

The Athens Reporter

Vol. XXXIII. No. 28

Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Wednesday, July 11, 1917

4 cents a copy

BROCKVILLE'S GREATEST STORE

SALE OF RUGS

A sale of Genuine Axminster Rugs and Mats at about the price of ordinary Tapestry. Plain all-over centre with plain band borders, in blue, brown or green.

Size 27 x 54 inches.....	\$ 2.89
Size 6 ft. 9 x 9 ft.....	15.69
Size 9 ft. x 10 ft. 6.....	24.39
Size 9 ft. x 12 ft.....	28.49
Body Carpet to match above at \$1.50 yard.	

Another lot in Oriental patterns, medallion or all-over designs:

Size 4 ft. 6 x 7 ft. 6, \$15.00, for.....	\$12.49
Size 6 ft. 9 x 9 ft., \$38.00, for.....	\$30.49
Size 9 ft. x 10 ft. 6, \$40.00, for.....	32.79
Size 9 ft. x 12 ft., \$46.50, for.....	37.49

The ROBERT WRIGHT CO. Limited
BROCKVILLE CANADA

Lawson's Garage

Automobiles, Gasoline or Steam Engines Repaired
Storage Batteries Recharged and Repaired
Call and See Sample of Retreading and Vulcanizing
Any Style of Tread Replaced
Oils and Grease, Car-Washing and Polishing
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If Your Engine Knocks, Let Me See It.
Free Air

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PERCIVAL BLOCK

House Phone Rural 33

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H. W. Lawson

New Printer's Scale.

A new printer's wage scale has been adopted in Toronto, giving journeymen employed on morning newspapers \$28.50 per week for the first two years, with an increase to \$29.50 for the next three years, the agreement on scale being for five years. For evening papers the scale is \$26.50 and \$27.50.

An Average Market.

Saturday morning the market at the County Town was of average size. Eggs sold at 33 and 35 cents per dozen, potatoes at \$2.50 and \$2.75 per bushel, strawberries two boxes for 25 cents.

Social a Success.

The ice cream social at Phillipsville, Friday evening, under the auspices of the Red Cross Society, was marked by an attendance of over five hundred and an unusually fine program. The Robert Wright Co., of Brockville, gave an Edison concert and Mayor Wright addressed the gathering on "Canada—Past, Present and Future." Rev. A. H. Barker, of Delta, and Rev. Mr. Stillwell, of Elgin, were also speakers.

On the Pension Board.

Dr. G. H. Ross Hamilton is now in Ottawa on the Pension Board. Dr. Hamilton served some time in the medical corps of the French army, and was previously a practitioner in Athens.

Enlightening Newboro.

The poles have been installed and wiring will begin in a few days in connection with the installation of electric lighting system at Newboro.

Orange Lodge Met.

Athens L. O. L. met Saturday night. The sound of drum and fife issuing from the lodge room in the Pierce block gave evidence of the near approach of the "Glorious Twelfth."

In England.

The sixth and final draft of the 230th Forestry Battalion, C.E.F., which left under Major L. F. Howard O. C. on the 20th ultimo, arrived all safe in England last Thursday afternoon, which is indicative that only a short stay was made by the company in Halifax.

Interesting Items

—Have you taken advantage of our offer of free air? Earl's Garage.

Strawberries Again!
Strawberries from the local patches appeared on the market last week at 14c a box.

Indians Picking Berries.

A number of Indian men and women are employed at M. L. Dunham's picking strawberries.

Purchased a Car.

Rev. Rural Dean Swayne has purchased a McLaughlin touring car from A. Taylor & Son.

League Closes.

The Epworth League of the Methodist church has closed for the summer months.

In Armprior.

Arnprior Board of Education has upwards of 50 applications for the position of public school principal three, and 60 applications for the position of teacher of one of the forms in the school.

Ontario's Automobiles.

Already some 65,000 motor cars have been licensed in Ontario this year, an evidence that the war has not effected that member at least, and the provincial exchequer receives a boost from the fees.

Fire a Mystery.

The cause of the recent destruction by fire of the pavilion at Delta Park is a mystery. Mr. George Morris had purchased it and made such alterations as would render it fit for habitation, intending to use it as a summer residence. The remodelling being completed, he moved in some furniture; and on Friday the building burned to the ground.

Roller Mill Sold.

The roller mill and property at North Augusta conducted so successfully for the past thirty-seven years by Thomas Eyre, has been sold to North Augusta Produce and Provision Company. The roller process will be dismantled, and only grinding will be done hereafter. The new business will be in charge of John Belfour, who will take possession about Sept. 1st.

A Place of Many Fires.

A fire which originated in the rear of the Nunn store at Fine View, Thousand Island Park, on Thursday afternoon resulted in the destruction of three buildings and a loss of \$2500.00, without insurance. Prompt action by the fire department of Thousand Island Park and the summer residents undoubtedly saved the resort from complete destruction.

Cup Races.

The date of the Thousand Islands Yacht Club championship challenge cup races has been set for August 8, 9, 10, races to start at 4 p.m. each day, weather conditions permitting. The races will be held over the club course.

To Stimulate Crop Production.

At the meeting of the Leeds County Board of Agriculture held Thursday at Lyn, preparation for the year's work was put under way. The program discussed includes a campaign to secure for the county a traction type ditcher, which, it is felt, would overcome the shortage of labor and stimulate crop production by tile draining. It is proposed to have an information booth at each agricultural fair throughout the county, whereby valuable assistance could be rendered the farmers of the district. During the winter, it is intended to have meetings at which Dairying, Poultry Production, Bacon Production, and Farm Management will be the topics for discussion. These meetings will be held at convenient places, a detailed program of which will be announced in the near future.

The Sonora talking machine will be demonstrated in this town Thursday and Friday of this week. Have our representative call at your home and play for you some of the music of the world's best records. Call him by phone at the Armstrong House and have this sent to your home on trial free of charge. C. W. Lindsay & Co., Ltd., Brockville.

Reporter Advertisements Bring Results.

Purely Personal

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. G. Nichols are spending July at Cobourg.

Miss Leita Arnold is a guest of Miss Irma Redmond at the lake.

Dr. Judson, of Lyn is making a tour of the Canadian West.

Mr. Lorne Derbyshire has secured a position in Toronto, and left for that place a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Arnold are in Boston visiting their daughter, Mrs. E. O. Robinson.

Mrs. Heber Purvis and little daughter recently spent a few days with friends at Carleton Place.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Stevens and daughter, Miss Iwilla, of Delta, were recent visitors in the village.

Mr. Delbert Layng and Mr. Harold Percival are employed at the munition works in Brockville.

Mrs. J. E. Robeson left this week on an extended visit to her children in Peterborough and Toronto.

Mrs. F. Pierce and Mr. and Mrs. W. Steacy, of New York, are visiting relatives and friends in this district.

Miss Lillian Burchell left on Monday to spend some time with friends in Cardinal, Iroquois, and Smith's Falls.

Mrs. J. H. McLaughlin, of Drummondville, Que., was in Athens last week visiting old friends a guest of her sister, Mrs. G. W. Beach.

Miss Pearl Stevens, who has been teaching at Fairfield East, has returned to her home here ill of inflammatory rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Ashley, of Brockville, were the guests for a few days of Mrs. A. Thornhill. They are now visiting Delta friends.

Mrs. Emily G. Macks of New York passed through Monday enroute to her summer home at Charleston Lake.

Mrs. V. L. Mackie has gone to the Canadian West to join Mr. Mackie to spend the summer there in the homes of their daughters and sons.

Mr. Oscar Blanchard, Watertown, and Mr. Irvin Blanchard, of Adams Center, were week-end guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chancey Blanchard, Mill street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Blanchard and family, of Junetown, were week-end guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chancey Blanchard, Mill street.

Master Roger Lee and sister Dorothea, of Almonte, are spending their holidays with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Lee, Mill street.

Mrs. A. Robinson of Athens is visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. M. Spaldin, and intends late to visit her sister, Mrs. C. Richards, in Montreal.

Miss Enid Stewart, Mr. J. F. Bell, Smith's Falls; Mrs. H. C. Davison and Miss Verna Davison, Brockville, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. A. Lamb at Charleston Lake over the week-end.

Miss Marian Bottomley, who is a guest of Athens friends, has been engaged to teach in the graded school at Rootstown, Ohio, where her mother and sister, Mrs. (Rev.) Llewellyn reside.

Among those who have moved to their summer homes at the lake, are Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Judson and family; Mr. and Mrs. S. C. A. Lamb; Mrs. M. A. Johnston and daughter Bessie; Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Parish.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Webster, of Ottawa, arrived here last week from Ottawa to spend the hot weather at the home of Mrs. Jacob Morris. Mr. Webster, after a few days stay, returned to the Capitol, and will return later.

Mr. Lewis S. Knowlton and family, of Leamington, Ont., were here for a few days, guests of the former's brother, Mr. H. R. Knowlton. They made the trip by motor through the United States by way of Rochester and made a short visit in Canada near Ottawa.

Money Talks

Certainly it talks, but unless you have sense and pluck enough to make it talk to you directly through money saved, the talk is useless.

LISTEN TO-DAY. Commence a Savings Bank Account, and what you hear will help you.

The Merchants' Bank OF CANADA.

ATHENS BRANCH

F. A. ROBERTSON, Manager

Mrs. Leadbeater and daughter have gone to Seeley's Bay and Beryton for their vacation.

Mrs. Frank Foley spent the week-end at Lyn the guest of her sister, Mrs. Robt. Wiley.

Miss Lily Wiltse has returned from Grenadier Island where she has been teaching school.

Messrs. Ed. Parish and Roy Aigueire have returned from the Canadian West.

Mrs. W. H. Burchell, of Smith's Falls, has been spending the past week with Mrs. Jas. E. Burchell.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gardiner and Mrs. Ed. Beach, of Lyn, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Percival.

Dr. C. C. Nash, of Kingston, last week brought his daughter, Ruth, here to spend the vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Raymond Green and son Hugh, of Woodstock, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ormond Green for a couple of weeks.

Miss Mayme Lee and sister, Mrs. O. A. Kincaid and daughter Cynthia, of Duluth, Minn., are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Lee, Mill street.

Miss Beryl Newsome, Plum Hollow, and Mrs. Campbell T. Ross, Toronto, are this week guests of Miss Mildred Hickey, Ivanhoe cottage, Charleston, Lake.

The Reporter is glad at all times to receive items of news. Send in the names of your visitors for the personal columns.

Economy and Comfort in the Kitchen

Oil Stoves

EARL CONSTRUCTION COMPANY

ATHENS, ONT.

Efficiency in Optical Service

That is what we claim for our optical department. With a proper room suitably lighted, and equipped with the most modern instruments, we offer you a service equalled in very few places in Ontario.

Give us the opportunity to add "you" to our list of satisfied customers.

H. R. KNOWLTON

Jeweler and Optician
ATHENS

SUMMER SILK SALE

1000 yds. of Pongee Silk

Natural color, washes and wears well, suitable for Men's and Boys' Shirts or Pyjamas, Ladies' Skirts, Dresses, Suits, or Misses' and Children's Dresses, a very serviceable silk, 34 inches wide, regular 50c yd., Sale Price.....39c yd.

100 yds. of Black-Chiffon Taffeta Silk

Regular \$1.50, Sale Price.....\$1.25.

400 yds. of Colored Chiffon Taffeta

36 inch, colors, navy, alic, copenhagen, reseda brown, purple, and sand, Regular Price \$1.60 yd., Sale Price...\$1.39.

200 yds. of 36 inch Paillette Silk

In black and 20 colors to choose a nice dress from, Regular Price \$1.50, Sale.....\$1.25 yd.

R. DAVIS & SONS

THE SILK STORE OF BROCKVILLE

HER HUMBLE LOVER

The priest lifts his hat with the exquisite smile of warm-hearted benevolence and sympathy, and Hector, making a signal to Sir Frederic, he comes and walks beside them.

The good father bends a benign glance on Lord Delamere, and says: "You wish to speak with me, my lord. Will you bring your friend into my house?"

Hector inclines his head, and in silence they reach the little gate which divides the garden from the churchyard.

"Wait," says the father. "I will get a light. My servant has gone to Aletto."

He goes in, and the two foes stand in silent misery at the gate. A light dawns in the house, the door opens, and Hector stands aside for Sir Frederic to pass, when suddenly there is the rustle of a woman's dress, a burst of mad laughter, the gleam of steel, and as Sir Frederic turns he is in time to see Lord Delamere fall and stagger back against the gate and slide to the ground, with a knife buried in his breast.

It has all happened so quickly; it is so much like the awful falling of a tree smitten by lightning, that for a moment Sir Frederic stands rooted to the spot, and staring wildly in the direction taken by the flying girl, who had struck the blow even as he ran; then, with a cry of horror, he throws himself on his knees beside the motionless figure, shouting wildly for help.

With an answering cry the father turns to him, and with upheld light kneels beside him.

"He is killed!" exclaims Sir Frederic, hoarsely. "She has killed him! What—what—Heaven's name shall we do?"

"Hush, my son!" says the priest, trembling, yet already self-possessed and brave with strength which no earthly courage will supply. "Give me your handkerchief! Turn your head aside, and as he speaks he draws out the cruel knife, and begins to staunch the blood. "Come! We must bear him to the house," and exerting his strength to the utmost, he raises the limp form in his arms.

Between them they carry him who, but a few moments before, was a strong, stalwart man, now as helpless as a child, as lifeless as a fallen tree, into the priest's chamber.

"Now, quick, my son," he says, in a low voice. "Help me cut the clothing from the wound. Be calm. Every moment is one of life or death. Life hangs on a thread. Good! Give me that towel yonder. Light the other candle. Good!" as Sir Frederic, nerved to strength by the serene calm of the good old man, obeys each command.

"Now fly to the village, to the inn, and tell them to send me the landlord, Herrmann. He is almost a surgeon, and has been in the German wars. You understand? Everything depends upon your presence of mind, my son."

Sir Frederic murmurs a wild assent, and tears down the village street to the inn.

With breathless words he makes the landlord understand something of the tragedy that has occurred.

"Ah, yes!" exclaims the landlord, with a white face, as he seizes his hat. "It is what I expected. Oh, my poor patient! He that was so good and patient! Yes—yes, and snatch me a case of instruments from a drawer, he darts up the street."

Sir Frederic, faint and exhausted, kept up only by the excitement, follows him, but to find his admittance to the room where Lord Delamere lies strictly forbidden; so he paces up and down the little parlor with clasped hands and bowed head. It never occurs to him, for a moment, to pursue the girl. All his thoughts are bent on the man lying at death's door upstairs, an Signa, far away and alone, to whom must be told this awful thing which has befallen them.

"And I, I have done it all! I am the cause!" he groans. "If I had not laid her this would not have happened. By Heaven, he must be right, and I must be mad!"

Indeed, he was almost mad during the silent hours of intense suffering in that quiet parlor, with the consciousness of all that was going on above his head.

At last a footstep is heard outside, and the landlord enters.

"Are you there, landlord?" he says, in a hushed whisper.

"Yes—yes. What news? Is it he?"

Herrmann slowly shakes his head. "He has come to and wishes to see me. The good father and I, myself, have warned him of the danger of making, but he will have his way. Lord was always of that kind, and no one could say him otherwise, or against him. You will not speak to me, or overmuch, my lord."

Sir Frederic waves his hand in assent, and follows the man upstairs. Stretched on the bed lies Hector of Delamere. A few hours ago, he could have performed with any of the feats that athletes can boast of, a few hours ago, he held Sir Frederic's life in his hands; and now he lies, helpless as a child, with white face, drained of every drop of blood—his eyes closed, his limbs, holding a helpless hand, as the priest, a solemn pity and earnest on his beautiful face, has a gesture with his free hand Sir Frederic to approach, and he is near.

Sir Frederic kneels beside the bed. "Sir Frederic, it is not unlikely that I shall die."

A hollow moan escapes Sir Frederic's lips unwittingly.

"But I do not mean to die yet—not until she is here. I have sent for you because, though you—you hate me—"

Sir Frederic's head droops, but warned by the father's unlifted finger, he does not speak.

"You are an Englishman, and—and know the meaning of fair play."

"Yes, yes!" gasps Sir Frederic.

"I want you to—to fetch her you yourself. I have calculated—fancy such a calculation in the shadow of death! Love is indeed stronger than the King of Terrors—that she will not have crossed until to-morrow—this morning."

"Quite right, my son," murmurs the sweet, piteous voice of the priest.

"Thanks, father," falls Hector, as soon as the office opens, to the seaport; you will then go on to meet her. She—she may refuse to come back with you; it is not unlikely. Even in this supreme moment he cannot resist the half-taunt. "Father, take of my ring and give it to him."

The priest draws the ring off. It comes off easily; the fingers have already shrunk.

"Show it to her, and she will—come. Bring her here before I—die, and I will forgive you all the harm you have done. Stop!"

Sir Frederic remains on his knees. Hector struggles for breath.

"As—as this is the last time we may meet—"

"No, not," groans Sir Frederic.

"I want to say, I want you to believe that I am—innocent. The good father here, who would not utter a lie to save his own life, all our lives, can vouch for that! Blyte, you have—made—an awful mistake! Don't—don't let it weigh upon your mind. If I—had been in your place I might have done the same. Signa is—is worth loving, and a man who lost her—might well believe like a—a madman. Go now, telegraph, and—and bring her!"

The soft voice dies away—Sir Frederic still kneels.

"Delamere," he says, in a hoarse whisper. "I—I believe you. I believe you are innocent, however black it looks. For Heaven's sake, forgive me!"

"I forgive you. Bring her to me!" is the breathless reply.

"Go now, my son," says the priest, and Sir Frederic, just touching the motionless hand laid death-like on the coverlid, goes noiselessly from the room.

Morning comes, and with a surgeon from Aletto, brought hither by a mounted messenger. He examines the patient with pursed lips and anxious brow.

"You have done everything that could have been done, father," he says.

"And will he live?" demands the priest, anxiously.

The surgeon shrugs his shoulders and declines to commit himself, after the manner of his tribe all the world over.

"The wound is a bad one," he says, looking down on the patient, who is now all unconscious; "but he is English, and the English die hard. I had one who fell from a mountain cliff and broke nearly every bone in his body, and he lived, and is well now! But who shall say? There is the fever, and this inflow will have the fever badly, and if he should have it too badly, he will die. At any rate, father, I should be prepared to send for your friend."

"He has only one friend, his wife, and she is sent for," says the priest, gently, and the surgeon, shaking his head, goes on his way.

On the third day, after an awful attack of delirium, Hector comes to himself.

"Has she come?" he asks.

"Not yet, but she will, doubtless my son," replies the father, who scarcely leaves the bedside. Fancy Mr. Podswell watching beside a sick bed for four nights!

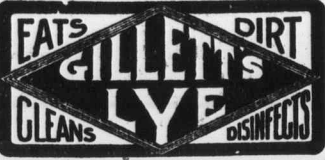
"Yes, I shall last until she comes, I feel it. And Lucia? You have not caught—I hope you have not caught her."

"No, we have not," says the priest, simply. "She has not tried."

An expression of relief comes to Hector's face.

"I am glad," he says, and relaxes into unconsciousness.

No man, since suffering humanity began to suffer, was watched and tended as is my lord Delamere. A sister of mercy, in her black robe and white cap, hovers perpetually beside his bed, seeming to require neither sleep nor food, so vigilant and constant is her ministrations. The good father, whatever his duties will permit, is always by his side; and even Herrmann neglects his inn to join the duet, and make a trio of it.



If earthly skill can work a miracle, Lord Delamere will recover; but only a miracle, so says the surgeon, can produce this desired recovery.

"There is something here"—and he touches the white forehead—"which I cannot treat. Who can minister to a mind diseased? That is the English poet, Shakespeare. The man's mind is diseased, is burdened with a trouble which I cannot alleviate, and cannot therefore cure. I am afraid, father, that he will die."

The good father sighs, and the tender-hearted sister gazes on the bandaged face with tearful eyes. If it came to a question of life for life, either of them would have given his or her life for that of the strong man whose power is ebbing away.

Ebbing so fast that the blood seems to desert each limb one by one, so that the once brown hand is as white as the colorless face.

"I fear he will die before that sweet young wife will reach him," murmurs the priest.

Sir Frederic is not only an Englishman, but a gentleman. With all he speed that money can procure he hastens to the nearest seaport, to find that a steamer has sailed, having amongst her passengers a lady who answers to the description of Signa.

He arrives an hour only too late, but undaunted he takes the next steamer and makes his way to Paris. He has already telegraphed to Lady Rookwell, to Mr. Podswell, to Lord Delamere's agent, to every one he can think of. In his wild, bewildered mind, the dying man's promise stands out clear:

"I shall not die until I see her."

Buoyed up by that he arrives in Paris, and commences to search the hotels.

He begins at the Grand, and finishes at the Hotel de Lisle, but can find no trace of Signa.

Despair seems to fill his heart; the dying man's command haunts him like a dream, and for the life of him, try as he will he cannot leave Paris.

On the third day, as he is walking along the principal drive in the Champs Elysees—walking along with his head bent, his hands clasped behind his back, he hears his name spoken. With a start he looks around; there are several carriages in the drive, and one of them stops beside him. It is a close brougham, and Laura Derwent is looking out from the window, beckoning to him.

He hurries up to her, a wild hope springing up in his bosom.

"Miss Derwent," he says, almost gasping.

"Yes, it is I, Sir Frederic," she answers, and there is nothing of the old sparkle in her eyes, or of the old brightness in her voice. "Have you got my telegram? Have you been to Lady Rookwell? Are you ill?" she asks, staring at his haggard face and anxious eyes.

"What telegram?" he says, ignoring her question regarding himself.

"I telegraphed to Blyte Park two days ago," she says, gravely.

"I have not been home for some time," he says. "Where is Lady Rookwell?"

"Here in Paris," she says. "We are in great trouble, and wanted you. Will you come into the carriage and let me take you home?"

He opens the door and gets in.

"What trouble?" he asks; then he sighs and puts his hand to his brow.

"Whatever it may be, it cannot be worse than mine; than that which I left behind me!" he adds.

Laura Derwent looks at him cautiously, and with sudden eagerness.

"Is—is it about Lady Delamere?" she asks.

"Yes," he says, instantly. "Yes! Have you heard? Do you know where she is—Signa, Lady Delamere?"

Laura Derwent stares at him.

"Certainly! She is at Lady Rookwell's villa, whither we are going."

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaims, trembling. "For Heaven's sake, make the man drive more quickly! There is not a moment to be lost! It is a matter of life or death. She has told you all that she knows, but there is worse to tell you!" and his lips quiver.

Laura Derwent shakes her head.

"Be calm, Sir Frederic. There is some misunderstanding between us. Signa is with us, at Lady Rookwell's; she arrived three days ago; we met her by chance at the station; she was going home to Northwell—to the villa. We brought her home with us, and—"

"And she has told you!" he says, sorrowfully.

"She has told us nothing!" returns Laura Derwent, quietly, gravely. "She was taken ill immediately we reached the house; indeed, she was very ill when we found her. Something had happened, something dreadful, we could see. She was half dead with sorrow and exhaustion—"

Sir Frederic groans and turns his head aside.

"But she would tell us nothing, excepting that she had left her husband, Lord Delamere, forever. She refused to give us the reason, would not even tell us where he could be found. That same night she grew worse, and in an attack of delirium mentioned your name in her wanderings. Then we telegraphed to you, as I say. Can you explain the mystery?"

"I can," he says, hoarsely. "But I will ask you not to press me. It is her secret, and I had better keep it inviolate until she chooses to speak. And—she—is she better?"

Laura Derwent looks at him, puzzled and thoughtful.

"Yes, she is better," she replies. "She has a wonderful constitution, and what is called strength of mind; strength of will, I say. She is better, and downstairs, but the mere ghost of her former self. Some terrible thing has happened to her, we can see, but what it is—but you will not tell us, you say?"

"No—no," he answers. "You will know very soon. Do you think she is fit to travel?"

Laura Derwent stares.

"Travel!" she exclaims. "Certainly not! It would be madness! Where to, in the name of goodness?"

"To her husband!" he answers, solemnly.

Laura Derwent stares.

"Why—why, she says she has left him, that she can never go back, and forbids us ever to mention his name! Where is he?"

"At Casalina, in Tuscany, dying or dead!"

Laura Derwent utters a low cry of horror.

"Lord Delamere, dying, dead! Are you sure?—I mean—you look and speak so strangely, Sir Frederic!"

"I have suffered the keenest torture a man can suffer—that which springs from remorse," he says, gravely; "and I have not tasted food since yesterday. I can neither eat nor sleep, Miss Derwent. If it is possible for her to do so without risking her life, she must go to him at once. He sent me to bring her. I do not know that it may not be too late even now. I left him as near death as it is possible for a man to be—"

"Great Heaven!" murmured Laura.

"What is the matter?"

"An accident," he says, curtly. "I can tell you nothing more than that."

"What does it all mean?" exclaims Laura Derwent. "What place did you say—Casalina? Why—why—last that the place where I met him? Yes, and that place where he fought the duel about the girl—ah, I think I see! Oh, Sir Frederic, who is to tell her?"

He shakes his head, heavy with grief and indecision.

"I know not, I dare not!"

"Of course she loves him still!"

"Better than life itself," he answers.

"What has he done, then, that she should leave him? You will not tell me? At any rate, you must not see her; there is the shadow of death on your face, Sir Frederic. Thank Heaven, my aunt is with her! She will know what to do!"

He breathes a sigh of relief, and then relapses into silence. He takes out a time-table and studies it mechanically.

"If it is possible she must leave Paris in two hours!"

"Two hours! It seems impossible to me! But Lady Rookwell will decide."

He smiles sadly.

"If I know Sig—Lady Delamere, she will decide for herself and quickly," he says, significantly.

The carriage stops at the villa Lady Rookwell has rented, and Sir Frederic, as they enter the hall, notices the hush that seems to pervade the little house; the servants speak in a low voice, and Laura Derwent treads lightly.

"Go into the drawing-room," she says to Sir Frederic. "I will fetch my aunt. She is with her now."

(To be continued.)

IF YOU WERE A BOY.

If you were a boy this morning, I wonder what you would do. Was ever a day more perfect. Was ever the sky more blue? I'm speaking to you, grave senior, I noticed you as you went. Hot footing it into the city. To add to your cent per cent. With the fresh blue sky above you. Your very important looks. And I noticed your boy beside you. The schoolboy with his books. I saw—and you saw—where the river sweeps down to the "swimming" hole. Another boy playing "hooky"—A boy with a fishing pole.

If you were a boy this morning, I noticed what you would do. I saw you stopping to whisper a word to the boy with you. It seemed to me then you told him that the young boy was a fool. That nothing ripens manhood. Like the moments spent in school. With the fresh blue sky above you. And the green fields under it. How dare you utter such nonsense. If you were a boy this morning. A boy with a heart and soul. You'd be, in spite of a licking. The boy with the fishing pole. (Philadelphia Evening Ledger)

Storage Eggs Less Nutritious.

The assertion by dealers that "after all there is nothing injurious about a storage first egg—in fact, it is as good as a fresh egg" is not borne out by so good an authority as Dr. Harvey Wiley, who, when questioned on the stand in Washington on the subject of eggs that had been in storage six months, said:

"The amount of nutriment would probably be diminished by a very considerable quantity. It would be just slightly less nutritious, but the principal lack of nutriment, in my opinion, would be in the impaired taste; that the digestive ferments would not respond so promptly to the stimulus of the food. That is a very important physiological consideration."—New York Telegram.

If you want your troubles to grow, keep on telling them.

"The Poor Man's Potato" has become the rich man's luxury. Whether at three dollars a bushel, or twenty-five cents a bushel, potatoes are not a complete food. Two or three Shredded Wheat Biscuits with milk furnish more real, body-building nutriment than a meal of potatoes or meat, are much more easily digested and cost much less. Shredded Wheat is 100 per cent. whole wheat, nothing added and nothing taken away—gives mental vim and physical vigor for the hot days. Delicious for breakfast, or any meal, with sliced bananas, berries or other fruits, and milk. Made in Canada.

American-German Soldier's Plain Talk on the Struggle

In His shrapnel wounds in arm and shoulder, though not dangerous, were somewhat extensive, and he was newly back from the hottest kind of fighting; but it was not at all the fighting that this particular English officer was most concerned to talk about. That he dismissed very shortly.

"How are we getting on? Oh, there's nothing to worry about in that direction. The job just now is getting rid of Boches; and I can tell you it's going on at a great rate. I fancy it would startle even our people let alone the people in Germany, if they knew the exact truth about the rate at which the Huns are being laid out. Of course, I know nothing about the figures, but I do know what I've seen with my own eyes; how thick their dead lie on the ground. If their people knew the truth of it, they'd revolt and call off the whole business. But instead of the truth, well, look at the official German casualty lists, republished in our papers from their's. For the month of April, the French took forty thousand of them during that month. Of course I know the list does not say that it includes all the casualties that occurred during April; but only that it's the April list. But you can guess what the people in Germany are meant to think about it. 523 against 40,000. And the figures in killed and wounded would startle them a good deal more, especially the killed."

THE BOCHE FROM MUNICH.

"But, look here. I can tell you something more interesting than all that. I've seen a Boche who really understands the whole business. Absolutely unlike any other Hun I've seen. I suppose you must call him a Boche, because he was born in Munich, he said, and served in the German army. But I reckon most of his native Bochery must have been purged out of him by living among civilized people. Then, again, he spoke English not a bit like a foreigner, and altogether it was difficult to realize that he was a Hun at all. For years he had been dealing in land and mines and things in America; doing pretty well, I should think it happened he was on a visit to London when the war threatened. He'd never taken out papers as an American subject, you see, and he was afraid of being interned or something—so he skipped out of England the day before the declaration of war and got into Germany. For a long time he was employed on special work in Germany, but when the Somme push was on last year he had to join up, and has served on different parts of the front. He was on the Russian front for a bit. I was wounded when we got this fellow. I was being helped back, I suppose there were fifteen or sixteen of us wounded, together, and we came on this bunch of Huns in two old colliers that had had some makeshift head cover fixed over them; twenty-three of them there were. Matter of fact, the man I'm talking about carried me for a quarter of a mile, and I believe he could have carried two like me."

WILLIAM THE MURDERER.

"Is not that the greatest crime the world has ever known? And is it not strictly true? Does any sane German suppose the appointed end can be altered, when the whole New World is ranged against Germany as well as the Old? They know all about the hundred million men in the States; and the millions of millions of money; the innumerable factories and shipyards. They know that America can put hundreds of thousands of fresh troops on this front next spring; and that the exhaustion of Germany long before then will be frightful; is, indeed, frightful now; has been frightful for a year and more. They know it all, and brute devils that they are, they choose to keep the awful slaughter going; not because they hope it can alter the end, you call 'Wait and see!'; because they fear to face to-day what they can put off until to-morrow, at the cost of another few thousand decent lives; another few millions of money. Never before since the world began has a twentieth part of such suffering been allowed to continue, day after day, and month after month, to protect a handful of exalted criminals from general recognition of their crimes. The Russian people rose and smashed the bonds that bound them. Yes, but not our people. Our tyrants have been much cleverer. It was only the bodies of the Russian people that were fettered. Their minds were free. No German mind, in Germany, has been free since 1870. The Berlin criminals have seen too well to that. Our people think they have been well educated. So they have—very well, very carefully—for just what they are doing now; for the blindest and most damnable kind of slavery the world has ever seen; for a slavery in which the will of the masters must be paid for daily by steadily running streams of the blood of their victims; victims taught to bare their own throats to the knife on the word of command. If your armies could reach Germany itself the slavery might end suddenly. But Germany to-day is one vast prison full of starving slaves who cannot lift a hand to help themselves, and that it will remain while William the Murderer can go on buying a daily reprieve for his own miserable family in return for the blood of ten thousand of his slaves. Thank God I am out of it!"—Sheffield, Eng. Weekly Independent.

GREATEST CRIME THE WORLD HAS KNOWN.

"This war is the greatest crime the world has ever seen. The crimes that made the French Revolution are nothing if you compare them with the crimes of the beasts who are running Germany to-day, and keeping this way going. They were only thieves and brigands when they began it, and thought they'd bring it off, but now they're the bloodiest murderers by wholesale that the world ever knew. There never was anything like it before. They know perfectly well they have lost the war; they've known for months that the last chances they ever had have gone. But they are frightened out of their own miserable skins to admit it and call a halt; and because they are frightened of what the people might do when they learned the truth, they keep the thing going, and sacrifice thousands of Germans every single day and millions of money—for what? To shield the reputations of a handful of princes and politicians. It's the greatest crime the world has ever known. Here on this front our people are being killed like flies. Your artillery kills them in bunches. There isn't a minute of the day but what arms and legs are being blown off. Our men would gladly give themselves up to end it, but you know they cannot. When there seems to be a chance there is always an officer or a N. C. O. about. It is not only your guns that kill. Many Germans fall every day with German bullets in them. They are driven like dogs to the fighting. And to what end? Because our cursed Kaiser and the creatures we call statesmen are afraid of their lives for what might happen to them when the people know it's all up."

THOUSANDS OF LIVES DAILY.

"But plenty of them know it now. Many knew before ever I was forced to join up. And perhaps if I had

known less and had never talked of what I did know, I should never have been made to join. I talked a little of what I knew. And that was enough. In Germany to-day the men who will tell the truth must be hustled off out of the way. That is why I see no hope for Germany; because those left in the country have no spirit; can do nothing. All the strength of the country, such as it is, is in the fighting lines; helpless as slaves. The others, there in Germany, they are slaves; starving, starving quietly; never daring to say a word. The few who speak soon find themselves hustled to the front line and no more is heard of them. They go on paying the price; thousands of lives every day; every single day. The Central Powers' casualties must be a hundred thousand a week—all for what? The crazy dream of a few bankers and merchants, and the cowardly fears of a few politicians and of—the Hohenzollerns. They say the Hapsburgs, too; but the Austrians would be thankful to make peace to-morrow, but they cannot. They are as much sacrificed by Berlin as we poor devils here on the front. All the bloody slaughter of this war, with its millions of money and thousands of lives lost—every single day—what keeps it going long after it has been finally decided is not the will of nations. No, it is the murderous criminality and cowardice of a little handful of men in Berlin who never have been anything but a pest in Europe.

GUARD BABY'S HEALTH IN THE SUMMER

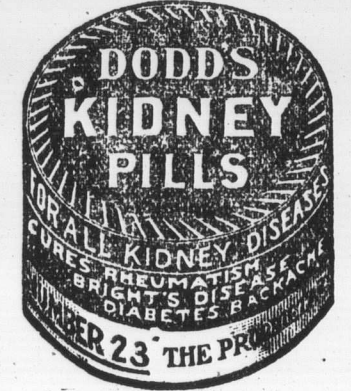
The summer months are the most dangers to children. The complaints of that season, which are cholera, infantum, colic, diarrhoea and dysentery, come on so quickly that often a little one is beyond aid before the mother realizes he is ill. The mother must be on her guard to prevent these troubles, or if they do come on suddenly to cure them. No other medicine is of such aid to mothers during hot weather as is Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the stomach and bowels and are absolutely safe. Sold by all medicine dealers or by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Taking No Risks.

There is a certain Scotch minister in a West Highland parish, who has never yet been known to permit a stranger to occupy his pulpit.

A Tactful Child.

Little Charlotte accompanied her mother to the home of an acquaintance. When the dessert course was reached the little girl was brought down and given a place next to her mother at the table. The hostess was a woman much given to talking, and quite forgot to give little Charlotte anything to eat. After some time had elapsed Charlotte could bear it no longer. With the sob rising in her throat, she held up her plate as high as she could and said: "Does anybody want a clean plate?"—Argonaut.



HER HUMBLE LOVER

The priest lifts his hat with the exquisite smile of warm-hearted benevolence and sympathy, and Hector, making a signal to Sir Frederic, he comes and walks beside them.

The good father bends a benign glance on Lord Delamere. "You wish to speak with me, my lord. Will you bring your friend into my house?"

Hector inclines his head, and in silence they reach the little gate which divides the garden from the churchyard.

"Wait," says the father. "I will get a light. My servant has gone to Aletto."

He goes in, and the two foes stand in silent misery at the gate. A light dawns in the house, the door opens, and Hector stands aside for Sir Frederic to pass, when suddenly there is the rustle of a woman's dress, a burst of mad laughter, the gleam of steel, and as Sir Frederic turns he is in time to see Lord Delamere fall and stagger back against the gate and slide to the ground, with a knife buried in his breast.

It has all happened so quickly; it is so much like the awful falling of a tree smitten by lightning, that for a moment Sir Frederic stands rooted to the spot, and staring wildly in the direction taken by the flying girl, who had struck the blow even as he ran; then, with a cry of horror, he throws himself on his knees beside the motionless figure, shouting wildly for help.

With an answering cry the father turns to him, and with upheld light kneels beside him. "He is killed!" exclaims Sir Frederic, hoarsely. "She has killed him! What—what—Heaven's name shall we do?"

"Hush, my son!" says the priest, trembling, yet already self-possessed and brave with strength which no earthly courage will supply. "Give me your handkerchief! Turn your head aside, and as he speaks he draws out the cruel knife, and begins to stanch the blood. "Come! we must bear him to the house," and exerting his strength to the utmost, he raises the limp form in his arms.

Between them they carry him who, but a few moments before, was a strong, stalwart man, now as helpless as a child, as lifeless as a fallen tree, into the priest's chamber.

"Now, quick, my son," he says, in a low voice. "Help me cut the clothing from the wound. Be calm. Every moment is one of life or death. Life hangs on a thread. Good! Give me that towel yonder. Light the other candle. Good!" as Sir Frederic, nervously to strength by the serene calm of the good old man, obeys each command. "Now fly to the village, to the inn, and tell them to send me the landlord, Hermann. He is almost a surgeon, and has been in the German wars. You understand? Everything depends upon your presence of mind, my son."

Sir Frederic murmurs a wild assent, and tears down the village street to the inn.

With breathless words he makes the landlord understand something of the tragedy that has occurred.

"Ah, yes!" exclaims the landlord, with a white face as he seizes his hat. "It is what I expected. Oh, my poor friend! He that was so good and patient! Yes—yes, and snatching a case of instruments from a drawer, he starts up the street."

Sir Frederic, faint and exhausted, kept up only by the excitement, follows him, but to find his admittance to the room where Lord Delamere lies strictly forbidden; so he paces up and down the little parlor with clasped hands and bowed head. It never occurs to him, for a moment, to pursue the girl. All his thoughts are bent on the man lying at death's door upstairs, on Signa, far away and alone, to whom must be told this awful thing which has befallen them.

"And if I have done it all! I am the cause!" he groans. "If I had not told her this would not have happened. By Heaven, he must be right, and I must be mad!"

Indeed, he was almost mad during the silent hours of intense stillness spent in that quiet parlor, with the consciousness of all that was going on above his head.

At last a foolishness is heard outside, and the landlord enters. "Are you there, my lord?" he says, in a hushed whisper.

"Yes—yes, what news? Is he dead?" and he groans when he hears Hermann slowly states his head.

"He has come to and wishes to see you. The good father and I, myself, have warned him of the danger of speaking, but he will have his way. My lord was always of that kind, and no one could say him otherwise, or go against him. You will not speak to him overmuch, my lord."

Sir Frederic waves his hand in assent, and follows the man upstairs. Stretched on the bed lies Hector Lord of Delamere. A few hours ago, and he could have performed with ease any of the feats that athletes make a boast of, a few hours ago, and he held Sir Frederic's life in his hands; and now he lies, helpless as a child, with white face, drained of every drop of blood—with eyes closed by lids that are too heavy to lift. Beside him, holding a helpless hand, stands the priest, a solemn pity and tenderness on his beautiful face. He makes a gesture with his free hand for Sir Frederic to approach, and he creeps near.

"Is he here? Are you there?" whispers Hector. "I am here," answers Sir Frederic, almost inaudibly. A faint sense of satisfaction makes itself visible on the white face.

"Bend down—I cannot make myself heard."

Sir Frederic kneels beside the bed. "Sir Frederic, it is not unlikely that I shall die."

A hollow moan escapes Sir Frederic's lips unwittingly. "But I do not mean to die yet—not until she is here. I have sent for you because, though you—you hate me—"

Sir Frederic's head droops, but warned by the father's unlifted finger, he does not speak. "You are an Englishman, and—and know the meaning of fair play."

"Yes, yes!" gasps Sir Frederic. "I—I want you to—to fetch her you yourself. I have calculated—fancy such a calculation in the shadow of death! Love is indeed stronger than the King of Terrors—that she will not have crossed until to-morrow—this morning."

"Quite right, my son," murmurs the sweet, pitiful voice of the priest. "Thanks, father," falters Hector. "You will telegraph, Sir Frederic, as soon as the office opens, to the seaport; you will then go on to meet her. She—she may refuse to come back with you; it is not unlikely." Even in this supreme moment he cannot resist the half-taunt. "Father, take of my ring and give it to him."

The priest draws the ring off. It comes off easily; the fingers have already shrunk.

"Show it to her, and she will come. Bring her here before I—die, and I will forgive you all the harm you have done. Stop!"

Sir Frederic remains on his knees. Hector struggles for breath. "As—as this is the last time we may meet—"

"No, no!" groans Sir Frederic. "I want to say, I want you to believe that I am—innocent. The good father here, who would not utter a lie to save his own life, all our lives, can vouch for that! Blyte, you have—made—an awful mistake! Don't—don't let it weigh upon your mind. It I—had been in your place I might have done the same. Signa is—is worth loving, and a man who lost her—might well behave like a—madman. Go now, telegraph, and—and bring her!"

The soft voice dies away—Sir Frederic still keels. "Delamere," he says, in a hoarse whisper. "I—I believe you. I believe you are innocent, however black it looks. For Heaven's sake, forgive me!"

"I forgive you. Bring her to me!" is the breathless reply. "Go now, my son," says the priest, and Sir Frederic, just touching the motionless hand laid death-like on the coverlid, goes noiselessly from the room.

Morning comes, and with a surgeon from Aletto, brought hither by a mounted messenger, he examines the patient with pursed lips and anxious brow.

"You have done everything that could have been done, father," he says. "And will he live?" demands the priest, anxiously.

The surgeon shrugs his shoulders and declines to commit himself, after the manner of his tribe all the world over.

"The wound is a bad one," he says, looking down on the patient, who is now all unconscious; "but he is English, and the English die hard. I had one who fell from a mountain cliff and broke nearly every bone in his body, and he lived, and is well now! But who shall say? There is the fever, and this might all have the fever badly, and if he should have it too badly he will die. At any rate, father, I should be prepared to send for his friends."

"He has only one friend, his wife, and she is sent for," says the priest, gently, and the surgeon, shaking his head, goes on his way.

On the third day, after an awful attack of delirium, Hector comes to himself.

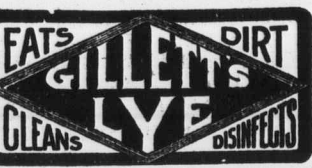
"Has she come?" he asks. "Not yet, but she will, doubtless my son," replies the father, who scarcely leaves the bedside. Fancy Mr. Podswell watching beside a sick bed for four nights!

"Yes, I shall last until she comes. I feel it. And Lucia? You have not caught—I hope you have not caught her."

"No, we have not," says the priest, simply. "We have not tried."

"An expression of relief comes to Hector's face. "I am glad," he says, and releases into unconsciousness.

No man, since suffering humanity began to suffer, was watched and tended as is my lord of Delamere. A sister of mercy, in her black robe and white cap, hovers perpetually beside his bed, seeming to require neither sleep nor food, so vigilant and constant is her ministrations. The good father, whatever his duties will permit, is always by his side; and even Hermann neglects his inn to join the duet, and make a trio of it.



If earthly skill can work a miracle, Lord Delamere will recover; but only a miracle, so says the surgeon, can produce this desired recovery.

"There is something here"—and he touches the white forehead—"which I cannot treat. Who can minister to a mind diseased? That is the English poet, Shakespeare. The man's mind is diseased, is burdened with a trouble which I cannot alleviate, and cannot therefore cure. I am afraid, father, that he will die."

The good father sighs, and the tender-hearted sister gazes on the handsome face with tearful eyes. If it came to a question of life for life, either of them would have given his or her life for that of the strong man whose power is ebbing away.

Ebbing so fast that the blood seems to desert each limb one by one, so that the once brown hand is as white as the colorless face.

"I fear he will die before that sweet young wife will reach him," murmurs the priest.

Sir Frederic is not only an Englishman, but a gentleman. With all he speed that money can procure he hastens to the nearest seaport, to find that a steamer has sailed, having amongst her passengers a lady who answers to the description of Signa.

He arrives an hour only too late, but undaunted he takes the next steamer and makes his way to Paris. He has already telegraphed to Lady Rookwell, to Mr. Podswell, to Lord Delamere's agent, to every one he can think of. In his wild, bewildered mind, the dying man's promise stands out clear.

"I shall not die until I see her." Buoyed up by that he arrives in Paris, and commences to search the hotels.

He begins at the Grand, and finishes at the Hotel de Lisle, but can find no trace of Signa.

Despair seems to fill his heart; the dying man's command haunts him like a dream, and for the life of him, try as he will he cannot leave Paris.

On the third day, as he is walking along the principal drive in the Champs Elysee—walking along with his head bent, his hands clasped behind his back, he hears his name spoken. With a start, he looks around; there are several carriages in the drive, and one of them stops beside him. It is a close brougham, and Laura Derwent is looking out from the window, beckoning to him.

He hurries up to her, a wild hope springing up in his bosom. "Miss Derwent," he says, almost gasps.

"Yes, it is I, Sir Frederic," she answers, and there is nothing of the old sparkle in her eyes, or of the old brightness in her voice. "Have you got my telegram? Have you been to Lady Rookwell? Are you ill?" she asks, staring at his haggard face and anxious eyes.

"What telegram?" he says, ignoring her question regarding himself. "I telegraphed to Blyte Park two days ago," she says, gravely. "I have not been home for some time," he says. "Where is Lady Rookwell?"

"Here in Paris," she says. "We are in great trouble, and wanted you. Will you come into the carriage and let me take you home?"

He opens the door and gets in. "What trouble?" he asks; then he sighs and puts his hand to his brow. "Whatever it may be, it cannot be worse than mine; than that which I left behind me!" he adds.

Laura Derwent looks at him cautiously, and with sudden eagerness. "Is it about Lady Delamere?" she asks.

"Yes," he says, instantly. "Yes! Have you heard? Do you know where she is—Signa, Lady Delamere?"

"Certainly! She is at Lady Rookwell's villa, whither we are going."

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaims, trembling. "For Heaven's sake, make the man drive more quickly! There is not a moment to be lost! It is a matter of life or death. She has told you all—that she knows, but there is worse to tell you!" and his lips quiver.

Laura Derwent shakes her head. "Be calm, Sir Frederic. There is some misunderstanding between us. Signa is with us, at Lady Rookwell's; she arrived three days ago; we met her by chance at the station; she was going home to Northwell—to the villa. We brought her home with us, and—"

"And she has told you!" he says, sorrowfully. "She has told us nothing!" returns Laura Derwent, quietly, gravely. "She was taken ill immediately we reached the house; indeed, she was very ill when we found her. Something had happened, something dreadful, we could see. She was half-dead with sorrow and exhaustion—"

Sir Frederic groans and turns his head aside. "But she would tell us nothing, excepting that she had left her husband, Lord Delamere, forever. She refused to give us the reason, would not even tell us where he could be found. That same night she grew worse, and in an attack of delirium mentioned your name in her wanderings. Then we telegraphed to you, as I say. Can you explain the mystery?"

"I can," he says, hoarsely, "but I will ask you not to press me. It is her secret, and I had better keep it inviolate until she chooses to speak. And she—she better!"

Laura Derwent looks at him, puzzled and thoughtful. "Yes, she is better," she replies. "She has a wonderful constitution, and what is called strength of mind; strength of will, I say. She is better, and downstairs, but the mere ghost of her former self. Some terrible thing has happened to her, we can see, but what it is—but you will not tell us, you say?"

"No—no," he answers. "You will know very soon. Do you think she is fit to travel?"

Laura Derwent stares. "Travel!" she exclaims. "Certainly not! It would be madness! Where is, in the name of goodness?"

"To her husband!" he answers, solemnly. Laura Derwent stares. "Why—why, she says she has left him, that she can never go back, and forbids us ever to mention his name! Where is he?"

"At Casalina, in Tuscany, dying or dead!"

Laura Derwent utters a low cry of horror. "Lord Delamere, dying, dead! Are you sure? I mean—you look and speak so strangely, Sir Frederic!"

"I have suffered the keenest torture a man can suffer—that which springs from remorse," he says, gravely; "and I have not tasted food since yesterday. I can neither eat nor sleep, Miss Derwent. If it is possible for her to do so without risking her life, she must go to him at once. He sent me to bring her. I do not know that it may not be too late even now. I left him as near death as it is possible for a man to be—"

"Great Heaven!" murmured Laura. "What is the matter?"

"An accident," he says, curtly. "I can tell you nothing more than that. What does it all mean?" exclaims Laura Derwent. "What place did you say—Casalina? Why—why— isn't that the place where I met him? Yes, and the place where he fought the duel about the girl—ah, I think I see! Oh, Sir Frederic, who is to tell her?"

He shakes his head, heavy with grief and indecision. "I know not. I dare not!"

"Of course she loves him still!" "Better than life itself," he answers.

"What has he done, then, that she should leave him? You will not tell me? At any rate, you must not see her; there is the shadow of death on your face, Sir Frederic. Thank Heaven, my aunt is with her! She will know what to do!"

He breathes a sigh of relief, and then relapses into silence. He takes out a time-table and studies it mechanically.

"If it is possible she must leave Paris in two hours!" "Two hours! It seems impossible to me! But Lady Rookwell will decide."

He smiles sadly. "If I know Signa—Lady Delamere, she will decide for herself and quickly," he says, significantly.

The carriage stops at the villa Lady Rookwell has rented, and Sir Frederic, as they enter the hall, notices the hush that seems to pervade the little house; the servants speak in a low voice, and Laura Derwent treads lightly.

"Go into the drawing-room," she says to Sir Frederic. "I will fetch my aunt. She is with her now."

(To be continued.)

IF YOU WERE A BOY. If you were a boy this morning, I wonder what you would do. Was ever a day more perfect. I'm speaking to you, grave senior, I noticed you as you went hot footing it into the city. To add to your cent per cent. I noticed your sober manner. Your very important looks. And I noticed your boy beside you. The schoolboy with his books, I saw—and where the river sweeps down to the "swimmin' hole." Another boy playing "hooky."

A boy with a fishing pole. If you were a boy this morning, I wonder what you would do. I saw you stopping to whistle. A word to the boy with you. It seemed to me then you told him that the trout was a fool. That nothing ripens manhood. Like the moments spent in school. With the fresh blue sky above you and the green fields under it. How dare you utter such nonsense. O fair and hypocrite!

You were a boy this morning. A boy with a heart and soul. You were, in spite of a hickling. The boy with the fishing pole. (Philadelphia Evening Ledger)

Storage Eggs Less Nutritious. The assertion by dealers that "after all there is nothing injurious about a storage fresh egg—in fact, it is as good as a fresh egg," is not borne out by so good an authority as Dr. Harvey Wiley, who, when questioned on the stand in Washington on the subject of eggs that had been in storage six months, said:

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American-German Soldier's Plain Talk on the Struggle

His shrapnel wounds in arm and shoulder, though not dangerous, were somewhat extensive, and he was newly back from the hottest kind of fighting, but it was not at all the fighting that this particular English officer was most concerned to talk about.

That he dismissed very shortly. "How are we getting on? Oh, there's nothing to worry about in that direction. The job just now is getting rid of Boches; and I can tell you it's going on at a great rate. I fancy it would startle even our people let alone the people in Germany; if they knew the exact truth about the rate at which the Huns are being laid out. Of course, I know nothing about the figures, but I do know what I've seen with my own eyes; how thick their dead lie on the ground. If their people knew the truth of it, they'd revolt and call off the whole business. But instead of the truth, well, look at the official German casualty lists, republished in our papers from their side for the month of April, prisoners 533. And we and the French took forty thousand of them during that month. Of course I know the list does not say that it includes all the casualties that occurred during April; but only that it's the April list. But you can guess what the people in Germany are meant to think about it. 533 against 40,000. And the figures in killed and wounded would startle them a good deal more, especially the killed."

THE BOCHE FROM MUNICH. "But, look here—I can tell you something more interesting than all that. I've seen a Boche who really understands the whole business. Absolutely unlike any other Hun I've seen. I suppose you must call him a Boche, because he was born in Munich, he said, and served in the German army. But I reckon most of his native Bochery must have been picked out of him by living among civilized people. Then, again, he spoke English not a bit like a foreigner, and altogether it was difficult to realize that he was a Hun at all. For years he had been dealing in land and mines and things in America; doing pretty well, I should think it happened he was on a visit to London when the war threatened. He'd never taken out papers as an American subject, you see, and he was afraid of being interned or something—so he skipped out of England the day before the declaration of war and got into Germany. For a long time he was employed on special work in Germany, but when the Somme push was on last year he had to join up, and has served on different parts of the front. He was on the Russian front for a bit. I was wounded when we got this fellow. I was being helped back, I suppose there were fifteen or sixteen of us wounded, together, and we came to this bunch of Huns in two old colonial hats that had some makeshift ladders that had been fixed over them; twenty-three of them there were. Matter of fact, the man I'm talking about carried me for a quarter of a mile, and I believe he could have carried two like me."

"He didn't look like a Boche, you know; more like a Norwegian sailor; a sort of a viking, you know; pointed yellow beard and light blue eyes; most wonderful eyes you ever saw, that chap had. A fine-looking man, I must say; and how he talked! Well, I believe he'd draw crowds as a public speaker; I do really. The other Boches with him, they looked dingy-looking, half-starved cattle, by the side of that man. You know the beefy kind of animal heads they have. Among such a gang this chap looked perfectly splendid. Look here! I've got it written down here, the sort of thing he said. I wrote it that evening in the clearing station. I wanted to remember all I could. But of course, it doesn't give you the way the chap talked. And I'll say this for him, he was no coward. He paid no attention to shrap and that sort of thing while we were going back, though the Boches with him were fairly grovelling. This was the kind of thing:

GREATEST CRIME THE WORLD HAS KNOWN. "This war is the greatest crime the world has ever seen. The crimes that made the French Revolution are nothing if you compare them with the crimes of to-day, and keeping this war going. They were only thieves and brigands when they began it, and thought they'd bring it off, but now they're the bloodiest murderers by wholesale that the world ever knew. There never was anything like it before. They know perfectly well they have lost the war; they've known for months that the last chances they ever had have gone. But they are frightened out of their own miserable skins to admit it and call a halt; and because they are frightened of what the people might do when they learned the truth, they keep the thing going, and sacrifice thousands of Germans every single day and millions of money—for what? To shield the reputations of a handful of princes and politicians. It's the greatest crime the world has ever known. Here on this front our people are being killed like flies. Your artillery kills them in bunches. There isn't a leg or an arm left but what arms and legs are being blown off. Our men would gladly give themselves up to end it, but you know they cannot. When there seems to be a chance there is always an officer or a N. C. O. about. It is not only your guns that kill. Many Germans fall every day with German bullets in them. They are driven like dogs to the fighting. And to what end? Because our cursed Kaiser and the creatures we call statesmen are afraid of their lives for what might happen to them when the people know it, all up."

THOUSANDS OF LIVES DAILY. "But plenty of them know it now. Many knew before ever I was forced to join up. And perhaps if I had

known less and had never talked of what I did know, I should never have been made to join. I talked a little of what I knew. And that was enough. In Germany to-day the men who will tell the truth must be hustled off out of the way. That is why I see no hope for Germany; because those left in the country have no spirit; can do nothing. All the strength of the country, such as it is, is in the fighting lines; helpless as slaves. The others, there in Germany, they are slaves; starving, starving quietly; never daring to say a word. The few who speak soon find themselves hustled to the front line and no more is heard of them. They go on paying the price; thousands of lives every day; every single day. The Central Powers' casualties must be a hundred thousand a week—all for what? The crazy dream of a few bankers and merchants, and the cowardly fears of a few politicians and of—of the Hohenzollerns. They say the Hapsburgs, too; but the Austrians would be thankful to make peace to-morrow, but they cannot. They are as much sacrificed by Berlin as we poor devils here on the front. All the bloody slaughter of this war, with its millions of money and thousands of lives lost—every single day—what keeps it going longer has been finally decided is not the will of nations. No, it is the murderous criminality and cowardice of a little handful of men in Berlin who never have been anything but a pest in Europe."

WILLIAM THE MURDERER. "Is not that the greatest crime the world has ever known? And is it not strictly true? Does any sane German suppose the appointed end can be altered, when the whole New World is ranged against Germany, as well as the Old? They know all about the hundred million men in the States; and the millions of millions of money; the innumerable factories and shipyards. They know that America can put hundreds of thousands of fresh troops on this front next spring; and that the exhaustion of Germany long before then will be frightful; is, indeed, frightful now; has been frightful for a year and more. They know it all, and brute devils that they are, they choose to keep the awful slaughter going, not because they hope it can alter the end, you call 'Wall and see!'; because they fear to face to-day what they can put off until to-morrow, at the cost of another few thousands of lives; another few millions of money. Never before since the world began has a twentieth part of such suffering been allowed to continue, day after day, and month after month, to protect a handful of exalted criminals from general recognition of their crimes. The Russian people rose and smashed the bonds that bound them. Yes, but not our people. Our tyrants have been much cleverer. It was only the bodies of the Russian people that were fettered. Their minds were free. No German mind, in Germany, has been free since 1870. The Berlin criminals have seen too well to that. Our people think they have been well educated. So they have—very well, very carefully—for just what they are doing now; for the slavery and most damnable kind of slavery the world has ever seen; for a slavery in which the will of the master must be paid for daily by steadily running streams of the blood of their victims; victims taught to bare their own throats to the knife on the word of command. If your armies could reach Germany itself the slavery might end suddenly. But Germany to-day is one vast prison full of starving slaves who cannot lift a hand to help themselves, and that it will remain while William the Murderer can go on buying a daily reprieve for his own miserable family in return for the blood of ten thousand of his slaves. Thank God I am out of it!" —Sheffield, Eng., Weekly Independent.

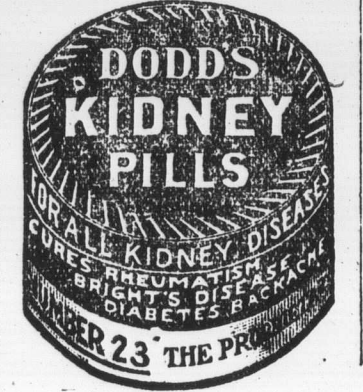
GUARD BABY'S HEALTH IN THE SUMMER. The summer months are the most dangers to children. The complaints of that season, which are cholera, infantum, colic, diarrhoea and dysentery, come on so quickly that often a little one is beyond aid before the mother realizes he is ill. The mother must be on her guard to prevent these troubles, or if they do come on suddenly to cure them. No other medicine is of such aid to mothers during hot weather as is Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the stomach and bowels and are absolutely safe. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Taking No Risks. There is a certain Scotch minister in a West Highland parish who has never yet been known to permit a stranger to occupy his pulpit.

The other day, however, an Edinburgh divinity student was spending a few days in the parish, and on the Saturday he called at the manse and asked the minister to be allowed to preach the following day.

"My dear young man," said the minister, laying a hand gently on his shoulder, "I'll let you preach the morn, and ye gie a better sermon than me, my fowk wad never again be satisfied wi' my preaching; and gin ye're nae a better preacher than me, ye're no' worth listening to!" —Exchange.

A Tactful Child. Little Charlotte accompanied her mother to the home of an acquaintance. When the dessert course was reached the little girl was brought down and given a place next to her mother at the table. The hostess was a woman much given to talking, and quite forgot to give little Charlotte anything to eat. After some time had elapsed Charlotte could bear it no longer. With the sob rising in her throat, she held up her plate as high as she could and said: "Does anybody want a clean plate?" —Argonaut.



THE ATHENS REPORTER
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AUSTIN G. L. TRIBUTE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

OPEN DITCHES UNSAFE

While Athens has little to be ashamed of as far as appearance goes, the presence of open ditches on main thoroughfares is unpardonable. Aside from their appearance their existence does not conduce to the safety of pedestrians or vehicular traffic. On every side the cry of "Safety First" is heard; we all echo it with much relish—and leave the ditches open. Perhaps there is every intention of filling them in; but unavoidable delays occur—and the ditches are left open. Main street east is an example of this negligence. For months, a deep drain has yawned between the road and sidewalk, a continuous menace to passers-by and to the residents on the other side of the street, who must cross it.

That such a state of affairs has prevailed for months with no reported casualties, is no evidence that it will continue as harmlessly. The filling in of open ditches is work that should be undertaken at once.

"The south ward drain," of much notoriety, is not so easily dealt with. Unless the occasion arises that will force the medical board of health to take action, it will remain open in spite of the aggregate common sense of the parties concerned.

DESECRATING GRAVES

Desecrating graves is something that years of civilization have brought to the level of the lowest of crimes; yet, now and again, an instance of it is brought to public notice. So much respect has the ordinary civilian for the graves of the dead that he feels compunction at even the thought of treading upon the turf that covers them.

In the Athens Cemetery are the graves of the parents of Morgan King. He it was who imported baby rambler roses from New York to grow and rear their blossoms upon the well-kept plot. No flowers too beautiful, no pains too great for the preservation of this resting place. The rose bush thrived, and some of the blossoms burst into full-petaled flowers; they were indeed beautiful.

Then the vandal came—plucked the roses with ruthless hand, his very violence all but destroyed the entire bush. Gone then was the beauty of the grave that had been builded on respect for them that are dead.

Was it a child savage or a Hun-veined person of riper years? At the act was caused by inherited lack of respect for things sacred, we do not name him villain. Let him read "Breathes there a man with soul so dead" perhaps Scott can accomplish where parents failed.

He who desecrated, of riper years, may well tremble in his insecurity. Outraged and angry, Mr. King informs us that he is fully determined to probe the affair to the bottom and to allow the machinery of the law full license in punishing.

PHYSIOLOGY OF NATIONS

The United States with its army a few days from the trenches reminds Canada of its own feelings during the first period of the war. The Americans say we had our days of flag-flying then. True, we did; but never to the same extent as our new ally. Flag-flying was never a feature of Canadian life. There was, and always will be an undemonstrative affection for the Union Jack; and we were never very jealous of other flags. Americans could come to Canada, hoist the star spangled banner in utter contravention of international laws and courtesies. In very few cases were they interfered with. Bravado of this kind could not possibly hurt anyone but the flag-flier; and Canadians felt only a little sarcastic.

No, it is not flag-flying that proves the nation's quality. Canada has proved itself with quiet, unmovable patriotism; and is proud in its eventuated way. Conscription has been passed as the best method of helping to win the war. We in Ontario do not profess to understand the French Canadians in Quebec. They seem like aliens. Canada will do her

part in spite of them.

The United States are now brought closer to us than they ever were before. Their joys will be our joys and their griefs our griefs in the time ahead. We shall bleed together.

The Americans are dreaming of glorious victories for their troops, for they have an impetuous, red-hot patriotism that demands wonderful results. They will be swift to condemn for the inevitable mistakes, and they will not tolerate "muddling along." Reverses will leave them amazed; enormous casualties will be cause for wrath. Their newspapers will tell them of the calmness with which Canada is suffering; and they will dislike us for our seeming nonchalance—for a time. They will not then understand how we can read, day after day, news despatches without any word of victory. They will say we are pessimistic. In time they will learn that we have hit a happy medium between pessimism and optimism, and have ceased to be arm-chair critics.

THE BROADER VIEW IN CANADA

The following editorial from an American newspaper, "The Christian Science Monitor," of Boston, is interesting because of its accurate view of Canadian affairs:

Canadians are not sparing of themselves in analyzing the conditions and responsibilities confronting the Dominion at this time. In no other country in the world, probably, is there a more outspoken press than that which in Canada reflects all shades of public opinion. Whether the Canadian newspaper which one takes in hand is for or against the Government, or for or against the Government's policy in any particular, it does not mince words in stating what it believes to be the truth. This has been a Canadian newspaper characteristic for years; it was just as pronounced in the time of Sir John A. Macdonald as it is in the time of Sir Robert Borden. In political discussion, the Canadian press has never upholstered its language. It does not now waste time in hunting for soft phrases. But it is less partisan and more broadly political, less provincial and more national, less national and more imperial, and less imperial and more universal in its tone today than it was before August 1, 1914.

Its departure from personality is no less marked than the departure from partisanship. Party lines are still recognized, but they are steadily becoming fainter. Sometimes they parallel each other, so closely that it is impossible to distinguish one from the other, and sometimes they cross and recross each other, with confusing results. Here the Conservative line is defended by Liberals; there the Liberal line is defended by Conservatives.

What is really taking place is that after three years in which, with the exception of Quebec, every element of the population has given readily and cheerfully of its best, narrow partisanship is making way for the broadest patriotism. The question has ceased to be one of national, imperial, and human import.

Canada has long since tired of pretension and platitude. It has turned away from those who talk, and is pinning its faith to those who do. It had its period of flag waving and national anthem singing in the first two years of war; during the last year it has seen that the issue is one not to be circumscribed by nationality; that the decision on this issue is not to be estimated in terms of money, territory, or trade advantage; that the thing at stake is the right of freemen to freedom. It has turned back to the ideals upon which its foundations were laid, has fixed them in its vision, and has found that, in comparison with them, and with their reservation, all other things are trivial. Physical Canada would survive even a temporarily triumphant barbarism. The material losses resulting from even a sweeping victory for the enemy would be repaired in time. It is a realization of the repulse which progress on higher planes would suffer from military autocratic ascendancy in the world that has awakened Canada to a new sense of responsibility, a new conception of its ability to meet everything that may be required of it.

There will continue to be differences of opinion in Canada with regard to means and methods, there will be fewer differences hereafter regarding the end to be attained. That end is no longer the winning of an advantageous or satisfactory peace for the Mother country, for its possessions, for the Empire, or for its companions in arms, but for all the inhabitants of the earth, now, as well as for the generations to come.

In proportion as Canada is inspired, influenced, and moved by these ideals will its ability to realize them be increased. The Dominion is approaching the fourth year of the war a thousand times clearer in perception, and a thousand times stronger in confidence and resolution than it was when it entered upon the first.

The Legend of Echo Rock

By L. Glenn Earl

[Of distinct local color is this legend, one of the latest from Mr. Earl's pen. Charleston lake is replete with places of legendary interest; and whether these legends are purely Indian lore or the embellishment of a poet's fancy, they seem to vitalize the rugged scenes of the "paradise of waters" with human interest.—Ed.]

Gone are the Redmen from the shores,
And lost to us forever more,
Their crude religion and belief,
Their songs of pleasure, wails of grief,
But carved on rocks where all may read,
Are stories of their simple creed;
Worshippers of stars and sun,
Their rule of Charleston's shores is done;
And we, their conquerors, little guess

The part they had in moulding this
The land we call our home to-day;
For yesterday seems far away.

When the evening stillness softly weaves
A mystic peace o'er fern and leaves,
From your canoe to High Rock talk,
And hidden voices your soft words mock;
Echo Rock, we call the place,
But known by the Indian race,
In their quaint tongue, "A Happy Retreat,"
Where spirits, the lovers' words repeat.

A grove of pines and lesser trees,
Whisper in the fragrant breeze
Above the rock, and moss and grass
Carpet the walks where lovers pass
From the camp below to the high rock's rim
To watch the sun's last rays grow dim
Behind the hills in the distant west,
As the sun drops down to his nightly rest;
And the lake below this wooded peak,
Lists to the words the lovers speak;
And the moon, peeping o'er the eastern hills
With her silver light this dream grove fills,
And the tiny stars from their distant height,
Twinkle in the coming night.

The camp at the base of Echo Rock
Snuggles among the trees that block
The point where the south winds take,
Their course from 'cross the pretty lake,
And lovers stroll along the bay,
Laughing the evening hours away,
To lose themselves in the grove above,
And murmur their tender words of love,
Where man tells maid of his desire,
Swearing a love that ne'er will tire,
And happy hours this forgotten race,
Wiled away in this mystic place.

The summer passed, and all too soon,
From his starry height the Harvest Moon
To the Northwest Wind sent an urgent call
To bring the misty days of Fall;
To fade the green to a rusty brown,
And bring the beechnuts tumbling down.
But the stars beseeched the wind to stay,
"Bring not," they cried, "a wintry day,
The lovers enjoy these golden nights,
And await each eve for our welcome lights,
To flicker our messages of love
Down silvery paths from our home above."
But the Northwest Wind broke in to state,
"These lovers do not appreciate
The wondrous beauty of your light,
The glories of a perfect night."
But the tiny Stars said it was not so,
Declaring those on earth below,
Gave thanks to the fairy Goddess of Love,
For the light that comes from the heavens above,
And the Moon peeped down in High Rock grove,
Fantastic shades on the green grass wave,
And hand in hand beneath the trees,
A maid and man in love she sees;
And the Northwest Wind as he lingered heard
The soft caress in the spoken word,
And happy eyes look love to eyes,
Unheeding the time that quickly flies.

Late flowers of summer their fragrance spread
Above the carefree lovers' heads,
And tiny waves on the lake below,
Kiss the shores as they rippling go,
Like children murmuring in sleep,
Back to the vastness of the deep.
And the Harvest Moon and the Northwest Wind,
The little Stars and the flowers so kind,

Hear the maiden say to her lover true,
As they watch the grand lake's distant view,
"What a wonderfully pretty night,
my love,
Surely we bless the Moon above,
And the tiny Stars, the Wind and Flowers,
That give to us these happy hours."

And the Moon was pleased that the maid should care,
For the silvery light that lingered there,
And the Goddess of Love placed to bless,
The grove where many a lovers' caress,
And tender words of loving heart,
Bespoke that the Moon had played her part.

And the Goddess of Love placed a spirit, fair,
In Echo Rock, and it still is there,
And in the quietness of night,
When the Harvest Moon is at her height,
You whisper, "I love" to the rock above,
And the spirit answers back, "I love"
And the tiny stars the brighter seem,
And life is more of a pleasant dream,
As in the evening's fairy glow,
You tell the tale, as of long ago;
And the maid at your side in accents true,
Whispers so softly, "I love but you,"
And the night wind, lingering close can hear,
From the rock, the echo coming clear,
As the spirit whispers the words anew,
Soft and sweet, "I love but you."

FORETOLD HIS OWN DOOM.

Lord Kitchener Felt That He Would Lose His Life at Sea.

Lord Kitchener had a sort of foreboding of an accident at sea. So much was this the case that he never crossed from Dover to Calais without wearing a life belt waistcoat, one that he had specially made for him in Egypt before he made his famous advance to Khartoum.

Though so often on the sea and an excellent sailor, he detested sea trips and never felt comfortable on board any ship. He complained that the sea affected his sight.

Another curious point was that while he always acquired curios in any part of the world in which he might be, he took care never to allow his purchase to be on the vessel on which he was a passenger.

When Lord Kitchener was in France a few months before he lost his life at sea off the Orkney islands he was visiting the British front. There he met his friend, the naval Captain Testu de Ballincourt, then on service at Dunkirk, whom Lord Kitchener asked to be his special aid if he should need one later during the war.

Lord Kitchener told his friend how a heavy shell had burst close to him while on this visit, but added, "That did not disturb me, for I know that I shall die at sea."—New York Sun.

STREETS OF LONDON.

A Name System That is Confusing Even to Residents of the City.

When it comes to confusing street systems London should not be overlooked. Some consider it the most confusing, even Londoners not always being sure of locations.

As an example of what one meets in the British capital a man once asked to be directed to a certain house on King street. He was sent in one direction. When he did not come to King street as soon as he expected he asked again for King street and was sent in an opposite direction. Again not sure of his direction, he asked a third time for King street and was asked which King street he wanted.

The question stumped him, not knowing that London has nineteen King streets. This number does not include the King streets in London's suburbs. If this man who wanted King street had asked for Queen street his predicament would have been even greater, for there are thirty-four Queen streets in London.

Great in the city is, it is far behind New York in regard to a comprehensive street system, even though corners of New York such as Greenwich Village are most confusing.—Exchange.

Keep to the Ridge.

When tramping through a country that has many streams it is usually better to get upon the nearest ridge and follow that than to try to make your way along the course of some stream. The ridge will give you a better outlook and drier walking, while the stream may have to be crossed a number of times and, if its windings are followed, will add miles to your journey.—Outing.

Tough.

"What kind of bird do you call this, waiter?"
"A canvasback duck, sir."
"Well, if you'll get me a pair of scissors so I can rip off the canvas I'll try to make a meal of it."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Great Oak Tree.

Audobon park, New Orleans, claims in the Washington oak the largest tree of its species in the world. Its wide-spreading branches are festooned with funeral Spanish moss.

Children Cry for Fletcher's


CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Real Cake Cones, in any quantity, for socials, fairs, and other gatherings. Call or write for prices.

E. C. TRIBUTE

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The Reporter wants correspondents in a number of villages in the country where it is not now represented. Some of these are: Addison, Glen Buell, Glen Elbe, Toledo, Delta, Elgin, Lyndhurst, Oak Leaf. Write for further particulars.

Beginning Tuesday, May 8th, and every succeeding Tuesday during the summer months until Oct. 31st, the C.P.R. will run cheap Homeseekers' Excursions by regular trains to all principal points in British Columbia. Tickets are good for 60 days with privilege of extension on payment of \$5.00 for each month or part thereof but in no case will extension be granted for more than two months or before Nov. 30th, 1917. Stopover allowed. Tourist sleeping car space can be secured on payment of usual berth rates. Write to or call on Geo. E. McGlade, City Passenger Agent, Brockville, for folders and full information.

Hard Island

Mrs. E. W. Middleton, of Hamilton, after spending a week visiting her mother and relatives, was accompanied home last week by her sister, Mrs. H. Stephenson, both of whom had the pleasure of visiting the Society of Friends yearly meeting at Pickering, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Robeson, of Gananoque, motored to Athens Sunday in their new car, bringing with them Mr. and Mrs. Morris Middleton of Hamilton who came by launch from their home to Gananoque.

Miss Iva Young, of Lake street, is this week the guest of her cousin, Miss Norma Young.

Two Friend ministers, of Ohio, held service in the school house Sunday morning. It was a profitable and well attended service.

Hoing roots and corn is the chief feature of the day at the east end of the Island.

Junetown

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Warren spent a couple of days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fitzsimmons, Rockport.

Mrs. Sandy Ferguson and daughter Mildred, of Brockville, has returned home after spending the past week at Eli Tennants.

Mrs. M. G. Herbison, is visiting relatives in Brockville.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Shaw, of Toronto, motored here last week and spent a couple of days with Mr. and Mrs. John Herbison.

Master Clifford Tennant, of Syracuse, N. Y., is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Alvin Avery.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Meggs and children, of Gananoque, were recent visitors at Mr. Eli Tennant's.

Miss Estrild Quinsey, Brockville, spent a couple of days last week at Mr. John Herbison's.

Miss Mary Smith and Mr. and Mrs. George Scott and family attended the funeral of the late Mrs. P. Smith at Escott on Saturday.

Mr. Wm. Ferguson, Brockville, Mr. James Tinsley and Master Roy Tinsley, of Toronto, are visiting at Mr. Jas. Purvis'.

Miss Mary Smith, spent a few days last week at her home in Escott.

Junetown, July 2nd—Miss Orma Fortune returned home from a week's visit with her cousin, Miss Edna Green, Kilkenny street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Buell and Mr. McCrea, of Maxville, and Mrs. Clark Guilds, Mallorytown, were recent visitors at Mr. Jacob Warren's.

Miss Winnifred Purvis, Brockville, and Miss Addie McLean, Yonge Mills, spent Friday last at Mr. Walter Purvis'.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Franklin, and Master Everett and Mrs. Herbert Scott motored to Kingston one day last week.

Miss Mary Purvis, who has been spending the past six months with returned home on Thursday.

Mrs. Wm. P. Ferguson, Brockville, spent the week-end at Mrs. Jas. Purvis.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Avery and Master Cecil and Mr. Alvin Avery motored to Brockville on Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Ferguson and Miss Janet Ferguson spent Sunday at Mr. John Ferguson's, Dulcemaine.

Professor J. McDonald, of Kingston, is a guest of Rev. W. W. Purvic.

Master Willie Purvis, who has been very ill, is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Truesdale, Malorytown, were visiting at Mr. Walter Purvis' on Saturday.

Miss Maude Avery, of Toronto, arrived on Friday to spend the summer holidays at her home here.

Miss Annie Scott and her mother, Mrs. A. Scott, Gananoque, arrived on Monday to spend a few days with Mr. H. Scott.

Basket Picnic Thursday.

Owing to the fire at Delta Park, where a basket picnic was to be held the Women's Institute have been invited to meet at Mrs. Omer Brown's on Thursday, at 2.30. Each one is asked to bring lunch and have tea on the lawn. It has been decided also to have a "Donation Sale."

OLD NEWSPAPERS

Old newspapers may be obtained at the Reporter Office at 1c a pound. We have some in 25 pound bundles.

Philipsville

The Red Cross Social was a decided success on Friday evening. The Ladies furnished ice cream and cake to a large crowd. The young ladies sold many useful articles to help increase the funds for the Red party of Brockville and others furnished the musical and literary part of the entertainment. The net proceeds amounted to \$90.00.

Moses Seed, Toronto, is a week-end visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. Chisholm.

Mrs. A. Wilson will be the guest of Mrs. E. A. Whitmore for some time.

The late M. Murray, of Foster's Lock, was interred in the R. C. Cemetery here on Friday. The late Mr. Murray was only sick a few days.

Mrs. Richard Lawson is on the sick list.

Miss Ethel Shire, of Delta, spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Anna Shire.

The farmers are at their wits end to know how they are going to get their hoeing and haying done. The planting season was so late that hoeing and haying are on hand at the same time.

FRANKVILLE

Frankville July 9th—Mrs. Wilford Hewitt returned home on Sunday last after a eleven week's stay at North Augusta.

Mr. John E. Louchs took a load to Brockville on the 4th. They took in the burg.

Frankville, July 4th—Mrs. Emma Cross, Smith's Falls, has been spending a few days here with her brother L. L. and W. D. Livingstone.

The social held on the parsonage lawn last Thursday evening was a big success in every particular. It was quite evident that food restrictions were not in force. Speeches by the visitors and local clergymen and splendid addresses were given by A. E. Donovan, M. P. P., and A. C. Hardy, Brockville. The large crowd spent a pleasant evening. The proceeds were \$185.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Latham and children, Brockville, spent Sunday here with the latter's parents.

Thomas Steacy, who has been horse judge on different circuits the past few years for the Ontario Fairs Association, has been notified that a three days judging contest and lectures will take place in Ottawa next week.

Mrs. D. D. Leverette, Easton's Corners, and Miss B. G. Leverette, who has been teaching at Rockport the past two years, are guests of the latter's parents.

A. R. Hanton made a record run on Monday with his big six McLaughlin car, making the distance from here to Brockville in 35 minutes, a little more than 18 miles.

Word has been received here by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Hart, that their son, Melvin, who was wounded and suffering from shock in an English hospital for some months, is married and it is expected that they will arrive in Canada in the near future.

Charleston

A. E. Donovan, M. P. P., was a recent visitor to the lake.

Mrs. Donnelly and family, Athens are at their cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. K. Redmond, of Montclair, N. J., are at the lake.

Miss McLean and Miss Williams are with Miss Hunt at Ingle Wave cottage.

H. Frye has purchased a Ford car.

W. Morris, T. Hudson, the Misses Sarah and Mona Hudson, Mrs. Slack, Mrs. Kavanagh and son Maurice, motored to Frankville and Toledo on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Frye motored to Sand Bay on Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Slack and son Monnie, Sand Bay, were visitors here on Saturday.

ECONOMICAL TRAVEL

Whether you are going west to homestead or only for a trip the most economical method of travel is to take advantage of our low Homeseekers fares good going on special excursions every Monday. For tickets and full particulars apply to R. Blair, Canadian Northern Railway Station Agent.

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Three months 50c. Six months 90c. One Year \$1.50. Single copies 4c.

GRANT AND MARK TWAIN.

When the Humorist Took the Stump For the General.

The year 1880 was a presidential one. Mark Twain was for General Garfield and made a number of remarkable speeches in his favor. General Grant came to Hartford during the campaign, and Mark Twain was chosen to make the address of welcome. Perhaps no such address of welcome was ever made before. He began:

"I am among those deputed to welcome you to the sincere and cordial hospitalities of Hartford, the city of the historic and revered Charter Oak, of which most of the town is built."

He seemed to be at a loss what to say next, and, leaning over, pretended to whisper to Grant. Then, as if he had been prompted by the great soldier, he straightened up and poured out a fervid eulogy on Grant's victories, adding in an aside as he finished, "I nearly forgot that part of my speech," to the roaring delight of his hearers, while Grant himself grimly smiled.

He then spoke of the general being now out of public employment, of how grateful to him his country was, and how it stood ready to reward him "in every conceivable—inexpensive way."

Grant had smiled more than once during the speech, and when this sentence came out at the end his composure broke up altogether, while the throng shouted approval. Clemens made another speech that night at the opera house—a speech long remembered in Hartford as one of the great efforts of his life.

A very warm friendship had grown up between Mark Twain and General Grant. A year earlier, on the famous soldier's return from his trip around the world, a great birthday banquet had been given him in Chicago at which Mark Twain's speech had been the event of the evening. The colonel, who long before had chased the young pilot soldier through the Missouri bottoms had become his conquering hero, and Grant's admiration for America's foremost humorist was most hearty.—Albert Bigelow Paine in St. Nicholas.

A "BIT" OF MONEY.

The Use of the Term to Designate a Small Coin is Very Old.

There is more than one theory as to the origin of the term "two bits" and its multiples of "four bits," etc., as applied to money.

But according to a writer in the New York Sun the use of the word "bit" in the sense of a small coin is very ancient. The "Colonial Records of Pennsylvania" aver that at a council held at Philadelphia "ye 24th of the 8th month, 1683, under the presidency of 'Wm. Penn, Prop. and Gov.'"

The Govr. telleth Ch. Pickering & Saml. Buckley of their abuse to ye Governmt in Quoning of Spanish Bitts and Boston money to the Great Damage and abuse to ye Subjects thereof.....

They confess they have put out some of these three bits..... and in three other parts of the report of said council, the word "bit" occurs again.

But as a matter of fact for whole generations before that time a "bit" or "bitt" was as common a synonym for a small coin in the slang of thieves in England as were the variants "bong," "bung" and "pung" for a purse. In 1607 Thomas Decker said in his "Jests to Make Merle:"

If they once knew where the bung and bit is— And further back in 1592 Harman in his "Defence of Cony-catching" said: Some would venture all the byte in their bung at dice.

What the real origin of the slangy "bit" is does not appear to be known, but it seems plausible that it is nothing more than the common every day "bit" in the sense of something small.

Not So Easy as It Seemed.

Twelve persons decided to lunch together every day and agreed not to sit twice in the same order. One of the number, a mathematician, surprised his associates by informing them that their decision meant that one and one-third million years must elapse before they would again be seated in the original order. Two men can sit together only in two different ways, three in six ways, four in twenty-four, five in 120, six in 720, seven in 5,040, eight in 40,320, nine in 362,880, ten in 3,628,800, eleven in 39,916,800 and twelve in 479,100,600.—Buch fur Alle.

Cost of Discovering America.

The discovery of America cost a little more than \$7,000, at least so say some documents that were found in the archives of Genoa. These documents give the value of Columbus' feet as \$3,000. The great admiral was paid a salary of \$300 a year, the two captains who accompanied him received a salary of \$200 each, and the members of the crew were paid at the rate of \$2.50 a month each.—American Boy.

Her First Day in Church.

The two trustees in the church took up the collection in the middle aisle, then began in front again and worked the side aisles. "I should think," whispered the small girl to her father, "they would have four waiters, one for each aisle."—Newark News.

Courage.

What one needs to cultivate is a tenacity of purpose that will not quail nor turn aside, a courage that in emergencies dares to separate from the crowd, that never recognizes defeat.

One Way to View It.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view," some poet says. "That's right. At any rate it's certain to admire a girl when she's walking."—Boston Transcript.

MILLION ACRE FARMS.

Those Are the Kind, as a General Rule, They Have in Mexico.

In the United States the farmer is a humble person. In Mexico he is a king of millionaires. You look out across a level plain and you see a magnificent house of stone, cement and great timbers, covering sometimes as much as half an acre. Surrounding it are other houses, hundreds of them, but all small, constructed of adobe, brush or even of cane stalks. You are not looking at a town, but at a ranch settlement. In the great house, which costs many times more than all the little houses put together, live the haciendado and his family. In the little houses live the peons.

The typical farm in Mexico is not of 100 acres, but of 1,000,000. In the state of Morelos twenty-eight haciendados own all the agricultural lands; twelve own nine-tenths of them. The territory of Quintana Roo, double the size of Massachusetts, is divided among eight companies. The greater portion of the state of Yucatan is held by thirty men, kings of sisal hemp. A major fraction of the agricultural and grazing lands of Chihuahua is owned by one family. Lower California, equal in size to Alabama, is nearly all held by five great corporations.

The 1,000,000 acre farms lie mostly fallow. Naturally a rich agricultural country, Mexico does not produce enough corn and beans to feed her own peon population. Modern machinery is needed, but modern machinery will never be used extensively so long as the peon is so cheap that primitive methods are cheaper than machine methods.—World Outlook.

Drum Fire and Curtain Fire.

"Drum fire" and "curtain fire" are modern war terms. "Drum fire" is the firing of artillery at stated intervals, the resultant noise being described as like the steady hammering of a great drum. When the desired effect of reducing the point of the attack has been accomplished the guns are elevated to a higher point and are fired continuously, making a "curtain of fire" to prevent re-enforcements reaching the point of attack from the rear and at the same time allowing the infantry to attack under protection of the guns.

Practical Religion.

The story is told of a little housemaid, far over the sea, who, when asked whether she realized that she was in any way different after uniting with the church from what she had been before, thought for an instant and then, smiling brightly, said, "Well, I sweep the corners." She could hardly have given a better demonstration of the reality of her religious life.—Christian Herald.

Not So Far Wrong.

"Have you written all the invitations to my party, mamma?" queried little Eva.

"Yes, dear," answered her mother. "They are all written and mailed."

"And how soon will the acceptations and deceptions begin to come in?"—Chicago News.

Work of a Beacon.

There is a flashing beacon on Richardson rock, a wave swept spot west of the Santa Barbara Islands, California, which, without attention, will flash its warnings every three seconds for seven months, or over 6,000,000 flashes, before it requires recharging with gas.—Argonaut.

All Sorts.

"How's this—seven different styles of plug hats?" "The line officers of our lodge. Each bought a plug hat the year he was elected."—Kansas City Journal.

To dread no eye and to suspect no tongue is the greatest prerogative of innocence.—Dr. Johnson.

Too Rough.

"How did the girls' sparring match turn out?" "It was very brief. Mabel fainted and Gertrude fainted."—Exchange.

To please will always be the wish of benevolence; to be admired the constant aim of ambition.—Dr. Johnson.

PARING POTATOES.

Waste That Comes With Paring and Soaking Before Boiling.

Paring and cooking is the most wasteful method, and added to this some cooks soak the potatoes in water after they are pared. Starting to cook them in cold water also adds to the amount of waste.

Twice as much nutritive matter is lost if paring is done before boiling as there is if it is done after boiling, not figuring the waste in cutting away the potato. The juices of the potato contain 85 per cent of the protein and 85 per cent of the ash, and these substances are easily extracted when the protection of the skin has been removed.

A pared potato soaked from three to five hours loses about three times as much of its mineral matter and seven times as much of its protein as one that is pared and immediately cooked.

In the most wasteful method of cooking, paring, soaking and starting to cook in cold water the loss of protein is 51 per cent and 39 per cent of ash. When cooked with the skins on potatoes not soaked and dropped into boiling water lose only 1.6 per cent of protein and only 4.9 per cent of ash.

Baking and steaming are the most economical methods of cooking potatoes when fuel is considered. Potatoes cannot be baked well in a slow oven.

WHAT A GARDEN DID.

How One Ambitious Girl Added to Her Bank Account.

Eight years ago a twelve-year-old girl in Cleveland started a little garden for vegetables and flowers. Flowers she sold that year brought her \$18.45. It was a great sum, and she could hardly wait until the next spring so she could get at that gold mine of hers again. The next year she almost doubled her earnings. In the third year they soared to \$50.10. Each year thereafter saw money roll in in increasing amounts. Last year she came out with \$255.63. She was a capitalist and could talk with the calm superiority of the class.

"I am able to buy all my school books, clothe myself, spend some for pleasure and still add to my bank account."

A fine young woman. At twenty we can imagine her. She has no complaint in the world. Her garden is a pleasant place, friendly to self-reliant young people, remunerative for labor and pains, filled with the sweet odor of flowers. Sorrow may come to her some day, but never the sense of helplessness. The garden has taught her, as school and her parents' counsel could not have, that always there is a way by which the wolf can be kept from the doorstep and by which despair is made an unknown quantity.

Battle of Dorking.

The battle of Dorking was an imaginary battle. In 1871, at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, Englishmen were reminded by the quick work done by Germany over France of the possibilities of invasion, and Sir George T. Chesny wrote an interesting and instructive narrative called "The Battle of Dorking, or the Reminiscence of a Volunteer," in which he depicted the imaginary scene of a great battle on English soil, which was won by the Germans. In short, the battle was the product of a military man's imagination, but it was so well worked out and so vividly described that as long as the German armies were in France the mention of the battle of Dorking was enough to make an Englishman shudder.

A Nautical Explanation.

A New York woman, recounting her impressions of a trip abroad, said: "One thing at least I learned. That was the meaning of 'windward' and 'leeward.' The captain of the liner I crossed on explained this difference to me in a way that, if a little vulgar, was yet unforgettable.

"Captain," I said, "I never can tell the difference between the windward and the leeward. Explain it to me, will you?"

"Well, madam," said the gruff old captain, "if I were to spit to the windward and you were to stand to the leeward of me you would be a fool."

YOUR SUMMER OUTFIT

Now's the time to prepare for the warm weather. We've nice light-weight suits in nice shades of greys and checks. Outing Trousers in Khaki and serges. Nice outing shirts and the new style Sport Shirts.

The very latest in Straw Hats, Panamas, and Silk Caps. Cool Underwear in 2 pieces or Combinations, short or long sleeves.

Light weight Socks, Jerseys, Bathing Suits, Belts, Negligee Brace, etc.

We have everything to keep you cool during the hot weather at cool prices.

A big range of Boys' Wash Suits.

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We have a full line of everything for Automobiles, Cushions, Slip Covers, Buggy Tops, etc.

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Catarrh Cannot Be Cured
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a constitutional disease, and in order to cure it, you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best, tonic known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

LUMBER

Now on hand, a stock of plank and dimension lumber suitable for general building purposes and a quantity of rough sheeting lumber. Any order for building material will be filled on short notice. Present stock includes a quantity of

FOUNDATION TIMBER
SILLS, SLEEPERS, ETC.

A large quantity of slabs and fire-wood.

F. Blancher

ATHENS

GET RID OF Pimples



Quickly, Easily and Cheaply by Using **Cuticura**

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Nothing better for all skin and scalp troubles, as well as for every-day toilet purposes.

Sample Each Free by Mail With 2¢-Stamps. For samples address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. N, Boston, U. S. A." Sold throughout the world.

On the Road in France

(By U. S. U.)

The battalion sat down at the roadside, waiting to be packed off to its allotted barns and lofts, and as it sat there the good people came out, at once, with jugs of water and milk and even beer, though this last British discipline forbade us to touch. The soldiers in their turn offered cigarettes, and began to talk in that pigeon French which has become famous and current everywhere between Havre and Festubert. Already, as we still waited by the roadside, before we were to our billets, the village and the battalion were on good terms.

The peasant of that part is known to be a thrifty race. It is, then, the more noticeable that every family of that village treated the British soldiers as if they had been their own sons and brothers. But the generosity was not all on one side. In their spare time the soldiers were very ready to do any work that they could about the farms and farms, the work that the sons and brothers now with the army of France once did. So it was no uncommon thing to see them busy peeling potatoes, or sawing wood, or helping (with great enthusiasm) to put refractory pigs into carts. In a little while we were as much part of the daily life of that village as if they had lived there for years, and would not suddenly march out of it one day just as they had marched in.

While the men were so employed, the officers were making friends with the cure. At first he was shy of English officers, believing them to be uncultured barbarians, with a taste for horseplay, but he ended by inviting them to his house, where every subject from religion to political economy was discussed over a bottle of Quinquina Dubouche. There were duties, too, that fell unexpectedly upon the officers, as a result of the duties more difficult even than digging mischievous pigs into carts. One embarrassed officer found himself at the task of translating a proposal of marriage from a wounded English soldier to a publican's daughter, and of taking down a favorable reply.

It so chanced that one afternoon while we were still there a body of French infantry passed singing. They were going southwards, the way that we had come, and they halted and broke off into the village. Our men flocked out to greet them, and made friends in no time, offering tobacco, the first gift of friendship with the armies, examining one another's equipment, in fact looking one another over in frankness and good fellowship. There were jokes and laughter, and then men began to exchange expertness of war. The Frenchman had seen more active service, they had been in an attack, they expected soon to be in another. We should all be in it together, and annihilate the Boche. With that there was much gesticulation, representing bayonet thrusts. Then a sergeant took a French rifle and did some bayonet work; he was our pride at it; he had that touch of imagination which had enabled him to go at the sacks in camp with the look in the eyes and the passion in all his muscles that spoke the presence of a real enemy. As you watched his face you could have sworn that you had only to turn to see the Germans on guard in the flesh. There was applause from the French; then a Frenchman played the frightened German before him with great comic burlesque, and there was applause from the British. Bayonets were compared with much technical talk, and each admired the other's very generously, though neither would have exchanged

it for his own, and more cigarettes were offered and lighted, for the French officers were giving their men rather longer than the usual halt.

When at last they moved off they were followed by many shouts of good luck; and were watched on their road until they grew dim through the dust and then disappeared. The battalion fell at once to talking of the attack, and when it would be, and whether we should ever come across those good fellows again. Who knows, it might be in German dugouts!

Sure enough, a day or two later came the order. The battalion was to push up to the front, where everyone was full of rumors. We said good-bye to the village, to the pigs and the good cure's wine, leaving many questions still unsolved with him, and to be debated should we ever come again (which we never have, and many of us will not come now), and so we took the road once more. We were soon among the preparations for the great attack; as we moved up the road a sudden whirlwind of smoke and fire would rush out beside us from what seemed to be a ditch, or an arbor, and a shell would whirl off in its gigantic arc-shaped flight, till we heard it crash far away on some enemy stronghold. You jumped at that first unexpected whirlwind burst from the quietness of the roadside. It was the sensation, a hundred times intensified, of a grouse getting up from the heather at your feet. But there were many such, and we grew accustomed. It was our batteries, and some French heavies mixed with them, registering systematically on every hostile tactical point. We saw aeroplanes sometimes in the distance. The way was being prepared for us infantry with care and method. We wondered as we marched when our turn would come.

A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

CAN BE AVERTED BY FEEDING THE STARVED NERVES WITH RICH, RED BLOOD.

Nourish your nerves—that is the only way you can overcome life's worst misery, nervous exhaustion, the prostrating headaches, the weakness and trembling of the legs, the unsteady hand and the imperfect digestion that mark the victim of nerve weakness, must end in nervous breakdown if neglected.

Nourish your nerves by the natural process of filling your veins with rich, blood. This explains why those pills have proved successful in so many cases of nervous disease that did not yield to ordinary treatment. For example, Mr. Wilfrid Donald, West Plamboro, Ont., says: "Before I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was in a serious condition. I was not only badly run down, but my nerves seemed to be completely shattered. I slept badly at night, and when I got up in the morning was as tired as when I went to bed. I seemed to be on the verge of a nervous breakdown. At this stage I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the course of a few weeks I felt much relief, and continuing the use of the pills they completely restored my health. I can now sleep soundly, eat well, and am enjoying complete troubles."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Telling the Bees.

(An Old Gloucestershire Superstition.) They dug no grave for our soldier lad, who fought and who died out there.

Bule and rum for him were dumb, and the padre said no prayer.

The passing bell gave never a peal to warn that a soul was fled, and we laid him not in the quiet spot where cluster his kin that are dead.

But I hear a foot on the pathway, above the low hum of the hive. That at edge of dark, with the song of the lark, tells that the world is alive;

The master starts on his errand, his tread is heavy and slow, yet he cannot chuse but tell the news—the bees have a right to know.

Bound by the ties of a happler day, they are one with us now in our worst;

On the very morn that my boy was born they were told the tidings the first;

With what pride they will hear of the end he made, and the ordeal that he trod—

Of the scream of shell, and the venom of hell, and the flame of the sword of God.

Wise little heralds, tell of my boy; in your golden tabard boots

Tell the bank where he slept, and the stream he leapt, where the spangled lily floats;

The tree he climbed shall lift her head, and the torrent he swam shall thrill;

And the tempest that bore his shouts before shall cry his message still.

—G. E. R.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

THE CLOTHES MOTH

And Advice On the Way to Prevent Its Ravages.

The tiny yellowish moth which is occasionally seen flitting about at this season is an indication that clothes moths are beginning their destructive work. Egg laying by these little moths is now under way and within a month the eating of woollens and furs by the little caterpillars as they come from the eggs may be anticipated.

The little moths that are seen flying about do not eat anything; the destruction is caused by the tiny larvae working under scanty webs made from particles of the garment on which they feed, and the whitish webs can be

You can always rely on the superior quality of Old Dutch



It cleans thoroughly, safely, hygienically—it's economical to use because a little goes a long way—and it cannot harm the surfaces cleaned or hurt your hands.

detected before the garments have been much eaten. The larvae and webs at this stage can be removed by a stiff brushing.

As early as possible in the spring all woollens, furs, etc., the use of which can be dispensed with, should be put away in safe storage for the summer. Before being packed away these should be thoroughly brushed and beaten, and if possible exposed to the strong sunlight for several hours out of doors. The brushing is very important in order to remove the eggs or young larvae which may have escaped notice. Articles so cleaned and sunned should then be put away in moth-proof containers. Materials which cannot be thus put away should be given the same thorough cleaning and reinspection during the summer every two weeks.

Woolen clothing, furs, etc., may be packed away safely for the summer by enclosing them in several wrappings of paper, or in well made bags of cotton or linen cloth, or in paper sacks which can be tied or otherwise securely fastened to prevent ingress of the moths. In these packed places such repellents as tobacco dust, camphor, naphthalene balls, etc. The odor of these substances are disagreeable to the parent moths and act as a repellent, but they will not kill eggs or larvae which may be enclosed in the packages, hence the necessity of the thoroughgoing cleaning and airing prior to packing away.

Rugs or carpets put away for the summer should be first thoroughly cleaned on both sides and beaten, and then wrapped up in tight rolls protected by wrapping with tar paper.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

A Guatemalan Marimba.

The people of Guatemala are very fond of music. Their most popular programmes are those in which classical selections predominate. Band, orchestral and marimba music constitute an indispensable feature of all public festivals and entertainments.

The most highly prized music in Guatemala is that of the marimba, a sweet-toned musical instrument said to have been invented by the "Tecomate," a tribe of Indians of the State of Chiapas, Mexico. The original form of the instrument, crude in structure, has been greatly improved. It resembles the xylophone in structure and manner of playing. The keys, strips of wood graduated in length to the musical scale, are made of two kinds of wood called "hormigo" and "cedar," and "aguacate." The keys are held together by means of a cord drawn through them. There are 45 tones and 30 half tones. The bass tones are given by the long, thick slats, the high tones by the short, thin slats. The keys are struck with two small rubber hammers called "banquetas."

The Marimba is about 8 feet long, and varies from 1 to 2 feet in width. The sounding board beneath the keys is constructed of two kinds of wood, "taxicob" and "guachipilin" and the keys are made of mahogany. The cost of a marimba is from \$80 to \$125 in gold.

The finest marimbas are manufactured in Quezaltenango, and the most skilled operators also come from the city, which is the second in size in Guatemala. Eight operators are required to play a marimba, and the addition of a bass viol, a recent innovation, gives strength and volume to the music.—Exchange.

Hostess—Oh, professor, haven't you brought your wife? Professor: There! I knew I had forgotten something. —Boston Transcript.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Congressional "Pairs."

The custom of legislative "pairing" is the practice of members of legislative bodies by which two members of opposing parties agree to refrain from voting on a prescribed subject or to be absent during a certain time. It was first used in the United States house of representatives in 1829.

GENERAL TRADE NOTES.

Sugar refining has been started at Mukden, Manchuria.

Only British gas mantles may now be imported into New Zealand.

Foreign banks may be temporarily imported into Portugal duty free.

Iron safes and cash-boxes are in good demand in French Indo-China.

Paper for newspapers may be imported into the Argentine free of duty.

Japan exported merchandise to Russia last year to a value of \$15,117,000.

Russia is now producing pig-iron at the rate of over 3,500 tons annually.

Extensive highway construction in Peru about to be taken should result in a much larger demand for motor vehicles.

There are 63,000 knitting-machine needles lying at Rotterdam which were shipped from Germany to America, but have been held up by England.

British leather goods are stated to be in heavy demand in the Egyptian market, hence the former success of German articles of this kind.

Electric lamps will shortly be manufactured in Argentina.

A lace manufacturing industry is being established in Argentina.

China obtains most of its electrical machinery from Japan and United States.

Australia's available supplies of iron ore are estimated at 63,000,000 tons.

Machinery is imported into Peru in normal times to \$50,000 yearly.

The United States supplies 65 per cent of the world's total production of petroleum.

Three-fourths of the pianos imported into Brazil before the war were of German make.

The consecutive numbering of packages shipped to Brazil is no longer required by the Indian Customs.

"Knocked-down" rattan furniture, manufactured in Hong Kong, is finding a good market in the United States.

South India is beginning to realize the advantage of electricity, Bangalore having set a fine example in this direction.

Electricity is the chief motive power of goods imported into New Zealand; the British share of which is lamentably deficient.

Hosery has a very large sale in Chile. American firms are now endeavoring to capture the trade, which was formerly German hands.

The high cost of elephant power for traction in Burma is opening the way for portable machine traction, especially in connection with the transport of tank loads.

Modern agricultural machinery is likely to find a much better market in Portugal after the war than previously. Lathes cost three times what it did three years ago.

The working of the goldfields at Kilo and Mito, Belgian Congo, has yielded results beyond all expectations.

If Africa had the same proportion of railway mileage as the United States it would have 1,000,000 miles of track, instead of its present 25,000.

A great increase in the purchasing power of the natives of British East Africa and Uganda is noticeable, and brass, copper and iron wire, looking glasses, leather belts, lamps and lanterns, beads, etc., in addition to cotton goods, now sell briskly.

Lincoln's Famous Phrases.

Truth is generally the best vindication against slander.—Remark made when requested to dismiss Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Address, Cooper Union, New York City.

Why should there not be a patent confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?—First inaugural address.

It is not best to swap horses while crossing the river.—Reply to National Union League.

The Almighty has his own purposes.—Second inaugural address.

Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them.—Letter to Thurlow Weed.

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.—Second inaugural address.

Invented the Check System.

John Palmer, who died some years ago in rather straitened circumstances, a little town in Michigan, was the inventor of the check system. Palmer was a fiddler and assumed responsibility for the hats, coats and wraps of those who came to his dancing parties. In keeping things straight he gave numbered checks for the articles committed to his care. Some railroad men who attended one of the dances noticed how perfectly the work worked, appropriated it and in a short time it was adopted all over the country. As is often the case, the inventor got nothing out of it.

St. Isidore, P. Q., Aug. 18, 1894. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—I have frequently used MINARD'S LINIMENT and also prescribe it for my patients always with the most gratifying results, and I consider it the best all-round Liniment extant.

Yours truly,
DR. JOS. AUG. SIROIS.

EMPEROR CHARLES.

A Plain (Very) Description of Austria's Ruler.

Emperor Charles, the present misruler of Austria, has lived such an uneventful and useless life that it is really a waste of space to publish anything about him.

Being one of the Hapsburgs, his lower lip curls like a jelly roll, and a baseball team, nine on a side, hangs between his nose and the opening called his mouth. He wears rings under his eyes as well as on his fingers and his head is as empty as a tramp's pocketbook.

He suffers mental fatigue whenever he concentrates his thoughts for more than two seconds at a time, as his brain is so light that it would waft on the gentle spring zephyrs were it ever released from its stone walled prison.

He is a jealous admirer of the Crown Prince of Germany and tries to rival that irresponsible individual in the consumption of champagne, but having a constitution as weak as his brain he gets intoxicated whenever he smells a bartender's apron.

The telegraphic connection between his brain and his tongue being badly in need of repair, he has never spoken an intelligible sentence in his life. He always starts things wrong and ends them foolishly and saves money on soap, as he always looks pale enough without washing.

Be it said to his credit, however, he never occasioned any one harm, as he is so incapable he couldn't even do that.

This human manikin is operated by the Kaiser of Berlin. Unexpectedly placed on the Austrian throne, he found it more like an electric chair, and as a ruler he is about eleven inches shy.

Ever since he ascended the throne he has been making eyes at the dove of peace. Every little while he freezes the Kaiser's spine by announcing peace terms and then withdraws them when Wilhelm threatens to slap his wrist.

Russia has turned him down so often on a separate peace proposal that the vocal chords are sore.

His empire is composed of about fifty thousand and sixty-seven different peoples, who love one another as much as the worm loves a hungry chicken. It is more loosely woven together than a thirty-three cent sweater.

The people tolerate this court jester on the throne because they know his reign won't be for long, as Austria will soon be so divided in small States that it will look like

ISSUE NO. 28, 1917

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—PROBATIONERS Train for nurses. Apply, Welland Hospital, St. Catharines, Ont.

WANTED—A GENERAL SERVANT for only two in family. Apply, 15 St. Mathew's Ave., Hamilton, Ont.

MONEY ORDERS.

PAY YOUR OUT-OF-TOWN ACCOUNTS by Dominion Express Money Orders. Five dollars costs three cents.

HAIR GOODS

—FOR—
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Mailed at lowest possible prices, consistent with high-grade work. Our Natural Wavy 3-Strand Switches at \$6.00, \$7.00 and \$9.00 in all shades are leaders with us. Just send on your sample, or write for anything in our line. GENTLEMEN'S TOUPEES at \$25.00 and \$35.00, that defy detection when worn.

MINTZ'S HAIR GOODS

EMPORIUM

62 KING ST. W. HAMILTON, ONT.
(Formerly Mdme. I. Mintz).

salt and pepper spilled on a paper napkin.

He is so dull that he thinks a bread riot is a demonstration in his favor, and when he hears noise he crawls out on the balcony of the royal palace and bows to the populace. After the war he undoubtedly will be employed as the Kaiser's official tear dryer.

Ray I. Hoppman.

The Monroe Doctrine.

President Monroe in his seventh annual message (Dec. 2, 1823) laid down the principle of what has since been known as the "Monroe doctrine," thus:

"We owe it to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those (great European) powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have no interferred and shall not interfere, but with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged we would not view with any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Household Hints.

Equal parts of sewing machine oil and vinegar make an excellent dressing for linoleum.

To take out sewing machine oil spots, dampen them with ammonia, then wash with white soap and water, using first cold and then warm water.

The sweater hung carelessly soon loses its shape; if slipped through a large embroidery hoop hung in the closet it will not be stretched.

You will find the round hard shell of a salt-water clam a more efficient pot scraper than either knife or cloths.

Soaking curtains which have never been washed a few hours in a strong solution of salt and water will take out the lime in the dressing and make them easier to wash.

When giving sticky medicine to children, heat the spoon by dipping it in hot water for a moment, then pour in the medicine and it will slip easily from the spoon.

Spanking Doesn't Cure!

Don't think children can be cured of bed-wetting by spanking them. The trouble is constitutional, the child cannot help it. I will send you a FREE mother my successful home treatment, with full instructions. If your children trouble you in this way, send no money, but write me today. My treatment is highly recommended to adults troubled with urine difficulties by day or night Address:

Mrs. M. Summers,
BOX 8 WINDSOR, Ontario.



Are These Studies Useless?

You, reader, who have been through the public school mill, ask yourself some questions. What good to you—of what ultimate utility—are such things as apothecary's weight, alligation, aliquot parts, cube root, dram, the long method of the greatest common divisor, least common multiple, troy weight, unreal fractions, the apposite, the objective complement, the objective used as a substantive, conjunctive adverbs, the nominative absolute, geometric theodroms, the gerund, etc.? What do you know about them to-day? Yet think of the hours and days and weeks that you pored over them when you were in the public schools! If they have brought you no ultimate utility, then they will bring your children no ultimate utility, and if they lack ultimate utility there can be no question that the time spent in their temporary, fleeting acquisition was "wasted childhood."—Grand Rapids Herald.

British Isles.

Great Britain is an island in which are located the countries of England, Scotland and Wales. Ireland is an island by itself. These two large islands, together with the numerous small islands adjacent, constitute the British Isles.

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2 and 5 lb. Cartons—
10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

Canada Sugar Refining Co., Limited, Montreal.

Great Britain is an island in which are located the countries of England, Scotland and Wales. Ireland is an island by itself. These two large islands, together with the numerous small islands adjacent, constitute the British Isles.

STILL DOING THEIR WORST UPON RHEIMS

German Guns Night and Day Shell City and Cathedral.

HUNS' WORST SIN

Faithful Clergy and People Stick to Their Danger Posts.

With the French army, cable.—The systematic and wanton destruction of Rheims Cathedral is a tragedy and crime which still continues. When I last visited the town eight months ago the case was thought as bad as it could be. It is infinitely worse now. Since the beginning of the French offensive on April 16 the enemy has greatly increased the intensity of the fire poured upon it from batteries on Brimont, Nogent and La Basse. During the fortnight of June 15-28 the number of shells of all calibres from 77 mms. to 380 mms. that fell on the town during each 24 hours was over 1,100. On June 25, 26 and 28, respectively three, five and eight of them hit the cathedral, which since the beginning of the war has received between 600 and 700 shells. Of these 59 were of the heaviest calibre. One of 365 pounds crashed through the south wall and dug a great hole in the floor without bursting. It has been left standing on the pavement close to the entrance as a concrete example of the mind and ammunition with which the enemy is carrying on his vile work of destruction.

THREE MONTHS' BOMBARDMENT. On the streets behind the cathedral and on each side of it in the open square there are several huge craters, nine I think, all made by 380's, which just missed their mark. On the west facade, which is protected from direct hits, the weather is gradually flaking away the surface, finishing the ruin begun by flames from a burning scaffold. The other three walls with flying buttresses, pinnacles and windows, are even more deplorable. The bombardment of the last three months has done more damage than all the other months of the war together, in the south wall especially. In the roof of the choir above the pile of rubbish which marks the site of the high altar, there are wide, gaping chasms where shell after shell has enlarged the same openings, so the wonder is that in these places the fabric holds together. Practically all the beautiful old glass has gone. The floor of the nave, which looks like a rough road thickly strewn with broken and twisted fragments of lead chips, brilliant-colored glass and masses of stone and mortar, amongst which at regular intervals there are rows of neat little heaps of sifted earth and rubbish, from which the workmen have carefully gleaned every atom of debris that can be used to piece together and repair the windows and stonework when the gigantic task of restoration is taken in hand.

FAITH OF THE PEOPLE. The faith of these Frenchmen is a thing of wonder. Everyone about the place—the old architect, who worked in the cathedral all his life, the caretaker (who can tell the story of each shell, and firmly believes some of which hit the fabric without doing any damage, being stayed by the hand of God), most of all the silver-haired old cardinal, Archbishop Monsiegnor Luçon, who, with the utmost bravery and devotion, has stuck to his post as guardian of the house of God, to father his poor flock through the whole bombardment, all have the unshakable conviction that whatever ruin the guns of the enemy has done or may yet do to the sacred building, it must be raised again to the glory of God and France.

Seventeen shells have fallen on the Archbishop's palace, and the houses round are wrecked and deserted, for the cathedral quarter is more mercilessly shelled than any other in the town, yet to look at the brave old face and hear the Archbishop talk you would never imagine that for months and months he has been living in one of the most dangerous places on the French front. In all France I have not seen a face so serene or even happy. He has endured as a good soldier of Christ. He has won the right to wear the Cross of the Legion of Honor, as well as the cross of his calling and office. Now what he wants more than anything is the means to provide for the needs of his people. Not only the 5,000 still living in the town, but others when they come back. Can there be any doubt that in both respects the faith in him is well justified?

UNDAUNTED SPIRIT SHOWN. But in Rheims they are all brave and all have faith in the destinies of the country. The Mayor and his colleagues, who are forced to hold municipal meetings underground; the workmen and women who "carry on" as if there were no such things as shells, no less than the spiritual pastor of their town, the city is dead. Whole streets are in ruins, scores of houses gutted by fire, and hundreds smashed and splintered. In street after street you see no living soul, nothing but grass growing. Stones in every wall still standing are pitted with flying fragments. Every day fresh ruins are added to the old piles long ago covered with grass and weeds. Nearly every day one or two more are added to the list of non-combatants, killed for no kind of military purpose. Yet those left, and the whole of France with them, however sadly

they cry in their hearts: "How long, Lord, how long?" never doubt for a moment that the day of deliverance is as certain as the dawn. Of all fatal and futile mistakes the German nation has made the mad, vain effort to destroy the works as well as the rights of civilization in the bombardment of the cathedral of Rheims is one of the maddest and last to be forgiven. It is a sin against the Holy Ghost. It is being repeated every day.

AS A HUN SPY.

I.W.W. Organizer Arrested in Scranton, Pa.

Scranton, Pa., Report.—With the arrest to-day of Joseph Graber, an organizer of the Industrial Workers of the World, charged with being a spy in the employment of the German Government, Federal authorities declared their investigation had satisfied them that recent strikes and agitations of the I. W. W. in the anthracite coal regions had been stirred up by German agents, with the hope of lessening the power of the United States in the war by decreasing coal production. Graber, who was taken into custody by United States Marshal James S. Magee, was held without bail under the Allen Enemy Act.

UNITED STATES AND BRITAIN ONE

British Press Rejoice Over the New Unity.

Huns Praised for Reuniting the Nations.

London Cable.—The newspapers give prominence to Independence Day, and, besides fully reporting the celebration, devote editorials to emphasizing the sentiments expressed by Foreign Secretary Balfour.

The Morning Post, which often in the past has been critical of America, rejoices that "the anniversary of estrangement has become a festival of reunion" and declares:

"Not the least of the manifold benefits the Germans unwittingly conferred on Great Britain is the lifting of Anglo-American relations to a plane of more intimate and cordial friendship than a century of time has been able to achieve."

The Times, after gratified general comment, says there are some Britons "who still do not see American belligerency for what it is, one of the miracles of the war and its crowning mercy." It contends the American intervention swept away bickerings such as over blacklists, which at one time threatened Anglo-Saxon estrangement.

It adds: "It has stamped the justice of the Allied cause with the authority of the most powerful of neutrals, and with the prestige of acknowledgment by the leader of the western hemisphere. The political balance of universe shifted when General Pershing's troops landed in France, and America, in entering the war, has also entered the world—to play in it, we are very sure, side by side with the Allied democracies, a vigorous and inspiring part."

The Daily Telegraph, which regards the flying of the Stars and Stripes over Parliament as a wonderful thing, says: "The high compliment and like courtesies paid our flag in America bear witness to the founding of international comradeship which nothing, we trust, will ever disturb and which means much for the world's future."

The Chronicle says the war has set the final seal upon the rapprochement of the two nations.

ROUMANIANS TO ATTACK THE HUNS

Big Offensive Soon is of Great Importance.

Russians Hold All Ground They Won.

London cable: The Russians still hold their gains in Galicia against Austro-German attacks. Around Brzezany and near Lipnicarolna, north of Brzezany, the Austro-Germans have attacked the Russians in attempts to regain the territory lost early in the week. Their efforts against Russian advanced posts east of Brzezany were checked by the Russian artillery fire and two attacks near Lipnicarolna were broken up.

Further south along the Hungarian-Roumanian border and in Roumania, where there has been no violent fighting since the cessation of Field Marshal von Mackensen's drive last fall, greater activity is reported. The recapture of some positions is claimed in the official communication issued to-day from the Austro-Hungarian headquarters. The statement reads: "At Brzezany the last portion of the positions still in the possession of the enemy were recaptured and maintained against his attacks. Otherwise the fighting activity was slight in all theatres."

It is authoritatively announced that the Roumanian army will shortly launch an offensive of the utmost importance, designed to prevent the Germans from securing the Roumanian crops now ripening and also to recover possession of the Roumanian oil fields, which unless regained will soon be producing for Germany. There is apparently confidence in the ability of Roumania to produce a bigger surprise than Russia has done by the present offensive.

BRITISH NAVY CONVINCED SUBMARINE WAR FAILS

Witness of Fleet's Work Says U-Boat Sighted by Dirigible is Doomed.

German Leaders Are Still Boasting That Subs. Will Win.

London Cable.—The navy still maintains secrecy regarding the submarines sunk, but the pursuit has become so lively that a U-boat shows its periscope in Channel waters only with the greatest risk. It is impossible to keep entirely secret such incidents as that of an oil driven destroyer which a few days ago swept into port with a portion of a rammed submarine hanging triumphantly from her prow.

The naval correspondent of the Times writes: "Last week's official figures of shipping losses showed an improvement of the week before. This week, if fishing craft are excluded, is better than those of the week ending June 24th. Fewer vessels of both larger classes have been sunk, and the total loss of the month is below the average. It is almost impossible to resist an inclination to crow, but the inclination should be resisted. The improvement shown in the tables may be illusory, for tonnage will tell more than hulls in cumulative effect on the carrying capacity. Moreover, the enemy's effort is not yet spent. He claims to be turning out U-boats faster than we account for them. Nevertheless, no one is obliged to believe Captain von Kuhlwecker when he says: 'If German achievements are reduced it is because there is less shipping left to sink. His boast that the result of the campaign already guarantees success receives no support. Figures of traffic again show a slight decrease compared with those of the previous week, but they exceed the total of the week ending June 3rd. On the whole, they are well above the average as regards the numbers sunk by submarine and mine with respect to the larger vessels we have now almost got back to the figures of the first week in June."

A regrettable feature of the return is the loss of fishing vessels. It is noted that certain localities have now again suffered more than others. Not long ago there was a dead set against the boats on the Irish coast. During the last five weeks there have been no losses of French fishing craft. In this respect, however, neutrals are suffering again. Monday we were told the German submarines had resumed the offensive against the Swedish fishing fleet on the coast of Norway.

Only by including fishing craft the total is raised above the average month. The return also shows, when corrected by notes, that only eleven British merchant ships were unsuccessfully attacked by submarines, compared with 17 which escaped the week before, and 37 in the week ending June 17. It is difficult to explain the decrease in the number of vessels that were unsuccessfully attacked, unless fewer vessels had been attacked,

and that a larger part of the losses are due to mines. It is possible the concentration of U-boats to meet the American transports may to some extent account for the fewer number of merchant vessels being attacked and the depletion of our mercantile marine will continue until an effective reply to the submarine is found.

NAVY IS CONFIDENT. Von Hindenburg's boasting pronouncement that Germany's enemies will be forced to make peace in a view to the submarine war has been read with considerable interest in Admiralty circles. The general view is that the submarine war has done its work, "if we hold our ground until the British naval arm has done its work," has a pleasant sound to the British naval ear, for the navy is now firmly convinced that the submarine war has failed, and that the anti-submarine measures are constantly growing in effectiveness.

A staff correspondent of the Associated Press was privileged to spend two days last week in observing the anti-U-boat campaign at close quarters at a big naval base on the south-east coast. There was plenty of evidence from such a vantage point of the effectiveness of the Admiralty work in nearby waters, as well as of the tremendous effort which is being put forth.

Aeroplane and dirigible patrols in the Channel are proving highly effective and a U-boat which is once sighted by a dirigible has small chance of getting away.

The conclusion has been reached that it is impossible for the submarines to maintain an average of sinkings, which will have an appreciable effect on the overseas communication of the allies.

The official report reads: Arrivals, 2,745; sailings, 2,846. British merchant ships sunk by mine or submarine, over 1,600 tons, 15; under 1,600 tons, 5.

British merchant ships unsuccessfully attacked, including 5 previously, 16. British fishing vessels sunk, 11.

The French Ministry of Marine has statistics to show that during the month of June French patrol vessels had 31 engagements with enemy submarines, while French seaplanes fought eight battles and shore batteries three, with hostile U-boats. In the same period 12 merchantmen were sunk by torpedoes and 2 by shellfire, while 7 which were attacked by means of torpedoes and 13 by shellfire escaped.

quenchable energy and lightness of heart. It was in a village—when first I visited it the day after the enemy left there was nothing left but piles of bricks—stretching along the banks of the canal, still within reach of the German guns. To-day it is almost a village again, teeming with life and even ringing with band music of two regiments. Everywhere among the ruins little one-storyed houses are springing up. London street and New York street are now the main thoroughfares. Brooklyn bridge and four other bridges, including the frail structure of planks by which the French crossed on the heels of the enemy, span the canal on the banks of which Red Cross men have run up neat huts for the wounded. In the canal there are bathing places for the United States camp troops are taking officers and men. Farther along is a football ground, and in the spacious a rest. The change from the state the place was in when the French arrived is marvelous."

BRITISH REPORT. London cable: Thursday night's War Office report said: "Beyond artillery activity by both sides at a number of places along the front there is nothing to report."

FRENCH REPORT. Paris cable: The official communication issued by the War Office on Thursday night reads: "There was artillery activity north of the Aisne, in the region of the Hurtleise monument and the northern part of the Bois de Beau Marais, in Champagne, in the region of Mont Camille, and on the left bank of the Meuse, in the region of Hill 304. Four hundred shells were fired against Rheims."

HINDEBURG LEAD. Admiral von... Minister of Marine... statement on the... submarine war during... political situation in the main committee of the Reichstag, says a despatch from Berlin. The admiral said the navy had the fullest confidence in the future of the submarine campaign, and added: "The continuously increasing enemy efforts to overcome the submarine danger by counter-measures is more than equalized by the continually growing number of submarines set in operation against the enemy. Submarine losses now, as hitherto, are kept within moderate limits, and all reports on the contrary in the enemy and neutral press are untrue. To sum up, there is not the least reason for doubting the success of the submarine war."

A representative of the German general staff described the military situation as favorable in every respect and as in agreement with the plans of the supreme army command. He expressed the conviction that despite the number of Germany's opponents, the war would be brought to a happy end.

Dr. Kari Helfferich, the Secretary of the Interior, described the steps taken to increase the output of coal, and where possible to restrict the consumption which at present exceeds the output. He declared that steps would be taken to secure for the public the necessary coal supplies.

The Secretary produced figures to show that within a pre-determined period, as a result of the submarine war, England will only have available tonnage inadequate to her needs, even when the latter were restricted to the utmost.

FREE POLAND AND FINLAND

Part of the Objects of New Russ Government.

As Stated by Ambassador to U. S.

Washington report: Complete independence for Poland and a wide degree of self-government for Finland, Ukraine and other subsidiary nationalities of Russia were said to-day by Ambassador Bakshmetoff to be the objects of the new Russian Government.

Plans are now under way, he said, for the actual working out of the principle that government should rest on the consent of the governed, and to the widest degree possible for a centralized authority.

The Ambassador said that Poland had been offered complete independence and a special committee was now at work in Petrograd seeking the best means to carry this out. Poland will be given absolute control of her future destiny, both as to her form of government and such questions as tariffs and alliances. It is hoped, of course, that she will choose to gravitate towards Russia, especially as she could not live on the same economic strata as Germany, but no compulsion is to be applied.

Perhaps the most complicated phase of the question, the Ambassador said, is that of how much of the cost of the present war Poland shall bear.

As Poland at the beginning of the war was part of Russia it is felt that it is only just that she should bear part of the Russian war debt which will serve to make her free, and which now is expressed in an agreement to that end will be effected.

The new Government has already announced its willingness to grant autonomy to Finland, the Ambassador said, and to give a large measure of autonomy and self-government to the Ukraine. It does not feel, however, that it should heed the extremists in these two sections for complete independence, as this would seriously weaken all parts of the Russian federation. Likewise the question of the future of Manchuria and other Far Eastern sections has been discussed, but no decisions reached.

1,500,000 HUNS SLAIN IN WAR

Paris cable: The total number of Germans killed from the beginning of the war to March, 1917, is not less than 1,500,000, according to an estimate reached by French general headquarters. This computation has been made after careful study of the documents bearing on the subject.

From April 15 to June 30 the Franco-British troops on the western front captured 63,222 prisoners, including 1,378 officers, says an official summary of the operations issued to-day. The war material taken in the same period includes 609 guns, 503 trench mortars and 1,318 machine guns.

DRIVE HUNS BACK IN EAST AFRICA

London Cable.—Under pressure of British forces advancing from Giza, the Germans in German East Africa have evacuated strongly held positions south of the Njaura River, says an official statement issued to-night. The positions extended from Gimam-ba Hill, on the shore of Beaver Hafen, to Makangaga, and the Germans retired a distance of from seven to nine miles.

The official report indicates a general retirement of the enemy forces in other fields of operations in German East Africa.

Huns Lost Nine Machines and British One—The French Front.

(By Stewart Lyon, Canadian press correspondent with the Canadian Forces) Canadian Headquarters in France, Cable.—The enemy raided one of our advanced posts in the flooded area to the south of the Souchez River last night, inflicting a few casualties among the defenders. Our artillery fire was promptly let loose upon the raiders, causing a hurried retreat.

Elsewhere in the region occupied by the Canadian corps the artillery activity has become somewhat spasmodic. At times, however, it is extremely violent, reaching drumfire intensity. It has been noted that the enemy fires of this activity more quickly than do our guns, and that after these outbursts his fire sinks to sub-normal proportions.

If the important mining centres of Lens and Lievin, in the Canadian zone, it is doubtful whether there is a single uninjured house to be found. In Lievin the contrast between the houses and the grounds surrounding them is startling. Near Bois de Riamont yesterday the correspondent came upon a garden—behind a mansion torn to tatters by the shells of both armies—in which roses still bloomed profusely, overcoming with their perfume the tainted atmosphere of the adjacent battlefield. Not only were the shrubs and flowers unharmed, but strawberries, raspberries and red currants which had matured in this deserted garden, which was until recently out in "No Man's Land," were to be had for the picking. A week ago no one could have gathered the fruit without risking his life. The enemy front line was then only a few yards from one side of the garden and one of our own outposts was a few yards on the other side.

FREE POLAND AND FINLAND

Part of the Objects of New Russ Government.

As Stated by Ambassador to U. S.

Washington report: Complete independence for Poland and a wide degree of self-government for Finland, Ukraine and other subsidiary nationalities of Russia were said to-day by Ambassador Bakshmetoff to be the objects of the new Russian Government.

Plans are now under way, he said, for the actual working out of the principle that government should rest on the consent of the governed, and to the widest degree possible for a centralized authority.

The Ambassador said that Poland had been offered complete independence and a special committee was now at work in Petrograd seeking the best means to carry this out. Poland will be given absolute control of her future destiny, both as to her form of government and such questions as tariffs and alliances. It is hoped, of course, that she will choose to gravitate towards Russia, especially as she could not live on the same economic strata as Germany, but no compulsion is to be applied.

Perhaps the most complicated phase of the question, the Ambassador said, is that of how much of the cost of the present war Poland shall bear.

As Poland at the beginning of the war was part of Russia it is felt that it is only just that she should bear part of the Russian war debt which will serve to make her free, and which now is expressed in an agreement to that end will be effected.

The new Government has already announced its willingness to grant autonomy to Finland, the Ambassador said, and to give a large measure of autonomy and self-government to the Ukraine. It does not feel, however, that it should heed the extremists in these two sections for complete independence, as this would seriously weaken all parts of the Russian federation. Likewise the question of the future of Manchuria and other Far Eastern sections has been discussed, but no decisions reached.

1,500,000 HUNS SLAIN IN WAR

Paris cable: The total number of Germans killed from the beginning of the war to March, 1917, is not less than 1,500,000, according to an estimate reached by French general headquarters. This computation has been made after careful study of the documents bearing on the subject.

From April 15 to June 30 the Franco-British troops on the western front captured 63,222 prisoners, including 1,378 officers, says an official summary of the operations issued to-day. The war material taken in the same period includes 609 guns, 503 trench mortars and 1,318 machine guns.

DRIVE HUNS BACK IN EAST AFRICA

London Cable.—Under pressure of British forces advancing from Giza, the Germans in German East Africa have evacuated strongly held positions south of the Njaura River, says an official statement issued to-night. The positions extended from Gimam-ba Hill, on the shore of Beaver Hafen, to Makangaga, and the Germans retired a distance of from seven to nine miles.

The official report indicates a general retirement of the enemy forces in other fields of operations in German East Africa.

GERMAN RAID ON CANADIAN LINE FAILED

Foe's Artillery Soon Tires of Activity, and Sinks Below Normal.

FLIERS AGAIN BUSY

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Even many miners' cottages, smashed utterly beyond recognition under the shellfire, may still be identified by familiar flowers surrounding them, which bloom triumphantly amid the debris.

As a result of our recent advances, and despite the German counter-strokes, "No Man's Land" is now moved almost 1,000 yards nearer the centre of Lens than it was a week ago on the Lievin sector.

BRITISH REPORT. London Cable.—The official statement from British headquarters in France issued to-night reads: "Early this morning the enemy raided one of our posts south of Lens. One of our men is missing. As the result of another raid the enemy captured, east of Loos four wounded prisoners were left in our hands. The enemy's activity was active to-day south of the Scarpe and in the neighborhood of Ypres and Messines."

The enemy's activity continues. In the air fighting yesterday three enemy machines were driven to the ground and five others were driven down out of control. Another was shot down by our anti-aircraft guns. One of our aeroplanes failed to return."

FRENCH REPORT. Paris Cable.—The official communication issued by the War Office to-day reads: "The enemy violently bombarded our lines to-day, particularly in the region of Pantheon, La Roche, in the neighborhood of Hurtleise and on the Vauclerc Plateau."

"It is confirmed that the German attacks last night, which developed along a front of about seventeen kilometres, cost the enemy exceptionally heavy losses without bringing him either gain of ground or prisoners. Everywhere else we have completely maintained our positions."

"The Germans have not renewed their attempts, but on the contrary we have carried out east of Cerny a detail operation which enabled us to capture a strong salient held by the enemy. On the left bank of the Cerny three successive attacks, accompanied by jets of flame and flames, directed against our trenches, south-west of Hill 304, were repulsed. The artillery fighting continues very spirited in this region."

BELGIAN REPORT. Paris Cable.—Wednesday's War Office report said: "There was slight activity on the part of the enemy artillery in the sector of Steenstraete-Helsnes in the region of Pypegale, intense artillery duels occurred. Last evening an enemy aeroplane was brought down in an aerial combat by one of our machines and fell within the enemy lines south of Dexmude."

Good Salesmen. The efficient salesman is a man who can get a job, probably a better one from a financial standpoint than you can give him. The production man, with his tendency to stricter discipline and his idea of fifty of wages, rarely understands the more temperamental and emotional sales type. The salesman demands a looser rein than the toolmaker, the laborer and the office clerk. The salesman gets it because he can go where he can have it. —Industrial Management.

Muggins—The Germans really make a business of war, Buzza. And they seem to possess the faculty of combining business and pleasure.

SCHOOL TEACHERS

Residents of Contiguous Rural Districts Successful in Passing Examination for Pedagogues' Papers, Held Recently at the Ottawa Normal School.

Among the successful ones whose names appear in the pass list as a result of the June final examinations of the Normal School, Ottawa, are:

Interim Second Class Certificates: Eliza Aris, Prescott; F. Olive Barkley, Iroquois; F. Ernest Bradley, Lansdowne; John C. Fetterly, Morrisburg; Hazel A. Haig, Gananoque; Iva Hamilton, Chesterville; Loretta M. Hogan, Clayton; Elizabeth M. Hollingsworth, Athens; Leah I. Hough, North Augusta; Marie G. Keyes, Westmeath; Hazel Kirke, Gananoque; Margaret E. Kirkland, Manotick; Alma G. Lumsden, Frankville; Edythe V. Montgomery, Frankville; Vera E. Moorhead, Carp; Laura Pleith, Arnprior; Mamie F. Robertson, Arnprior; Greta Sherman, Hawkesbury; Elen P. Stacey, Iroquois; Renette G. Taggart, Westport; Blanche Willis, Lyndhurst; George, Wishart, Arnprior; Muriel Youngusband, Dunrobin.

Limited Third Class Certificates: Edith G. Brown, Mallorytown; Marion Casselman, Chesterville; Stella O'Connor, Arnprior; Ethel Teston, Arnprior.

Attractive Summer Tourist Fares to Arizona, British Columbia, California, Oregon, Washington.

Return Summer Tourist tickets to Pacific Coast points at low fares are on sale daily until Sept. 30, good for return until Oct. 31, via variable routes, allowing stop-over, etc. Two trans-continental trains each way daily to and from Vancouver connecting with magnificent ships for Victoria and Seattle.

For handsomely illustrated literature, sleeper reservations, and all information, apply to Geo. E. McGlade, C. P. R. Agent.

PTE. BRAYMAN AGAIN WOUNDED

Has Severe Gunshot Injuries in Right Arm, Leg and Hand—Had Just Returned to the Trenches After Similar Painful Experience and Hospital Care.

(Brockville Recorder)

Mr. Martin Brayman, 24 John St., on Saturday received a message from the Record Office at Ottawa informing him that his son, Pte. Adelbert Franklin Brayman, was officially reported admitted to the Fourth General Hospital at Camiers, France, on June 28th, suffering with severe gunshot wounds in the right arm, leg and hand.

Pte. Brayman left Canada with the 80th Battalion, and since arriving in France has been transferred to several different units.

This is the second time he has been mentioned in the casualty list. On June 4th last he was officially reported admitted to No. 3 General Hospital, Boulogne, suffering from gunshot wounds in the left arm. On Saturday Mr. Brayman received a letter from him, written in France on June 17th, which stated that he had recovered from his first wounds and was back with his unit.

A brother, Pte. George Brayman, has been wounded three different times; and another brother, Percy, is serving with Gen. Pershing's army in France.

DEATH OF INEZ STAFFORD

Inez Gertrude Stafford, a well-known resident of Lyn, passed away at St. Vincent de Paul Hospital Sunday after a long illness. The late Miss Stafford, who was a daughter of the late William and Mrs. Stafford was a highly esteemed young lady, and an active worker of St. John's Anglican church at Lyn, being closely connected with the choir and the Woman's Auxiliary. For four years she taught at the North Augusta High School, and for a year previous taught at the North Augusta public school. About a year ago she was forced to resign her position through ill-health. Besides her sorrowing mother, she leaves to mourn her loss one brother, Frank, at Lyn, and three sisters—Mrs. George Robinson, of Lyn, and Misses Julia and May in the Civil Service at Ottawa. The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon at 2.30 from her late residence to St. John's church at Lyn, thence to the Lyn cemetery.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Littleton*

FORTY-FOUR

Rev. J. B. Robeson, of Beachburg, Dies in Ottawa Son After His Retirement from Active Work.

Rev. J. B. Robeson, until recently Methodist Minister at Beachburg died in an Ottawa hospital on Tuesday, July 3, after an illness of several months' duration. He had accepted superannuation at the recent meeting in Renfrew of the Montreal Conference and proceeded thence to the capitol to secure special medical treatment and skilled hospital care.

The late Mr. Robeson was in his sixty-third year and had been engaged in ministerial work at various places in the province of Ontario during the past 43 years. He was born at Elbe, the son of the late John Robeson, and entered the ministry at an early age, his subsequent pastorates being principally in the Ottawa district, at Avonmore, Lanark, Jasper, Haley's, Cataraqui, Newton, Seely's Bay, Quyon, and other near home points.

The deceased gentleman had enjoyed good health until last winter. Only in June last he accepted retirement from active pastoral work when it was offered by Conference. He intended to reside at Almonte and a short time ago bought a house there.

Surviving him are his wife and four daughters, Mattie, of Lanark; Sadie, Eva and Helen, of Ottawa. Two brothers and one sister also survive, namely; C. B. Robeson, Hanna, N. D.; H. S. Robeson, Athens; Mrs. George Singleton, Streetsville, Ont.

The funeral was held here on Thursday, Rev. J. J. Vickery officiating, assisted by several other ministers.

Relatives were present from: Chantry, Delta, Elgin, North Augusta, Addison, Seely's Bay, and Ottawa.

The late Mr. Robeson was an uncle of Mr. N. E. Smith, of Athens, and had numerous relatives in this district.

TOWNSHIP COUNCIL

The Council of Rear Yonge and Escott met at call of the Reeve on Saturday evening June 30th. Members all present.

W. P. Burnham was paid \$8.00 for use of ground for quarrying and crushing stone.

A resolution was passed that in Road divisions when overseers do not act, the statute labor be collected in the taxes.

The County's Treasurer was instructed to sell all lands liable to be sold for arrears of taxes in the municipality.

The clerk was authorized to pay expenses of the fork to be done on the Glen Elbe road.

The council adjourned to meet at call of the Reeve.

R. E. CORNELL, Clerk.

HE TOLD THE TRUTH

It is not pleasant and profitable to always tell the truth in a newspaper. Editors who have tried it have generally come to grief. A few weeks ago an editor grew tired of being called a liar and announced that he would tell the truth in the future.

The next issue of the paper said: John Black, the laziest merchant in town made a business trip to Belleville yesterday.

William Sykes, our groceryman is doing poor business. His store is dirty and dusty. People won't buy in a dirty store.

Rev. Braun preached last Sunday on Charity. The sermon was punk. Half of the congregation and four of the choir slept through it all.

David Dawson died at his home this a.m. The doctor says it was heart failure but we all know how Dave would booze.

Harry Brown is moving his family away to Harperville. His neighbors presented Hank with a razor and his wife with a carving set. It is hoped they will start quarrelling and use their presents to the best advantage—of the community.

Miss Susie Hutt of Pipinville, sang in the village choir Sunday night. Her voice is not unlike the whistle of the basket factory. The fellow who told Susie she could sing, ought to be vaccinated and then burned at the stake.

Married—Miss Sylvan Rhodes to Mr. Jas. Coulen, Saturday in the Baptist Parsonage. The bride is a very ordinary town girl who does not know any more about cooking than a jack rabbit, and never helped her mother three days in her life. She is not a beauty and has a gait like a duck. The groom is an up-to-date loafer and has lived off the old folks all his life. The match is one that will amount only to costing the tax payers to care for another batch of feeble minded.

The morning after the paper was printed the editor was hanging to a telephone pole.

Who is Remembered.

On Friday evening, July 6th, the pupils of the Brick school No. 3, Bastard, gathered at the home of Mrs. Eli Chant and presented their teacher, Miss Marguerite Seymour with a nicely worded address and a gold worded bracelet, each link being engraved with the initial of the pupils.

Miss Seymour then responded in words of appreciation and thanks. The remainder of the evening was very pleasantly spent in music, both vocal and instrumental.

NEW CANADIAN NORTHERN ROCKIES

If you do not know about the wonderful Mountain scenery including Jasper and Mount Robson Parks, traversed by the transcontinental line of the Canadian Northern Railway between Edmonton and Vancouver get a copy of our handsome descriptive booklet, to be had for the asking from R. Blair, Station Agent.

Operation on Eyes.

Mr. William Fortune returned last week from Kingston where he underwent an operation on his eyes. There is every hope of the operation having remedied the defect.

St. Paul's Presbyterian Church.

Service will be held Sunday evening at 7.30. The church will be closed the last two Sundays in July and the first two Sundays in August. Rev. Wm. Usher being on vacation.

New Principal.

Mr. Stewart L. Snowden, of Pembroke, has been engaged as principal of the Athens Public School. Mrs. A. L. Fisher and Miss G. Johnston have been re-engaged. The school will be renovated and placed in first-class condition for the opening of the new term.

Association Meets.

The Charleston Lake Association meets at Foster's Hotel Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. There is much business to transact and a full attendance is necessary for the welfare of the association and its objects.

Inspector Here.

The government inspector of weights and measures was in Athens last week.

Build Boathouses.

Mr. George Gifford and Mr. Sherman Coon have been partners in the building of a boathouse at Charleston lake. Mr. Kinch Redmond is also erecting a boathouse near the village.

Haying.

Already the swinging scythe is biting through the tall grass on the village streets. Every year a fair crop of hay is harvested in this manner.

Were in Brockville.

A number of the members of the Library Board were in Brockville yesterday in connection with the business of the Library.

Raised \$100.

Christ's church this year will not hold a social as is the usual custom. Food scarcity and other war conditions were the reason for this decision. In order to raise funds without a lawn social, a canvass of the congregation was made, with the result that over \$100 was raised, with more still to come in.

Supt. of Stewardship.

The recent annual meeting of the Montreal branch of the Women's Missionary Society held in Kingston Mrs. T. S. Kendrick was appointed to office of Supt. of Christian Stewardship. This office constitutes her a member of the Excutor Committee of that branch.

Purely Personal Items

Dr. and Mrs. Richard Layng left this week for Winnipeg where the former will open a dental office on August 1st.

Last Thursday evening a number of young Athenians motored to Charleston where they spent a very enjoyable evening at Ivanhoe cottage.

Mrs. Martha Hutchison, of Escott, was a recent visitor at the home of her daughter, Mrs. T. S. Kendrick on her way to the West where she will visit her three sons, Jas. at Ft. William, Dr. George at Southey, and Joseph at Spalding, Sask.

GEORGE MALLORY DEAD

The death occurred at St. Vincent de Paul Hospital Monday of Mr. Geo. Washington Mallory, a prominent resident of Mallorytown at the age of seventy-eight years. The late Mr. Mallory was born at Mallorytown, and following the occupation of farmer, resided in that vicinity all his life. He was a highly respected resident of the locality and his death is sincerely mourned. Surviving are four sons and two daughters—Malcolm, North Bay; Dr. L. C. Mallory, Black Diamond, Wash.; George and Millar, with the 2nd Battalion in France; Mrs. Omar Buell, Mallorytown; Miss Kate Mallory of Brockville. A sister, Mrs. M. Hadigan of Mallorytown also survives. The deceased was a member of Mecey Lodge, A.F. and A.M. and also a member of the Order of Chosen Friends. The funeral takes place today from the residence of his daughter, Mrs. O. Buell, at Mallorytown.

LOT FOR SALE

A desirable lot for sale on Main street; splendid central location, opposite the Post Office, suitable for any kind of business. For further information, apply to

J. H. ACKLAND
Athens

FOR SALE

3 1/2 h.p., 18 1/2 feet, Detroit motor boat complete \$100, also 18 to 20 h.p., 3 cylinder engine complete including Heinze coil and Baldrige reverse gear \$75.

A. W. WATTENBURG
Charleston, Ont.

House for Sale

House and lot on corner of Elgin and Pearl streets, 7-roomed house, kitchen and woodshed attached good garden and barn.

Apply to
ARDEN LILLIE,
Plum Hollow

ATHENS LUMBER YARD

Five Roses and other brands. Prices reduced.

SALT

Coarse, Fine, Factory Filled, and Cheese Salt.

Try Cotton Seed Meal to make your cows milk.

ATHENS GRAIN WAREHOUSES

Clearing Coats

- \$14.00 WOMEN'S AND MISSES' COATS \$9.90 — All our Women's and Misses' Separate Coats in all the new shades, all sizes, values up to \$14.00.....\$9.90
- \$22.00 WOMEN'S AND MISSES' COATS \$14.75—All our Women's and Misses' Coats, in all the new cloths and shades, in this lot are included some beautiful models, every size, values up to \$22.00.....\$14.75
- \$5.90 SEPARATE SILK SKIRTS, \$4.75—Four only Good Black Silk Skirts, assorted sizes, regular \$5.90.....\$4.75
- \$8.50 RAIN COATS \$6.50—Women's Guaranteed Raincoats, best quality poplin finish, colors are green, fawn, navy and black, every size, regular \$8.50.....\$6.50

C. H. POST
BROCKVILLE.
The Exclusive Women's Wear Shop.

Purely Personal Items.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Layng, of Smith's Falls, motored out and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Scovil on Friday last.

Mr. G. R. Green, B. S. A., left on Monday for Ottawa to attend the Annual Conference of District Representatives which is in session there this week.

Mrs. M. I. Polk and daughter, Miss Alma Polk, of Smith's Falls, are visiting friends in and around Athens.

Mrs. T. J. O'Donnell and family and Miss O'Donnell, of Regina, who have been visiting at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. C. Hickey, left on Thursday to visit friends at Quyon, Que.

Enough Windows.

The Roman Catholic church in Perth is so well supplied with stained glass windows that there is no room for any more and \$350.00 left by the late Sarah Grenier of that town to provide a window could not be used. The matter was referred to the court at Ottawa to dispose of the money. Mr. McCue of Smith's Falls represented the heir-at-law and reported that when approached in regard to carrying out the wishes of the deceased the officials of the church said there was no more space for memorial windows in the church. The judge reserved his decision as to whether the money should go to the heirs-at-law or the residuary legatee.

Ladies' Sweaters

We have just opened another choice assortment of Ladies' Sweaters in Brush Wool, Silk and Shetland Wool.

These new Sweaters are priced at \$5.00, \$7.00, \$10.00, \$13.00 and \$15.00.

They all have two pockets, large square collar with sash and buttons to match.

The colors are Gold and White, White and Paddy, Copen and White, Paddy and White, Plain Purple, White, Paddy, and Rose.

We invite inspection.

The Robt. Craig Co. Ltd.
LADIES' PANAMAS \$3.00 to \$7.50.
Brockville, Ont.
Special Showing of Summer Furs.

Spring and Summer Styles

We have always had the reputation of giving the highest satisfaction in the making of men's clothes. Men who are particular about their apparel come to us year after year. Let us make your spring suit this year. We are confident of pleasing you.

M. J. KEHOE, BROCKVILLE

We Are Not Philanthropists

STRANGE, BUT TRUE

We do not solicit jobs that have no profit in them, but we do give a full dollar's worth for a dollar, plus real service. Service which includes co-operation of a kind that wins confidence in our methods.

Equipped with a modern Linotype and other facilities for producing high-class work, we ask you to consider our service when you have any kind of printing to be done.

The country printshop offers you personal contact with the work. Your ideas are better understood through personal interview than through correspondence. "Talking it over" is an important factor in the production of good printing.

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