

FROM THE COUNTRYSIDE

MR. GORDON COMPLIMENTS ME.

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Have you ever started out to do something which you know you should not do? Of course you have. It may have been some small affair which involved no more serious consequences than the hardening of your conscience, or it may have been something laden with terrific possibilities. In either event you know what it is to be burdened with something your mind will not throw off, which you may be able to forget momentarily to a certain extent, but which still hovers like a shadow over your soul.

This was the way with me that afternoon on the long drive to Mr. Gordon's club. I knew I should not have gone and that in any event I should have telephoned Arthur or my plans. This I had not done. To be sure, we expected to be back in New York long before Arthur reached our hotel, so that it would be merely a matter of my telling him that I had taken luncheon with my two friends. But this did not satisfy me. I knew when I told Arthur he would be displeased. He had shown me only the night before that he would not approve of my associating too much with Mr. Gordon, and here I was, with my words still ringing in my ears, driving far away with the very man to whom Arthur objected.

I consoled myself with the thought that Arthur had no right to object to Mr. Gordon, but the consolation was not lasting. I knew that if I was honest with myself I would admit that Arthur had both right and reason on his side. No matter what resolutions I had made or how much self-control Mr. Gordon possessed, the same danger which became a reality in Audobon Park in New Orleans might lurk near me so long as Mr. Gordon was in my company.

But these thoughts, which, causing momentary and periodical depression, could not completely mar my enjoyment or keep me from showing that I was pleased with the ride.

"Isn't it fine!" exclaimed Mariam. "I can never get enough of things like this. The air is so exhilarating, the country so beautiful, that it makes me feel like a bird flying over the landscape."

"It is glorious!" I returned, as Mr. Gordon smiled first at Mariam and then at me. "It has been a long time since I saw anything grander or enjoyed anything more keenly."

"I am so glad you are enjoying it," Roxane, declared Mariam earnestly. "And I do believe you are. Your cheeks are as rosy as two apples, and your eyes are as bright as stars."

I felt myself blushing at my friend's words, and my color mounted higher when Mr. Gordon spoke. "It is something new for me to see you thus," he said, gazing at me intently. "I have seen you under other circumstances—some unfortunate, some commonplace, some pleasant, but this is a novelty. Do you remember when we first met on the railroad train going to New Orleans. It seems years and years ago, does it not? Yet it has not been quite twelve months."

"It does seem ages and ages," broke in Mariam. "I shall never forget how kind you were to me that day. You know, Roxane, I sometimes think that the tenderness which you showed toward me that day was the dearest experience of my life. I have thought about it many times, have when I do think about it is that

you do not show such tenderness very often. Is that right, Roxane?"

"I suppose it is," I replied meditatively. "But perhaps I have had few such convincing occasions. You were a very pathetic little figure that day."

"Indeed I must have been," exclaimed Mariam. "I often wonder how I ever came out of that wreck alive. Uncle John has always told me that it was your example which pulled me through, and I am sure that he is right."

"Both of you were very brave," said Mr. Gordon. "As though you were not brave, too," Mariam observed quickly. "The passengers all said they might have wanted for everything had you not been there."

"Passengers imagine many things which are not true. No one knows that better than a railroad man. In fact, their imaginations frequently work overtime."

"But their testimony is supported in this case by two very competent witnesses, Mr. Gordon," I said. "Both Mariam and I happened to be there."

"I was going to say," interposed Mr. Gordon, delicately turning the conversation from himself, "that although I had not known you or been associated with you for a very long time, I have seen you under rather varying circumstances. My first glimpse of you was when you were serving in the capacity of a volunteer nurse and comforter to Mariam. Then I had the mournful pleasure of dragging you from the wreckage of a sleeping car. Later I saw you when you were your normal self, with conventional surroundings. I am like Mariam; I never saw you so animated before. I could never hope to see you more beautiful."

"Why, even Uncle John is paying you compliments," laughed Mariam. "The man who never sees anything worth while in women is really saying nice things about one of us."

"I wish all women deserved nice things," said about them," returned Mr. Gordon. "But I fear they do not. I saw a suffrage parade the other day, and I wondered what kind of women were in the street, marching to the tune of a very bad band—dusty, tired, unkempt-looking they were. I thought of you, Mariam, and could not imagine either of you doing such a thing."

"I am afraid I am not much of a suffragist," said Mariam; "but even if I were I wouldn't like that. It is so ridiculous. It reminds me of a lot of foolish schoolboys parading through a town on the day of a big football game, only with the suffrage people there isn't even the game to march for. But we are not going to talk about that horrid subject. There, I see the clubhouse in the distance. Isn't it a beautiful place?"

It was, indeed. Stretching before us for miles was the rolling, deep-green, grassy landscape, and rising to our right was the low, rambling building where our luncheon was being prepared. The drive had made us all hungry, and when the car drew up to the entrance we were not slow in tumbling out.

(To be continued.)

H. M. Moxon, Picton, received a telegram on Friday stating that his brother, Anthony J. Moxon, had died very suddenly of heart failure at his home in Hingham, N.Y.

Robert Adams, Greenbush, having sold his farm, has purchased the farm of his neighbor, Edward Vance, and Mr. Vance has bought Willet Norton's farm near Orser church.

September Morn.

Chatsworth News

Old Father Hubbard went to the cupboard To get him a bottle of beer, But when he got there the cupboard was bare, Alas! Prohibition was here.

He went to the tavern to purchase some ale, But when he got there the place was for sale.

He went to the shop for a bottle of gin, But when he got there he couldn't get in.

He ordered some whiskey—for use scientific! They sent him wood spirits; the smell was terrific!

He went to a Vet to prescribe for a calf, Some brandy would do—say a pint and a half.

He found on returning the Vet played him false; The bottle contained only water and salts.

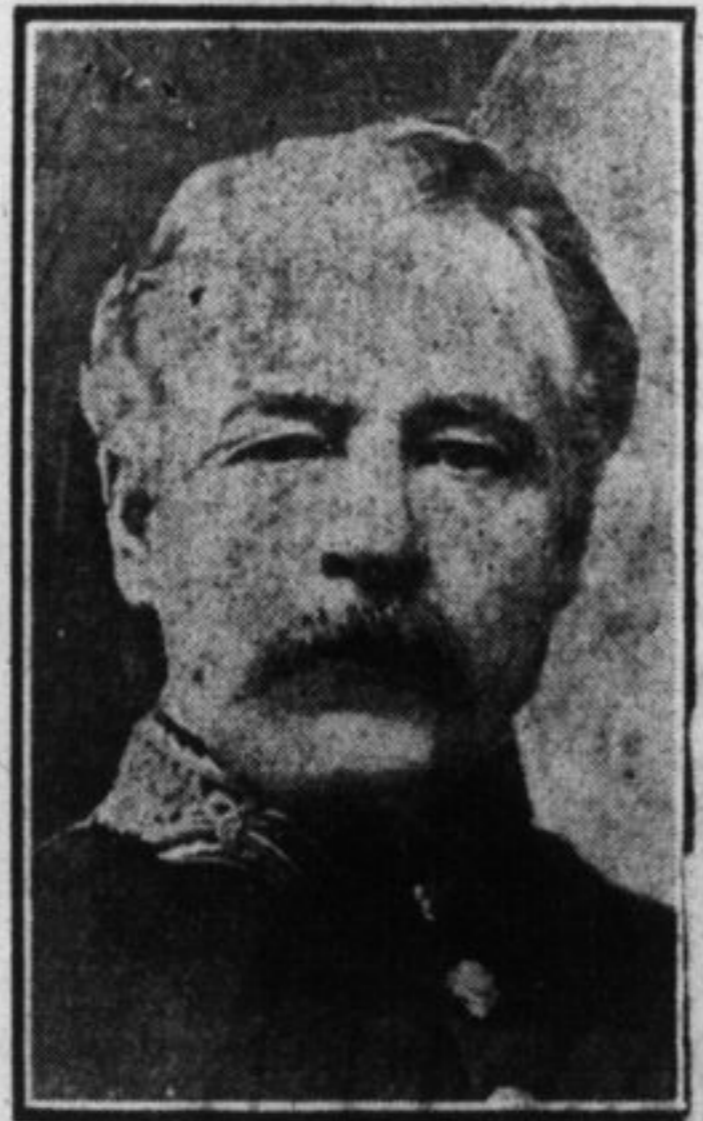
He went to a doctor for rum for a boil, But Doc prescribed sulphur and sweet castor oil.

He went to a druggist without a prescription, So couldn't get liquor of any description.

He sought a blind pig as his only resort; But when it was raided he landed in court.

He went to the farm out at Guelph for a rest; He thought when released, prohibition was best.

He's glad to be freed from King Alcohol's power; So now he goes thirsty or drinks lemon sour.



LATE HON. JOHN COSTIGAN. Member of four Conservative Governments at Ottawa and finally Liberal Senator, who died on Friday last.

H. E. Olsfeld, wife and baby, Huntsville, Ont., arrived in Picton this week. Mr. Olsfeld has taken a position in the dress goods and silk department of G. E. Fraser Sons, Limited.

Mrs. Royal Church has purchased her home and furniture, Picton from the executors of the late Royal Church, deceased.

Albert Vallette, an old resident of Picton, employed for many years in the Barber foundry, died on Sept. 23rd.

V.C.'S LAST GAME AT BOWLS.



Pte. Young, V.C., (wearing cap) playing bowls, his favorite game, on the hospital green before he died. He had hoped that an operation would cure him and enable him to return to the front, but he succumbed a day or two after the picture was taken.

THE NEW DUBLIN.

Plans for the Restoration of the Destroyed Sections.

One of the "burning questions" connected with the restoration of sections of Dublin destroyed during the recent riots is as to whether the British Government shall foot the bills or the municipality, or whether there shall be a division of the burden; and also just what shall be the character of the restoration. Discussing the problem with a correspondent, James M. Gallagher, the Lord Mayor, had the following to say:

"One thing appears certain, namely, that the owners of the houses which have been destroyed, as well as the other occupiers and their stock which has perished, should be compensated. The Government is expected to pay for part of this, through the insurance companies, but in my opinion it should also lend money to the corporation, who might again lend to business men and traders, so as to enable them to start afresh with good buildings."

With regard to improvements, Sackville street, that is O'Connell street, should be laid out in fine buildings for offices with shops underneath. A circus such as Piccadilly Circus is, round Nelson's Pillar, would be handsome and would bring in a large profit from the premises in it, and with the widening of Earl street into Talbot street, would relieve the congestion from which that district suffers. The committee in charge of the rebuilding could do all the work in five years and would dissolve after handing it over to the corporation which would after that be the authority.

According to another scheme, the Government could lend £1,000,000 or £2,000,000 to the corporation, which would carry out the work. My own private idea, the Lord Mayor continued, is that the Government should buy up the whole of the desolated area, clear it, and replant it ready to let at a head rent of say, £50 a plot. Then those who did not wish to rebuild need not do so and they should have no coming in with capital from other cities; and in time Dublin might be the finest city in the Empire.

A deputation is being sent from the corporation to London consisting of the town clerk, the law agent, and the engineer. Another deputation representing the Fire Losses Company is also going, and they will ask Mr. Asquith what he intends to do. With the assistance of public opinion they should obtain a hearing, and if the Government refuses their request there will only remain a monument.

of misgovernment. The present Under-Secretary does not seem to be inclined to recommend the Government to rebuild. Nevertheless we can make out a case before Parliament must listen to which 2,000 rebels take possession of houses, and the Government blows the buildings to pieces to set at the rebels, the Government is morally responsible for replacing them.

The Coliseum Theatre, which cost £40,000 and was only built two years ago, was like properties of a similar nature not fully insured. The corporation meanwhile is losing £16,000 in rates while the ruins exist, and how can it provide the necessary employment? The working class difficulty is abnormal just now. We pay £8,000 to clerks and officials, and £70,000 to working men alone. We shall be compelled to part with temporary men.

With regard to the question of rebuilding the slums, this must wait until after the war. As a matter of fact, we had 13 rebuilding schemes on hand, but are not allowed to borrow money to carry them out. All the same, we have borrowed £24,000 for housing plans and another £34,000 to finish the Roundwood waterworks. This work will be done in 1917.

A Middy Prince.

The list of new midshipmen includes the name of Prince Louis Francis of Battenberg, the younger son of Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg. The young Prince has, at 16, concluded his course as a cadet, and becomes an effective officer. He has been appointed to the battle cruiser Lion, Sir David Beatty's famous flagship. His only brother, Prince George of Battenberg, whose engagement to the Countess Nada Torby, one of the daughters of the Grand Duke Michael, was recently announced, is also in the battle cruiser squadron, being a lieutenant on the New Zealand, that colony's contribution to the Grand Fleet.

Mrs. E. G. Foster, Picton, received word that her brother, R. Alfred Fralick, Gillette, Wyo., died on Aug. 31st very suddenly, of rupture of a blood vessel near the heart.

Not one arrest for drunkenness in twelve days under the new prohibition regime, and a scarcity of other court cases, is Belleville's record.

Col. and Mrs. Adams were in Picton over Sunday. Their house on Ferguson street is now offered for sale or to rent.

The Andrew Buchanan residence on Mary street, Picton, has been sold to Ethan Palmer, High Shore, Southampton.

"Low Cost of Living" Menu

Menu for Tuesday

- BREAKFAST: Stewed Plums or Fruit of Choice, Cold Boiled Cereal, Jelly, Omelette, Hot-Pocketbook Rolls, Fruit Butter, Coffee or Cocoa.
- LUNCHEON OR SUPPER: Vegetable Salad, Apple Fritters, Whole Wheat Bread, Fruit, Milk or Iced Cocoa.
- DINNER: Beef Broth, Beefsteak Pie, Creamed Cabbage, Pickled Beets, Apple Sauce, Coffee.

Apple Fritters. Materials—3 cooking apples, 1 cup milk, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs.

Utensils—Knife, bowl, two measuring cups, teaspoon, tablespoon, frypan, mixing bowl, flour sifter, egg-beater, soup plate to beat eggs in.

Directions—Wash, pare and core the apples; cut into rounds 1/4 inch thick. Dip into the batter and fry in deep hot fat. Dust with pulverized sugar.

Batter—Sift the flour, baking powder and salt into bowl; add the milk slowly and the well-beaten eggs; mix well.

Creamed Cabbage. Materials—4 cups finely cut or

chopped cabbage 1/2 cup mayonnaise, 1 cup whipped cream, 1/4 cup finely chopped green peppers, 1 tablespoon salt.

Utensils—Cabbage cutter or knife, bowl two measuring cups, teaspoon, tablespoon.

Directions—Put the cut or chopped cabbage into bowl, cover with cold water 1 hour. Then drain and shake until dry; add peppers. Mix the cream and mayonnaise and pour over cabbage, add salt and mix well.

Apple Dumplings. Materials—4 apples, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon shortening, 1 cup milk, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons butter.

Utensils—Mixing bowl, flour sifter, two measuring cups, teaspoon, tablespoon, bakeboard, rolling pin, knife, agate pan, pie tin.

Directions—Sift the flour, salt and baking powder into bowl, rub in the lard very lightly. Add just enough cold milk to work a dough. Place on floured board and roll out 1/4 inch thick. Divide into 4 parts. Lay on each quarter an apple, which has been washed, pared, cored; add the teaspoon sugar in core with 1/4 teaspoon butter; wet the edges of dough with cold water and fold around the apple, pressing lightly together. Place in agate pan; sprinkle with the remainder of the sugar and 1/4 teaspoon butter on each dumpling, pour over the rest of milk; cover with pie tin. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Serve with fruit sauce.

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