

Public Library Bulletin

Some Books for Boys and Girls for June - Jewells Cards, 25c. Island of Appledore - A. Aldon. Stephen's Last Chance - M. Ashman. Greek Slave Chief - J. A. Alshof. Keeping His Course - R. H. Barbour. Havel Patrol of 1803's Hill - C. P. Burton. Beppo - C. E. Collob. Don Strong, Patrol Leader - W. Heydiger. King Long Beard - B. MacGregor. Mt. Blossom - G. M. Mullins. Boy Woodburn - A. Ollivant. Tuck-shop Girls - E. Oxenham. Oh! Money, Money - G. H. Porter. The Divers - Hume Nesbit. Decan Nursery Tales - C. A. Kincaid. Topas Story Books - A. E. Skinner. Russian Story Book - R. Wilson. The Golden Goose - E. M. Tappan. Tales from the Scottish Ballads - E. Orlerson. Jeanne D'Arc - Percy Mackaye. Mechanical Drawing - C. C. Leeds.

The Lonely Soldier

A Story of the Intelligence Corps. (Written exclusively for the Whig by A.M.I.)

Life at the G. H. Q. office at Rouen was proceeding very much as usual, when a newcomer appeared in our midst. He came to us very unconvictionally, appearing suddenly at the sergeant's mess one evening. His sponsor was the colonel. Nobody ever asked the colonel "why" or "wherefore." Somehow his face did not encourage enquiry. The newcomer was introduced as Sergeant Dodds, and we understood that he was attached for duty. He had black hair, with somewhat clear-cut features. His chevrons and badges told us he was a sergeant of the First Canadian Division. It was no use asking what was his job or work, because he offered no explanation. Jones, the colonel's private secretary, who knows everything, could not help us out very much either. All that he could say was that Dodds had done duty at the front and had been wounded. His record form gave no further information. On questioning the Orderly Room clerk we found that he never had a record form until he became wounded, and that it was only a temporary one.

changed about and that some one had presumably read his letters. "I happened to know the order of them," he said. "I have rather a methodical mind." "Do you think it was your assistant?" I asked. He shook his head. "No," he said. "Rightly would not do such a thing." "This is the strange thing about it. I took the most important letter and placed it under my blotter. When I returned the blotter was still there, but the letter was gone. The fact is," he said with a burst of confidence, "I have been rather an ass. I put an advertisement in La Vie Parisienne as a lonely soldier."

HUNS ROASTED SOUTH AFRICAN SOLDIER

London, May 31.—In an interview, C. J. Seitz, a South African infantryman from Kimberley who has just escaped from Germany, describes the diabolical cruelty of the German guards. Because he refused to work on munitions, he was knocked unconscious with a belt buckle, then kicked mercilessly, and tied to a furnace door and partially roasted, the skin on his arms, body and face coming off in ribbons. Next he was placed in a cold chamber, where he suffered agony. Subsequently he was placed in a coal mine, where he collapsed through lack of nourishment. The Germans turned the fire hose on him while prostrate, buffeting him about until he was nearly killed. He was then left lying in the open, the cold wind piercing his saturated and scanty clothing. Seitz asserts he was at death's door on six occasions from semi-starvation and hard labor. His bones are still almost protruding through his skin. He was made a prisoner in July, 1916.

An Escaped Prisoner Describes Diabolical Cruelty of the German Guards.

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We were absolutely at sea. Even the officers held him in awe. To us, anyone who had been at the front since the beginning appeared as a superhuman. Though we had all done our little bit, still we were proud to have one of the old boys with us. Anyway, Sergeant Dodds did not show any signs of brilliance. His promotion had been held up for almost a year, but this did not worry him in the least. He was an all-around sportsman, and a great footballer. In his spare time, he helped the boys against No. 8 General Hospital, which had a crack team. The curious thing about him was that, although he was not communicative, he had a trick of eliciting the communications of others. That he should get young Sergeant Berry to talk about himself was inevitable. Berry talked about himself because he was the most interesting person in the world—to Berry. And there was some excuse, for Berry was the crack bombing N. C. O. (on paper) in the Canadian Corps. He knew a great deal more about pushing a pen than the average infantry sergeant. Dodds came into the room one day when Berry was hard at work, and for once he was talkative. He himself was excused duty, for some unknown reason, so he used to kill time around Berry's desk. "You have a bit of correspondence," he said, with a smile.

Berry blushed. "Oh, yes," he said, with a fine air of nonchalance. "A bit of a sport with the girls," said Dodds, dropping his hand on the other's shoulder, and Berry blushed again. Most of Berry's correspondents were ladies, and he had a somewhat big mail. He used to carry on with some lady in Paris, and now and again with a preacher's daughter in England. In other words, he was a regular fellow. There the matter ended, though we all thought the newcomer had a great deal of nerve to show up poor Berry on so short an acquaintance. It was Sunday afternoon, the usual half day off, when Berry strolled into the office all dressed up. It was rather early, so that we were surprised to see him all topped up at such an hour. He called me aside. "Mac," he said, seriously, "I want to consult you. Can you spare me a few minutes?" We went into my room, and he started. "Did you notice I had a lot of mail this morning?" I nodded. "That's nothing unusual, Berry," I said. "I will tell you what is unusual," he continued. "Somebody has seen my mail and read my letters." "What on earth do you mean?" I asked in astonishment. He explained that he had placed his letters in one of the file boxes at lunch time, and when he returned he discovered that the boxes had been

"These were the letters," he said, "that came to me to-day, and there was one nobody." He stopped. "To tell the truth, Mac, I was to see her to-day. She just came up from Paris to see me, and we were going to have dinner together at the Opera, and then perhaps take in the show at the Omnia. You know the usual procedure. Such is a real beauty." He took from his pocket a little leather case and opened it, and showed me a face of surprising beauty, broad forehead, straight, thin nose, lips like a cupid's bow, and great light eyes that seemed alive even on the photograph. "You have no idea of her," he said a little incoherently. "Sort of kindred soul—keen on the things I am keen on, don't you know, Mac? She took degrees in arts and sciences at Paris. I'd hate anybody to see the last letter she wrote me." "Full of love and high explosives," said a quiet voice behind us. Berry jumped around. Dodds, with his hands behind him, was all smiles. "What do you mean?" demanded Berry. "All love and high explosives," repeated Dodds quietly. "You see, he had the inestimable advantage of reading your letters."

"You?" gasped Berry, and the other nodded. "This lonely soldier business is very dangerous," said Dodds in the same quiet tone, "especially when you are a susceptible young sergeant who compares notes with a scientific beauty on the composition of—shall we say the Mills bomb? You understand that such happenings off the enemy excellent opportunities for getting information. I wrote you on the 25th of October about her degree in science, and said that she had a great idea for a new explosive. Curiously enough, she sent you the formula, and you suggested corrections which bore some resemblance to the formula which our Government had adopted. What was more natural than that you should tell her there were certain inaccuracies in her calculations? What more natural, indeed, than that she should come to see you, and possibly under the genality which she would certainly inspire, you could not only correct her errors, but give away the formula of this bomb?" Berry was now white and trembling. "My lad," said Dodds, kindly, "you are very young and you talk too much and write too much. You have saved yourself a trip down town. I should advise you to forget it all, and go off to the football game, instead." "But what about Miss —?" stammered Berry. "You mean Madame Aquine?" smiled Dodds. "We arrested her this morning at the station, and she is now in comfortable surroundings. You see," he said, half apologetically, "we people of the Intelligence Department cannot afford to take any chances."

THE TOWN WATCHMAN.

Canadian Club's Appeal. New York, May 31.—The Canadian Club of New York, whose headquarters are at the Hotel Baltimore, issues another appeal for \$100,000 to carry on relief work among dependents of Americans in the Canadian army. These men, it is said, enlisted with the definite assurance that their dependents would be cared for. As the Canadian Patriotic Fund cannot be applied for the benefit of persons outside the Dominion, it is necessary that provision for the women and children of the soldiers be provided in the United States.

An Acrobat in the Squad.

Sergeant (drilling awkward squad): "Company, attention company. Lift up your left leg and hold it straight out in front of you." One of the squad held up his right leg by mistake. This brought his right-hand companion's left leg and his own right leg close together. The officer seeing this, exclaimed angrily: "And who is the blooming galoot over there holding out both legs?"

If you and I are all the time harping about the faults of others, we will get to a place some day where there are no harps.

THEREATS WON'T DETER HIM

Dr. M. Steele, M.P., Writes Letter to Farmer Constituents. Stratford, May 31.—Replying to a letter from the Cromarty Farmers' Club in respect to supporting exemption for farmers under the Military Service Act, Dr. M. Steele, Unionist M.P. for South Perth wrote:

"My duty, as I see it, in the situation is perfectly clear. I intend to continue to do my duty and I will not be deterred from that course even by your threat that my resignation will be requested. The man who would refuse further reinforcements to our gallant boys at this time is not worthy to represent any British constituency." In the good time coming the boot-black will be able to esteem even the man who wears canvas shoes.

PUBLIC NOTICE DOCUMENTS TO BE CARRIED by every male person who is not on active service in any of His Majesty's Naval or Military Forces, or in the Naval or Military Forces of any of His Majesty's Allies, and who apparently may be, or is reasonably suspected to be, within the description of Class One under the Military Service Act, 1917, who for any reason may have claimed that he is not within Class One under the Act. NOTICE is hereby given that, under the provisions of an Order in Council (P.C. 1013), of the 20th April, 1918, upon and after the 1st day of June, 1918, every male person who is not on active service in any of His Majesty's Naval or Military Forces, or in the Naval or Military Forces of His Majesty's Allies, and who apparently may be, or is reasonably suspected to be, within the description of Class One under the Military Service Act, 1917, by whom or on whose behalf, it is at any time affirmed, claimed or alleged that he is not, whether by reason of age, status, nationality, exemption or otherwise, within Class One under the Military Service Act, 1917, as defined for the time being or that, although within the said Class, he is exempted from or not liable to military service; shall have with him upon his person at all times or in or upon any building or premises where he is at any time, in, Age, Marriage, Nationality, Active Service, Clergy, Exemption, Other Class, Failure to Carry Requisite Evidence, Penalty, False Certificate. Issued By the Military Service Branch Of the Department of Justice. Ottawa, May 22, 1918.

The Man on Watch

Many automobile-drivers in Kingston are daily playing with death—not risking their own necks but those of others. There are some people in Kingston who profess to be charitable Christians and still uphold the doctrine of "an eye for an eye" in small matters. Where have the tulip thieves gone this spring? Have they all joined the colors? The tulip beds appear to be thriving this month. There appear to be some people at Millhaven with time on their hands, as it is reported that the "Monday wash" has been stolen. Kingston's Council is as charitable as societies of that nature. Its latest good deed is to refuse to hold a citizen to a contract made some time ago when prices were lower. Once upon a time Carlyle wrote an essay on "Clothes." If he were alive to-day he would have much more material at his disposal. For instance, some men in officers' uniform look like officers, while others do not. One officer the Lampman has in mind bears the rank of major, but he really looks more like one of those old-time British drill sergeants. He simply cannot get the sergeant look off him. When Sodom and Gomorrah were to be kept going it even live right-cousin people could be found in them.

That Daughters of the Empire

convention in Toronto was a corker, with the dear ladies accusing each other of this and that and shouting "How dare you!" And it was the titled dames who were doing all the loud and bitter talking. 'Twas surely no place for Kingston ladies. Booze is not the only thing that is being cut off. The authorities are even cutting off syllables. For instance it is no longer necessary to say "educationalist" and "agriculturalist." "Educationist" and "agriculturalist" will do, and should always have done for that matter. Perhaps the new Minister of Education will do some further language cutting. The military service young ladies do not like one bit the nasty M. P. who asked in the Commons if there was enough work to keep them busy. Even if they have time to knit and read the latest fiction at their desks, those M.P.'s should mind their own business and not send a detective to report on their routine. "Tom" Marks, the actor, is again at Christie's Lake to summer. Many people swear by him just as the next generation did by Harry Lindley. There's "Bill" Baillie, the chief of police, who declared by all that's holy that Harry Lindley was the greatest actor ever born. Many of the rising generation were introduced into slavery by Tom Marks' plays, and they thought his productions far more interesting than those of William