's table to itself an exquisite compliment, and a young couple can "make things go off" with more grace where they work together at the various duties.

Where servants are kept a dinner served in separate courses is a smart occasion, and a pretty table arrangement adds much to the success of the meal. For the luncheon, if the table is polished oak or mahogany, a charming effect is obtained by placing a piece of nary lace in the center of the board and doliies to match under every plate and water glass. In this way the hostess shows off her fine table and yet protects it from heat and water stains. Upon the centerpiece is placed the vase of summer flowers, which may be flanked by two candles or two small lamps, the latter exactly alike, with crimped paper for shades.

The service at each plate consists of two forks, two knives, a broth spoon and a butter knife, the latter laid across the small side plate; supplied for bread and butter. The knife and spoon are placed at the right hand of the plates and the two forks, one slightly larger than the other, at the left. At the right hand is set the crystal, one water glass, and one wine glass if wine is served.

The attractive luncheon tables also bear several small silver or glass dishes filled with bonbons, candied

fruits and salted almonds and two water bottles, set upon individual doliies or in silver stands supplied for the purpose. Large hemmed napkins are often used, done up without starch and laid in a well-folded square across the plate, which is put on the table turned up. A dinner table is arranged as for luncheon, except that a snowy damask cloth covers the entire table and there is a larger silver service, especially of spoons. An ordinary dinner, to which a guest may be invited, consists of soup, fish, one or two vegetables, salad, dessert and coffee. One o'clock is the usual hour for luncheon and between half-past six and half-past seven the smart time for dinner. Afternoon tea is invariably announced for four o'clock, and all invitations state the hour for the function.

Where the newly wedded couple have no servant a table needs to be very completely set in the beginning, as every moment of rising to get a thing creates a certain amount of disturbance. There are a number of ways to arrange for convenience when serving a dinner without the aid of a servant. If there is soup no other dishes can be put on the table until this course has been dispatched. But after this, with the ordinary dinner, all the other dishes may go on at the same time, with the exception of the coffee and dessert. Salad is generally served as a separate course, but if it involves a material which does not wilt with the dressing it may well be served with the other things.

It is quite a problem to remove the soiled dishes without awkwardness, but there is one woman who has solved this matter. She uses a species of low cabinet with boards which slide out easily. The soiled plates are passed from the guests to the host, and when these are placed on the lower shelf of the cabinet she takes from the upper shelves and passes along the fresh plates. On top of the pretty cabinet is placed the coffee urn, and after the work of the table has been disposed of, without removing from his chair, the host makes the coffee and serves it in the little cups alongside in the same way.

WILMOT COUNCIL.

The 735th session of Wilmot Twp. Council was held at the Tp. Hall, Baden, on Monday the 19th day of June 1911. Members all present, the Reeve presiding. Minutes of previous session were read and confirmed.

A letter from Mr. Herbert J. Bowman, enclosing a copy of County By-law No. 632, "To Equalize the Assessments" was received and read and ordered to be Filed. Moved by Wesley Erb, seconded by J. P. Livingston that notice is hereby given, that at next meeting of Council (June 26th) a resolution will be moved of a By-law to be passed, raising the per diem rate of pay to Councillors from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per diem.

Mr. Espenschied, Assistant Engineer of the Hydro Electric Commission of Ontario, as well as The Police Trustees of the Police village of Baden, were present at this meeting and the said Engineer presented estimates of the probable cost of installing The Hydro Electric Power and Light in the Police village of Baden, and after duly considering the Estimates submitted, The Council decided to comply with the request of said Trustees, and submit By-laws to the electors of the Police village of Baden.

A special meeting of Council to be held at the Tp. Hall, Baden on the 25th day of June 1911, at 2 o'clock p.m. to complete arrangements for the submission of the said By-law.

Moved by Moses Schultz, seconded by A. C. Hallman that the following accounts be passed and that the Reeve issue his orders on the Treasurer in payment of the same, viz:

To H.C. Schumm for book for Bd. of Health.....\$ 25
" Sawyer Massey Co., Belstar 8.51
" Can. Ex. Co., Ex. Charges.....35
" Dr. W. Gillespie acc. of the Bd. of Health for supplies 66.45
" H. C. Schumm acc. of the Bd. of Health for supplies.....6.75
" J. J. Berger for Lumber.....2.68
" Ig. B. Dittner for putting.....

Where everything in the lunch basket is wrapped separately in waxed paper there will be no mixing of flavors, and the daintiness will coax a weak appetite. This does away with the necessity of carrying the box right side up, supposing, of course, that there are no glasses or cups holding liquids—and it is better to eliminate them where possible. The skin can be removed from oranges and the sections separated without breaking. Then they can be put into shape and wrapped in waxed paper. There should be a supply of paper napkins, waxed and parchment paper, fresh wrapping paper and strong twine when the lunch basket is packed.

LATE IDEAS FROM PARIS.

The latest and probably the oddest rage is the summer nuffs. It may be made of any material that is light and pretty.

The plain top sleeves in mannish type or the kimono or peasant cut is still a dominant characteristic in the French capital.

Octagon mesh veiling in clusters or chenille dots is worn to a great extent, as also file mesh veiling sprinkled with the chenille dots.

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Apollinaris

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By Special Permission of His Majesty King Edward VII.
THE ROYAL GUARDIANS
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Hon. Charles Murphy, M.P.
Secretary of State

Supreme Lodge Office
Montreal

Certificates issued on all popular plans, including Endowment—

LOST IN A BLIZZARD, NEAR THE EQUATOR

COLUMBIA Boy's Dramatic Adventure in Ecuador, Where He Sought a Fabled Treasure House of Pizarro, Made His Freezing Companion Proceed by Threatening to Shoot Him, and Ultimately Was Captured, Unconscious, as a Spy.

PERILOUS ADVENTURES
TOLD BY AND OF
LIVING PERSONS



JACK G. BARAGWANATH

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ACTUATED by a desire to see the world and an innate love of all things savoring of prehistoric times, I enlisted, shortly after graduation from Columbia College, as assistant to Professor Marshall Saville, head of the George E. Heye Exploration Expedition to Ecuador. The purpose of the expedition was to study the archaeology of the Inca and pre-Inca periods of civilization in Ecuador and Peru.

The first part of our travels was prosaic and uneventful enough. We left New York in May, 1910, arriving at Guayaquil, Peru, some weeks later. There we were joined by Manuel Gamio, of Mexico City, who made the fourth member of the party, a young fellow called Willie Huskey having accompanied us from New York.

After a few days in the unhealthy Guayaquil district we struck off into the forests of Riobamba, where we for a time made our headquarters, unearthing many relics of prehistoric military and domestic life. We, of course, employed the usual cascade of pack mules, horses, mules and two guides, and the work in Riobamba was more in the nature of an outing. We slept long and comfortably, the altitude at which we lived making it cool, and endured few hardships.

Skirting northward, we visited Quito, the city on the equator, and were entertained royally by President Alvarado, of Ecuador. As this was the last stage of our journey before plunging into the real wilderness, where we were to almost fight for our living, I remember the banquet tendered us by the President very distinctly, and later had cause to remember it even more vividly and more gratefully.

Leaving Quito, we followed the highways to Salinas, a town in the northernmost part of the province of Bolivar. Then began the real work of the expedition. We set out through the Chimborazo Mountains to cross the province from north to south, with Chillanes as our goal.

Two or three days' journey from our starting point Gamio and I obtained permission from Professor Saville to explore and climb Cotapaxi, probably the largest volcano in the world. We expected to take two or three days for the feat, and besides heavy blankets we carried provisions to last us that length of time. The first night we came to a little adobe hut, called by courtesy an inn, at Latacunga, under the very foot of the mountain. While we were eating supper two or three ill-appearing fellows entered the room and ordered drinks. Gamio, being a Mexican, spoke perfect Spanish and I have always been as familiar with the language as I am with my native tongue. We had soon been induced into a conversation with them and they seemed to be not at all bad company.

Before our acquaintance had advanced very far they had told us of a hidden treasure, gold and jewels of an Inca, which was buried not far from the town, about two miles up the mountain.

This story is one which the traveller meets in almost every town of the vast territory which once comprised the Peru known to Pizarro. As usual, in this case there was a ghost which guarded the treasure, and with all the cupidity of the natives they had never made any very determined effort to unearth it.

We of course took no stock in the story of the treasure, but our curiosity to see one of these dreaded spots for ourselves was strong. After some talk we decided to ride out to the place after supper, and as the inn was likely to be possessed of all the things which make life miserable in those countries we planned to carry our provisions and blankets with us to sleep in the open. This we arranged in English, being not altogether willing to trust our new friends too far.

The description of the treasure spot given us by our friends of the inn had led us to believe we would find an excellent camping ground and we were in a hurry to sleep. Nearing the place where the gold and jewels were supposed to be hidden, we saw three men apparently digging, and there were two more sitting on the ground. As soon as we were within hailing distance Gamio asked them what they were doing. The diggers dropped their spades, the others jumped to their feet and a number of shots were fired.

The fusillade came as a shock and we were nearly unseated by the rearing of our horses, which, frightened, wheeled and ran, taking to a path which led at an angle off from the one we had come on. This, I must admit, saved us the trouble of changing the horses ourselves, for we certainly would not have lingered in that locality. Gamio's pistol had caught in his holster, but I had managed to discharge my automatic in the direction of the men who had attacked us. Whether it was effective I do not know. I hope not, for we never heard of those who had assaulted us again, nor were we ever able to figure out what was their purpose. Had it been our friends from the inn attempting to rob us they might better have waited for us to approach and assured our defeat by meeting us under a guise of friendliness.

The course of the path we were on seemed to tend upward and we followed it for a matter of two miles before we dismounted, staked the horses and turned in to sleep. Any of the trails, we had been told, led to sheepherders' huts near the snow line and had

reckoned on leaving the horses at one of these stations.

Early in the morning we continued higher and about noon arrived at a small cabin crouched among the rocks. We were near the snow line and anxious to start the ascent, as our time was getting short. The horses were left in the care of the shepherd and with provisions for three meals apiece in case of emergency we began our climb. At first we followed an almost hidden trail, which was soon lost after we entered the snow. The peak we wished to ascend was directly before us and so long as we kept always climbing we were all right for a time.

The wind was bitter cold, and despite the efforts of climbing, we shivered some after the sun became obscured behind a heavy blanket of gray. By the middle of the afternoon we were as high as we cared to go, and, after eating sparingly, started to descend. This we had calculated would not take us more than two-thirds the time of the ascent, but we chose to keep the greater part of our provisions for a remote case of emergency.

The tracks we had made in ascending were easily followed for a time, but soon after we had started

to take either of two courses in skirting a line of cliffs which we could not have hoped to scale and which I remembered we had not descended directly. I had just turned to the east when Gamio brought me to the sudden halt.

"That's the wrong way," he said, a little irritably. "Are you sure?" said I. "I am quite positive we came from this direction."

I was still positive that I was right, but if there were any landmarks in the way of rocks or such they were either covered by the snow or we were unable to see them through the driving storm.

I at last argued Gamio around to my way of thinking and we continued on our way as I had started. This was well enough for a time, but I found myself wondering now at every point whether I was in the right or not, and the more I thought of it the more confused I became.

When it next became Gamio's turn to lead he seemed very downcast.

"It's no use," he said. "You may have come right, but I cannot be sure of myself for a single step. I haven't the least idea where we are."

When I thought it over I had not much idea as to our

blinding, swirling swirl of snow we could, actually speaking, scarce see a hand before our faces. And all this within a few miles of the earth's equator! Somewhere in the same latitude sunburned and heat-fried people were seeking the cool of the plazas and the cafes as the welcome relief of night came to them.

Gamio had begun to weaken perceptibly. I do not know whether I staggered or not, but it seemed that I could not put one foot before the other. Each time I lifted my shoe it was as heavy as though the weight of a whole drift was attached to it. I tried to support my companion, but my hands were so numb that his arm slipped from my grasp and he staggered about like one drunk. Wildly plunging and picking ourselves up as best we could when we fell, which was often, we slid and careened ever downward, only to find ourselves at last in a hollow or chasm, where it was necessary to climb weary heights again before we could descend once more.

When we stumbled and fell headlong into the snow it felt welcome warm on wrists and hands and even face, until at last they became so numb that we felt absolutely nothing. Gamio groaned monotonously for minutes at a time, then was silent. No doubt I did the same, but I did not realize it at the time.

They say it is comfortable to freeze to death, and so I believe it is at the last, but the pain at first is almost unendurable. We were rolling and dragging ourselves up an especially steep and wicked spur when Gamio

Gamio reached toward his hip.

"That's enough," I said. "I'll take your gun," and I reached down and lifted it from its holster. It was only the warmth that had sufficed my body from the extra effort of dragging Gamio which made it possible for me to hold the weapons or use my fingers at all.

"Oh, I say," stammered Gamio. "Quit your kidding, will you? I don't feel like fooling."

"I'm not kidding," I almost yelled. "And if you don't get up out of there I'll pink a nice little round hole in you. Don't you know, you plumed fool, that it's only the numb warmth before freezing that you feel?"

"Oh, no!" said Gamio.

"I will count ten," I told him. "One, two, three"—

He thought I meant it and staggered groaning to his feet. Feeble he tottered before me, looking back from time to time with an ugly gleam in his eyes.

A man in his senses would have known that the chances of my hitting anything with my hand trembling so were negligible.

At last we had mounted the spur and started once more downward. I had lost hope that it would be our last descent unless indeed we both dropped and died at the bottom.

Suddenly a fresh horror began to creep into my brain. The frightful warmth which had already seized upon Gamio was treacherously stealing upon me. The very worst had come, and I believe I prayed. I still had sense enough to know what it meant and not to think like Gamio, that the heat was real. I struggled against it, but it grew ever stronger as we staggered down the mountain. Time did not exist for me, and I do not know how long we had descended when I began to dream of hot coffee.

From time to time Gamio looked back over his shoulder and cursed me. Then he pleaded, groaning, protesting in maudlin, childlike sentences against my cruelty, but I held the pistol as steady as might be and forced him onward. Finally, while we were descending in a zigzag, senseless course, he turned with a particularly vicious curse and said—

"Look here, Jack, I'm not going a step further. Go on now, shoot if you like."

"I will," I whispered, hoarsely. "Just as sure as there is a God in heaven I'll shoot you if you don't turn round and walk."

The one idea to keep him moving had sole possession of my consciousness, and I think I really believed what I said. I knew that I was using my grasp on my sanity. I had thrown my pistol away. It was such an effort to carry it. The one I held I steadied by grasping my wrist with my free hand. Gamio laughed hoarsely.

"You have ten seconds," I told him, then began to count. "One, two, three."

Gamio was staring me in the eyes.

"Four, five, six, seven."

Without causing a sensation in my hand, the pistol dropped from his hand and tumbled into the snow. Gamio, laughing hoarsely, sank to the ground. It was useless to try to pick the weapon up. I could not control my fingers. With the last of the feeble strength that was in me I tried to drag Gamio to his feet. I could not do it, so I started to haul him through the snow. I suppose I had tugged him not more than forty feet when my arms refused to hold. My hands were useless.

I staggered a few paces off to rest. Then my knees began to wobble and chatter together. The mountain-side reeled and I did not know whether I was staggering upward or downward. Probably it was in a circle, for when I finally plunged into the snow I was only a few feet from Gamio. For a second my mind and sight cleared, and I saw him dimly through the driving white, on his feet, leaning over and apparently holding his hands as for warmth over a fire. Then darkness, tenfold heavier than even the darkness of the night, settled over me and I knew no more.

How long we lay there I do not know, for I have no idea what hour it was when I lost consciousness. I returned to myself to realize that every fibre in my body was throbbing and aching. That I was in some kind of a habitation I knew, for I was gazing straight up at heavy, rough, wooden beams and a dirty, dusty ceiling. If my limbs had been numb and feeble the night before they were almost numb with pain now. I tried to move them, but could not. They were still powerless, I thought, but in a moment discovered that I was bound hand and foot. The cords seemed to be drawn tight, but they did not pain me—in fact, I could not feel them.

Heavy blankets and dirty bags were over me, and they felt warm. A smell of brandy permeated the room, and in a moment a man entered and I turned my head enough to see him. He had a glass of hot water and liquor, which he offered me and I drank. It sent the blood tingling, and I asked him why I was tied. He was indisposed to answer at first, so I repeated the question, asking if he wanted money and where was my companion.

The man shrugged his shoulders and turned to Gamio, forcing some of the hot toddy between his lips. He was efficient and my friend soon opened his eyes. He was better informed on South American affairs and immediately realized that we were taken for Peruvian spies. Boundary disputes are perpetual between Ecuador and Colombia on the north and Peru on the south, and spies are continually being sent from one country to the other, though to what purpose I could never understand.

Mistaken for Spies.

No need to dwell on the inconveniences we endured. We at least had good food and a warm place to sleep, though we were bottled into a little room about fifteen feet square. Reason as we could with our captor we could not show him the folly of suspecting two men in that desolate, forsaken region of being spies. We could tell "El Gobernador," he said.

After a day and a half of captivity our host entered early in the morning, and menacing us with some kind of pistol of ancient origin, but daunting in size, told us that we were to be bound and taken to the city. A woman, hard looking and masculine, brought some coils of rope, and while she covered us with the deadly weapon the man bound us.

We were loaded into a something which I suppose was a cart and to which a decrepit mule was attached, and, while the woman mounted guard behind, the mule led and drove the woman over some of the roughest, worst roads which I think exist. At a small army post at the foot of the mountains we were turned over to the military, and the commander, being deaf to argument, we gave our parole and were conducted on horseback to Guaranda, the capital of Bolivar Province. There the Governor, Leon de Herrera, had us cast into prison, and foul enough it was. He was swollen with his own importance and would not let us telegraph. He had never heard of the George E. Heye expedition, he said.

Our protests that we had been received and entertained by the President of Ecuador, he considered mere bravado, and announced a court martial for the morrow.

That night we bribed a gold loving guard to telegraph to President Alvarado in our names, and also to Professor Saville, whom we thought might be searching for us in and near Latacunga.

About midnight the Governor himself opened the door to our cell and with profuse apologies invited us to a banquet and offered us the hospitality of his palace. We refused and told him some of the things which we had been saying about him. Even then he bowed and apologized, but we went to the inn and remained there for the night. It appears that the President, remembering us, had telegraphed for particulars and a full description of the things which had transpired. He had been saying about him. Even then he bowed and apologized, but we went to the inn and remained there for the night. It appears that the President, remembering us, had telegraphed for particulars and a full description of the things which had transpired. He had been saying about him. Even then he bowed and apologized, but we went to the inn and remained there for the night. It appears that the President, remembering us, had telegraphed for particulars and a full description of the things which had transpired. 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Only 3 More Days

Of this extra Early Clothing Sale, so you will have to hurry if you want T. & D. Goods at these prices.

CLOTHING	
\$ 6.50 Suits, lined or unlined	\$4.75
\$ 8.50 Suits, lined or unlined	\$5.75
\$10.00 Suits, lined or unlined	\$7.90
\$12.50 Suits lined or unlined	\$8.90
\$18.00 Suits, 3 pieces, lined	\$13.75
\$20.00 Suits, 3 pieces, lined	\$14.75
\$22.50 Suits, 3 pieces, lined	\$16.75
\$25.00 Suits, 3 pieces, lined	\$18.75

HATS.	
One lot boys blouses 50c and 75c for	25c
Many lines of underwear, braces etc., at reduced prices.	
HATS.	
One line \$2.00 Clip Straw Hats, young men's shape with the new pencil brim	\$1.25
One line \$2.50 Mackinaw Straw hats same as above to clear at	\$1.75
4 lines Black Stiff Hats this Spring latest shapes, regular \$3.00 to clear at	\$1.85
Many other lines reduced.	\$1.85
Every person buying a dollar Straw hat gets a fancy band free. Come before the last few days and get a better selection and better service than at the last moment.	
Store open Friday night. Closed all day Saturday, Dominion Day.	

Store open Friday Night,
Closed All Day Saturday
Thornton & Douglas, Ltd



REAL REST FOR THE WEARY

The Kellaric Mattres

has the laced opening at the end, enabling the purchaser to see that what is inside. Each mattress is equipped with STRAP HANDLES which prove very handy in turning or moving it. The Kellaric is absolutely guaranteed not to sag, or become uneven or lumpy. Largest Exclusive Specialists of High Grade Mattresses and Box Springs in Canada. If your dealer does not carry it please phone 686.

Berlin Bedding Co., Limited
BERLIN ONTARIO

The Upkeep of an Outfit

Talks like money. Our wide experience enables us to safely guide you in selecting and equipping a plumbing and heating outfit. Ask our prices.

J. HAINSWORTH

WHENEVER AND WHERE. EVER THE WIND BLOWS

You need matches that won't go out.

MR. SPORTSMAN!

Before you go on that fishing trip be sure you get some "Eddystone Torches," the matches that don't go out.

There's a windy day and a rainy day match for your vest pocket.

Always, Everywhere in Canada, Ask for Eddy's Matches.

The Eddystone Torch

defies wind or water—can't be blown out—is a sure light in rain. Can be dipped in water and will relight instantly on being withdrawn.

The Match for The Sportsman, The Soldier, The Engineer, The Sailor, The Camper. The Man who owns a Motor Car or Boat.

Everyone who lives much in the open

Uses **EDDY'S TORCHES** and **EDDY'S FLAMERS.**

Try a Want Ad.

MISERABLE WITH STOMACH TROUBLE

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" BRINGS THE HAPPINESS OF HEALTH

"Fruit-a-tives" cures Stomach Troubles because it cures the Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and Skin. Indigestion etc. is not usually the fault of the stomach itself. The bowels are irregular—the kidneys are weak or strained—the skin is inactive—and consequently the blood is impure. It is the impure blood that really makes bad digestion.

"Fruit-a-tives" purifies the blood by making all the vital organs active and healthy—which in turn relieves the stomach. Take "Fruit-a-tives" if you want to get rid of all Stomach Troubles and faults of Digestion.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c.

At all dealers, or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

ST. JACOBS.

June 26, 1911.

Miss Maud Smith of Berlin was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. T. M. Robinson over Sunday.

Mr. Leo Berges spent Sunday at his home here.

Mr. Frank E. Welker and bride arrived home Thursday evening. Congratulations.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. A. Y. Haist and Miss Bowers of Berlin, spent Thursday with friends here.

Rev. Mr. W. O. Hehn attended camp meeting at Midway over Sunday.

Women's Institute Meeting. The Annual June Meeting will be held on Monday morning at 8 o'clock, in the 30th, at 3 o'clock, p. m. A full attendance is requested.

Congratulations.—We are pleased to congratulate our young friend, Miss Rebecca Root, formerly of this place, on her success as a nurse. Miss Root was presented with the gold medal, having obtained the highest marks in her class at the nurses graduation exercises held at the B. & W. Hospital last Thursday evening.

Died.—On June 16th, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lipphardt, Heinrich Lein, aged 91 years. The late Mrs. Lein had been a resident of this neighborhood for over 50 years. The funeral, which took place from the residence of his daughter to the Lutheran Cemetery on Monday afternoon, was very largely attended by friends from the village and surrounding neighborhood, showing the high esteem in which our late citizen was held, who was well and favorably known. The Rev. O. Linke officiated at the burial and church.

NATURE SPARES

The Stricken Rose From Grief.

What a fortunate provision of nature it is, that deprives the rose of natural suffering; for how poignant would be its grief to discover, in the height of its blooming glory, that a canker fed at its heart, and that its beauty and fragrance were doomed forever. Nature always spares the suffering; she is a veritable store-house of pleasing rewards, for those who seek her aid. In the years gone by falling hair and grayness have cast a gloom over the lives of thousands of young women, but thanks to the investigations of scientists the true cause of hair destruction is now known to be a germ or parasite that burrows into the hair follicles. Newbro's Herpicide absolutely destroys this germ, thus permitting the hair to grow as nature intended. Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c. in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

Send 10c in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich. If not at your drug store, we deliver it prepaid at your home upon receipt of \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address The Herpicide Co., Windsor, Ont.

Clarke Bros., Special Agents.

NEW HAMBURG.

Mrs. J. Hartwell, and son of Galt, were the guests of friends in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fleming Fraser, of New York City, are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Fraser, Waterloo St.

Mrs. J. Campbell, of Guelph, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Miller. Miss Viola Brown, of Shakespeare, spent Saturday with Miss Hilda Corrie.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hueglin and Miss Adele Hueglin, left this week for Detroit, where they will reside in the future.

Mr. Frank Feild, who has been on sick leave for some time, returned this week to resume his duties in the Standard Bank.

Mrs. McIntyre has returned to her home in Rainham, after a visit of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Laschinger.

Mr. John Gingerich and daughter, Miss Agnes, returned to their home in Chatsworth, Ill., after a visit of several months with friends in New Hamburg and vicinity.

Miss Clara Buckel has returned to Guelph to resume her duties at St. Joseph's Hospital after a visit of her parents here.

Miss D. McNay spent a couple of days last week at her home in Mitchell.

Miss E. Pentland, of Toronto, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Smith, of Innisfail, Alberta, are renewing acquaintances in New Hamburg and vicinity.

Mr. H. C. Livingston, of Chatham, spent a couple of days this week, with friends in town.

The Misses Sophia and Elena Betzner spent last Sunday with friends at Berlin.

lin. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson Merner spent a few days last week with Mrs. Robert Adbert, in Detroit.

We are pleased to note that Mrs. Ephraim Smith, who underwent an operation for appendicitis on Thursday last, is doing nicely.

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. McCrea, of Trowbridge, were the guests of Mrs. Thomas A. Smith here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Tilley, of Crosshill, spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bender, of Goshen, Indiana, arrived here this week, to spend a month visiting friends and relatives.

A service of intercession for King and nation, was held in St. George's Church, on Wednesday evening, to which the pastors, and congregations, of the people of New Hamburg, were all invited. Those who joined the service in this service were Rev. P. McLaren, of Shakespeare, and Rev. J. C. Morlock and A. C. Wilson, of New Hamburg. The gathering was in accordance with the circular issued by the Evangelical Alliance, of the Old Land, with a written consent and approval of the Bishop of the Diocese.

Rev. and Mrs. Prest, of Rochester N. Y., arrived in town last week. Rev. Prest will take charge of the Baptist Church here.

Miss Clara Hollinger, of Berlin, spent last Sunday with friends in town. Rev. P. Voelker, the new pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, who arrived here from Wilkesbarre, Pa., with his family, on Wednesday evening, was tendered a reception in the church upon his arrival. A very large congregation was present, and the address of welcome was read by Rev. Mr. Klau, of Stratford. Lunch was served in the basement, and an enjoyable time was spent.

A quiet wedding took place in St. Francis R. C. Church, Toronto, on Monday morning at 8 o'clock, when Miss Elizabeth Arnold was married to Mr. Jack Reid of this town. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father McCann. Miss Lavina Arnold, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Alfred Reid supported the groom. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Reid left on a short trip to Niagara Falls, and arrived in New Hamburg last Wednesday evening where they will reside. Their many friends wish them a long and happy wedded life.

Mr. J. P. Ernst and Miss Evelyn Ernst visited friends in Doon, over the week-end.

JOHNSON RESIGNS AS GUELPH CHIEF.

Abby Claims He Has Been the Manager of Team in Name Only.

Guelph, June 26.—Abbie Johnson, manager of the Guelph Maple Leafs, today mailed a letter to Secretary Dulmage, of the Guelph Baseball Club, requesting his release as manager and player.

The reason assigned by Johnson is interference of directors in management of the team.

He claims he has not signed or released a man since the opening of season. He also has been obliged to take instructions of directors as to who should pitch games, and also arrangement of batting order. He says he has been manager in name only.

Shake-up Coming.

A shake-up of the Maple Leafs, especially strengthening the infield and pitchers, is being made by the management. A new infielder has been secured in the person of Isaacs, whom the Guelph team has been after for some time, and the hurling staff has been added to by signing Sterling, of Adrian, Mich. Sterling will be remembered as a pitcher for the Maple Leafs in the days of the ill-fated International League, and his work was of a high calibre there. Burton has been ordered to report for July and August, and a new outfielder is being secured, as it is felt that the pitchers have enough work to do in the box. Isaacs reported in Hamilton today, and Sterling reported in Guelph.

Secretary Dulmage, of the Maple Leafs, returned to-night from a short scouting trip to Rochester in search of players. He succeeded in landing Pitcher Dunn, of the University of Rochester, and Kehoe and Bell, of the Liberty team, of that city. The former is a left hand twirler, and the latter an outfielder. Both men are highly recommended.

KNOW HOW IS USUALLY CALLED LUCK.

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lin.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson Merner spent a few days last week with Mrs. Robert Adbert, in Detroit.

We are pleased to note that Mrs. Ephraim Smith, who underwent an operation for appendicitis on Thursday last, is doing nicely.

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. McCrea, of Trowbridge, were the guests of Mrs. Thomas A. Smith here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Tilley, of Crosshill, spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bender, of Goshen, Indiana, arrived here this week, to spend a month visiting friends and relatives.

A service of intercession for King and nation, was held in St. George's Church, on Wednesday evening, to which the pastors, and congregations, of the people of New Hamburg, were all invited.

Those who joined the service in this service were Rev. P. McLaren, of Shakespeare, and Rev. J. C. Morlock and A. C. Wilson, of New Hamburg.

The gathering was in accordance with the circular issued by the Evangelical Alliance, of the Old Land, with a written consent and approval of the Bishop of the Diocese.

Rev. and Mrs. Prest, of Rochester N. Y., arrived in town last week. Rev. Prest will take charge of the Baptist Church here.

Miss Clara Hollinger, of Berlin, spent last Sunday with friends in town.

Rev. P. Voelker, the new pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, who arrived here from Wilkesbarre, Pa., with his family, on Wednesday evening, was tendered a reception in the church upon his arrival.

A very large congregation was present, and the address of welcome was read by Rev. Mr. Klau, of Stratford. Lunch was served in the basement, and an enjoyable time was spent.

A quiet wedding took place in St. Francis R. C. Church, Toronto, on Monday morning at 8 o'clock, when Miss Elizabeth Arnold was married to Mr. Jack Reid of this town.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father McCann. Miss Lavina Arnold, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Alfred Reid supported the groom.

After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Reid left on a short trip to Niagara Falls, and arrived in New Hamburg last Wednesday evening where they will reside.

Their many friends wish them a long and happy wedded life.

Mr. J. P. Ernst and Miss Evelyn Ernst visited friends in Doon, over the week-end.

Woman's Column

PACKING LUNCH BASKETS.

Where everything in the lunch basket is wrapped separately in waxed paper there will be no mixing of flavors, and the daintiness will coax a weak appetite. This does away with the necessity of carrying the box right side up, supposing, of course, that there are no glasses or cups holding liquids—and it is better to eliminate them where possible. The skin can be removed from oranges and the sections separated without breaking. Then they can be put into shape and wrapped in waxed paper. There should be a supply of paper napkins, waxed and parchment paper, fresh wrapping paper and strong twine when the lunch basket is packed.

LATE IDEAS FROM PARIS.

The latest and probably the oddest rage is the summer muff. It may be made of any material that is light and pretty.

The plain top sleeves in mannish type or the kimono or peasant cut is still a dominant characteristic in the French capital.

Octagon mesh veiling in clusters or chenille dots is worn to a great extent, as is also file mesh veiling sprinkled with the chenille dots.

AFTER THE JUNE WEDDING.

The season is of June weddings all but over. Pretty little homes, prepared many weeks in advance, are now occupied by the principal actors of the Mune ceremonies and peace reigns in the paternal homestead where only a short time ago there was a bustle to get everything ready.

The young wife should never apologize for her new home, whether it be of the best or not. To her it should be the most beautiful place in the world, the place where all interests are centered. If she criticizes her new home her husband's dignity is belittled, and since his wife has taken him for better or for worse, she must carry off the situation by displaying an added delicacy not only toward her friends, but toward the one whose fortunes she has made her own.

The husband and wife, no matter if they have only been married a short time, should take a hand in the various household duties when guests appear. They should never appear embarrassed at the lack of any luxury, such as a servant or a fancy dish. In the mere matter of general breeding it is really vulgar to apologize to guests for any omission which fortune necessitates, and especially for plain food or the lack of servants. To offer the hospitality of one's table to itself an exquisite compliment, and a young couple can "make things go off" with more grace where they work together at the various duties.

Where servants are kept a dinner served in separate courses is a smart occasion, and a pretty table arrangement adds much to the success of the meal. For the luncheon, if the table is polished oak or mahogany, a charming effect is obtained by placing a piece of napery lace in the center of the board and doilies to match under every plate and water glass. In this way the hostess shows off her fine table and yet protects it from heat and water stains. Upon the centerpiece is placed the vase of summer flowers, which may be flanked by two candles or two small lamps, the latter exactly alike, with crimped paper for shades.

The service at each plate consists of two forks, two knives, a broom spoon and a butter knife, the latter laid across the small side plate supplied for bread and butter. The knife and spoon are placed at the right hand of the plates and the two forks, one slightly larger than the other, at the left. At the right hand is set the crystal, one water glass and one wine glass if wine is served.

The attractive luncheon tables also bear several small silver or glass dishes filled with bonbons, candied

fruits and salted almonds and two water bottles, set upon individual doilies or in silver stands supplied for the purpose. Large hemmed napkins are often used, done up without starch and laid in a well-folded square across the plate, which is put on the table turned up. A dinner table is arranged as for luncheon, except that a snowy damask cloth covers the entire table and there is a larger silver service, especially of spoons. An ordinary dinner, to which a guest may be invited, consists of soup, fish, one or two vegetables, salad, dessert and coffee. One o'clock is the usual hour for luncheon and between half-past six and half-past seven the smart time for dinner. Afternoon tea is invariably announced for four o'clock, and all invitations state the hour for the function.

Where the newly wedded couple have no servant a table needs to be very completely set in the beginning, as every moment of rising to get a thing creates a certain amount of disturbance. There are a number of ways to arrange for convenience when serving a dinner without the aid of a servant. If there is soup no other dishes can be put on the table until this course has been dispatched. But after this, with the ordinary dinner, all the other dishes may go on at the same time, with the exception of the coffee and dessert. Salad is generally served as a separate course, but if it involves a material which does not wilt with the dressing it may well be served with the other things.

It is quite a problem to remove the soiled dishes without awkwardness, but there is one woman who has solved this matter. She uses a species of low cabinet with boards which slide out easily. The soiled plates are passed from the guests to the host, and when these are placed on the lower shelf of the cabinet she takes from the upper shelves and passes along the fresh plates. On top of the pretty cabinet is placed the coffee urn, and after the work of the table has been disposed of, without removing from his chair, the host makes the coffee and serves it in the little cups alongside in the same way.

WILMOT COUNCIL.

The 735th session of Wilmot T. Council was held at the Tp. Hall, Baden on Monday the 19th day of June 1911. Members all present, the Reeve presiding. Minutes of previous session were read and confirmed.

A letter from Mr. Herbert J. Bowman, enclosing a copy of County By-law No. 632, "To Equalize the Assessments" was received and read and ordered to be Filed. Moved by Wesley Erb, seconded by J. P. Livingston that notice is hereby given, that at next meeting of Council (June 26th) a resolution will be moved of a By-law to be passed, raising the per diem rate of pay to Councillors from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per diem. C.

Mr. Espenschied, Assistant Engineer of the Hydro Electric Commission of Ontario, as well as The Police Trustees of The Police village of Baden, were present at this meeting and the said Engineer presented estimates of the probable cost of installing The Hydro Electric Power and Light in the Police village of Baden, and after duly considering the Estimates submitted, The Council decided to comply with the request of said Trustees, and submit By-laws to the electors of the Police village of Baden.

A special meeting of Council to be held at the Tp. Hall, Baden on the 25th day of June 1911, at 2 o'clock p.m., to complete arrangements for the submission of the said By-law.

Moved by Moses Schultz, seconded by A. C. Hallman that the following accounts be passed and that the Reeve issue his orders on the Treasurer in payment of the same, viz:

To H.C. Schumm for book for Bd. of Health..... \$ 25

" Sawyer Massey Co. Belster 8.51

" Can. Ex. Co. Ex. Charges..... 35

" Dr. W. Gillespie acc. of the Bd. of Health for supplies 66.45

" H. C. Schumm acc. of the Bd. of Health for supplies..... 6.75

" J. J. Berger for Lumber..... 2.68

" Ig. B. Dittner for putting

culvert..... 2.00

" Corrugated Pipe Co., 16 ft., 48 inch pipe..... 80.00

" Eichler & Huehn, arch near Weicker's..... 70.00

" W. Main, operating Rd. Machine..... 43.82

" Hy. Schmidt, team on Rd. Machine..... 76.40

" F. Holwell, 2nd Qrs. sal. as Clerk and Treas. Postage and telephone..... 161.35

" G. Coleman, Gid. Hamachers statute labor collected..... 1.00

" G. S. Fowler, conveying G. Miller to Hospital..... 3.00

Cd. On motion Council adjourned until the 26th day of June 1911, at two o'clock p.m. F. Holwell, Clerk.

The following is a list of leading articles for July, 1911, in Technical World Magazine:

Agricultural Highwaymen—Harry F. Kohr.

To Grab the Trade Through Panama—Frank Doig.

Like Parent Like Child—Ralph Bergengren.

Plant Hunter in the Wilds—Edward B. Clark.

Substitute for Shorthand—Robert H. Moulton.

Auto Competes with Railroad—Leonard McKee.

Idaho's Huge Magic Dam—Day Allen Willey.

World's Largest Olive Orchard—J. Mayne Baltimore.

Curbing the Dreaded Peach Rot—R. A. Sanborn.

Putting Landscapes Under Glass—Warren H. Miller.

What Shall We Do With Stump Lands—Fred C. Dayton.

Stream Bore a Tunnel—Rene Bache.

Dates from Our Own Desert—Charlton Lawrence Edholm.

Navigable Waterways of Mexico—W. D. Hornaday.

Popular Science and Mechanics Supplement.

Apollinaris

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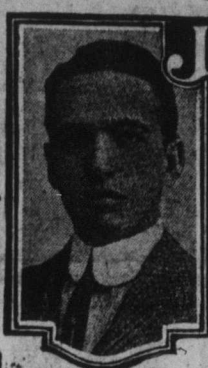
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LOST IN A BLIZZARD, NEAR THE EQUATOR

COLUMBIA Boy's Dramatic Adventure in Ecuador, Where He Sought a Fabled Treasure House of Pizarro, Made His Freezing Companion Proceed by Threatening to Shoot Him, and Ultimately Was Captured, Unconscious, as a Spy.

PERILOUS ADVENTURES TOLD BY AND OF LIVING PERSONS



JACK G. BARAGWANATH

Copyright, 1911, by the New York Herald Co. All rights reserved. **ACTUATED** by a desire to see the world and an innate love of all thingsavoring of prehistoric times, I enlisted, shortly after graduation from Columbia College, as assistant to Professor Marshall Saville, head of the George E. Heye Exploration Expedition to Ecuador. The purpose of the expedition was to study the archaeology of the Inca and pre-Inca periods of civilization in Ecuador and Peru.

The first part of our traveling was prosaic and uneventful enough. We left New York in May, 1910, arriving at Guayaquil, Peru, some weeks later. There we were joined by Manuel Gamio, of Mexico City, who made the fourth member of the party, a young fellow called Willie Buskey having accompanied us from New York.

After a few days in the unhealthy Guayaquil district we struck off into the forests of Riobamba, where we for a time made our headquarters, unearthing many relics of prehistoric military and domestic life. We, of course, employed the usual cavalcade of pack mules, horses, mules and two guides, and the work in Riobamba was more in the nature of an outing. We slept long and comfortably, the altitude at which we lived making it cool, and endured few hardships.

Skiing northward, we visited Quito, the city on the equator, and were entertained royally by President Alvarez, of Ecuador. As this was the last stage of our journey before plunging into the real wilderness, where we were to almost fight for our living, I remember the banquet tendered us by the President very distinctly, and later had cause to remember it even more vividly and more gratefully.

Leaving Quito, we followed the highways to Salinas, a town in the northernmost part of the province of Bolivar. Then began the real work of the expedition. We set out through the Chimborazo Mountains to cross the province from north to south, with Chilines as our goal.

Two or three days' journey from our starting point Gamio and I obtained permission from Professor Saville to explore and climb Cotapaxi, probably the largest volcano in the world. We expected to take two or three days for the feat, and besides heavy blankets we carried provisions to last us that length of time. The first night we came to a little adobe hut, called by courtesy an inn, at Latacunga, under the very foot of the mountain. While we were eating supper two or three ill-appearing fellows entered the room and ordered drinks. Gamio, being a Mexican, spoke perfect Spanish and I have always been as familiar with the language as I am with my native tongue. We had soon been induced into a conversation with them and they seemed to be not at all bad company.

Before our acquaintance had advanced very far they had told us of a hidden treasure, gold and jewels of an Inca, which was buried not far from the town, about two miles up the mountain.

This story is one which the traveler meets in almost every town of the vast territory which once comprised the Peru known to Pizarro. As usual, in this case there was a ghost which guarded the treasure, and with all the cupidity of the natives they had never made any very determined effort to unearth it.

We of course took no stock in the story of the treasure, but our curiosity to see one of these dreaded spots for ourselves was strong. After some talk we decided to ride out to the place after supper, and as the inn was likely to be possessed of all the things which make life miserable in those countries we planned to carry our provisions and blankets with us to sleep in the open. This we arranged in English, being not altogether willing to trust our new friends too far.

The description of the treasure spot given us by our friends of the inn had led us to believe we would find an excellent camping ground and we were in a hurry to sleep. Nearing the place where the gold and jewels were supposed to be hidden, we saw three men apparently digging, and there were two more sitting on the ground. As soon as we were within hailing distance Gamio asked them what they were doing. The diggers dropped their spades, the others jumped to their feet and a number of shots were fired.

The fusillade came as a shock and we were nearly unseated by the rearing of our horses, frightened, wheeled and ran, taking to a path which led at an angle off from the one we had come on. This, I must admit, saved us the trouble of changing the horses' ourselves, for we certainly would not have lingered in that locality. Gamio's pistol had caught in his holster, but I had managed to discharge my automatic in the direction of the men who had attacked us. Whether it was effective I do not know. I hope not, for we never heard of those who had assaulted us again, nor were we ever able to figure out what was their purpose. Had it been our friends from the inn attempting to rob us, they might better have waited for us to approach and assured our defeat by meeting us under a guise of friendship.

The course of the path we were on seemed to lead upward and we followed it for a matter of two miles before we dismounted, staked the horses and turned in to sleep. Any of the trails, we had been told, led to shepherds' huts near the snow line and we had

reckoned on leaving the horses at one of these stations.

Early in the morning we continued higher and about noon arrived at a small cabin crouched among the rocks. We were near the snow line and anxious to start the ascent, as our time was getting short. The horses were left in the care of the shepherd and with provisions for three meals apiece in case of emergency we began our climb. At first we followed an almost hidden trail, which was soon lost after we entered the snow. The peak we wished to ascend was directly before us and so long as we kept always climbing we were all right for a time.

The wind was bitter cold, and, despite the efforts of climbing, we shivered some after the sun became obscured behind a heavy blanket of gray. By the middle of the afternoon we were as high as we cared to go, and, after eating sparingly, started to descend. This we had calculated would not take us more than two-thirds the time of the ascent, but we chose to keep the greater part of our provisions for a remote case of emergency.

The tracks we had made in ascending were easily followed for a time, but soon after we had started

to take either of two courses in skirting a line of cliffs which we could not have hoped to scale and which I remembered we had not descended directly. I had just turned to the east when Gamio brought me to the sudden halt.

"That's the wrong way," he said, a little irritably. "Are you sure?" said I. "I am quite positive we came from this direction."

I was still positive that I was right, but if there were any landmarks in the way of rocks or such things were either covered by the snow or we were unable to see them through the driving storm.

I at last argued Gamio around to my way of thinking and we continued on our way as I had started. This was well enough for a time, but I found myself wondering now at every point whether I was in the right or not, and the more I thought of it the more confused I became.

When it next became Gamio's turn to lead he seemed very downcast.

"It's no use," he said. "You may have come right, but I cannot be sure of myself for a single step. I haven't the least idea where we are."

When I thought it over I had not much idea as to our

location myself, and meanwhile the cold was hitting

us with cruel teeth. We were hungry and thought that a bite to eat might warm us, but I was almost frightened at the numbness of my fingers when I tried to unbuckle the strap which bound my knapsack.

Gamio tried it, but his fingers had no strength. Together we tugged and pulled at it, but it was of no use. Finally I took it in my teeth, while Gamio held the sack between his stiffened fists and we managed to start the buckle enough to insert two aching fingers in the loop of the strap and tug it open.

While we ate we opened and closed our fingers violently and shook our hands from the wrist joints, trying to revive the sluggish circulation. The meal was very sparse, for we did not care to be left with nothing to eat. We were both thoroughly frightened, though I do not think that even then we fully realized the gravity of our situation.

Lost in the Darkness.

As the white it was getting darker, and I do not

know whether night was near or whether the clouds were piling up thicker and thicker over the sun, probably the latter, for darkness follows very quickly after light in the tropics.

At last, with even less warning than usual, the

darkness came. The darkness of night added to our

difficulties, and what with the natural gloom and

the blinding, wrestling swirl of snow we could, ac-

tually speaking, scarce see a hand before our faces.

And all this within a few miles of the earth's equator! Somewhere in the same latitude sunburned and heat-tired people were seeking the cool of the plazas and the cafes as the welcome relief of night came to them.

Gamio had begun to weaken perceptibly. I do not know whether I staggered or not, but it seemed that I could not put one foot before the other. Each time I lifted my shoe it was as heavy as though the weight of a whole drift was attached to it. I tried to support my companion, but my hands were so numb that his arm slipped from my grasp and he staggered about like one drunk. Wildly plunging and picking ourselves up as best we could when we fell, which was often, we slid and careened ever downward, only to find ourselves at last in a hollow or chasm, where it was necessary to climb weary heights again before we could descend once more.

When we stumbled and fell headlong into the snow it felt welcome, warm on wrists and hands and even face, until at last they became so numb that we felt absolutely nothing. Gamio groaned monotonously for minutes at a time, then was silent. No doubt I did the same, but I did not realize it at the time.

They say it is comfortable to freeze to death, and so I believe it is at the last, but the pain at first is almost unendurable. We were tiring and dragging ourselves up an especially steep and wicked spur when Gamio

Gamio reached toward his hip.

"That's enough," I said. "I'll take your gun," and I reached down and lifted it from its holster. It was only the warmth that had suffused my body from the extra effort of dragging Gamio which made it possible for me to hold the weapon or use my fingers at all.

"Oh, I say," stammered Gamio. "Quit your kidding, will you? I don't feel like fooling."

"I'm not kidding," I almost yelled, "and if you don't get up out of there I'll pink a nice little round hole in you. Don't you know, you played fool, that it's only the numb warmth before freezing that you feel?"

"Oh, rot!" said Gamio.

"I will count ten," I told him. "One, two, three—"

"He thought I meant it and staggered groaning to his feet. Finally he uttered before me, looking back from time to time with an ugly gleam in his eyes.

A man in his senses would have known that the chances of my hitting anything with my hand trembling so were negligible.

At last we had mounted the spar and started once more downward. I had lost hope that it would be our last descent unless indeed we both dropped and died at the bottom.

Suddenly a fresh horror began to creep into my brain. The frightful warning which had already seized upon Gamio was treacherously stealing upon me. The very worst had come, and I believe I prayed. I still had sense enough to know what it meant and not to think like Gamio, that the feeling was cool. I struggled against it, but it grew ever stronger as we staggered down the mountain. Time did not exist for me, and I do not know how long we had descended when I began to dream of hot coffee.

From time to time Gamio looked back over his shoulder and cursed me. Then he pleaded, groaning, protesting in mandarin, childlike sentences against my cruelty, but I held the pistol as steady as might be and forced him onward. Finally, while we were descending in a zigzag, senseless course, he turned with a particularly vicious curse and said:

"Look here, Jack, I'm not going a step further. Go on now, shoot if you like."

"I will," I whispered, hoarsely. "Just as sure as there is a God in heaven I'll shoot you if you don't turn round and walk."

The one idea to keep him moving had sole possession of my consciousness, and I think I really believed what I said. I knew that I was losing my grasp on my sanity. I had thrown away my pistol away, it was such an effort to carry it. The one I held I steadied by grasping my wrist with my free hand. Gamio laughed hoarsely.

"You have ten seconds," I told him, then began to count. "One, two, three—"

Gamio was staring me in the eyes.

"Four, five, six, seven—"

Without causing a sensation in my hand, the pistol dropped from it and tumbled into the snow. Gamio, laughing insanely, sank to the ground. It was useless to try to pick the weapon up; I could not control my fingers. With the last of the feeble strength that was in me I tried to drag Gamio to his feet. I could not do it, so I started to haul him through the snow. I suppose I had nudged him not more than forty feet when my arms refused to hold. My hands were useless.

I staggered a few paces off to rest. Then my knees began to wobble and chatter together. The mountain-side reeled and I did not know whether I was staggering upward or downward. Probably it was in a circle, for when I finally plunged into the snow I was only a few feet from Gamio. For a second my mind and sight cleared, and I saw him dimly through the driving white, on his feet, leaning over and apparently holding his hands as far warm over a fire. Then he became tenfold heavier than even the darkness of the night, settled over me and I knew no more.

How long we lay there I do not know, for I have no idea what hour it was when I lost consciousness. I returned to myself to realize that every fibre in my body was throbbing and aching. That I was in some kind of a habitation I knew, for I was gazing straight up at heavy, rough, wooden beams and a dirty, dusty ceiling. If my limbs had been numb and feelingless the night before they were almost numb with pain now. I tried to move them, but could not. They were still powerless, I thought, but in a moment discovered that I was bound hand and foot. The cords seemed to be drawn tight, but they did not pain me—in fact, I could not feel them.

Heavy blankets and dirty bags were over me and they felt warm. A smell of brandy permeated the room, and in a moment a man entered and I turned my head enough to see him. He had a glass of hot water and liquor, which he offered me and I drank. It sent the blood tingling, and I asked him why I was tied. He was indisposed to answer at first, and I repeated the question, asking if he wanted money and where was my companion.

The man shrugged his shoulders and turned to Gamio, forcing some of the hot toddy between his lips. It was effective and my friend soon opened his eyes. He was better informed on South American affairs and immediately realized that we were taken for Peruvian spies. Boundary disputes are perpetual between Ecuador and Colombia on the north and Peru on the south, and spies are continually being sent from one country to the other, though to what purpose I could never understand.

Mistaken for Spies.

No need to dwell on the inconveniences we endured. We at least had good food and a warm place to sleep, though we were bolted into a little room about fifteen feet square. Reason as we could with our captor we could not show him the folly of suspecting men in that desolate, forsaken region of being spies. We could tell "El Gobernador," he said.

After a day and a half of captivity our host entered early in the morning, and menacing us with some kind of pistol of ancient origin, but daunting in size, told us that we were to be bound and taken to the city. A woman, hard looking and masculine, brought some coils of rope, and while she covered us with the deadly weapon the man bound us.

We were locked into something which I suppose was a cell and to which a decent mule was attached, and, while the woman mounted guard behind, the man led and drove the mule over some of the roughest, worst roads which I think exist. At a small army post at the foot of the mountains we were turned over to the military, and the commander being deaf to argument, we gave our parole and were conducted on horseback to Guaranda, the capital of Bolivar Province. There the Governor, Leon de Herrera, had us cast into prison, and foul enough it was. He was swollen with his own importance and would not let us telegraph. He had never heard of the George E. Heye expedition, he said.

Our protests that we had been received and entertained by the President of Ecuador, he considered mere bravado, and announced a court martial for the morrow.

That night we bribed a gold loving guard to telegraph to President Alvarez in our names, and also to Professor Saville, whom we thought might be searching for us in and near Latacunga.

About midnight the Governor himself opened the door to our cell and with profuse apologies invited us to a banquet and offered us the hospitality of his palace. We refused and told him some of the things which we had been saying about him. Even then he bowed and apologized, but we went to the inn and remained there for the night. It appears that the President, remembering us, had telegraphed for particulars and a full description of our case. This had convinced him of our identity and he had ordered our immediate release, reprimanding the officious Governor.

Professor Saville, when we did not return, had sought us in Latacunga and had found the hut where we left our horses. He had concluded we were lost in the storm, but waited for a few days in the little town, meanwhile sending men to search the mountains. He had received our telegram and notified the American Consul at Quito, who in turn took the matter up with the President, but we had by then been released. Altogether we had come off with more than we had expected and were so glad to be alive that we did not make any trouble. The only man I really hold a grudge against is that "El Gobernador."



"I'm not kidding," I almost yelled, "and if you don't get up out of there I'll pink a nice little round hole in you."

back it began to snow, very gently at first, but developing rapidly into a swirling, raging blizzard. The tracks fast became obscure, and it was with great difficulty that we made them out. The wind buried the stinging cold flakes into our eyes, so that at times we could scarcely hold them open, but we were not alarmed, thinking that we could find our way from memory.

Even when the snow enveloped us like a blanket and made it impossible to see a rod in any direction we regarded the experience more in the light of a frolic.

To protect ourselves as much as possible from the bitter weather and because we continually became separated from each other, we began to walk back step fashion. First Gamio would take the lead and I would pace behind him, both hands on his shoulders, my face hidden behind his back, then we would reverse the order and he would take a few minutes' comparative rest.

So we must have trudged and dragged ourselves through the ever deepening blanket of snow for about an hour, when suddenly, while I was leading, Gamio brought me to a halt with a tug at my shoulders.

We had just plunged and slid to the bottom of a gulch, and the formation of the range made it possible

location myself, and meanwhile the cold was hitting us with cruel teeth. We were hungry and thought that a bite to eat might warm us, but I was almost frightened at the numbness of my fingers when I tried to unbuckle the strap which bound my knapsack.

Gamio tried it, but his fingers had no strength. Together we tugged and pulled at it, but it was of no use. Finally I took it in my teeth, while Gamio held the sack between his stiffened fists and we managed to start the buckle enough to insert two aching fingers in the loop of the strap and tug it open.

While we ate we opened and closed our fingers violently and shook our hands from the wrist joints, trying to revive the sluggish circulation. The meal was very sparse, for we did not care to be left with nothing to eat. We were both thoroughly frightened, though I do not think that even then we fully realized the gravity of our situation.

Lost in the Darkness.

As the white it was getting darker, and I do not know whether night was near or whether the clouds were piling up thicker and thicker over the sun, probably the latter, for darkness follows very quickly after light in the tropics.

At last, with even less warning than usual, the darkness came. The darkness of night added to our difficulties, and what with the natural gloom and

began to lag behind. I helped him as best I could, which I fear was little, and he seemed unable or else unwilling to make any effort on his own account. My patience was short and it irritated me to have him lag so.

"What is the matter with you?" I demanded.

"Nothing," said Gamio, and he actually smiled.

I feared he was going mad. His eyes were brighter than they had been, but he seemed weaker.

"Can't you get along a little faster?" I asked.

"What's the use," he said, "thunder, but it feels good, doesn't it?"

"What feels good?" said I. "This is no time to joke and if you'll buck up and make a little more effort to do your own walking I'd be better pleased." I added rather brutally, but the complacency of the man maddened me.

"Why, Jack," he asked, "don't you begin to feel warmer?"

"I'm getting about as comfortable as they make 'em. But it was bitter while it lasted."

Sure enough, I thought he was crazed by the suffering.

"It's snowing harder than ever," I said.

He looked around him, peering into the white-like darkness.

"Yes, I know it is Jack. You think I'm crazy, hey? Well, I'm not. I'm fully aware that we're lost. I know it's black as the Styx and that it's still snowing, but I tell you it's getting warmer. I'm almost comfortable."

Rescuing His Freezing Comrade.

With all the frenzied power of my will I had to force my cowardly body to do its duty. Grabbing Gamio under the shoulders I dragged him inch by inch up the mountain. When I was able to I made him take a few steps of his own accord, but it was next to useless. The extra effort sent the blood tingling for a while through my body and limbered me a little, but I was fast nearing exhaustion and at last from sheer tiredness I let Gamio drop and he settled, grizzling comfortably into the snow.

I was unable to drag him further, almost unable to stand myself.

"Get up man," I groaned.

Gamio only settled deeper into the white blanket which covered the earth and said that he was comfortable.

I urged and pleaded, but it was useless. I tried to lift him to his feet, but I might as well have tugged at the mountain itself. Then an idea struck me. Gamio might be able to walk if he only would and if he had the proper mental stimulus.

After a deal of fumbling I managed to loose my pistol from its case. Leveling it at my friend with an unsteady hand I said coolly and evenly:

"Now you get up or I'll shoot you!"

Seasonable Drugs at Clarke Bros.

Jar Rubbers at 5c, 10c, and 15c per dozen.
Water Glass that preserves eggs, 15c and 25c per can.
Paris Green for insects, 30c per lb.
Slug Shot for insects.
Hellabore for insects.
Insect Powder for insects.
Lead Arsenate for insects.
Camphor flakes for moths.
Moth Balls for moths.
Wayne Wardrobe Protectors from moths.

Clarke Bros.
Druggists and Opticians

REMOVED

We have moved our Dyeing, Cleaning and Pressing plant across the street to 29 Queen St. South. All orders for this class of work will receive our prompt attention.

Have your suit renewed for the 1st of July.

Berlin Dye Works

29 Queen St. S.

Phone 808. Next to Stuebing's Grocery.
Close at 6:15 p. m. except Saturday.

Canadian League Base Ball

Monday and Tuesday
July 3rd and 4th

HAMILTON

at BERLIN

Friday and Saturday

July 7th and 8th

ST. THOMAS

at BERLIN

Athletic Park

Admission General 25c

Children 10c

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Chief G. W. Hill

The successful Indian Medicine Man of Oshkosh, Six Nation Indian Reserve, will be at the

Bowman House, Berlin on Tuesday, June 27th, 1911

All Chronic Diseases, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Liver Complaints, Asthma, Consumption, Kidney Diseases, Diabetes, Fits, Cancer, and all other diseases are cured by Indian herbs—simple remedies. Medicine sold by the quantity. Patients given up as incurable especially invited. Patients under treatment with other doctors not solicited. Consultation free. Address P. O. Box 232, Brantford, Ont. Most of the so-called incurable diseases readily yield to these simple remedies.

Keeping "In Step" With Up-to-Date Men Means Attention to Your Linen, Your Neckwear, and the "Little Things of Dress."

Not that sort of "attention" which compromises—excuses—condones. But that sort of attention which invites, rather than evades, criticism.

Count one hundred successful men—and you'll scarcely find ONE who is careless or ignorant about his dress. Count one hundred non-achieving men—hum an "blanks"—and you'll not find, perhaps, one who is a careful dresser.

Are you keeping "in step" with the achievers, or with the non-achievers—so far as the "little things" of dress are concerned?

S. O. Schmitt

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

EVENTS OF INTEREST TO BERLIN CITIZENS AND OTHER READERS OF THE NEWS RECORD

BASEBALL YESTERDAY.

Eastern League Standing.

Club	Won	Lost	Pct.
Rochester	40	20	.667
Baltimore	38	22	.630
Toronto	35	25	.581
Buffalo	33	27	.550
Montreal	29	31	.483
Jersey City	28	32	.464
Providence	24	36	.400
Newark	23	37	.383

Monday's scores: Toronto 8, Providence 2; Jersey City 7, Buffalo 3; Rochester 4, Baltimore 1; Montreal at Newark.

Tuesday's games: Toronto at Baltimore, Montreal at Jersey City, Buffalo at Newark, Rochester at Providence.

National League Standing.

Club	Won	Lost	P.C.
New York	37	23	.617
Chicago	37	23	.617
Philadelphia	37	23	.617
Pittsburgh	37	23	.617
St. Louis	37	23	.617
Cincinnati	37	23	.617
Brooklyn	37	23	.617
Boston	37	23	.617

Monday's scores: Cincinnati 6, Pittsburgh 2; Philadelphia 3, Boston 0; New York at Brooklyn, New York at Brooklyn, Cincinnati at Pittsburgh, Chicago at St. Louis.

Tuesday's games: Boston at Philadelphia, New York at Brooklyn, Cincinnati at Pittsburgh, Chicago at St. Louis.

American League Standing.

Club	Won	Lost	P.C.
Detroit	42	20	.683
Philadelphia	39	23	.625
New York	34	28	.550
Chicago	34	28	.550
Boston	32	30	.517
Cleveland	32	30	.517
Washington	30	32	.483
St. Louis	16	43	.267

Monday's scores: Detroit 6, Chicago 2; New York 4, Washington 1; Philadelphia 3, Boston 0; St. Louis 0, Cleveland 0.

Tuesday's games: Washington at New York, Philadelphia at Boston.

Canadian League Standing.

Club	Won	Lost	Pct.
Berlin	21	11	.656
Hamilton	19	13	.593
London	19	13	.593
Guelph	17	15	.529
Brantford	17	15	.529
St. Thomas	17	15	.529

Monday's scores: London 7, Guelph 4; Brantford 7, St. Thomas 4; Guelph at Hamilton.

Tuesday's games: Hamilton at Guelph, St. Thomas at Brantford, London at Berlin.

CRICKET.

Waterloo gained their third victory by beating Guelph at Guelph on Saturday last. The home team was unable to withstand the vigorous attack of Waterloo's bowlers, of whom T. W. Seagram was the more successful, capturing seven wickets, performing the "Hat Trick" in his last over.

Waterloo.

G. H. Bowdler, b. Bonser	0
G. W. Harrison, b. Bonser	21
F. Harrison, b. Bonser	0
T. W. Seagram, b. Skinner	3
F. Snyder, b. Downie	3
W. Uffelman, b. Downie	11
C. Bricker, c. b. Downie	21
C. Snyder, b. Downie	2
G. Hyne, c. Downie b. Skinner	3
R. C. Chubb, c. b. Downie	4
C. H. Ham, not out	1
Extras	8

Guelph.

M. Card, lbw. b. Seagram	0
W. Cotton, c. Seagram b. Bricker	8
N. Mealey, b. Seagram	8
H. W. King, b. Seagram	9
Bonsor, c. F. Harrison b. Bricker	7
G. A. Downie, b. Bricker	1
G. E. Smith, not out	2
A. Skinner, b. Seagram	1
S. MacLaughlin, b. Seagram	0
T. M. Creelman, lbw. b. Seagram	0
Snell, A. b. Seagram	0
Extras	2

Chaucer Didn't Hit.

Brantford, June 26.—Brantford hit Kussman hard in spots here today and in spite of a broken-up infield, with frequent errors, defeated the tail-enders by 7 to 4. Tasker, a recruit from Clinton, pitched for the Red Sox and showed splendid control and curves. The Saints scored four runs in the eighth on the result entirely of poor infield work. St. Thomas filled the bases again in the ninth, but Elliott's best was a grounder to first. Brantford has signed Courtney, new shortstop from Brockton, and has released Burke.

League Leaders

McIntyre placed one over the right field fence and three runs galloped across the plate. This ended the scoring until the sixth, when Kyle hammered one over the fence good for a complete circuit. Brant and Kyle singled in the eighth, and the former scored when Bullock made a bad throw to the plate.

The Sox got two runs in the first. Bullock started the fireworks with a two bagger and scored on Cameron's single, sliding under the ball. Cameron beat out a bunt and after judicial navigation of the bases came home on Deneau's long fly. Templin and Miller grounded.

Singles by Miller and Brant and a sacrifice hit by Deneau got another run in the fourth. In the seventh Cameron singled and scored when Pankratz let Deneau's hot grounder get by him.

The score: Berlin. A. B. R. H. P. O. A. E. Bullock, 3b.

Cameron, ss.	5	2	3	4	3	1
Deneau, lb.	4	0	2	10	0	0
Templin, lf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Miller, 2b.	4	1	1	0	3	0
Cambria, cf.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Bramble, rf.	4	0	3	1	0	0
Dunn, c.	4	0	0	10	2	0
Tracey, p.	1	0	0	0	1	0
Chaput, p.	3	0	0	0	3	0

London. A. B. R. H. P. O. A. E.

Pankratz, cf.	5	1	1	3	0	1
Andrews, 3b.	4	1	1	0	3	0
Nichols, 2b.	3	0	1	6	1	0
Brant, ss.	4	1	1	2	5	0
Kyle, lf.	4	1	2	0	0	0
Keenan, rf.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Bierbauer, lb.	4	1	1	1	1	0
Reske, c.	4	1	2	3	0	0
McIntyre, p.	4	1	1	0	1	0

Summary: Earned runs—Berlin, 3; London, 4. Two-base hits—Bullock.

Home runs—Kyle, McIntyre. First on balls—Off Chaput. Struck out—by Tracy, 1 (Pankratz); by Chaput, 9 (Pankratz, 2, Nichols, Kyle, Bierbauer, Reske, McIntyre 3); by McIntyre, 4 (Bullock, Miller, Chaput 2) Left on bases—Berlin 7; London 3. Double plays—Bullock to Deneau, Brant to Bierbauer. Stolen bases—Brant, Andrews, Keenan, Bullock, Cameron. Sacrifice hits—Templin, Cambria. Time of game 1:55. Umpire, Strouger.

HITS AND NEAR HITS OF THE GAME.

Andy Kyle did not start the world afire in the first game.

Bramble made a corking catch of Brants fly in the eighth.

Jee Cambria is in the game again—so was his three bigger in the first time up.

Bullock on the coach line has a rapid fire line of talk he dispenses effectively. Mrs. Bullock is also here. No we haven't heard her talk.

Sammy Smith battled for Silex in the ninth and secured a scratch single. Sammy will perform on the mound today.

It's Turner's turn to do the turning today. He will.

Brant the London shortstop did not have an assist, something unusual for this position.

Umpire Strouger commanded more respect from both teams yesterday. "Tracey's a reason."

Bramble had a great time with the willow in the second game.

The London team easily takes first place as the meanest aggregation in the League. Jo Jo Keenan evidently encourages his men to make, all the kicks possible.

Tracey performed perfectly in the first game, but two in succession was too much.

OVER THE TEA CUPS

Mr. and Mrs. T. Egan, Weber St., on Wednesday evening celebrated the tenth anniversary of their marriage. A number of friends surprised Mr. and Mrs. Egan and a delightful evening resulted.

Mrs. Henry Jones of Toronto, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. J. McCallum, King Street.

WANTED TO SLEEP

Curious That a Tired Preacher Should Have Such Desire.

A minister speaks of the curious effect of Grape-Nuts food on him and how it relieved him.

"You will doubtless understand how the suffering from indigestion with which I used to be troubled made my work a almost unendurable burden; and why it was that after my Sabbath duties had been performed, sleep was a stranger to my pillow till nearly daylight."

"I had to be very careful as to what I ate, and even with all my care I experienced poignant physical distress after meals, and my food never satisfied me."

"Since I began to use Grape Nuts the benefits I have derived from it are very definite. I no longer suffer from indigestion, and I began to improve from the time Grape-Nuts appeared on our table."

"I find that by eating a dish of this food after my Sabbath work is done, (and I always do so now) my nerves are quieted and rest and refreshing sleep are ensured me."

"I feel that I could not possibly do without Grape-Nuts food, now that I know its value. It is invariably on our table—we feel that we need it to make the meal complete—and our children will eat Grape-Nuts when they cannot be persuaded to touch anything else." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ontario.

Read the famous booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one, appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Little Items of Interest

40 Candidates.

Between 30 and 40 local young people will try the Toronto Conservatory of Music examinations at Toronto next week.

Maccabees Picnic.

The members of Berlin Tent, Knights of the Maccabees will hold their annual picnic on July 1st at Hintz's Place, Park street. The members are requested to turn out with their baskets and make it a big event for Berlin tent.

Kept Open Too Long.

In Police Court this morning Mr. A. G. Schreier admitted having kept his store open after legal hours. This being his first offence no fine was imposed.

Acting Chief.

During the absence of Chief O'Neil at the Ottawa Convention, Sergeant Walker has charge of the Police Department.

Not Guilty.

In Police Court this morning a young man charged with stealing \$11.80 from his fellow boarders was found not guilty.

Something New.

Theatregoers in search of something new should visit the Star either Tuesday or Wednesday night. Dante, the shadowgraph artist does a turn that is refreshing for his novelty.

Lecture on Armenia.

Miss Ida Tchemi and Miss Rose Lambert returned missionaries from Hadjin, Turkey, will give an address on the Armenian massacres and its results, on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in the Evangelical Church, under the auspices of the Women's Missionary Society.

Miss Lambert will give the thrilling story of her experiences during the tragic days of the terrible massacre. Their faithful service and devoted loyalty to the people among whom they labored brought them face to face with death. The address will be of interest.

Post Card Column

Editor News Record—Re naming of new school, the Daughters of the Empire agree with Mr. Pequegan in christening it "Queen Mary."

B. K.

WERE ARRESTED

Editor Post Card Column—Dear Sir—We have been citizens of the town for the past four years, and we were looking at a gentleman's house, when the ladies called for police and we were arrested as tramps. I think it is a shame and a disgrace that people don't look after their own business better than they do. I always look after mine.

Yours truly,

RATEPAYER.

CONDUCTOR PROTESTS.

Editor Post Card Column—Dear Sir—Re letter from some busybody regarding street car conductors. I would like to state that we are not to blame if the passengers refuse to wait until the car is stopped before getting off, and as a large number get off backward accidents cannot be avoided. The cars always come to a full stop, and their would be no accidents if the passengers would not be over-anxious. May be the writer of that letter was looking for a job himself. If so, he should apply at the office like a man.

Yours truly,

B. & W. CONDUCTOR.

A LOST ARTICLE "STAYS LOST"

unless the loser advertises—usually. The finder SHOULD advertise, of course. The LOSER SURELY should. Then if the finder is honest—as a LARGE MAJORITY OF PEOPLE ARE—the recovery is sure.

Lieut.-Gen. Blane Is Dead.

London, June 27.—Lieut.-Gen. Sir Seymour John Blane, retired, died here yesterday. He was born in 1833, and saw considerable service in India, and was wounded at Inkerman. He served as aide-de-camp and military secretary to four Governors-General of India.

Fisk Must Die.

Ottawa, June 27.—The governor-in-council has declined to interfere in the case of John Fisk, waiting execution in Calgary for murder. An appeal for clemency or a new trial was made on the plea that Fisk was committed largely on the testimony of an accomplice. Fisk was hanged this morning.

Surprise Party.

About ten of the little friends of Master Wilford Reidel, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Reidel, 462 King St. West, surprised him on Monday evening, it being the 12th anniversary of his birthday. Games and music were indulged in from 7 until 10 o'clock and a dainty lunch was served. The little ones spent a very happy evening. Master Wilford was the recipient of many pretty birthday gifts and best wishes for many happy returns of the day.

At 3 o'clock on

Mr. Andrew B. I married to Miss I lin, at the home o 56 Lancaster S. Dickson, of Cer performing the c sence of 90 or 80 g lin, Toronto and bride's dress was with a veil trim far ad she carri roses, and was sup maids, Miss Cla of the bride, and a cousin of the gro in white and car nations. The gr by his brother, L Sylvester Dahng bride. After the sat down to a d and were then large lawn.

After a trip t points, the harp their residence i

ONLY ONE CO The members of the Berlin ac sign new contras so far only one done this.

Costello's Big 10 Days Clothing Sale NOW IN FULL SWING

Many people are taking advantage of this big sale and are saving enough on a suit of clothes to pay railroad fare on a holiday trip.

All suits, \$22 to \$25	\$17.90
\$20 to \$22 hand-tailored suits	\$16.18
All \$18 and \$20	\$13.90
\$15 fine, fancy worsted or plain blue	\$11.40
and right down on as low as	\$1.90

Big sale of men's odd trousers. All boys' suits and knickers, 1 off. \$5 Panamas at \$3.00. \$6 & \$7 Panamas at \$4.18. \$10 Panama Hats at \$6.00.

W. O. Costello & Co'y

Phone 644 For

GLASS

For All Purposes

Cloisnone Glass Co

62 Foundry St.

Always Something New

It is interesting too keep in touch with this young firm of J. C. Jaimet & Co. They are sure up-to-date and are always getting in something new.

J. C. Jaimet & Co. have now on sale a new double pointed electric iron efficient, economical, and within reach of all.

This iron known as the Millar Iron made in Chicago has a unit so arranged as to give a maximum even heat at all the points and around the edges, thus insuring efficiency not found in other irons.

The handle is corrugated to prevent slipping or any hardening of the hands, and is mounted in such a way as to allow the circulation of air between the iron and the steel-handle, keeping it always cool.

A novel feature is the attachment of the cord at the side of the iron opposite to the operator, thus keeping the cord always out of the way.

The suspension iron rest is new and unique. The iron may be inverted on the top of the rest for refreshing of velvets, feathers etc., or making an efficient electric stove on which water may be boiled and light cooking done.

This unique iron is guaranteed for two years, and sent out on trial. Let them send one to your house, you will like it.

J. C. Jaimet & Co. also carry a fine line of stationery and Kodaks. They have their own photographer who does first class developing and printing.

They also sell the famous Ladies Home Journal Patterns.

SURPRISE PARTY.

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