

Grand Master, Charlie Byam, with a very handsome basket of roses, the Past Grand President testifying in glowing terms to the willing and valuable assistance rendered to the Rebekah Grand officers during her term of office.

On re-assembling after lunch on Thursday, another surprise was in store for the Grand Master. Some twenty years or so ago Charles A. Byam was initiated into the mysteries of Oddfellowship in Durham Lodge No. 78, Port Hope, and naturally the local lodge has always had the greatest interest in this brother.

On Friday, just before adjournment the Grand Secretary announced that the representatives of Charlie's northern district wished to interview the Grand Master and on taking the platform another address full of kind words was read to the astonished occupant of the principal chair, at the close of which a beautiful cabinet of silver was presented to our good friend, Charlie.

Charlie was quite taken back for a few minutes by this evidence of esteem of his old co-workers in Port Hope, but in a few words expressed his unbounded appreciation of the gift and kind words contained in the address.

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We might also mention here that some time ago the brethren of his district gathered their nuggets of silver together (it is a silver mining country) and had them all melted down and cast into a beautiful gavel with which to preside at the session of the Grand Lodge of 1928.

It was a most harmonious and profitable session and thoroughly enjoyed by the two citizens who represented the local lodge.

Mr. Walter J. Crowhurst, Ontario Street, was a member of the Grand Lodge during the past year, being appointed Grand Herald and he has performed his duties faithfully and efficiently.

Mrs. W. J. Crowhurst, Past Grand of Ganeraska Rebekah Lodge, Port Hope, and a Past District Grand President, received the Degree of Chivalry on Wednesday evening at the Palais Royal at Sunnyside, a beautiful ceremony conferred each year at Grand Lodge by the Patriarchs Militant, a semi-military branch of the Order, on members who have been specially active in the work of Oddfellowship.

SUNSHINE

The Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, and other exponents of the out-of-doors are enjoying benefits of life in the open. They see the things of the world in a new light and understand nature better.

Sunshine is the test of summer time. It ripens the grain and fruit and gives strength to the camper. All nature has a smiling face when the sun causes the plants to grow, the flowers to open and the fruits to mature.

There are profits in sunshine that one does not always reckon on when planning an outing in the open. It creates beauty and attractiveness and thereby adds to efficiency and usefulness. It helps in fitting one for future work and inculcates a desire for keeping young in order to continue enjoying the playfields of youth.

We Offer BANANAS all this week at Greatly Reduced Prices. Home grown Cabbage, Beets and Asparagus.

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Your picnic basket will be much improved if Potato Bread is used in making your sandwiches. 11c per loaf wrapped. PETERBORO SAUSAGE

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CARDS AND WATER THE GUIDE STORY FOR TOURISTS

(Continued from Saturday.)

Rural Ladies Find It Profitable to Keep Kettle Boiling for Tea-Makers

Kind ladies who keep rural kettles a-boiling for weary travellers inclined to brew themselves a cup of tea by the roadside are, with the coming of the warm weather, preparing for their busy season, and so, too, are numerous other people who spend their days and nights making the tired tourist comfortable and pleased with his visit, among them being the hotel clerk, the bell boy, the red cap, the colored porter, and the vendor of picture post cards.

It is said that tourists leave about \$200,000,000 behind them every year. "I made about \$100 out of the sale of hot water last summer," one lady said, "and I made only a little more than that out of my chickens, which took up far more of my time."

Another favorite pastime of the tourist is that of buying picture post cards to be mailed to the folks at home.

"We sell hundreds of dollars worth of these views on post cards every summer," the attendant of a large store said, "and the business that is done in them must run into many thousands of dollars. But even at that, Toronto, in proportion to its size, probably does not sell many more cards than does Niagara Falls."

"It isn't often you get a surprise in selling such pictures, but one day about a month ago I was really puzzled over a request made to me. A well dressed young man and a stylishly attired young lady were together and he wanted views of the Toronto jail, the jail farm, the penitentiary at Kingston and any other such places I might have or be able to obtain.

"Few people ever want pictures of jails and so there is never a big stock of them on hand and I could not imagine why he wanted them, because it was quite easy to see that he was not a jail bird, and you would think anyway, that jail birds would be the very last persons to want pictures of jails. I got him some pictures all right, and when he came for them I asked one of the bell boys if he knew him.

"Yes," he said, "he's a police officer from Cleveland, I think, and he seems to be on his holidays or perhaps his honeymoon."

OVER THE HILLS

Over the hills to my childhood, Over the hills to home, Back to the joys of the wildwood Oh, let me once more roam: Give me the freedom of spirit Only a boy can know; Memory calls and I hear it; Oh, let me go, let me go!

Back to the barn where we wrestled Floundering deep in hay; Out to the pool where we nestled Cool on the hottest day; Take me again to the races Down at the County Fair; Let me again see the faces— Faces that then were there!

Give me my youth and its pleasures Free from care again; Now I should value its treasures More than I prized them then. Over the hills to my childhood Oh, let me once more roam, Back to the joys of the wildwood, Over the hills to home!

Perhaps, if his mask was removed, it might have been possible to read something like human pity in his face; but who could say so much? Meanwhile, the man who had—so it seemed—saved the lives of the school girls up to this point, again whispered into the ear of the president.

"Come, then," said the ruler, speaking French in a gruff voice, "and be brief." Then this person waved his hand at the six masked and silent men. "Wait," he said, sternly, still speaking French; "there will be time to silence these tattlers when I have heard what Remus has to tell me."

The president and the man called Remus passed into the next room and from that down a narrow passage into another room, lighted dimly by a lamp placed on a table.

The president turned up this lamp when a brilliant, penetrating light dazzled his eyes and the eyes of Remus.

The room was small, lined on one side with shelves loaded with books and papers in a confusion which spoke of haste—hurry, rather. Evidently these books and papers had been lately brought to this room and thrown pell-mell upon the shelves. The president double locked the door.

"Now say your say, man," he growled, in French, "for I have no time, and those dangerous tongues must be silenced forever."

"Monsieur le President, are you human?"

The president laughed a cold and scoffing laugh. "Once I was not only human, monsieur, but I was humane, a philanthropist, full of compassion for everything that suffered, from the baby prince who was teething to the wretched worm on the angler's hook. Bah! the world has lashed all that out of me. I have set myself sternly, even savagely, to pull down and to destroy utterly all those who are the cause of the bleeding hearts, and maddened brains, and tortured souls that seethe daily and nightly in this witch's caldron called civilization. Twice within a week spies have ferreted us out—the first time the man escaped, now these wretched girls—paid spies of the police."

"Monsieur, I know every one of those girls." "I doubt you not. You are a fine fellow, a handsome young man likely to attract the attention of those sweet innocents, who will never go back alive to tell their friends how they fared." "It would be the most hideous, the most awful murder that has ever disgraced the archives of this murderous, evil hearted Paris."

"Be it so. Let the crime, and the guilt of it, and the memory of it, rest with me. Their deaths will trouble me no more than if they were three kittens whom I sent out to be drowned in the Seine."

"You are a fiend!—a fiend—a fiend! Do you hear, Monsieur le President? If this deed of blood is done, I will go forth and denounce you and yours. I will break my vows, trample on my oaths, tear my honor to shreds, and then I will put a pistol into my mouth and blow cut my brains. Do you ask me why? Well, I love one of those girls. I love her as a man loves only once in a life time. I love her so, that to win one kiss from her lips I would go to that Siberia where you have suffered, and I would work in chains and darkness for ten long years, so that she be my reward when I again saw daylight. And me, man, is that love?"

"It is the madness of a headstrong boy, monsieur. Which, then, is the pretty creature who so cleverly tried to entrap me on my accent?" "The lovely girl who did not speak, who lies now unconscious, perhaps dead, on the couch." "Monsieur Remus, there are numbers of pretty girls in Paris." "Monsieur le President, my love for Vesta Llewellen is the inspiration of my whole life. Destroy her, and you destroy me—what there is of genius, of courage, and hope in me. I have vowed to win some of her regard before I die, to press my lips at least once to hers, and now, I die, so will I."

"Monsieur, you are romantic." "I will die with her, or denounce you, and die afterward." "You are a madman, I find." "Madmen are dangerous. Murder me, then. One crime more or less, to swell the red calendar of your tale of iniquity, can not matter one way or the other."

"Who is this girl?" "She is the daughter of Sir John Llewellen, of Llewellen Castle, in Wales. She is a pupil at a pension called the Pension Mary in Paris, kept by two English ladies, the Misses Somers. The French girl is named Volney, and comes from Avignon. The girl of courage whom you left standing on the brink of your horrible vice cellar, is of a mixed nationality. Her father is of British birth, but he has made a fortune in America as a merchant. Her mother is an Italian. All these girls, Monsieur le President, are my pupils for music at the Pension, Marly."

"And you, a gallant music teacher, have fallen in love with the Welsh heiress. And does she return your passion?" "She knows nothing of it."

(To be continued.)

CANADIAN CLUB ANNUAL SESSION

Mrs. H. M. Ryan Again Elected President of Women's Canadian Club

Mrs. H. M. Ryan was elected president of the Women's Canadian Club by acclamation at the annual session of the club held at the spacious residence of Miss Mulligan, Dorset Street, Monday afternoon. Other officers elected included: 1st Vice-President—Mrs. H. W. Benson. 2nd Vice-President—Mrs. W. F. McMahon.

Secretary—Miss K. Daley Ass't Sec.—Mrs. C. B. Kelly Treasurer—Miss Henwood Ass't Treasurer—Mrs. C. S. Mann Executive Committee—Mrs. E. M. Trauber, Mrs. H. E. Haultain, Miss J. Tuer, Miss A. Mulligan, Mrs. M. S. Hawkins and Miss K. Staples. Three interesting reports were presented at the annual meeting and each report depicted growth in all departments of the society. Mrs. H. M. Ryan, in her presidential report, reviewed the work of the society while a comprehensive report was presented by the secretary, Mrs. W. F. McMahon. The secretary's statement by Miss A. Henwood, showed the club to be in a most flourishing financial condition. Following the opening of the meet-

ing with "O, Canada," Mrs. H. M. Ryan presided, while the reports were presented, and Mrs. E. E. Snider occupied the chair for the election of officers. A vote of thanks, congratulating the officers on the excellent reports, was moved by Mrs. Snider and seconded by Mrs. Haultain.

After the serving of dainty afternoon tea, Mrs. C. B. Kelly gave an interesting address on "The Women of West China." The speaker possessed a thorough knowledge of her subject and her address was listened to with considerable interest.

President's Report

The President's report by Mrs. H. M. Ryan is in part as follows:

Lately we have become more interested in our own country. We are becoming proud of the works of our writers and poets, our artists, sculptors and architects, our explorers, our empire builders, our statesmen and law-givers, our great men of commerce and our scholars. Just a few years ago we reviewed with satisfaction the history of our country and on July 1st we celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of the federation of the various colonies of British North America.

The Canadian Club is coming to be a considerable factor in the cementing of national feeling, along with many other well organized societies with wide ramifications in the Dominion. Its special duty is to foster things Canadian, to afford its members an opportunity to keep in touch with great movements, to meet personally, people of distinction in the various walks of life, to be another bond to bind together our fellow French Canadians with our fellow English Canadians.

A long procession of interesting people have appeared before the club, poets, historians, law-givers, men of science, travellers, artists, university professors, eminent men and women in public life and one very charming French lady. Today we are to be addressed by Mrs. Kelly, a Canadian who has had the unusual experience of living in West China, and the club extends to her a hearty welcome.

In conclusion our executive has made an honest attempt to carry on the work of this club in a manner in keeping with its past records, and we sincerely hope that the members of this organization feel that we have in some measure achieved our purpose.

I should like especially to thank the executive for the hearty support and unflinching interest they have shown in the work this year. Mrs.

CHIROPRACTIC

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Tharber was good enough to lend us her beautiful drawing room for our plays, and now Miss Mulligan entertains today in her lovely home. Many thanks are due to them and others who have offered us their homes for our executive meetings, and have most hospitably entertained visiting speakers.

Mrs. McMahon has been a really wonderful secretary and Miss Henwood a most efficient treasurer.

Owing to lack of space we are unable to publish the interesting report by the secretary, but the complete report will appear in Wednesday's issue.

WEST DURHAM INSTITUTE MEET

Encouraging Reports Given and Officers Were Elected for Coming Year

Encouraging reports were presented at the meeting in Hampton of the West Durham Women's Institute. Representatives were present from the eight active branches. The activities include much work for the children. Officers were elected as follows: President, Mrs. Joan Baker, Hampton; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. J. R. Cooper, Orono; and Mrs. H. R. Knox, Bowmanville; Secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Percy Van Camp, Nestleton; Auditors, Miss M. Swain and Mrs. James Marlow, Directors: Mrs. Thomas Smith, Burketon; Miss E. E. Hesters, Bowmanville; Mrs. J. W. Yelloweas, Ennisville; Mrs. H. R. Knox, Bowmanville; Mrs. O. Edwards, Nestleton; Mrs. R. H. Brown, Orono; Mrs. Russell Wright, Bowmanville; Miss Jennie Thompson, Clarks Township.

During the four days seven drownings in waters of Philadelphia district have been recorded.

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BRINGING UP FATHER—



SHAY'S SALE is now going Full Blast Bigger and Greater Reductions offered in every department this week. A colossal destruction of regular prices. Entire stock of Men's and Boys Wear MUST BE SOLD regardless of profit or loss. Come every day and buy and save as never before. D. A. SHAY CO.

