

THE LATEST TIDINGS

PRESENTED IN THE BRIEFEST POSSIBLE FORM.

The Whig's Daily Condensation Of The News Of The World From Telegraph Service and Newspaper Exchanges.

Neutral cotton cargoes will not be confiscated if they are normal. At Campbellford 530 boxes of cheese sold on Tuesday at 12 3/4c.

The deadly disease of anthrax has made its appearance in Waterloo Township. Petrolia has decided to build a new plant for distribution of Hydro light and power.

The Germans made desperate but futile efforts to secure a separate peace with Russia. Premier Borden had a conference with British leaders regarding war orders for Canada.

Hall has caused a loss of 120,000 bushels of grain on the Indian reserve north of Regina. Six thousand one hundred harvesters left Ontario for the west on special trains to help garner the crops.

Miss Louise Cole, eighteen years of age, of Niagara Falls, was accidentally drowned at Bayville, Muskoka. A definite denial has been given of the reported purchase by the British Government of the Canadian crops.

Mayor Church, Toronto, has threatened to resign if nothing is done towards solving the fire department muddle. Major Godson, of the 15th Battalion Canadian Scottish, was received by the King, and invested with the insignia D.S.O.

Germany had 3,200,000 men on the actual fighting line on July 31st. Her casualties reported to June 30th totalled 1,674,444.

The railways of Roumania have received orders to place all rolling stock at the disposition of the Minister of War on September 14th. Mrs. Durman, Elgin Mills, was injured and her burglar smashed when struck by an automobile the driver of which made away at once.

Three hundred million bushels of wheat for Western Canada is the estimate made by Andrew Kelly, president of the Western Canada Flour Mills. The hurricane which recently swept over the West Indies destroyed ninety per cent. of the banana trees on the north side of the island of Jamaica.

Rev. C. E. Jenkins, Brantford, rector of St. Jude's Anglican Church, has accepted the appointment of the 5th Battalion, now at Niagara-on-the-Lake. The United States proposes to control the finances of Haiti and to prevent the cession of territory by that country to any nation but the United States.

A special train, the first to go from Toronto to Vancouver over the new Canadian Northern line, is now on the way with Sir William Mackenzie on board. The War Purchasing Commission, Ottawa, is about to place contracts to the value of \$1,000,000 for clothing, boots and shoes for the Canadian soldiers.

Orillians have in a week subscribed and paid \$15,000 to provide machine guns and three motor ambulances, which will be manned largely by townsmen. Mrs. John Clement of Cranston, near Ingersoll, twenty-five years of age, was instantly killed by lightning while riding on a load of oats from the field to the barn.

Col. Pyne, accompanied by Major James, has gone to France for a few days, but Col. Pyne will not finally leave England before the Ontario Hospital has opened at Orpington. Major Norman Edgar, Regina, wounded at Passendur while leading the 5th Battalion, will likely be promoted to the lieutenant-colonel, and given the command of a new Saskatchewan regiment which is to be raised.

Parish Priest Drowned. Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., Aug. 25.—Father John Tobin, parish priest of Lewiston, was drowned here Monday while bathing and in full view of his sisters and a host of spectators. It is believed that his heart failed while he was swimming, but the attention of those on shore. His body was recovered about twenty minutes later by the life-saving crew from Fort Niagara.

"Falmolive shampoo makes beautiful hair." Gibson's Red Cross Drug Store.

LARGER CROPS ALL OVER.

Wheat Production in Eleven Countries is Greater.

Washington, Aug. 25.—Larger harvests of cereals than last year is the forecast for the world's principal producing countries by the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, which reported by cable yesterday to the Department of Agriculture here. Spain, Ireland, Italy, European Russia, Switzerland and the United States this year show aggregates, 1,029,000,000 bushels of wheat, an increase of 18.7 per cent. over 1914. Oats production in those countries and England, Scotland and Tunis aggregates 2,643,000,000 bushels, an increase of 24.1 per cent. Barley production in those nations and Japan aggregates 967,000,000 bushels, an increase of 19 per cent.

Wheat production in the ten countries named and India and the winter wheat of Canada aggregate 2,583,000,000 bushels, an increase of 17.9 per cent.

AS HUSBAND'S HEAD NURSE.

Will Mrs. H. R. Casgrain Go To Dar-danelles?

Windsor, Aug. 25.—Mrs. H. R. Casgrain, wife of Lieut.-Col. H. R. Casgrain, of Windsor, who is now in command of No. 3 Canadian Stationary Hospital at Alexandria, Egypt, has accompanied her husband as head nurse of his staff. Mrs. Casgrain was summering at Kennebunk Beach, Maine, while her husband was temporarily stationed at Moore barracks, Shorncliffe, reached England in time to join her husband before he sailed this month. As president of the Essex County Sanatorium and honorary regent of the Border Chapter, Daughters of the Empire, her services have been invaluable.

MYSTERIOUS FIRE.

Fifty Men Overcome Fighting Flames On Anglo-California.

Montreal, Aug. 25.—Fifty men, mostly city firemen, were overcome by smoke while fighting a fire of unknown origin on board the British steamship Anglo-California yesterday. The vessel was extinguished after three hours of fighting. The fire broke out in the engine room and spread to the main cabin. The ship was bound for New York. The fire was caused by a gas leak from the engine room.

There were more than 1,000 horses aboard, intended for cavalry use by the Allies. Eight of them were killed by smoke or flames. Nearly a score more were overcome by smoke.

Held For Grand Jury.

Watertown, N. Y., Aug. 25.—A youth who gave the name of William Ellis, was taken by Lieut. Gilligan and Patrolman Tauroney, charged on a warrant from Clapton, with petit larceny in the alleged theft of clothes and a watch belonging to Loring VonHuff of New York. The police here believe him to be one of a gang which has been operating about Watertown and Waterville during the summer. Two of the alleged gang are waiting the action of the grand jury on charges of stealing bicycles.

Ellis told Chief of Police Singleton he had taken a coat, pair of shoes and watch from a Clayton boat-house. The articles were later recovered from second-hand dealers where they had been sold. The watch was found on him.

No Head Dress.

Saturday Evening Post. A prominent New York business man who declines the use of his name for reasons most obvious is telling this one on his wife. On his return from a long tour of the west, this business man's wife was narrating to him the delightful times she had while he was away.

"One night I was invited to a dinner party at a smart cafe," she said, "and one of the guests was the Turkish Ambassador. He was well informed on every subject and was one of the most entertaining dinner companions I ever knew."

"Did he wear a fez?" asked the husband. "No, indeed!" she replied. "He was clean-shaven."

Turks Bombard British Island.

Constantinople, Aug. 25.—A Turkish naval detachment has bombarded the island of Perim, Arabia. Perim is a British island near Aden, in the Strait of Babel Mandeb, at the southern extremity of the Red Sea.

Friday For Ogdensburg.

Take the "Flyer of the River" at 8:30 a.m. Home 9:30 p.m. Fare 50c. No stop at 1000 Island point.

Mrs. Bowman's Objection

Standing in the center of the kitchen, Mrs. James A. Bowman, arms akimbo, sternly surveyed her six-year-old daughter, Peggy, who was sitting in the tone of one fully realizing her own supremacy, "there ain't another thing to say about it, I don't approve of Peggy Jenner! I ain't ever goin' to. I won't have her for my daughter-in-law! Now, be off with your nonsense!"

With the fortitude of a Roman, she stood firm, her face set in a stern, unyielding line. "I'm going to marry Peggy Jenner in the fall! Now if you don't approve—then why all right. It ain't goin' to make a speck of difference!"

At the note of revolt Mrs. Bowman suddenly sat down upon the nearest chair. "You ain't ever goin' to marry Peggy Jenner!" she said, her eyes flashing. "You ain't ever goin' to marry Peggy Jenner!" she said, her eyes flashing.

James A. Jr., always the most docile of sons, probably because he fully realized the futility of combating his mother's iron rule, squared his well-set shoulders against the jamb of the door, a sudden whiteness showing beneath the tan of his good looking face. "Mother," he insisted, "you don't seem to realize that I've said 'I'm going to marry Peggy Jenner in the fall! Now if you don't approve—then why all right. It ain't goin' to make a speck of difference!'"

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James A. Jr.'s deep-set eyes smoldered. "Peggy's a dear, brave girl. Everybody thinks so but you, and you don't want to think so or say so. You're just plain prejudiced!"

James A. Jr., brought out the accusation with an emphatic snap of thumb and finger. Mrs. Bowman's eyes widened in utter disbelief. She looked about her spotless kitchen for evidences of a startling metamorphosis. For a moment she stared at James A. Jr. Her really pretty color deepened until it was a distressing scarlet. "Prejudiced! Me prejudiced!" she gasped. "James A. Bowman, Jr., don't you dare accuse your mother of that thing! I'm not the only body as thinks Peggy Jenner has no right to be livin' alone on her Uncle Rufus' place. Why couldn't she sell it and stick to her typewritin' job in the city? 'Taint right to live her way."

James A. Jr.'s honest and faithful eyes glistened in defense of the girl he loved. "That's just what I look me at first," he announced. "Her spunk in goin' to it, to make a livin' on old Rufus Jenner's place. Ain't she got a right to tire of bangin' a typewriter after bein' at it since she was 'bout 18?"

Mrs. Bowman's features radiated triumph. "That's just it," she boomed. "That's just it. She don't know a blessed thing else."

The best housekeeper in the country paused challengingly. Before James A. Jr.'s reply came, she continued: "A nice wife she'd make a young farmer, not knowin' a thing 'bout churnin' and bakin', picklin' and preservin' and housekeepin' gen'rally! Jimmy," cajolingly, "be heedful to your ma, and—"

But James A. Jr., going swiftly out the door, exploded: "Oh, of course! Well, the deuce take the housekeepin'!"

And that was the last time he referred to Peggy Jenner, in spite of prodigiously prophetic remarks dropped upon every available occasion by his mother. And he did not become in the least "heedful." He courted Peggy openly, assiduously. Mrs. Bowman was constantly running into them and made no effort to conceal her displeasure. The girl, with the dainty, delicate figure, the peach bloom skin, the eyes, blue as corn flowers, which looked at her with questioning wistfulness.

Certainly that wistfulness was kind of "touchin'," but Mrs. Bowman remembered, always in time, "babbling dainties, delicate figures, 'babbling skins and pleading eyes weren't 'the makin'' of a good housekeeper and turned determinedly from the definite paths enveloping Peggy Jenner.

As the summer waned and James A. Jr.'s attention did not, lines of worry began to plough themselves into Mrs. Bowman's comely face. She made a desperate attempt to reason with him kindly but "firmly." She became a trifle more emphatic. Then James A. Jr., with a look on his face as unlike her Jimmy, said a tone so very similar to her own when she "settled Pat"—"Mother in the fall I marry Peggy Jenner."

After that Mrs. Bowman wailed herself around with doubts and fears James A. was doomed! There could be no happiness in the future of a young man going from a home presided over by a housekeeper who had no peer to a "dwellin' place run by a typewritin' girl," who, the chances were, could not "boil a potato without burnin' it."

Day in and day out as the fall drew near with horrid rapidity Mrs. Bowman groaned in spirit. In the canopy of gloom hanging over her she found only one bright spot—the annual fall fair, from which she always carried home many ribbons, mostly blue ones, always blue ones when it came to bread and lemon pie. And this year, feeling that it would lighten her burden somewhat to show that "know-nothing," that thorn in the flesh, Peggy Jenner, what an incomparable housekeeper James A. Jr.'s mother was, she went about her preparations with more than her customary vim.

In consequence, never before had the Bowman family, ticketed No. 12, shown such deliciousness. Mrs. Bowman complacently viewed her entries and she was quite "unable" to see the little girl standing near, looking at her with wonderful, wistful eyes of blue.

When the judging commenced in the afternoon Mrs. Bowman, with neighbors and admiring friends from another county, stood a little way off, her customary matter-of-fact smile on her face. When No. 12 given the blue on current jelly, sauce preserve and chili sauce Mrs. Bowman smiled benignly. When she took only second on tomato relish she received the red blandly. Tomato relish was only a "new-sangled" recipe over which it was really foolish to "bother."

Finally the judges approached the pies. Mrs. Bowman folded her arms and waited listlessly for the inevitable. Somehow it seemed long in coming. When the loaves came Mrs. Bowman's necks craned curiously. Mrs. Jenner, necks craned curiously. Mrs. Jenner, necks craned curiously. Mrs. Jenner, necks craned curiously.

They looked at them, picked them up and turned them around until every inch had been scanned earnestly. Then they looked at each other and consulted a moment. Mrs. Banker Hastings cut a tiny piece out of each and then came a pleased, surprised glow over their countenances. Then Mrs. Banker Hastings picked up two ribbons, the blue and red.

"The blue ribbon," she announced, "goes to—" she looked around impressively, "goes to No. 9."

There was an instant's paralyzing silence. No one dared to look at the queen of lemon piedad in her deprecation. A low murmur arose in the midst of which Mrs. Banker Hastings called impatiently: "No. 9! No. 9! Will you please come forward?"

Slowly, indifferently, a little girl with a dainty, delicate figure, peach bloom skin and eyes as blue as the cornflower, approached her. The peach-bloom deepened into a beautiful rose under unstinted praise; the pathetic eyes seemed misty. A moment later Peggy Jenner walked back to a much astonished young man by the name of James A. Bowman, Jr.

And Mrs. Bowman, the lofty? After her first incredulous start, after a crimson, humiliating fide had left her face, met the shock like a Trojan. And there was another in store for her: Peggy Jenner won the blue on bread!

Yet Mrs. Bowman was game, laughing and jesting at her own expense. No one knew that something in her throat seemed to strangle her. No one knew that the one great cry in her heart was: "And by that typewritin' girl! My, my."

At last a blessed moment came when she could slip away by herself. She passed James A. Jr., and Peggy, and her head went up proudly. She felt she had been grossly deceived. James A. Jr., should have told her Peggy was to be a competitor. Peggy should have told her when they stood before the tables.

In a quiet corner of the big pavilion, behind a screen of empty baskets, Mrs. Bowman wept.

Her voice breathed tremulously at her elbow: "Oh, I'm so—so—sorry Mrs. Bowman switched around indignantly. Peggy Jenner's hands went toward her appealingly. Mrs. Bowman found the eyes of cornflower-blue more than she could bear and looked away swiftly.

"Mrs. Bowman, won't you please listen? I'm so sorry I took first! I only wanted honorable mention—just to show Jimmy! He's forever talking about your baking, your bread, and lemon pies, and such. He thinks you're the greatest cook ever! I only wanted to show him that I can do something. So I planned this surprise."

"So he didn't know a thing about your exhibition? Well, well!" A pleased look grew in Mrs. Bowman's eyes. Suddenly she turned swiftly to Peggy. "For the land sake!" she leaped forward confidentially. "Well, do you know, Peggy Jenner, I had the awfulest time with pa in just the same way, only it was after we married. My, it must be a holy caution to have it before! And I guess it's all my fault, because I'm always hammering at Jimmy 'bout you—"

"You poor little dear!" Mrs. Bowman, do you really mean that? Are you going to try to love me just a little bit?"

Mrs. Bowman tilted the eager face. "I'm thinkin' it'll be a little more than 'a little bit,' little girl!" She patted, "My heart, Peggy Jenner," she continued, "if you only know how glad I am I won't have to resist those eyes of yours any longer!"

Personality of Books.

Earl Barnes in The Atlantic. Cultivated men and women have always counted good books among their most valued possessions, and one cannot believe that this taste can be sacrificed without definite loss to our civilization. The spoken word can never supplant the written word; and in fact the present tendency is all toward substituting print for speech. Nor can reading in public places take the place of reading one's own books in the quiet of one's home. Books that are owned wait patiently on the reader's leisure and to have just the book one wants, when one wants it, is and must remain one of the supreme luxuries of a cultivated life.

Books, too, when personally owned, gather around themselves a wealth of personal associations. The very binding, paper, and title page recall the conditions under which the book came into our possession. As we turn its pages we remember the last time we read it, the place and circumstances, and the people with whom we discussed it. Books have personality; and they must always remain the warm friends of the possessors.

Her Dilemma. A countrywoman presented herself at the out-patient department of infirmary of a country town, and, as usual, the house-surgeon. He naturally asked: "What is the matter with you?"

"Well my good woman, what is the matter with you?" "That's what I've come to find out," was the reply. "Then what are you complainin' of?"

"Oh, I ain't be one to complain, mister."

"Well, why do you come here?" "Cos, you see, I can't afford to go to a proper doctor."

A Hospital Episode. Victoria Colonist. This story comes from a British hospital and is told on unimpeachable authority. A nurse was leaving a German prisoner, who was wounded. He was eating, and she was helping him. He stabbed her in the arm with his fork. Blood poisoning set in and she lost her arm. The story says a hospital orderly shot the brute.

Throws Open Millions OF ACRES OF RICH LAND for the Settler.



STRIKING FACTS IN GOVT. REPORT

Building of Grand Trunk Pacific Line Reveals Many Fertile Valleys in B.C.

"The 'Back to the Land' movement is taking place steadily but surely throughout the province of British Columbia and if this movement is directed along right lines we shall soon be supplying our own markets—and eventually exporting."

A Sample of the Oats Grown on these Valley Lands

valley. The quality of a large proportion of the land is all that could be desired, and very good crops are raised thereon. Crops of oats promise to run 100 bushels to the acre were seen, and all prospects were most encouraging. Farmers are realizing that the time has arrived when they should develop their lands, and land-clearing operations are in evidence on all sides.

It is difficult to estimate the amount of land suitable for agriculture in this wonderful valley, but it runs into many hundreds of thousands of acres.

Nechacho Valley. Proceeding along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, Fraser Lake is reached. A considerable number of settlers have gone into this district and are proceeding to clear land and develop their holdings. The next stop was at Vanderhoof, in the centre of the famous Nechacho Valley. We were immensely impressed with the enormous extent of good land in the Nechacho Valley, most of which can be cleared at a very low cost indeed. A large number of settlers have gone in there, and on all sides one sees signs of activity. Settlers' log houses are springing up in every direction, and considerable energy is being shown by most of them in clearing their lands and getting them into crops. Fields

100 acres in extent in grain were noted. There are many tracts of good agricultural land adjacent to Prince George, whilst at the same time there is a considerable area of jack pine land, where the soil is light and therefore is not the best land for agricultural purposes.

"The wonderful country visited between Hazelton and Prince George has a great future ahead of it, now that transportation has been effected. It is a big country with a big future, and, as soon as times improve and conditions right themselves, a big forward movement must take place. The country traversed grows magnificent crops of timothy, oats and barley. Wheat may also be grown successfully if care is exercised in getting the seed sown as early as possible so as to avoid damage from frosts. Potatoes and other vegetables and small fruits do very well, but my observations lead me to the conclusion that this part of the province is not adapted for growing trees from commercially. Certain of the hardier varieties may be grown, but for home use, but every effort should be made to prevent this country being advertised by any industry being advertised by any industry. A very large amount of development work has been undertaken during the past year in this magnificent

GROUND MOLES USEFUL

They Prey Upon All Kinds Of Underground Insects.

Country Life in America. There is a popular belief that the ground mole is a destructive animal. Like many popular beliefs, this can not be substantiated by facts. Ground moles do not feed upon roots and are not destructive. The ground mole is a subterranean animal. It builds its nest, rears its young and hunts its prey beneath the earth. It is well adapted to its subterranean life, the shape of its body being cylindrical, gradually tapering to a point at the extremity of its nose.

Ground moles visit only those localities where the earth is infested with insect life. Where they are numerous the ground is interlaced with "runs" or passages which lead from one feeding ground to another. These little animals deserve protection because they prey upon all kinds of underground insects, among which are the larvae of some of the most injurious insects which pass their pupa or chrysalis stage beneath the earth.

Cyclist Hurt in Auto Crash. Oswego, N. Y., Aug. 25.—Frank Johnson was badly injured when a small touring car crashed into a bicycle which he was riding at West Third and Bridge streets. He is in the Oswego Hospital and it is said his condition is serious. The automobile was driven by Miss Velma Moore of North Fair Haven.

Better a song in the heart than two in the flat upstairs.

Advertisement for Victrola records. Text: 'Real birds sing to you on the Victrola. The nightingale has been famed far and wide for his beautiful singing, but few people have ever heard this loveliest of warblers. Now everybody can enjoy it, for after years of patient effort the Victor has succeeded in making a number of actual bird records. There are not only individual records of the songs of the nightingale, thrush and sparrow, but even a duet by a canary and thrush. Come in and hear these records. You'll enjoy the novelty and find them interesting. Victrolas \$21 to \$305. Victors \$31 to \$75. Terms to suit your convenience. C.W. LINDSAY CO., Limited, 121 Princess Street.'

Advertisement for 'Make The Dealer Test'. Text: 'Mr. Manufacturer, you are frequently told that this or that kind of advertising will interest or influence local dealers. That is something very essential to the sale of your product. You are wise in seeking it. But why not consult the dealer on the subject? Ask one hundred dealers what kind of advertising they prefer and ninety-five per cent. will answer advertising in the newspapers of their own city. This newspaper advertising influences them because it creates a definite demand that is felt right at their counters.'