OLD LOVE

ed his pipe and smoked in silence. more affection. Then a rush of an-This wasn't altogether unsual. It ger gripped her. She flung up her usually takes about two years to head. She would make no attempt fade the rose romance of marriage, to keep him. Let him go! Granted Jo and Jenny had been married eight that she had not done her part, There had been two children, who granted that she was not so attracthad died. Neither time nor these ive, that gave him no license to deaths had helped Jenny keep shame her before the town, to adher first freshness. And even when vertise to all that he no longer love and youth had been hers she thought her desirable. had not been pretty. Now at 28, And that evening when Jo, again she was almost ugly.

fruit, doing fine laundry for a woman from lusterless, hair to lusterless in the better part of town and help- shoes, Jenny no longer cringed, but ing clean house for another woman. flung him back look for look. Jo's wages at the factory had been | Jo was startled. "What's the matstrained to meet the expenses of the ter? he asked, involutarily-and imtwo funerals and sickness of him- mediately wished that he hadn't, self and Jenny. Moreover, they "Oh, nothing," said Jennie, wearwere paying for the cottage. Too ily "Except I'm tired, I guess I've much skimping and hard work had worked too hard lately." disheveled, her dress soiled, her work. I make enough to keep us hands unkempt. Perhaps if she had two." known that Allyce Johnson had come Jennie was very proud. In fact, back to the ugly factory town of her, her proud way of holding her chin

girlhood--ently, when Je had smoked his pipe And new suddenly, she lost all the and did not refill it, but surreptitious-, petty irritation, the peevishness and ly jerked his tie straight, whipped a weariness that poverty and hard brush over his shoes and sauntered work had inflicted upon her. She down the street, Jenny was relieved was merely a dignified woman who at his absence. It gave her a chance would not be disdained. "Perhaps to straighten the kitchen and living you do," she said. "But L can also room for the next day, which would make enough for myself. and I am include another 10 hours of launder- going back to the fact Mon-

Jo sauntered down the street, tage and the furniture.". grooming and salary. Now she chin lifted. was back-and a widow.

She was clean, trim, with finger nails faction manicured and every yellow hair immaculately in place.

paused with a casual good evening. they did not see his approach. Jo reddened, but affected not to notice the laugh. Didn't he oftenwell, not often-but once in a great

Presently Allyce came out and sat | mon. Spoiling Jo for her," into her smile a coquettish knowled- fellow!"

ge of Jo's admiration. ation. Not a word was spoken that dislike of Allyce's charm. And she 1st Brigade Artillery, for conspicuous evening, nor the two evenings suc- had actually been making sport of gallantry on April 22 at St. Julien ceeding, to which Jennie could have him all the time! He walked to the and following days near Ypres, when, taken exception. There was nothing; very end of the large town and then being in charge of the ammunition but merry impersonal talk. Yet, Jo back. And by the time he had walked supply of battery, he kept up the went home with a guilty feeling. And that far it was nearly midnight; time supply under continuous heavy shell then feeling of guilt vanished. Jen-, enough for him to do some serious fire and gave a fine example of cournie's tired, cross face on the pillow, thinking. And at the end of the think age and devotion to duty. was such a contrast to the fresh, gay ing he realized that the proud little Private G. Inkster, Princess Patriface of Allyce, whom he had just lift of Jennie's chin was a lot more cias, for conspicuous gallantry and

ther and become peevish. Why need prettiness. content and sure that the wound in- both were awake. flicted by Allyce was quite healed by to slip into a belief that Allyce al- you? heart and Jennie had been nothing pid," frankly answered Jo. she was willing. Very soon she was which proved that, after all he nursing a fairly goodsized heartache. hadn't cared so very much.

It was not long before Jennie, gray faced and quiet, came home "you're not, She's a cat." from a day of housecleaning and sat down to the nearest chair to cry soft- ain't fit for you.' ly. And the next day, when she met ness, she came home and cried again, your being fit for me." taking care, however to wash all traces of tears from her eyes before Jo came home. Nor did she say anything when he rose, as usual now, and left the house after supper.

For several evenings he was home. Allyce had laughingly told liceman touched him on the shoulder him to stay. She had no desire to and said: be "talked about." He obeyed sullenly. He had no idea, however, that Jennie cringed under the critical look that he gave her. Nor had he any idea that she had miserably gone | ye're locked up I'll go back and find over and over the ways popularly out why that crowd was following supposed to be efficacious in winning ye.' back a husband's love. Poor Jen-She determined once to put her savings into clothes. She had sometimes called good luck. heard of wives who had succeeded Business depression may be causby such method. 'And then she had ed by a lack of attention to it.

face, at her lusterless hair, at her round shoulders, and decided in sickening despair that it was useless. She had heard of the power of affection to hold its own. Perhaps if she After he had eaten supper Jo fill- quit being so cross and displayed

'looked 'at her with cold, critical eyes For a week she had been canning that took in every unlovely detail

left traces in nerves, looks and tem- Jo took it as a reproach, though Jenny was cross a great part as a matter of fact Jennie had spokof the time, and tonight she was en sc because she did not know what crosser than usual. Her hair was else to say. "You don't have to

had gone far, a long time before, to But she didn't know. And pres- recompose Jo for Allyce's defection. day. Do as you please with the cot-

known in the beginning that he confessed that he was also relieved. would, at the small cottage where He thought shamefacedly of a divor-Jake Johnson, Allyce's brother, lived. | ce. Perhaps it was just as well that Before he married Jenny, Jo had Jenny took it this way. Presently he been engaged to Allyce who threw rose and went out. Jennie did not him over for a drummer of better look up from her sewing, but her

Straight to Jake Johnson's cottage And she was a pretty widow- he went. He felt a mixture of emo- ceived distinguished conduct medals: prettier than she had been nine tion; his heart beat at the thought Corporal, now Lieut. R. F. Baker, 3rd years before. Jo had seen her walk- of Allyce. But somehow the thought Brigade Artillery, for conspicuous ing past the factory that afternoon. of Jennie's disdain pricked his satis- gallantry and ability on April 22 and

Jake laughed meaningly when Jo sat beside her. It happened that supply of ammunition by hand under

"My, this town's slow."

That was all. But it was enough. ammunition under heavy fire.

It was nothing worse than admir- In one second Jo, conceived a violent | Sergt.-Major J. W. A. Donaldson,

Jennie's restful face and dear ways, really think I care to," she replied, heavy fire and was always willing to but now he found it incredibly easy boldly. "Why, what has changed undertake any dangerous work.

ways had held first place in his "Allyce said I was gawky and stu- Artillery, for conspicuous gallantry

"How dare she?" cried Jo slipped his arms around her.

"No." said Jennie, wearily. "But l Atlyce, and marked her attractive- I guess I could have been more worth

Police Logic. A man descended from an excur-

sion train and was making his way to the street car, followed by his wife and fourteen children, when a po-"Come along wid me."

"What for?"

"What for?" "Blamed if I know, but when



COUNT JOHANN VON BERNSTORFF. German Ambassador to Washington, whose advice to Germany as to sentiment in the United States led to Germany's back down. He is one down another, up again, back, cross- Jo was offended. Jennie needn't German diplomat who read aright the signs of the times in a foreign counways back, and ended, as he had take it that way! But it must be try. The picture was taken this week.

DECORATED FOR VALOR.

Won Honors at the Front.

The following Canadians have re-23, when, after having had the teams Allyce was sitting on the step - of three ammunition wagons killed, All officers having been killed or pink gowned, fragrant, dainty. Jake he collected details and kept up a

a very heavy shell and rifle fire. "I certainly am," she yawned. Private E. J. Bushby, Princess Patricias, for conspicuous gallantry on "It's been faster," Jake unkindly May 8 at Hooge, when he assisted while - stop to gossip with Jake? commented, "since you've been here. wounded men from a trench then in They had worked together for 15 I must say I think it's a shame the the hands of the enemy, and atway you've plagued poor Jenny Lar- tempted to rescue men partially buried in the trench, although while down on the porch. She were a pink "Well," yawned Allyce, "I shan't doing so he had to keep at bay two dress. She had smiling pink lips, plague her any more. My! to think Germans who were trying to bayonet and somehow she managed to put I was engaged to that gawky, stupid him. Previously he made two journeys to the reserves, bringing up

left, that Jo began to feel aggrieved. attractive to him than all Allyce's devotion to duty on May 8 at Hooge. He found it easy to go a step fur- fragrance and carefully nurtured Private Inkster stationed himself at the end of the communication trench Jennie look so undesirable? When i "Let's start over again, Jennie," and shot several of the enemy at-· he married her he had been quite he pleaded the next morning when tempting to come down it. He was alone at the time. He also carried Jennie was still proud, "I don't several important messages under

Gunner A. W. James, 3rd Brigade He and ability at Potyge, when he rebut a substitute made use of because could not help a shamefaced grin, paired telephone wires under heavy shell and rifle fire. He continued to do so after having been wounded Jennie, and showed a fine example of devo-

tion to duty. Sergt. Jordon, Princess Patricias, for conspicuous gallantry on May at Hooge Chateau, when left in a trench with one man only he successfully held it, accounting for a large number of the enemy. He showed a splendid example of cour-

age and devotion. Quartermaster-Sergt. A. R. - Milburn, 2nd Brigade Artillery, for conspicuous gallantry on the 24th of April at Wieltje, in bringing up ammunition under heavy shell fire. He also saved a wagon of ammunition under heavy fire after the drivers' horses had been killed.

Corporal O. C. Olsen, 2nd Brigade Artillery, for great gallantry and resource from 22nd April to 4th May in repairing telephone wires under shell fire, also for acting as a scout and obtaining valuable information when all the wires had been cut. Corporal A. B. Ritchie, 1st Brigade

Artillery, for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty on 22nd and Some of the Canadians Who Have, 23rd of April, at Ypres. During the retirement he went back under heavy shell fire to free men and horses from a disabled wagon and later carried a wounded man out of firing line under heavy fire.

Sergeant L. Scott, Princess Patricias, for conspicuous gallantry and resource on 8th of May, at Hooge. wounded, he collected a party of men and succeeded in holding the trench in spite of a very heavy attack. Corporal R. Stevens, Princess Pa-

tricias, for conspicuous gallantry on the 8th of May, at Hooge Chateau. Gunner H. E. Wilkinson, West Brigade Artillery, for gallant conduct and devotion to duty, particularly on the 8th and 9th of May, near Ypres. Acting as telephonist, he kept up communication with the brigade and infantry headquarters under a very heavy shell and rifle fire and showed great courage and resource.

Dependent on Forestry.

The proper interpretation of fores-Canada, cannot be stated too frequently. The future of this country depends upon our making every acre productive. Broadly speaking, the earth's surface can be made productive in two ways only, by producing agricultural or timber crops. South of the 60th parallel, about 69 per cent. of the area of Canada is unsuited for agricultural corps. A very large proportion of this non-agricultural land is suitable for the production of merchantable timber. The production of forest products has been and will always be one of our chief industries. At the present time forest industries supply 12 per cent, of our foreign trade, 16 per cent. of our railroad traffic, and equal in value our annual wheat crop.-Conservation.

A Practical Optimist.

Mr. George Bury, the western head of the C. P. R., speaks out like a man who understands practical psychology. His statement as to how Canada faces the world economically in 1915 should be taken as a model by students of political economy of how to make four out of two and two without quoting Adam Smith or John Stuart Mill. Mr. Bury has the railway man's clear, practical vision of cattle and hors and mortgages and securities. He believes that Canada's economics are sounder now than they ever were before. And when he says se it is a sample of the kind of optimism that does everybody good, because it doesn't stick half the truth in its pocket and wink the other eye. -Canadian Courier.

works on a small capital.

IN THE RIDEAU COUNTRY.

Where the Non-Enthusiast is Liable

to Catch the Fishing-Bug. One man in every ten, even in Canada, is born minus the soul of a fish-

erman-or claims to be. And for every unpiscatorial person of that sort there's a sporting chance that some time in his life he may cease looking bored when other men tell those plump, pellucid fish-stories and himself begin to nibble on the bait which the fisherman has so warily wrapped on his human hook.

Anyway, there is one man who puts in his summers-in fact he owns an island on Opinicon Lake, which is one of the fascinating chain of lakes that tangle and twist about the great Rideau. That man lives to fish. He knows all the kinds of fish that can be found in those spawning opulent lakes of the Rideau country, where fishing seems to be just in its Genesia stage. He can catch any of them, knows their habits, whether on sandy shoal, in deep water, down by the wallside of the big rocks, tucked away among the great stumps of the dismantled water-logged forest, or just loafing along the lanes of sunshine and clear water. He knows them, body, bones, and soul-rock bass, big-mouth and little-mouth sunfish, brown trout, speckled trout, salmon trout, and lunge. He has hooked them all with all manner of bait and by all means of ancient and modern appliances.

But the greatest fun that fisherman has in the world is when he gets hold of some unfishing person who is lucky enough to be beguiled into the Opinicon country, or anywhere in the Rideau chain. The un is to convert that blase nonfisherman, by a sort of gentle proess unknown to Billy Sunday, into a real, ardent fisherman fan who doesn't know enough to go home. That often happens in the Rideau country. But so far as the supply of fishermen is concerned, there is no need of creating any extras. The real fisher-folk of the sporting variety know how to get into the Rideau belt of waters, and they go there from many hundreds of miles; by no means all Canadians, either. This year the fishermen habitues of that region will find the bass much fatter than usual. They spawned almost a mouth late and had a chance to get some fat on their ribs before they went into the hatcheries. All summer long, from late spring on into the frosty nip of October, these bass are to be found in those lakes. This year the fall season will be the fattest ever known in those lakes. Out on the sandy shoals the bass will be gorging for weeks before they hike to the deep-water holes-to spend the winter. And when they are, the man from Opinicon, on his wooded island, goes about like a dream-man, waiting for the men who never fish to come along, that he may make them fishermen.

THE SPY.

try, and what it actually means to Canadian Nurse Tells of Episode in the Juilly Hospital.

> A Canadian nurse in Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's hospital at Juilly. in France, told me of the discovery, in her ward, of a spy.

> "The General." she said. "had come on inspection. He asked me to cut down the dressings on this wound and that, but when he asked me to show him the hand wound of an Algerian in the ward I was surprised. for it was a simple and uninteresting

Hand wounds, it seems, however, are under particular surveillance by the military authorities, and anyone so wounded must give very clear evidence as to how it happened and have numerous documents made out for him before being admitted into a hospital. Such wounds may so easily be self-inflicted, and when this is the case, the soldier is treated as a de-

"I was so engrossed with my work," the nurse went on, "that ! didn't look up for some time, and when I did, half the hospital staff seemed to be in my ward, and others were joining them. I went out for something, and then for the first time heard the whispered rumor:

asked me to send for an orderly and pers, regarding his hand, had not have the patient dressed. Then, of been properly made out, and he had course, I knew that there was some- gone off to unwind some more red thing very wrong.

nurses said afterwards that they The penny saving man usually couldn't have shaken hands with a A Delightful Garden Freshness—

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Little Miss



Serve plenty-wholesome

"He was shot at daybreak." To the other patients in the hospi-

tal - many of them Algerians, and splendid, brave fellows-it was ex-"I hurried back, and the General plained that their companion's patape. But all officialdom knew the "When the man was dressed he whole story. Found in a little shelwent up to two or three men in the ter between the lines, but nearer ward - Algerians, too and shook those of Germany, the soldier had hands. He also held out his hand to explained his presence there by his me, and I took it. Some of the other | wound. Evidence secured later showed that he had shot himself when he saw that he was about to be discovered. And so, at daybreak, he died the death of a spy .- Mona Cleaver in The Canadian Courier.

Highest for Oats.

The highest forecast for oats comes from the Elrose district in Saskatchewan. There the expectation is for 100 bushels to the acre. Next is the report from the Hanna district at 90 bushels. The lowest of all is 20 to 30 bushels. In barley the highest estimates comes from Ardate, in the De Lisle district, and Dinsmore, in Elrose district, each estimating 60 bushels to the acre. The lowest is 15 bushels. Strangely enough in each case where low averages are given the next station reports an expectation for yields of excellent quantity.

Had to Punch It.

"Ticket, sir, please," said an inspector at one of the local railway stations to a gentleman who, as a season ticket holder for some time, believed his face was so well known that there was no need for him to show his ticket.

"My face is my ticket," replied the gentleman, greatly annoyed. "Indeed," said the inspector, rolling back his wristband and displaying a powerful wrist. "My orders are to punch all tickets."

Sticking Piano Keys.

So much rain this season makes doors stick on account of swelling of the wood and piano keys also refuse to act quickly on the same account. A very simple but helpful remedy is found in placing an electric light or | Cor. of CHARLES AND PATRICE. a small lamp in the lower part of the piano. This gives sufficient heat to prevent this sticking of the keys.

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