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Doelry.

THE WAR OF THE NATIONS

linevo follows that fell in the forious flg! And the spartan oath that bound them

God pity the boys whom we hoped to-day Would make the men of to-morrow ! Through the mud and the blood they marching away. To swell the ranks to the frightful fray That is filling the world with secrew. and pity the feur ones who watch and And weep and pine and languish

With burdens too heavy, and griefs.

To be longer borne in their said estate

Of bittornoss, woo and angulali. And the dawn of Peace implete. When the clouds shall clear from the murky skies, And that brighter and happier day arise

-Rev. O. W. Rell BUSINESS MAN'S CREED

When the nations learn war no more.

He noble, that is more than wealth! do right, that is more than place ! then in the spirit there is health. and gladness in the face.

Belect Yamily Heading

LUNCHEON FOR TWO

stoop and thin gray hair. His garaients were slifny with wear, the sleeves of his coat being fairly slippery in their threadhare state. But there was little trace of the infirmities of age in his strong features and the sharp glance of the gray eyes beneath the shaggy brows. Those sharp gray eyes turned towards the dingy old clock over the dingy old mantel. was just noon. There was a door that opened into the counting-room and its upper half was glass. Through this trans parent medium the old man could keep a watchful eye on his employees. It saved sudden incursions into the outer room Those clerks and bookkeepers never knew when the elections eyes of the grim old master were turned in their direction. There was no loitering or any other form of relaxation in that husy counting room

From the clock the old man'ageze turnod to the door. The deaks were deserted. It was luncheon hour. He arose from his creaty swivel chair and crossing the room pulled down a shade that covered the glass. Then he turned back to his deak and producing a small percel wrapped in newspaper opened it and disclosed an apple and a few bisquits. He spread them out on the paper and fell to munching them. He was gnawing at the apple where light raput the counting-room door drew his attention-At first he was inclined to believe that his ears had deceived him. Then the rap came

again, rat, tat, tat. "Come in," he cried, und there was noth ing auggestive of hospitality in the peremptory. "Come in." A hand fumbled with the knob and the the door awang open. A child was stand

ing on the threshold a little girl with sunny ourle and a dainty pink frock. "How do you do?" said the astonishe

vision. "Are you pretty well! So am I thank you." And she made him a fuseinating smile. "Where did you come from?" growled

"I comed from out here," replied the little maid. "I pooked through the glass under the curtain." She laughed merrily "And I thought you was a big ogre eating all by yourself. You don't eat little girls, do you?" He yielded for a moment to the witchery of her smile.

"Not when they are good little girls," he gruftly said. The child laughed merri-"You's a sploudid ogre," she oried and clapped her hands. "Much bettern pape.

"What's you eatin't" He heatily pushed the biscults and the remains of the spyle saids. "My lunchoon," he answered, "but you

haven't told me where you came from." Othe special courses in Presch and German give an absolutate pure pronunciation.

If was surprised at himself for showing the presches refer to the presches refer to the surprised at himself for showing this interest in the child. "I comed down presches value in view of the expansion, in the presches value in view of the expansion, in the bear future, of Canada's foreign trade.

If was surprised at himself for showing this interest in the child. "I comed down to see pape," she answered. "Mama bear future, of Canada's foreign trade. brought me an' left me here 'cause she's goin' a shoppin' and there's bly growds and little girls might get hurt. An' I brought nana's lunch and mamma will call for ma. An' I'm to keep awful still cause the man papa works for is very cross and he can't bear to have children 'round. Please can't come in a wee lit further ?" "Come in, if you want to," said the old

nan a little ungraciously. Blie smiled as also slowly advanced. "It always mays to be polite," she said, "that's what mama telle me. If I had said. Can I come in ! without any please you might have said. 'We do not want no little pirls 'round here to-day, they're such a nulsunca.' And, basido, I was a little tired ataying out there all alone. 'Cause v. ase pape had to go to the Customs House bout something portlokler an I'm mos sure I heard a big rat under the deal

brushin' his whiskers." She came quite close to him and lasned against the ancient haircloth chair that atooil by his deak. "Who is your father?" the old mar "My paper How Mr. Fenton, Mr. Russal Penton. Bo you know him? He's a

"Yes, I know him. And did be tell you to come in here und see me !" "Mercy, no!" cried the child. mild I wan to keep very quiet and he would by kind of joking, wasn't it Y! be back as soon as he pould. An' I mid; 'An't you goin' to cat your 'dryly. was and the order of the order of the series with the series of the seri

have time. An' I said it was a shame to waste such a nice lunch and he laughed and said, 'You eat it.' But after I beard that rat I didn't seem to feel hungry." With the dead and the dying around sparkled. Please will you watch through the door very close for just a minute? If Still clinging to country with courage and the rat reas you looking be won't come out. Just a minute," and she turned und trotted into the counting-room. In a moment the was lack again with a cardboard box. "Here's the lunch." She

> "Lot you and me out it," also said. He shook his houl. "Est it yourself," he muttered. "I can't out it all," she cried. "I'm not greedy. It's very nice. Manus took huch pains with it. Let's divide. What's

looked at him and half closed her eyes.

yours?" He liesitated, Then he pushed his apple and blacult into view. "My papa had it once," she said. . "Had what Y". "Dyspepsy. He couldn't cat hardly

nything neither." "I sat quite enough," the old man dryly marked. The child looked at him curlously.

"You're pretty thin," she said.

he I'd be protty thin, too, if I lived apple and blecults. An' now it's my turn. It?" Bee this." And she whisked the cover off He did not snewer her. the hox and showed the neatly packed con "Now," she said as she drew out a sand

wich, "I'll give you this for two biscults I don't much care for blecults, but it will soom more fair." She hold the sandwich towards him. He besituted again. A frosty smile stole scross his wrinkled fros. He gravely axtended two blacuits and took the proffered

sandwich. Then he bit a goodly place "Very good," he said. "Mama made 'em Lerself. Papa saya she's a daluter at making sandwiches But, then, I think mamas always make

things lietter than anyhody else can. Don't von fluit to Y' He mused with the remains of the sandwich unlifted. His face grew more gentle. "I believe it's a fact that's generally admitted." he said.

The child tooked at him with a quick "That's just the way pape talks some times," she said, "and I don't understand a word he says. But ain't we having a good

time, just you and me ?" "Why, yes," said the old man. "I think it must be a good time, although I'm afraid I'm a pretty poor judge."

The child regarded him critically. "You do look pretty poor," she said "Have another sandwich? Oh, do! An here's some chasse and a nice pickle. Yes, you must. Pups says it isn't polite to re fuse a lady. That's when mame offers him the second cup of coffee." The old man took the second sandwich, but he frowned

a little at the cheese and biscult." "litther extravegent," he growled. "That's just what pape says to mame sometimes," cried the child. "And mama says she knows be'd have hard work to floil anybody who could make a shilling further than she can. There's clothes to buy an' what we eat an' the rent. mama says she's always afreid to look the culendar in the face for foar rent day has come round again. Where do you live?" "I live in a house away from town," he

answered. "Can you swing a cat in it?"

"Bwing a cat!" They're the tiniest things. We're on the fifth floor but the portor's a real nice man. He asked me to ask my pape if he'd exchange me for two boys. An' pape said to tell him that he might do it for the two hoys and a couple of pounds of radium to wot. An' I told the porter and he said he guessed papa wasn't very anxious to trade. An' I told pape what Mr. Ryan said, an' he pulled one of my curls andseld he wouldn't

part with me for all John Ramsey's millions twice over. That's the man papa works for. Do you know him?"

The old man had frowned and then sud denly amiled.

"Yes, I've met him," he replied. "He's very rich, pape says, and he lives it alone in a great big house and he hasn't any little girl and he needs someone to take care of him and all he thinks about is money, money, money! It's too bad to be as rich as that, isn't it ?"

The old man looked hard at the child. "Money is a pretty good thing, isn't

"I suppose it is," the child replied, "But mame says it's only good for what t will buy. It's good for clothes and what you sat, said the rent. Then its good for helplog those what need helping like lame Jos and when people is sick. An' it's good to have a little in the bank for a rainy day, though I don't see what difference the rain

makes. Ain't this sponge cake good ?" "Money is very useful, then " "Tis sometimes. When mama's mama died, 'way out in the country, mamacouldn't go to the funeral 'cause pape was just getting over a fover and all our money was old man. gone, every penny, an' we owed the doctor, an' the rent. Mama oried and oried all

There was a little silence. "And what would you do if you had lote of money, child to Hhe looked up at him with her even

papa. But I'd keep a little myself." Ble amiled at him in her bewildering way. "You don't know what a lot of things you can buy for a shilling. An' then I'd keep some for a chair - the kind you wheel around-for lame Jos. He's a little boy that lives near our house and becan't never walk any more. An' he alte on the atenan' makes faces to us when we run by an' mania save its too bad somebody who has money to spare can't get him a chair like he needs, 'ouuse it would be such a happiness to blue. An' mame says maybe Mr. Rumsey would buy it and supe laughed in

he worke for, you remember." "I remember." sald the old man. "And mams said the guessed sho'd come little business talk with her. I'm thinking Russians, two Frenchmon, five Italians, spont upon remedies for at hims and wolfder, down some day and tell Mr. Ramsey about of opening up my house," "He lame Joe and pape says ale had better not. The eyes of the men in the didn't may nothin' about you. He just An' mama said she was only joking. Fun- couldn't conceal their wonderment.

HALTON'S SPLENDID JUDGING CLASS

got as much money as Mr. Ramaey It wouldn't be any trouble at all for him to buy a chair for a little lame boy, would

"How old are you?" he presently asked. "I am six. How old are you ?" He laughed in his unacoustomed way. "I'm seventy-to-day."

The child gave a little acream of de-"Mercy! It's your birthday? Oh wish I had known it. Hams could make Vouldn't it have to be a like one! think a lot of birthleye at our house.

you get many presents Y' "Not ona." Hhe looked at him with startled eyes. "Why that's too had. Illd your folks

"I haven't any folks."

The pity on her face despended. "I'm sorry for you," she said. Her little hand pushed the pasteloant box towards him. "You shall have the other cake." Then her face brightened. n't you buy some presents for yourself?"

He shook his head. "No," he answered, "I don't believe Her plance fell on the half-caten app and the bisouits.

"Perhaps you are too poor?" she solt "Yes," he unawered, "I am too noo Her little heart was touched.

"Have you worked here long?" she "Nearly fitty years." "Mercy, that's a long time. Her quick glance travelled over his threadbare suit. Maybe Mr. Ramsey would give you more

He laughed again. "He seems to think I'm worth only m

board and clothes." "Doer, dear! An' he's so very rich mama an' me-and it looked so big and dark. Mama sald sho'd just like to have the care of it for a while. She'd let in th air and the sunshine, and drive out dust and the gloom, and she'd try to make life roally worth living for the lonely old man. That's what mams could do if any-

body could. You know Mr. Ramsey. What do you think about it?" He suddenly laughed. "It might be experiment worth trying," he said. he stared into the cardboard box. look at this !" he cried. "The lunch ha disappeared. I'm sure I ate more than

half of it. Come now, how much do I owe "Mercy," cried the child, "you don' owe me anything. I couldn't eat it all and papa didn't have time. I hope you liked

"It was the best luncheon I have eaten or years." said the old man. "I'll remember and tell mama that. She will be pleased. And how she'll laugh

when I tell har you asked what you owed The old man put his hand deep in hi pocket and drew out an ancient leather nocketbook. From this he extracted banknote and smoothed it on his knos.

Do you know anything about the price of these things!" The child's eyes sparkled as also stary at the note. "You, you," she answered. went and found out. You can get the kind

of chair Joe wants for 815. An' a real good chair, tou. passports necessary and a special train of "Horo's twenty-five dollars," said the old man. 'Just tell Joe it's a present from you. What's your name?"

He watched her with an amused smile as she quickly draw a tiny purse from the nooket in her frock and tucked the note into it. Then, when the little purse was restored to its place, also looked up at the

going to give you a kiss. I always give "put 'em down." papa a kias when be's nice." The old man flushed a little. "Just as you please," he said.

Then she besitated. "But didn't you need that money for yourself " He shook his houl. "I think I can spare it," be answered Then came an interruption.

"It's pape," cried the child. The old man looked around. "Well. Venton ?" "I trust she hasn't bothered you, sir ?"

"We haven't bothered each other a bit, cried the child. The old man shook his bead. "No," he answered, "not a lit." Then such a funny way | Mr. Ramsey is the man | he looked back to the doorway. "Fonton," be said, "when your wife comes for the child tell her please, that I want to have !

> "I'll tell bor, sir," "And Fenton !"

mother Education ... Mount Artel Marteline.

Till the hirds were tired, and the saw went Hho sought a four leaf clover. For four-leaf clovers bring back, they say : And patchwork "stints" and dishes Woro tiresome duties every day.

Allo wanted some fairy wishes! With dishes unwashed and "stint" undone. She trampled back home in the gloom-

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER

No four-leaf clover-no, nover one Was there to be had for her rounding ! A little mail in a glagham gown Had washed all the digner dishes.

Had finished her "stint" ero the sun we Undrouming of fairy wishes! When, just at her feet as she raced in play. The blossoming meadows over, the found what the other had sought a

His found, yes, a four-leaf clover!

TWENTY YEARS AGO from Our Issue of the Free Press on Thursday, May 16th, 1805

The mercury dropped on Saturday after the thunderstorm from 78' at noon to 48

Mr. George Wilds caught a splendid speciation of wild good near his home on Armsa Street the other morning. Mr. Donald Mann has returned from Hillshurg and is now engaged building a

residence on his farm south of Fairy Lake, to be a vensered terra cotta brick. There was general damage by frost in many parts on Saturday and Sonday. The Gualph District Mosting met in the

Methodist Church on Monday and Tues-The family of Mr. W. H. Walker, o Mitchell, have moved to town. Rev. Dr. Paton, the venerable mission ary to the New Hebrides, who was in Knox Church here a couple of years ogo,

writes to the press since his arrival home. thankful that he was "used of field to draw forth the liberality of his people, that I am able to hand over to our church and mission nearly \$150,000. I had joy in so working for Jeaus, my Church and mission. and of getting the sympathy and help of very many of His dear servants in many

branches of the church." THEIR PISHING TRIPS

It is a very sweet thing to be a maker of the right sort of memories. The other day I beard a middle-aged mun speaking of the fishing trips he had taken every year with his father, since he was a lad of tive. "Yes, we began to make these trips when I was no older than my little George.

he said. "One of my parlicat memorius in of going with father to fish in a little brook At the corner of tirand Avenue a young on the farm. Then after we moved from the farm our excursions were to more distant places-a little lake a few miles "Why, Mr. Lucy," she exclaimed, "what away from the village, necesitating a good, brisk walk and involving all sorts waste to watch a sunset alone"-and the of confidential conversation and discussions of my young interests, sometimes

we made a trip to the river. Before we knew it, it had become a yearly institution, this fishing trip. Sometimes we went several times in a year, but always at least once. We have never let twelve months pass without a jaunt together, in all these

ment with us, you see.'

As I looked at the kindling face of the to has broken the engagement because she man who spoke and then at the countly thinks he doesn't care any longer, and he bright face of his father, I thought what a pity it was that more such "sentiments" are not being perpetuated by other some and their fathers. "I was very much afraid that I could sot got away from the office this summer. continued the son. "our company has been

> when it came to the point of deciding, I couldn't break our record, and we have certainly had a good two days of it, have we not, father " "We certainly have," said the older man. "We have never had better fishing

so daluged with work since spring, but

than this time, either, but after all, that's a small part of it. As Ned says, it has become a matter of sentiment with us." And, ch, how such "sentiment" pays -- to look back upon in the after years as well as to enjoy in the present! In the case of this father and son, it should be stated that the latter has been obliged to make an annual cleven-hour journey from another State in order to keep up the sweet, cluseendeared custom, his wife and four children

gladly speeding him on his way, that the sontiment be "kept up."

question had been provided with all the ORIGIN OF A PHRASE Long ago salt was very scarce und valuable, and as a favor to their soldiery the old Romans used to give them part of their pay in salt, the Latin word from which it comes being sal. Later suit bucame more common, and the entire amount of wages was raid in money, that part which had formerly been paid in salt being called the salarium, from the Latin word meaning "salt money." Thus, finally, our word "salary" came into uso. From this old Roman oustom comes our expression "He is not worth his salt," mouning that he is a laxy, worthless fellow, who does not

earn what he is paid. One of the first lessons of life is to burn our own smoke : that is, not to inflict on sitaklers our personal sorrows and potty morbidises, not to keep thinking of ourselves as exceptional cases. Have we

Health cannot be looked for in the child received from his superior officer at the ferers are restored to healthfulness, all the discomforts and dangers of worm infection "War has been declared. Arrest all are removed, and satisfactory growth is

> Relieves Asthma at Little Expense .-Thousands of dollars have been vainly ogo's Asthma Romedy, despite its sasurance of benetit, costs so little that it is within reach of all. It is the national remedy for astluma, far removed from the



These young men were organized by District Representative Hare, and spent two weeks at Milton last winter

PLAYING WITH FIRE

"Dear," the older woman said, "I am afraid that you are going to think that it at air p. sn. is none of my business, but you have been as close as a daughter to me since your day. mother died, and I must say it. Don't play with fire Anice. Home one is sure t got lurat."

The girl flushed deeply but she was

iquest to pretend not to understand. "That's exactly what I am not doing Miss Helens I" she cried, "Hou't you see that's just why I am so proud of it? He cause, the very first thing, Mr. Incy toli mo that he was ongaged. He was so honorable about it ! He said that he had very many lonely evenings, and a-ked if I would let him call once in a while. Why, Miss Helens, you don't understand-you

the time. Hhe would be just glad if she could lear us. And when we are not talk icu of her it's books or music. It's one o the frankost, most perfect commulashins ever knew, and it's perfect because the position is so clearly defined. Now, Miss Hel enn, planes." Misa Holons lovingly returned the girl

as also watched the slauler figure down the street. Her heart ached for girls, protty gay, isnoont girls everywhere, playing so unceremoniously with danger. Most of all she was troubled over this girl, child of her dearest friend. If sorrow should come to

Anles, with her face lifted to the sunset

man met her, his face brightening. Her own face lighted with frank pleasure. a nice happening. It's always such a It was two months later that Miss Hel-

one returning from a round of calls found Anice waiting for her. what Is the matter !"

save it is better so because-" catching her breath.

come off :

hain't yo' ?'

thought-I never dreamed-I was honest-Miss Helens. Ols take me away some-

"There is a lame boy whose name Joe," he slowly said. "He needs a chair

He stooped and she touched the wrinkled check with her line "You's a very nice man," she said

"Elale," a voice called from the door

"It sounds so to me," said the old man "You may leave the child here until

oun't, or you wouldn't have anothen of it We talk of her, "his little girl," most of

affootionate carese, but her eyes were grave

was not thinking of sorrow. Blie was thinking of her music, her club girls, a possert she had attended with Mr. Lacy. her new gown, a dozen happy girtleh things. Anice's life was full of happy things.

"Why child," she exclaimed, and then catching sight of the girl's face, "lear, Anice lifted her haggard eyes. "Oh, it's thirty-live years. It has become a sentidreadful !" she mosned. "I can't under stand it. The girl Mr. Lany was engaged

The girl's head went down upon her arm Miss Helens touched the bright heir softly. "And you, Anice Y' she asked and wait-Anice's voice came brokenty : "I never

where ! Maybe then it will come right for

The Journal Dos Debuts in Paris talls an

ansodote of the seige of Paris that did not

"We will go to-morrow." Miss Helens CINEMA FILM NOT YET MADE

"A story is going the rounds of the Itallan prose that before the formal declaration of war an order had been given to a leading motion picture concern of Berlin to have in readiness all the material and man necessary to make a film of the Kalsar's triumphal entrance into Paris. The film was to have been displayed in all the cities of the world. The firm in

automobiles was supplied so that its representatives could keep in close touch with the imperial headquarters."

"Well, I s'pose you've read a Bible,

learned that lesson? that is subject to worms, because worms destroy health by creating internal disturodd corners of the British Empire, where Lances that retard development and cause they are comparatively free from wireless serious weakness. Miller's Worm l'owders expel wortus and are so beneticial in their officer in charge of a certain hinterland sotion that the systems of the little suf-

"Have arrested seven Germans, four two Roumanians and an American. Please if ever, with any relief. Dr. J. D. Kel-Fond mothers perpetuate many of the so. I class of doubtful and experimental prefarallons. Your dealer can surgily le.

ulf-respect if they had to may taxes on it. called smart skylings of children.

A REASON FOR HIS PAITH Au old negro, near Victoria, Texas, why was the only Baptist in the violnity, always "stuck up for his own faith" and was read with a reason for it, although he was us "Now," she said, "If you please, I'm able to read a word. This was the way be

"Yo' kin read, now kaln'tyo'?"

"Well, you never read 'hout John de

THE WAR WAS NEWS

The way they do things in some of the

telegrams, is unique, if thorough. The

With commendable promptitude the

base some time in August this message !

buomy aliens in your district."

superior officer received this reply :