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Poetry.

THE WHITE FLAG

I sent my love two roses—one
As white as driven snow
And one a blushing royal red,
A flaming Jacqueminot.

I meant to touch and test my fate,
That night I should divine
The moment I should see my love
If her true heart were mine.

For if she holds me dear, I said,"
She'll wear my blushing rose;
If not she'll wear my cold Lamarque,
As white as winter's snows.

My heart sank when I met her. Sure,
I've been overbold,
For on her breast my pale rose lay
In virgin whiteness cold.

Yet with love words she greeted me,
With smiles divinely tender.
Upon her cheek the red rose dawned—
The white rose meant surrender.

—John Hay.

Select Family Reading

Where Love Dwelt

By JESSE GAMAN

MRS. GARDINER FARADAY looked at the address once more as she paused under the hotel colonnade. Vera waited dutifully behind.

"I'm sure it's in some perfectly awful spot, Vera dear, Macdougal alley sounds dubious to me, but quite like Gerald."

"Yes, mamma," said Vera.

"I suppose even New York has its Latin quarter as one might say, but I do hope it's not uphill like the one in Paris."

"Yes, mamma."

"He's always so quaint and eccentric and still so wonderfully boyish."

She scanned the address again, crammed in one corner of Gerald's letter, gave it up and handed it to the chauffeur. "If you'd just go there, please. Do you know where it is, Peters?"

Peters did. And all the way down fifth avenue Vera listened with a little amused smile to the old, never-failing chatter about Gerald.

They were to sail the following day which was something of a relief she thought. It was just like Uncle John to start them looking up Gerald at the last minute. She had had Gerald and his quaint interesting ways and artistic possibilities thrown at her by the family ever since she had left San Francisco, and all the day she carried Jack's picture nicely hidden away in her travelling case.

Down near the great Washington arch the car turned into Macdougal alley and stopped. It was the prettiest and most picturesque place Vera had seen in New York, like a bit of old Paris transplanted. The old tricked court, half a block long, with its old trees, gnarled pines, and low, one-storied studios all caught her fancy. But Mrs. Faraday picked her way cautiously.

"A most peculiar place for art to flourish," she said, "Vera dear, haven't these places been stables? I'm sure they have. I've never been able to see the affinity between art and stables. I do hope poor, dear Gerald's health is quite good. I'm so very glad I added fifty myself to John's allowance for him. I think your Uncle John is very hard on Gerald. It's because he looks like our side of the family and I'm sure it's a great blessing, for all of the Moselys had fearful noses. Is this the place?"

Gerald's name was on a tiny brass plate inside the dim hallway. There were several plates and no bells to ring, so they climbed the narrow stairs and found the studio. Vera tapped and Gerald's own cheery voice called to come in.

"My poor dear boy," began Mrs. Faraday, taking in the cool barrenness of the studio, but Vera looked at a little pale pink crepe de chene kimono lying over the back of a chair.

"How do you ever exist here?"

"Bully, Aunt Marcia, bully," laughed Gerald. "Hello, kiddie. You look fine both of you. Where did you leave your aeroplane?"

"You needn't think because you live in the clouds the rest of us do," Vera returned, "Are we disturbing the trend of art, Gerry?"

"Not a bit, not a bit. Sit down. Here's a chair, Aunt Marcia. Vera can take that one—"

He stopped short. Over the back of the chair was the little tell-tale gown, and their eyes met. Vera lifted it deftly while her mother scanned some sketches, and dropped it back on a tabouret.

"How long are you staying in New York?"

"Only until to-morrow, dear. We sail at ten. Will you give me a glass of water, please? It's very stuffy down here isn't it? Is there any nice place where you could lunch with us, Gerald?"

Gerald hesitated. Vera thought he threw a look of appeal at her.

"Why, I guess so," he said. "We—that is—I get my own meals usually right here, but there's the Zonfarone and the Judson. I guess you'd like the Brevoort though. Surely, we'll all go over to the Brevoort and have a regular old-fashioned re-union."

He stopped. Outside on the steps there came a call. Then the door swung open and on the threshold stood a girl her arms full of parcels. Vera's heart warmed to her instantly. She was slim and sweet, with dark appealing eyes, and rumpled chestnut hair, and a few freckles, and she stared from one to another with mirth in her gaze and pure dancing fun curving her lips. But Aunt Marcia prided herself on her tact in emergencies.

"Your model, my dear?" she said pleasantly.

Gerald crossed the room and slipped his arms around the girl. "My wife, Aunt Marcia," he said very gently, "Sybil this is my Aunt Marcia and cousin Vera from California."

Vera was the first to waken from the stupor of amazement. She went to Sybil with outstretched hands and kissed her.

"I'm so glad for you both, and I think Gerald's awful lucky."

"My dear, does your father know?" asked Aunt Marcia.

"No, he doesn't," Gerald answered fast while apart, hands deep in his pockets. "We've only been married about a month, and I knew dad would cut off my allowance and maybe you would too, but I've studied a hundred times as hard since it happened. You don't know what it means when you work for two, and love is your steady model. Sybil's an artist, too, and we're mighty happy. I didn't mean to tell you all for awhile, I wanted to make a success you see—"

"I think you have," said Vera, positively. "I think Sybil's your success, and Uncle John will simply adore her. I'd wire him to come at once and see your masterpiece, Gerry."

"By George, I believe I will," Gerald exclaimed. "Come and eat, now. Sybil, you haven't said one word!"

Sybil blushed and laughed as she laid her parcels on the table. "I want Aunt Marcia to like me."

Marcia Faraday looked at the lovely, happy face of the little studio bride and something stirred to life within her, something that very nearly approached human kindness.

"Dear child; I'm very, very glad for Gerald that he has someone to look out for him like you. I'm sure living in these strange places does make a man eccentric and unsettled. It would even make me so. And I don't care one bit what John says or does I shall love you both."

"You're a grand old champion," Gerald said, lovingly.

"No, I'm not. I'm a foolish, sentimental old woman, completely taken in by this absurd dove nest and this child's big eyes. Go ahead, Vera, the stairs are narrow."

"They lead to the stars," Vera smiled back over one shoulder, and she added, saying the propitious moment, "Mamma, I'm engaged to Jack."

"Do go on," answered the mother happily. "I wouldn't be surprised now if your Uncle John said he was engaged. It's the proper state. Sybil, child, give me your arm."

And Sybil smiled as she piloted Gerald's aunt, the only one in the family that she had really been afraid of, out into the sunshine of MacDougal Alley, the little old alley where love dwelt.

SPECIAL BULLETIN FROM COMMISSION OF CONSERVATION

The outbreak of the war in Europe and the consequent demand, which is naturally to be expected, for increased exports of meats, finds Canada in a very much denuded condition as regards live stock.

As a result of the removal of the American tariff on cattle a heavy export trade developed to the south. In some districts in eastern Canada, nearly everything has been shipped out of the country, except dairy cows. This export trade, together with many farmers selling their calves for veal, can have but one result in Canada, viz: a greater scarcity of meat than at present exists, even in a normal market.

The meat industry in Canada should not be allowed to dwindle—rather, the production of hogs, sheep and cattle on Canadian farms should be greatly increased. To obtain this increase does not mean that farmers should devote their whole attention to live stock. The majority of farmers will admit that with very little extra effort and expense they could increase by several head the live stock on their farms without in any way interfering with their present system of farming.

From reports to the Commission on Conservation, present conditions indicate a world-wide scarcity of live stock, with little likelihood of an overcrowded market for many years to come. The opportunity for Canadian farmers is therefore apparent. To take advantage of this farmers should save their heifer calves to produce more cattle, while the others may be turned off not as veal but as beef.

Expert stockmen advise that there are good times ahead for those raising sheep. The high price of mutton and of wool and the comparative ease with which a flock of sheep may be sustained upon land which is otherwise unsuitable for agriculture, should suggest a great increase in the number of sheep raised by Canadian farmers.

Increased production of hogs can be brought about more quickly than in any other class of live stock, and consequently should receive immediate attention.

Animal production on the farm is desirable because it increases the fertility and crop raising ability of the soil. Good prices are sure to be obtained for any surplus which farmers will have to sell on account of the inevitable shortage of supply, resulting from war conditions in Europe. These two conditions ought to be an incentive to Canadian farmers to increase their live stock production. A little foresight now, with modern methods of feeding, will make increased production easily possible.

—F. C. N.

ADDITION TO THE BRITISH NAVY

By December the fleet will be increased by the addition of the "Queen Elizabeth" and the "Warspite" and by the first of March by the addition of the "Malaya" the "Barham," and the "Valliant." All five of these ships are similar. They are of 27,000 tons displacement, and they are notible as being the first dreadnoughts to mount the 15-inch gun, of which they will carry eight in four turrets on the centre line. The 15 inch gun fires a shell weighing 1,025 pounds, which is discharged with a muzzle velocity of 3,500 feet per second and a muzzle energy of 83,500 tons. The gun weighs 96.6 tons, and it is enormously superior at 10,000 yards to anything afloat to-day.

Another remarkable feature of these ships is that they will have speed of over 25 knots. Their belt armor will be from 12 to 14 inches in thickness, and this combination of qualities will enable them to overtake a fleeing dreadnought fleet, and, by engaging the vessels at the rear of the line, force the enemy to accept a fleet action. In the scout class, Great Britain will add by Dec. 1st, seven vessels of the type of the 'Arethusa,' which was engaged in the recent fight at the mouth of the Ems. These ships mount two 6 inch and six 4 inch guns and carry four torpedo tubes for the 21-inch torpedoes. The speed is 30 knots. By March 1st Great Britain will have added two more of this class.

A FULL TIME WRONG WAY

By JOHN GORDON WHITNEY

Soon after he entered Marshall College, Elbert Chase joined the branch of the Young Men's Christian Association which had been established for the benefit of the students, and for months he was one of its regular supporters. His first friends were among the members of the Association, but as time went on he formed new friendships outside, and grew more and more intimate with a young fellow named Glenn West, an upper classman whose tastes had never inclined him to membership in the Y. M. C. A. or any organization of the same sort.

For a while Elbert was ready with excuses when reminded that his presence was expected at the meetings of the Association.

"I'm sorry, fellows," he would say, "but that meeting slipped my mind completely. I've promised Glenn that I'd go with him to-night, and I expect I'll have to keep my promise."

Later on, when his fellow members took pains to remind him in advance of the meetings, and to call at his room on the evening itself, they were likely to learn from some other student rooming on the same corridor that Elbert had gone off "somewhere with Glenn West," and would not be back until much too late for the meeting. Nobody had ever said just where Elbert and Glenn had gone, but it was less than ten miles from the quiet college town to the neighboring city with its many doubtful "attractions," and the electric cars ran at frequent intervals.

Elbert and Glenn were standing one night in the brightly lighted doorway of a building which included under one roof a cheap vaudeville theatre, and billiard and pool rooms, and a saloon, dignified with the less unpleasant name of "buffet."

The two were debating where they should go next when Elbert suddenly drew back into a shaded corner of the doorway as he felt the keen scrutiny of a man who was passing only a few feet away from them.

"That looked surprisingly like Deacon Johnston of our town," he explained in answer to his companion's look of inquiry. "Luckily that light over my head shaded my face some, so perhaps he didn't recognize me. I hope he didn't for he would be sure to tell mother, and as I'm going home next week, I'd rather she didn't hear any such story."

His first look at his mother's face the next week convinced him that his fears were well founded, but fortunately for him so he thought, at the time, she put her question in such a form that he could answer it easily.

"Elbert, dear, you haven't dropped your connection with the Y. M. C. A?"

"Indeed I haven't mother," he answered promptly, and pulled from his pocket a copy of the catalogue of Marshall College, thumbing the leaves till he came to the pages devoted to the student organizations. There he showed her his name listed among the regular members of the Y. M. C. A. Her face cleared at once.

"I knew he must be mistaken," she said softly, and Elbert did not ask any questions. He was relieved to get out of the affair so easily, but something within made it hard for him to meet his mother's eyes fairly and squarely after that.

The next day his ranchman uncle from Wyoming "blew in" as he himself expressed it.

"Had to bring in a carload of stock," he explained. "I'm glad I found you at home, Elbert. When I was in Omaha last Tuesday night I took a notion to ride over to your village and call on you, but you weren't at home. Your roommate said you'd gone off with a fellow named West, and wouldn't be back until late."

Elbert laughed uneasily as he saw his mother's eyes fixed on him questioningly. "Mat thinks I'm a regular night hawk if I'm not abed and asleep by ten o'clock," he explained as lightly as possible, wishing that Uncle Bob's eyes were not so keen, and wondering what else Mat had said.

Fortunately, Uncle Bob was not inclined to follow the subject any further, but began to talk of his ranch and of the rough but wholesome life that he was leading.

"I'll have to get you out there for a summer, Elbert," he said. "It would do you a world of good after a summer in college."

That was the chance suggestion that ended in Elbert's going to Wyoming for two months at the end of the first year in college. Day after day he rode over the great ranges with his uncle, or climbed the mountain trails. His face bronzed his shoulders broadened, his whole frame filled out. His thought of the coming year's work with satisfaction; it would be play, with this splendid new strength coursing through his veins. It was with less satisfaction that he thought of Glenn West and the varied "attractions" of Omaha. Somehow here, under the great dome of the sky, with the solemn mountains looking down upon him, they did not seem so attractive as he had found them the winter before.

One day he and Uncle Bob halted their horses on a low hill and watched a freight train dragging its slow length through the valley below them. Over the roofs of the cars a brakeman was walking toward the rear of the train. Elbert laughed.

"There's a fellow who's going in two directions at once."

"Yes, in a way," Uncle Bob assented. "But the walking he's doing counts for very little. He's really going the way the train is taking him."

He was silent for a moment, studying his nephew's bronzed face. "Elbert," he said, "do you really like the sort of fun Omaha offers you nights."

Elbert started and flushed under his tan.

"You see, I know something about it," his uncle went on. "I've been a young man myself, and I picked up a little information from some of the fellows at the college and I caught a glimpse of you in Omaha that night. Do you really think, Elbert, that your membership in the Y. M. C. A. is going to carry you very far when there's such a strong pull in the other direction?"

Elbert was not ready to answer that question at once.

"I see your point, Uncle Bob," he said at last. "You think I'm the brakeman on that train. But I've been turning things over in my mind a little since I've been out here and I believe that I can promise you that it won't be so any longer."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, October 25th, 1894

James Firstbrook has purchased the grocery business lately carried on by Mrs. John Arthurs.

W. H. Storey & Son are erecting a new beam house for their tannery.

Mr. James Brown shipped 25,000 feet of basswood lumber to New York and about 50,000 to Toronto recently.

Mr. John Johnson, lot 1, con. 6, Garafraxa, left a Peerless Avoy potato at this office which weighed 4 lbs. 2 oz.

Mr. N. Reid's, Erin, crop of potatoes are said to be producing about 200 bags per acre, which at 50c. per bag, would make about $100 per acre and the field is large. One potato weighs 4 lbs., two about 3 lbs., and 27 make a bushel.

The School Board has directed that all children having chicken pox be required to remain away from school until they are free from the ailment.

Magistrate Jaffa, of Hamilton, in convicting two boys of breaking windows, imposed a fine, but their parents were notified that it would be remitted if they would be adequately punished. Accordingly the fathers applied the cane to them in open court and saved the fine. This is different from an official thrashing the child, and the neglectful parent is punished as well as the child.

Mr. A. C. Elliott, teacher of Bannockburn School, has purchased the Wiarton Echo, and purposes entering at once in his new business.

Mr. J. Newton, of Limehouse, has shipped 175 barrels of apples to Winnipeg.

Jessie Keith, near Listowel, was found not far from the railway track having, it is believed, been murdered by a tramp.

Mr. William Forbes has removed his family from Huntsville to Actos, where he has purchased a property in Cook's Survey from Mr. W. P. Campbell.

The medical attendants of Rev. G. B. Cooke, who is in Chicago, are of opinion that instead of catarrh of stomach, as at one time supposed, that a seed of some kind has lodged, and is growing in the stomach. Carbolic acid is being administered to destroy, if possible, the germ.

BORN

MATTHEWS—In Acton, on October 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Matthews, a daughter.

MARRIED

LAMB-SWANSON—In Wrangosa, at the home of the bride's parents, on October 17th, by Rev. D. Strachan, Mr. John Lamb, Limehouse, to Miss M. Swanson.

CAMERON-THOMPSON—At Rockwood, on October 17th, by Rev. F. Baker, Norman Alex. Cameron to Mary Annie Thompson, both of Georgetown.

DIED

FAREWELL—In Rockwood, on October 22nd, James Farewell, aged 78 years.

SERIOUS STATEMENTS

To the Editor:

At a national convention of men whose business it is to deal with the insane and with nervous and mental diseases, in Chicago, the following resolutions were passed:

"Whereas in the opinion of the alienists and neurologists of the United States, in convention assembled, it has been definitely established that alcohol, when taken into the system, acts as a definite poison to the brain and other tissues; and

"Whereas the effects of the poison are directly or indirectly responsible for a large proportion of the insane, epileptic, moral and physical degeneracy, and

"Whereas the laws of many States make alcohol freely available for drinking purposes and therefore cater to the moral degeneration of the people, and

"Whereas many hospitals for the insane and other public institutions are now compelled to admit and care for a multitude of inebriates; and

"Whereas many states have established separate colonies for the treatment and re education of such inebriates with great benefit to the individuals and to the commonwealth, therefore be it

"Resolved that we unqualifiedly condemn the use of alcoholic beverages and recommend that the various state Legislatures take steps to eliminate such use; and be it further

"Resolved, that we recommend the general establishment by all states and territories of special colonies or hospitals for the care of inebriates; and

"Resolved that organized medicine should initiate and carry on a systematic and persistent propaganda for the education of the public regarding the deleterious effects of alcohol and the securing of adequate legislation."

Mr. Editor, when we consider that the above resolutions were passed unanimously by a large body of specialists of large experience, is it not time that everyone who has the welfare of our country at heart should do his part in educating the public on this question?

H. ARNOTT, M. B., M. C. P. S.

GERMAN NAMES CHANGED INTO ENGLISH

Nearly 300 Germans in England have changed their names for British ones by legal process since the beginning of the war. All who have done this are either British-born or naturalized British subjects. No alien is granted legal authority to change his name. The following are a few of the German names and the British names which have replaced them, as they appear in the register kept at the Law Courts:—

Klussmann—Maclaren.
Rosenthal—Rodney.
Kolsch—Bathurst.
Howitz—Howard.
Schnauck—Maymon.
Schwerd—Vincent.
Stohwasser—Stowe.
Gruntwag—Grantway.
Koenig—Kingsley.
Dunklebuhler—Duncan.
Schurlish—Shirley.
Welschenk—Wynne.
Kicholz—Eccles.
Kuss—Cuss.
Bruaggemeyer—Bridges.

A few people contented themselves with simply translating their German names. Thus, "Schloss" became "Castle," and "von Schwarz" becomes "Black." The most effective expression of change of name nationality, and loyalty is perhaps, that of the man who substituted "King" for "Kaiser."

A natural born gambler can't help it and wouldn't if he could.

THE ROAD TO FAME

The road to fame is long and steep
No coward foot can stand it.
None but the brave the way can keep;
None but the brave command it.
No weakling ever gains the height,
However much he yearns to;
For he, when obstacles affright,
The paths of ease returns to.

The road to fame is long and rough,
And only brave men make it,
Men who can stand to each rebuff
And undiscouraged take it.
No coward foot can tread the way
Where fame is brightly shining.
Its glories are for men to-day
Who suffer without whining.

—Detroit Free Press.

DEMOCRACY.

In my own country we are growing more and more to believe that the only safe rule in a democracy is to give the people themselves the right after due deliberation to decide finally on every subject which they deem of vital importance. The public servants—legislators, executives and judges alike—must be in very fact the servants of the people. The people must have the right to make and unmake those public servants in order to hold them strictly accountable for their stewardship. They must also have the right on their own initiative to pass upon laws which the legislature has passed or which it has refused to pass if the legislature does not correctly represent them. Finally the people must not surrender to the judiciary any more than to the executive or legislative branches of the government the final decision as to what laws they are to be permitted to have. —Theodore Roosevelt to Argonautians.

HEKINS

How is the beautiful fallen? The joy of the eye and the wonder of the heart, demolished, ground into the dirt by the boorish heel!

The destruction of human life is frightful enough, but viewed from the angle of history and posterity, it has its alleviation, in that all men must die, and war but wholesales and hastens the inevitable. In ten years from now as many men of the two armies would have died natural deaths as are slaughtered in battle.

But not so with the cathedral. It can never be replaced. It has but one epoch and when gone is gone forevermore.

The supreme thing of beauty among all man's handiwork, the Gothic cathedral is a joy forever. Centuries, not years, are here. The more the gray arms of age envelop her the more beautiful she becomes. "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." A thousand years render her more charming than when she stood snow-white, new from the builders' hands.

Nothing reveals the irredeemable barbarity of war so much as the shelling of the Cathedral of Rheims. If there is one point upon which civilized and cultured people are supposed to differ from ancient Huns and Vandals it is their regard for works of genius.

To batter down this hoary stonedream was an act of spiteful savagery equal to that of the Gauls who knocked the noses off the statues they found in Rome.

It is not France that is wounded by this amazing act of vandalism; it is civilization itself. For the Gothic churches no more belong to any one state nor church, but to mankind.

No price can pay for this. All the money in the world cannot replace it. For the loveliest thing about it was the clustered years, the brooding centuries. If its replica should be moulded of solid gold and set with all the gems of India, it would be cheap and gaudy compared to the venerable stones now broken.

The world of art and culture, all that stratum of humanity above the ignorant and brutish is stricken with horror at this new proof of the utter viciousness of war.

Again I say, that more than by the killing of men, militarism has shown, by the violation of this sweet Rose of the World, its hideous heart.

Some means should be found to obtain the name of the military bandit who was responsible for the order to train guns upon the cathedral, that his name might be pilloried forever in special infamy along with the names of Cain, of Judas and of Nero.

The whole earth mourns the loss of Rhalms as they that weep for their first-born.

Bitter are the hearts and salt the eyes of all men everywhere as they turn to God and cry:

"How long, oh Lord, how long?"

—By Dr. Frank Crane.

SENSITIVE

A catalogue of farming implements sent out by the manufacturer, finally found its way to a distant mountain village where it was evidently welcomed with interest. The firm received a carefully written, if somewhat clumsily expressed letter from a Southern "cracker" asking further particulars about one of the listed articles.

To this in the usual course of business was sent a typewritten answer. Almost by return mail came a reply:

"You fellows need not think you are so all-fired smart, and you need not print letters to me. I can read writing."

The worms that infest children from their birth are of two kinds, those that find lodgment in the stomach and those that are found in the intestines. The latter are the most destructive, as they cling to the walls of the intestines and if not interfered with will work havoc there. Miller's Worm Powders dislodge both kinds and while expelling them from the system serve to repair the damage they have caused.

Makes Breathing Easy.—The constriction of the air passages and the struggle for breath, too familiar evidence of asthmatic trouble, cannot daunt Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. This is the famous remedy which is known far and wide for its complete effectiveness even under very severe conditions. It is no untried, experimental preparation, but one with many years of strong service behind it. Buy it from your nearest dealer.