ark's
Pork & Beans
ade beans kept whole
y by perfect baking,
their full strength.
ith delicious sauces.
have no equal.

S FOR SALE.
, Ninety Colborne Street.
T TO BUY OR SELL A
Grain or Dairy Farm
wson, Brampton, or 10
ronto.
. Colborne St., Toronto.
PERS FOR SALE.
LY IN LIVE TOWN IN
y. Stationery and Book
onnection. Price only
iberal. Wilson Publish-
West Adelaide Street.
TS WANTED.
ATLAS!
urope and World; Tabu-
Present Crisis; War
s involved; size, twenty
y fourteen. Big Money-
Gold Mine for Agents.
for complete sample
Publishers, Toronto.
ELLANEOUS.
EN PAIRS BREEDING
spondence solicited. Reid
nt.
MORS, LUMPS, ETC.,
external, cured with-
home treatment. Write
. Dr. Bellman Medical
lingwood, Ont.
VETERINARY
OLLEGE
ntrol of the Depart-
riculture of Ontario
tablished 1862.
h the University of
Toronto.
will re-open on
1st of October, 1914.
College Building, 110
e, Toronto, Canada.
ON APPLICATION.
ANGE, V.S., M.
rincipal.
m Work.
u manage to see
Some inside of two
e, we got up early,
to the shops, my
picture galleries,
the restaurants. In
compared notes."
eated.
e, Johnny, that you
of your class?
quite; just about
nt Cures Distemper.
nothing induce you
mind and marry?
diently not Reggie.
ed and failed?
GIST WILL TELL YOU
dy for Red, Weak, Watery
Eyelids; No Smarting—
rite for Book of the Eye
Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.
Monster.
ke her heart, the
jilt her?
e insisted on her
agement when she
r.
hat I have used MIN-
my family for years,
best liniment on the
and it excellent for
(Signed)
W. S. PINEO.
lleton, N.S.
d Cold.
ee grandfather's
o to war."
e I notice grand-
eg I cool down."
ROPE
d. Size 21 x 28.
resent European
— Resources, —
ng information.
Price 50 cents
press order or
Agents Wanted.
CANADIAN NORTHERN
(A) STATION
CEPT SUNDAY
West-bound
P.M.
LLE Ar. 5.15
E 4.30
ON Ar. 1.30
Lv. 4.55
LLS 1.45
A Lv. 12.15
ation Noon
gh Trains
gent or General

A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued).

Half an hour later they went slowly up the steps again. Stafford's head was still burning, he still felt confused, like a man moving in a dream. Since he had kissed her he had said very little; and the silences had been broken more often by Maude than by him. She had told him in a low voice, tremulous with love and hesitating now and again, how she had fallen in love with him the day he had rowed her on the Lake; how she had struggled and striven against the feeling, and how it had conquered her. How miserable she had been, though she had tried to hide her misery, lest he should never come to care for her, and she should have to suffer that most merciless of all miseries—unrequited love. She seemed as if she scarcely wanted him to speak, as if she took it for granted that he had spoken the truth and that he had loved her; and as if it were a joy to her to bare her heart, that he might see how devotedly it throbbed for him and for him alone. Every now and then Stafford spoke a few words in response; he scarcely knew what he said, he could not have told what they were ten minutes after they were said; he sat with his arm round her like a man playing a part mechanically.

In the same condition he moved beside her now as arm in arm they entered the house, he looked straight before him with a set face, a forced smile, she with now raised, now drooping eyes glowing with triumph, a flush on her usually pale face, her lips apart and tremulous. The ball was breaking up, some of the women had already gone to the drawing-room or their own apartments; a stream of men were making their way to the billiard-room from which came the popping of champagne-corks and the hissing of syphons. As they entered the hall, Howard came lounging out in his leisurely way, from the drawing-room, and at sight of him Stafford seemed to awake, to realize what he had done and how he stood. He looked from Howard to Maude, then he said:

"Howard, I want you to congratulate me. Miss Falconer—Maude—has promised to be my wife."

Howard did not start, but he stared in silence for an instant, then his eyelids flickered, and, forcing the astonishment from his face, he took Stafford's hand and shook it, and bowed to Maude.

"I do congratulate you with all my heart, my dear Stafford, and I hope you'll both be as happy as the happiest pair in a fairy story."

She drew her arm threw Stafford's.

"I will go up now," she said. "Good-night!"

Stafford stood until she had got as far as the bend in the stairs; then Howard, who had discreetly gone on, turned to go back to him. But as he came up with a word of wonder and repeated congratulations, he saw Stafford put his hand to his forehead and, as it seemed to Howard, almost stagger.

There are moments when the part of even one's best friend is silence, blindness. Howard turned aside, and Stafford went on slowly, with a kind of enforced steadiness, to the billiard-room. While Howard, with dismay and apprehension was looking after him, he heard "Mr. Howard!" called softly, mockingly, from the stairs, and looking up, saw Maude Falconer leaping over, with her arm extended, her hand open.

He understood in a moment, and, removing his ring as he ran up the stairs, put it on the soft, pink palm. She gave a little triumphant, mocking laugh, her hand closed over the ring, and then she glided away from him.

The smoking-room was crowded as Stafford made his way in. Through the clouds of smoke he saw his father standing at one end, surrounded by the money-spinning crew. Falconer seated in a chair near him with a black cigar between his lips. The group were laughing and talking loudly, and all had glasses in their hands. Some of the younger men who had just come from the ball-room, were adding their laughter and chatter to the noise. Dazed and confused, half-mad with rage and despair, with a sense that Fate was joining her mocking laughter with that of the men round him, Stafford took a glass of wine from the butler who advanced with it, and drinking it off held it out to be refilled. The man refilled it twice, and Stafford, his eyes aflame, almost pushed his way through the various groups to where his father stood.

"I have come for your congratulation, sir," he said, in a voice which, though not loud, was so clear as to break through the row. "Miss Falconer has promised to be my wife!"

A silence, so sudden as to be startling, fell upon the hot and crowded room; then, as Sir Stephen grasped his son's hand, a din of voices arose, an excited buzz of congratulations and good wishes. Stafford faced them all, his face pale and set, his lips curved with a forced smile, his eyes flashing, but lit with a sombre fire. There was a smile on his lips, a false amiably in his eyes, but there was so much of madness in his heart that he was afraid lest at any moment he should dash the glass to the ground and break out into cursing.

An hour later he found himself in his room, and waving Measom away from him, he went to the window and flung it wide open, and stood there with his hands pressed against his throbbing brow; and though no word came from his parched lips, his heart cried:

"Ida! Ida!" with all the agony of despair.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The hours dragged along as Stafford faced the tragedy of his life. As he paced the room or flung himself into a chair, with his head bowed in his hands, the effects of the wine he had taken, the suppressed excitement under which he had labored, passed away, and in the reaction his brain cleared, and he began to realize the terrible import of the step he had taken, the extent of the sacrifice he had made. His own life was wrecked and ruined irreparably; not only his own, but that of the girl he loved. The step he had taken was not irreparable but irrevocable; he could not go back. He had asked Maude Falconer to be his wife, he had spoken words which must have sounded to her as words of love, he had kissed her lips. In a word, he was pledged to her, and the pledge could not be broken.

And Ida! What should he do in regard to her? He had promised that if his feelings underwent any change towards her he would not go and tell her. And at that moment, he felt that the promise had not been a vain one; for he knew that he could not go to her, that at sight of her his resolution would melt like snow in the sun, that his love for her would sweep him away on a torrent of passion, and that he would be as false to Maude Falconer as he had been to Ida.

And yet he could not leave her, desert her—yes, that was the word!—without making some sign, without speaking one word, not of excuse, but of farewell. What could he say to her? He could not tell her the truth; for his father's sake that must never be divulged; he could give her no explanation, must permit her to think him base and faithless and dishonorable. There was only one thing he could do, and that was to write to her. But what could he say?

He went to his writing-table and took up a pen. His hand was cold as ice and shaking, and he held it before him until it grew steadier. At the best of times, Stafford was not much of a letter-writer; one does not learn the epistolary art either at public schools or the 'Varsities, and hitherto Stafford's letter-writing had been confined to the sending, or, accepting of invitations, a short note about some meet, or horse dealing. How was he to address her? She was his dearest still, the only woman in the world he had loved or ever would love, but he dared not call her so, dared not tell her so. He wrote her name, but the sweet word seemed to look up at him reproachfully, accusingly; and though he had written only that name, he tore up several sheets of paper, and at last, in desperation, scarcely knowing what he was writing, he wrote quickly, hurriedly, and without pausing, the following lines:

"I am writing you this because you made me promise that if anything happened, let it be what it might, to separate us, I would not come and tell you. Something has happened. I have discovered that I am not only unworthy of calling you mine as any man in the world, even the best, would be, but that I am unworthy in the sense that would justify you in the eyes of your father, of everybody belonging to you, in sending me adrift. If I could tell you what it is you would understand and see how great a gulf yawns between us. You would not marry me. I can never be anything to you but a painful memory. Though you know how much I love you, you will never guess what it costs me to relinquish all claim to you, to tear myself away from you. But I must do so—and for ever. There is no hope, none whatever, for me. I do not ask you to forgive me—if I had known what I know now I would rather have died than have told you that I loved you, but I do ask you to forget me; or, if you remember me, to think of me as the most wretched and ill-fated of men; as one who is bound hand and foot, and compelled, driven, along a path against his will. I dare not say any more, dare not tell you what this sacrifice costs me. Whether you forget or remember me, I shall never forget you for a single instant, shall never cease to look back upon my lost happiness, as a man looks back upon a lost heaven.

"Stafford."

He read it over a dozen—twenty times, and every time it seemed weaker, meaner, less inexplicable; but he knew that if he destroyed it he could write nothing better, nothing that could satisfy him, though it seemed to him that his heart would have expressed itself more fully if he had written only, "Good-bye! Forget me!"

At last, and reluctantly, he put it in an envelope and addressed it, and turned it face downwards on his table, so that he might not see the name which had such power to torture his heart.

He was, as a rule, so moderate in drinking that the wine he had taken, supplemented by his misery, made him feel physically ill. He shuddered with cold as he swam out he felt, for the first time in his life, a slight twinge of cramp. At another time he would have been somewhat alarmed, for the strongest swimmer is absolutely helpless under an attack of cramp, but this morning he was indifferent, and the thought struck him that it would be well for him if he flung up his arms and went down to the bottom of the Lake on the shores of which he had experienced such exquisite joy, such unutterable misery.

He met no one on his way back to the house, and went straight to his room. The swim had removed some of the traces of that night's work, but he still looked haggard and worn, and there was that expression in his eyes which a man's wear when he has been battling with a great grief or struggling against an overwhelming fate.

As Measom was dressing him he asked himself how he should get the letter to Ida—the only letter he had ever written her, the only letter he would probably ever write to her. He decided that he would send it over by Pottinger, whom he knew he could trust not only to deliver the letter, but to refrain from telling anyone that he had been sent with it. He put it in the pocket of his shooting-coat and went down-stairs, intending to go straight to the stables to find Pottinger; but as he went through the hall, Murray, the secretary, came out of the library, and Sir Stephen caught sight of Stafford through the open door, and called to him. Stafford went in, and his father rose from the table on which was already piled a heap of letters and papers, and taking Stafford's hand, laid a hand on his shoulder.

"You are early, my boy," he said. "I did not expect to see you for hours yet; couldn't you sleep? You look rather tired, Stafford; you were late last night, and—ah, well! there was some excuse for a little excitement and exultation."

He smiled whimsically, as a father does at a son who has for once gone beyond the strict bounds of moderation and looked upon the wine cup too often.

"Yes, I've rather a head on this morning, sir," said Stafford, quietly, accepting the suggestion as an excuse for his ill-looks. "I drank and smoked, last night, more than I usually do. You look as fresh as usual, sir," he added, with unconscious irony.

Sir Stephen threw up his head with a short laugh.

"Oh, my work wasn't finished last night, my dear boy!" he said. "And Murray and I have been at it since seven o'clock. I want to put some of these papers straight before Griffenberg and the rest leave to-day."

"They are going to-day?" said Stafford.

"Oh, yes; there will be a general exodus. A great many of the people were only staying until we could be sure we had pulled this railway scheme through. Falconer and his daughter—I beg your pardon, my dear Stafford, I mean Maude!—talked of going to-day. But I persuaded them to stay until to-morrow. I thought you would like to go to London with them."

He smiled as a father smiles when he is planning a pleasure for his son.

"Yes, I should like it," said Stafford, quietly. "But could I leave you here?"

"Oh, yes," said Sir Stephen. "The others will entertain themselves. Besides, it was an understood thing you should be free to go and come as you pleased. Of course, you would like to go with Maude."

"Of course," echoed Stafford, his eyes on the ground. As he was leaving the room his father took a letter from the table, held it up and dropped it.

"You'll be wanting to buy a little present for your lady-love, Stafford," he said. "I am placing a thousand pounds to your credit at your bank, I don't know whether you'll think that is enough—"

"Quite enough," said Stafford, in a low voice. "Thank you! You are very generous—"

Sir Stephen winced and held up his hand.

"What is mine is yours from this moment, my dear Stafford," he said.

Stafford went out by the door at the other end of the hall, and made his way to the stables. Just as he was crossing the lawn the temptation to ride over to Heron Hall and leave the note himself assailed him strongly. He took the letter from his pocket and looked at it wistfully. But he knew that he dared not run the risk of meeting Ida, and with a sigh he went on towards the stables, carrying the note in his hand. And as he turned away Maude Falconer let fall the curtain which she had raised at her window so that she might watch him. She stood for a moment with her dressing-gown held together with one white hand, her lids half closed.

"He has written to her," she said to herself. "Has he broken with her for good, or will he try and keep her? I would give something to see that letter, to know exactly how he stands. And how I stand! I wonder how he will send it? He is taking it to the stables." She thought a moment, then she smiled. "Pottinger!" she murmured.

Stafford found Pottinger giving the last loving touches with a silk handkerchief to Adonis. His coat and waistcoat were off, his shirt open at the neck and his sleeves turned up. He touched his forehead with a respectful and welcoming greeting, and without any surprise; for Stafford very often paid an early visit to the stable, and had more than once lent a hand in grooming a favorite horse.

"Looks well, sir, don't he?" said Pottinger, passing a hand over the glossy black and finishing up with a loving smack. "I'm rather late this morning, sir." He smiled and looked a little sheepish. "We had a little bit of a jollification in the servants' hall, on our own account, sir, and were enjoying ourselves like our betters."

"That's right," said Stafford. Something in his voice caused Pottinger to glance at him with surprise and apprehension; but, of course, he could not say anything, but he dropped his eyes respectfully after the one glance at Stafford's haggard face.

"I want you to take a letter for me this morning, Pottinger," said Stafford. "You can take Adonis; it will exercise him, as I shall not ride him to-day. Here is the letter. Heron Hall lies on the other side of the river. I want the letter taken there early this morning."

Pottinger touched his forehead.

"I know the Hall, sir; I've ridden over there with messages from the housekeeper and from Mr. Davis."

"There will be no answer," said Stafford.

"Simply leave it."

"Yes, sir," said Pottinger. "Would you mind putting it in my saddle-wallet, sir? I won't touch it till my hands are clean."

Stafford put the letter in the wallet, said a few words to Adonis and some of the other horses, and then left the stable. He heard voices on the terrace, and, to avoid meeting anyone until he was compelled, he went down the slope of the lawn, and, seating himself on a bank, lit a cigarette.

From her window, Maude Falconer, now attired in a simple but exquisitely effective morning frock, could see him. After watching him for a minute or two, she went to her writing-table and wrote two or three notes quickly, and, with these in her pocket, went downstairs and through the hall to the stable courtyard. Pottinger was still finishing off Adonis, and he drew himself up and saluted as she entered the stables. As a rule her manner to the servants and to inferiors was cold and haughty, but, as Stafford had discovered last night, she could be soft and gentle when she chose, and now she smiled at Pottinger and the horse in a fashion that almost dazzled that ingenuous youth. At the same time her eye had noted Pottinger's coat and waistcoat which hung on a hook at the stall-post with the saddle-wallet slung over them. The coat was an old one with gaping pockets, and there was no sign of a letter in them, or in the waistcoat. Instinctively, she knew that it was in the wallet.

(To be continued.)

NOBLE RED CROSS NURSE.

Duchess of Sutherland Doing Hospital Work in Belgium.

English and Belgian doctors and nurses are co-operating in hospital work in the theatre of hostilities. The active superintendent of trained nurses is Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, who wears the white blouse, pinafore, and capote with the little red cross in front that makes up the workmanlike uniform of the French "secour aux Blesses."

She is very appreciative of the way she has been welcomed, with Miss Gavin, when she travelled from Paris to Brussels as a member

The Duchess of Sutherland.

of a party of French nurses. They found a special train waiting at the frontier, and the Belgians cheered whenever they caught sight of the travellers. When they arrived at Brussels the travellers found that the Belgians had evolved a remarkable ambulance organization.

The Duchess wants the English wounded treated in Brussels instead of being sent home. "They would be better off here," she said, "for it is a healthy city, and they could be sent home or back to the front so easily when fit again. Money would be well spent on having these men looked after here."

"How much do you propose?"

The Duchess said that she proposed to raise $25,000 for her work.

Did you ever think what a lot of good you might have done had you begun yesterday instead of waiting until to-morrow.

HOME

Hints on Canning.

The corks of the catsup and grape juice bottles pop, the catsup grows dark almost as soon as made, the pickles soften at this season of the year, which is most favorable to the growth of microscopical and invisible forms of life. The housekeepers write asking the reasons for all this, little realizing that they are asking questions which have puzzled and occupied the minds of the greatest scientists of the last fifty years.

The harm is done before many housewives begin to think about it. There are many imperceptible forms of decomposition which she cannot see until the food is wholly spoiled, but she can learn what conditions produce these and beware. She sees her pickles grow soft, her bread and cold vegetables mold. Exactly the same causes give her family cramps or worse troubles after meals. The same agents that spoil her food because they have been swallowed often bring her to play nurse during the summer season, since most of them work with enormous rapidity at the body temperature, whether they happen to be in the alimentary tract or standing exposed to summer air.

Cold ham, sausages, and fresh meat may look all right and act all wrong, when eaten, just as unclean milk does, causing all sorts of gastric troubles. It is not safe to cut out bad spots. The whole must be thrown away. It is more serious to have food decompose in the stomach than in the can. The same agent accomplishes both.

Only the most scrupulous cleanliness prevents these agents from beginning work, and when they have once begun there is no saving food. This means being clean in different and more ways than housewives yet realize. It means that all who handle food must be cleaner than any, but a few are. It means that it is useless to make pickles and preserves of raw materials that have been much handled and subjected to dirty air with any ordinary care.

The kitchen itself, in which preserving or pickling is done, may be spotless, but if there is a dirty garbage pail just outside, or perhaps some blocks away, breeding tiny things which throw their spores (the seeds of the lowest forms of plant life) into the light and dry summer air for the breezes to carry where they will, then the raw material to be pickled or preserved will have dirt on its surface which cannot be seen and can only be destroyed by high temperature, or what we call sterilization.

Any one can sterilize foods, to be preserved in some way by using enough temperature, and for long enough time, but both flavor and color are often destroyed by high temperature. A temperature high enough to destroy a spore in one cooking that is sometimes on peas, for instance, would cook the peas to a mush.

Sterilization means "to apply heat to destroy micro-organisms or to hinder their vegetating power," in other words to prevent this tiny vegetable form from growing and eating up our foods. Bacteria which do not produce spores can be destroyed at temperatures below the boiling point, but this point is the safest. Steam heat is better than dry heat of the same temperature because it destroys these low forms much quicker.

Different foods require different times and the same food may require a different treatment at one time from what it does another. Manufacturers have learned this to their sorrow. The same fruit grown in different localities also requires different treatment. It is harder to sterilize foods in glass than in tin; a high temperature is required and this must reach the centre and be held there.

Though not always so regarded, cleanliness and proper disposition of waste materials are great factors in sterilization.

Some processes which are good for perfect vegetables or fruit without bruises are not good for imperfect and bruised food. Bruised materials must be carefully sterilized.

The weather often has an influence on the chemical composition of raw materials just as it does on the finest vegetables in the fields, the best corn spoiling and the best tomatoes cracking open to be mold infested shortly, in the sunshine following rain.

All fruits and vegetables should be canned as soon as possible after being picked and not allowed to stand exposed. Raw materials piled too closely soon will grow slimy as will parboiled vegetables.

It may be necessary to parboil vegetables, but if they stand exposed afterward even for twenty minutes bacteria may cause them to be bitter. Green tomato pickle sometimes is bitter on this account. Scalded and peeled tomatoes should be put in the c[illegible] soon as possible, doing on[illegible] lots at a time.

Things Worth Knowin[illegible]

To renew the lustre to [illegible] apply the white of an egg [illegible] sponge.

If a chicken or duck ia[illegible] steam it for an hour befor[illegible] ing.

If the outsides of wire [illegible] are given a coat of white p[illegible] outside world cannot see [illegible]

Apply a few drops of paraffin to a cut and it will give instant relief and assist in the healing.

Do not throw away one drop of sour milk. Many things can be made with it if one knows how.

Instead of putting the sugar on top of the fruit in pies try putting it on the bottom crust mixed with a small portion of flour, according to the juciness of the fruit.

Straw sleeve protectors, similar to those worn by butchers, are very inexpensive and answer their purpose admirably, as they are light and cool.

To remove the leaves of a head of lettuce easily, cut out the stalk and plunge the head downward into cold water, and after five or ten minutes the water will fill in between the leaves so that they will readily fall apart.

To remove red ink stains from table linen, spread freshly-made mustard over the stain and leave for about half an hour; then sponge it off and all trace of the ink will have disappeared.

When rust is stubborn, it may be removed from steel by covering with olive oil for a day, then rubbing with a lump of fresh lime and polishing in the ordinary way.

At this season of the year it is a good idea to instantly preserve any bit of fruit that is left over from the table, even if it only fills a glass; you will find it acceptable in the winter season.

The leftovers of chicken can be made into delicious shortcake. Make the biscuit crust the same as for old-fashioned shortcake. Spread the chicken between and pour gravy on the whole.

If you have light-colored blankets which are too worn to use on your beds, you can make lovely comforts by placing between sateen or pretty silkoline and tacking them together with worsted.

KITCHENER NOT HEARTLESS

AN INCIDENT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

A Reservist Tells How Famous Soldier Cut Short His Imprisonment.

"Kitchener a hard man? Well, I suppose he is. But his is such a peculiar type of hardness, that unless you have been mixed up in close relations with the man you don't 'get 'him,'' an old country reservist was speaking.

"I know something about Kitchener," he continued, "and if you have a minute to spare I'll tell you about him. To begin with, a Tommy doesn't fear Kitchener; it's the officers he keeps hustling. If two men appear before Kitchener, both wearing his Majesty's uniform, they both look alike to him, even if one of them has got stars on his shoulders. Kitchener of Khartoum doesn't look at the stars, he just looks at the men, and before they have spoken, he's got them weighed off.

"I'll tell you a little story about Kitchener, and I can tell it to you right, because it so happens that I was one of the principal characters in it. It was one of those times when the field marshal and the 'Tommy' divides the honors.

"In South Africa there were hundreds of men raised in rank, without possessing the qualifications which King's regulations insist on in time of peace. As soon as the war was over, they started to send all the non-commissioned officers who had been raised in the field, to school, to qualify for the ranks they already held. I was among them, but possessing a good education when I enlisted as a raw recruit I qualified from details for any rank I might get before I joined the regiment.

Clash with Sergt.-Major.

"Our sergeant-major was one of the finest that ever lived. He could take one of Gale and Polden's drill books and give you every word in it from the preface to the appendix. It had been the figures that had fooled him, and he had been struck off all regimental duties before the war for six months so that he could qualify.

"School started as soon as the war was over, and at the end of the first school parade the orderly sergeants were paraded at the orderly room tent to give their school reports. I, of course, was absent for the reason that I didn't have to go. He didn't know that, and on looking over 'A' Company's reports found that I, who had been jumped from lance corporal in the field to staff sergeant, was missing.

"A bellowing voice from the orderly tent called me up.

"Why was I not at school? Did I not realize that I had committed a C.O.'s crime in absenting myself? These were some of the questions that were flung at me by the pompous sergeant-major . I answered, 'Why, sir, before the war broke out I passed for the necessary qualifications to take me up to the best of warrant ranks.'

"The orderly sergeants, conscious of the story that lay behind the sergeant-major's elevation to warrant rank, gave a quiet snigger.

Injudicious Prank.

"A few nights later I went out with 'some of the boys.' I must confess that I absorbed more liquid refreshment that night than I would have done had I been going to prayer-meeting later on.

"It was fully an hour after 'lights out' had sounded that I fumbled my way back over the sand to camp. On the way back we passed the Naauport station of the Cape Government Railway. Outside were piled up some barrels of Almeira grapes. The temptation was too strong. It was but a moment's work to hoist one of them up on my shoulder and the march back to camp began. I with the barrel of grapes on my shoulder taking the lead.

"It was so soon after the war that many of the barbed wire barricades had not been removed and into one of these I stumbled the wire just catching across the face below the eyes. My comments were vehement enough to awaken the sergeant-major.

Under Arrest.

"I presented a sorry spectacle when he emerged from his tent in his pyjamas. The grapes had fallen from my shoulder and my face was badly torn and bleeding. I was put under close arrest for the charge of felony, which permits of a non-commissioned officer being placed in the guard tent. I appeared before the Commanding Officer on the double charge of drunkenness and theft, pretty bad from a military standpoint.

"I was tried, and four days later, just as the Commanding Officer's parade opened out on the sand, with the sun pouring down, the guard of the day paraded at the entrance of the tent, and I was peremptorily commanded to stand to attention, and march to the middle of the parade ground, where the regiment had assembled, forming three sides of a square. I was marched into the hollow of the three sides, the adjutant and officers filling the fourth side.

Court Martialled.

"'The proceedings of a district court marial,' commenced the adjutant as the companies were commanded to stand to attention, and the officers drew the swords, 'for the purpose of trying 6— Sergeant E—— C—— on the charge of drunkenness and theft.'

"As my name was mentioned, I felt my cap taken from my head from behind by the sergeant major, who was being particularly regimental on this occasion. I had seen other prisoners 'read out' on the square, and mechanically I stepped out bareheaded, two paces ahead of my guards. You know, if you are a good soldier, that even supposing you are hearing your own sentence read out, you wouldn't think for one moment of doing anything that would cause a hitch in the proceedings. It was for this reason that I had made a special study of how to do the right thing at the right moment, and particularly I wanted to do it without the necessity of the sergeant major telling me what to do.

Heavy Sentence.

"To cut a long story short, the adjutant finished up by stating 'and the sentence of this court is that the said —— —— be confined in the military prison at Middleburg, Cape Colony, for the period of 112 days.' This of course meant that I lost my rank, too.

"The next day I was taken over to the canvas jail at Middleburg, and was put to work on the rock pile. I omitted to say that when the proceedings went before General Lyttelton, then commanding all the troops in Cape Colony, he remitted 56 days of my sentence. I had just put in two days on the rock pile, when the Provost Marshal came to me, and, commanding me to stand to attention, said, 'Left turn, to your quarters, quick march.' I could not understand this at all, and my wonderment increased the next morning when a Cape cart arrived to convey me across the veldt to my old regiment—with permission to smoke.

Enter Kitchener.

"Again I found myself in the guard tent, and the next morning the regiment was drawn up in the same formation in which it had been three mornings previously when I was sentenced. And here is where Kitchener comes in. The officers drew their swords, the companies stood to attention, again my hat was lifted from my head as I stepped forward. Then the adjutant started to talk. The same old proceedings were read over, and then: 'Field Marshal Lord Kitchener, commanding all his Majesty's troops in South Africa, has been pleased to remit the entire sentence on Sergeant E—— C——, and adds as minute 5, If railroad companies with eatables in their charge are so foolish as to store goods in the open within a few hundred yards of an infantry regiment, the members of which are not getting any too much to eat, I can only say that they deserve to lose the said eatables. This non-commissioned officer must be released immediately.— Kitchener, F.M.'

Will Fight for Him.

"And then you tell me that Kitchener is a heartless man . Well, so he might be in some cases, but if Kitchener wants me, all he's got to do is to say so. I'll follow any man who's a hundred per cent. a man, like he showed me he was."

Told the Truth.

"That salesman prevaricated."

"As to how?"

"Said this color was fast."

"Well, did you ever see a color go more rapidly when it once started to run?"

Hard Times.

"We're having a hard time getting a jury."

"How's that?"

"The defense won't accept single men and the prosecution bars all married chaps."

ROYAL Yeast Cakes
BEST YEAST IN THE WORLD.
DECLINE THE NUMEROUS INFERIOR IMITATIONS THAT ARE BEING OFFERED
AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL EXPOSITIONS
E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED.
WINNIPEG TORONTO ONT. MONTREAL

St. Lawrence Sugar
In making jams and jellies the least expensive item is the sugar
YET the sugar is the most important ingredient because if its quality is not right, your confections will ferment, spoil, not be sufficiently sweet or be flavourless.
With St. Lawrence Sugar results are always satisfactory.
St. Lawrence Extra Granulated Sugar is sold in 2 lb. and 5 lb. sealed cartons, and in bags of 10 lbs., 20 lbs., 25 lbs., 50 lbs., and 100 lbs.
Order a bag of St. Lawrence Extra Granulated Sugar Blue Tag—the Medium Size Grain—This size suits most people best; good grocers everywhere can supply you.
St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries, Limited, Montreal.
FINE GRAIN 4-7-14 MED. GRAIN
St. Lawrence Sugar
MADE FROM PURE CANE SUGAR
COARSE GRAIN

For all Shoes Easy to USE
In Our New Patent Easy Opening Box "Twist the Coin"
2 IN 1 Popular Polishes Black, Tan and White 10c
DE POLISHES
CO., LTD., BUFFALO, N.Y. HAMILTON, ONT.

EDS is large and of best
ant good GRAIN and will
et prices.
Hay for Sale
g and Oat Crushing
Fred J. Welsh

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO