

From The Countryside

Frontenac

GLENVALE.

Feb. 3.—The recent epidemic of flu has abated somewhat. Cromwell Cramer is now ill with the disease. John Cooper is home after undergoing treatment in the hospital, Kingston. A jolly load of young people from Kingston were entertained at Mr. Hamilton's on Friday evening. A pleasant time was spent dancing and playing games. Mr. Moss, Clarendon, was a recent visitor at G. H. Harty's. G. A. B. Clark, reeve, returned home after spending the past week in Kingston attending the County Council. Miss Ola Butterill, Sydneyham, was a week-end visitor here.

INVERARY.

Feb. 4.—The four days' convention in the Holiness Movement Church is closed. Large numbers from Kingston, Sealey's Bay and other places were present. Bishop Horner was in attendance. Thomas Wills, of Queen's, spent the week-end among friends here. The proprietors of the Model Cheese factory have purchased a carload of coal, and are unloading it. Olga Arthur and Frederike Ferguson are recovering from their late illness. Mrs. Thompson still continues seriously ill. Mrs. W. L. Storms returned down on Sunday to visit her. Every person is glad to see Mr. and Mrs. Ross Clow here again. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Garrett, a daughter.

VERONA.

Jan. 29.—On Saturday our local sextette of puck pushers, accompanied by about seventy-five supporters, journeyed to Sydneyham to play an exhibition game with the pick of the C.N.R. team. The game was hotly contested throughout, both teams being in the pink of condition for the fray. The Sydneyham team from the face off showed their determination to win and save the reputation of the town. Our boys also showed some determination that if defeated it would not be because they did not do their best. Both teams showed their form and from the start the game was fast, gaining in speed as it progressed. The visiting team had the Sydneyham leads on the defensive at all times. The score when all was over was: Verona 3, Sydneyham 0. Harry Asselmeier officiated as referee, giving both sides a square deal and only found it necessary to hand out two penalties.

KEELERVILLE.

Feb. 4.—A few from here attended quarterly services at Battersea Methodist church Sunday. J. E. Anglin attended the quarterly officers' board meeting Monday afternoon at Battersea. Miss Pauline Anglin spent the week-end at home, accompanied by Miss Mildred Sigsworth, of Hartington. Stanley McCallum and Miss Bernice Sutherland, at Edward Sleeth's on Sunday. James McIlroy was recently married to Miss Sills, of Leland. F. W. Halle and wife are at J. E. Anglin's. James Hughes, popular mail carrier, had the misfortune to have his horse run away on Monday morning; consequently, the mail was late in getting to its destination. William W. King, motored to Kingston today. J. E. Anglin attended the funeral of his cousin, Mrs. John Anglin, Gananoque, Sunday. John Robb has a few men engaged to cut wood in his bush. James Boal shipped a load of pigs to-day. Mrs. Patterson, assessor, made his rounds here last week. William Dixon had his wood all cut by the sawing machine on Saturday.

Leeds

WESTPORT.

Feb. 3.—Pte. E. McCaffrey has returned from overseas and is the guest of his mother, Mrs. E. McCaffrey. Howard Colburn spent the

week-end in Kingston. Mrs. Harry Langdon was called to Hartem last week owing to the serious illness of her aunt, Mrs. John Hainson. Rev. J. B. Howe and Mrs. Howe motored to Brockville this morning. D. L. Goodfellow's confinement to his home through illness. Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Forrester, Perth, spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Butler, Mrs. J. C. McCulloch is visiting friends in Brockville. James H. Bell, Newboro, who recently returned from France, has accepted a position with the bridge and building department of the C.N.R.

MORTON.

Feb. 4.—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stacey made a business trip to Perth one day last week. Some from here attended the party at Mr. Brown's, Leeds, on Friday evening last. Rev. Mr. Duxton, Sealey's Bay, was in the village on Friday last making pastoral calls. Pte. Munson Perrin of the 156th Battalion was in the village renewing old acquaintances after spending the past two years in England and France. Mr. Perrin has seen much active service. H. G. Dean left on Monday for Ottawa to resume his work on the government dredge. Miss Ella Smith, Lyndhurst, spent the week-end at J. Somerville's. Mr. and Mrs. Burns Simpson, Jones Falls, were the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Stewart one day last week. A number from here attended a meeting of the O.O.L. at Sealey's Bay on Monday evening last.

LOMBARD.

Feb. 3.—Mrs. Pierce, Newington, has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taylor for the past two weeks. The many friends in this vicinity of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Covell regret to know that they are both suffering from influenza at home in Smith's Falls. Mrs. Dudley Jory has been spending the past week with friends in Perth and vicinity. Mrs. James Dermody has been visiting friends in Merrickville during the past week. The Misses Newman received word from their brother Pte. W. K. Newman of the 242nd Forestry Battalion, that he had safely landed in Quebec and was en route to British Columbia where he had enlisted in 1916. Mrs. Agnes Dooker, Brockville spent the week-end at her home here. Mrs. J. Edgar Sears, Toronto, has spent the past two weeks at her farm home here. Pte. J. Brown, Perth, who recently returned from overseas spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. J. Dermody.

OUTLET.

Feb. 4.—The driving is good across the little lake and quite a number are hauling firewood. Sleighing on the roads is very poor. There are more wheels than sleighs used. The coasting is excellent and a number of the young people are enjoying it. Miss M. Edgley, Lansdowne, spent over Sunday with friends here. Mrs. G. Slack and son, Mons. Sand Bay, were at George Reed's on Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Babcock, of Arden, are spending a couple of weeks with their daughter, Mrs. W. G. Vanderburg, Warburton. D. Reed continues very ill. Miss Marie Johnson, Sand Bay, who has been very ill with the flu, is improving very slowly. Mrs. W. J. Running, Woodville, is spending a couple of days with her daughter, Mrs. Clarence Cross, Dulcemaine, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Vanderburg and children, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vanderburg and Mrs. G. Humphrey were recent visitors of Mr. and Mrs. J. Humphrey, Dulcemaine. Glen Reed is spending this week with friends at Athens. Communion service in Dulcemaine Methodist church was well attended.

Music for Launching New Ships. The recent launching of a big boat was attended with due ceremony. All the traditions of the occasion were observed. But in speaking of the water to a friend, one who was present remarked: "It was committed to the water with music, not whiskey." At intervals in the proceedings a band rendered music, and then as the great vessel slipped gracefully into the water a specially chosen number was played. This is only another of the examples that are cropping up every day, everywhere, showing that not only is there music suitable for every occasion, but there is no occasion complete without music.

Every city woman thinks that she could make a fortune in three years if she had a place to raise chickens.

The Emancipation Of the Chaperons.

By ALICE LOUISE LEE. Copyright, 1918, by Alice Louise Lee.

"HUEP!" Merrivether stretched his legs out luxuriously in front of the grate and pulled at his pipe. "A Christmas house party at The Pines." Then after a pause, "Who are invited?"

His nephew leaned against the mantelpiece and stuffed his hands into his pockets as he enumerated the guests, the uncle keeping up a running and caustic comment: "Engaged-going to be introduced for matrimonial purposes—engaged—the same." The enumeration ceased. "Yes, I see myself helping to chaperon your house party. I stroll into the reception room and stumble over an engaged couple. I sneak into the library and am frowned out again by a newly introduced couple. I bang into the music room and overhear a proposal. No, thank you, Roy; I shall spend Christmas in peace and my own room."

Roy picked up his hat and moved to leave the door. "Modern house parties are not conducted along the lines you've laid down, uncle. Change your mind and judge for yourself." He turned the knob. "By the way, I didn't mention the other chaperon, did I? It's Mrs. Angell, Bertha's widowed aunt, you know." With this parting shot, which he knew was effective, Roy discreetly retreated.

After he had gone Merrivether sat an hour staring at the fire and pulling away at a smokeless pipe. Then he arose and looked earnestly at himself in the mirror. "We're apt to run down," he apostrophized his reflection; "apt to run to seed, we sachs here. Now, this he-let's see, it's six months out of style, and Gertrude used to be—hum." He stopped to the phone and called up his tailor, realising that his mind had already undergone the change Roy hoped for.

Ten days later he arrived at The Pines just in time to dress for dinner. He was accompanied by a man and a smart lot of luggage, accessories which made so marked a change in himself, that when at 6 o'clock he descended to the lower hall Bertha Moore, awaiting her aunt at the foot of the stairs, surveyed him in delighted amazement.

"Why, Uncle Bruce," she exclaimed "you look so fine I scarcely knew you!" Bertha was his nephew's fiancée and already claimed relationship in private to the uncle. "I'd make Roy wear evening clothes in the morning if he had such a splendid figure—so fitted out, you know."

Merrivether, following her into the living room, laughed grimly at the doubtful compliment. "Oh, he'll tip the scales at 230 soon enough, don't worry."

"You surely don't look that stout," began Bertha, and, turning abruptly toward the entrance, finished with, "Does he, auntie?"

Gertrude Angell swept past her niece and met Merrivether's outstretched hand cordially. "Look? Why, he looks surprisingly like the Bruce Merrivether I used to know so well."

Fifteen years ago, was on the end of Merrivether's tenure, but he checked himself just in time. Gertrude probably ignored lapses in time as women have a habit of doing, he thought. But surely here was a face, a form, a bearing, which had so successfully withstood time as to entitle her to the appellation of youth. Her brown hair had not lost its lustre, nor had her blue eyes lost aught of their sparkling interest in life, while she carried herself with her old-time spring and vivacity.

Merrivether noted all these things as he sat opposite her at dinner. His memory flashed pictures that were before him—the primary days in their old home school, their grammar room, betrothal, the warm friendship of later years, which had meant something more to him; then her marriage and life abroad. As he looked at her he had the uncomfortable feeling that, although her birth had antedated his by one year, she was many years his junior.

He was just characterizing himself as "old" when his nephew's voice aroused him and added point to his reflection. "Tomorrow morning we skate," announced Roy joyfully. "I've had the pond back here cleared for action, and the ice is O. K." Then he added earnestly, "By the way, Uncle Bruce, I forgot to tell you to bring skates along, but I can easily provide you with a pair."

Merrivether quaked inwardly, but made no reply until after dinner, when he backed his nephew into a corner and addressed him privately and forcefully. "I've not been on skates for ten years, and I don't intend to make a spectacle of myself now by any means."

"Why, uncle—er—you know, this makes things rather awkward, for Mrs. Angell does all those things so well, and—er—we don't want her to feel speed here."

"Oh!" exclaimed Merrivether. "In that case I'll try, but watch out for a repetition of a chapter in the 'Pickwick Papers,'" and he turned abruptly into the bathroom.

"Are you looking over the scene of 'former triumphs' asked a gay voice beside him. And Mrs. Angell moved across the room to straighten a candle in one of the chandeliers.

Merrivether noted with admiration her free, light step. She was a superb specimen of womanhood, but he secretly wished she had appeared older. "Why is it," he asked impulsively, ignoring her question, "that women retain their youth much longer than men?"

She passed with her hand on the mantel and looked back. "I think," she replied thoughtfully, "it's because they insist on doing youthful things."

"There it is again," he said with

an internal groan. He would be obliged to skate and dance and do all the other uncomfortable things which forty years and 230 pounds shrink from. Still as he watched her move about the room the burden of it did not seem so onerous after all.

Therefore he dashed not badly, but laboriously, all the while admiring the graceful ease of Gertrude Angell's motions.

"At least," he determined resolutely, "I'll not be caught skating, as I was dancing without a bit of practice." It was 1 a. m. when he made this resolution and issued the command to his man, "Peter, get me up at 7—unless, in sudden inspiration, 'it should be storming.'"

Promptly at 7 he was awakened in a rebellious frame of mind. "Stiff as a cart horse," he grumbled. "I hope it's snowing like blazes."

The man raised the shade and looked out. "Sky clear as a whistle, sir."

So, with his sleep cut short two hours at both ends of the night, Merrivether dragged himself and the pair of skates, produced by his thoughtful nephew, out to the pond behind the hill. For an hour he skinned his knees, bumped his head and disturbed the equilibrium of his temper before he was able to move along with moderate speed and keep his feet under him.

When he went in to breakfast he was thankful for a few moments alone in front of a glowing gas fire. He stretched his aching legs toward the heat and rubbed the back of his head where a bump was appearing which he laid down in phrenological charts and pains from which were darting in every direction. He listened idly to voices in the hall until his attention was chained by two comments made just outside the door.

"Isn't she a perfect delight of a chaperon? And so young too! She can't be thirty."

The reply was given in a doubtful tone. "Why—er—yes, she must be all of thirty."

"Forty-one," muttered the listener doggedly, the light of his new resolve shining again in his eyes.

At 10 o'clock the entire party went out to the pond, and Merrivether skated and skated and skated until his teeth were clinched in desperation and his forehead knitted in his efforts to hold out as long as Mrs. Angell did.

That he was becoming a man of one idea he acknowledged to himself that afternoon on the sleigh ride. "What Gertrude dares, I dare," he told himself in feeble jest. That sleighing party was a nightmare to him for days afterward. The drifts were deep, and the sleigh was overturned again and again, generally with Merrivether at the bottom of the heap, owing to the fact that sleighs incline readily in the direction of 230 pounds. Then, to vary the monotony of the tip-overs, there were miles of hillsides with a southerly exposure where the sun had melted the snow and obliged the party to walk.

Merrivether toiled up the slopes, hunching his wind by maintaining silence, watching Gertrude's elastic steps nimbly and feeling his resolutions in respect to youthfulness ebb from his chilled finger tips.

"All out for our last climb!" cried Roy as the horses stopped at the foot of a steep rise. "This is our last hill."

"Thank the Lord!" said Merrivether devoutly behind his mustache. He

glanced resentfully at the proportions of the man before her. "I might be able to endure everything and yet feel fresh, but being a woman and forty-one!"

"Gertrude," interrupted Merrivether in a tone of solemnity, "are you forty-one?"

"Of course I am," she responded almost irritably. "You know that I am."

"Yes," he replied vaguely, coming nearer, "but I didn't know that you knew it!"

"I have every reason to know it!"—the tears were near the surface now—"when skating gives me the rheumatism, and dancing the headache, and that sleigh ride!" She spread her hands out in a gesture of despair. "I can't endure it any longer. I'm going home tomorrow on the 9:10 train and leave you to chaperon. Nothing seems to you."

The tears had reached her lashes, and she turned her head away. Merrivether sat down beside her uninvited. "Gertrude," he began in a voice in which rang a satisfaction out of harmony with his announcement, "the exertion attendant on chaperoning this house party and keeping up with you has given me the rheumatism in every joint and muscle, and not only the headache—the efflu, has penetrated to my disposition, which is—"

A door opened somewhere, and a burst of music interrupted him. "Pence on earth, good will to me!"

The door closed, and silence reigned in the library. A realization of the spirit of the words came to Merrivether. His light manner dropped from him. He leaned over and laid his hand on Gertrude's. "Let's be old and peaceful together, dear. Don't go back tomorrow. Spend Christmas here—with me."

The freight played softly over the woman's face. She glanced up with a smile which was tremulous in spite of her mocking words. "Now that I think of it, Bruce, I haven't bought my new yet, and—it is more comfortable to be old!"

A light laugh put him to shame, and a pair of dancing blue eyes met his in a glance which stripped him of his ten years and led him back to the days when he had walked beside her with never a thought of fatigue. "Tired?" she returned carelessly. "And by such a little trip as this?"

That reply, coupled with the day's unparalleled exertions, turned the tide of Merrivether's resolutions. In his room before 6:30 he eased his aching neck in a chair, undressed and determined to go to the city early next morning. "I would be old and sensible and comfortable once more. He would forget Gertrude as long as he could not keep up with her youthfulness."

But alas for his determination! He nearly forgot his bruises and sprains that evening in the charm of Mrs. Angell's presence, and he noticed, too, with a pang of something very like jealousy, that Briggs, the youngest man in the party, occupied his spare moments in looking in her direction.

"I'll see what the weather promises for tomorrow," was his irresolute com-

ment as he reached his room. He mightily packed his things ready for the 9:10 train. "If it should storm, maybe"—was his last conscious thought, and then he drifted off into a land where Christmas spent her Christmas with him beside a quiet hearthstone and chaperoned house parties no more.

Next morning, when he awoke, the snow was driving against the window, while the wind whistled savagely through the trees. Merrivether turned over with a deep grunt of satisfaction. There could be no sleighing, no skating, no tobogganing, such a day, as this, and that night was Christmas eve and the Christmas tree. He had purchased an exquisite copy of "Maud" for Mrs. Angell. It was upon these had come road together, and he wondered if his memory of the fact would touch her. With these thoughts he drifted back to sleep, and the morning train went thundering cityward without him.

But his triumph over the state of the weather was short-lived. At the breakfast table his nephew curdled his blood by the announcement of the plans for the Christmas trees, which yet stood in the forest a mile across lots. "Two of the men are sick this morning, fellows, so we'll have to fall into line and fetch the trees!" Roy proclaimed, with a relish born of twenty-three years and warm blood.

The "fellows," including Merrivether, worked in the starn until noon before the trees were properly cut, trimmed, cleaned and set up in the ball-room ready for the decorations and gifts. The ladies had the decorations in charge, but Merrivether found there was no rest for the weary. He balanced himself precariously by the hump on the top of stappadders, which swayed and creaked ominously under his weight; he climbed stairs to fetch packages from the billiard room; he searched for lost harness and knelt on mislaid tacks until he relegated Christmas and house parties to the lower regions.

At last the trees were decorated, and Roy called the party into the music room to practice Christmas anthems. Merrivether saw his fellow workers safely into the music room; then he dragged himself upstairs for a relaxing smoke, only to find his fire out and his chamber chaperon.

Shoving his aching feet into slippers, he got himself into a smoking jacket, lit his pipe and descended to the library. The library lay back of the living room, far from the music, and it contained an inviting couch, at which Merrivether had looked longingly, but had not found time so far to occupy.

He pushed aside the curtains at the entrance with a broad sweep of his hand and stepped within. Then he stopped abruptly. The couch was occupied. "I beg your pardon, Gertrude, I thought you were sleeping."

"Singing!" she responded crossly, struggling into a sitting posture. "Why, I've not a shred of voice left to sing with!" She did not smile, but passed her hand across her eyes in a gesture which caused a great light to break in on Merrivether.

"No to utter!" he accused in a dingy tone of triumph.

She leaned back, resting her head against the wall. "Tired?" she repeated in an intense voice. "I'm half dead with the awful pace of these two days. If I were a big healthy man now, I'd glance resentfully at the proportions of the man before her. "I might be able to endure everything and yet feel fresh, but being a woman and forty-one!"

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