

LAKELET BREEZES.

War notes are the topics of the day. We hope no stray bullets will come this way.

The lake is often the scene of moon-light picnics.

The old folks picnic will be held at the lake on Friday afternoon. We expect an exciting time.

Mr. John Clark and wife (nee Lizzie Lawrence) of Toronto spent over the civic holiday with Mr. John Lawrence, Senr.

Mr. Wm. Brown of the 20th concession left a short time ago for the West.

Mr. John Brown of the 20th concession is at present erecting a fine cement silo.

Quite a number attended the garden party at St. Paul's church last week and had a good time.

We are pleased to note a slight change for the better in the health of Mr. James Ford's little girl, who was operated upon for appendicitis about ten days ago, she being since then in a very critical condition.

The pea crop, which was looking well earlier in the season, is proving to be an almost entire failure by not podding. Some are also badly covered with lice.

It is reported that the lice are attacking the early rape.

The out-of-date fashion of dress was the costume worn by the berry-pickers this year. We hardly think the present up-to-date style of dress will ever be worn in the berry patch, as both feet are very inconvenient, besides the trails would be a nuisance by catching on twigs.

Mr. Wm. Ramage, who has always taken quite an interest in volunteer work, is expecting a call to duty.

Mr. Arthur Wells of Durham spent over the holiday at Mr. William Wilson's.

We notice that since Mr. John

Henry took unto himself a wife, that more of the senior bachelors of the 20th con. are keeping late hours in returning home from town on Saturday night. We will probably receive another surprise.

HAMPDEN.

Mr. Clarke of Owen Sound conducted the services here last Sunday and intends combining Sabbath school and service together for the coming Sunday. Although Mr. Clarke is a blind man he is very intelligent and clever.

Mr. Winzer of Bothwell and his son autoed up to see Mr. Norman Anderson last Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Winzer, Jr., and Mr. Anderson are bank clerks in the same bank at Bothwell.

Mr. Alex. Sharpe is able to be around again after a severe kick from a horse.

A few from Durham spent Sunday at the home of Mr. J. Nichol.

Mr. and Mrs. Whiteford spent an evening lately at the home of Mr. Jas. Park.

We are very glad to hear that Mr. Robert Whiteford, who has been so poorly for the last few months is gradually gaining strength, and we hope to see Mr. Whiteford able to be out among us again before long.

Mrs. Andrew Derby of Bentinck spent a few days last week at her old home home, Mr. Cooper's.

Mr. Winzer and Messrs. Anderson spent an evening last week at Mr. Archie Park's.

Berry picking is the order of the day around here now. People from far and near come to pick their berries in the swamps around Hampden. There is no place like Hampden for quality and quantity.

BLYTH'S CORNER IS.

Mr. Wm. Stockley and brother of Toronto spent their civic holiday from Saturday until Monday with the Thompson family.

The pea crop, which gave such promise of a bumper yield, has resulted in most cases to be almost a failure, particularly late sown peas. Little green lice in great numbers seem to suck the substance right out of them, the late peas never even getting a

BORN.

McALISTER.—In Hamilton, Saturday, August 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Sam. McAlister, a daughter.

FIRTH.—In Durham, on Tuesday, July 28, to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Firth, a son, William Whitmore.

chance to blossom.

With the army worm doing its ravages in other parts of the country, the farmer will soon be shoved up into the corner. Truly farming now-a-days "is not a bed of roses."

The Christian Endeavor of Knox church will hold their annual event in the school yard of S. S. No. 1 on Friday evening, August 14th. A good program is being prepared and the Durham Brass Band is expected to be present. Admission to grounds and refreshments only 15c. and 10c. Everyone cordially invited to attend.

Harvesting is now in full swing, and our time is very limited for rounding up news, so kindly wait, dear Editor, "till the clouds roll by."

Mystified the Missionary.

It is well known that some of the most determined and powerful opponents that missionaries have to meet in India are those who profess to be able to work wonders such as the magicians of Egypt used to support their religion. One missionary decided to test what they could do, so he asked one of them for a demonstration of his power. The magician asked the missionary if he had a rupee. The latter produced one from his pocket, showed it and asked to hold it tightly in his hand. The juggler was seated on his carpet about six feet away from the missionary.

"Are you sure you have the coin?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"Now, then, open your hand," said the juggler.

The missionary did so with great caution, but all his caution was in vain, for there leaped from his hand a small snake, which the juggler immediately seized, at the same time taking out of his bag the rupee which belonged to the missionary!—London Family Herald.

Dreadful Dressing.

"To speak moderately, I truly confess, it is beyond the ken of my understanding to conceive, how those women should have any true grace, or valuable virtue, that have so little wit, as to disfigure themselves with such exotic garbes, as not only dismantles their native lovely lustre, but transfigures them into gant bar geese, ill shapen-shotten-shell fish, Egyptian hieroglyphicks, or at least into French flirts of the pastry, which a proper English woman should scorn with her heels; it is no marvel they wear drailles on the hinder part of their heads, having nothing as it seems in the fore part but a few Squirrels brains to help them frisk from ill favor'd fashion to another."

The modern way of dressing is dreadful, isn't it? So it was in 1645, when Nathaniel Ward, in "The Simple Cobar," wrote the paragraph quoted. —F. P. A. in New York Tribune.

A Nice Discrimination.

The subtleties of the Paris furniture dealers, to whom American millionaires lie for ancient patterns, were illustrated in a case before a civil court. In this case the plaintiff was a Frenchman, M. Balbo, who at a sale bought for \$100 a mahogany desk which was described to him as an "empire" desk. It proved, however, to be of modern make, and M. Balbo sued the seller for giving a false trade description. The defense was illuminating. It was set out that there are three ways of describing such furniture: "Empire style" means modern furniture imitated from old models; "empire furniture" indicates there is a doubt as to its origin, and "empire epoque" is the only guaranty for authentic furniture of the empire period.—Indianapolis News.

Easy Borrowing Terms.

In the course of a lecture on "Government Finances and Social Life in Japan" before the Japan society in London, Kengo Mori, financial commissioner and attaché for the imperial Japanese government, said that in the olden days gentlemen tried to keep aloof from all money transactions. Of course there were borrowers and lenders then, as there are today, and even among the Samurai class. But their agreements, if written at all, were always worded in a manner characteristic of the spirit of the times. One such agreement ran: "Dear Sir—I hereby confirm that I borrowed from you the above mentioned sum of money. Should I not repay the sum you are entitled to laugh at me in public."

Living Fish Net.

A peculiar method of fishing is employed by the natives of certain islands of Oceania. At stated intervals about 200 of them will assemble on the beach and all together plunge into the water, each carrying a branch of the cocoa palm. At a given distance from the shore they will turn toward it and form a compact half circle, each holding his palm branch perpendicularly in the water, thus forming a kind of seine. The leader of the party gives a signal, and this living net approaches the shore gradually, in perfect order, driving before it a multitude of fishes. Surrounded by this living wall and caught in the cocoa palm branches, many fish are cast on the sands, and others are killed with sticks.

The Great Lesson.

"Agatha, love, do you mean to tell me that such a little hat as that cost \$27.50?" "Geoffrey, dear, before you have been a husband many years you will learn the great lesson that the dimensions of a hat afford no criterion for judging the size of the bill."—Chicago Tribune.

Nicely Translated.

A quaint translation is that by the young Japanese who wished to turn into his mother tongue the English proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind." He evolved a translation which, being construed back into English, read, "The invisible is insane."

The Last Shot In a Feud

By F. A. MITCHEL

A girl about seventeen years old, in calico dress, sunbonnet and cowhide boots, was walking through a wood in Kentucky on her way to a spring for water when, making a short cut in a bend in the path, she came upon a man asleep. He was young, but there was a hunted look on his face that made him look older.

There was a feud of long standing between the Griggses and the Backuses, and a few days before Abel Griggs had been shot and killed by Josh Backus. Since the killing all the Griggses had been looking for Josh in order to cut another notch on their rifles to make up for the latest Backus notch, said notches denoting the number killed.

The girl was Mahulda Griggs, and she looked down on Josh Backus. He had been driven by a cordon of Griggs' men, who were closing in on him, to the wood near Mahulda's home. He knew there was no escape for him and had thrown himself on the grass in despair. Having been long without food or sleep he had fallen into a slumber.

He awoke with a start and saw Mahulda looking down on him. Each knew who the other was, though they had never met before. Josh sat up and, handing his gun stock foremost to Mahulda, said huskily:

"You're a Griggs, I reckon, and I might as well own up that I'm Josh Backus as killed Abel Griggs. I'm sure to be taken and shot. I'd rather be killed by you than any of the Griggs men, and I'll be obliged to you if you'll put a bullet into me where it will kill me quickest."

The girl took the gun.

"Reckon I ort to kill you," she said, "seein' you killed one o' the best of us Griggs people."

"Put the ball thar," said the other, rising to his feet and tapping his heart with his finger.

"What did yo' kill Abel fo'?"

"To match the killing of Jim Backus."

"Reckon yo'll be killed to match the killing o' Abel, and then another Griggs'll be killed to match the killing o' yo'."

"That's the way of it. Come, do the shootin'. Like enough, some one'll come along."

"I don't want to kill yo'," said the girl, bringing the gun to her shoulder.

"It's the best thing yo' kin do fo' me."

She aimed at him, then lowered the gun.

"Hide me! You, a Griggs, hide a Backus!"

"Reckon."

"Ef your people would find it out they'd kill yo' fo' doin' of it."

"Sartin'."

"Well, what yo' goin' to do?"

"Hide yo', I reckon."

He stepped up to her, took her hand in his and looked intently into her eyes, where he saw a struggle between pity and self sacrifice on the one hand and revenge and possible death for herself on the other. And he saw, too, the moment when the decision came.

She took off her sunbonnet and handed it to him, then divested herself of her dress, which she also gave to him. He understood and put them on. When he was in her outer garments she put on his woolen shirt, trousers and hat.

"Yo' go down the path to the spring," she said. "It's on the edge o' the clearin' what yo' kin see across. Ef yo' don't see nary one go over. Ef yo're in danger I'll show myself till yo' git clear o' em."

"But they'll shoot yo' fo' me."

"Reckon not. Ef they do they'll have to hit me."

"Mayn't I have a kiss befo' I go?" he asked with a trembling voice.

"Reckon."

She received the kiss passively; then they parted to go in different directions, the man taking the bucket, the girl the gun. When he reached the spring he filled the bucket, at the same time casting his eye over the clearing. He knew that one of the cordon of Griggses was not far away; but, seeing no one, he started across. He hadn't gone far before he heard a voice:

"Hello thar! Yo' Mahuldy! What yo' goin'?"

He kept on without replying. Presently he heard the same voice say, "Mahuldy, ef that's yo', yo' come yere or I'll shoot at yo'!"

Backus kept on without reply. Then suddenly he saw a sun flash on a rifle barrel, and for a moment he hesitated. Then came the rifle's crack, but no bullet came near him. He shuddered, for he believed that Mahulda had shown herself and had received the fire. Hearing no further sound, he ran to the wood beyond the clearing.

The Griggses, who had fired supposedly at Backus and seen him fall, ran up to him. There lay Mahulda, pale and bleeding.

Quite likely the bullet that hit her saved her life. Her own people could not kill her, and the sacrifice she had made filled their hearts with compassion. When she recovered a meeting was called among the Griggses, and Mahulda was sent to the Backuses with a proposition to end the feud. There she met Abel Backus, who had little difficulty in persuading his people to agree to drop the killing.

Some months later a mingling of Griggses and Backuses celebrated the wedding of Josh Backus and Mahulda Griggs.

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