

# Down Red Rose Lane

From the Musical Comedy  
"The Newlyweds and Their Baby"

JOHN W. BRATTON

**Allegretto**

Great big sil-ver moon shining high in the sky. Lit-tle stars pop Hur-ry up, dear put on your new silken gown. Down the lane well

out and are wondering why? I'm wait-ing here to-night Out in the bright moonlight, wander to old Par-son Brown; He'll make us one to-night, I've got the ring all-right,

While lit-tle birds in their nest are a sleep-ing. It's for you, my Come on, my Rose, don't you hear me a-call-ing? I've picked out a

Ros-ie dear, a-lone I wait, Down here by the vine covered old rustic gate, cute lit-tle bun-ga-low too, Say the word, I'll buy it, my Rosie, for you,

ros-es that bloom in June-time Down red rose lane. lane.

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Come down and meet me, with kiss-es greet me, Dont be late, Come, Sun-shine or rain, dear, Down red rose lane, dear, Just we two,

**REFRAIN**

dear, ap-pear, For love-timenow is here. Come for a-ram-ble, Ro-sie,

mid per-fumed bow-ers, Down red rose lane, I'll whis-per words of

love, dear, amid the flow-ers To you a-gain; Spring-time, you know, is

ring-time, Dont let me plead in vain, Your cheeks are like the

ros-es that bloom in June-time Down red rose lane. lane.

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## THREE OF THEM

Old Mrs. Winifred Curran's delicate fingers shook as she folded the letter from her son-in-law, Edward Masters.

"I can't, I will not give her up!" she said aloud. "She's all Ned's got!" her conscience spoke, "and he only loaned her to you while he was slaving at the mines. Ned never had any happiness with Irene—that you know—and now he can make a home for his baby and wants her you ought to be willing to give her up!"

"I can't!" she repeated her voice hard. "I will not give up my baby!"

Jeannette Curran, her niece, came out upon the porch carrying a little girl of three, plump as a partridge, with alert brown eyes and a straight fringe of shining brown hair. "Who's asking you for baby, Aunt Winifred?" the girl asked.

"Ned," quavered Mrs. Curran. "He's sold his mine for a big sum. Jeannette, and bought a splendid home, and engaged a reliable woman

to take care of little Winnie, and he writes, too, he may be married soon." The delicate rose in Jeannette's cheek paled a trifle.

"I think I shall be getting married again soon," the older woman read, "but whether I shall marry or not, I've a home now for my little Winifred."

"But he shan't have her, Jeannette! I won't give up my baby!"

But Jeannette had set the clamorous little one down by her grandmother and had gone hastily to her room. Once within its shelter, she locked the door. "Married! Ned, Ned, I gave you up once, and now I thought I thought—Have I not got again to watch another woman walking to happiness over my heart? Twice in the last month Ned had been to see his baby and the last time he had walked out to the little lake with Jeannette, where they had gathered the water lilies that long ago time before he married Irene, and he had told her that he meant soon to have a home and happiness and he had looked at her with an expression that thrilled her heart.

"Oh, Ned, you were only making a

confidante of me, and I—I was silly enough to think you intended asking me to marry you and to make that home for you!"

The tears trickled through her fingers, but she would not sob aloud. Auntie must not hear.

Ned had not had a home while Irene had lived. It was more like a hell than a home—that Jeannette knew. Even Aunt Winifred realized it, though Irene had been her only child.

At the time of the accident at Rainbow river when the coaches had gone into the river, Ned Masters, a young civil engineer, had been standing on the observation platform talking to a man, handsome, spirited, bristling with hair, and a young woman to whom he had an hour before been introduced and had been struck and stunned as they were being swept into the water. Irene, a strong swimmer, had grasped the man's collar, and in another second they were swept against a tree. With her arm free she had gripped a heavy branch and somehow held on and kept Masters' head above water until their rescue. And that afternoon Masters found himself a grateful guest at the Curran home 50 miles from the scene of the accident.

On the second day he was sitting, almost recovered, in the Curran's elegantly appointed sitting room when Jeannette, Judge Curran's niece, who had come on a month's visit to her uncle, came suddenly into the room.

Nothing could have been a greater contrast than the two girls, Irene and her rich, black eyes and dusky hair and glowing, high-tinted cheeks, looked nothing so much as a gorgeous crimson poppy, while Jeannette, tall and fair, with blue eyes and a wonderful head of waving golden hair, more nearly resembled a white June garden lily.

And with the first glance Ned's heart had gone out to Jeannette in involuntary, joyous surrender.

But Irene, showing him all too plainly that unless he gave her the life she had saved her own would not be worth living, was to be reckoned with. "I saved Ned Masters' life!" she told her cousin in a fury. "I love him and I intend to marry him! What business have you trying to attract him?"

Jeannette trembled. There was a scar on Irene's upper arm, there since, when a child, her mother had insisted on obedience to a command distasteful to her, and the passionate creature had wounded herself. Tortured in love, what might she not do?

Gently Jeannette soothed her, and that evening went back to her home and her clerk's place. In six weeks Ned was married to Irene. Then he took her away to the mining regions to make the money for the luxuries she demanded. She had trampled upon his heart, rebelling at the isolation and the rough life and refusing to believe he'd profit by sticking to it.

"Jeannette was crazy about you," she told him in a fit of anger. "She'd have just loved this awful mine camp life. Why didn't you marry her?"

He had finished darkly then, but he had not answered her. When the tiny Winifred came—a replica of Ned—he had felt there was some happiness still for him but Irene,

who had rebelled and stormed before her coming, cared nothing for the little one. When the child was a year old Irene died of a fever. Then Ned took the little one to her grandmother, then widowed and living alone with Jeannette.

"I'll leave her with you," he had told Mrs. Curran, "until I have a home for her. It may be a few months; it may be several years."

And childless Mrs. Curran had come to worship the babe.

Jeannette got up at last and bathed her face and smoothed her disordered hair. "Auntie must not know," she said to herself as she unlocked her door, "how foolish I've been."

The next day Masters came, his eyes happy.

"I can't let you take little Winnie Edward," Mrs. Curran said to him. "You gave her to me."

"Mother, I can't have a home without her," he protested.

"But you'll be married," persisted the grandmother. "Your wife will make you a home."

"I haven't yet asked the woman I love to marry me," he said, "and she may not consent."

He looked at Jeannette as he spoke and the girl's heart dropping for hours, leaped with joy. He loved her! He did love her!

Next day Ned was compelled to return home without the little girl, his heart stinging with the cruel and unjust words his mother-in-law, in her anger, had spoken.

Shortly afterward, Mrs. Curran was called to court. Proceedings had been instituted against her by Edward Masters for possession of his baby daughter. Palled, and unhappy, Jeannette sat in the courtroom beside the older woman, whose defiant exterior served only to hide a bleeding heart.

When the court ordered the restoration of the child to its father, and Masters lifted the smiling little one from Mrs. Curran's arms, Jeannette's blue eyes, resting on his white, stern face, clouded with anguish. She could not marry him now—a man who would thus force a broken old woman to bend to his will and take from her all she had to love.

The grandmother made no attempt to retain the baby but with a low moan slipped from her chair. When she revived, with Jeannette's anxious arms about her, she looked wildly around, remembering. "My baby!" she wailed. "Oh, my God, don't take my baby!"

"Don't mother!" Jeannette heard a low tense voice saying then. "Take her. She's yours. I can't break your heart."

It was Ned, and he was placing Baby Winifred in her grandmother's arms.

That evening he came to Jeannette. "I've shown you what a brute a man can be when he's roused," he said to her, "and there's no use asking you to marry me now; but you'll let me tell you I love you, won't you? It can do no harm. I've loved and wanted you, Jeannette, ever since—I wanted you before I married Irene! But good-by, dear!"

Jeannette clutched him, her eyes like glowing gems. "Not good-by, Ned! No! Oh, Ned, you can't know how much I honor you!" she explained.

After a little the door opened and Mrs. Curran came in, leading little Winifred. Her face was wan, but her eyes were full of strange, solemn light. "I've brought you the baby, Ned," she said. "You have the best right to her. Forgive me that I've been so foolish."

Ned smiled in her sober face. "I'll take her if you'll come and live in my house, mother," he said. "I want the three of you!"

For an instant Mrs. Curran was puzzled, but when Ned picked up little Winifred with his right arm and with his left drew Jeannette to him and kissed her glowing cheeks, she understood. The evening stars were no brighter than Mrs. Curran's fine old eyes then. "You shall have the three of us, Edward, dear!" she said happily.

**HE'S AT THE FRONT.**

Grand Trunk Apprentice in Royal Flying Corps.

Among the twelve hundred Grand Trunk men who have enlisted for overseas service are several apprentices from the Motive Power Department of the railway. These young men are variously employed, many of them in the firing line with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, while others have turned their technical skill to advantage in the other branches of the service.

Among those who enlisted from the Grand Trunk shops at Battle Creek, Mich., on the outbreak of the war was an English apprentice, A. J. Locke, and the master mechanic at Battle Creek has just received the following letter from the young man's mother, who resides at Godalming, Surrey:

"I am writing to thank you very much for the gift of money sent through you to my son, A. J. Locke, and to thank you also for your kindness and interest in him while he was employed in the G. T. R. shops. I can assure you that both my husband and myself will ever feel grateful to you for the welcome you extended to him amongst you, and for the very thorough tuition which he must have had while with you, though for a short time (these unforeseen circumstances interrupting his apprenticeship) which has enabled him to go out and do his duty for King and country. He is working as a fitter (first class air mechanic) in the airship factories of the Royal Flying Corps, somewhere in France, and I am glad to tell you that he is keeping well, working very hard, long hours too—cheerfully, loyally doing his share, amidst many dangers, to keep these vile barbarians away from our homes, and it is just what I would have him do. He is my one boy, and I wish I had others, who could help in this awful struggle, for such it is, and will be until we finally crush these monsters forever, which, by God's help, we shall do, at a terrible cost, we know, and great sacrifices."

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**Scarcity of Farm Laborers.**

Winifred Free Press.

The farmers of Western Canada have a very hard problem awaiting them. There is the promise of an abundant harvest; the acreage is much larger than ever before; there are probably fewer men than ever before. Two months hence, if the present expectations are even partially fulfilled, there will be the greatest shortage of labor in Western Canada that has ever been known. Two years ago, when the West had its last big crop, it was necessary to import 25,000 men from the East. This year there is the prospect of even more work to be done and fewer men to do it. Will it be possible to go the necessary help from the East? But Ontario farmers are themselves complaining of scarcity of help, and a good deal of what there was of superfluous population available for farm work has been taken up by the war. Under the circumstances the Free Press urges the farmers of the West to begin at once to make provision for harvest help. It thinks the problem could be solved without much difficulty if the farmers would make their engagements now and make them for long enough to cover both the harvest and the threshing.